

# EGH3 News

Issue 287 February 2009

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## Next Runs

Run 933 08 March 2009 10.45	Bucks Head Godden Green 553550 TN15 0JJ	Uncle Fester
Run 934 22 March 2009 10.45	The Old Ship Tatsfield 412568 TN162AG	Dic Doc Mothering Sunday Run
Run 935 06 April 2009 19.00	Foresters Arms Forest Row 426351 RH18 5DN	Dave and Jan Paul 1st Monday Run!
Run 936 13 April 2009 19.00	The Huntsman Eridge Railway Station 544345 TN3 9LE	Blue Suit
Run 937 20 April 2009 19.15	The Brewers Arms Vines Cross 594178 TN21 9EN	George Bagman

<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&lt; <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&lt; <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>On 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: 930 Black Horse, Nuthurst** **Sunday 25 January 2009**

*Hares: Gromit and Holly*

It looked as if it would be another wet run, as it was raining when we woke up and continued to do so as we drove to Nuthurst, however it stopped when we got there and almost looked bright.

There were two new boots, Gromit's friend from his university days (who had made the mistake of accidentally bumping into him when shopping, plus his wife/ partner (sorry I can't remember their names)).

We started out past the 'Architectural Plants' Garden Centre, which is expensive but well worth a look (closed on Sundays), then followed a series of footpaths through the woods. These paths were so wet it was more like running along shallow streams - and wet became the major theme of this run - wet, wetter, then very wet, with intermissions of soggy, muddy, slimy and soaking .

The route then opened up onto a series of fields all divided by stiles, there were dozens of stiles, high ones, low ones, rickety ones, even new ones but all of them had large pools of muddy water on either side. We ran past a farmyard which had had major earth moving works and here the mud was so deep I honestly thought I would get stuck so had to grab hold of Dave Hubbard for rescue (he got away later). On-on along some grassy tracks with several flooded parts, the

first was up to my ankles, the second over the knees and in the third, on a private road, I almost drowned as I stepped down a hidden drain. With all the slipping and sliding there were several fallers including the Hare.

At the sip we were treated to Gromit's famous fruit cake but nobody stayed around to chat as wet bodies get cold very quickly. Gromit offered us a choice of short cuts (short and very short) but I heroically took the long route (we had done most of the run) and was rewarded by the scatter gun architecture of Sedgewick Hall.

The Black Horse was a nice pub and we totally filled one small bar, which allowed Alex to hold the circle indoors. Down- Downs went to the Hare for a good run and Teddybear because he had trouble getting his leg over (the stiles). Then the New Boots also got drinks with the male of the species bravely wearing Jackie's bright pink rubber Crocs (sandals) as he had not anticipated the ruin of his running shoes.

Dave Lewis also got a Down-down for impersonating a suicide bomber by standing naked in the car park and emptying a petrol can of fluid over himself.

A nervous Gromit had to draw the raffle, the tickets having been deposited in Cathy's crotch. No prizes for guessing who put them there.

Did I say it was quite wet?

### **Thumper**

**Run No 931: The Plough, Rusper****Sunday 8 February 2009***Hares: Joy of Specs & Irn Bru*

Golly, it was a bad day for RAs. Forget Green Room disasters, what went on in the Brown Room above the bar at The Plough would have had the BBC (Bully Boys of Correctness) demanding apologies left, right and centre. Even though describing Big Yin as a one-eyed Scottish idiot lacks punch in the eye department, two out of three ain't bad. He contrived to insult every Hash minority within earshot, starting with the Hares - Joy of Specs and Irn Bru. These boys are in a special relationship, having come together on every Valentine's Run for donkey's years to give us a trail to remember. I forget where we went yesterday, but that doesn't detract from their efforts. Big Yin insulted all chutney ferrets by implying that a civil partnership was somehow less than a marriage. Well I have it on good authority that a back pussy can work just as well as any front pussy after a Vaseline Run. Furthermore it wasn't nice to label all opticians' customers, or four-eyed gits, as beer dodgers just because one member of the profession drinks sparingly in the belief that beer can damage eyesight. Look around at the beer lovers on EGH3, or rather the wives of the beer lovers on EGH3, and ask yourself if he mightn't have a point. Then it was Lone Ranger's turn in the spotlight. Not that he would have noticed – for some inexplicable reason he'd worn dark glasses and carried a white stick on the run. Gor blimey, we know some of the pack could do with guide dogs – it's like running with Stevie Wonder some days - but when it comes to the sensitivities

of the differently sighted, Big Yin is as blind as a bat. Not so with his next target, Madonna. Madonna was collared for slapping Coolbox around. On her return after a fortnight's absence from the bedchamber, something stiff had caught her in the eye, causing a bruised appearance. Big Yin in his infinite ignorance described it as a BLACK eye. Doesn't he realize the hurt such words can cause our citizens-of-non-reflective-hue by associating black with violence? Heck, quite a large minority of chromatically differentiated young men *don't* carry knives.

Even after all this verbal carnage, he still wasn't done. Pissticide was punished for gross irresponsibility. He'd followed the flour across a log that spanned a stream at a dangerous height, causing widespread concern about the excess on EGH3's insurance policy. Not surprisingly, someone in the crowd had actually worried about the man himself - his partner T-Bar Twin. The log crossing was going to lead to some serious leg crossing over coming nights. On the subject of which, Barry Fowler announced his wife's third pregnancy, and was given a Down-Down for fecundity. The clever fecund beggar. But did Big Yin spare a moment's thought about making childless couples feel inadequate and underprivileged? I think not. He plodded on to the bitter end, awarding Ian Boyd his Hash plate for 200 runs. It has taken this Hasher around 25 years to achieve the

landmark figure, highlighting the fact that some people in our society are still suffering from inequalities of energy distribution, and the gap is obviously widening. Big Yin made no apology for any of the upsets he might have caused, but I for one will be in touch with the offence manufacturing industry to see if I can get some money for all our hurt feelings.

As for the run, fate smiled on the Hash on Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> Feb. A window of good weather opened in a week of snow, sleet, rain and pestilence, confirming EGH3's privileged status in the eyes of the celestial powers. The Hares had marked the trail in blue-tinted flour - a sensible shift across the political spectrum in my view. The terrain around Rusper was generally flat, but the sodden conditions made even the slightest up and down a slithering cartoon skid. A couple of fit lasses,

**Run 932: The White Horse**  
**Holtie Common**  
**Sunday 22 February 2009**

*Hare: Crack Fairy*

Spring had sprung – or so it seemed – and there was a simply magnificent turn-out of 63 hashers for this run. Numbers were further swelled by the new boots. SEVEN of them, and SIX of them WOMEN. Where was Chris Neale? He was there, of course. Somehow the jungle drums had awakened him from his usual Sunday morning lie-in. One of the new boots brought a dog that had a very beautiful shiny coat, courtesy of Herbal Essences we were told. Now that is one classy dog.

This really was a very pleasant run, one had to admit. The weather helped, of course, but the planning that had gone into the route certainly paid off. There was a lot of shiggy, but not too much; there were checks that

Newish Boots known to Irn Bru, added a bit of checking power to the efforts of Breaking Wind, G-String and Bullshit, so that by the time the walking wounded reached the checks they were long kicked through. Your scribe tempered athletic exuberance with prudent energy conservation to arrive at the Sip while proceedings were in full swing. As it was Valentine's, the Hares had dropped the beer ration in favour of Vina Maipo sparkling wine with cakes of all varieties adding to the celebratory mood. These guys are raising the bar in all departments: catering, trail-laying, recruitment and atmospherics. They got the length right, they added interest to the trail, they chose a good pub. Now if only we can do something about our RA, it'll be worth turning up on a Sunday morning.

**Blue Suit**

kept the pack together and even kept the front-runners at the rear; there were some beautiful views; there was a little tarmac, but only a very little and there was a nice sip to give us all encouragement fairly close to the end. What more could you wish for?

The pub was nice, too, though apparently \*the price of the beer was a bit steep (there had to be something). Anyway we have become such softies that the down-downs were held inside in a very full bar, R.A.'d by Parking Meter and with half-pints only (\*see above).

Eric was accused of short-cutting so that he could eat all the cakes at the sip and he was joined by Blue Suit because the two of them had been seen brazenly taking their clothes off

together at a quiet spot just off the trail. What were they intending to do? – Spring certainly had sprung or were they just a little too warm?

The hare, Crackfairy, and his glamorous assistant were then called out and were congratulated and generally abused in equal measures.

Rhoda, a new boot, she's from Durban, not New Zealand, as Blue suit had imagined from her accent - don't these colonials all sound the same - was rewarded for the fact that the man who had put up her satellite dish had not been trained to use a ladder (Perhaps he fell off the roof and perhaps he didn't. I'm not sure we ever found out).

None of the other new boots got a down-down (\*see above)

We did hear of a nearly-new boot who turned up 15 minutes late and did the run backwards (competition for Dave

Lewis perhaps), but maybe he was distracted by the fact that last time he came to a hash he arrived on time and became a grandfather the same day.

Jim Justice was called out for not knowing which team had won the Interhash quiz the previous night – he'd been too tired and emotional, apparently.

Then that very team who, against all the odds, had magnificently achieved a glorious victory in the quiz were called out and congratulated on their brilliant performance. Dic-Doc, Blue Suit, Mike Diebel and Leatherback - EGH3's answer to Corpus Christi and every one legitimate - were given the opportunity to show off their medals and trophy.

Max won the raffle.

### **Snakebite**

## **Forthcoming Events**

**LH3 R\*n 1880 : Saturday 14th February, Putney Heath (Putney BR/Tube), 12 Noon  
VALENTINES DAY (Red Dress) R\*N  
Hares : Last Tango and Skylark  
Pub : The Green Man, Putney Heath  
P-trail from Putney BR - 10 minutes walk up the hill**

For all you-lovers hashers wherever you are. LH3 will be hosting a day of intimate fun and frolics. We will start (and finish) with a romantic voyage of discovery (on the 14 Bus) to the ultimate memorial of love. There will be games and a quiz and plenty of love potions (improves performance after all)

You will need your travel card - you will finish at the start (well that is the intention) Dress code: red dress is obligatory

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

*Short walk, Friday; Main walks Saturday 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*

Friends of the Mole 1000th Run Weekend 26 -28 June 2009  
<http://www.geocities.com/fotmhth>