

EGH3 News

Issue 286 January 2009

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Next Runs

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
Run 933 08 March 2009 10.45	Bucks Head Godden Green 553550 TN15 0JJ	Uncle Fester
Run 934 22 March 2009 10.45	TBA	Cathy Mothering Sunday Run
Run 935 06 April 2009 19.00	TBA	Dave and Jan Paul 1st Monday Run!

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

Daffy Dildo has advised that Ruby - Olymprick's partner – has died. She was a lovely person with a keen sense of humour and an infectious laugh. We shall miss her. Condolences have been sent to Aberdeen HHH.

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Run Reports

**RUN 927: High Rocks Hotel,
Tunbridge Wells
Sunday 21 December**

Hares: Dancing Queen and Fireballs

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY RUN

Whilst I am willing to accept that EG may not be the most organised hash, note the mess up at the start of this run when the GA phoned to request a late start to the run and no-one took any notice, but 'Clip-board Man' sure made up for any lack of organisation on our part.

Thanks to visitors from Old Coulsden, W**K, Brighton and Surrey getting in the Christmas spirit there were lots of festive hats, a couple of Santa's and Pete Marking in a jacket that's much too smart to be hashing in. There were also visitors from New York, Taiwan and Susie's sister from London. It was a wonderful turn out for the run/meal. There was also an always welcome guest appearance by Eric the Retard.

Taking in the outskirts of Tunbridge Wells we made our way from the High Rocks Hotel via a local branch of Wyevale and so close to Tunbridge Wells Hospital that a breakaway group of strolling minstrels (or was it wastrels?) decided to give the local

Salvation Army, who were visiting the hospital at the time, some competition and sought out *The Grand Old Man* to entertain him with a couple of festive songs.

There was a much appreciated half-way sip with mince pies and also much enjoyed was the length of the run (shortest run on the shortest day), the hares were very kind to us.

We managed during the run to be taking the same route as a wedding party. Scud kindly serenaded them with a rendition of 'Here Comes the Bride' on his mouth organ and it turned out that they were making for the same venue as us.

Whilst the majority of us had to make do with changing in the back of our cars Cathy managed to make it back to Susie's place for a shower. She turned up looking tidier than Gromit who had put his trousers on back to front. He really can't cope without Holly to keep watchful eye on him.

Back at the pub Biggle's wife quickly lowered the tone as she started to eat her crisps direct from the floor.

Alex started off the Down Downs by awarding drinks to:
The Hares
The GM for being the GM

Airhead for being on Health Service call on red wine

Les Edwards for making page 3 of Meridian Sport

New Boots: Istanbul, Tai Wan and 3 Featherstone's (no it doesn't make much sense to me either, but I'm typing this almost a month after the event and my notes are sketchy!)

Desperate Dan from Old Coulsden then took over as RA and awarded drinks to:

Fran for leading Ian astray with his timings

Aunty Sal for confusion over transport
Coolbox for stealing tinsel from a dog

Inspector Teddy Bear and his Hash Cultural Police Force (ie a motley crew of Cuckoo Hashers) then took over and treated us to a delightful rendition of general moaning about hashing and how we should be concentrating more on drinking and less on running,

Run 928: The Rose and Crown, East Grinstead

Sunday 1 January 2009

Hares: Stubble and Big Yin

The "Best Run of the Year (so far)" Run.

A very reasonable day, 1 degree centigrade but no breeze, rain or snow. Quite a few EGH3 runners had dragged themselves out of bed after a heavy night, in anticipation of participating in the best run of the year. The prospect was clearly good enough to attract runners from all over the far north such as Old Coulsdon, Barnes and Surrey. Also a first for Candy and Tim's new son - although he had run many times before as a jelly baby on the inside track, this was his first Hash outing. Finally, after turning up late for the start of the last few runs, even the GM was early.

complaints about half-way picnics and hares running on their own runs to the tune of 'A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One'. We rather got the impression that PC Fry had been spending too much rehearsal time polishing his truncheon and not enough practising his words. It was noted that PC Watson reported for duty wearing brown shoes. Cuckoo Hash standards are slipping.

The lady visitor from Taipei kindly gave away a couple of hats and a number of lucky people (not me) won some very nice prizes in a Grand Draw.

A most enjoyable run, meal and afternoon's entertainment. Many thanks to Ian for taking the time to organise it.

Scribbling JP

Perhaps Fran had given him short shrift for some reason, (or should that should be the other way round?).

Anyway, off we went from the lovely landscaped public car park near the pub. There was a quick diversion down a nearby road to sing a Hash song outside the Grand Old Man's house. Tim is now out of hospital and I am sure he and his neighbours fully appreciated the gesture. Even the hash dogs showed their respect in his front garden.

We quickly rejoined the trail and found ourselves in the wide open spaces of East Court, dragged ourselves through some woods, then past the front of the Queen Vic Hospital, into some more woods, a nice sip stop (pity about the mulled wine), back into the woods for the longer runners and a short cut

along some paths for the short cutters, through a park near a cemetery, some more estate roads and back to the car park. The Hares are to be commended for their use of paved paths and roads wherever possible because the paths in the woods were very slippery with awful mud. I unfortunately cannot remember any recordable incidents on the run but my map indicates that our route at its furthest point reached at least 1500m from the car park. Perfect. Unfortunately I didn't check my watch when I got back but suspect that with the copious checks and sip stop we must have been out for at least three quarters of an hour. Just right for a New Years Day run.

The pub also turned out to be just right, providing Harveys, warmth and lots of room. A further advantage was that food was not immediately available which was great as it enabled us to have an early circle. This was held in a salubrious narrow alleyway between the rear wall of the pub and the iron railings of another cemetery, next to some large recycling bins. Neil Dalgetty as temporary RA found some room to stand just inside

Run 929: The Chequers Maresfield **Sunday 11 January 2009**

Hares: Dave Hubbard and Alison (and Children)

FROST ON THE GROUND, A NIP IN THE AIR, SUN IN THE SKY AND ALL SET FAIR

On the way to this run I was reminded of the reason for the Uckfield by-pass as I swept round an inordinately sharp hairpin in the centre of Maresfield and nearly achieved what hundreds of years of horse and motorised traffic couldn't, the destruction of that weird building that competes with a footpath

the cemetery boundary and started the proceedings with ample praise for the Hares. (Indeed, private communications outside the circle earlier had revealed that these same two Hares had set 5 runs over the last year, and had even brought some orange-coloured flour with them for this run in case it had snowed before the run – what dedication and organisation! Obviously the Hare Raiser's best friends. How could one say a word against them?).

Big Yin then took over as RA awarding down downs to posh Gerry of the Surrey Hash, Desperate Dan of Old Coulsdon for first going to Edenbridge to a pub of the same name, Sally Justice for allowing her dog to also go too far, and lastly Simon Roberts for being a regular once a year runner. Heather ("Oh no, not more white wine!") Cordrey won the raffle.

A great time for everyone. The standard has been set. I now look forward to the coming year.

Horace Scope

for proximity to the road. Oh well best leave it some drunk I suppose.

It was frosty, sunny with clear blue skies, just what's needed as a post Christmas tonic to blow away the excesses of the season. We all formed up in the car park in an exceedingly civilised manner but the mood was shattered by Ron Pattenden's terrier howling to be released with an intermittent background chorus in support. We circled up but just then the hare uttered something about ordering food and rushed off in the direction of the pub to order his, leaving us to find the out trail ourselves. No matter we didn't need those critical instructions about avoiding wild ferrets and

circumnavigating mad bulls, we would sort it out for ourselves.

Big Yin led the walking contingent and there was a certain reluctance amongst all but the dedicated FRB's to put leather to ground. Those eXtra Xmas pounds were telling early on. We took a sharp right down a narrow track and onto black stuff and suddenly we were looking up to the car park walls soaring above us like a castle. I didn't realise there were such hills in this area. Most of us motored through the first check because it was downhill but we had to come back for the left turn onto a long stretch of more black stuff. Straight through the next check as the glorious views unfolded. We encountered a riding establishment with several of the animals grimacing as the cold wind blew round their withers. The frost had frozen the cut up ground into ankle breaking ruts so care was needed as we went into fields. At this stage the flour was competing with ground frost for recognition so following the trail required a little attention, something the FRB's were not prepared to do. As I discussed world affairs with those around me who were prepared to listen the inattentive FRB's came bounding back to the pack. Next check took us right across some fields and woods, over a footbridge and I sensed we were returning to the pub on a parallel trail. A climb out of the stream valley, through some woods and we were at the sip - set back from the main road (A26?) - quite early.

Full marks to Alison for the refreshments of buttered and jammed scones, walnut cake, brownies, fairy cakes; good grief someone's got to follow that. Leatherback's lone voice of complaint could be heard above the munching; muttering about the presence of Boddington's the cream of Manchester. So much so I saw him drinking ginger beer, now that is queer!

Off from the sip looking around for the trail, some more woods and then a thought provoking check at some fields which rang a bell and we were returning on the out trail. More black stuff, a slog up the hill and there we were back at the pub at a few minutes before 1200. Short but sweet.

General opinion was that this was a pleasant run, a little short but just about right for the fairly moribund pack.

For some reason, despite the glorious weather, the large car park and the empty pub garden areas, Big Yin decided to have the circle in the bar where the hashers had accumulated. Luckily the prices of the pub food had deterred all but a few of the single-non-cooking-on-a-Sunday clique from ordering food so it was an early circle not too long after the bulk of the pack had arrived back and they were still on their first drinks. Not that I am being obsessive about having to wait till 1430 for the down downs.

Down downs commenced with the two Hares Dave and Alison being praised for a good run and a nice selection of goodies at the sip - the latter saving co-Hare Alison (who had accompanied the runners but appeared to know nothing about the route) from any extra special treatment.

Then a down down went to Chris Neale for performing a load of athletic looking pre-run warm-up stretching exercises in the car park in front of a just-returned-from-New-York-State young lady. Is this what Chris does in the bedroom as well, but without the fag in his mouth?

G-String got a down down for complaining that poor Mum and Dad wouldn't pick her up late from pubs when she had gone out drinking at night nor would they buy her a car (try telling her about the credit crunch Paul).

Congratulatory down downs to a couple of relatively new hashers called David and Belinda for becoming grandparents earlier that morning and dropping into the hospital for their first viewing prior to continuing to the run, that's what I call dedication.

DynaRod of OCH3 got one for deciding the run was so enjoyable he had to do it again, (he took 30 minutes and still arrived back before the circle started).

Finally Drain Oil from West London whose son was the pub's chef and whose other son ran with us. Pity Blue

Suit was not in attendance to make a double of hashers who have attended all the Interhash events. As far as I know Blue Suit doesn't wear a skirt though.

After a redraw because the holder of the originally drawn ticket (probably an escapee) couldn't be found, Passing Water won the raffle. This seems like the third time in 6 weeks and I am thinking of lodging a steward's enquiry.

Bagman (with post run contributions from Lone Ranger) (all rights reserved)

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

Would you believe it...?

ATTORNEY: This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And in what ways does it affect your memory?

WITNESS: I forget.

ATTORNEY: You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?

ATTORNEY: Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

WITNESS: Did you actually pass the bar exam?

ATTORNEY: The youngest son, the twenty-year-old, how old is he?

WITNESS: He's twenty, much like your IQ.

ATTORNEY: Were you present when your picture was taken?

WITNESS: Are you shitting me?

ATTORNEY: So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: And what were you doing at that time?

WITNESS: getting laid

ATTORNEY: She had three children, right?

WITNESS: Yes.

ATTORNEY: How many were boys?

WITNESS: None.

ATTORNEY: Were there any girls?

WITNESS : Your Honor, I think I need a different attorney. Can I get a new attorney?

ATTORNEY: How was your first marriage terminated?

WITNESS: By death.

ATTORNEY: And by whose death was it terminated?

WITNESS: Take a guess.

ATTORNEY: Can you describe the individual?

WITNESS: He was about medium height and had a beard.

ATTORNEY: Was this a male or a female?

WITNESS: Unless the Circus was in town I'm going with male.

ATTORNEY: Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?

WITNESS: No, this is how I dress when I go to work.

ATTORNEY: Doctor, how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people?

WITNESS: All of them. The live ones put up too much of a fight.

ATTORNEY: ALL your responses MUST be oral, OK? What school did you go to?

WITNESS: Oral.

ATTORNEY: Do you recall the time that you examined the body?

WITNESS: The autopsy started around 8:30 p.m.

ATTORNEY: And Mr. Denton was dead at the time?

WITNESS: If not, he was by the time I finished.

ATTORNEY: Are you qualified to give a urine sample?

WITNESS: Are you qualified to ask that question?

ATTORNEY: Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for blood pressure?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: Did you check for breathing?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: So, then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?

WITNESS: No.

ATTORNEY: How can you be so sure, Doctor?

WITNESS: Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.

ATTORNEY: I see, but could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless?

WITNESS: Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law.

Einstein dies and goes to Heaven. At the Pearly Gates, St Peter tells him, "you do look like Einstein but you have NO idea of the lengths that some people will go to to sneak into Heaven. Can you prove who you really are?" Einstein ponders for a moment, then asks, "Could I have a blackboard and some chalk?" St Peter snaps his fingers and a blackboard & chalk duly appear. Einstein proceeds to describe with arcane mathematics and symbols his theory of relativity. St Peter is suitably impressed. "You really ARE Einstein!" he says, "Welcome to Heaven".

Next to arrive is Picasso. Once again, St Peter asks for credentials. "Mind if I use that blackboard & chalk?" Picasso asks. St Peter nods agreement. Picasso then erases Einstein's equations and sketches a truly stunning mural with just a few strokes of the chalk. "Surely you are the great artist you claim to be" says St Peter. "Come on in".

Then St Peter looks up and sees George W. Bush. St Peter scratches his head and says "Einstein & Picasso both managed to prove their identities, how can you prove yours?". Dubya looks bewildered and asks "Who are Einstein & Picasso?".

St Peter sighs and says, "Come on in George".

Two priests decided to go to Hawaii on vacation. They were determined to make this a real vacation by not wearing anything that would identify them as clergy. As soon as the plane landed they headed for a store and bought some really outrageous shorts, shirts, sandals, sunglasses, etc.

The next morning they went to the beach dressed in their 'tourist' garb. They were sitting on beach chairs, enjoying a drink, the sunshine and the scenery when a 'drop dead gorgeous' blonde in a topless bikini came walking straight towards them. They couldn't help but stare.

As the blonde passed them she smiled and said 'Good Morning, Father ~ Good Morning, Father,' nodding and addressing each of them individually, then she passed on by. They were both stunned. How in the world did she know they were priests? So the next day, they went back to the store and bought even more outrageous outfits.

These were so loud you could hear them before you even saw them! Once again, in their new attire, they settled down in their chairs to enjoy the sunshine. After a little while, the same gorgeous blonde, wearing a different colored topless bikini, taking her sweet time, came walking toward them. Again she nodded at each of them, said 'Good morning, Father ~ Good morning, Father,' and started to walk away.

One of the priests couldn't stand it any longer and said, 'Just a minute, young lady.' 'Yes, Father?' 'We are priests and proud of it, but I have to know, how in the world do you know we are priests, dressed as we are?'

She replied, 'Father, it's me, Sister Kathleen.'

