

EGH3 News

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Next Runs

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
Run 942 25 May 2009 19.30	The Kings Head North Chailey 392211 BN8 4DH	Bumper Snakebite
Run 943 1 June 2009 19.30	TBA	Leatherback
Run 944 8 June 2009 19.30	The Laughing Fish Isfield 451172 TN22 5XB	Lone Ranger QC
Run 945 15 June 2009 19.30	TBA	Heather Cordrey

<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@qo-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, Martin Weare</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, John Allen</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, Chris Neale</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>Grand Old Man</u>	<i>Tim Waller</i>

Run Reports**Run No 935 Monday 6 April 2009**
Foresters Arms, Forest Row

Hares: Jan and Dave Paul

It was a beautiful evening for this early Spring Hash - warm but cool (if you know what I mean).

We gathered in the public car park just behind the pub, where Blue-Suit called us to order and announced he had been renamed Black and Blue-Suit due (he said) to bruising from a hernia operation which had spread around his groin. Do we believe him? Some say it was a hernia, some say it was a well deserved kick; you will have to draw your own conclusions.

There was one new boot, Gavin or Gareth; I could not catch his name due to the normal hash babbling.

We started by crossing the A22 and went behind the village past a stream and a mix of old, picturesque and modern housing. We then crossed a field and went past a large house with the romantic ruins of Brambletye Manor in its garden (most of us have to make do with gnomes). Then we headed towards the reservoir but did not quite reach it, turning instead along a footpath where a check confused us thoroughly and necessitated quite a lot of back tracking. The going was generally soft and dry but the hares did find one path of thick mud which was enclosed on both sides by fences, so we had no choice but to go through it. Most of us were unscathed but Jim's splattered tee-shirt was obviously a victim of mud throwing. The sip was enlivened by Archie (dog) whining and moaning in his eagerness to be off again. This dog is something of a phenomenon, a pocket rocket, only about 6 inches tall he runs at the front of the pack occasionally using only three legs, apparently to rest one

or other of his back ones. Some say he used to be a Jack Russell, some say he was something much taller, but most agree he has been worn away with all the running. We returned to the pub via the Forest Way just as it was getting dark.

There was a long wait for the beer due to there being only one barman for two bars - but he did his best. There were some disparaging remarks about the food but that might explain why there was a Kebab van park outside the pub.

Whilst we were drinking, four female, junior members of the hash were taken outside by John Root and Black&Blue Suit. This was something of a worry for their parents and it turned out that they were right to be worried, for when the circle was called these vicious youngsters each stepped forward and told the pack (as in pack of wolves) two 'facts' about each parent, (with the pack being asked to vote for which was most probably true). So:

Does Cathy expose herself in public lavatories or play with toys in the bedroom? (Probably both)

Is Andrew desperate for sex, or just desperate for sex? (Probably both)

Is Mick Sandal an ex-dancer or does he self-harm with a chain saw? (I'm not sure which is worse)

And, is Jenny Palmer an idiot or a criminal (difficult one that)

John Root gave down-downs to the hares and then announced his resignation he was immediately voted back in; upon which he did a little dance and awarded himself and Mr Burns a pint each

Dana Plughole

Run 936, Monday 13 April 2009
The Huntsman, Eridge Railway Station

Hare: Blue Suit, AGM

The “Who is AGM?” Run.

“Why the hell have a station here?” was a common refrain from many EGH3 arrivals. A very good question for a place with five or six houses, a pub and nearby main road. The answer is probably very simple and within the rules eg all ministers must have ready access between their places of secondary residence and the inconvenience of Westminster so a word to a party donor and a railway line and station is a done deal. A more mundane answer is probably that places like East Grinstead were of a similar size when their stations were built, but Eridge was lucky. However it's not big enough for its own Hash and we turned up instead, raring to leave again as soon as possible. This was not to be. Where were the Hares and who was co-hare AGM? Was it another Uncle Fester run? Finally, a minute before scheduled blast off, a very sweaty (yes sweaty – not many males are privileged to see such a thing) Blue Suit arrived, there was a brief circle at which a distance of four and a half miles was mentioned, and off we went.

The first mile was uphill alongside the heavily trafficked main road to the North, lots of fun (not), but no chance of getting lost (or checking). We then found ourselves at a significant check alongside a big rocky outcrop alongside Blue Suit's car. Ten minutes later one of the three available options was called on by our front runners and it was into the woods.

We ran round and round the woods. Not much to say, it was all very pleasant and relatively easy going, plenty of flour (assisted by some spare bags being carried by Dic Doc), pack spread out and any checks as usual having no impact on the rear runners, your scribe and most others not having any idea of whether we were going left, right, away from or

towards the pub, the sun setting through the trees, particularly spectacular at one point.

After what seemed like another four miles to us at the back, the pack ended up at some rocks on the fringes of the wood. There was Blue Suit's car again and a very welcome sip of Sainsbury's finest. It occurred to us that we had been there already. This was confirmed as the “in” trail turned out to be the “out” trail and the run finished with slog back alongside the noisy main road back to Eridge, but thankfully downhill this time.

What had seemed to some of us to be a hard slog and very long run had, in fact, been about an hour and fifteen/twenty minutes including the sip, and most of us were back before the failing light necessitated taking out any torches. It was just right.

The pub was also just right, the lone barman coping very well, and there being just enough room for a final circle most ably orchestrated by emergency stand-in RA Dave Watson.

Drinks for the run to Blue Suit and assistant Dic Doc, Eric for being attacked by a granite boulder whilst on holiday, Ron Pattenden for wearing very tight effeminate running shorts and a top with stripes going the wrong way, the RA himself having an award of a 300 run walking stick.

This was all followed by an AGM. It all sounded a bit long and messy, a bit of an oral cock-up actually, and not surprisingly I had trouble staying awake. Major events of the year appeared to be a pregnancy and a hernia, we are solvent, and despite providing us with no actual details, the GM canvassed us regarding how much we were each prepared to pay for the EGH3 1000th Run Weekend sometime after he came back from his summer holidays next year. I have no idea whether any consensus was obtained.

That's it. A good run, reasonable circle, crap AGM. Nothing really changes does it?

Michael Lestrol

RUN 937: Monday 20 April
The Brewers Arms, Vines Cross

Hares: Bob & George

Well maybe it was bound to happen, the GM gets himself re-elected and starts wandering around with a clipboard. How power changes people.

For a run so far away from our base camp in East Grinstead, 30 or so hashers managed to reach the summit and get themselves to Vines Cross or almost Eastbourne. No new boots but two Hastings Hashers, who said they chose to come to our run as it was closer for them than Brighton's Hash. See I said we were a long way from home.

Dave Hubbard and girls who set off looking pretty in pink (the girls that is) and ended the run looking pretty messy in pink after finding most of the mud on the run.

There were some very good shortcuts, particularly the one that got the short cutters first to the sip. It was quite refreshing setting off after the sip whilst the non short cutters were just turning up. Some clever checks caught some of us out and some ad lib hash horning caught others out. The first really spring/summer weather hash which added to the beautiful scenery in this part of Kent.

We all returned safely to a well lit car park to witness a shower time fracas between Chunderwoman and Leatherback. Discussion about the temperature of the water for the shower, interspersed with complaints, from Leatherback, about the run. He seemed to have missed one of the shortcuts and he wasn't happy about it!

Larry apparently didn't stay for the Down Downs and he didn't stay for a drink after the run, reportedly because he didn't like the beer!

Down Downs were awarded to the hares who were berated for their choice of flour dispensers. (They were puffing in more than one sense as they dispensed the flour from plastic milk bottles.)

The Hastings 2 were awarded water Down Downs as punishment for choosing to run with us purely because our run was closer.

Jackie – for the problems she was having with the hash horn
The GM for the 'Meet & Greet' service when arriving in the car park.

Denise was awarded a hash name – I've No Idea, what it was.

Graham Anderson won the raffle.

Scribbling JP

Future Events**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...?

One afternoon a lawyer was riding in his limousine when he saw two men along the roadside eating grass.

Disturbed, he ordered his driver to stop and he got out to investigate. He asked one man, 'Why are you eating grass?' We don't have any money for food,' the poor man replied. 'We have eat grass.'

'Well, then, you can come with me to my house and I'll feed you,' the lawyer said.

'But sir, I have a wife and two children with me. They are over there, under that tree.'

'Bring them along,' the lawyer replied.

Turning to the other poor man he stated, 'You come with us, also.'

The second man, in a pitiful voice, then said, 'But, sir, I also have a wife and SIX children with me!'

'Bring them all, as well,' the lawyer answered .

They all entered the car, which was no easy task, even for a car as large as the limousine was.

Once underway, one of the poor fellows turned to the lawyer and said,

'Sir, you are too kind. Thank you for taking all of us with you.'

The lawyer replied, 'Glad to do it. 'You'll really love my place.'

'The grass is almost a foot high.'

Dan was a single guy living at home with his father and working in the family business.

When he found out he was going to inherit a fortune when his sickly father died, he decided he needed a wife with which to share his fortune.

One evening at an investment meeting he spotted the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her natural beauty took his breath away.

'I may look like just an ordinary man,' he said to her, but in just a few years, my father will die, and I'll inherit \$65 million.' Impressed, the woman obtained his business card and 3 months later..... she became his stepmother.

Women are so much better at financial planning than men.

There was a man who worked for the post office whose job was to process all the mail with illegible addresses. One day, a letter came addressed in a shaky handwriting to "God" with no actual address. He thought he

Should open it to see what it was about. The letter read

Dear God,

I am an 83 year old widow, living on a very small pension. Yesterday someone stole my purse. It had £100 in it, which was all the money I had until my next pension payment.

Next Sunday is Christmas, and I had invited two of my friends over for dinner. Without that money, I have nothing to buy food with, have no family to turn to, and you are my only hope.

Can you help me? Please, hear my prayer.

Sincerely,

Edna

The postal worker was touched. He showed the letter to all the other workers. Each one dug into his wallet and managed to come up with a few dollars.

By the time he made the rounds, he had collected £96, which he put into an envelope and sent back to the woman's return address. The rest of the day, all the workers felt a warm glow thinking of Edna and the dinner she would be able to share with her friends.

Christmas came and went. A few days later, another letter came from the same old lady to "God". All the workers gathered around while the letter was opened.

It read:

Dear God,

How can I ever thank you for what you did for me? I now truly believe in God, and in Miracles. Because of your gift of love, I was able to fix a glorious dinner for my friends. We had a very nice day and I told them of your wonderful gift. By the way, I noticed there was £4 missing. I think it might have been those bastards at the post office.

Sincerely,

Edna