

EGH3 News

Issue 288 March 2009

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Next Runs

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 AGM
Run 937 20 April 2009 19.15	The Brewers Arms Vines Cross 594178 TN21 9EN	George Bagman
Run 938 27 April 2009 19.30	The Three Crowns Ashurst Wood 415367 RH19 3TJ	Bagman Bob
Run 939 04 May 2009 19.30	The Anchor Inn Hartfield 478357 TN7 4AG	Holly Gromit
Run 940 11 May 2009 19.30	The Bent Arms Lindfield 348256 RH16 2HP	Teddy Bear
Run 941 18 May 2009 19.30	The Black Horse Nuthurst 193263 RH136LH	Scud Fetherlite

<u>GM</u>	<i>Ian O'Donovan email ianodonovan@yahoo.com 01892 619078</i>
<u>Grand Mattress</u>	<i>Cathy Samuels</i>
<u>Hare Razor</u>	<i>Peter Wallace email< PeteGromit@hotmail.com > 01737 222519</i>
<u>Hash Cash</u>	<i>Dave Sandall, Dave Paul</i>
<u>On-Sex</u>	<i>David Watson email< thewatsons@go-watson.com > 01825 791885</i>
<u>On Web</u>	<i>Graham Anderson email: graham@hilcot.plus.com 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 933: The Bucks Head, Godden Green Sunday 8 March 2009

Hares: Ray, Ric, Doug and Dave

The “Late Uncle Fester’s” Run.

What a place to find. It’s possibly all very well for you Northerners living close to Sevenoaks, but for the rest of us, unused to the lack of local road signs and the nightmare of Junction 5 on the M25, the Southerners’ own version of Spaghetti Junction, it was an awful start to a run. Many long-distance hashers arrived well after the official start time, including one who travelling from the south coast who at one point found herself rapidly approaching the Blackwall Tunnel.

Still, it could only get better. An initial sign of this was that the later arrivals found that the earlier ones were still outside the pub, apparently having recognised the potential difficulties and deciding to help by starting the run later.

Wrong. What had happened was that the Hare Raiser allegedly had recorded the run on the wrong date. Therefore the Hare, Uncle Fester, was still in Tasmania, the run had not been set, the pub was not aware of our arrival and there was no tab.

Very quickly, Ray, Ric, Doug and Dave, one or more of whom said he knew the area, volunteered to act as live hares. But what about flour? Pete Marking produced three bags of flour which for some very strange reason he carries permanently in the boot of his car, and a couple of other bags also appeared from what looked like tongue in cheek knocking at doors of local houses. Off the hares went, followed by walking wounded and elderly

hashers after 5 minutes and the rest of the pack after 2 or 3 minutes more.

In fine weather the trail went west, through a large rolling golf course and Knole House appeared in the distance near the end of an avenue of large trees. A large false trail cross also appeared at that point. The pack spent the next 20 minutes checking every angle of a 359 degree circle before finding the correct trail forward. After a few minutes flour was seen to pass near the walled outer corner of Knole House that in retrospect appeared an obvious spot that should have been found much earlier after discovering the false trail.

Nevertheless, we carried on, stirred on by the moaning of Larry and the strident screeching of Dic Doc. The trail, despite an occasional marked lack of Marking flour (perhaps understandable under the circumstances) was, in fact, very picturesque, mainly gently undulating soft grassy valleys and gentle slopes, along well defined footpaths being used by local strollers, dog walkers and other runners. There were several more checks and a couple more false trails, with the pack stretched out a bit but most of us remained well in sight of each other.

Eventually we arrived back at the pub and after collecting our drinks, assembled outside in the sun for the Circle.

Drinks for the hares for an excellent effort (the lack of a sip stop noted but magnanimously ignored), another to poor Pete Wallace (who has always done such an excellent job) for the first major ballsup of this type since EGH3 started, Pete Marking, Larry and Dic Doc for their various contributions, new runners Anthony (who told me during the run that he regularly ran and cycled with Lem Morgan in

Bangkok) and another hasher called Tight Fit who has run with us before in the distant past. We mustn't forget the Cruft's dog show comprising Holly, some sort of two-legged miniature, Anthony's massive hairy thing and Yogi. The miniature won (something) and Yogi got the consolation prize of a bottle of wine after winning the draw. George cracked one of his jokes. Finally the Lone Ranger got a brief mention amidst total disinterest about his new book about something that

happened more than 60 years ago and is going on sale in early April.

Another great morning and on everyone's behalf I give many thanks to the hares for rescuing a potentially calamitous situation.

Barb Dwyer

**Run 933.5: The Bucks Head,
Godden Green, Tasmania**

Hares Uncle Fester and Walley Bee

It was one of those mythical wonderful mornings, bright blue sky with no cloud to be seen, the sun rising with gentle warmth and a cooling breeze in case some hashers broke into a sweat.

The hare, I am told, had spent a year planning this run, it was to be the best run ever and leaps and bounds in front of anything else, with chilled stubbies by a picturesque billabong for the sip plus a beach BBQ at the finish.

Come 1045 hours and the main EG contingent had not appeared, this was devastating news, were they being held at Immigration? One rumour was

that the chartered flight had made a forced landing at Dunnings Mill and never took off again. Eventually the real reason came to light, it was all Grommit's fault as he had put the wrong map reference on the run sheet which left a large number of hashers at a venue without a trail and a hare at another venue without a pack.

Uncle Fester, meanwhile, never one to fester made a few hand signals and off went everyone who had turned up. Out, back and downunder the bush - it really turned out to be a nothing run. Even the downdowns were tame, the hare for being the hare and Bruce and Sheila for turning up.

All in all an unbelievable occasion.

Anon

**Run 934: The Old Ship, Tatsfield
Sunday 22 March 2009**

Hare: Dic Doc

Another run in Kent - and a very pleasant part of Kent it was. The Old Ship at Tatsfield looked a nice pub and the weather, though not perfect, was pleasant too.

The Hare told us the run was a 'good 10K' and could have been sued for misrepresentation. 'What's so good about 10K?' was the question. However, we were promised a sip so we set off in almost high hopes. Down-hill we went (when you start at the top of a hill there is only one way) and the scenery lived up to expectations. There were some lovely houses in out of the way places.

There were some lovely views to the north and south. There were some jolly conversations about all sorts of subjects to while away the hours. It was good to see the Grand Old Man back in full action and Sue Harrison continuing her come-back after 4 years in the States. The checks were frequent and well-laid – I was passed at least three times by the likes of Joy of Spex, Grommit and Passing Wind so I knew they had been fooled into adding a few more 'K' to the ten.

My excuse for not running up the hills was that they were so steep that if I had taken both feet off the ground at the same time I would have ended up further down than where I started. I was also lost in wonder trying to imagine how the Hare managed to get flour actually to stick to such steeply sloping ground. Never mind – it was good to stretch the Achilles tendons and calf muscles.

And still we carried on past catkins and primroses and - [Nature Note here](#) - toothwort (also known as corpseflower and not an orchid as I first thought) flowering a couple of months early.

And still we hadn't got to the sip.

I was encouraged by Max telling me that his GPS showed that we were only two-and-a half miles from the pub as any crow with a strong sense of direction might have flown and I found the energy to stagger up a few more hills.

And suddenly there it was – THE SIP. There was chocolate cake and fruit cake and apple cake and another cake and beer and ginger beer and water and lemonadeand I could have wept.

The second 'half' of the 'run' passed amazingly quickly – due in no small part to the fact that it was only about half a mile back to the pub. There the hare was thanked by one wag for having laid 'two runs in one' but I think his comment fell on stony ground as going round a hilly 10K twice in a morning was, to her, a mere bagatelle. The down-downs were held in the garden – no more softy-stuff indoors. Cathy, still full of energy, managed her half with aplomb and was thanked for a good run - even if it was, perhaps, a tad long,.

- Uncle Fester Dennis was actually back from Australia for this run. His tan and tropical shirt brought a little antipodean spirit to the day – and of course it should have been his run at a different pub. His half-pint helped him get over the disappointment.

- Sue Harrison was properly welcomed back, looking every bit 'Hollywood' – slim, the teeth, sunglasses and blond hair. Did you know she was once known as Vera Vomit when she sang with the Unpalatableables?

- Nancy, a new boot to our hash, was rewarded for her Womblean spirit as she had completed the whole route with a carrier bag which was now full of litter picked up on the way.

- Sludge was invited to represent the Irish interest in recognition of the Grand Slam result and happily obliged.

The raffle was won by ticket 234 and then we all set out to find our way back to familiar territory and the chance to put our feet up.

Snakebite

Future Events

Fix-it meeting for the AGM will take place on Friday 3rd April at Dunnings Mill.
All are welcome to attend and shape the future.

AGM: Monday 13 April at the Huntsman, Eridge Station after the run.
The spirit of George W Bush lives on as EGH3 gives up insurrection and terrorism
and in desperation turns to Democracy. (But see the above event.)

**GRAND CHARITY SPONSORED WALK /FISH 'N' CHIP SUPPER /
LIVE MUSIC FROM ANDY ROBINSON SATURDAY APRIL 18TH 2009**

**15 mile circular sponsored walk for your own preferred charity
starting 1500hrs Margery Lane Car Park, Lower Kingswood.**

Followed by : Fish 'N' Chip Supper

**Followed by : ANDY ROBINSON – Singer/Guitarist –
Crash space available, Wild Bean Café/M&S Simply Food
200 yards away**

**Name of walker(s) and preferred charity Needed (Gift Aid
sponsor forms available)**

**Confirmation of Fish 'N' Chip Supper order and/or crash space required
BY MONDAY MARCH 30TH**

**Contact Hugh (Desperate Dan) Jenkins on 01737 833408 or
h_n5bee@mypostoffice.co.uk**

**TOTAL COST : Non Club Members £13 per head, or £8 if not
having Fish 'N' Chips. Club Members £11 per head, or £6 if not
having Fish 'N' Chips - (Includes admission and entertainment)**

EGH3 Walking Weekend

Malham Mayhem (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 01737 222519*

On On, by gum, Gromit

**Friends of the Mole 1000 th Run Weekend 26 -28 June 2009
Canterbury Rugby Club.**

Camping around the Club pitches; food, showers and loos will be provided. You can
of course stay in hotel / b&b, as the venue is on the edge of the City.

Registration is on Friday with our 999th Cops and Robbers 'Run' in and out of the
pubs in Canterbury that evening.

On Saturday we have 3 A to B Runs with a Vintage Bus for transfer, or a 14 mile 'Ball
Breaker' run, or a 30 mile Bike Hash, for you to choose from. That evening we have a
huge curry to demolish, washed down with fine Kentish ales, and a good rock band
to dance to.

On Sunday we have a 'Hangover' Hash and the Closing Circle .
£79.99 if you want to camp on site; otherwise £69.99.

For info: <http://www.geocities.com/fotmhhh>

Would You Believe it...?

MY NAME IS ALICE SMITH AND I WAS SITTING IN THE WAITING ROOM FOR MY FIRST APPOINTMENT WITH A NEW DENTIST. I NOTICED HIS DDS DIPLOMA, WHICH BORE HIS FULL NAME.

SUDDENLY, I REMEMBERED A TALL, HANDSOME, DARK-HAIRED BOY WITH THE SAME NAME HAD BEEN IN MY HIGH SCHOOL CLASS SOME 50+ YEARS AGO.

COULD HE BE THE SAME GUY THAT I HAD A SECRET CRUSH ON, WAY BACK THEN? UPON SEEING HIM, HOWEVER, I QUICKLY DISCARDED ANY SUCH THOUGHT.

THIS BALDING, GRAY-HAIRED MAN WITH THE DEEPLY LINED FACE WAS WAY TOO OLD TO HAVE BEEN MY CLASSMATE. AFTER HE EXAMINED MY TEETH, I ASKED HIM IF HE HAD ATTENDED MORGAN PARK HIGH SCHOOL.

"YES. YES, I DID. I'M A MUSTANG," HE GLEAMED WITH PRIDE.

"WHEN DID YOU GRADUATE?" I ASKED.

HE ANSWERED, "IN 1957. WHY DO YOU ASK?"

"YOU WERE IN MY CLASS!" I EXCLAIMED.

HE LOOKED AT ME CLOSELY.

THEN, THAT UGLY, OLD, BALD, WRINKLED, FAT ASS, GRAY-HAIRED, DECREPIT SON-OF-A-BITCH ASKED ME,

"WHAT DID YOU TEACH?"

A Texan decided to write a book about famous churches around the world, so he bought a plane ticket and took a trip to Rome. On his first day he was inside a church taking photographs when he noticed a golden telephone mounted on the wall with a sign that read \$10,000 per call

The American, being intrigued, asked a priest who was strolling by, what the telephone was used for. The priest replied that it was a direct line to Heaven and that for \$10,000 you could talk to God. The American thanked the priest and went along his way.

His next stop was in Moscow. There, at a very large cathedral, he saw the same golden telephone with the same sign under it. He wondered if this was the same kind of telephone he saw in Rome and he asked a nun what its purpose was. She told him that it was a direct line to Heaven and that for \$10,000 he could talk to God. "OK. Thank you," said the American.

He then travelled to France, Israel, Germany and Brazil. In every church he saw the same golden telephone with a "\$10,000 per call" sign under it.

The American finally decided to travel to the UK to see if the British had the same telephone. He arrived in East Grinstead and again, in the Church, there was the same golden telephone, but this time the sign under it read "20p per call". The American was surprised so he asked the priest about the sign. "Reverend, I've travelled all over the world and I've seen this same golden telephone in many churches. I'm told that it is a direct line to heaven, but everywhere I went the price was \$10,000 per call. Why is it so cheap here?"

The priest smiled and answered, "You're in Sussex now son. It's a local call."