

# EGH3 News

Issue 292 July 2009

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## Next Runs

|  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <b>Run 952</b><br>3 August<br>19.30          | <b>The Crow and Gate</b><br>Crowborough<br>491289 TN6 3TA                           | <b>Jennie and Paul Palmer</b>                     |
| <b>Run 953</b><br>10 August 2009<br>19.30    | <b>The White Hart</b><br>Selsfield Common<br>(North of Ardingly)<br>347332 RH19 4RA | <b>Dave Lewis</b>                                 |
| <b>Run 954</b><br>17 August 2009<br>19.15    | <b>Foresters</b><br>Fairwarp<br>466266 TN22 3BP                                     | <b>Jim Perry</b>                                  |
| <b>Run 956</b><br>31 August 2009<br>19.15    | <b>The Sportsman</b><br>Mogador<br>240530 KT20 7ES                                  | <b>Dave Clarke</b>                                |
| <b>Run 957</b><br>7 September 2009<br>19.00  | <b>Bucks Head</b><br>Godden Green<br>553550 TN15 0JJ                                | <b>Uncle Fester</b>                               |
| <b>Run 958</b><br>13 September 2009<br>11.00 | <b>Tiger Inn</b><br>East Dean<br>555978 BN20 0DA                                    | <b>Bob Watts</b>                                  |
| <b>Run 959</b><br>20 September 2009<br>10.45 | <b>Hare and Hounds</b><br>Godstone<br>349517 RH9 8LN                                | <b>Tim Waller</b><br><i>Park beside the Green</i> |

|                       |   |
|-----------------------|---|
| <u>GM</u>             | <i>Ian O'Donovan email <a href="mailto:ianodonovan@yahoo.com">ianodonovan@yahoo.com</a><br/>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;<br/>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;<br/>01825 791885</i> |
| <u>On Web</u>         | <i>Graham Anderson email: <a href="mailto:graham@hilcot.plus.com">graham@hilcot.plus.com</a><br/>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 946: Monday 22 June 2009

#### Cricketers Arms, Berwick Nr Alfriston

*Hares: Ron & Mrs Pattenden*

#### Are you?

Thirty five Hashers and one new boot:, Sarah, attended a muggy Monday evening in the middle of Brighton H3 territory, overshadowed by the rolling South Downs. Much lamenting was emitted by our own GM about his lengthy journey there: berating the 'hood' and it's luddite folk who couldn't afford to aspire to the civility of Grinny!

A typically well presented Hare-Ron (where does he get his kit from?) who was notably untainted with flour, warned that he'd set a long-un! On-on from the Cricketers Arms, was eastwards through nettles and on narrow tracks thro ripening cornfields. Emerging through a tall hedge onto the Alfriston Road, outside Drusillas Zoo, the flour ran out (not for the last time) and a nifty switchback along a track towards Berwick, kept the hashers together.

A short stint, single file, through another cornfield brought us to the first proper check at a hedge lined crossroads. After a short diversion, hashers rejoined the lane into Alfriston... in the distance Larry and Bob Watts were miles ahead; had they missed the diversion? The next check in the middle of Alfriston took us east along the South Downs Way and over the river Cuckmere where a back-

check awaited. The SDW carried us westwards; the FRBs were faced with a long straight climb up a chalk track. A call of 'On back' retrieved the FRBs, cussing as they descended, only to follow a small deviation back onto the same track! An ascent of 101m revealed views across the Low Weald and the tops of the downs. The trail split – short cutters followed the SDW and an intrepid eight spilled into a large field of sheep. It was impossible to detect flour amongst sun-bleached sheepshiggy and chalk and soon the FRBs were the lost sheep. The diligent ones scoured the slopes for flour (had the woolly buggers eaten it?) whilst two ran towards features that might bear flour. Before long, the FRB flock was spread amongst the bottoms and coombes. In the solitude of the wide open space, it was difficult to tell 'are you?' from 'Baa'.

Meanwhile, the 'short'-cutters had made it along Black Cap and Bostal Hill to the sip at Bopeep car park. Apparently (for the scribe never found it) the lucky ones were served hot food! Whatever next, ice cream and a foot massage?

Flour was found, on a gate half a mile from the split. The long way, with views of the sea, was heading towards Newhaven, snaking downwards amidst multi-coloured grass to a four - way check. Ron's flour rationing\* struck again! A smidgeon was found, strewn onto the pallid dust, or was it crushed chalk or birdshiggy? Sod this! I thought "it must be the wrong way" so about we turned - straight up to the ridge and across the SDW where we could see hashers on

their way back. Winding along the Coach Road past knapped flint houses that even our own GM couldn't afford to own. ON INN was a welcome sight.

It was ten-o'clock - getting dark, most were tucking into their supper but the hare was missing! Ten minutes later, Hare, Bob, Yogi and Phillipa returned.

The longest evening was marked by a record 11.07 mile run and an 8.65 mile long short cut.

*\*It transpires the flour was spared for making sausage rolls!*

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Hash-out was called by RA: Dr Bumper Watson who asked us to judge Hare and spouse, standing before the jury depicting scales of justice. Had the 'Hot Hilary's' cooking exonerated the 'Relentless Ron's' awful trail? It was not a majority verdict, Larry received a down down to set right the unjust punishment meted out ever since

### **Run No 947: Monday 29 June 2009 The Red Lion Chelwood Gate**

*Hare: Pete Marking*

Despite starting at 7.30 pm, it was still exceptionally hot when we arrived for the run. The heat seemed to encourage a proliferation of flashy cars, top of the tree being Dave and Heather's beautiful E-type jaguar, followed by Blue Suit's Lexus with its vanity mirror open and permanently ready for action.

he set the last long run on the Downs. Larry's run was terrible but better than Ron's.

Down Down awarded to Jenny on account of the RA's failing hearing. She was misheard saying "hold my breasts", arms aloft through nettles, in his keenness, it didn't occur to the RA that she said "hold your breath". Down Down to Dave Paul for losing his car keys inside his wheel arch and to Di Lumsden for finishing in the Alciston instead of Berwick. G-String was given a down down for 'racing' the RA to a single file stile, making him all unnecessary. George rounded off the sermon with a joke. In the absence of my own material and sense of humour, here it is again:

*A blind man was about to do a charity parachute jump. "But how do you know when to brace yourself for the landing?" he was asked. "That's simple; I just wait for my guide dog's lead to go slack".*

### **FILF**

Then there was an infatuated man in his new white Scirrocco. Rumour has it that he washes the car more often than himself and it shares his bed while his wife sleeps in the garage.

*The run started on a sombre note with Blue Suit's announcement of the tragic death of Scott, son of Jim Powell. Scott had run with us on several occasions and was shaping up to be a true hasher.*

There was a surprise at the start, instead of heading straight onto

the Forest we crossed the road and headed off along footpath, first through some Gardens and then into open fields. Into some woods, then back to fields, and onto a farm track where there was a sip of bottled water (greatly appreciated due to the heat). After the sip many of us fell prey to a devious false trail that took us at least half a mile across fields of cows. Some went a lot further, having missed the false trail cross (did the cows eat it?) and thinking they knew the territory.

Once back on trail we crossed the road and were at last in the Forest where I was sure we should have been, having discovered the in-trail the previous day.

A sharp left almost back on ourselves again fooled most runners who, again, had an extra half mile run through the woods. Then, as we powered for home disaster struck. There was a terrific thump from behind and I turned around to see Lesley lying on the ground. A concerned group soon gathered and having ascertained that Lesley could not get up, Coolbox lived up to her name by arranging for an

ambulance. We stationed ourselves at various points along the road to guide the ambulance in, but it was not needed as Dave's E-Type drove majestically in front of the ambulance leading it.

Fortunately Lesley is OK (if you can call a broken collar bone and severe bruising OK) and is looking forward to several weeks of Hash drinking without the inconvenience of having to run first.

Once back at the pub and with the situation calming down, a short circle-up was called. Down-downs went to the Hare for poor quality flour (the animals ate it – which perhaps makes it good quality flour), to Airhead for her diamante cardigan (she got away with the pink shoes), to Fran for overuse of the car's vanity mirror (previously mentioned) and to Paul Palmer and Dave Cordrey for crimes so unmentionable that my memory has deliberately blanked them.

On-on

### Dana Plughole

### **Run 948: Monday 6 July 2009 The Lamb, Lamb's Green**

*HARES: Dave Sandall and Doug Barr*

*Lambs to the Slaughter?*

As I dredged through the countless polo shirts (courtesy of DicDoc's lucrative contract with Fruit of the Loom) looking for something suitable for a wet evening I came across a yellow garment commemorating the 3D Run of 9-10

July 2005. Would tonight's offering by two of those Hares scale the same heights of Hash enjoyment I wondered? The pub had been used previously by Peter Lamb (had to be) a connoisseur of hashing, so the portents were favourable. To find out how they acquitted themselves read on (I think that's what's known in the profession as a hook, courtesy of my recent attendance on a Blue Suit creative writing course).

We gathered in the car park on a wet and blustery evening and there was a thrill of anticipation in the air. The gastro hashers had noted food on a Monday evening was half price. For some this was welcome respite from the credit crunch, to others an opportunity to double calorie intake. Add to this 50p a pint reduction for Happy Hour and I was beginning to understand why property is so sought after in this area of West Sussex.

As the Hash School of Advanced Motorists manoeuvred in a rather restricted car park Bumper managed to dislodge a manhole cover and flood the area with methane. Good driving habits are particularly difficult to acquire for the retired so a conversion of the steering wheel to ski pole handles and pedals to ski bindings may offer some hope.

*As the circle gathered Arron Powell stepped forward to dedicate this run to the memory of his brother Scott Powell who had tragically recently lost his life in a motor cycle accident. Scott was a young, enthusiastic and popular hasher who will be much missed. Our condolences go to Scott's family and friends and the Hash observed this with a respectful round of applause.*

New boot Lindy Cunningham stepped forward to be assured she would not be ridiculed, well not on this particular run anyway.

Blue Suit arrived late in a small removal van (how the mighty bankers have fallen) stuffed with

implements which erroneously suggested some aptitude for DIY. I can see it now, BS Inc. House clearances a speciality!

Then we were off through the rain and down the road and a turn off to a track which went over a few stiles and culminated in single file as the SCB's set the pace. Lone Ranger gave Chipmunk a leg over a gate much to the delight of Lay-By in anticipation of a night off. DicDoc got stuck on top of the same gate and Breaking Wind took the opportunity to give it a good shaking. In spite of the obvious pain DicDoc was curiously reluctant to dismount. A back check and left turn led us into the woods where we checked right. Check 3 had a false trail to the right and successful imitations of calling from distance lured most of the pack to the cross. The trail went straight on to another check at a stile which again was straight on with an option for SCB's, showing a particular lack of imagination I thought. So far the terrain had been flat, and the stiles were in an atrocious state of repair. We were assailed by the three predominant characteristics of this particular area of West Sussex; the sound of aircraft, the smell of dog crap and the sight of horses running free, too free for my comfort. Would the Hares redeem themselves? Read on.

A loop back led us to the next check a right turn and a footpath to the sip where all the customary delights were on offer. Alexis was in attendance as she had

miraculously shortcutted to get there before the pack. There followed a check with the trail going straight on, onto a golf course and then a check going straight on (are you getting the picture), then another check with an escape right and left (all directions courtesy of Tom Tom<sup>tm</sup>). The legs between checks were now opening up and giving some opportunities for those who consider themselves FRB's to abuse the more pedestrian of the brethren, Bull Sit take note. At this stage Meths called a group of us back to a check we had just cracked to tell us there was a nice circle of flour and would we care to look at it. He has been enrolled in remedial Hash School with the GOM, every Saturday morning 0900 to 1200 until further notice. The weather had cleared somewhat and the end was nigh, a check at a stile, over and onto a dirt track turn right and ON INN.

As an internationally acknowledged and acclaimed expert of hash trails and spectrography (the study of spectacles) I asked Joy of Specs, one of the hares, how he rated the trail. The best trail ever was his verdict. I though Blue Suit owned this accolade so I would say the third best trail after my own at ..... Certainly this was a run which made the most of the natural and unnatural features of the local countryside. Whilst failing to keep the pack together it did much to

help the demophobic (look it up, its nothing to do with protest marches) amongst us. It lacked the swimming opportunities of the 3D run but ticked all the other hash boxes. In addition it was a good pub, friendly landlord, good ale and food; we all went home happy.

Neil Dalgetty stepped forward as RA for the Down Downs and delivered a strong performance except I thought he was excessively servile towards new boot Lindy who was given a down down for being young I think.

The Hares Irn Bru and Joy of Specs were then called forward and they deflected criticism that the trail was too long by alleging the hash was becoming lazy. We are already there I reckon.

Eric Duggan made a rare appearance at the front for wearing mountain survival equipment in a suburb.

Blue Suit was called forward for being late, again, but he blamed Fran and the missing Blackberry, purse, handbag, keys..... While everybody knows its bankers not psychologists who have extremely short memories. Some wag reminded us AIG is an acronym for Arse in Gear.

Susie was called forward for gardening sins and imitating Alan Tichmarsh.

Finally Arron and Jim, father and son had a drink off and Arron won.

**Bagman**

**Run 949: 13 July 2009  
Larkin's Brewery, Chiddingstone**

*Hares: Rooty and Eric*

**The "High Land Gathering" Run.**

Weather forecasts varied throughout the day and it had seemed to many of us that we might easily suffer a thunderstorm or two. However, we arrived at Larkins under an almost totally clear blue sky and things were looking up.

Except for a few of the usual farmer's abandoned write-offs stored around the farmyard, the rest of us were directed to park our cars onto what looked like a dried out swampy area nearby, a probable nightmare to get out of if it rained, but fingers still crossed. On the plus side it was a substantially elevated position with fantastic views over a wide valley towards the North Downs a few miles away. We were awakened from our post-drive reverie by a nearby shout of "mind the barrier" followed by a crunch. Pete Marking had decided to test his bumpers. Test over, he reversed his dented car out of the farmyard and joined the rest of us.

The aforementioned "rest of us", with late arrivals, ultimately came to around 60 Hashers, probably the turn-out of the year so far.

Off we went in the bright sunshine along the crest of our ridge on the other side of the farm. Within minutes we seemed to be spread over about half a mile but a superb false trail got us together again. Then north down into the valley towards the distant Downs. The false trail was swiftly followed by a check that screwed everyone up for 10 minutes until the correct trail was called in what seemed to be the obvious direction anyway. From then on, what happened to the main pack was somewhat of a mystery to yours truly walking at the back with 10 to 20 or so old fogies. I do know

that the weather stayed brilliant, the countryside was very attractive (although rather dried out and rough going in some places for the runners) and there was lots of flour and chalked arrows and a short cut (of sorts). There was a sip but by the time we rear-enders arrived everything (if there was anything) had been eaten or drunk except for some beer, (but how could the Hares be expected to anticipate such a large turn out?), and we didn't finally drag ourselves back up the slope to our cars under the setting sun until well over an hour and three quarters, so rather knackered.

This run was part of what is becoming an annual EGH3 Larkin's bash which meant that some runners were going to camp out overnight, food was supplied by the Hares and BBQ'd Beer after the first pint was only £1 a pint. The food went down well - two BBQ sausages each with some coleslaw, tomato and lettuce in a bread roll. Pete Marking volunteered to be the main cook. This is apparently how he earns his living. However, soon flames were reaching for the sky and clouds of smoke were attracting the attention of rescue helicopters from nearby Gatwick Airport. Pete had the answer: pour some beer on the sausages.

[This reminds me of a "joke". How do you tell what clan a Scotsman comes from? Answer: Reach under his kilt and if you come across a quarter-pounder, he's one of the McDonalds.] To continue, Pete "McDonald" Marking was joined by Dianana who attracted a long queue.

About an hour later, there was the circle led by Scotsman RA Neil "another McDonald?" Dalgetty. Well deserved down downs to the Hares for their run and organisation of the event. Also to new boots Nicola "I didn't want to pee too early" and boyfriend Andrew (who works in a garage and who just failed his own MOT). As the former was driving and the latter doesn't drink beer, two poxy drinkers were appointed, Dave Cordrey and Aaron.

Down downs also to Chunderwoman for chundering again recently allegedly because of the sun, and to Ralph Ralph's son for wearing the wrong sort of shoes and getting blisters.

Overall a very good evening. It rained later on (at least where I was) so once again luck was with EGH3 and particularly the Hares.

**Lynn C. Doyle**

### *Future Events*

*Interhash: Kuching: 1-4 July 2010*

*EGH3 1000<sup>th</sup> 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)*

### **A Stimulus Story**

(from Bob Watts)

It is the month of August, on the shores of the Black Sea. It is raining, and the little town looks totally deserted. These are tough times, everybody is in debt, and everybody lives on credit.

Suddenly, a rich tourist comes to town.

He enters the only hotel, lays a 100 Euro note on the reception counter, and goes to inspect the rooms upstairs in order to pick one.

The hotel proprietor takes the 100 Euro note and runs to pay his debt to the butcher.

The Butcher takes the 100 Euro note, and runs to pay his debt to the pig breeder.

The pig breeder takes the 100 Euro note, and runs to pay his debt to the supplier of his feed and fuel.

The supplier of feed and fuel takes the 100 Euro note and runs to pay his debt to the town's prostitute that in these hard times, gave her "services"

on credit.

The hooker runs to the hotel, and pays off her debt with the 100 Euro note to the hotel proprietor to pay for the rooms that she rented when she brought her clients there.

The hotel proprietor then lays the 100 Euro note back on the counter so that the rich tourist will not suspect anything.

At that moment, the rich tourist comes down after inspecting the rooms, and takes his 100 Euro note, after saying that he did not like any of the rooms, and leaves town.

No one earned anything. However, the whole town is now without debt, and looks to the future with a lot of optimism.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is how economies are managed today.