

Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website:
hertsHash.co.uk

Run No. 2061

Date: 22nd September 2023

Venue: The White Horse

Location: Witham

Beers/Cider Various

Hare/s: Casey Jones

Runners: 30+

Virgins: 0

Visitors: Us in Deepest, Darkest Essex

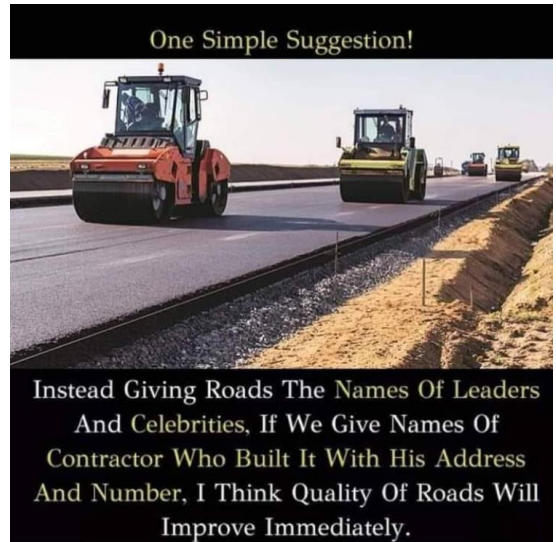
Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 2

Total: 11

Membership: Celebrating Essex H3's 2,000th Run.



It was a fair old way to go for those of Herts Hash, to venture into Deep & Darkest Essex to help them celebrate reaching their 2,000th Run. Where's Wally? was over the day before to take part in the 1999 Pub Crawl of Witham, the few of Herts who did make it this Sunday would arrive to the sight of a very busy car park on the south-eastern side of Witham Railway Station.

TBT OBE arrived in Witham in plenty of time, with Mr X & My Lil', & he parked up in the car park of the White Horse. Mr X then said that the start of the Trail was going to be from the car park opposite the Railway, TBT OBE then queried this, claiming that the Herts website said the start would be from the White Horse! However, after he checked the Herts webpages, it was a case of eating humble pie for TBT OBE!

A short walk was no need to reach the rest of the gathering Pack, but somewhere along the way TBT OBE failed to see Mr X & My Lil' crossing the Railway bridge spanning the platforms below, all of which resulted in Mr X having to phone TBT OBE & round him up to join the rest.

There was a noticeable amount of Red polo-shirts on show, these being the Celebratory 2,000th Run Polo-shirts & very nice they looked too. Dotted amongst the Red Essex Tops were Mersea Island Hash Shirts, & even a Pitsea Runner Top.

There were a few old faces not seen for a while, as Heap o' tried to bring some kind of order to the Pack, who were now milling around in the entrance to the car park, which blocked access for Mike, then some civilians wanting to park up, but then Digger intervened to direct said civilians though to the vacant parking spaces. Someone who did find a space was Vicky Vomit, but then he went over to pay for his stay he had issues trying to get his payment accepted.

The Pack looked on in amusement at Vicky Vomit's struggles, it reminded Mr X of the joint Run out at the Woodbine in Waltham Abbey, where everyone struggled with the app to pay for their parking. Again Digger was straight on to Vicky Vomit's dilemma, as he called for the Pack to all go over to help out Vicky Vomit, who now had Dr Doolittle trying to assist him.

Herts newbie Mike turned up, which surprised the other Herts members, he wasn't going to come over at one point, then he got an urge to see how other Hashes do things compared with the Herts' humble set up.

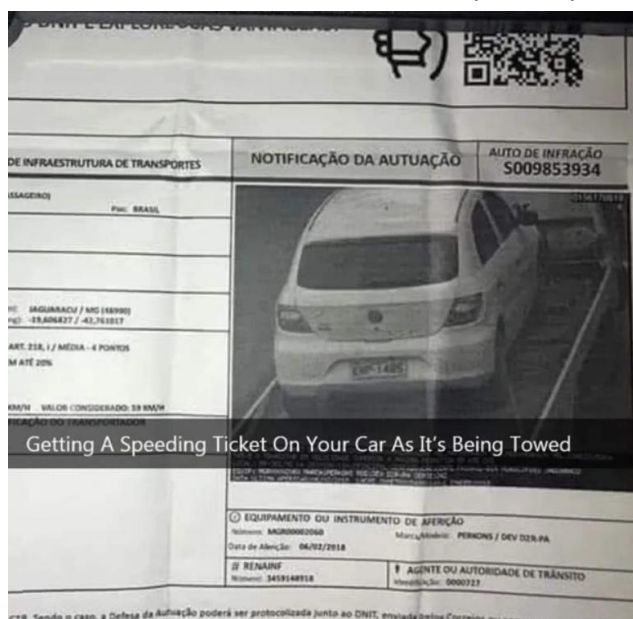
A called to order went up, then after the Welcome to "What Run Number is this? Oh, its 2000!" Heap o' called upon the Hare, Casey Jones, to explain what was out there for the Pack. The Chalk-Talk started with Casey Jones explaining that he had spent THREE WEEKS setting this Trail, some wiser heads should have taken note on this, he went on to include that Essex CHKS are Circles with an X in them [Bloody Cheek! – Ed], there was a long Trail & shorter version. Part of the Trail would be only accessible to those who are under 1 Metre in height, though most of this fell on 'deaf ears' until the Beer Stop was mentioned & it was going to be at a Pub & there would be no cans! But who was listening?

The Runners, Walkers & Knitting Circle all set off over up the steep flight stairs, or take the long ramps system, & then over the Railway to head north-eastward out of the Stations Main entrance to run down Alberts Road to the 90 degree turn to the northwest & on a short way to the First CHK by the next bend in Albert Road. Nothing was found further around the bend, so it was off to search the narrow north-eastern 'Cut Throat Lane' as if to reinforce that the Pack were in deepest Essex.

For Kylie there would be more railway excitement as the Pack had to pass through the old fashioned, large, white five-bar gates to cross the Branch line to Braintree Station. Safely across the tracks at Witham Junction & the Trail continued north-eastward passing the local allotments to the right, then after 150 Yards a CHK was found by a path over the green space before the estate to the left.

The Keenies soon picked up the Trail further along Cut Throat Lane running on for another 150 Yards where the next CHK lay in wait. The Pack began to regroup as the Trail was searched for, then the Keenies located the Dust

through a gap in the tree-line to the right, the Trail now traversed a diagonal route across the green space leading up to Motts Lane, then on to the set of ramps & steps to the bridge that crosses high above the Railway Tracks.



The Trail would terminate on the other side of the Railway, so it was a trudge back up & then down the steps for the most of the Keenies, but for others – Digger included, well, they stopped for wee while longer but then had to leg it when they set off the railway intruder alarms that announced over loudspeakers that they were being watched!

After a quick shake, Where's Wally? & Digger dashed back over the tracks to find the Walkers were now making their way through the elongated green space between the railway line & the housing estate on the opposite side. On the way the some questioned Mr X as to how Digger already had Shiggy up his legs, Mr X advised them to go & ask Digger themselves, something that was declined.

For the FRBs there would be a slight side diversion for the main tarmac path, where they were led through the narrow side-wood & could admire the long sewage pipe within, before coming back down to the path. Once out in the open, a Spitfire could be heard flying over, though the engine didn't quiet have the distinctive sound of a Merlin.

The Trail would make its way around from north-east to northward, as it ran on a tarmac path through a series of

open areas between the new estates on either side, there were CHKs along the way, one at a crossroads of these tarmac paths, another up by the end of a long lake that is another of the man-made drainage features constructed to take rain run-off.

Another feature of this area was the public exercise equipment that was dotted around the place. Action Man & Digger were spotted having a go on some of the equipment, some even went through the small crawling tunnels [No doubt at their age they thought that they were on the Great Escape? – Ed]& not to let he Herts side down, TBT OBE sat on the rowing-machine but after having his picture taken & a few strokes, he let go of the 'oars' as they were near him & since there were no springs the seat went down at a rate of knots, making a very uncomfortable sound as it crashed down. It was after this that TBT OBE took the very short, Short cut to the Beer Stop.

A hiatus to the Trail occurred when the Trail came up to a raised area, with a playground in the central dip, here families were enjoying the day as the Keenies made their way up the grassy circular embankment. Thankfully Digger stayed on the lower level as he was wearing a pair of old Essex Hash Shorts that seemed to be a Ladies-Cut, which on Digger left little to the imagination!

It was Digger who broke the stalemate when he searched the eastern edge of the northern farm land, a couple of hundred Yards further on & the Trail would come out to the edge of The Acorns 9 Hole Course, here there was an impromptu regroup & one golfer had his day made when Digger held the pack up here, since there was a warning sign to be aware of Golfers to the right, yet the guy was playing that way?

Anyhow, the Trail resumed as soon as the fairway was clear, & it was just a matter of feet to cross hard-capped path to then dip into the wooded plantation of the edge of the fairway. The pack had to pass by the Crazy Golf, where little kids were trying to put their golf balls in the various animals, which one RA took note of as Action Man ran on by this.

A pleasant trot along in the edge of the woodland for around 500 Yards, there were a few stray golf balls that Mr X picked up for a story in the Circle. The Trail arced around to the north-east & came out to the edge of Oak Road, where care was taken in crossing the bend to find a Re-Group marked by the driveway to Hoo Hall.

Digger managed to stop the traffic to allow the first group of FRBs to cross, before Casey Jones took it upon himself to act as a Hash 'Lollipop Man' & make sure the Middle Order & Knitting Circle crossed without incident. Once the majority were bunched up on the roadside footpath, the Hare allowed the Trail to continue down the Driveway to Hoo Hall.

Having crossed the small hump-backed bridge over the tributary to the River Blackwater, the Pack were directed off in to the long strip of woodland beside the water way as it flows in a south by southeast direction, this was one of Essex's least walked footpaths as it was overgrown with nettles. Of course Mr X was heard to declare that "Nettles don't sting this time of year!" for the benefit of anyone from Essex who did not know this fact!

The Hare was happy to disagree with Mr X's comment, for he said when he set the Trail he was slowed up as he had to trample his way through the nettles, he did mention that he had entertained the thought of calling out "Women & Children first!" to let them trample more nettles down ahead of the rest!

At the end of the field & the Hash had to negotiate Digger & Small Prick who were down in the culvert that runs under the large concrete slab to come back out on to Oak Road, these two were splashing the water up to catch any who passed by.

Only a short road section before passing beneath the Railway line to find a CHK by the edge of Rivenhall End. A turn to the northeast took place when the Trail was picked up along beside the work taking place by the Railway line to Colchester. A nice straight run up by the line to a crossroads of footpaths & it had to be the option back over the Railway the Dust was found over, but for some they were held up as with no strikes the Trains were running this week.

Meanwhile the Knitting Circle had been sent off before the Trail crossed the Railway, but the Hare would be dismayed to see that they had not read his KC (Knitting Circle) markings & instead Pulled Out, Blow Dry, Action Man & Ain't Got None all ignored Mr X's comments of carrying on along the path that runs top of grounds of Hoo Hall, yes they take the diagonal path through the crop fields to reach a crossroads of footpaths, & on the wooden footbridge over the hedgerow ditch the prophetic words of CB (Check Back) were found!

At least the Knitting Circles' mistake drew the Keenies up to this point, not that the Keenies were happy with that, Mr X was surprised at the number of FRBs who ran by him as he trotted back against the flow of on-coming Hashers, the likes of Where's Wally? running blind to the fact the Knitting Circle were now on their way back down to the Trail proper.

A northward run along to a point by the roughly ploughed field, which prevent any cutting off of the corner to a footpath marker post in the corner of the hedgerow where Mr X had pointed out to Action Man from way back up by the Check Back, here Dust was found, lots of Dust in fact as the Keenies were split in to two packs, one on either side of the Hedgerow & ditch the cuts its way to the north, but after a while he calling of "On! On!" from both side soon stopped. This soon had some on the eastern side cutting through a gap in the hedgerow, in & out of the ditch to the western side, for from there a footpath was marked straight across the neatly harrowed field.

Mr X was keen on heading over toward a Church, which was proudly flying the Cross of St George, which Mr X claimed the fluttering flag was a sign of the Pub being open, since there is usually a Pub next to a Church as the church builders need somewhere to go to after a hard day's masonry work.

Nothing was found by the couple of Hashers, who were accused of 'Cropping' over the flat loam to the west, then a Call of "On!" went up right back at the corner, here the Knitting Circle & Walkers were now heading along the far edge of the field to descend back to the tributary, another KC (Knitting Circle) was marked before a set of steps leading down to a concrete footbridge with a single handrail. Mr X question Casey Jones as to whether it was safe to follow Blow Dry & Ain't Got One through the hedgerow & over the water on this Knitting Circle cut?

The Trail moved further along the Hedgerow to a point where the Pack were led down in the water to wade through by some old branch had been set so that may have been used to keep feet dry, but like a gymnast's beam it was far too narrow & wet for most to even contemplate using it as a bridge, especially as Digger was now back in his element & water was soon being splashed around again, he was joined by a couple more Essex Hashers.

Those with only one pair of Hash Shoes took the drier bridge option, but still had to dash by the water crossing as water flew well up & over the path through the scrubby bit of woodland, before it came out on to the safety of the corner of the Albert Moss playing field.

A Regroup was found by the benches up by the car park, here Small Prick was misread a sign about not playing football on the basketball court, as some began to inch their way up the drive way into Rivenhall. Sadly there is no Pub in Revenhall, but that was no issue as the Trail, when it resumed it didn't go anywhere near the Church but instead crossed over the road & headed southward.

The arrows pointed the way down toward the local Corner Shop, where Digger & Mr X weighed up the options of stopping for a can of Cider, but they had second thoughts as they still felt there was quite a way to go yet for the Beer Stop. The options were also cut down as the Trail now turned off before the shop to take to another of Essex's least walked footpaths as more nettles had to be parted but at least it was only for a short while to come out behind the homes that back on to the farmland.

A few barking dogs in the back gardens encouraged the Hash to run this section of the Trail, especially after Digger barked back at them, there were comments at being in Essex they were more than likely XL Bullies did was annoying! After 300 Yards the FRBs arrived at a CHK in the corner of the field. The Trail was picked up over the ditch between the two fields, a wide plank allowed the Hash over to the southern field. Just as the Keenies thought that they were on the 'home run' the Hare had another trick up his sleeve.

Having made their way around three side of the field, the Keenies passed by a couple walking their pooches, which included a baby 'racing snake', only to come to a halt with another Check Back! So the Pack were pretty much together as they came out of Tarecroft Car park & out to turn southwest on Rickstones Road.

The Trail would follow the footpath as it rose up on the embankment behind the hedgerow in on the bend in the road, then dropped down to cross over to the small playground by the junction where Rectory Lane heads off to the southeast, a slight loop took the Pack through the play area by the end of more new builds.

The next section would be from along Rectory Lane, which is designated as a 'Quiet Lane', well it was until the hash ran down it! Lunchbox pointed out to Mr X that he had 'warts on his legs', by which he meant his long socks had picked up a lot of teasels, though the bewildered Herts Hasher had an issue with knowing his left from his right.

The old lane would led into the older part of northeast Witham, this section was like a maze & utilized the many ginnels that connect the side streets, some wondered if they had run far enough to reach the outskirts of Harlow, by the Herts Border, but it wasn't. The Pack were taken up another back-passage [Bet Pebbledash has been waiting for that one? – Ed] & somehow the Pack weaved their way around to Little Elms Pub, by the small, very rundown shopping precinct with an Indian, Chinese & a boarded up former Newsagents that made a great vantage point for the local urchins to clamber up & sit upon the flat roof.

Mr X & My Lil' recalled this area from a F.U.K Full Moon Trail, well before Covid, that had a Pub Crawl set by erstwhile Sex Reject. The earlier Short Cutters were found outside the Pub, which overlooks the Rickstones



This dude was selling Ernie an 8th in front of our innocent childish eyes



with the mention of Publications also put in to the tale, this had Vicky Vomit thinking that he would be out for his Wildlife in Mauldon books, but that was a bit premature for the Book in question was Digger's Big Drawing book. The two ended up literally having a Down-Downs!

It may have been a fair & warm day, but it wasn't warm enough to prevent Joker from wearing his grandad's C & A sweater, something that got Casey Jones Attention for the Circle.

Mr X would take the Circle. Milf was called out by Mr X after Sex Reject had mentioned her questioning the Essex CHKs having a cross inside, obviously she missed that bit of Casey Jones's Chalk-talk? In fact the Essex CHKs were a work of art, colourful Circles with EH3 written within the quarters, nothing like plain, dull but practical Herts ones, or the F.U.K. Full Moon ones that are in the shape of a Moon, with two firm butt-cheeks.

Digger & Fergie had spread out a selection of Essex Hash T-shirts throughout the years, with a 50th Run one, the classic 321 Boy Scouts Jamboree T-Shirt, through to the present day. Some of these were Diggers from way back when he was a small urchin & not tall urchin he is today.

Action Man was called forward & had to kneel in the Circle, as Mr X produced two golf balls & then began a very embellished tale of running by the 'Crazy Golf' where various animals could be seen that the kids had to putt their balls toward [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] Mr X then claimed as he heard a voice call out "Get the ball up the Gorilla's arse!" just as our very own Silverback of Action Man run by! One effort using a Hash foot to out the ball failed dismally, but then Ain't Got One was called out, for the Sondheim Cup was on this weekend & in one swift stroke she putted the ball between Action Mans legs! [No wonder the European women were inspire to later draw the tournament to retain the Sondheim Cup! - Ed]

Sex Reject was next on Mr X's list, for while at UK Nash Hash & standing in for the absent Sex Reject on the 'Information Desk' which Sex Reject revels in, Mr X was asked by MTM when he'd be seeing Sex Reject again, of course the answer was this day. MTM then said she had a present for Sex Reject & could Mr X deliver it?

The large phial that contained various ingredients, from dried cranberries to flavours & spices that are added to a bottle of Gin to make up a Sex Appeal Cocktail, the story that went with the tale was that when Sex Reject first appeared on the scene with Brussels Manneke Piss Hash there was a guy called Sex Object & someone wanted a name just like that, but the Hash being the Hash & of good taste elected for Sex Reject!

Digger was summoned back to the Circle, as not only had he some really old Essex T-shirts, he was also spotted wearing what appeared to be original Essex Hash Shorts, which with their cut left little to the imagination! Mr X reckoned that these were of a 'Ladies Cut', Digger asked how Mr X knew these were a style of Harriette's Shorts, so Mr X looked inside the sweaty shorts to read out that the label inside proved they were an Essex Harriette's as it said "Loose Lips Sink Ships!" [There you go Pebbledash!]

Digger went on to award a few Down-Downs, which included awarding an Essex Short to EMF* & then he donated one of his old Kids sized Essex Shirts to one of the Essex Horrors, that it would fit. *Is she named after the 80/90's group EMF, Electric Mad Funkers who had a big hit with "Unbelievable"?

While most moved on for lunch, Mr X, My Lil', TBT OBE & Sex Reject went around to the Woolpack, a proper old village boozier, they had passed by on Church Street on their way Inn, for tis had a far better Range of Ales to choose from.

A Good day was by all, well worth the journey over.

Recreation Ground, which had several kids' ball games going on. Along with Milf, Fergie, Dr Doolittle, Thumper, Windsock & Tops, Sex Reject was found to be imbibing outside of the Pub.

Half Pints were set up on the outside table, but after completing over 5 miles a pint was need, so Mr X went inside to but an extra drink, or two! Tine to have a respite before heading off over the soccer pitches to emerge on to Cypress Road, the a few feet on to the B1016, where it was a fairly straight forward route back through the centre of town to the Station car park, then up & over to the White Horse.

After Beers were ordered, Casey Jones had a quick mini-Circle, in order to award Down-Downs to his Family & those who couldn't stay any longer after being out on the long Trail. How Mr X & Action Man ended up in there heaven knows!

When the main Circle started, here are just a few of the Charges in no particular order: Casey Jones started a story that had a few of Essex H3 excited, for he began to talk of Authors & writers,

- you ok in there?
- grim to be honest. it's like the elevator door scene from the shining... but with shit.

