

EGH3 News

Issue 290 May 2009

www.egh3.org.uk



Next Runs

Run 948 6 July 2009 19.30	The Lamb Inn Lambs Green 219368 RH12 4RG	Dave and Doug
Run 949 13 July 2009 19.30	Larkins Brewery Chiddingstone 511452 TN8 7BB	Rooty and Eric
Run 950 20 July 2009 19.30	Parish Lane Tilgate Forest 282333	Scud Layby ON ON THE BLACK SWAN, PEASE POTTAGE, 260333 RH11 9AJ
Run 951 27 July 2009 19.30	TBA	Mike Diebel Dennis
Run 952 3 August 19.30	TBA	Jennie and Paul Palmer
Run 953 10 August 2009 19.30	TBA	Dave Lewis
Run 954 17 August 2009 19.30	Foresters Fairwarp 466266 TN22 3BP	Jim Perry

<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>Grand Old Man</u>	<i>Tim Waller</i>

[Run Reports](#)

Run 943: Monday 1 June 2009

Southborough Common, then Hand & Sceptre

Hares: Leatherback and Chunderwoman

The Southborough branch of the Noise Abatement Society was expecting a quiet night owing to the fact the Hares were Leatherback and Chunderwoman. Being Hares and being relieved of the need to shout ON-ON, Buzz Leatherback, whose bellow can reach infinity and beyond, and Chunderwoman, the fire-breathing dragon of Welsh vexillology (oh look it up for heaven's sake), need only have made a minimal vocal contribution to the evening. In the event they had different ideas. Decades of decibel overload couldn't be switched off in a night. They'd laid 3 trails in 1 (a completely over-engineered 2.5m, 4.5m and 5.5m triple) that not surprisingly required maximum verbal intervention.

From the start in the car park of St Peter's church, the flour led straight across Southborough common, and the cricket pitch. The pack followed it, as well they might. *Bellow: NOT THAT WAY.* It was early evidence that the Hares had only paid lip service to the EGH3 tradition of using visual markers, and were relying on actual lip service to do the job for them. Yards later the trail crossed the busy A26 - not something to be attempted lightly at the best of times. *Bellow: ON OVER. LEAVE THE DEAD AND INJURED.* As this was outside a school, it raised the awful image of a retired Leatherback as lollipop man - a concept too gruesome to contemplate. It was a school for the educationally subnormal, or the Hare-brained as the expression has it, and the trail skirted it. At last the run entered open countryside, down towards Honnington Farm, and nothingness. The FRBs checked for flour in increasing desperation. No flour, not even a check. *Shriek: LOOK, I'M STANDING ON IT.* This from Chunderwoman, stationed in knee-high grass, supposedly in a circle of flour. Laying flour in long grass is as effective as putting face powder on Fuzz Leatherback's chin. It doesn't work; but this didn't matter. The rest of the evening

was going to be spent running from banshee to siren to fog horn to screech and back to howl, with the occasional ON ON from a runner. Flour was a secondary issue.

For the traditionalists, the flour trail doubled back uphill to Conneyburrow Wood, through the trees and out again along a footpath hemmed in by barbed wire and nettles - almost a metaphor for the ministrations of the two Hares. Gromit Minor with girlfriend in tow climbed a stile in the barbed wire fence to check across a field, or maybe to look for a snogpit. Either reason was perfectly acceptable. Along with G-string, Scott Powell and Angela Bennett they represent the next generation of EGH3 and they should be encouraged, cosseted and protected from runs such as this one. Let's start now, in the hope that in 40 years time a conversation such as this might take place: "My dad used to set a run using an Ordnance Survey map. Can you believe those mediaeval methods? How did they manage in the old days without www.BlueSuits1000GreatestRuns.org.uk? Now you simply thought-pick the perfect trail, pay a fee and a team of novitiates from the East Grinstead madrassa run out and drop the flour-beacons for you. Easy."

But on Monday night we had a trail heading to Moat Farm on tarmac. This was beginning to look like an exact replica of the W&NK Hash run of a few weeks earlier. The Knitting Circle consulted The Grand Old Man's sneak photocopy of the OS - the modern crib for Hashing without dashing. Even if Bagman up ahead hadn't already been running towards the railway lines in the distance, the KC would have known right turn was the only option. A late split into various long and short tracks added a bit of interest to an otherwise moribund run before the runners converged on The Sip near a railway bridge. Hopes were raised at the sight of a Pimm's No 1 cardboard box in the boot of Caitlin's car, but Scuzz Leatherback had merely used it to carry his out-of-date beer from his shed to the car. The only good thing about the final stages of this run was that the Hares had disappeared towards the pub and had taken themselves out of

earshot. No, that can't be right. I'd gone deaf.

The Down-Downs were performed with Big Yin's usual panache. That's two words: pan ache. You get it when you're a pancake tosser in a busy KFC. They're called tossers for short, and it says all you need to know about Big Yin. He gave a half pint to Chunderwoman and a pint to Leatherback for doing the rare Welsh Hare bit. It's not often these veterans come together to lay a trail, and we should be thankful for such small mercies. Somehow Big Yin associated Dave Lewis with the Angel Gabriel for asking "Where's the effin flour?" (No, I don't know either,

Run 944: 8 June 2009.

The Laughing Fish, Isfield.

Hares: Lone Ranger and QC.

I know it's fashionable to be critical of hashes these days, but it was hard to find anything wrong with this one.

- The length was just right - 6km according to the hares, but 6 miles according to the GOM and his GPS, even though he took a couple of short cuts.
- The weather was excellent - well it stopped raining when we started off and didn't really start again in earnest until we were well into the pub.
- The hares were kind - marking the checks through even before they were called on.
- In spite of warnings about rampant nettles and brambles, there were no problems with them. At least that was what Chunderwoman told me, and she arrived without leggings.
- The sip was excellent with Harveys, ginger beer, Kitcats (until Graham got stuck in) and home-made cakes.
- The countryside was lovely.
- The pub was welcoming.

Well that's enough of that, so here are a few notes on what transpired...

Of course, Leatherback complained about everything, but even worse were Blue Suit's complaints about Leatherback's

but it was worth a Down-Down). Fetherlite was penalised for telling one of Meths' jokes to the whole Eurohash in Turkey without giving him credit for it. A former EGH3 Harrier, Colin Orrell, who, after a gap of more than 10 years, had made an appearance at the pub to collect money the GOM owed him, failed again to extract any, but received a consolation half pint anyway. Then Meths told a joke. That earned two Down-Downs. With the finals of Britain's Got Talent still making headlines in the press, EGH3 stands as testimony to the fact that several patches of the country definitely haven't.

Blue Suit

complaining, and the fact that he was given a knife and fork to eat soup. Whether he is still trying is not recorded.

The first few checks - at least three - were all back-checks, which worked really well to keep the pack together. This is usually considered a Good Thing, but sadly it gave the moaners large audiences for their grouses (or should that be greese?)

QC confided that she was happy because Breaking Wind had checked a long way down a path, then given up and come back, only to go back down there when convinced by a number of ignorant hashers that it was right after all. They were all wrong and he had to return yet again. I think he needs the exercise...

Larry was as happy as I've ever seen him - no moaning or complaining - in fact as happy as Larry. Speaking of whom, as we proceeded down a flourless track, I enquired if we were on trail? One of the girls (name escapes me) said "No - there was flour on a side track, but I was embarrassed to go that way because Ladderman was having a pee there." Muttering under my breath that he should be called Bladderman, I retraced my steps, and we soon passed the hallowed spot.

On the way round, Joy of Specs expounded to me about his knee problems, saying that he was taking pills which combined glucosamine, cod liver oil and viagra. These, he said, were keeping him firm and well lubricated too. Later, at

the down-downs it was revealed that he, and two other geriatrics - Teddy Bear and Leatherback - were all suffering from dodgy knees, and a quick check showed that hashers without knee problems were well outnumbered. All very sad.

Gromit was having his usual trouble controlling Holly, but managed to get her on the lead when passing the livestock - horses, sheep and cattle. At one stile she insisted on trying to go under through a tiny gap, and had to be hoiked over the top in undignified fashion. JP told me later that she (Holly) came close to being electrocuted on a fence due to the gross negligence of Gromit, who was lucky not to be reported to the RSPCA.

Doug Barr was up to his usual tricks, attempting to bar the passage across a plank bridge over a stream, but desisted when pressure of numbers grew too much. He thought the hares should have removed the plank before the run started.

The late Dave Lewis was not the last to arrive, and was wearing whites because,

he claimed, he had come straight from playing tennis. Since he doesn't even know the rules of the game, I believe he uses them as a convenient excuse for his poor showing in the fitness department. It seems he had complained the week before about getting only a half-pint down-down, so this time he got the other half, held upside down by a couple of stalwarts (DL, not the pint). Only a small fraction found its way down his throat, and the rest was mopped up off the pub floor.

There was a big rush into the pub at the end of the run, everybody applying for a job in the kitchens. This was because of a notice outside saying "Cock required - apply within". There were rumours that it had not always said that, and some guilty hasher had a chalky finger...

That's all you're getting.

Hash Squeeze

Run 945: Monday 15 June 2009

The Barley Mow, Punnetts Town

Hares: Heather and Dave Cordrey

From the wilds of West Sussex to the wilds of the back of beyond is a flippin' long way and so it is from Horsted Keynes to Punnetts Town – a very long way indeed. But worth the trip for the view from the car park of The Barley Mow alone. Eastbourne, Bexhill, the South Downs and the Pevensy Levels were laid out before us on a beautiful mid-summer (almost) evening. A good number of Hashers turned up, which considering the distance was a tribute to our Hare and her able(?) assistant.

Things really looked up when we were asked, before we set out, whether we'd like a carvery supper for £4.50. Plenty of hands were raised – whatever happened now we had something to look forward to. The sip looked like being a pleasure too as

the GM suggested the pack might like to partake *en masse* rather than, as of late, in dribs and drabs.

The trail was a joy to follow - obviously laid by a woman. The hash wove its way through delightful country lanes and over fields with checks so cunningly laid that they kept the pack together and even confused the Hare's able(?) assistant. Spotted orchids and ox-eye daisies lined our way and we reached the Sip *en masse* without any effort on anyone's part – except for the brilliant Hare and that bloke who followed us round with a bag of flour. Then it was a gentle jog back to the pub and general agreement that it had been a very pleasant evening so far with our £4.50 carvery supper to follow. WHO SAID HASH IS BECOMING JUST A DINING CLUB? Any way, plenty of hashers had it and the down-downs had to wait until the last roast spud had been consumed and the last belch achieved. Could we, we wondered, run from here every week?

Anyway, we'd all eaten too much actually to get up and leave the building for the down-downs and we had them where we sat (having warned the few locals present that they were in for a rare treat) Dave Paul was honoured first as he had reached the milestone that all too many of us are fast approaching. Namely his 70th birthday – though you'd never guess (and I hope that can be said of all of us too) Then the Hare, the lad she brought with her to lend a hand and also the landlord/chef of the Barley Mow. All deserving in their way, but especially the chef.
Jim Perry (who'd gone home) and Jim Powell were called for having had a

discussion about the long and short trails and for then having definitely made the wrong choice.
Bob Watts was severely reprimanded for doing something quite disgusting with Vaseline in the car park before the start of the run and Pete Marking helped out by finishing off the other beer ordered by the drays.
George told a joke.
The raffle was drawn but I didn't notice who won because I had to get my packing done for the journey home.

Snakebite

Future Events

Interhash: Kuching: 1-4 July 2010

EGH3 1000th Run: Plumpton Agricultural College: 27-29 August 2010

1st World Heritage Hash: Melaka: 15th - 17th April 2011

(Save the World by flying 10000 miles to this Hash)

Of King and Country...



GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

**DO NOT
SWALLOW
CHEWING-GUM !!**



*A fragrant little contribution from
Susie Webber...*

*Man goes to a fancy
dress party wearing only a glass
jar on penis.*

Lady asks "what are you?"

Man says "I am a fireman."

*"But you are only wearing a
glass jar" the woman says.*

*"Exactly" he replies, "In an
emergency, break the glass,
pull the knob and I'll come as
fast as I can!"*

Thanks to Tim Waller...

Clever Mum

*Peter invited his mother for dinner, during the course of the meal;
his mother couldn't help but notice how lovely Peter's flat mate,
Joanne, was.*

*She had long been suspicious of a relationship between the two, and
this only made her more curious.*

*Over the course of the evening, while watching the two interact, she
started to wonder if there was more between Peter and his flat mate
than met the eye.*

*Reading his mum's thoughts, Peter volunteered, 'I know what you must
be thinking, but I assure you, Joanne & I are just flat mates'.*

*About a week later, Joanne came to Peter saying, 'Ever since your
mother came to dinner, I've been unable to find the frying pan, you
don't suppose she took it do you?'*

'Well I doubt it, but I'll e-mail her just to be sure' said Peter.