

EGH3 News

Issue 290 May 2009

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Next Runs

Run 943 1 June 2009 19.30	Car Park behind Church Southborough Common 574428 TN40RX	Leatherback Chunderwoman (On On: Hand and Sceptre)
Run 944 8 June 2009 19.30	The Laughing Fish Isfield 451172 TN22 5XB	Lone Ranger QC
Run 945 15 June 2009 19.30	The Barley Mow Punnetts Town Nr Heathfield 621204 TN21 9DL	Heather and Dave Cordrey
Run 946 22 June 2009 19.30	Cricketers Arms Berwick nr Alfriston 520053 BN26 6SP	Ron Pattenden
Run 947 29 June 2009 19.30	Red Lion Chelwood Gate 415304 RH17 7DE	Pete Marking
Run 948 6 July 2009	TBA	Dave and Doug
Run 949 13 July 2009	Larkins Brewery Chiddingstone 511452 TN8 7BB	Rooty and Eric

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<u>Hash Cash</u>	<i>Dave Sandall, Dave Paul</i>
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<u>RA</u>	<i>Alex Niven and John Root</i>
<u>Grand Old Man</u>	<i>Tim Waller</i>

Run Reports

Run 939: Monday 4 May 2009

Anchor Inn, Hartfield

Hares: Gromit & Holly

The nation's elected representatives have never been held in lower esteem. Sniping in the press has reached fever pitch, to the point where criticism of office holders has spilt over from the PM to our own GM, as per the write-ups of late. Here's a more sympathetic clipping.

Of an evening, there's nothing better than a good walk in the country; and last Monday evening Gromit and Holly laid on a run that was nothing better than a good walk in the country. It could all have been so different. Gromit had chosen the Anchor Inn at Hartfield for the location, emulating his hero the GM, who a few years back had set one of his world-renowned runs from the same pub, possibly the third best run ever, or was it the fourth? It doesn't matter, because last Monday was all about Gromit and Holly, even though you knew the pack were as one in thinking, "Why can't all the runs be as good as the GM's?" It was a big turnout, not least because Gromit had padded the numbers with two sons and their girlfriends, and in the process eclipsed the turnout for the GM's holiday special in April. However, in this game quality trumps quantity, and there's no glory in having the likes of Uncle Fester, Parking Meter and Desperate Jan in your pack. You need artists, sports stars and bankers - the sort of people who clamour to be seen with the GM - not a load of spanner bandits with bad knees. Despite the rent-a-chav feel to the evening, the run started well: up Gallipot Hill to the first check, and the first inkling of trouble. It has to be said, more and more of EGH3's

membership ought to be considering single storey accommodation. Clearly distressed by the gradient, the Knitting Circle took an age to gather at the ring of flour. It was as if they were approaching the Ring of Destiny. The trail was obviously headed for Pooh Sticks Bridge half a mile away, yet Irn Bru and Breaking Wind made hard work of cracking the check. There's no such problem on a GM run. That might need explaining: his checks are brilliantly devious, but so many true athletes flock to the cause, they soon find flour. But this report is all about Gromit and Holly, and the way Biggles was left bemoaning the lack of any sticks within a mile of the bridge. Life on an oil rig can really shrink a man's horizons. Dave Lewis joined him in the game, claiming a desultory 6 seconds for his Pooh Stick to float under the bridge. Have all the great swashbucklers of EGH3 been reduced to a band of bum-pumpers? Soon it'll be easier to admit being an MP than a Hasher.

Another few miles of fields followed the lack of excitement at the bridge, with your Scribe trying to encourage Flat Eric and Dave Paul to keep Hashing (they might find it dispiriting never to arrive at a check that hasn't been marked through); all the time wondering if the FRBs have forgotten the techniques they learned on the GM's Hashing Masterclass course, and plodding on and on in search of positive things to write about. Nothing suggested itself before the Sip, then suddenly the magic aura of cake lit up the night. Gromit's Sip Stops vie with DicDoc's for supremacy in the cake department. They're good, damned

good; although they would pale in comparison with the GM's entry in the Great Interhash Cake Contest of 1984. Yessirree. It's easy to get carried away at these carbo loading stations if you have no regard for your body mass index – witness the amounts disappearing into our two Jims (although it's not often you see anything associated with EGH3 disappearing into a gym). Best to limit yourself to just the three slices boys.

With the light fading, the last thing the Hash needed was a section through woodland. Gromit on the other hand was determined to live the dream from his bedside book – the one by A.A.Milne involving a Five Hundred Acre Wood. The flour led into the gloom of the original Five Hundred Acre Wood. If the Harriers had been strung out before the Sip, by the time they left the woods they were hardly in sight of each other. This was fortunate in one respect, because an incident involving a gatepost, a gap, and a miscalculation could have led a bitchy observer to suggest one of our number was putting on weight. For the next mile the run became the walk down a country lane of the opening sentence, before the trail eventually turned across fields towards the spire of Hartfield's church, prompting the comment from Passing Water, "The run's arse about face". She'd summed up everyone's feelings as the lights of the Anchor Inn marked the end of a sub-prime experience.

Monday night saw the debut of Crack Fairy as a Curate. It soon became obvious that behind his mask of carefully nurtured inscrutability lurked a mind of.....carefully nurtured inscrutability. The Circle threw up a few encouraging remarks about the run and the fruit cake so as to avoid being picked on by the Hare when he

reverted to being Hare Razor; but they couldn't prevent the inevitable Down-Down for Gromit. Breaking Wind was next up for a Down-Down because both his vehicles qualified for the government's scrappage scheme. Then, in a shocking case of lapsed protocol, Crack Fairy summoned your GM and mentioned a gap and a gatepost and a fat bastard – an accusation that will undoubtedly have a D-notice slapped on it. Moving down his list to Dave Lewis, the Curate told us of the man's reaction to the part of the trail where we'd crossed the shredded rubber surface of a dressage ring. It had reminded him of condoms. (See earlier comment re fudge-packers).

The night brought Crack Fairy the good fortune of officiating at the award of a 500th Run pair of underpants to Chris Neale (is his Hash Handle Baldilocks?). Breaking Wind had prepared one of his specials. It involved Chunderwoman, DicDoc and Philippa Martin plying their womanly charms on Baldilocks while he tried to memorise assorted objects on a tray. This is a man who admits to a hair-trigger problem in the pistol department, so he'd likely need the new pants sooner than we thought. The upshot was he remembered only one object – a traffic cone. Make of it what you will.

Although Crack Fairy made a good fist of his first night, the Circle became fidgety and started looking for an excuse to get back into the pub. A phone call rescued the GM - someone on the line called Gordon needing to seek the GM's advice on an article in the next day's Telegraph.

Blue Suit

Run 940: 11 May 2009

Bent Arms, Lindfield

Hare: Teddybear

Oh joy unbounded! To be asked to scribe Teddybear's trail. With what gleeful anticipation I looked forward to the task. But then, remorse overtook me. I am sure the hash will understand the delicacy of feeling that led me to renege on the task in order to avoid later regret at comments better left unsaid. Therefore, here are Teddybear's own words inspired by his recent appearance in the footlights as a pirate and a blind policeman in Gilbert and Sullivan's immortal Pirates of Penzance.

I am the very model of a modern trail layerman
I've information on false trails, footpath signs and checking plan
I know the dons of Hong Kong and I quote their trails historical
From Kowloon to New Territ'ries in order categorical

I'm very well acquainted too with matters deeply financial
I understand the cpi and interest rates tyrannical
About the cheapest flour to buy I'm teeming with a lot o' news
With many cheerful facts about the way to beat the check out queues.

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I'm very good at measuring and eking out a bag of flour
I also know exactly how to lay it down with manly power
In short in matters of false trails, footpath signs and checking plans
I am the very model of a modern trail layerman

In short in matters of false trails, footpath signs and checking plan
He is the very model of a modern trail layerman

I know our mythic history from KL and Selangor Mash
I can answer every question I am asked about the cuckoo hash
I quote ad infinitum of the trails I've laid in Kowloon heights
My trails are known throughout the world as simply brilliant hash delights

And so as I sat down to plan my trail as East Grinstead hare
I knew I wouldn't have to leave the comfort of my rocking chair
I plotted, planned and marked the map with checks and trails false galore
And carefully marked out the length to be around 8k or more

And carefully marked out the length to be around 8k or more
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And carefully marked out the length to be around 8k 8k or more

Now I am told that blobs of flour should every 50 yards be laid
But on East Grinstead hares for flour are simply never ever paid
And so by many cunning calculations mathematical
I worked out that my blobs could be just three per mile actual

*And so by many cunning calculations mathematical
I worked out that my blobs could be just three per mile actual*

So on the day I set off with my map and just one bag of flour
With spirits high I thought my trail the eager pack would surely wow
Alas the time began to pass more quickly than I reckoned on
So to conserve the flour I had I cut the blobs that I laid down

And by this method I went on up hill down dales and over fence
I crossed the Bluebell railway line and found some nervous horses next
There was some tarmac, grass and ditch: shiggy? Well there must have been
And on and on the trail went, near longest that I've ever seen

*And on and on the trail went, near longest that I've ever seen
And on and on the trail went, near longest that I've ever seen
And on and on the trail went, near longest that I've ever ever seen*

When I re-checked the scale of map I found to my astonishment
That what should be kilometres were really miles in their extent
And so in matters of false trails, footpath signs and flour bales
I am the very model of a modern hare of hashit trails

*And so in matters of false trails, footpath signs and flour bales
He is the very model of a modern hare of hashit trails*

Fetherlite

RUN 941: Monday 18 May 2009

The Black Horse, Nuthurst

Hares: Fetherlite and Scud (by Conference call)

Tim Waller was the car park attendant for this hash.

Teddy Bear arrived courtesy of the 'White Spirit Limousine Service'. It was noted that the chauffeur was not suitably attired for such a distinguished passenger.

Chipmunk and Eric arrived Chitty Chitty Bang Bang style without Layby.

No new boots but one returner – Holly. It appears that Holly spent last Monday 'running up' a new pair of shorts for her owner, but not a new T Shirt, still it wouldn't do for anyone to be too smart on the hash.

The spring weather made a welcome appearance for this run Heather, not one to trust the weather, was sporting a fleecy hat and gloves.

Within minutes of setting off the front runners appeared to have lost the trail with early calls of 'On Back'. It proved to be a false call, as opposed to a false trail. Whether it was clever trail laying or simply poor hashing it managed to catch out a number of runners, including Parking Meter.

An excellent run, plenty of checks and to the delight of many hashers a good shortcut. It seems rather odd that the man who gave us a long run last week took the shortcut this week. It's one thing to be able to lay a long run but another to actually run one!

As Les Edwards's knee problems get greater it appears that the length of his walking stick gets longer. Maybe he should just give up before it's too late. Bad knee or not he was in excellent Lone Ranger form, went off piste and got lost.

Two hashers were busy checking maps, a GPS and discussing matters medical enroute. Their conversation was interspersed with "Went to the chemist the other day ... well it's not something you normally measure. Luckily my

partner had a tape measure with her!" Make of that what you wish.

Chipmunk lost and (luckily) found his keys on the run. He tried to blame it on the fact that he had the sole responsibility for Eric on the run.

Dave Hubbard crafted himself a belt out of baler twine during the run. I don't think they would make good sellers as hash haberdashery.

Many thanks to Cathy who helped Featherlite out on the run by sensibly marking through checks which made for a wonderful hash/walk for those of us at the back.

David Watson awarded the first Down Down to Caroline as Hare and then with an equestrian theme gave Down Downs to 3 Nags:

Shire Horse	Jackie
Thoroughbred	Andrew
Martin	
Dark Horse	Teddy Bear

George told a joke and Diana won the raffle.

Scribbling JP

Run 942, 25 May 2009
The Kings Head, North Chailey

Hares: Bumper, Snakebite

The “Common as mud” Run.

I arrived at the pub just after the Hares. They had been lucky. After a day of pretty consistent light and heavy drizzle they seemed to have got round their trail without even getting damp and with only the faintest of mud on their matching begaitered lower regions. Would the pack be so lucky? Would we get soaked?, had the Hares laid enough flour and when?, if “when” was mainly the previous day would it be washed away by now?, etc. etc. The GM and ex-GM had decided not to take any chances and, ignoring the top grade Foreign Office warnings (seriously) about not going there in case they were blown up by bombers who would be concentrating on areas of high tourist activity, they had gone to Eurohash in Turkey. Nice to have known you, guys.

To continue. The venue was one that had regularly been used before and seemed to some of us to have been “run out”. We were bound to go onto North Common and inevitably at one point run alongside the usual stream at the bottom of the usual slope. Well off we went, thirty or so strong, straight onto North Common and down alongside the stream at the bottom of the usual slope, albeit via a most effective check. Having got that out of the way, where would the Hares take us now? Well, what followed was, for me at least, all over completely new paths. Essentially we went along the eastern side of the main road towards Scaynes Hill until we reached the edge of the area used by the same Hares for their run about a year ago. We then crossed the road and through the fields paralleled the road back towards North Chailey, eventually via a sip running through Pound Common and Memorial Common to the pub. This

sounds boring but the run was definitely not. The terrain was gently rolling and varied between farmland, woods and common. There were checks galore, most of which were very effective at turning the pack inside out. It didn’t rain but there were lots of muddy bits. Snakebite was at the rear, laying more flour and giving the rear markers useful surreptitious hints with the result was that the pack was kept relatively close together for most of the first half of the run and there wasn’t even too wide a spread when arriving back at the end about 90 minutes after starting. The biggest short cutters turned out to be the front runners out checking who, because of the route, were often able to cut corners to get back to the front of the pack. (This is against the rules – there are rules because I have a copy (perhaps the only remaining copy in the world?!) written in 1946 and submitted to the relevant authorities to enable the first Hash to operate legally as a club in Malaya after the war.) In the spirit of hashing these front runners should have gone back via the checks and worked their way through the pack again. End of winge.)

It was starting to get a bit dark in the car park as we got changed and a few rain drops started falling, so there was a rapid movement inside. For those of the Eating sub-Hash there was a selection of baked potatoes, but these were a long time coming so Grand Mattress Dic Doc called the circle outside, but it wasn’t really raining.

Curate Crack Fairy was RA. He ranted on about not being given the respect expected of a curate eg comments on his shape, dress and being pushed into ditches. Eventually there were

down downs to the Hares for their excellent work and wearing matching attire. Also called in were first timers Scott (son of Jim) and Angela. Angela had not been advised what to wear and had arrived with just one pair of bright pink shoes. Despite being carried through some sections of mud on Scott's shoulders they were no longer pink by the time she came into the pub, in the absence of alternatives, still wearing them. Paul Palmer has bought a new car (was anyone interested?) and was given a 101 run mug. A selection of others were then called into the circle, including all or at least a number of the following: Heather Cordrey for criticising the Curate's physique, Dave Cordrey for pushing him into the ditch, Bob Watts for wearing his (Bob's) school shorts, Neil Dalgetty for something described by him that no one understood, Dic

Doc for doing too many miles of running over the weekend and boasting about it. In line with economies that should now be being considered by our elected national representatives, our treasurer had cut down the number and size of drinks for down downs. There was therefore a quick vote reducing those in the circle to Dave and Dic Doc and a competition with straws and a tray of beer to decide who had the last drink. I'm not sure who won, but so what. Well done Crack Fairy on being a great stand-in.

Excellent run, circle and evening.

Louis Carmen Denominator

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>