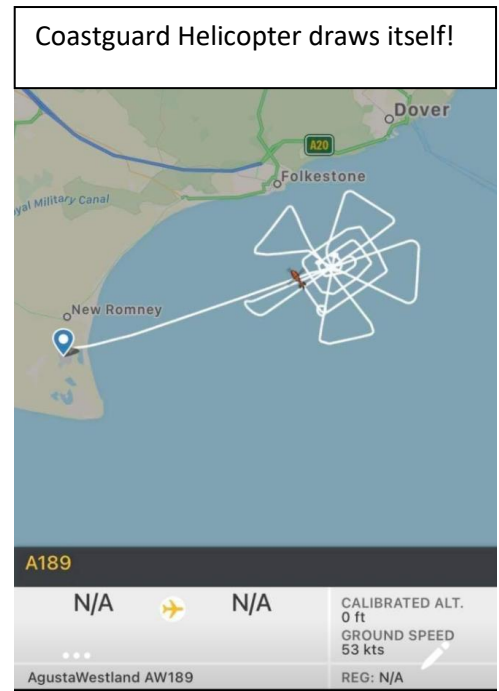




Herts  
Hash  
House  
Harriers  
**Herts official Website: [hertshash.co.uk](http://hertshash.co.uk)**

Run No. 1961  
16th January 2022  
Venue: The Woodbine  
Beers: Captain Bob, Oscar Wilde & Tally Ho!  
Location: Waltham Abbey  
Hare/s: Casey Jones (AKA Cut the Hair, shave the beard & Bob the Fanny)  
Runners: 31  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: F.U.K. Full Moon H3, Essex H3 & four Cambs H3 escapees  
Newies: 0  
Après: 6  
Hash Hounds: 1  
Total: 38ish  
Membership: Slip-sliding away with a hole in my shoe



It's been a while since Herts had a joint Run with Essex, well with anyone really, unless you count the few FUK Full Moon H3ers who joined in on the World's End Pub Crawl at the end of December 2021? But with the Wolf Moon fast approaching it was a good turn out for a dry January Day.

As the Pack began to gather, there was some excitement as a guy rolled into car park with billows of smoke emanating from under the bonnet of his Audi, it seemed to be worse when he popped the catch & opened it up to create First People\* or Native American\* smoke signals. [\*for the non-snowflakes out there American Indian]

Paxo arrived, got out & immediately paid Mr X £80 before driving off, like there was some kind of dodgy deal going on [Well we were over the border & in Essex! – Ed] but it was his registration money for the Bull Moon H3 Games. It turns out that the Paxo-mobile too was crocked & was making noises that needed looking at. [There are a few Hashers that are the like that! – Ed] As Paxo drove carefully back into the long lines of traffic on the Honey Lane section of the A121, Mr X said he had been short changed, it should have been £82 as Paxo had forgotten to include his £2 Run fee!

While the Audi driver spent a long time on the phone for assistance, there were others of the Pack who were also using mobile technology, for the car park was now had a charge, which is supposed to go toward the upkeep of Epping Forest?

Anyhow, there are those for who tech is easy, it comes naturally, while there are those who were floundering with mobiles. Some of the following events would guarantee a visit to the Closing Circle, Mother had issues while calling up & having given their vehicle's Registration Plate, Mother was told that this did not belong to a Dark Blue Mazda but a powder blue Citroën, a car that Lemming hadn't had for 4 years, so she had to call another non-automated number!

Meanwhile Lemming had no such qualms, for he was already fishing with little comments about the Trail, but Casey wasn't for biting about his comments on Essex Trails, so Lemming turned his attentions to Mr X, who just ignored this nonsense & paid attention to where the tiled roof cover & old horse trough sits. On the 1880's Ordinance Survey Map this is marked as a 'Rest House & Water Tank'. Must have been for the passing coach trade for weary horses. Away to the south is the dead straight wide tract that looks like an avenue, but it was actually a 600 Yard Rifle Range with the mantelets at the southern end.

Digger overheard about Mother's plight, claiming it was common practise in parts of Essex to have a false plate on our car when you want to fill up the car for free at a service station before driving off! Digger had also earwiggled of Casey Jones's bragging that as he's crap with tech & he had got his Son 'Mix' to book his car in, which he did all the way over in Surrey! Worryingly TBT OBE claimed that he had managed to pay for his, Kylie & Milf stay, though no proof was seen on that!

There were lots of "Hashy New Year" greetings going around the Circle, as there was a real mixed bag of Hashers, with Herts, Essex, Full Mooners, & four escapees from Cambridge in the guise of Double Top, El Rave, Papparazzi & B@stard.

Finally the respective GM's of Tops, Heap'o & TBT OBE called the Circle together just after the Hour, each relating a welcome to the respective Run numbers, then it was over to Casey Jones to inform the Pack as to what lay in store for them out in the depths of Epping Forest, his speech revolved around Shiggy & lots of it!

After BCSP had taken the open photos, things began with the Keenies exiting from the gap in the wooden corralled of the car park, following the Trail into the 'Honey Quarters' of the Forest, which is still under the jurisdiction of the Corporation of London.

The southbound trot led over a narrow, slippery couple of planks of a footbridge spanning a ditch & then it all ended horribly as a False Trail! Back to the grassy area & the Trail had now been picked up by Blow Dry, causing Mr X to cry 'Nepotism from the Hare' as Blow Dry (The Hare's wife) now led the way in a south-easterly direction.

The Hash would all slow up as the Trail climbed up Woodridden Hill, the rate of ascent would increase on a long 570 Yards stretch to a CHK upon the wooded ridge, it may have had a stunning view but most were just happy to get their breath back. Last time a joint run covered the large yellow open patch of soil, it was the opposite way around & it was a slippery old descent that had Dr Doolittle coming a cropper, thankfully that didn't happen this time around.

### My worst nightmare



Unlike Supertrooper, who has boundless energy, others would take their time clambering the 150 foot gain in altitude. Someone asked after My Lil's whereabouts, Mr X said that as he was struggling with a dodgy knee at the moment, he reckoned My Lil' maybe doing a bit of 'Panda Sitting' back at the Pub, but no he wasn't, that job was being carried out by Windssock, Tops, Fergie, Digger & B@stard, for My Lil' was seen hobbling up at the end of the Hash in the company of Kylie. Mr X told Blow Dry that he wouldn't rely on Kylie for First Aid if something happened, not after his lengthy First Aid experience a toe crushing accident couple of weeks ago from our ponderous paramedic.

With breath back the Trail resumed by taking to the Forest Way, a redder wide semi-hard capped track with the north-easterly of the two directions being the correct route, a few puddles to avoid as the serpentine track weaves its way northward to the edge of the A121 Woodridden Hill road once more. For the Keenies there was an extra little loop put in by the Hare that went off track & around the trees & holly bushes before joining the rest of the Hash & the Hare who on the way out to the gate at the edge of the road. TBT OBE was vocal about what he perceived as some Short-cutting from Mr X & Blow Dry, who were only following on behind the Hare.

There was a wait for gap in the Traffic on a busy old road at the best of times, but apparently the southbound M25 was shut that morning, which meant an overspill of cars on these narrower 'A roads'. Once over to the northern side of the road, the Trail would reach a CHK in the very south-eastern end of Conybury Wood, here Milf asked a couple of Pony Riders, coming up from the Equestrian Centre, if they wanted to walk by the gathered Hashers, but they were happy for the Essex Keenies to head off & pick up Trail to the east with the rest in tow.

There was plenty of Shiggy on the desire-line of a footpath within the edge of the wooded strip to a CHK where there was a path leading away to the northeast & deeper into St Thomas's Quarters of Epping Forest, this is the way the Trail went & the Hash were soon being led off of the 'beaten track' & the Keenies had to weave their way around between the broadleaf trees & saplings on the way up through the leaf littered on Crown Hill.

The leaves covered up the Shiggy beneath, but plenty of skid marks made by Hash Boots that had gone out to the side of their owners feet, gave away how treacherous it could be. Mr X was happy to be wearing his equivalent of Omo's Mudclaw 3000's, though he admitted they aren't that great on shiny stone surfaces, as it's like having studs on the bottom. Anyhow the meandering route moved away from the main path was a deliberate ploy by the Hare, but at the time it was not obvious as to why?

There were a couple of CHKS placed along the 990 Yards to try & slow the FRBs on the way through to the Crown Hill Road, again it was a case of keeping eyes peeled for oncoming traffic, but it was far less congested than the A road. Supertrooper knows this area well, for she & Hash Test Dummy have completed 'proper runs' around here before, she was excited about the prospect of Hashing through the tunnel under the M25.

Sure enough the Trail crossed the B road, then headed through the west end of The Warren Wood section of Epping Forrest, the Trail would now begin to drop down by the 'Selvage' a long strip of a woodland on either side of the M25, the name is derived from a Clay-like material found along or around a geological fault.

On the way down toward the tunnel the going underfoot became very slippery, suddenly Supertrooper lost her footing & went down into the Shiggy, she got up & dusted herself off the best she could, then taking one step forward she discovered that her slipping over was due to the sole of one of her Hash shoes had become partly detached. Hash Test Dummy said that he would walk back with Supertrooper, adding that Mr X & Double Top should carry on Running!

However the tunnel wasn't a place to run, far too dark for any salad dodgers to risk it [Eat your carrots Kids! – Ed] then back out into the daylight of what was a bright morning, even with eyes adjusting to the daylight they could see that ahead lay a long trot due north, through the narrow elongated wood on a route that leads into Copped Hall Gardens, but the Trail would turn off at a CHK on the edge of Copped Hall Green & into an open space to the west.

Once through the kissing gate the Hash would find that the grass here was a tad water-logged, a kin to a Paddy-field as the Trail turned to the south & lead out into eastern end of Uphire. A CHK opposite to the single row of cottages was soon dispatched by the FRBs, Dust led south by southeast down the Crown Hill Road, there was a large puddle to avoid when speeding cars came driving by, before passing by the former Good Intent Pub & then under the M25.

On the opposite side of the motorway, Casey Jones hung around at the back to make sure everyone had seen the arrows directing the Pack over the road & on to a footpath beside Crown Hill Farm, however this was not the easiest section of the Trail, there were various obstacles dumped along this narrow route beside a flowing stream.

A pessimist sees a dark tunnel.

An optimist sees light at the end of the tunnel.

A realist sees a freight train.

The train driver sees three idiots standing on the track.

There was no chance of running this as it was compounded by the fact that the edge of the footpath seemed to drop sharply into the water, but there was hope after picking their way through the discarded scaffolding poles to the open farm land to the south, this was clear stretch could have been seen from the main path back up in Crown Hill & that's why the Trail moved up into to the off trail wood.

The Dust followed the field's edge, taking the Pack up to where it joins the eastern arm of the farm track of Green Lane, with some deep tracts of Shiggy to step around & this slowed up the progress of the R\*nners on this uncapped by-way. The Pack would now begin to bunch up, after the last few long sections of being spread out, the Keenies fell foul of the Falsie from the CHK on the T-junction of the farm route.

TBT OBE, Pulled Out, Des Res, Lunchbox, Milf & BCSP were among those who thought that the southbound section of the Track that leads back down to the Woodredon Equestrian Centre & Woodridden Road, meanwhile Hash Test Dummy & Supertrooper came along from the northern section of Green Lanes, as they walked past Lemming, Mr X said "If you were a Gentleman, you'd lend Supertrooper your Hash Boots, especially as they would fit her!"

Mr X & Double Top now caught up with Whatevershesays, while Hash Test Dummy & Supertrooper made their way back to the On Inn on the southbound drive, the rest of the Hash continued northward up by Green Lane Bungalows & around to the bridge over the M25, yet again! On the way Mr X was informed that "A GM had fallen over in the Shiggy!" he didn't need a second guess as to which Hash that GM was from!

Yes, TBT OBE had lived up to his reputation & had gone over in the Shiggy, he even had Shiggy splashed on his Tallin bobble Hat [Yes we know Tallinn has two 'n's in its name, but the Herts Haberdasher at the time (TBT OBE) had these Herts away weekend hats embroidered incorrectly after seeing on a Belgian Hash Shirt & not bothered to look the correct spelling up! – Ed]

After the third time of crossing the motorway the Trail would reach a CHK, there were two options, one was northward on the drier of the two routes, or head westward parallel to the motorway down away to the south on what was the Shiggiest path of the day? The undulating Shiggy route won out & it was really hard going, especially when Des Res was pussy-footing around to try & not get into the deepest tracts, behind him his RA just pile through the Shiggy as it was pretty unavoidable.

The Trail reached the next CHK, on the eastern tip of Potkiln Wood, this had been called as a Held CHK & the Keenies were found waiting for the rest to catch up. Here the Essex Keenies, No Eye Deer, Milf & a Shiggy covered TBT OBE were all found waiting for the Hare.

Now on the last leg of the Trail the going was finally drying up a little, as it resumed through the wood & down toward the Woodgreen Road, at last they reached the On Inn & out level of the road. Lemming was quick to point out that Mr X had cut of the very end of the footpath but as the Herts RA noted that this was after the On Inn!

A trot to the south led under the M25, for the last time [Hoorah! – Ed] this lane was full of discarded rubbish, Lemming commented on the state of the area on the way by the Woodbine Mobile Home Park & around to the Woodbine Pub. Where some of the passing traffic were witness to the sight of Lemming get changed, that showed off his brief briefs, apparently Lemmings Father had a 'Smallholding' [Steady there Pebbledash! – Ed]

Mr X on the other hand just abandoned his Shiggy shoes outside the Pub & went to get a beer, though he was surprised to find that My Lil' was still out there on Trail. However, Thunderthighs had arrived but she had planned for the normal Full Moon Noon Circle, so she sat with the Knitting Circle waiting for the rest to return!

The Thirsty Herts RA returned to the Bar & he spied the great Ales they have on, he also had a thirst that needed quenching, but that would take a while, for Paparazzi was wasting everyone's time by getting the Landlord to give her a sample of one beer, she sampled that & then asked for the a sample of the next Ale along, eventually sampling all Six which was the equivalent of pissed on a getting a free pint. [Sperm 'ead will be trying this in the next few weeks! – Ed]

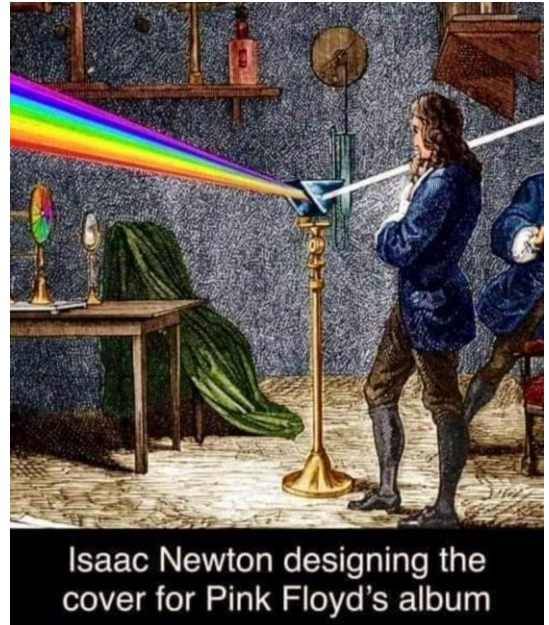
While at the Bar, Mr X was questioned by Lunchbox's who wanted to know who was the Hare for the blank space on the Essex Run sheet for a couple of years ago, turns out when Mr X had checked the Herts Run Reports on their Webshite & it turns out it was none other than Mr X himself!

No Eye Deer & Whatevershesays didn't hang around & eft straight after the Trail, which left the Herts RA to sort out the Herts contribution to the Down-Downs to the ever growing amount of Ales on the two trays

The Circle was called out the front of the Pub, which did have a little bit of an issue with the noise form passing vehicles, but the RA's on show today are loud enough to overcome that! So, the Hare was awarded for an excellent Shiggy Trail. Then in no particular order

Mr X awarded Paparazzi her Down-Down for getting p\*ssed for free by having a sample of the Ales on offer [Lucky she didn't go for the Cider (Like Digger), there were more to choose from! – Ed] Later Tops said that she & Sock were impressed with the range of Belgian Beers on offer!

Digger awarded Lemming a deserved Down-Down for having a ringer of a car, that didn't match the make & model on the Parking Companies Database, in his defence Lemming did say that these Apps are writing by 10 year old Indian Kids! While on the subject of Car parking, Casey Jones another Hit for having his Parking Fee paid by his son in a far-away town.



Supertrooper was called out for a Hit after the sole of her shoe came off & losing a pink glove on Trail, however she didn't like the taste of the alcohol free beer & this was given to her Dad to finish. Mr X was out for a Full Moon (many Moons ago) were a young Digger was given an alcoholic Down-Down, while Fergie was out as 'Bad Dad' for not being there to stop Digger from drinking said Down-Down. The RA's all received a Hit as if one RA drinks, all RA's Drink! [Never any thanks for the great, if a slight cold, weather! – Ed]

Pulled Out [Careless Wrist] called on the representative present form each Hash who had completed the most number of R\*ns, which saw My Lil from Herts, Windsock for the F.U.K Full Moon, Lunchbox for Essex & Thunderthighs London!

Halfway through the Circle & the Pack were surprised to see Heap O' walk through, but he had gone & it turned out to be just Heap'o's stunt double walked through to the Bar, Digger made out he was going to call the guy back for a Down-Down! Normal service resumed. On the subject of Stunt Men, TBT OBE was out for standing up for, or rather falling over, for the Herts Hash & trying to eat the local Essex Shiggy.

Thunderthighs asked or a lift back to Waltham Cross, for which Hash test Dummy & Supertrooper were good enough to oblige with. After the Circle it was back to the Bar to enjoy more ales & plot more join R\*ns for the future.



One for No Eye Deer....  
My ancestors navigated the ocean using the stars & Im over here missing my exits w/ a GPS 🤔



When the racket on your tennis trophy breaks and now it looks like you won an award for masterbation.



**Daughter to Father:**  
"Dad there is something my boyfriend said to me, that I didn't understand. He said that I 'have a beautiful chassis, lovely airbags and a fantastic bumper."  
**Father's response:**  
"Tell your boyfriend that if he opens your bonnet and tries to check your oil with his dipstick, I will tighten his nuts so hard that his headlights will pop out and he will start leaking from his exhaust pipe."