

# EGH3 News



Issue 283 October 2008

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## Next Runs

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
Run 927 21 December 10.45	The High Rocks Nr Tunbridge Wells 558383 TN3 9JJ	Dancing Queen Fireballs <i>Christmas Run and Meal</i>
Run 928 1 January 2009 11.00	TBA	Big Yin Stubble <i>New Years Day</i>

## Mismanagement

<u>GM</u>	Ian O'Donovan email <a href="mailto:ianodonovan@yahoo.com">ianodonovan@yahoo.com</a> 01892 619078
<u>Grand Mattress</u>	Cathy Samuels
<u>Hare Razor</u>	Peter Wallace email < <a href="mailto:PeteGromit@hotmail.com">PeteGromit@hotmail.com</a> > 01737 222519
<u>Hash Cash</u>	Dave Sandall, Dave Paul
<u>On-Sex</u>	David Watson email < <a href="mailto:thewatsons@go-watson.com">thewatsons@go-watson.com</a> > 01825 791885
<u>On Web</u>	Graham Anderson email: <a href="mailto:graham@hilcot.plus.com">graham@hilcot.plus.com</a> 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 No.922 – The Blue Anchor, St Mary Platt**

Hares: Chunderwoman and Dai Hard

What have the Welsh ever done for us? We put Wales on the west side to act as a sponge for Irish immigration, but the Irish sneaked past it and headed straight for the Land of My Father's Jobseekers' Allowance. Granted Welsh coal kept us warm for a few hundred years, but their slag heaps made it very hard to find a good spot for a holiday cottage. So apart from coal, slate, sheep, a lot of singers and a few Tudors, they haven't given us much. Could Chunderwoman and hubby - let's call him Dai Hard - make up for centuries of tribulations borne by their English neighbours and produce one good Hash trail?

They chose St Mary Platt in deepest Kent for the run site. This was a nod to their talismanic longest place name – Llanfairpwllgwyn etc – which also means a St Mary something or other, but it's a name that goes for length rather than usefulness. We hoped the Hares hadn't made the same mistake. It was an October Sunday that wouldn't have been out of place in mid-Summer when a pub lunch al fresco would seem a better option than a run. There was a surprisingly large turnout for a Chunderwoman run, which included Sludge and Ab Fab all the way from Ireland, proving my point about Wales. The warm weather must have played a part in getting the likes of Kiltown Man out of bed, while Teach and Leatherback were obviously there for ethnic back-up. As for myself, it was a struggle from sickbed to starting point in the sure knowledge that even Flat Eric would be a hard man to keep up with. Reluctantly the pack deferred lunch and traipsed off looking for flour, at a pace far from scorching. It worries me to write this of EGH3, but the Knitting Circle became the largest group on the day. From my vantage point at the back it seemed that the walking group was stuffed with three-quarters of the pack. Not only were Yogi and Chipmonk and Passing Water and Do

You and the usual Ramblers-in-waiting dragging their heels, but also people I once regarded as front-runners, all seemingly whacked by the heat. Or were they being thrown back by devastating checks? Admittedly I didn't get to one before the dust had settled, but based on the lack of complaints from Leatherback and Bullshit the difficulty quotient of the run was set to novice. Blade Runner at least had an excuse for walking: his promise to be present at the birth, even if it meant kneeling in a patch of nettles. No, I contend lethargy, laziness and lassitude, the Welsh complaints, have permeated the Hash. Memo to AGM: can we improve our breeding stock by persuading a few runners to join?

You can tell from the jaundiced tone it hadn't been a good week for the financial sector. On the phone, The Blue Anchor had been made to sound like The Blue Wanker – a deliberate jibe. When the flour led through St Mary's graveyard straight from the off, it said everything about the state of our ISAs. Yet despite doom and gloom in the real world you can always bury your woes in a good Hash, and the Hares served up a tasty trail – woods, orchards, and flattish terrain - all the usual north Kent fare. The disappearance of the homemade cakes before we tail-enders reached the Sip was of no consequence. By the end of the run the world seemed normal again. The scene in the car park had the usual giant soaped blob, the usual flash of Doc's ever-expanding sports bra and the far from usual sight of Floozy pummelling Fireballs's back. It was the typical soapy Sunday Spankorama you find in every Kent village.

Fetherlite stood in as RA at short notice and gave a rip-roaring run-through of the misdemeanours. This is where I wonder why I make notes. Gromit was named for something Holly had done concerning a beauty contest; Uncle Fester (blank); Yogi had tramped mud through his house; Herr Flick had had to toss up with Do You about whose Porsche to come in, and Teach had taken his weekly tumble, but this time through a wormhole into a

parallel universe, ending the run in front of a different pub with the same name (being built at a fork in the road the pub had two main entrances. It was enough to flummox him). Fetherlite's performance was far better than I've made it sound. Memo to AGM: can we improve our run reports by persuading people with a brain to join?

By the end Mr & Mrs Lone Ranger were itching to make their way home to Lewes. They'd come a long way from this Welsh-sounding spot to support their EGH3 colleagues. What had the Welsh done for them? Well, I contend they hadn't been given what you'd call a proper Hash, more an amusing Dai-version.

### Blue Suit

## Forthcoming Events

### **LEWES PUBCRAWL SATURDAY 6 DECEMBER 2008 REVISION 1**

Lewes is a historic market town famous for its current day bonfire societies, its employment of Tom Paine the revolutionary in 1768, the trial of acid bath murderer Haigh in 1949 and the burning of 17 protestant heretics in the 1550's. Of more interest to hashers is the fact that there are 19 pubs and Harvey's brewery in Lewes. Those of you fortunate enough to have experienced the recent Dwyle Flonking event at the Lewes Arms will have had first hand knowledge of some of the excellent ale and vitals available. It seems appropriate therefore to sample some more of what Lewes has to offer in a convivial manner as the festive season approaches.

I am assured by people who should know, that binge drinking and public acts of lewdness are not common in Lewes and the Hash will not be seeking the change that. What is envisaged is a guided tour of the town's real ale pubs following chalked arrows on the pavement **commencing at 1900 hours in the Lewis Arms**. This will enable latecomers, inebriated, dazed and confused individuals to join in where and when *they want*. **Town maps will be distributed on the night** for the directionally challenged. Between 2000 and 2100 we will find our way to Larry's recommended fish and chip shop to eat on the hoof as we wend our way to the next

ale emporium. Alternatively you could eat in one of the pubs. For those of you with more refined tastes and a longing for peace and quiet, Larry will be advising some reasonable restaurants.

The accent will be on a minimum of organisation. There is an initial meeting time and location but you can drink and eat where you want, when you want, how you want. The trail will be a guide only. For the technologically advanced I understand Lewes has actually got mobile phone coverage.

Bullshit will be marking the trail calling on his considerable knowledge of real ale and fish and chips. This is your opportunity to respond to his constant carping about the quality of the pubs we run from.

There are late trains from Lewes to Hastings, Brighton, Haywards Heath, Three Bridges and Gatwick. East Grinstead is a problem so *you* could organise a *minibus*, or better still overnight in Lewis in a B&B/Hotel. Make your own arrangements but don't forget the Hash at North Chailey on Sunday Morning.

**If you are interested in participating just turn up.**

ON ON

Honest Bob's Tours



'So I just switched the heads.'

## Medical secretaries

These are sentences typed (wrongly) by medical secretaries :

1. The patient has no previous history of suicides.
2. Patient has left white blood cells at another hospital.
3. Patient's medical history has been remarkably insignificant with only a 40lb weight gain in the past three days.
4. She has no rigors or shaking chills, but her husband states she was very hot in bed last night.
5. Patient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year.
6. On the second day the knee was better and on the third day it disappeared.
7. The patient is tearful and crying constantly. She also appears to be depressed.
8. The patient has been depressed since she began seeing me in 1993.
9. Discharge status: Alive, but without my permission.
10. Healthy appearing decrepit 69-year old male, mentally alert, but forgetful.
11. Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch.
12. She is numb from her toes down.
13. While in A & E , she was examined, x-rated and sent home.
14. The skin was moist and dry.
15. Occasional, constant infrequent headaches.
16. Patient was alert and unresponsive.
17. Rectal examination revealed a normal size thyroid.
18. She stated that she had been constipated for most of her life until she got a divorce.
19. I saw your patient today, who is still under our care for physical therapy.
20. Both breasts are equal and reactive to light and accommodation.
21. Examination of genitalia reveals that he is circus sized.
22. The lab test indicated abnormal lover function.
23. Skin: somewhat pale, but present.
24. The pelvic exam will be done later on the floor.
25. Large brown stool ambulating in the hall.
26. Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.
27. When she fainted, her eyes rolled around the room.
28. The patient was in his usual state of good health until his airplane ran out of fuel and crashed.
29. Between you and me, we ought to be able to get this lady pregnant.
30. She slipped on the ice and apparently her legs went in separate directions in early December.
31. Patient was seen in consultation by Dr Smith, who felt we should sit on the abdomen and I agree.
32. The patient was to have a bowel resection. However, he took a job as a stock broker instead.
33. By the time he was admitted, his rapid heart had stopped, and he was feeling better.

