

Cuckoo Courier

Issue 1280 July 2008

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Next Runs

914 04 August 2008	The Wheel Inn Burwash Weald 653233 TN19 7LA	George Fry Bob Watts
915* SUNDAY 10 August 2008	Newhaven - Beach BBQ 452004 BN9 ODA	Bob Watts Dave Cordrey
916 18 August 2008	Carpenter's Arms Limpsfield Chart 425518 RH8 0TG	Cathy Samuel
917 25 August 2008 19.00	Goathurst Common, Ide Hill 499528 TN14 6BU	Dave Cousins
918 01 September 2008 19.15	The Fountain, Cowden 465404 TN8 7JG	Jim Perry Dave Cousins <i>(Bring a Torch)</i>
919 08 September 2008 19.00	Dunnings Mill Eats Grinstead 393368 RH19 4AT	Chris Neale Neil Dalgetty <i>(Bring a Torch)</i>

*See separate attachment with July Newsletter for more details

MisManagement

<u>GM</u>	Ian O'Donovan email ianodonovan@yahoo.com 01892 619078
<u>Grand Mattress</u>	Cathy Samuels
<u>Hare Razor</u>	Peter Wallace email PeteGromit@hotmail.com > 01737 222519
<u>Hash Cash</u>	Dave Sandall, Dave Paul
<u>On-Sex</u>	David Watson email thewatsons@go-watson.com > 01825 791885
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<u>RA</u>	Alex Niven and John Root
<u>Curates</u>	Neil Dalgetty, David Watson, Ron Tozer, Philippa Mack, George Fry, Caroline Thomas, and Pete Marking
<u>Co-Respondents</u>	Ian O' Donovan, Dave Cousins, Jan Paul, Bob Watts, Les Edwards, Jenny Palmer, Caroline Thomas, Lesley Watson, Steve Elliott, Mike Diebel
<u>Hasherdabs</u>	Cathy Samuel, Susie Webber
<u>Hash Horns</u>	Patrick McNulty, Doug Barr, Jackie Richards, Jeff Thomas,
<u>Hash Drays</u>	Patrick McNulty, Ron Tozer, Paul Palmer
<u>Hon Honours</u>	Dave Cordrey, Tim Waller
<u>Hash Flash</u>	Bob Watts, Tim Campbell-Smith
<u>Hash Havitaway</u>	Bob Watts, Pete Wallace
<u>Hash Docs</u>	The Lewis, Campbell-Smith Partnership
<u>Hash Artist</u>	Eric Duggan
<u>On -Consul to the Cuckoo Hash</u>	Pete Marking
<u>Grand Old Man</u>	Tim Waller

Run Reports

Run 908: The Bottle House,

Smarts Hill

Monday 23 June 2008

Hares: Tim Waller and Graham Marshall

So, last week's run was a contender for 'best run ever' and this week Snakebite was awarded the W**ker of the Week Waistcoat for her efforts. Well.....

Still, we were encouraged to be told that if we took long enough to reach the sip we would be able to use cups. I'll explain - following a mysterious or, as his doctor would say, 'curious', injury, our hare had developed odd pains in the "upper ham string area" and needed assistance to lay the trail. Mike Diebel leapt to his aid so all that Graham Marshall had to do was remember the cups for the sip...so a trip back to Tunbridge Wells was necessary.

They say that Hash House Harriers is a club for drinkers who have a running problem but if you had attended this 'run' you might have been forgiven for thinking that it is actually a club for drinkers who have a problem running. Our members certainly suffer some strange and inconvenient aches, pains, operations and illnesses (or is it

Acknowledgement

All credit to Breaking Wind for his bonzer wheeze with The Colour Chart that gave us all a laugh and raised a few quid for Hash funds at the same time. Like most of us, he'd noticed the ever changing shades of Chunderwoman's mop; but he'd gone further and hatched a plot to make

just a lack of fitness?) but somehow we all get round eventually and even when we see no-one on the way round we usually get plenty of time for a chat back at the pub.

And so it was at Smarts Hill. A picturesque run, plenty of chatting and plenty of eating and drinking and then a dash out for the down-downs before it got dark.

The hares were rewarded for their very pleasant rural run together with the new-boot, Jim. G-string Frances joined them to prove that she had been practising all the time she had been at college (drinking, that is). Dave Lewis received his walking stick and congratulations for completing 300 runs.

And then the long awaited result of the Collar and Cuffs competition – below is a specialist 's report from our Grand Master and all I can add is that Chunderwoman took the whole thing in her stride and didn't mind at all having Breaking Wind's head between her legs for the duration of the judging.

All too soon it was time to go home and the Grand Old Man went on his way clutching his buttock or something near it.

Snakebite

money out of her chromatic impetuosity. What colour would she choose next? Who would like to guess? Scared of going into a ladies hairdressers' for a chart of tints, he'd resorted to a Dulux colour guide as the basis of his Guess The Tress contest. Fortunately the Dulux emulsion chart contained a large number of relevant shades that would

have graced any Collar and Cuffs revamp - shades such as Clam Delight and Cock Au Vin. The punters paid a pound a go, then waited for something big to happen. Chunderwoman's 50th Birthday came and went, various nights out were enjoyed, but nothing changed at Scalp Central, except she became a little greyer. We couldn't wait any longer. Breaking Wind and Flat Eric devised a modesty board that would allow the Hash to check the exact shade of her Barnet and Beaver without causing public unrest, and still without her suspecting anything, the denouement was arranged for the Circle after the Bottle House run.

By popular acclaim the Collar was declared an orangey "Interplate Techtonics" and the Cuffs, after a few misguided attempts to fool the judges with artificial pelmets, a greenish "Fanny Green" (the setting sun was playing havoc with the pastels). Featherlite got the Collar right, and Meter Parking the Cuffs, although by any scientific measure the losers have a strong case for an appeal. A ten pound note to each of the winners and almost as much to the Hash kitty. Well done BW and FE.

Blue Suit

Run 909: The Plough, Dormansland **Monday, 30 June 2008-07-29**

Hare :- Crack Fairy

A beautiful summer's evening saw some forty or so hashers assemble for a thirst work out in a pub advertising a selection of real ales. Included in our number were the survivors from the Two Moors walk rattling on about all their ups and downs.

The circle was called but then the GM's mobile went off – there was a hasher stranded at the local railway station needing a lift, but when the hasher's identity was revealed there were no volunteers so it was left to the two old invalids to perform the rescue.

This area is much hashed and well known to most of the hash, your scribe for once actually knew the way to the pub, and the hare warned that he had taken measures to counter this. With footpaths everywhere we set off down the road with Graham Anderson sprinting away and leaving us all behind – I never heard him call

though. It soon became obvious we were heading to Dry Hill and it also became apparent that the hare's counter measures were to leave some 800 meters before laying flour from a check. If you checked the wrong way you were not seen again.

The scenery was excellent but hearing a call of on on after a check was impossible due to the distance so the pack became very spread out especially as we went over the top of Dry Hill by one of the longer routes and a regroup was called by none other than Chris Neale who was way out in front. Dave Lewis lead off from the regroup for his cameo appearance at the front (he paid me to mention this). So far so good but then there was a long, long stretch of tarmac, where some kindly sole had rubbed out most of the marks, to the SIP stop. Your scribe had just caught up here due to going the wrong way at the

previous check and ending up at Dover but to his dismay the SIP was packing up and everyone moving off – Dry Hill and dry run! There followed another lengthy stretch of tarmac back to the pub where the garden had been set aside for us with food from the barbecue. The bar was good and it looked as though some were settling in for the night.

Run 910: The Red Lion, Chelwood Gate
Monday 7 July 2008

Hares: Pete Marking and the Cuckoo Hash

NATURE NOTES

Cuckoo (ku-kú) A bumptious bird known for its distinctive call and habit of leaving its eggs to hatch in the nests of other birds.

Cuckoo Hash (ku-kú on on) A subspecies of the Cuckoo recognisable by spectacle type markings on the head and loud cries of "two bags plenty". Sometimes attempts futile migration to Hong Kong where the resident population sends it straight back. Older specimens vary in shape and plumage but once recognised are hard to miss.

Notes for hashtwitchers (abbrev. Hashtwit): The Cuckoo Hash is not easy to spot but, once seen, the keen hashtwit will know that it tends to move in a vaguely circular manner. The traditional method of searching for its droppings (resembling small heaps of cooking flour) requires good eye sight and keen concentration. It will often start its circumlocutory path across boggy ground but once it reaches slightly drier patches it will then make its distinctive marking of a cross but, in line with its habit of laying its eggs in other nests, the cross is inside a circle. At this point it can

Down downs went to the hare, Ray Sterry and Bob Watts for misdemeanours on Exmoor, Colour chart Chunderwoman and Mike Diebel for 300 runs.

Anon

be very difficult to find its trail again as dropping supplies will be low after creating the cross/circle combination and a large number of hashtwits prepared to run in several different directions are required.

Rumours of a recent sighting led a sizeable pack of hashtwits to the Red Lion in Chelwood Gate where they found trail leading over the road and along some nicely boggy tracks into a wooded area. It took considerable perseverance to spot the next dropping but, eventually, excited cries called the pack on, back across the road and onto Chelwood Common. A beautiful sunny evening tempted some of the pack to follow the short cut queen, Heather, and sure enough after a mile or so listening to faint cries to our left from the main pack, a lone dropping was spotted followed rapidly by a sighting of that hashtwit supremo, Leatherback, disappearing into the distance. Meanwhile, the main pack was dedicatedly following the trail of sparse droppings which eventually led them to a Cuckoo Hash drinking point. Given the natural habits of the Cuckoo Hash they were very lucky to find the bucket still full of water with a

drinking vessel provided and even a few jelly babies. This finding will no doubt be reported in the next issue of "Hello Hashtwits OK?" thereby confirming some of the recent speculations about Cuckoo Hash habits. Prior knowledge of the Cuckoo Hash's tendency to aim for the setting sun ensured that all the hashtwits straggled back within ten or fifteen minutes of each other to find the Cuckoo Hash smugly roosting in the comfortable leather armchairs of the Red Lion, secure in the knowledge that diabolical trails are always remembered.

Big Yin called the circle to order and the characteristic loud cries of the Cuckoo Hash informed us that they had taken to heart Gordon Brown's instructions not to throw away food, hence the scarcity of flour. George claimed to have been bullied into

Featherlite

Run 912: The Greyhound Hungry Horse, Charlwood Monday 21 July 2008

Hares: Scud and Featherlite

The "Remember Bert" Run.

Lovely evening, particularly for those of us who arrived early and had no trouble finding parking spaces amongst the myriad of local vehicles whose owners were making the most of pub's early evening cheap food. Parking was not made easier by Pete Marking and Bill Adams who have disabled stickers but parked in normal spaces so that the official two disabled places remained free. Among the many announcements by Hare Scud was to make use of an adjacent car park, then to not make use of the adjacent car park in case of clamping, to book and pay for all meals in

Cuckoo Hash habits so was rewarded with beer but Pete Marking, Teddybear and Bumper were duly punished with water. Eric Duggan celebrated his 400th run; Scud celebrated the return of his shoes from last week's pub; a returning virgin was welcomed back and Big Yin tantalised us with the promise of a down down for the next week which meanwhile had to remain strictly confidential. Far from confidential was the T shirt Big Yin had received from his ex-boss showing a mud splattered Alex labelled "Muck Niven". Finally, Scud entertained us with the Hashtwitcher's Anthem.

The Cuckoo (hash) is a funny bird, it sits in the grass

With its wings neatly folded and its beak up its arse.

In this strange position it can say twit
Cos it's hard to say Cuckoo with a beak full of shit.

advance because orders definitely closed at 8.15 or thereabouts despite him having made lots of pre-run confirmatory arrangements to the contrary. No, the parking and meals problems were definitely nothing to do with the Hares; it was all the pub's fault.

After this fine start, we set off along the main road, past the Half Moon pub, (which incidentally seemed to have ample parking and was at the edge of the village), and into the country. This is an area that has been run before by EGH3 and others, but

not very frequently, so as a result was not well known by many of us. In fact it was very attractive with a large section of woodland for half of the run. There was never any real danger of getting lost as every three minutes an EasyJet plane took off from the end of nearby Gatwick and flew over us.

Indeed ex air-traffic controller Scud, (whatever happened to Featherlite whose sole duty appeared to be keeping the seats outside the pub warm for when we got back!), told us (several times) in all seriousness that he had set the outward run based on Flight Management System SID for departing flights and the returning section of the run on STAR for arriving flights.

He really is a very interesting person. This view is reinforced by the fact that as we approached a rustic bridge deep in the woods, he said "This is where we burnt Bert and threw his ashes into the stream". (For those who don't know, Bert was the canine GM of Westerham and North Kent Hash for a long time, before being replaced by a pair of Marigold gloves). There certainly was a smell of damp rancid death about the place and I thought it probably where the Hares would have arranged to have the sip and commemorative hot dogs, but it was not to be.

It was around this time that I overheard a rather intimate conversation between two of my lady friends. The talk initially centred on various aspects of their use of de-waxing strips on their intimate lower regions and it was agreed that this was more common in women than men because of the formers' higher pain thresholds and superior

masochistic tendencies. The conversation then switched to their partners and how they were clearly wimps as they could not bear (no pun intended) to use de-waxing strips but did the job, particularly on their scrotums, one hair at a time slowly with tweezers. In fact their male partners were such wimps both ladies said that they had to do the job for them, and it was so slow they equated it to painting the Forth Road Bridge. Whether it was a masochistic process for the males was not totally clear but the ladies both agreed that visually the resulting Brazilian Grand Prix probably confirmed this was the case. They did not say whether they, themselves actually enjoyed the process of inflicting pain on their partners, as they were clearly sensitive shy souls at heart and liked keeping such intimate details to themselves.

To return to the run. Yes, there was eventually a sip, with lots of drinks and assorted chocolates, then a stroll back to Charlwood passing the lovely peaceful Half Moon pub again. The run lasted between an hour to an hour and a half for the spread out runners and walkers. Those that had booked and paid for meals, and arrived back in time, got their food, otherwise I think not.

Three RAs or equivalent at the circle. Down downs for the Hares, for the legally disabled Marking and Adams, for Pete Wallace and Ray Sterry for being illegally disabled, for the Diebels for parking so badly, for Candida flashing Tim on the run, and a placenta plate for Candy for completing 200 runs.

I think everyone enjoyed the run. I know I did.

Louise Morals

Forthcoming Events

EGH3 Christmas 2008

Let's have some views on the Christmas Party.

Should this be after a run or a Saturday Night do?

What about a function similar to last year's at The High Rocks?

GM, Ian would be pleased to have your views

Havitaway in France

We have been emailed by a friend of Chris Neale about an away week end in Normandy France.

Accommodation is a riverside farmhouse which sleeps 15; the other is a larger gite that sleeps 40. It is a perfect set up/location for Hash Harrier runs.

The package is:

2 Nights accommodation

Breakfast - Continental or Sausage in a roll & Porridge, tea, coffee, juice

Lunch - Galette & Crepe

Dinner - Hog Roast + Apple Crumble

We provide locally brewed Real Ale (3.5 pints per person approx, we can order more if you would like at an additional cost)

Norman Gold, Ambre, Wheat Beer, Stout, Best Bitter from LE BREWERY brewery in Normandy. Assistance on reccy

The cost per person is £99

- Let the Mismanagement know what you think.

Caution to those going to Eurohash Turkey 2009

Q: What have the following UK H3 websites in common?

Belfast; Portsmouth & District; Herts; Bourne Valley; Wilton

A: Access to their websites is banned in Turkey.

All hash websites which are hosted by geocities.com are banned in fact.

Apparently the reason behind it, is that on one of the geocities web sites (not a hash), there is an insulting video and/or article against Ataturk.

Would you believe it...?

**** Breaking News ****

Cuckoo T – Shirts Court Decision

It has been recorded by the Lewis Crown Court on the Isle of Stornaway in Scotland that their Justices Ben Down and Phil Macaverty have found in favour of the Plaintiff in the case of 'The Cuckoo Hash verses David Cordrey'. (The defendant having failed to appear.)

The defendant was required to answer the case of selling defective T Shirts which were incapable of successive washing. Presented on behalf of the Plaintiffs in evidence was a Cuckoo T Shirt which having been washed once indicated the inferior adhesion of the Transfer to withstand normal Hygienic washing procedures. This item was matched against a T Shirt of some 15 years of age which had been washed numerous times over the years. Their Justices decided that the Cuckoo Hash should be awarded damages of replacement of goods imprinted with the said logo which will stand up to normal wear and wash by Mr Cordrey. The Plaintiffs Solicitor, Mr. Ivor Pratt, agreed that the members of the Cuckoo Hash will supply shirts for the required task.

To ensure that the replacement article will retain said Logo, a sample will be washed at least three times in a water temperature of between 40 to 50 degrees by the Defendant and the results will be judged by all members of the Hash.

Costs of £2.80 were awarded to the Cuckoo Hash.

It's 2019 and Romeo Beckham is turning out to play for Manchester United for the first time. He says to his dad, "What number should I wear dad?" David thinks for a while, and then says...

"Wear 4 out there Romeo."