

EGH3 News



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Next Runs

Run 922 12 October 2008 10.45	Blue Anchor St Mary's Platt 622571 TN15 8ND	Chunderwoman
Run 923 26 October 2008 10.45	The Nutley Arms Nutley 446270 TN22 3LJ	Two Left Feet Thumper
Run 924 9 November 2008 10.45	The Downs Hotel Woodingdean 355059 BN2 6BB	Lone Ranger QC
Run 925 23 November 2008 10.45	The Dunnings Mill East Grinstead 393368 RH19 4AT	Dave Lewis
Run 926 7 December 2008 10.45	The Kings Head North Chailey 392211 BN8 4DH	Bumper Snakebite

Mismanagement

<u>GM</u>	<i>Ian O'Donovan email ianodonovan@yahoo.com 01892 619078</i>
<u>Grand Mattress</u>	<i>Cathy Samuels</i>
<u>Hare Razor</u>	<i>Peter Wallace email< PeteGromit@hotmail.com > 01737 222519</i>
<u>Hash Cash</u>	<i>Dave Sandall, Dave Paul</i>
<u>On-Sex</u>	<i>David Watson email< thewatsons@go-watson.com > 01825 791885</i>
<u>On Web</u>	<i>Graham Anderson email: graham@hilcot.plus.com 01892 862703</i>
<u>RA</u>	<i>Alex Niven and John Root</i>
<u>Curates</u>	<i>Neil Dalgetty, David Watson, Ron Tozer, Philippa Mack, George Fry, Caroline Thomas, and Pete Marking</i>
<u>Co-Respondents</u>	<i>Ian O' Donovan, Dave Cousins, Jan Paul, Bob Watts, Les Edwards, Jenny Palmer, Caroline Thomas, Lesley Watson, Steve Elliott, Mike Diebel</i>
<u>Hasherdabs</u>	<i>Cathy Samuel, Susie Webber</i>
<u>Hash Horns</u>	<i>Patrick McNulty, Doug Barr, Jackie Richards, Jeff Thomas,</i>
<u>Hash Drays</u>	<i>Patrick McNulty, Ron Tozer, Paul Palmer</i>
<u>Hon Honours</u>	<i>Dave Cordrey, Tim Waller</i>
<u>Hash Flash</u>	<i>Bob Watts, Tim Campbell-Smith</i>
<u>Hash Havitaway</u>	<i>Bob Watts, Pete Wallace</i>
<u>Hash Docs</u>	<i>The Lewis, Campbell-Smith Partnership</i>
<u>Hash Artist</u>	<i>Eric Duggan</i>
<u>On-Consul to the Cuckoo Hash</u>	<i>Pete Marking</i>
<u>Grand Old Man</u>	<i>Tim Waller</i>

Run Reports

Run 916: The Carpenters Arms

Limpsfield Chart

Monday 18 August 2008

Hares Dic Doc and Sian

The 18th August will be a day that will live on in my memory when lesser hashes have faded from sight – possibly.

Well, we were promised a lot:

1. A bull with enormous cojones.
2. A short run to take into account the lighting up time of 20:22 hours.
3. A sip with cake.
4. No short cuts.

What we did get was something totally different.

It all started off well enough, with, as usual, Dave Cordrey going completely the wrong way at the first check. We always go south from Limpsfield Chart, and so did Dave, while the trail went north. First blood to Kathy. Things seemed to go downhill from then. The second check caught out a number of hashers, including your scribe. After wandering around aimlessly for a while, flour was found on a stile into a wood, after which nothing. Dennis and Viv went one way, Patrick and Suzie another and so on. Nothing. We slowly regrouped to the sound of heavy chuntering. Of course it was Leatherback. I didn't catch it all, but I thought I heard 'damn fine trail', or something like that. Off we go in a likely direction only to find that we had described a large circle back on the trail we had left half an hour earlier.

That was the last I saw of the pack for the next three miles through ever darkening woods. I finally came out onto a road to find a group of hashers milling around aimlessly. The dark had finally won, and no one was willing to brave the gloomy forest. By this time Graham was in full chuntering mode, suggesting all sorts of education

possibilities for junior and senior hares alike. Kathy eventually came to the rescue and pointed the way up the hill with the promise of refreshment not far off. One more back check and we finally made it to the sip. By this time we could hardly see our hands in front of our faces. Sam entered into the spirit of the occasion, dressed in black, driving a black car, and to cap it all, laying out the goodies on a black table cloth. I was told that there was lemon drizzle cake on offer, whatever that is, but I could not find it or anything else on the table. Finally using the car head lights solved the problem.

Off again we stumbled into the woods, once again losing touch with the main pack, who were considering roping themselves together for security. I was left with Jim Perry and Dave Paul. Having found a track we ended up on a road. Was it left or right? "Right" Dave and I said; "Left" said Jim Perry. Fortunately Dave and I prevailed. Fortunately I say, as we discovered later Jim had previous for being directionally challenged. Had we followed his lead we would still have been out by Tuesday. As the moon rose over the western horizon, we finally reached the pub.

Down downs went to the aforementioned Mr Perry for thinking he was in Stafford Wood or was it Nottingham Forest, Dic Doc and daughter for the run and a half a yard of ale for the GM for losing his food. I suppose he wasn't tall enough for the whole yard. As to the run, did we get what we were promised? There was no bull, even with little cojones, Lighting up time had come and gone well before we finished and the sip was found eventually. Kathy was right in at least one regard – there were no short cuts.

Thunderer

RUN 917: The Countryman
Goathurst Common
Monday 25 August 2008

Hares: Dave Cousins (and Alex Niven, but not on the day)

The Olympic handover to London was announced with a London Red Bus – this hash started with two almost matching Porche, we like to think we do things in style at EGH3.

My take on Events, Competitors and Medallists for 2008 and hopefuls for 2012 Olympics are:

2008

Bronze Medal to:

George for the “washing in a small ice-cream container using the contents of a thermos flask” event, which took place in the grand arena of the car park

Silver Medal to:

Layby and Chipmunk who took part in the short walk event (otherwise known as the ‘See who can be eating their pudding when everyone else is waiting for their main course’ event.)

and the Gold Medal went to:

Lesley Watson who was tripling up (or was it tripping up) on events:

1. Gymnastics event – forward rolling and just missing some animal pooh, with an expertise that must have taken years of dedicated training

2. Running with a dog without knowing it event – Holly managed to get in on that event
3. Long Arm Reading event – the menu in the pub

and 3 ‘athletes’ who got no medals (remember it is the taking part that counts) were:

Dancing Queen Susie sporting new shoes in readiness for the wallpapering event.

Mark for taking part in the one-man going behind a tree event.

Dave Lewis for taking part and winning the Last Man to Start and Finish Event

2012

Barrie returning - must have heard the EGH3 is to be the elite team to be with to train for 2012.

Holly could open/close the ceremony with her flashing disco light-like luminous collar.

Dave Cousins could be invited to lay a run but will definitely not be invited to do the catering.

Dave Watson appears to have made a start on his running practice so he is obviously looking for an event.

Jackie is taking her training for 2012 Mother/Daughter Disco Dancing extremely seriously as she started practising at the recent Reading Festival.

We were pleased that Patsy has obviously realised that if she is to be fit to compete in 2012 she had to return to us.

Our Closing Ceremony consisted of Wallpapering and Plumbing Events. Two teams, (true one team only had one member and the other had three team members) took part. Getting pasted and plumbing the depths were the events chosen for Susie and George to be awarded walking sticks, not medals, to celebrate 300 runs with EGH3.

There was a further special 2008 event The Barbara Cartland Award with 3 groups of competitors:

Run 918: The Fountain, Cowden
Monday 1 September 2008

Hares: Jim Perry and Dave Lewis

Was this a first for the hash? - A circle that was longer than the run

This run started ominously, with limited parking and the announcement that there was no food served - so things could only get better.

Get better they did as we had the pleasure of watching later arrivals practising and failing their parallel parking test before driving off to find the village car park.

'Circle up' was called and we were informed that although we could not order food there would be a plate of three sandwiches. Well, that was better than nothing, but not likely to last through to a slow runner like myself. There was one new boot who turned out to be Doug's boss.

Was Doug mad – or just looking for early retirement?

1. David Paul (ever the romantic) – asking Heather if she had any loose bits
2. Layby and Chipmunk for appearing out of some woods whilst travelling in the wrong direction
3. Fran and Blue Suit for turning up late because they 'were sleeping'

They all managed to win a drink for their efforts and David also managed to win the raffle.

Scribbling JP

It seemed about as sensible as inviting your new mother-in-law on a run and then throwing her into a pond.

There were lots of dogs on the run which caused Eric to get a bit overexcited and initiated his bloodhound impersonation (I mean the doggy Eric, not the furry one).

The dogs also required a few vital cleaning up operations (Where did they put that plastic bag?).

Off we went - it was a warm but overcast evening suggesting that our torches might soon be needed.

It was a very pleasant run over undulating countryside with a mix of woodland and fields and only a handful of marauding cows.

What more can I say about the run?

Not much, because not much happened.

As far as I know no one fell over, there was enough flour, not too much tarmac and no horse owners shouted at us.

The checks were of a good frequency and length and Dave Sandal

apparently found all of them. (Although Chris Neale tried to claim that he had found them all). There were short cuts for the SCB's and long cuts for the FRB's. We finished the run in darkness but that was down to the weather more than the length of run - All in all a most efficient operation. Congratulations to the Hares and commiserations to the scribe who has nothing to be mean and vindictive about.

The pub served our beloved Harvey's - so no complaints there and the three sandwiches turned out to be several dishes of free sandwiches along with some plates of chips. About an hour after we got to the pub, Scud received a phone call from Layby and Chipmunk who had arrived at a pub which wasn't the Fountain, but was the Wheatsheaf and four miles away. He left to rescue them and I ate his share of chips (Leatherback got the sandwiches).

The circle was hosted by John Root, making a welcome return to RA duties, complete with his normal repertoire of profanities. He made the most of the

Run 919: Dunnings Mill
East Grinstead
Monday 8 September, 2008

Hares: Chris Neale and Neil Dalgetty

The Last Monday Run ...
 or rather ...

Is that your torch or are you just pleased to see me?

Yes, the evenings were definitely drawing in and, as yet, not a sign of summer. So we were only too glad to have our last Monday run on a dry and relatively warm evening. It was from an old haunt, too, so we thought we'd know where we were going.

Across the road, yes, along the little path, yes, over the stile into the field, yes, then....check. We don't often have a re-group when we are still a

relationship between Doug, his Boss and their P.A. ensuring a happy working environment for all three. Not content with his normal RAing, 'Rootie' then gave the floor to his three curates.

Dave Watson gave Snakebite a beer to celebrate her 40th wedding anniversary married to a Cheapskate. George refuted any rumours about his relationship with Dave and Lesley, thus ensuring speculation - and then he forgot to tell a joke.

Featherlight then took to the floor, to worry about the eyesight of both Tim and Gromit as they both drove past a large parking space before parking at the village Hall. Tim, being a surgeon was deemed most in need of his sight and therefore got the down-down.

John returned to the circle to offer down-downs to the Hares and then Heather won the raffle.

Then we all went home.

On on.

Thumper

group but we did on this run. We checked forward, back, left and right but it took about ten minutes and a lot of encouragement from Neil to get us further on our way. By this time George and Blue Suit had found a wasp's nest and George had to retire before his leg, stung several times, became too swollen for him to be able to drive his car home. It was fortunate we hadn't gone any further from the pub. The rest of us struggled manfully on through more shiggy than you could shake a stick at.

In fact it was a thoroughly enjoyable run. Over fields, through woods, pleasant views, never too far from the pub - all just as well as the light faded. Well, actually the light went out and we were only too glad to have torches to find our way to the sip which was, we were informed a four-fifths-of-the-way-

round sip. Chris had provided a selection of chocolate treats as well as the usual beverages so we arrived back at the pub feeling positively jaunty.

Neil gave us an update on the Grand Old Man and told us that Tim was expected out of hospital that evening. R.A. for the night, Euroyob, proposed a toast to his continued progress and this was heartily taken.

We also heard that the Big Yin had broken two ribs and would be taking a short break from hashing (wimp).

The down-downs went first to the hares, Neil and Chris, for a run that was awarded eleventyteen out of ten for shiggy, the weather and the sip.

Then Euroyob invited us to consider the novel concept of Fantasy Hash (following Fantasy Football, Fantasy Rugby and Fantasy Cricket.)

Two Fantasy captains were selected – G-string and Chris Neale. (one

wondered where this was heading) and they were invited to pick teams.

G-string went first and chose ME! (Principally because I had agreed to write this report instead of her.) Then she went for Breaking Wind for his trail-finding ability and Dick Doc for her ability to call on from any distance. Chris had a less orthodox approach and chose Parking Meter for his ability to do a good barbecue, Pat Howell for style and Neil because he was a mate. Anyway the main test for the teams was, of course, downing a pint (or a half) which we did pretty much as one. Then we had the raffle but I can't remember who won it because I was more interested in going to get my supper that was being kept warm by the kind ladies of Dunnings.

And so ended another summer of Hashing.

Snakebite

It was a beautiful early autumn morning and, when we eventually got the On On, the trail was ingenious and interesting through woods, fields and open downs making the best of the weather and the fine scenery. We went up over Farthing Down and were treated to a 400 year history from Sir Ray of how the Down came to be preserved. All to do with the Aldermen of the City wisely using the surplus from the coal tax to purchase the Down. It was then bequeathed as an open space to permanently benefit the health of the residents of the City of London. (Just like the philanthropic long view taken by Canary Wharf traders today.)

There was a fantastic sip consisting of real ale and chocolate brownies - (does life get any better?)

Back to Leaze's Avenue. One or two curious hashettes disappeared in to Ray's Place to find the Dorian Gray portrait of Sir Raymond. No portrait was found but Dave Lewis was there

Run 920: Ray's Place

Chaldon

Sunday 14 September

Hare: Sir Raymond

This was Sir Raymond's 60th Birthday Party – yes 60 – and the gathering was reminiscent of a Highland Clan gathering with Hashes arriving from all directions. Surrey were there; Westerham and North Kent were there; Old Coulsden were there; Ski hashers were there and East Grinstead were there.

Your scribe was almost not there because he had trouble finding the venue (not for the first time) and whichever road he turned into he saw hashers driving in the opposite direction. Indeed he believed he was not the only lost soul because as he stopped the car alongside the kindly folk of Surrey to ask directions, without prompting they said –“Oh you must be looking for the big party in Leaze's Avenue.”

to provide evidence of the long term effects of a mis-spent life.

Clearly Lady Ray had been very busy because there was a proper lunch with proper food, proper plates, knives and forks, proper wine and more excellent beer. As if this wasn't enough for mere hashers there was a BIRTHDAY CAKE (with candles).

The Junction Inn
Groombridge
Sunday 28 Sept 2008

Hares: Gromit and Holly

I have a Plan

This day will be remembered , not for its beautiful weather but it was to be the day the HASH Cash Crashed.

Gromit had chosen the best day that England had seen for some months. The temperature ambient at 20degC , no wind whatsoever and a bright cloudless blue sky. Absolutely perfect in every way - except for

The call to arms was sounded and the motley fools shouted the ON ON into the very heart and beauty of the Kent countryside. Gromit was so covered in flour that he was about to rise to the occasion if given a little more heat. Everyone was on a high , our spirits lifted by the exceptional weather. Who wants to live in France / Spain/ Panama when you are surrounded with such beauty and fellow Hasher investors.

The trail led out over the Wye Valley steam train set. The Workers toiling away with their engines as we ran over the footbridge. As we passed the only word that could be heard from the Tomas the Tank lookalike was - Tooot !

ON ON we shouted back. Here I have to leave you as there is a newsflash coming in...

The EGH3 super new fleece jackets had been reposed and were half way

In fact the highest compliment that can be paid to Sir Raymond and Lady Ray is to say that such was the ambiance and sophistication that it was difficult to imagine that this was really a hash event.

The Society Diarist

to the Channel tunnel trying to escape the economic abyss that the Hash mismanagement had left us poor punters in. A timely rescue plan by the Bank of Hash rescued the fleeces from the mismanagement team, halfway round the M25.

The EGH3 saw that an injection of \$100 billion from central Hash funds was necessary to keep the EGH3 movement from going bankrupt. This short fall in funds had been brought about by years of high risk mismanagement being poured into ideas, such as "Hashers drink beer Brothers" and "Water into Beer" development schemes.

The Grand Old man, came out of his reclusive hiding, only to announce that he was the body and mind of normal mortal Hashers. Good to us. He gave an impassionate speech that the age of running and drinking was over. A new age of responsibility is upon us. It will be drinking and running from now on.

Alex gave out the ½ pint down downs to Blue Suit , for a lack of confidence, to Lesley as a reward for failure, to Gromit and his dog and, as only a fat cat can, one down down to himself for taking \$10 million bonus last year.

Hash Cash stood up to say that due to the squandering of the monies collected over the years and the pending loss of stock value, that the Hash will now be nationalised.

Biggles Shot down and broke

Forthcoming Events

Malham Mahem (Yorkshire Dales): 26-29 June 2009

I'll work out 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. Contact me for details: PeteGromit@hotmail.com 01737 222519

On On, by gum, Gromit

Olympics Ladies Water Polo –Serbia v Albania

