

EGH3 News

Issue 293 August 2009

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Next Runs

Run 956 31 August 2009 19.15	The Sportsman Mogador 240530 KT20 7ES	Dave Clarke
Run 957 7 September 2009 19.00	Bucks Head Godden Green 553550 TN15 0JJ	Uncle Fester
Run 958 13 September 2009 11.00	Tiger Inn East Dean 555978 BN20 0DA	Bob Watts George Fry
Run 959 20 September 2009 10.45	Hare and Hounds Godstone 349517 RH9 8LN	Tim Waller Neil Dalgetty <i>Park beside the Green</i>
Run 960 27 September 2009 10.45	TBA	Dave and Jan Paul
Run 961 04 October 2009	The Weald Inn Burgess Hill 302193 RH9 8LN	Denise Murphy
Run 962 11 October 2009	The Nevill Crest and Gun Eridge 558357 TN3 9JR	Patrick Susie

<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 938: The Three Crowns, Ashurstwood Monday 27 April 2009

Hare: Bob Watts

The best way to describe this run would be to call it a retro hash. This was hashing the way it used to be before we started running every Monday in the summer. Well nearly. In those days we didn't need a short cut, and this run had two of them. Come to think about it, there was no mud either, but I seem to remember that even in the good old days, there wasn't mud on every run. It was a little like the belief that the summers were always sunny, your memory plays tricks. But I have started wittering.

Actually there is a good reason to witter, as, for some reason, I seem to have forgotten what happened on the run. I can remember long stretches without flour (retro), no food at the sip (retro) and the

odd check or two that did not seem to disconcert the local hounds who have done it all before (very retro). There may have been some excitement, but I missed it. Forgetting that I had been suborned by the GM to do the write up, I took the second short cut, and then made the classic hashers error. Knowing the area, I second guessed the hare, only to find no flour and the reality that even a short cut can have a short cut. Desperate attempts to gather any material for the write up failed, either because nothing happened, or, more likely, nobody else was paying attention either.

Down downs were awarded to the hare, and some other people. Well, I think that was what happened, as I was dragged off home in disgrace for my short cutting excesses and missed most of the circle as well.

Thunderer

Run 950: Tilgate Forest, Pease Pottage Monday 20 July 2009

Hares: Scud and Layby

Let's take the positives from Monday night. Amazingly, there are some. Here's one: we saved East Grinstead council the cost of new town signs by demolishing their plan to twin the town with Antigua. Just their luck that on the night the delegation from the holiday island chose to inspect EG's sporting activities, Scud and Layby were entrusted to lay the Hash trail. We might have got away with their usual shambolic effort at dropping flour at intervals in the woods if Fetherlite hadn't taken things to a lower low with her Cunning Plan. She'd persuaded the Hares to spice up the run with a mysterious hazard to make it a more interesting night for us. You can rely on Fetherlite's misanthropic leanings to queer any harmless sporting activity. This deceptively charming sociopath tried to stay street legal by having her accomplices tell us that hard hats, miners' lamps, rubber gloves and wellies were "recommended". (Want to know her true

character? On hearing there were some Fairtrade items on special offer in the shops, she told Scud to get her some mink.) EGH3 must stand up against these insidious influences; but more of that later.

Despite being forewarned about special apparel, a sense of duty brought most of the regulars out on the night. Yogi has a sense of duty but no sense of direction, therefore he spent an hour cruising the M23 looking for Pease Pottage (a change from his regular search for Frottage, but that's not something to be disclosed in a write-up). We had new boots aplenty: one of Fireballs's daughters, Dominic from Harrogate H3, yet more members of the Powell clan, Altine and Kim from Antigua and two ex-residents of the island now running with Henfield H3. With eight New Boots present it was a chance to extol the merits of EGH3. The GM tried, and then handed over to the Hares. There followed a Health & Safety advisory that would

have frightened Ranulph Fiennes. Those who had torches clutched them. Those who had gonads clutched them. Those who had hopes of a comfortable old age kissed them goodbye. Rubber gloves were handed out; Scud swaggered in full potholing gear, Layby pulled on her wellies; Fetherlite grinned, and the pack set off for the woods.

It seemed like a normal run at first. We had the usual howls from DicDoc calling ON-ON well away from the stream of travel. Later on we found out she alone had been on a correctly marked loop and had managed to draw Meter Parking and Joy of Specs into the trap of doing the whole run, god bless her. Returnee Hilary van der Starr added Dutch courage to the pot, while the rest of us ran gingerly through the trees, not wanting to break a collar bone à la Snakebite. Our Big Casualty Drama didn't impress Rat Tail (?) from Henfield H3. He droned on about stubbing his toe in Montserrat. Stubbed Toe? Montserrat? AND HE KNEW SIR ALLEN STANFORD PERSONALLY. Memo to EGH3 Recruitment Office – pull the ads in *What Carib?*

Then we met it: the longest woodland sluice pipe in Sussex – The Devil's Nostril – and the flour led straight to it. The pack milled about uncertainly. Stuff was pouring out of The Nostril. Should they rush up it like a line of unadulterated cocaine, or were they going to probe the entrance like a load of sissy cotton buds? Were they trotters or were they snotters? No contest, EGH3 went in like 2 Para. Never mind the

screams down the pipe about rats, toads and inappropriate fondling from behind - if you chose the right backside to follow, it could be the journey of a lifetime. ON-IN. And On-Out. The pantywaists who hadn't gone through the pipe, and they shall be nameless, pulled ahead of your scribe. The diary says it all: "Lousy performance; couldn't get any traction; shoes filled with stuff found in nostrils". The rest of the run was mercifully short and incident free, probably because we missed out a large part of the route owing to post traumatic stress disorientation – what most people get after meeting Scud even in ordinary circumstances.

Back in the pub Euroyob staged one of his "themed" Circles. Overwhelmed by visitors he allocated them 8 straws and 4 pints of beer and let them sort themselves out. The Hares were given the ritual Down-Downs, Layby's in a fluid vaguely resembling one of the constituents of beer before its colour changes to brown and it becomes drinkable (NO, don't say the "W" word). Then it was Scud's turn to be humiliated with a sort of risqué sex test conducted by DicDoc. They were wide of the mark. We know what sex he is, what we don't know is what species he is. The influx of all the New Boots, the proximity of a Morris Man, the strange rituals in the pub after the goings on in the woods – all this was a bit too spooky for your scribe. It was time to look for a Hash populated by normal people. There must be one somewhere.

Blue Suit

Run 951: The Cage, Lingfield

Monday 27 July 2009

Hares: Mike Diebel and 'Dennis'

True to the spirit of this summer the evening was damp and overcast, threatening to become dark before we got home.

Our hares were Mike Diebel (well known to all and a great philosopher) and a mysterious man known only as 'Dennis'. Was this Mr Dennis, Sir Dennis or

someone so famous he needed no other name?

All will not be revealed.

The run started from the centre of Lingfield with a quick sprint through suburbia, then onto a playing field and instant confusion. The front runners went straight on, but the Hare (enigmatic as ever) silently marked the check through to the right. Off we went with me feeling smug that I was now third from the front - but no flour was to be found. We trotted back to where we had just been. Some flour was found, 'On on'

was called, and off we went again to the right – the trail dried up

Back we wandered to the check.

Another 'On on' and we were off again, but in the opposite direction to the one the Hare had marked.

Was this some strange double psychology, was he deliberately fooling us (unheard of on the hash), or were we now running the trail backwards?

The strange intermittent laying of flour suggested we were running it backwards.

We ran across fields and numberless styles, each one in worse condition than the last. The landscape had now become scrubby, even marshy with a vicious collection of nettles, brambles and thorns, making it a contender for most painful run. It looked like the sort of area much loved by film makers, where Luke Skywalker crash-lands his spacecraft, or Frodo Baggins scampers across, with tentacles or the hands of the un-dead reaching out to drag him down.

In the morass, I saw Janet Diebel, wife of Mike, and hurried to catch up with her as she was sure to know where she was going (and I do like to feel safe and secure). But she denied all responsibility for the run and sneaked away while I was removing a thorn from my running sock.

The landscape improved as we ran across more fields, and I came up behind Leatherback who was keeping up a flow of conversation. Unfortunately it was to himself, as no one else was close enough to hear properly. But he raised his voice on several occasions and was clearly heard mentioning 'Fulking', a delightful village, nestling at the foot of the South Downs. This seems to be a favourite place of his, because I have frequently heard him mention it. He usually refers to it as 'Fulking Dell', presumably because it is situated in a hollow. I can confirm that it

is very pretty place and well worth a visit should Leatherback suggest you go there.

Leatherback's chattering worried our new hare Dennis and the lack of flour (possibly caused by us being off trail) made him think he had made a hash of it. He should be reassured that there is no better qualification for East Grinstead Hashing.

The flour continued intermittently going from abundance (several blobs in a row) to non-existent. Some say (and I am not one of them) that men cannot multi-task and therefore the hares could not run and lay flour at the same time - so they had to compromise doing first one, then the other.

We paused at the sip which was well up to standard and then headed for home.

At the top of a ridge we were treated to a beautiful pink sunset complete with the spooky silhouette of a wizened thorn tree.

The pub was busy but there were plenty of people serving so we did not have to wait too long.

Circle –up was called with Dave Watson presiding; he looked his usual debonair and elegant self, until the effect was spoilt when he discovered he could not read his own notes and he had to borrow some reading glasses. Down-downs went to the hares, and to Uncle Fester (for an illuminated hat which he was not wearing), then to Yogi for getting lost and missing last weeks run (despite giving his son the right directions) and to another guy for wearing an antique London Marathon tee-shirt. A welcome was offered to the many new-boots, but we were too mean to buy them all a beer.

All in all a good run, good sip and fantastic sunset

Dana Plughole

**RUN 952: The Crow & Gate,
Crowborough**
Monday 3 August 2009

Hares The Palmers

How did so many people (68) know in advance that this was to be a lovely summer evening with an excellent run in store for them?

Dic Doc managed a large circle with a number of new boots. (Chris Neale was seen standing close by a new boot - a blond female, well he would wouldn't he!) Having organised a scribe and an RA Dic Doc sent us off, but not towards the golf course for a change for this area.

So here we were in the Ashdown Forest trying to find a trail which for much of the time was hidden amongst the bracken and fern.

Just past the official shortcut the countryside was 'dotted' with hashers appearing to go in a number of directions. Some front runners found the sip too soon, some runners never found the sip and some runners found the sip twice., which was a bit of a problem as due to the large number of hashers cups had to be recycled, and Cathy found the Llamas!

A new boot saved Denise and I from running round the trail again as we almost missed the On In sign.

Food at reasonable prices and Harveys at give-away prices (£2.50 per pint) the pub deservedly did a roaring trade and with so many hashers on this run Hash Cash's holiday fund is looking healthier.

Down Downs were awarded to:

- New boots Patrick, Claire, Rebecca and Brenda
- Yogi for travelling to the hash at 20mph
- Larry for jumping over a dog
- Neil Dalgetty for telling tales

To celebrate his 100th run Madonna was challenged to 'pick a drink' that wasn't water. After failing three times he was awarded a pint of beer to drink out of his 100th run mug.

Another new boot, Sarah, was called up for a drink but decided to nominate yet another new boot Debbie to get the beer. Not wanting Debbie to drink on her own a glass of water was provided for Sarah.

New Boot Patrick Won the Raffle.

Scribbling JP

Run 953: Monday 10 August 2009

The White Hart Selsfield Common

Hare? Dave 'the late' Lewis

I think the less said about this hash, the better. Sometimes you just get this sinking feeling. It starts badly, and just when you think it couldn't get worse, it does. The initial concern was over the pub. Like too many, this pub had pretensions - pretensions of being the Ritz. One look at the menu, with Cod and Chips (apologies Frites) at £19.95 and Tim Waller's face sank down to somewhere about his knees. Not that Tim eats Cod and Frites, but he was already thinking about the beer prices. Fortunately, the landlord was hash friendly, and we were offered the bar

snack menu, which had Cod and Frites (apologies Chips) at £9.95

Next problem, or should I say Challenge and Opportunity, was the complete lack of a Hare. I suppose we should not have been surprised, Dave Lewis is a man destined to be late for his own funeral. At 19:15 the keener runners were dispatched off to try to find the start of the run or the hare, whichever came first, with strict instructions to be back for the circle at 19:28 exactly. Nearly all did, except Dave Cordrey, who, as usual went off in the wrong direction.

At 19:28, still with no hare and no Cordrey, a worried GM called for attention. Did we have a RA – no, did we have a Scribe – no, did we know what we were doing – no, did we have a new boot – yes. The RA problem was sorted, GM thought he could see the start of the trail and left the rest to chance. More of this later. Off we went, through the first check and onto the second. By this time Cordrey had rejoined us, and in inimitable style disappeared over the hills and far away in one direction. Larry, not wanting to be outdone disappeared over the hills and far away in another. Did we have flour – no. At this stage those hounds with slightly longer memories were starting to cast their minds back. Was this the same hare that blamed a complete lack of flour on a run from The Cat at West Hoathley on a rogue farmer and then disappeared off to London half way through the run? Was this the same hare who set a run from Cowden, that still makes grown hashers weep? After about 20 minutes there were hounds over half of Sussex, all thinking up what they would like to do to the hare, when who should turn up but the man himself – better late than never and at least he could show the pack where the flour should have been.

It is fair to say that after this the trail did improve, even though there was some rather eccentric marking (not Pete, who, although eccentric in his own way, becomes the hero of the run. Or at least his £4.99 plus postage and packing cap torch did). No one could work out what the flour at the road crossing by Wakehurst Place meant and there was a long and involved dissertation over the meaning of Wankers and Deeries at the circle, which no one paid any attention to. It was at this stage your scribe came across the GM. "About the write up", he said. "What about the write up" I replied with a sense of foreboding. "Would you talk to Bob Watts about it". I could see where this was going. The opening circle had been even less organised than I thought. A mile later, fortuitously I came across the said Bob Watts. "The GM told me you were doing the write up" I said. "He didn't tell me" was the reply. After a swift negotiating session Bob agreed that he would let me do the write up that he had not been aware that

he was doing, as long as I gave him half my royalty income. I have to say that I'm glad that this is the man we have entrusted our Interhash travel plans to.

On to the sip, via the shortest short cut in memory. I'm not sure what it is about Dave Hubbard. Whether it was the phantom pregnancy or not, but did he have to spend all the time at the sip talking into his tee shirt. Sip was fine, except I was informed that the Snickers Bars were cut into 10 pieces each, to make then go further. Talk about being lured into a false sense of security. This was a Lewis production after all.

The first indication that we were not out of the woods yet (literally) was the gathering gloom. Down a road, across a field and a sharp right turn down a gully and that was it, total darkness followed by total chaos. 45 hashers went in and approximately 30 came out the other side. The faster hashers could just about see their hands in front of their faces, which gave no chance for those less athletically inclined. Search parties were sent out, and everyone was finally accounted for, although there is a rumour that there are three hashers who lost their way and are still stuck in Wakehurst Place as they can't prove they paid their entrance fee. The final four lost souls, including Jan Paul and our new boot Rachel, finally crawled out of the woods with the assistance of Parking Meter's cap torch, referred to earlier.

Down down's were awarded to the Hare (not sure why), Larry and Bob for having a full and frank exchange of views over whether a pub was a brewery tap or not (my view, for what it's worth, is that, if it sells beer, who cares) and Gromit for walking half way around Scotland but still being slower than Bob Watts. All this fast running is now being put down to him usually having six legs. The Cordrey's won the raffle (again). Blue Suit managed to get up close and personal with three young ladies on the pretext of offering them a cast off hash tee shirt. Now there's a man with style.

Thunderer

Run 954: Sussex Oak, Blackham
Monday 17 August 2009

Hares: Leg Over and Muff

While we have certainly had changeable weather this summer, Mondays somehow always seem to come up trumps. And so we arrived at the Sussex Oak in warm evening sunshine. Our hares, Philippa and her Dad, had spent many thoughtful and, we hoped, fruitful hours planning and laying the trail – the hours apparently outnumbered by the bags of flour used. 'Never enough' according to Leatherback. There were more new boots and returnees than you could shake a stick at and we all set out in fine and enthusiastic form (once Mike Diebel had got his socks on, that is). I, as a returnee, joined the walkers – or should I say walking wounded – and found Dave Paul and Heather hatching take-over plans for this group. All you racy types had better watch your backs. Way behind you is the thinking man's hash where the problems of the world are put to rights and decisions about what might be the best choice of filling for the baked potatoes are made. Never mind following the flour. The cerebral hashers simply go where the tail-end hare tells them without all that agonising about where to check and which way the flour is facing when you find it. Once we were directed off the road we found ourselves in green and pleasant fields with the rest of the pack. Truly lovely Kent countryside here, so why did Mike D., leave the party and return to the pub? Having spent at least 10 minutes getting his socks on it hardly seemed to have been worth the effort. Never mind, there was lawn care and the state of the world to discuss and so we had to get on with that. On this run there were routes for FRB's, SCB's and SSCB's – didn't I say a take-over was in the offing? Such a nice innovation meant that we got to the sip

Run 955: Monday 24 August
Forester's Arms, Fairwarp

Hare: Jim Perry

It was a beautiful summer's evening when no less than 60 hashers assembled at the Foresters. There was an atmosphere of fear and trepidation, knowing that the hare

hen there was still plenty of beer and lots of cake left.

The route back was not too easy to find but we finally reached the pub again before complete darkness descended and tucked in to the baked potatoes (choice of fillings) before the down-downs awarded by Parking Meter got going.

First the hares – it had taken 4 hours to lay a 5 mile trail with 6 bags of flour and they deserved and needed their pints!

Then the curious tale of the effect of beetroot on the Fowler family excreta – quite normal, apparently, but least said.....

Our GM received the sympathy of the whole company following his generous acceptance of a homeless woman into his hitherto peaceful abode. What a man!

Madonna also deserved some sympathy for his recent redundancy. (Every redundant man needs a good woman behind him so he should be OK)

At this point George could not contain himself any longer and just had to give us one of his fine jokes.

Next Strapper's over-enthusiasm was celebrated. He had noted details of a Hash group in Malaga before he went on holiday but when push came to shove he had decided that an ambient temperature in the 30's was just not hashing weather ('Wimp' cried some but I could see his point)

We finished with a naming ceremony – G-String's friend Becky, a veterinary student, received the handle 'Doggy-Stile' and was, I must say, remarkably gracious about it.

The raffle was won by one of the new boots. It's nice when that happens don't you think?

Snakebite

was Jim Perry - acting alone, with nobody to curb his excesses - but that was soon relieved when Jim announced that it was a great run of 4.5 miles, and we were lucky to be on it.

So we set off from the back of the pub, and I don't remember seeing any tarmac on the whole run. That must be a first -

unless my memory cell is playing up again. Instead, there was an awful lot of dry, heathery moorland and forested areas with tree roots carefully arranged to trip the unwary. This time Snakebite kept her eyes open! Plenty of hills (seemed like mountains to me), and a good time was had by all.

Well nearly all: Gromit, Dave Paul and yours truly were among those who, seeing hashers ahead on the far hillside, tried to cut across a lovely heathery valley. Mistake! The ground was treacherously uneven and totally obscured by the vegetation. It was really difficult going, and I fell over at least five times. At the bottom of the valley it was boggy as well. Oh misery!

There were few checks, but plenty of flour, and the pack got well spread, but nobody got lost and we were all back in about an hour and a quarter. There were no midnight search parties with torches as happened several times recently, and the consensus was that somehow or other, Jim had got it right!

The circle was run by Euroyob, and as usual was slightly OTT. George Fry and Matt were called out as the oldest and youngest on the hash, and in view of his tender years, Matt got a half, whilst GF got a pint. The reasoning was that M had plenty to come, while every pint might be G's last. Both acquitted themselves well.

Phillippa got special treatment since it was her twelfth and last hash with EGH3, at least for a while. She's off to Marbella to teach the locals a thing or two about diving, but did not escape without an official hash name. Ray Sterry came forward and performed the ancient

ceremony "In nomine hashum... etc". She will be called Muff in perpetuity, presumably because she likes to keep her hands warm.

A few random notes:

- At a previous hash Mr Fry was leeching over a young lady called Angela, and remarked that he would like to see her run in shorts. Unsurprisingly, Angela was not among the 60 running from the Foresters.

- Talking of shorts, a heartfelt plea to Larry from several harriettes: Please get some new ones because yours are too disgusting even for EGH3!

- Parking Meter had his usual rendez-vous with a sheep, but being spotted in the act, excused himself by saying that he thought it was a hasher tying their shoelace.

- New boot Maurice, on his first hash, said that he enjoyed it - "Especially the end."

- Red Slapper, from Brighton, also claimed to enjoy the outing, and since she lives in Eastbourne, there is a good chance we will enjoy her company again.

- Heather and Matt were discovered deep in "conversation" at the pub. It seems that he is the son of somebody who is doing some work for the Cordreys. I'm sure I remember the plot from a number of porn films!

- Dicdoc claimed that she was at the front the whole time, and Jim claimed that this was the best hash of all time. I leave it to you to decide which is the bigger liar!

On-On
Hash Squeeze.

Future Events

Interhash: Kuchina: 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)

A 75 Year Old Lady rings her local hospital and this conversation follows:

'Hello I'd like some information on a patient, Mrs Tiptree. She was admitted last week with chest pains and I just want to know if her condition has deteriorated, stabilised or improved?'

'Do you know which ward she is in?'

'Yes, ward P, room 2B'

'I'll just put you through to the nurse station.'

'Hello, ward P, how can I help?'

'I would just like some information on a patient, Mrs Tiptree, I was wondering if her condition had deteriorated, stabilised or improved?'

'I'll just check her notes. I'm pleased to say that Mrs Tiptree's condition has improved. She has regained her appetite, her temperature has steadied and after some routine checks tonight, she should be well enough to go home tomorrow.'

'Oh that's wonderful news, I'm so happy, thank you ever so much!'

'You seem very relieved, are you a close friend or relative?'

'No, I'm Mrs Tiptree in room 2b. Nobody tells you f**k all in here

The European Commission has just announced an agreement whereby English will be the official language of the European Union rather than German, which was the other possibility.

As part of the negotiations, the British Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a 5- year phase-in plan that would become known as "Euro-English".

In the first year, "s" will replace the soft "c". Certainly, this will make the sivil servants jump with joy.. The hard "c" will be dropped in favour of "k". This should klear up konfuzion, and keyboards kan have one less letter. There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year when the troublesome "ph" will be replaced with "f". This will make words like fotograf 20% shorter.

In the 3rd year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expekted to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible.

Governments will enkourage the removal of double letters which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling.

Also, al wil agre that the horibl mes of the silent "e" in the languag is disgrasful and it should go away.

By the 4th yer peple wil be reseptiv to steps such as replasing "th" with "z" and "w" with "v".

During ze fifz yer, ze unesesary "o" kan be dropd from vords kontaining "ou" and after ziz fifz yer, ve vil hav a reil sensi bl riten styl.

Zer vil be no mor trubl or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezi tu understand ech oza. Ze drem of a united urop vil finali kum tru.

Und efter ze fifz yer, ve vil al be speking German like zey vunted in ze forst plas.