



Bob 'Super' Heaton

So, fellow hashers, Super has been taken from us. After his recent operation for stomach cancer we all had great hopes of a successful recovery, but it was not to be.... Too many trails unhashed..... Too many hashes unset.

Bob joined Guildford Hash in the late eighties and was instantly hooked, soon joining Surrey Hash and becoming an enthusiastic trail setter. In those early days none of us had the deep knowledge of the countryside that many of us have now and every trail was an adventure. When Bob moved to Cranleigh we started to share travelling and this developed into a love of co-haring that continued until the onset of his illness.

Bob always said that he had had a great life, first in the Army and then the Police. He had always been a keen runner and maintained a high level of fitness. He was very proud of his ability, as a man in his late sixties, to outrun all hashers except the very young and fit. His joy at getting back to the car park before the pack, but having done all the trail, was plain to see

and he would glow with excitement and enthusiasm whilst analysing every subtlety, or not, of the hash. This keenness and total involvement made him the perfect co-hare and I will forever treasure memories of all the trails we set together for Guildford and Surrey, and later for Pistoffen.

The last trail that Bob helped me set, some time after he had stopped regular hashing, was at Gomshall railway station for Surrey H3. He was not able to run but we set off with frequent rest stops and were back before the start. Bob was very tired and as we got changed he handed me his old and battered flour bag and said, 'Here, you had better have this. I won't be using it again.' I can't remember my reply but it was at that moment that I realised how ill he was. He did perk up in the 'Compasses' and was more like his old self, but it was to be his last hash outing.

If I had to choose one memory of Bob I think it would be the two of us high up on the Brecon Beacons, reconnoitering a Guildford Hash annual walk, the heavy rain driving sideways and us sheltering behind an outcrop, cosy in our waterproofs, eating our picnic lunch, enjoying a complete sense of freedom and companionship.

We will all miss you Super. Where ever you are.....On-on.

Dissa

