

EGH3 News



Issue 281 August 2008

www.egh3.org.uk

Next Runs

918 01 September 2008 19.15	The Fountain, Cowden 465404 TN8 7JG	Jim Perry Dave Lewis <i>(Bring a Torch)</i>
919 08 September 2008 19.00	Dunnings Mill East Grinstead 393368 RH19 4AT	Chris Neale Neil Dalgetty <i>(Bring a Torch)</i>
Run 920 14 September 2008 11.00 am	Ray's Place Leaze's Avenue Chaldon 314555 CR3 5AH	Sir Ray 's 60th <i>First Sunday Run</i> * see below
Run 921 28 September 2008 10.45	The Junction Groombridge 533371 TN3 9RB	Gromit Holly
Run 922 12 October 2008 10.45	Blue Anchor St Mary's Platt 622571 TN15 8ND	Chunderwoman

**Joint Run. Bring food to share or a bottle. Bring a chair if good weather or an umbrella if bad weather.*

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
<u>On Web</u>	Graham Anderson email: graham@hilcot.plus.com 01892 862703
<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 911

Larkins Brewery, Chiddingstone

Monday 14 July 2008

Hares: Euroyob and Flat Eric

How can you ensure a good turnout for your run? Mentioning Euroyob and Flat Eric are the Hares doesn't cut it. Advertising "Beer £1 a pint" on the other hand will get you the attention of every dog walker and destitute student in Kent. It worked once again for this year's Larkins Brewery bash, when the regulars of EGH3 were joined by sundry boozers and the Gary Glitters of athletics society (otherwise known as The Tunbridge Wells Runners) to boost attendance to a magnificent 57. Euroyob and Flat Eric's efforts on these barbecue nights deserve the highest praise, and perhaps one day someone will give it. I certainly hope so, but I'm busy at the moment. As for the missing Scribe on the night, all I can offer is an apology and a few words from the vague recollections I have of a punishing trail and punishing heartburn. Parking Meter does a cracking job as bbq-meister, but there's something in those burgers that makes you feel you're John Hurt in that scene from Alien.

The trail began predictably with a downhill stretch through the cornfield behind the brewery. It swept around the foot of the hill to the first of a string of difficult checks before heading back uphill and south of Chiddingstone. With so many of the runners thinking about £1 a pint and the majority not knowing what a check was, it took far

longer than usual to crack each one, especially as I suspect the Hares had allowed for a high turnout and thinned out the flour accordingly. I salute the U-turn they placed at the bottom of the third hill - clever planning that helped those SCBs (SCB = Solely Concerned with Beer) who hadn't already headed back to the Temple on the Mount. The remainder of the run was a blur if you can apply the word blur to a disappearance. It started to get dark; the flour became hard to spot, and then it became impossible to spot because it had ceased to exist. At about seven-eighths of the way round Euroyob appeared in the gloaming to rescue us by pointing the way home, muttering darkly about unreliable co-Hares. He pointed the way down the hill - down the hill that Flat Eric was running up, dropping handfuls of flour as he came. Flat Eric had left the sausages to frazzle on the grill while he completed his trail-laying duties in one of the worst joint-venture cock-ups in EGH3 history .Oops.

Big Yin punished the sinners at the Down-Downs, of which verily there was a mighty throng. The barbecue was a roaring success - the first polypin being emptied and a second called for. After getting more than their money's worth, the day trippers drifted away and the dozen overnight stayers settled down in their chairs around the campfire. The Hares had plucked success out of the jaws of cock-up, and they deserved their 12th pint of Midsummer Night's cream.

Blue Suit

RUN 913**The Dorset Arms****Withyham****Monday 28 July 2008****HARES: Joy of Specs, Irn Bru**

The Birdman of Edenbridge and his wife arrived on 4 stylish wheels tonight instead of by motorised human and a van for the wife.

On this wonderful summer's evening, just to keep a record that we did have one this summer, there were a couple of returning and a similar number of new runners. I use the word runners in the true meaning of 'running' when talking about the new runners. No slouches or ambling runners these ladies, they were fast and young. (Not fast enough to outwit Chris Neale after the run but young enough to interest him.) Words like, 'iron man/woman' and 'training' were used when describing these runners.

With the offer of an early shortcut and me being a professional scribe I felt the need to become a roving reporter and report on the short cutters side of the run and with a need to get my copy to the editor early I forsook any personal wish to do the long run and selflessly did the shortcut.

Not too many of us took the shortcut option (very wise) but The Grand Old 'Birthday' Man did, presumably so that he could spend time playing with his birthday present - a GPS. Whether or not the fact that the short cutters got ever so slightly lost was anything to do with this GPS I cannot say

We eventually met up with the main, well strung out pack, and entered some woods to find a check that was catching a number of runners out.

Many fields later and confusingly up a private drive was the Sip Stop. Talk about 'Pimms o'clock' this was certainly some venue, though I have to say that the dog fight at the start of sip did lower the tone somewhat. Anyway, dogs were parted and first aid administered to them in time for the fizz to be opened. This was to be one real contender for 'the best sip stop ever'. Chocolate bars, muesli bars, ice creams and Cava, pity we had to leave and carry on with the run. The sip stop provided an ideal venue to celebrate the Grand Old Man's latest birthday. Happy Birthday Tim.

Off again into the countryside to complete the run and happily we were soon back at the pub, though hashers did seem to be returning to the pub from a number of directions so perhaps some last minute running around took place.

Back at the pub the food started appearing before most of the hashers had returned and 'dressed for dinner', but they complain enough if they are kept waiting so this at least made a change.

After spending most of the evening outside the hash had to retire indoors as the British summer weather did it's usual and turned wet so the Down Downs were done indoors.

George was RA for the evening.

Down Downs went to the Hares

Yogi for complaining about the size of a pint

Neil Dalgetty for training for the Highland Games

The 2 new runners Nicki and Janet Blue Suit then took over to present a plate to Larry for completing 200 runs - though it was felt that the hash should be presented with something

for listening to Larry moaning about each of the 200 runs.

The Grand Old Man was presented with yet another birthday cake - well it

Run 914: The Wheel, Burwash Weald

Monday 4 August 2008

Hares: Bob Watts and George Fry

A typical English Summer's evening – wet under foot, hopefully patchy sky and a group of prospective runners shivering in the car park. The pub was a long, long way from home but well worth the journey and surrounded by very beautiful countryside. Bob and George had found a lovely venue and were accompanied by Albert, who will be remembered by those who walked the Hadrian's Wall Path as a cheerful and humorous companion. The omens were good.

The out trail went down and down and down and the scenery was really rural. However, what goes down, inevitably, has to go up again and so it proved – up and up and up. At this point Albert cheerfully informed me that there would be three of these hills before the run was over and I was reminded of something my mother used to say – 'Once is funny, twice is silly and three times is a smack'- and I could certainly have smacked someone by the time I got back to the pub.

Never-the-less it was a super run with some sly and long false trails which I was lucky enough to avoid and so found myself front running for a while. All good things come to an end and I was soon passed by all the speedy 'runners' – Doug, Dave S, Dave C, Frances, Pete and Holly etc - and they led the pack to the sip which was served beside a very posh private pond and accompanied by the, now, habitual chocolate bars. (Thank heavens – we needed plenty of energy for that last steep climb). The pond

was an important birthday and he did share the cake around. Gromit won the raffle.

Scribbling JP

wasn't the only posh thing on the run. We passed a posh lady on her posh sit-on mower mowing her posh lawn wearing her very posh pearls. This was obviously a very, very posh area. Back at the pub the Big Yin handed out the down-downs.

First to the hares, Bob and George.

Then there was one for Pete Marking who had been hailed in the media (the TV, no less) for being a Miracle Man of Modern Medicine. He had taken part in an experiment using a garlic based product to treat MRSA and it had worked. Hash Dray hadn't been able to get garlic but Pete was quite pleased with the cheese and onion crisps obtained at great expense. (This all cheered him up after his smart pink running shorts had been mistaken for his underpants by a local at the pub)

Next there was a pint for Emily who was off to the USA for 5 months and would then be returning to her home hash in Brighton – opinion was that she couldn't take Chris Neale's attentions any longer.

Leatherback had a pint for his chaotic start to the run when, having taken Yuki for a pleasant few days in Paris nearly lost her on the way to the run (something to do with coming across country), arrived late and then abandoned her in the car park as he headed out to chase the pack.

Lastly Dave Lewis and Yogi awarded Cathy, who had given them both a private thrill while out on the run. Apparently all they did was ask and she obliged!!

Somebody won the raffle and then it was time to find the way home again.

Snakebite

**Run 915 Beach BBQ at Newhaven
Sunday 10 August 2008****An Engineer's day out in Poohaven**

The Hash Sheet said it was to be a balmy barbeque day out on the beach at Newhaven. So picture in your mind a long sandy stretch of beach with palm trees, a little beach shack bar with dusky maidens serving ice cold beer and suntan soaked bikini clad chicks tip toeing into a gently rippling deep blue sea. Imagine that view with a couple of catamarans sailing on the horizon and some local fishermen bringing in their daily catch of fish ready for the barbeque. Throw in the idea of a scenic hash wending its way through the sand dunes and round a few local village shacks with a welcoming barbeque at the end. Get the picture – sun, sand, sea, s.... Would that be enough to force you out of bed on Sunday morning and drive 50 miles down to the coast for an EGH3 Hash? Well, not really, but what swayed me was the discovery that Newhaven was the home of the world famous Poohaven (East) Treatment Works. That clinched it and off I drove.

Imagine the surprise and delight when the Hash started right next to the treatment works. Yes, we had a perfect view (and scent) of the settlement tanks and tertiary collimator. And it got better. The hash set off along a decent length of good ol' urban tarmac with a handsome collection of dustbins and dog doodah. This was becoming a Red Letter day no less, with not a blade of grass in sight for at least two checks. And even then when a dull old field appeared there was at least a highways depot nearby to distract the ugly sight of green. Heaven. We reached the first view point in the middle of a field. The views were definitely worthwhile. You could see the Newhaven - Dieppe ferry starting up, belching out its marvelous plume

of black soot that only the hardiest of marine engineers could hold back tears of joys at seeing. Behind on the hill was Newhaven Fort with its lunette battery and casemates. The outline to the entrance to the WW11 intelligence centre and its defences were clearly visible. Yes, this was turning out to be an exceptionally interesting Hash. A split in the trail appeared, SCBs to the left and FRBs straight ahead. What thoughtful hares signing Some Cracking Buildings to the left or Fantastic Rare Buildings straight on. I chose the latter and again was not disappointed.

The sip appeared. Our GM's favourite, Boddingtons, was in plentiful supply. All future hares take note that if you want to curry favour with our leader, then follow suit and Blue Suit your sip with Boddies. Expose him as he is - a Boddy Suit. After a couple of devious falsies the trail led down to Tide Mills, another highlight of Newhaven. Not quite in the league of the Poohaven (East) Treatment Works, but a close second. Yes, this now derelict village was built by the Duke of Newcastle in the 18th Century with hashing in mind. They ground corn here to make flour using tidal power to turn the mills. 1,500 sacks a week. That's enough for 15,000 hashes or 150,000 if you are a Cuckoo Hasher. The flour milling continued turning until the latter half of the nineteenth century following the repeal of the Corn Laws when hashers had to buy their flour from local shops brought in by railway (the flour, not the shops). The trail ran through the abandoned village remains as well as the wharf walls, old railway platform and rail track. The Hares had even thoughtfully included the remains of the old naval seaplane base in the trail. Our Hares had really done their homework.

It was back to the barbeque. Passing Wind had cut out half way round the trail to fire up the Barbie using some of his reject woodwork as fuel. His latest venture of producing wooden roof racks for motor bikes hadn't quite

taken off and had left him with a few tons of surplus timber. Then we solved the reason why the co-hare, Bagman, had been absent for the whole hash. He had been trying to reach the sip stop by road and was just totally diverted from his duties by all the interesting engineering features around. Who could blame him for that?

The Circle was called to order by Boddy Suit. There were down downs awarded to the absentee hares, to Renault for something obscure, to Leatherback for being unhelpful and to Featherlight for GBH for running into a tree. The back of a T-shirt worn by a Lewisette read "see my back, eat my dust" which was misread as "see my back, eat my bust". Astigmatism was blamed. The Lone Ranger was called into the circle for trying to explain a snitch on Renault concerning getting her leg over lots of times but the hash lost the will to live half way through the

explanation and just agreed he was a sinner, cutting the full version of the story by three years. Finally Daddy Lewis was challenged on his marital status and had to admit he never ever went down on one knee and duly corrected this omission by taking his down down on bended knee. Featherlite won the raffle.

The Barbie was most welcome and it set everyone up for a short two kilometre walk back to the cars. Even this was carefully planned as in took us over the Ouse estuary giving us a tremendous view of the Poohaven (East) sewage treatment outfall, abandoned supermarket trolleys and a few thousand pieces of flood-damaged building supplies that had washed down after the last flood.

Now that's what I call a real Hash.

Sir R

Forthcoming Events

Dales Dawdles 2009 – Skipton

The best fit for dates for this trip is the last of the weekends, ie. 26-29 June 2009.

Apologies to those who this does not work for, but this inconveniences the least number.

I'll work out some details later this year, but anticipate same formula as before, drive up early Friday, short walk. Main walks Saturday and Sunday, short one on the Monday to finish off.

BE THERE !!.....or be somewhere else.

On On, by gum, Gromit

Olympic Views

In celebration of the magnificent achievement of Team GB we request you to enter a patriotic caption to the picture below. Entries please to the editor with a small prize to the winner.

**Would you believe it...**

- In Barnsley a man visits the vets and tells him that his cat is ill.
 'Is it a Tom?' Asks the vet.
 'No I've got it with me' says the man
 (Thanks (?) to Jan Paul)

- *A ventriloquist is touring the clubs and one night he's doing a show in a small town in Arkansas. With his dummy on his knee, he starts going through his usual dumb blonde jokes. Suddenly, a blonde woman in the 4th row stands on her chair and starts shouting: "I've heard enough of your stupid blonde jokes. What makes you think you can stereotype women that way? What does the colour of a person's hair have to do with her worth as a human being? It's guys like you who keep women like me from being respected at work and in the community, and from reaching our full potential as a person because you and your kind continue to perpetuate discrimination against not only blondes, but women in general--and all in the name of humour!" The embarrassed ventriloquist begins to apologize, and the blonde yells, "You stay out of this, mister! I'm talking to that little shit on your knee".*