



EGH3 News

Issue 285 December 2008

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A happy Christmas and prosperous 2009 to all our readers

Next Runs

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 465239	Dave Hubbard Alison
Run 930 25 January 2009 10.45	Black Horse Nutley 193263 RH13 6LH	Holly Gromit
Run 931 08 February 2009 10.45	The Plough Rusper 205374 RH12 4PX	Dave Sandall Doug Barr
Run 932 22 February 2009 10.45	The White Horse Holtye Common 459393 TN8 7ED	Martin

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>On 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. 925 Dunnings Mill

Sunday 23 November 2008

Hare: Dave Lewis

Well, I woke up late and crawled out of bed with the usual hash Sunday enthusiasm. I drew back the curtains and SNOW! It was almost a picture postcard, with blue sky, sunshine and even Robins hopping around the doorstep and squabbling over crumbs. Immediately (well almost) I was buoyant - this was the perfect Winter hash morning.

Alas, by 10.15 am the weather was declining fast, the snow was gone, the sky grey and the wind bitter. We arrived at Dunnings Mill, just avoiding the Hare, and noted there was quite a good turnout. Strangely, most people were staying huddled in their cars.

Circle-up was called and we reluctantly disembarked. There was one new boot, I missed his name, but he was someone's son and he wore nice white, Paula Radcliffe style socks which were not going to stay white for long.

Blue Suit announced that the Hare, Dave Lewis was now a Grandfather - Candida having given birth to a healthy boy.

He was not the only hash baby as Cathy (Radiosoap) had also had a boy six months before (approx). He was out for his first hash run in the tender care of his Father. Because of the weather, I think they went about 100 yards before returning to the pub.

The rest of us milled around the car park until the trail was discovered in one corner. Then off through the rain which seemed intent on hitting us from every angle except upwards - but the mud and the spray did that. We have run from this pub many times before so it must have been difficult to find a new route but the Hare did a good job and managed to confuse the leaders at the start and again at the first check.

Along with the usual barbed wire and muddy fields, Dave had thoughtfully provided a couple of freshly ploughed fields for us to run through, giving reality to the old adage about 'feet of clay'

He is obviously concerned about Global warming as he wasted very little flour on us. It was playfully absent hundreds of yards from the checks allowing us ample rest and cool down time in the wind and rain.

On crossing a wooden bridge complete with safety rail, one of our Old Timers bemoaned the good old days when streams were waded through (up to the neck). However, he declined our offer to push him in.

After about 8 miles (or so it seemed), the rain eased and a strange bright light began to shine through the clouds. The clouds thinned the sun got brighter and just as we got to the sip a rainbow appeared.

The picture was completed by a Steam Train from the Bluebell Railway chugging along the embankment. I don't know how he arranged all this, but Mr Lewis is clearly a very clever man.

After that, the weather improved steadily as we ran around Gravetye Manor, past the Hockey club and along the final five miles to the pub.

The pub was busy, but service was efficient so there was no long wait for the beer.

To save us from freezing, the circle was held in a side room of the pub.

The Hare got a well deserved down-down, despite as someone said, they had seen more flour on a Chapatti. George also got a down-down for a medical misunderstanding which involved him shaving his intimate areas.

All in all, it was a good run despite the weather

On-on
Thumper

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 01737 222519

On On, by gum, Gromit

Would You believe it?...

Girly Wisdom

Women over 50 don't have babies because they would put them down and forget where they left them.

A friend of mine confused her Valium with her birth control pills... she has 14 kids but doesn't really care.

One of life's mysteries is how a 2-pound box of chocolates can make a woman gain 5 lbs.

The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight because by then, your body and your fat are really good friends.

Just when I was getting used to yesterday, along came today.

Sometimes I think I understand everything, and then I regain consciousness.

My mind not only wanders, it sometimes leaves completely.

The best way to forget your troubles is to wear tight shoes.

The nice part about living in a small town is that when you don't know what you are doing, someone else does.

I gave up hashing when my thighs kept rubbing together and setting fire to my knicker's.

Amazing! You hang something in your closet for a while and it shrinks 2 sizes!

The trouble with some women is that they get all excited about nothing and then they marry him.

(And with thanks to the Grand Old Man for the following...)

After retiring, I went to the Social Security office to apply for Social Security. The woman behind the counter asked me for my driver's license to verify my age. I looked in my pockets and realized I had left my wallet at home. I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later. The woman said, 'Unbutton your shirt'.

So I opened my shirt revealing my curly silver hair. She said, 'That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me' and she processed my Social Security application. When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the Social Security office. She said, 'You should have dropped your pants. You might have gotten disability, too'.

My wife and I were sitting at a table at my high school reunion, and I kept staring at a drunken lady swigging her drink as she sat alone at a nearby table.

My wife asked, 'Do you know her?'

'Yes,' I sighed, 'She's my old

girlfriend. I understand she took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear she hasn't been sober since.'

'My God!' says my wife, 'Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?'

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A woman is standing nude, looking in the bedroom mirror. She is not happy with what she sees and says to her husband, 'I feel horrible; I look

old, fat and ugly and I really need you to pay me a compliment.'

The husband replies, 'Your eyesight's damn near perfect.'

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The madam opened the brothel door in London and saw a rather dignified, well-dressed, good-looking man in his late forties or early fifties.

'May I help you sir?' she asked. 'I want to see Valerie,' the man replied.

'Sir, Valerie is one of our most expensive ladies. Perhaps you would prefer someone else', said the madam.

'No, I must see Valerie,' he replied.

Just then, Valerie appeared and announced to the man she charged £5000 a visit. Without hesitation, the man pulled out five thousand pounds, gave it to her and they went upstairs. After an hour, the man calmly left.

The next night he appeared again, once more demanding to see Valerie who explained that no one had ever come back two nights in a row as she was too expensive - and there

were no discounts, the price was still £5000.

Again, the man pulled out the money, gave it to Valerie, they went upstairs and after an hour, he left.

The following night the man was there yet again. Everyone was astounded that he had come for a third consecutive night, but he paid Valerie and they went upstairs.

After their session, Valerie questioned the man, 'No one has ever been with me three nights in a row. Where are you from?' she asked.

The man replied, 'Belfast'. 'Really', she said. 'I have family in Belfast.'

'I know,' the man said. 'Your sister died, and I am her attorney. She asked me to give you your £15,000 inheritance.'

The moral of the story is that three things in life are certain.

1. Death
2. Taxes
3. Being screwed by a lawyer

