

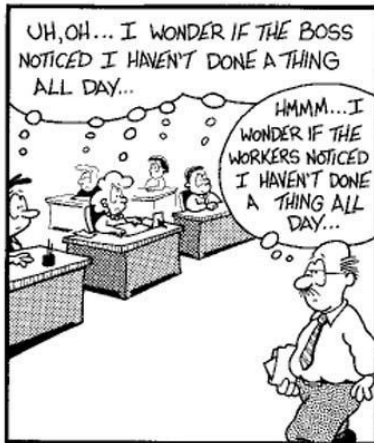


Essex Hash House Harriers



Issue 1 from Sooty; IE; Bushwacker. November 2011

Find us At www.essexh3.co.uk



offthemark



Wishing every one a very Merry Christmas and a healthy & Hashy New year.

The first trail of 2012 is on Bank Holiday Monday 2nd January from "The Smack Inn" SS16 6DN, aka Lunchbox & Sooty 's place. Trail starts at 11am & food after, hope to see you all there.. Sooty.

The Christmas dinner venue is booked for 28th January and places are going fast & numbers are again limited. Contact AGO or Heapo' asap to book your place.

Phone rings.....

Lunchbox: Hi Bushwacker, what can I do for you?

Bushwacker: Hi Lunchbox, I just thought I'd give you a call to let you know that someone has sent me jokes & things for the trash.... And wondered who to send them to?

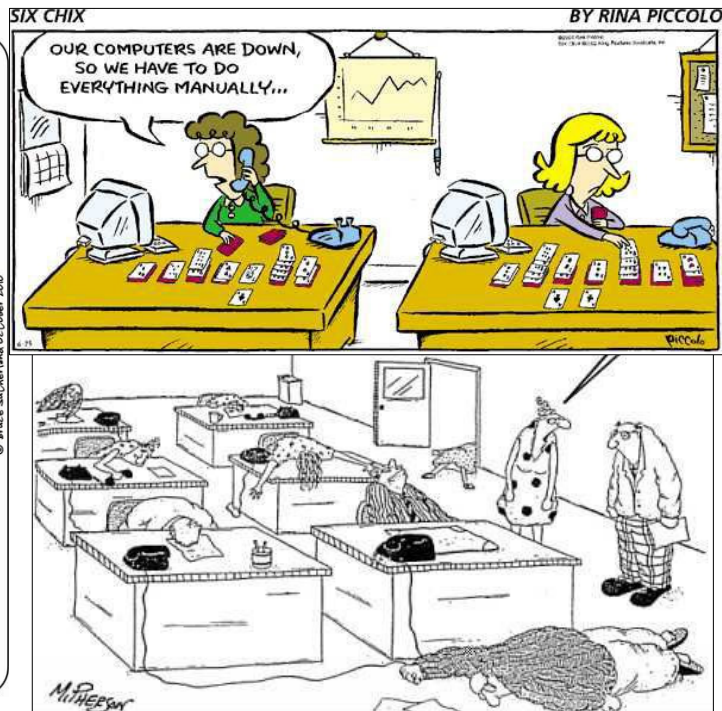
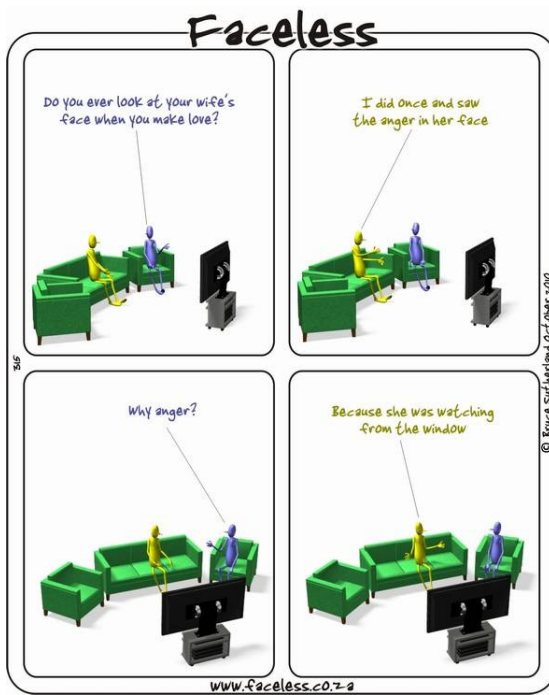
Lunchbox: You—you're a joint on sec!

Must have a been a great AGPU!!

Seriously—thanks peeps! Keep it coming... Oh! And please check the web for your details as we have already found a typo on one phone number. Let Panda know if there are any other mistakes, sorry.



Any one own up to knowing how she feels?



Sunday 23rd October

The Cat

Hare: Lunchbox

Not renowned to do many Sunday hashes, I fancied this one but it clashed with another event that morning! I was taking Horsebox (mad fool) to a triathlon and in true hash fashion he only rides his bike to and from work, hardly swam since leaving school and does very little running! But he did complete the course coming 70th out of 103!

Anyway he was finished by half ten and after a bit of running about I did manage to get to the hash by 11.45. Thankfully Lunchbox marked the checks as I mentioned to him that I would be late. I started off and within 200yds I met the knitting circle coming in and Sooty sent in the right direction and also pointed out the long check back by the lock which I avoided. The footpath to here was very interesting with lots of apple trees lining the route and a stunning holly bush covered in berries.

The trail turned right here following the canal path and this was the start of a large circular route that brought the trail back to the lock and also the beer stop. This was a tricky spot for Lunchbox to mark checks for me but he done an excellent job using blue chalk.

More beautiful countryside and outstanding properties on country lanes and the last footpath leading right up to the pub garden. Perfecting time as I arrived just as Lunchbox was getting his down down! I received a round of applause and a welcome down down for completing the course on my own. A perfect location for the hash, an unusual pub, perfect weather and a big thank you to the hares Sooty and Lunchbox for accommodating my lateness!!

On on Pied Piper

Only in America (we hope!)



Sunday 6th November: The White Hart Little Waltham

Hares: Heap o' Crap, Bushwacker and Cum Cum.

It all began (as usual) in the car park when Casey Jones took a large swig from his Lucozade bottle to fortify himself for the exertions of the trail. Next instant he was bent over, arse in the air, spitting and cursing – not the most pleasant sight on a peaceful Sunday morning. It seems that he had put the left over chilli vodka from their recent run into a handy Lucozade bottle. As Blow Dry later said, "Chilli vodka is not his tippie of choice at the best of times, let alone first thing on a Sunday morning!"

The GM greeted the pack and appointed a stand in RA, only to be interrupted by the arrival of Vicky Vomit rather late on parade. The Hares were called upon and Heap O' began to ramble on about blobs, changed minds, false trails and fields with bulls in them at such length that the pack departed, uttering cries of "Too much information!", before he had finished. The main pack went out left and the knitters turned right.

Following instructions from AGO I was able to jog gently along the picturesque and very neat village street and up onto the main road. Left here and straight along until an arrow pointed down a footpath beside a field to the left of the road. Nice firm grassy surface, pleasant day, actually able to jog for once – what a wonderful trail! A check at the end of the path had left or right possibilities. The pack was streaming down the field by now, but no sign of Sock or Fat Controller at this point – they both had poorly ankles. FC's had given way at the start of the trail; Sock's comes on whenever he gets more than quarter of a mile from a pub. I went right and toddled along until Casey Jones steamed past me and shortly afterwards came back again – so I must be on the right track! I was joined by Vicky Vomit for a stroll and a chat about Mandarin Ducks (I *think* that was what he said) and getting up early to have a bird watching competition with his pals (sad?). DooLittle has a sore throat this morning. V V accelerated after this and left me to my gentle plodding. The trail continued through a pleasant piece of woodland and along a field to a stile and a check. The FRBs found trail to the right and after a while I followed on, only to be called back by Heap O' and told that it was a loop which came back almost to where we were standing! We went through the garden of an Essex weatherboard house, which might have been a mill, and over a rushing stream to the beer stop in a lovely leafy glade. Lots of beer, cakes and sweets were on offer.

After refreshments the pack was off again up to a field where a bull, cow and calf were sitting together enjoying the peace of the day. This was rather spoilt for them as a crowd of Hashers ran through, plus two loose dogs dashing around, perilously near the livestock. I made as rapid an exit from the field as possible, over a stile and up a slope to check on a road, where I was able to get my breath back. After chatting for a while about Casey and the chilli vodka it was noticed that the knitters were crossing the field a bit lower down the slope. So off we went again, through the meadow and into some woodland with a stream. Some of the pack were congregating around the bridge as if waiting for the water fight to begin. However I decided I would like to get back and continued on trail through the woods. A right turn was clearly marked at the end of the path so I followed it and then went up a slope onto a field with several paths crisscrossing it - I chose the wrong one and had to go back to the correct path and follow the knitters and Heap O' through the kissing gate. Then it was a pleasant stroll back up the village street to the pub – and there were the walking wounded safely settled at the bar.

Mr Sock had ordered some tapas (the landlord is Spanish) and the anchovies were wonderful, with lemon infused oil, lots of chopped garlic and herbs. I expected to be served a slice of Spanish omelette, but was given a whole one which was big enough to share round the circle. At the end of the circle this was followed by a Lemon Drizzle cake which had been sent by Big Car Small Tits from a Macmillan Nurses charity fundraiser. It disappeared quickly and was greatly enjoyed.

V V gave down downs to the Hares and went on to the Sinners. Firstly: Casey Jones, not for drinking the chilli vodka, but for spitting it out. Then the Bull Baiters: Sludge for waving his red sleeved arms about and Derek for the loose dogs in with livestock. Next: Rose, who has no name, was given a V V cocktail. I'm not sure if she was named, or what was in the cocktail. And finally the Pervert: BCSP, who rubbed IE's thigh when she said her knee hurt (I think that was what it was about), was given a drink with snake oil in it. (I do hope it didn't have any dire effects later on – especially as IE was driving him home.) I think that was all the down downs, but I was a bit weary by now and may have missed something.

A most enjoyable outing, thank you Hares. I'm sure the main trail was just as pleasant.

On on Topsx

Only in Wales..... (or Essex!)

On a beautiful summer's day, two American tourists were driving through Wales .

At Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwylllantysiliogogoch they stopped for lunch, and one of the tourists asked the waitress, "Before we order, I wonder if you could settle an argument for us. Can you pronounce where we are, very, very, very slowly?"

The girl leaned over and said....."Burrrr Gurrrrr King."

You have to love British humour! These are classified ads, which were actually placed in a U.K. newspaper:

FREE YORKSHIRE TERRIER.

8 years old.
Hateful little bastard.
Bites!

FREE PUPPIES.

1/2 Cocker Spaniel, 1/2 sneaky neighbour's dog.

FREE PUPPIES.

Mother is a Kennel Club registered German Shepherd.

Father is a Super Dog, able to leap tall fences in a single bound.

COWS, CALVES: NEVER BRED.

Also 1 gay bull for sale.

JOINING NUDIST COLONY!

Must sell washer and dryer £100.

WEDDING DRESS FOR SALE ..

Worn once by mistake.
Call Stephanie.

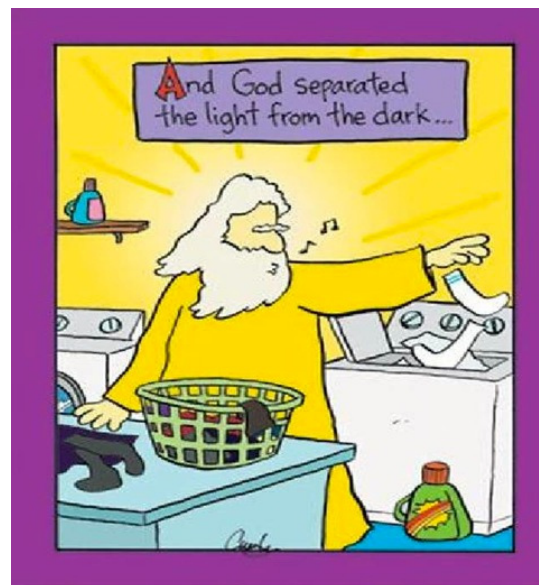
FOR SALE BY OWNER.

Complete set of Encyclopaedia Britannica, 45 volumes. Excellent condition, £200 or best offer. No longer needed, got married, wife knows everything.

Statement of the Century

Thought from the Greatest Living Scottish Thinker--Billy Connolly.

"If women are so bloody perfect at multi-tasking, how come they can't have a headache and sex at the same time?"



See!! If this is true then she must have been a woman!



Other fast foods outlets are available!

-- A group of girlfriends, all age 40, discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the waiters there had tight pants and Nice bums.

10 years later, at age 50, the friends once again discussed Where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they Would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the food was good and The wine selection was excellent.

10 years later, at age 60, the friends again discussed Where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they Would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they could dine In peace and quiet and the restaurant had a beautiful view of the Ocean.

20 years later, at age 80, the friends discussed Where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they Would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because the restaurant was Wheelchair accessible and had a lift.

10 years later, at 90 years of age, the friends again discussed Where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they Would meet at the Ocean View restaurant because they had never been there before.

Ed's note: There's a new Pub in Baddow called the Generals Arms, any one fancy setting a trail!!

Did you hear about Tops last week.... she was helping one of the children put on his "Wellie boot's"? He asked for help and she could see why.....

Even with her pulling and him pushing, the little "Wellie's" still didn't want to go on.

By the time they got the second "Wellie" on, she had worked up a sweat.

She almost cried when the little boy said, "Miss, they're on the wrong feet."

She looked, and sure enough, they were.

It wasn't any easier pulling the "Wellie's" off than it was putting them on.

She managed to keep her cool as together they worked to get the "Wellie's" back on, this time on the right feet.. He then announced, "These aren't my Wellies."

By now her curly hair was plastered to her head (who said head) and the bottle of red wine last night was seeming like a bad idea!

She bit her tongue rather than get right in his face and scream, even living with Windssock wasn't this frustrating....

Once again, she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting "Wellie's" off his little feet. No sooner had they gotten the "Wellie's" off when he said,

"They're my brother's "Wellie's", my mum made me wear 'them.'

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry.

But, she mustered up what grace and courage she had left to wrestle the "Wellie's" on his feet again.

Helping him into his coat, she asked, "Now, where are your gloves?"

He said, "I stuffed 'them in the toes of my Wellie's".



THREE WOMEN, TWO YOUNGER, AND ONE SENIOR CITIZEN, WERE SITTING NAKED IN A SAUNA.

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A BEEPING SOUND. THE YOUNG WOMAN PRESSED HER FOREARM AND THE BEEP STOPPED. THE OTHERS LOOKED AT HER QUESTIONINGLY. 'THAT WAS MY PAGER,' SHE SAID. I HAVE A MICROCHIP UNDER THE SKIN OF MY ARM.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, A PHONE RANG. THE SECOND YOUNG WOMAN LIFTED HER PALM TO HER EAR.. WHEN SHE FINISHED, SHE EXPLAINED, 'THAT WAS MY MOBILE PHONE. I HAVE A MICROCHIP IN MY HAND.'

THE OLDER WOMAN FELT VERY LOW-TECH. NOT TO BE OUTDONE, SHE DECIDED SHE HAD TO DO SOMETHING JUST AS IMPRESSIVE. SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE SAUNA AND WENT TO THE BATHROOM.

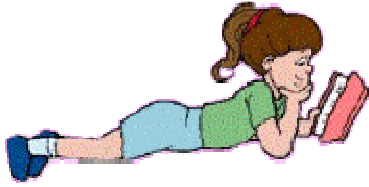
SHE RETURNED WITH A PIECE OF TOILET PAPER HANGING FROM HER REAR END. THE OTHERS RAISED THEIR EYEBROWS AND STARED AT HER.

THE OLDER WOMAN FINALLY SAID.....WELL, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT..... I'M GETTING A FAX!!

TAKING A WOMAN TO BED

that is the difference between girls/women
Aged 8, 18, 28, 38, 48, 58, 68, and 78?

at 8



**You take her to bed and tell her
a story**

at 18



**You tell her a story and take her
to bed**

at 28



**You don't need to
tell her a story**

at 38



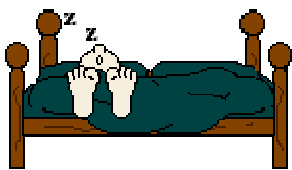
**She tells you a story
and takes you to
bed**

at 48



**She tells you a story
to avoid going to
bed**

at 58



**You stay in bed to
avoid her story**

at 68



**If you take her to bed,
that'll be a story**

at 78



**What story?
What bed?
Who the hell are you?**

**According to the Office for National Statistics 190,374 people are
having sex right now, 212,130 are kissing and one poor old sod is
reading sad cartoons!!**