

# EGH3 News



Issue 283 October 2008

www.egh3.org.uk

## Next Runs

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	The Rose & Crown East Grinstead 396380	Big Yin Stubble <i>New Years Day</i>
Run 929 11 January 2009 10.45	The Chequers Maresfield TQ465239	Dave Hubbard Alison

## Mismanagement

<u>GM</u>	<i>Ian O'Donovan email <a href="mailto:ianodonovan@yahoo.com">ianodonovan@yahoo.com</a> 01892 619078</i>
<u>Grand Mattress</u>	<i>Cathy Samuels</i>
<u>Hare Razor</u>	<i>Peter Wallace email: <a href="mailto:PeteGromit@hotmail.com">PeteGromit@hotmail.com</a> &gt; 01737 222519</i>
<u>Hash Cash</u>	<i>Dave Sandall, Dave Paul</i>
<u>On-Sex</u>	<i>David Watson email: <a href="mailto:thewatsons@go-watson.com">thewatsons@go-watson.com</a> &gt; 01825 791885</i>
<u>On Web</u>	<i>Graham Anderson email: <a href="mailto:graham@hilcot.plus.com">graham@hilcot.plus.com</a> 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 923: The Nutley Arms, Nutley **Sunday 26 OCTOBER 2008**

*Hares: Two Left Feet and Thumper*

#### **ON THE DAY WHEN.....**

On the day when 1500 elite athletes struggled to find shelter in the Lake District in the teeth of highly unseasonable wind and rain, 47 hashers tried to replicate this confusion on a wet and windy Sunday morn in Nutley.

Most hashers were on time, except Dave Lewis (bit more of him later), mainly because it was impossible to sleep-in above the rattle of rain drops on the window pane. If they had known what the conditions were like underfoot they would have arranged all-terrain quad bikes.

The weather had prevented a Breaking Wind descent from the skies but he was on time to receive an award for 750 runs completed, the first ever in the rich history of the EG Hash. Rather than sing his praises the gathered pack sang a down down as he christened a Christian Dior styled powder blue fleece, sourced from Blue Suit's many sweat shops in the fourth world. This particular garment had a zero carbon footprint as it wasn't so much manufactured as cloned from all those revoltingly coloured sale items that appear year on year in all the best stores as they traverse the country in search of a buyer. I have to admit I was jealous, not of the fleece, or the 750 run accolade, but the courage of a heterosexual male wearing such overtly effeminate gear without the aid of whisky.

Neil Dalgetty announced that the Grand Old Man was improving and on holiday at the moment in the Trossachs. Really the old age pension is much too generous.

There were some new boots and a dog which provided company for Holly in the early stages

With a muted cry we were off, across the A22 then back again with little regard for

road safety, a turn to the east off the road and downhill through some trees. Flat Eric taking childish delight in shaking branches and cascading the water held in the trees onto the innocent. The first check was straight then the next left up a hill out of a stream valley and onto the blasted heath of Ashdown Forest. A right at the next check then left down to a stream and a very boggy moment. I was up to the shins in shiggy only to find that this preamble rejoined the trail following the stream at a higher elevation. Down and over a bridge Joy of Specs demonstrated his free style dive into the mud. As she struggled up a slope and in danger of suffering a loss of dignity and track suit bottoms Dick Doc made a reference to cellulite which sounded similar to microlite only heavier.

At this stage we passed Nutley Windmill which must have been a welcome landmark for the many teenagers doing their Duke of Edinburgh Awards. None looked quite sure where they were relative to the map and safety and I know that feeling. Of course they had the added disadvantage of being supervised by Mark Milligan an occasional hasher and full time sadist.

Onto the sip which was at a stand of trees once used by Peter Lamb in days of yore for a hash BBQ. After plundering the chocolate muffins it was onto the proper trail in.

Lay-By passed by in her large Tesco see through bag, re-usable of course. Holly was demonstrating her good manners in contrast to the example set by her owner. The SCB's went right and some time later Meths spotted them on a ridge line in the distance without the aid of glasses or binoculars - impressive. Through the open heath land of Ashdown Forest we worked our way back to the pub. I don't recall any

checks after the sip but there was adequate flour to get pointed in the right direction with Two Left Feet and Thumper popping up at opportune moments to prevent significant loss of direction. The on into the pub was a long slog uphill. Aptly demonstrating Newton's first Law of Motion, what goes down must come up, only less so.

On entering the pub I was greeted with a thick east European accent, would I get borsch instead of beef I wondered. I did get waylaid by Dick Doc selling her wares but no takers. The market has reached saturation. Classical Keynesian economic conditions apply. Due to restricted credit, high interest rates, increasing indebtedness and unemployment; more beer is being consumed and less is being spent on clothing, and bankers have at last achieved their rightful position in the public affection; somewhere between the manhole and the sewage treatment works

Later Dave Lewis made an entrance a good hour after the most challenged hasher had returned. Dave was wet enough for a wet T shirt contest but without the curves in the right place. He made some complaint about flour and water not mixing. Well of course it does mix well in the baking of pastries and cakes (and Dave is living proof) but not in the marking of trails, and a little daylight helps. We are all a mixture of strengths and weaknesses. Sampson was strong in body but weak for Delilah, Dave is strong in maths but weak in the (no not head) the sphere of timekeeping. If only he employed the tactic of retarding all clocks and watches in the house by an hour he would never be late again, ask Leatherback.

Down Downs went to:

Two Left feet and Thumper for what all agreed was a really good run over country some of which was new to most of us.

Breaking Wind again for surviving 750 runs. He thanked the hash for his new apparel, the most useful feature being his name embroidered (not printed Blue Suit hastened to add) under the EGH3 Arms. This will serve him well in his slide towards forgetfulness.

Leatherback, for being a grumpy old man, a charge he rebutted with a spirited salvo of invective. The GM complained loudly that he had been awakened at 0900 in his silk pyjamas by Leatherback who was ready to rock but unable to re-set a clock (its Spring forward, Fall back as everybody else knows).

Yogi, for running up a hill, a feat he attributed to giving up sex. Lucky he had some to give up I heard from several around.

Jim Perry, for being heard to say 'have I really got to get my feet wet'. Take heart Jim trench foot is not endemic in Sussex, in Lancashire yes, in Sussex no.

Chipmunk, for reaching 200 runs for which he was presented with a plate. He stated he owed it all to laying by with Lay-By.

Eric Duggan had an exchange with Curate Big Yin but by then I was fantasising about my awaiting roast beef and Yorkshire and cannot decipher my notes on the outcome. Fetherlite won the raffle. If I can't win a hash raffle with a 1 in 47 chance, why do I think I can win the lottery with a 1 in 47 million chance I wonder? We all wandered off in the gathering gloom.

This quotation could have been meant for all those runners obsessed with injuries. Mark Twain said 'be careful about reading health books, you may die of a misprint'.

### **Incontinent**

**RUN 924: The Downs Hotel,**  
**Woodingdean**  
**Sunday 9 November 2008**  
**THE WINDYDEAN RUN**

*Hares: Les and Mary Edwards (Lone Ranger & QC)*

This was definitely Breezy Brighton, though had we started the run 10 minutes earlier it would have been breezy and wet Brighton, so we were grateful for that. Not so much a day by the sea as a day battling to stay upright to see the beautiful sea. With three welcome visitors from Cambridge Hash and the sipman's pretty girlfriend, the pack set off from Woodingdean on a bracing morning's run across the South Downs.

The first check was on Brighton Race Course where we paused for a minute's silence at 11am, this being Remembrance Sunday. One minute's silence except for Ron Pattenden's dog - which needs a long walk off a short plank next time Ron puts to sea.

Off again we went into the unknown.... Was this to be a true test of toughness? Had Les actually set a triathlon course and were we heading off for a swim in the sea? Fortunately no, after going across the East Sussex Golf Course we headed towards Roedean School. No Chris Neale with us so no danger of anyone ogling the girls, had there been any to be seen. Some wonderful views of the Brighton coastline and a clever check in a field of young cows down past Ovingdean Church. Then it was a left turn towards a nasty hill before the sip. No complaints there - cake, chocolate and the usual welcome drinks. Our hare warned us at the sip that to keep up the Armistice Day theme there was some newly laid barbed wire to contend

with but fortunately we all came safely through.

Outside for the Down Downs - twas a wonderful sight watching part of Graham Anderson's lunch being blown across the car park as he battled to the back garden for the Down Downs. But no complaints from Graham about this and he even commented that it had been a good run (a rare comment, thus worth noting).

Down Downs were awarded to:

The Hares;

3 Cambridge visitors - Blowback, Jetstream and Unmentionable;

Dave Lewis who had been spotted amongst the turnips in Sainsbury's; (It has been noted that his grandchild has not yet arrived, only due this weekend so it's not late but I don't suppose many of us would have had money on it being early, with the Lewis genes.)

Patsy and Sludge (Sludge was not presented with his 100 runs mug) but a personalised paper cup was used as a substitute;

Lesley Kaz (it is her birthday next week).

A final Down Down was presented to the Grand Old Man for featuring in a 1979 KL Hash Gazette which reported his appearance, dressed as a ballerina, at a cabaret where he literally brought the roof down with his performance.

Ron Pattenden's dog should get a more kindly mention here for his and Eric's entertaining performance during the Down Downs.

After adjourning back into the pub, as the rain came to the car park, Fran won the raffle.

**Scribbling JP**

**Run 924: The Downs Hotel,  
Woodingdean**  
**Sunday 9 November 2008**

*Hares: Lone Ranger and QC*

Last time we did this run it was cold, wet and windy enough to blow your toupee off. The hare had set a long run oblivious of the age and fitness of hashers plus his own answer to the 39 steps, however, the Everest training team thought it was good.

This time we were better prepared, K rations and St. Bernards were in abundance. Just before the off we were treated to a heavy shower but then the big watering can in the sky was empty and no further rain was encountered.

The hare had been given a large stick of chalk for last Christmas and he now found a way of using it. Not much flour, nothing unusual here, but posts marked in chalk made Dave Sandall very happy as a large percentage of hashers realised they needed specs.

**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 Dwyll 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*

It was Remembrance Sunday so just before 11 am we called a regroup for the minutes silence except that is for Alex "Von Ribbentrip" Niven who couldn't believe his luck in that no one was checking which allowed him to find the trail.

It was quite a canny trail, many zig zags so we were never far from the Pub without actually knowing it. Thankfully Chris Neale was not on the run as we passed very close to Roedean School: not sure who would have been in trouble, Chris or the girls.

The highlight of the run for me was Larry and Leatherback having a "conversation" on the other side of a hill to me but I could hear every word, perhaps one day they will agree on something.

Long run in with the Pub in sight which stretched the pack out but made the Landlord's life easier as we came in two by two.

**Anon**

*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 you 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

### **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 aturday and Sunday, short one on the Monday to finish off. Contact me for details: [PeteGromit@hotmail.com](mailto:PeteGromit@hotmail.com) 01737 222519*

*On On, by gum, Gromit*

### **Would You believe it?...**

A lonely widow, age 80, decided that it was time to get married again so she put an ad in the local paper that read:

HUSBAND WANTED: MUST BE IN MY AGE GROUP (80's), MUST NOT BEAT ME, MUST NOT RUN AROUND ON ME AND MUST STILL BE GOOD IN BED!  
ALL APPLICANTS PLEASE APPLY IN PERSON.

On the second day, she heard the doorbell. Much to her dismay, she opened the door to see a grey-haired gentleman sitting in a wheelchair: he had no arms or legs.

The old woman said, "You're not really asking me to consider you, are you? Just look at you...you have no legs!

The old man smiled and said, "Therefore, I cannot run around on you!"

She snorted. "You don't have any arms either!"

Again, the old man smiled, "Therefore, I can never beat you!"

She raised an eyebrow and asked intently, "Are you still good in bed?"

The old man leaned back, beamed a big smile and said, "Rang the doorbell didn't I?"

