

CH3 Hash Run 2088 - Sunday 7th October 2018

The Jester, Odsey



Hare – Kermit

Visitor – Toyboy from the Saigon SH3 Hash <https://www.saigonh3.com/>

The Words

Ok, I haven't been for quite some time, run 2077 from the Red Bull, Chrishall Sun 22nd July since you asked, and wouldn't you know it, here I am again, 11 weeks later doing the words yet again LOL!

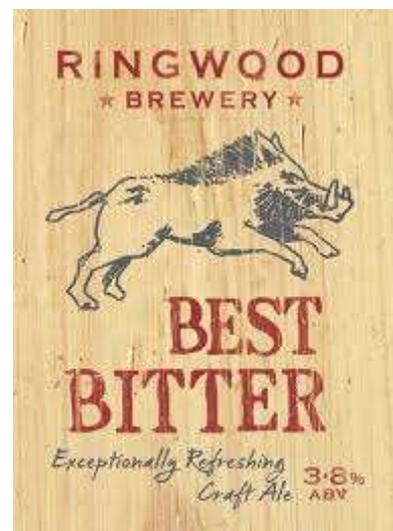
We've had a change of management since the AGPU was R*n 2087 and this years' ne'r do wells are listed (below here, FFS.....). With all due deference to **Gorilla**, WTF the 'Fat Controller' does appears to be shrouded in mystery.

Grand Master	<i>Big Leg</i>
Grand Mattress	<i>Antar</i>
Emeritus Grand Master	Googly
Joint Masters	School Boy's Dream Jonah Dick
Religious Advisor	<i>Kermit</i>
Fat Controller	Gorilla
Hare Raiser	It'll come off
Edit Hare	Toed Bedsores
Web Master	El Rave
Hash Cash	While Your Down There
Hash Stats	Pedro
Beer Master	Benghazi
The Choir	Led by Taxidermist. Anyone can join in
Haberdash	Slaphead & Benghazi

Hash Horn	Muff Diver
Hash Flash	Paparazzi
	Pedro

Well, the first touches of Autumn were keenly felt despite the bright sunshine it was about 8 degrees and there was a respectable turn out including **Benghazi, Checkpoint, Danuta, Forest Dump & Spicy Bear, Unmentionable & Jetstream, Blowback, Little Blow, Wai Wai & Josephine Googly, Antar, Gorilla, Klinger & Kling On, Slaphead, Only Me, Big Leg, While You're Down There, Dave El Rave & Paparazzi, Checkpoint, Pugwash, Wimp & Calamity Jane, It'll Come off, Deep Shit, Shiggy 2 shoes, Legover & Son Mathew** + visitor **Toyboy** from the Saigon SH3 hash (although he has been before as it was repeatedly pointed out to me).

The Jester is an odd pub/hotel and serves 'Ringwood Best¹ Bitter' – and no other real ale at all (!) but the place was rammed with Sunday diners, a few hotel guest types and a lot of families trying to have a sedate Sunday lunch despite the presence of 20 odd brightly coloured sweaty hash lunatics.....



After pleasant greetings (a bit like a pack off dogs saying hello, but without the general arse sniffing.....) the circle naturally formed a circle. **Kermit** explained that it would be an interesting trail based on the fact it had been laid the previous day and it had since rained and was very windy.

The on out was called and **Deep Shit & Legover** took the obvious (well, nearly 'only') choice and headed down past the station, I took the opportunity to be nosey and headed behind a row of charming Victorian railway workers cottages² backing on to the steep sided bank on the opposite side of the station entrance, largely because I could use 'being lost on trail' as an elaborate foil and wanted to see where the end of the service road went. It actually leads to a field and a footpath – who knew? well, not me and we've lived in the area for 14 years.

As there was no trail, I headed back to the station to hear the on called past the scenic scrap yard and the end of the conveyor belt from the Morden 'Omya' plant some 1.5 miles away. Now at this point dear reader, I'm sure you're all dying to know what Omya do? – well, they actually mine 'Morden Chalk' there which is obviously world famous.

Omya themselves state:

"The 'Morden Rock' extracted at the quarry is a cretaceous chalk over 100 million years old. It is a very pure and white form of Calcium Carbonate - a sedimentary rock formed from the

¹ If that's their 'Best' bitter, God Help us, it tasted like a McMullen Drip tray filtered through the medium of the wild boar advertised on the pump clip..... ghastly piss.

² They're about £400,000 each now.

compressed skeletons of millions of prehistoric animals and sea creatures. There has been a quarry at the present site from about 1820. Commercial production of industrial fillers began in 1946 under the auspices of the Melbourn Whiting Company.

In 1966 Plüss Staufer AG (now Omya AG) acquired the Melbourn Whiting Company Ltd. Croxton and Garry Ltd, who had been the main distributors for the company, were acquired by Plüss Staufer AG in 1979. Croxton+Garry Ltd became Omya UK in 1998, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Omya AG.

Now, I don't know about you, but I find it fascinating the amount of ~~belle~~-really interesting facts about the local area.

A check at the end of the conveyor belt sent us down a chalky road towards the Omya plant. Having diligently tried to follow **Deep Shit**, **Legover** and visitor **Toyboy**, I ran alongside a new slimline **Antar** and we were both disappointed to see a turnback arrow (well played **Kermit**, well played). We doubled back to neatly join the knitting circle and the trail lead down a narrow path running parallel with the main railway line North bound to Cambridge.

Checkpoint lead the way to an open field and slightly downhill to the unnamed road from the A505 leading to Fleetwood commercials. The trail could really only go one-way, but we all paused to muse on the possibility of the supernatural origin of a smooth concrete circle, some 10m in diameter with a small 200mm moat around it. **Deep Shit** suspected aliens, I posed that it was the Morden's version of 'Area 51', **Checkpoint** observed that it was probably for temporary crop storage and **El Rave** said "oooohhh, look everyone, a squirrel!"

The on was again called, through a farmyard in quite literally the middle of nowhere and we were then running down two sides of a field. A large and very well marked check beneath a BT overhead coupling fault was checked out as I managed to fall over a small clump of grass, much to the amusement of **Deep Shit**.

Having fallen foul of just about every single false trail, I was stunned to see myself actually on trail for once and clumped happily down a slight incline towards the relative civilisation of an un named farm, at the end of a road with no name, not that in itself was sinister or anything, but all there was, were several free range chickens, One free range duck and a hillbilly playing a banjo on a porch.....



NB. The Steeple Morden free Range Duck, spotted on trail 2088 Circa 12.40pm.....

The trail lead back up the hill towards the Omya plant past a fabulous copse where there was no public access, just the kind of place to bury a body for those with a nihilistic outlook on life.

As we neared the top of the hill, a check seemed to be the obvious way to get the pack to go to the right of the copse, but I was having none of it. Blessed with a 14-year local knowledge and knowing something of the ancient history of the land, I knew every foot of back road

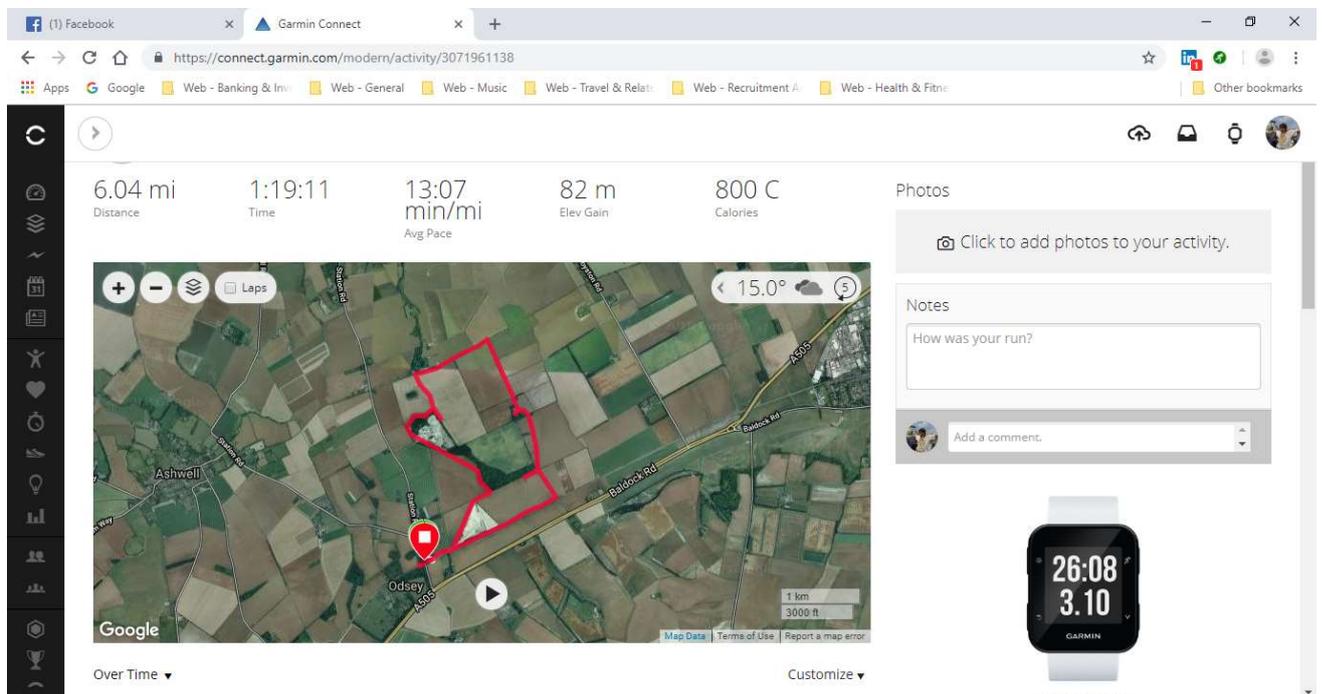
and every rock and tree. On certain days the Morden chalk can appear damp³ and you can detect the subtle passing and scent of humans. They leave traces that no locals would, so acting on instinct I lead on by myself, sneering at the collective lack of folk lore that the townsfolk have.

When I got to the end of the false trail, I looked back to see the pack take the right-hand fork and follow the well-marked footpath as the knitting circle ambled along the well beaten and well-marked trail. **Antar** was just up ahead, with **Wimp** & Sam just visible in the distance. I stopped for the shout of nature⁴ and saw the security camera, just at the end, so presumably I'm wanted for questioning once again.

The trail snaked past the main front entrance of Omya, followed the perimeter fencing and up and over a footbridge over the top of the conveyor belt. The trail narrowed to a leafy passage between the Omya quarry and the mature copse and we emerged into daylight, to see a mildly smug **Kermit** approach from the left, where I had previously been sent back by a turnback arrow.

Checkpoint, Shiggy, Deep shit, Wimp Legover, Mathew and Toyboy were all about half a mile ahead and I saw them round a curve and it was downhill to a familiar track that the On Inn was spotted and the track transpired to be the first turnback point of the outbound trail – cracking bit of trail laying that!

With that, it was a short section back to the beautiful scrapyard, alongside the station and back to the safety of the bar after about 6.5 miles. I was irritated to see that my call of



Nature stop, I'd forgotten to re-start the Garmin, so 'lost' half a mile of trail.

³ Generally, when its raining.

⁴ Its like the call of nature, only with greater urgency for the over 50's.....

After the usual degree of faffing⁵ while everyone mused on picking the only real ale⁶ they had we were dragged out to the garden area so we couldn't offend the locals with the inappropriate scratching and general debauchery.

Down Downs were awarded to; **Toyboy** – for stating he was pleased to join the Norfolk hash on the previous week (while with CH3 on the AGPU and the 40th anniversary party)

Kermit awarded a DD to **El Rave** for some nebulous reason I still can't ascertain, despite deciphering my notes for about 4 hours – I think it was just for being the verger TBH ??

Your humble scribe **Big Blouse** got a DD for announcing my 100th Parkrun had been the day before in Eastleigh in Hampshire where the lovely **No knickers** and my sister Sarah and a friend Gary all celebrated my time of 27.27 on an undulating grass route utilising an old golf course. For more details, you can sign up here at Parkrun UK <http://www.parkrun.org.uk/> where you can register, get a bar code and there are an estimated 1.3 million participants worldwide and there are various milestone T shirts to be had as well as companionship and parkrun clubs all over the UK, and.. (*Get on with it Blouse* FFS – **Big Leg**)

El Rave was given a DD for pedantically pointing out that the trail at a certain point was 5.75 miles long

Kling-On got a DD for Farting at the RA & GM ('Hello' would have been more cordial I suspect.....)

Gorilla for stealing a note pad belonging to the RA

The walkers were all given a collective DD for leading people astray, but this seemed to be a colossal balls-up as they were all told to bugger off out of the circle after several minutes.

It'll Come off got a DD for holding a private party while the circle was in session

Calamity Jane got a DD for wandering into a branch at her head height and then blaming her fringe for not seeing it (?!!?)

I got another DD for being a clever bastard apparently (Great, free beer for me for ever then?)

And finally **Kermit** saw a fascinating clip on Youtube where a monkey was seen steering a car and as a direct result, **Klinger** was dragged into the circle for a DD and told to get a monkey to help him improve his driving.

All in all, nothing has changed in the 11 weeks since I was last here and for that I am grateful for some ineffable reason.

On On

Big Blouse

⁵ About 17 hours

⁶ And I use the term 'real ale' loosely – It was basically just brown and acted as replacement to water.