



Essex

Hash House Harriers

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A.G.P.U SATURDAY 30TH AUGUST 2014

What a great crowd of hashers we had at The Ship in Leigh. Our outgoing GM's provide an excellent evening of a flat! run, fun and food. The serious part of the night went smoothly and we now have a new committee for the coming hash year. Here's to another grand year of hashing. Mistress

Pig and Abbott. Abington Pigotts, Cambridgeshire. 3 Aug 2014

Hare; **Googly**

During our recent trip to Newmarket, Peter noticed a Sunday hash at the above pub. Although not too far away from where we had been staying, the journey as always took longer than expected, around the country lanes. We arrived just as the clock struck 11 o'clock to find a **very** large group of hashers just off. "Try the church green for parking" someone shouted, and catch us up. Quite a way round the corner we found a beautiful church with lovely green, just right to park "Elvis" our motorhome. "Should be ok" shouted a man in his garden and we were off. Luckily we had arrived dressed to go, so haring down the lane we met two chaps who pointed "they went thata away".

Through a hedge gap following the on call we could see hashers stretched out across the field, eventually we caught the knitters who turned off but directed us ahead. Sweltering in the heat, still running we finally caught the slower runners/walkers. I suggested that the Master went on to catch the main group thinking that I could keep them in sight. What a hope! I followed a couple of ladies for quite a while but eventually lost them after a village. Never mind I thought I'll catch up at the BS, no beer stop.!

Fortunately, the trail was very well marked with sawdust (in fields?) and blue chalk arrows so I managed to keep on track. Once through the village (don't ask me where it was) I didn't see a soul, so I just kept trotting on following the markings hoping that someone would come back to look for me.

After what seemed miles along paths, tracks and across umpteen fields I began to wonder if I would ever see home again! I didn't have my phone, no clue where I was and not even sure of the pub name, how was I going to get back, panic was setting in. Still following the sawdust and blue arrows I finally saw some houses across a field, then a man walking his dog, seemed to appear from nowhere, he turned out to be a hasher!! He pointed to the pub just ahead over the last field and I was back, Thank heavens.

Strangely, the Master came out of the pub as I passed, "Oh there you are" he said "I was beginning to worry". Dripping in the scorching heat I grunted some remark and made my way back to "Elvis" to get a drink and change.

I arrived back at the pub to join perhaps 50 plus hashers all enjoying the fine day at a beautiful old world pub. A very vocal crowd all obviously greatly involved in hashing, many were just back from the Belgium trip so there much discussion about it.

A raucous and colourful down down session (which took the best part of an hour) followed with many misdemeanours and sin's acknowledged, accompanied by their hash choir.

An interesting experience with a very welcoming hash in a beautiful part of Cambridgeshire.

On On

Mistress

What a surprise. A big thank you from Hash Newshound (A.K.A. Bella)

Saturday 30-8-2014 started well. Corpse Shagger (CS) and Tenna Lady (TL) put me in the car and off we went for a day's archery, which meant a lovely long walk in the woods near Mill Green.

We arrived back home at about 4pm and I settled down to a normal Saturday evening laying on the lap of ether CS or TL and watching the telly. But hang on! at about 5:45pm they started putting on hash cloths. I got really excited because I love hashing and I let them know it. However my excitement soon turned to disappointment when they told me I could not go because the pub didn't allow dogs in the function room.

I watched them go, tail down, ears flat, then jumped up on the sofa (where I'm not allowed to go normally but don't tell them that. Anyway, what they don't know won't hurt them) and settled down to listen to the radio they'd left on for me.

At about 11pm I heard a garage door opening and shutting downstairs. "Great, their back" I thought and quickly jumped down off the sofa and waited at the door to greet them when they came in. It was great to see them and I went mad wagging my tail as fast as I could.

When I had calmed down CS presented me with a certificate for Best Run Report and he also told me that I had been Hash named. I am Hash Newshound.

Well I was overcome with emotion and I feel that in true award winning tradition I must say a few thank you's I would like to thank:-

My mum and dad Rover and Petra for my birth,
The Chatham dog warden for rescuing me from the cupboard I was locked in,
Mandy for finding me a new home with CS and TL
The butcher who supplies me with marrow bones,
And most of all the hashers who have welcomed me into the circle so warmly.

Well I'm beginning to fill up with emotion so before I start to cry I'll just like to thank anyone else who knows me

After CS had given me my certificate, which I will keep in my basket and sniff every morning with pride, he went on to tell me a few things about the evening.

Things like Andy being given his hash name - Organ Sucker - due to him playing the mouth organ. I am a bit confused! the only organ in the mouth I can think of is the tongue. How do you play with that? The mind boggles!!!

CS also told me about the appointments of the new mismanagement committee and that Master had nominated me for every job on the committee. Thank you Master for your faith in me but I couldn't possibly manage every job.

Well I think I've taken up enough of your time so I will say another great big THANKYOU to you all, and I'll see you all on the next hash. Bring it on!

On On Hash Newshound

Vic's Baddow Bash

A run report by Hash Newshound

Monday evening arrived and there was Corpse Shagger (CS) and Tenna Lady (TL) getting ready for a hash. I let them know I wanted to go with them in my usual subtle way running around and wagging my tail. It worked a treat because they put my lead on and put me in the car and we were off (YIPPEE!).

We arrived at the Rodney pub in Baddow, which was the venue for Vicky Vomit's (VV) and Do Little's (DL) hash, and we sat waiting for the hashers to turn up. They started arriving about 5 minutes later and I started to get really excited. We were actually going on a hash.

We all know things often happen in the car park and this time was no exception. We were all standing there waiting for the off when Casey started running (warming up I think they call it, if that's allowed on a hash) so I pulled CS's arm out of its socket trying to follow him. CS didn't let me go so I started giving it large with a few loud yelps. I slowly realised it was a false alarm and Casey was back in the circle.

Frogman made some rather amorous advances towards a car wing mirror! and talked with rather a high pitched voice for a while.

Eventually Zipper (Z) called the circle to order (he is now the new GM) and we were off. As usual I couldn't be at the front because I had to drag CS around the trail but all the same it was great to be up and running.

We had run a few hundred yards down the road when we came to our first check. I still find checks frustrating because I just stand there with CS while the other hashers run off in all different directions looking for the trail. I want to go with them so after about 3 or 4 minutes I let them know it. I also let the local villagers know because I let out very loud yelps.

Soon on on was called and we were off running again, up quite a steep hill. We turned into the woods (I love the woods because with the ground being so uneven and all the tree roots sticking up I can pull on my lead with all my strength and cause CS hell. He keeps saying "steady Bella", but no chance, I make him suffer. Sometimes I even manage to get him to fall flat on his bum GREAT FUN THAT IS!).

After running through the trees for a short distance we seemed to lose the trail and while we were looking for it VV turned up and we followed him on a short cut then we picked up the trail again.

We were out in the open again, across a ploughed field, down a track and into another field. We eventually arrived at a lovely bit of shiggy! A big puddle and lots of thick want-

stinking mud, I wanted a drink so I pulled CS into the mud so I could drink from the puddle (I love getting him muddy - he loves it too though). I was leading him into even deeper mud when Omo (O) lobbed a big log into a large puddle soaking poor old CS. We both stunk but boy did I laugh! I love seeing things like that happen. That's what makes the hash.

After CS had let out a few choice words (which being a dog I don't understand, but I bet they're rude) we were off running again and after a very enjoyable jog along the river we came to the beer stop.

At the beer stop TL caused a laugh by crouching down for a pee I really can't see why that caused so much amusement, when I squat down for a pee no one seems to notice. Also at the beer stop VV poured a bucket of iced water over his head! Why he did that I have no idea but it was funny all the same. You humans do some strange things.

After the beer stop we had a lovely jog back to the pub. A couple of styles caused a problem because wire mesh had been put across the bottom of them and I had to suffer the indignity of having to be lifted over by CS and handed to Master, who I must say put me down very gently. Eventually we arrived back at the pub. I was not allowed in the pub so I lay and sulked in the car while the hashers had a few drinks.

I must say it was a great trail, lots of fun. Everybody including me enjoyed it VV and DD did a great job. Thank you to them.

On On - Hash Newshound



SCREAMS OF PASSION

An Italian, a Frenchman and an Aussie were talking about screams of passion.

The Italian said: "Last night I massaged my wife all over her body with the finest extra virgin olive oil, then we made passionate love and I made her scream, non-stop for five minutes."

The Frenchman said: "Last night I massaged my wife all over her body with special aphrodisiac oil from Provence and then we made passionate love. I made her scream for fifteen minutes straight."

The Aussie said: That's nothing! Last night I massaged my wife, y'know, all over her body with a special butter. I caressed her entire body with the butter and then made love and I made her scream for two long hours."

The Italian and Frenchman, astonished, asked, "Two full hours? Wow! That's phenomenal. How did you do it to make her scream for two hours?"

The Aussie replied: "I wiped my hands on the curtains."



What's yellow and white and travels at 100mph.

A train drivers egg sandwiches!

They say that sex is the best form of exercise there is. So correct me if I'm wrong, because I honestly cannot see how two minutes and fifteen seconds of puffing and panting every couple of months is ever going to shift my gut.

Three dead bodies turn up at a mortuary all with very big smiles on their faces and the police call on the coroner to investigate.

"First body," says the coroner, "Pierre Dubois, Frenchman, 60, died of heart failure while making love to his 20-year old mistress. Hence the Smile," says the Coroner.

"Second body is Gregory Campbell, Scotsman, 25, won £50,000 on the Lottery. Spent it all on whisky. Died of alcohol poisoning, hence the Smile." he says.

The Police Inspector asked, "So what about this third body?"

"Ah," says the coroner, "this is the most unusual one. Paddy Murphy, Irish, 30, struck by lightning."

"Why the broad grin, then?" inquires the Inspector.

"He thought he was having his picture ta

Pulled Over

A state trooper pulls over an attractive young woman because her car is weaving all over the road. When he bends down to ask for her driving licence he can immediately smell booze on her breath.

"I'm going to have to give you a breathalyser test to see if you're under the influence of alcohol" he explained to her.

So she blows into the device and the trooper can see that she's had more than plenty to drink. "Well miss" he says, "it definitely looks like you've had a couple of stiff ones" Wow! she gasps, genuinely staggered, "you mean that actually shows up as well?"

The WHARF, Grays 29th September

As is usual with the 3 amigos we couldn't work out which of Digger, Fergie & Basher had done what but whoever set the trail must have got wet. Fortunately the rain had subsided by the time the pack turned up in the car park, though there was enough of a puddle left for Heapo to jump in. (He needs to practice his technique if he is going to do more than just send a rush of water up the inside of his own shorts...).

Digger spent some time ridiculing those who had not brought torches and then we were off. Well I got accused of moaning all night. This is only my way of exercising my vocal chords as part of my fitness regime. And anyway we don't want the hares to get cocky by complementing them the whole time. But driving back home I looked back on a classic hash night...

Great company, including a rare appearance from Pat and Stiff Meat stopping off complete with removal van on route to his new abode in Kent.

Superb trail... A few houses then up through the woods around the chalk pits. Slippery underfoot and a strange fog. Warm as well. Spooky, Scooby Doo weather- no ghoulies seen though. On a bit to find Fergie as master of ceremonies at the beer stop with decent Abbot and Jameson's on offer. A couple of passing joggers were invited to join us but weren't tempted despite the offer of free beer...

Then down a long haul and up again. A bit more round the pits and back towards the river again, with the Eiffel Tower look-a-like on the Kent side acting as a guide. A few folk spent time gawping over the sea wall by the pub- who needs the aurora borealis when you can see the sky lit up by Canvey... The welcoming pub gave us a table-full of bangers, quiche & sarnies. Digger & Anonymous kept guard but fortunately the circle was called before we all collapsed of malnutrition. Pulled Out held court at the Down Downs with drinks handed out in all directions. Inside for food and raffle where once again the bottle of Hock made an appearance. (Watch out for it again soon, at a raffle near you!)

So there you have it- quantity and quality- a bit of exercise, a bit of beer and a plateful of bangers...

On On

VVx

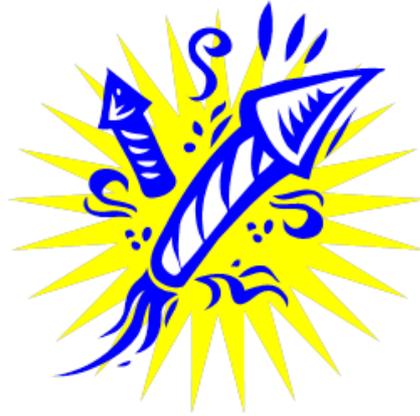


Bonfire and Fireworks

At the Piped Piper's Hamlet

- 14 Una Road

On Saturday 8th November from 7pm



Usual BBQ and food arrangements

Bring your own drink

Donation towards fireworks

very much appreciated