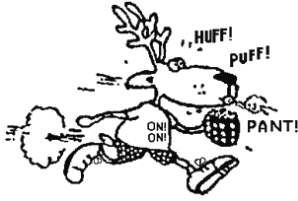


Herts Hash House Harriers



Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No. 1947
17th October 2021
Venues: The Half Moon
Beers: Citra & Four More
Location: Hitchin
Hare/s: My Lil'
Runners: 16
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 16
Membership: All conkering!

"Where's the best place to stand during an earthquake?"

Me, an intellectual:



After almost 2 years, due to the Covid-19 Lockdown hiatus, at last the Annual Herts Hash Conker Contest would take place again, but not until after the Trail. Most of the Pack gathered outside of the Half Moon on time, they had the pleasure of watching our Honourable GM drive by a couple of times, then disappear up Tile House Street to park up. With the HGM not present to appease a time conscious Hare, My Lil' was acting like he had 'Ants in his Pants' though later on in the Trail something far more aggressive would attack one of the Pack!

Crusty & Moisty arrived, with the latter fiddling with the multiple straps of his new creation of a utility belt, hardly in Batman's league, but it kept him busy. By the scowl on her face Ewok made clear of her reaction to Moisty's Hash name, which the RA later added it was lucky that she wasn't present the week before otherwise he may have ended up with her second ~~moist~~ [Sorry Fruedian Slip! – Ed] most reviled word of Gusset added to make it Moist Gusset!

Back to the Taril, with no TBT OBE here today, no doubt he was suffering from 'Foot & Mouth' after drinking out of his 'New Shoes' après the last Trail, & with Fliptop miles away parking up, it was down to the RA to step in & welcome the Hash to the correct R*n Number, after which the Hare was introduced.

There was some grumbling & a shout of "No surprise there then!" as My Lil' told the pack that the Trail was a long one, he also added there were Short Cuts, which brought a few relieved Hoorahs!, before he mentioned that there was one Held CHK en route & it was important to stop there for it would be a Beer Stop, which led to more Cheers!

Then without further ado the Pack were ushered away beyond the Lord Lister Hotel, formally a Wool-comer's house, it became a Quaker School before becoming a Hotel named after the pioneering Surgeon of Antiseptic Surgery, since he was educated there.

Mr X led the way along Park Street, but suddenly disappeared up the long back passage [Got in early for you Pebbledash! – Ed] that was a long steep climb, from behind he eventually hear "On!" "On!" from way back on Park Street, but by this point he had "Crossed the Rubicon"* so there was no going back, especially when he peered down behind him to see Crusty was on her way up on an 'Official Short Cut' *Caesar made the remark that he could not turn back after crossing the Rubicon River in 49 AD, a move that led him to win the Roman Civil War & take power.

Up on the plateau to emerge out on Standhill Road, Mr X spotted the Dust & headed away to the Northeast as Standhill Road runs behind Hitchin Cemetery for around 150 Yards to reach a footpath, Mr X expected that the Trail would lead on through the Cemetery Gates, but later on he would be told by the Hare that it was too busy with Civilians to lay Dust through it on the Friday when he set the Trail. [Friday? I hear you say, well he did have the FUK Full Moon Hash on Saturday taking up most of his Saturday! – Ed]

While the rest of the FRBs were seemingly struggling in finding their way around from Park Street & up to Standhill Road, Mr X was now out on his own to run the 180 Yards along the hedged-in alleyway by the local Infant School, the Trail didn't turn halfway along as it passes the end of Newtons Way, it finally stopped at a CHK on the crossroads of alleyways offering three options.

With the old route of Kershaws Hill off in a west by northwest direction being dismissed by the RA, the next option of the short continuation to Whitehill Road was also ignored by Mr X, he plumped for the long narrow walled in alleyway section of Kershaws Hill, this would be the correct option. After 180 Yards on this straight as a die alleyway Mr X came out to a CHK near the end of St John's Road. He would hang about on the CHK long enough until he could see Crusty & Moisty at the far end of the ginnel.

Now, after having a lucky break with the short cut at the start of the Trail, Mr X was going to go wrong as he now searched down St John's Road toward the main front gates to the Cemetery, by the time he had come back to

the CHK, Ewok, No Eye Deer, Tent Packer, Sludge & Noisy #, who wasn't present at the opening Circle, which was a surprise since she lives in Hitchin, were all heading toward Whitehill Road.

Mr X held his arms out, like he was an aeroplane to indicate he was returning from a Falsie, My Lil' said it karma & served Mr X right going wrong after the Short Cut he had taken at the start, but Mr X quoted that ancient Hashing philosopher Confucsludge "There was no T up there to turn me back!"

The other FRBs led the way out on Whitehill Road, it was a long gentle descent for 460 Yards on the urban road, Mr X now passed by Paxo, Crusty & Moisty as he pursued the other Keenies. However there was one highlight for him, as Mr X was cheered on by a trucker in a large builder's waggon, with a raucous "Keep running my son!"

Ahead of him, the RA saw Sludge & Noisy cut over the road to find a CHK by where Broadmead starts away to the east. On the way down this side street there was one strange front garden, it had off-cuts of flat stone tiles randomly scattered around the grass. The Trail stuck with the gentle serpentine urban back street for nearly 400 Yards until it reached its end where it joins Ninesprings Way, there a Bar CHK was found! So, back along Broadmead, but not too far as Mr X quickly espied that there was a short concrete access drive to the Oakfield Play Area.

The Trail led south-easterly across the small green space, that was home to some small items of play equipment, before coming back around Oakfield Avenue for just a few yards to reach Ninesprings Way again, Mr X emerged just as the Hare came down from marking the Short Cut off of Broadmead.

By now Noisy # had made up the lost ground in searching the back streets & was up with Mr X as he found the Trail on the green cut-through between a couple of the homes on the south side of Ninesprings, this led out to a CHK on the old footpath between the homes & the Ippollits Brook.

Mr X then picked up the Trail to the this old Ninesprings route to the northeast, this ancient right of way existed along beside the Ippollits brook on the 1884 Ordinance Survey Map, as does the Chalkhill Road way before any homes ever existed around these parts.

The name of St Ippolyts, although spelled in a variety of ways, is derived from St Hippolytus to whom the village church is dedicated, he was martyred by being dragged to his death by horses (Hippo being the Greek for Horse) According to Daphne Rance in her book on the parish "St. Ippolyts: a country parish in the nineteenth century" at various times was also known as Epolites, Pallets, Nipples [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] or St Ibbs. In fact Hitchin may derive its name from the Hicca People, in Old English this mean People of the horse who lived in the Hiz Valley – the Z in Hiz is an 'abbreviated character' as an old way of writing the 'tch' sound as in Hitch.

The Trail stuck with the old right of way for almost 500Yards, along the way Noisy # jumped at the barking from one of the many pooches on the other side of the wooden fenced off back gardens, then Trail suddenly seemed lost as they came out on to Brook View Playground, another small green space with some kids play equipment. Ewok, Sludge & Tent Packer caught up here, it was Sludge who found the CHK in the eastern corner of the park. Ewok, who had started searching the right way on the path off to the Northwest, found Dust though it took her a while to find it out on to the Wymondley Road, where it would lead the Hash under the Railway Bridge for 160 Yards to reach a CHK just by the small roundabout in the Wymondley Road.

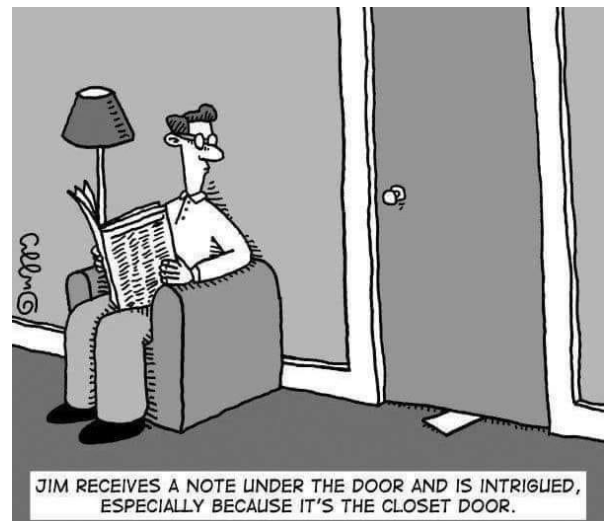
Ewok made an error in judgement as she chose to search the footpath across the road to head northwards on a path behind the homes on Tennyson Avenue, Mr X & Sludge didn't fare any better as they went around via St Michaels Road & then back through Tennyson Avenue & on to the footpath Ewok had failed to find Dust on beside the River Purwell.

Back out to the Wymondley Road & the CHK was marked away to the east, taking to the desire line worn in to the narrow green bit of verge on the northern edge of the lane. After 200 Yards the Trail reached Gypsy Lane, another ancient lane, this one running from Little Wymondley in the south, then alongside the Purwell Nature Reserve to Purwell Ninesprings in the North, an area of various types of reserve, from lakes, reed beds & some old broadleaf woodland. However, there were no Horse Chestnuts Trees here, Conker Fact: Before Shakespeare's time, no British child ever played conkers. The Horse Chestnut isn't a chestnut, & they are actually native to Greece & the lower Balkans, being introduced to Britain in the late 16th century. Horse-chestnut woods are a rarity. They usually grow in parks, streets and gardens rather than in large groups.

It was here that Fliptop & Teddy finally caught up with the other Keenies on the nice 650 Yard trot up Gypsy Lane to the edge of the sports pitches off of the elbow on Purwell Lane, here a CHK was found. No Eye Deer pointed out that she wasn't that far from home & wasn't going to check out for Trail to the northeast!

Noisy # chose to search straight on, up Kingswood Avenue, a street with homes only on the western side & a triangular crop field of stubble to the east, Tent Packer remarked on how long before that space is developed for housing as there now seems to be a sudden rush to sadly open up the 'Green Belt' under new planning laws in Herts.

"On!" was eventually called up Kingswood Avenue, bringing Sludge, Mr X & Ewok back from the other options, to make their way up by some homes already decorated with Halloween accessories, Ghosts, Sparkyesque Skeletons, Witches & the like could be seen adorning the abodes. The Trail would begin to rise as it led over 700 Yards in a north by north-westerly direction to reach the junction with the Willian Road & over to the next CHK.



A rattling of scooters could be heard approaching on the pavement as Elizabeth & Isabel, with Flying Solo running alongside, now caught up with the Keenies. Mr X was surprised when Noisy # went wrong at the CHK here, since she lives not far away, she was called back as the Trail was found straight across on Queenswood Avenue to continue in a north by north-westerly direction, again there were only houses lining the westerly side of the road, on the opposite side were fields & eventually Letchworth beyond.

Reaching the A505, there was one last uphill section as the Trail continued along the Stotfold Road, it was now pointed out to the RA that Noisy # was now checking her mobile map app to see how far from home she was? After 200 Yards Noisy # realised that a left would take her westward on to Grovelands, she now took off in haste to reach the Beer stop, leaving the other FRBs behind, not even the girls on their scooters could catch her over the 500 Yard run around the right-hand of the wishbone like split in the road, at last a slight descent on the straight section, then a left to find the Beer Stop.

Noisy # opened up the back garden & the Pack made their way through to find various nice Beers, that were complimented by lots of peanuts (Salted & Dry Roasted) Pistachios, softy pork scratchings & crisps to enjoy. Though Noisy # had to make sure her pussy [No Pebbledash! – Ed] was out of the way for when Teddy was brought around to the back garden. Ewok plumped for the Ginger Tom Ale, cue more smut about Ginger Pussies! [And we didn't even have Pebbledash with us this day! – Ed]

One of Flying Solo's Girls wasn't keen on trying the snacks, letting out a shrill screech, but seemed happier to have her lolly, which left her looking like an extra in Braveheart* with a lot of blue colouring over her face, but that was far from the worst of Flying Solo's worries this day, for she would have an encounter with a wasp, which managed to get under her T-shirt & then under her bra before being extracted! Needless to say all offers of rubbing in Waspeze were turned down! *Ancient Scots didn't actually wear blue on their faces, sadly Braveheart is a pretty inaccurate film when it comes to Historical Facts

Ewok also had a few dubious offers put forward, when she said that she had an ache in her posterior, Mr X claimed he could massage her 'gluteus maximus' since as a kid Mr X worked at a Racing Kennels & used to massage injured Greyhounds with 'Horse Liniment', of course there was the usual innuendo to accompany the offers including "Would you like it 'thumbs deep'? [Thankfully Pebbledash wasn't present! – Ed]

After, the smut which also had to include several referrals to coccyx, a nice beers & the snacks, it was time to resume the Trail, so the Hare marked the way back out to High Grove Way, though Noisy # & Mr X took an unofficial Short Cut after locking up, this was a walk down by the nearby school to spot the rest of the pack making their way over the River Purwell via a footbridge on to Walsworth Common Playground.

This area has had some work down since we last Hashed through here, it has an excellent small grassy bank that has rock-climbing holds to encourage kids to try & get into climbing, there was also a wide Slide, which with the Hash being the Hash soon had Ewok, Crusty Ring, Flying Solo, Elizabeth & Isabel all having a go down said shiny metal slide.

Sadly the zip-wire was being used by some civilian kids, but after the slide it was noticed that the large seat was free, as Mr X offered Crusty Ring a bunk up [Steady Pebbledash, uncle Panda's bad enough! – Ed] & Paxo helped Ewok on to the large wooden seat, then they had had to help them down after the pictures were taken so they could run the rest of the Trail.

The Trail continued south by southwest to leave the large green space & lead through the estate of Meadowbank & out onto the Cambridge Road, where a westerly turn would take the Pack on a narrow path with a long railing back under the railway line & on to the Walworth Road. Once around the strange, convoluted staggered junction via three crossings, the Pack arrived at a Held CHK by the start of the drive into Hitchin Railway Station.

The Hare had marked the CHK, there was an arrow pointing the way up the back passage of Burton's Path, or the Short Cut along the Walsworth Road. No Eye Deer & Sludge were two who took to the rising ginnel, then taking the south by southwest change on a longer stretch of alleyway with its red-brick walls to be on a parallel course to the SCBs, the only difference was that the series of jiggers would gently rise up to bring them out over Avenue Path to cross Highbury Road & come out on to the top of Windmill Hill, by the Girls School.

"I used to be stressed until I started yoga, you should try it!"



The SCBs were safely taken along the opposite side of the road from the Albert, a place of legend & some notoriety on the Herts Hash, then once by the Queen Mother theatre, those still on the level waved at the FRBS up on top of the Hill, it wouldn't be a Herts Hash in Hitchin if there wasn't Trail some Trail on Windmill Hill! It was now a short walk back across from the Market Place behind St Marys, then along by the British Schools Museum, where they have stern desks, chalk & slates from Sparky's era, & no doubt a stiff old cane or two?

Back at the On Inn & time to enjoy an Ale, though Mr X went & Purchased a Fanny Brambles Cider for Ewok, for she said she couldn't go to the Bar & order it, he also bought Flying Solo a bottle of the Bee-sting Perry. As he thought that it was apt after her experience. Both are really nice drinks, the Fanny Brambles being one he has had several time before, when he was been to the Sanford Orchard Cider Factory with Devon Hashes, such as Isca. It is named after Fanny's Lane, which runs out of Sanford Village & where they pick the Blackberries.

Soon, it was time to go out & hear more innuendo about the Hare's nuts, as he endeavoured to start off the Conker Competition under the garden shelter, but this year there was no Prince Garmin, with 'Bill the Beast' to win. [All conkers were drilled & strung by My Lil' so there could be no cheating! – Ed]

Conker Fact: The first recorded instance of a conker conkers dates only to 1848 on the Isle of Wight, when the imported Trees had become established, before that a similar game was played with snail shells.

There was a little change to the draw that took place, with Ewok & Crusty taking on each other for some Girls on Girl conkering action, wishing to swap with Mr X & Moisty who they were originally paired with.

Moisty had some good hits on Mr X's 'cheese-cutter' conker, which Mr X reckoned resembled his butt-cheeks [No way José! – Ed] but the big strikes only split Moisty's conker clean in two! As the rounds went on, Backpack & Michaela arrived but weren't up for partaking.

Conker Fact: Conkers have an unpleasant taste due to a chemical called aesculin, which is also mildly poisonous, horses can't eat them either, though the Victorians occasionally ground them down into flour for baking, washing in bicarbonate of soda to remove some of the bitterness.

The Circle was called halfway through the tournament & the Hare was awarded for a Good Run; Noisy # was out for hosting the Beer stop at her place. One of Flying Solo's girls was called out for the shrill screech at the Beer Stop, but Flying Solo was nominated in her place, which save a hit for the Wasp Sting! Tent Packer for flogging the Hash Winter Jackets, Moisty was out with Mr X after they were nominated by Crusty & Ewok

The numbers in the Conker contest were whittled down quicker this year, with Sludge & Tent Packer both falling to Mr X as he implemented the 'Stampsies' rule the Hare had allowed, this would lead to Mr X winning the Final. The RA was over the moon to win this & happy to except the new Trophy, aptly with a Covid Olympic theme. Again the Hare made sure that each round of losers received a chocolate Bar, Mr X shared his large winning bar, this soon was recognised as the best choccie bar there.



In honour of the Late Sloppy Seconds & previous Conker Champion, Ewok crafted a new Conker Headdress from the unused strung horse chestnuts for Mr X to wear after the victory, he would proudly wear this for the rest of the afternoon, though he did remove it when he went to the Albert for 'Old time sake'!

The broken & crushed conkers [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] were picked up, which leads to the last Conker Fact of the day: During the First World War, school children were asked by the Government to collect as many conkers, & acorns as they could, for cash, since there was a lack of available acetone, a key ingredient for making the explosive cordite. Acetone which can be extracted from conkers. All in all, a great day was had.

I had a fear of climbing Chestnut Trees. But now I have conkered it!!

James Fridman @fjamie013 Following

to me @hotmail.com

Hi Jamie,

Your humour and skills are awesome I love it.

Can you make my top not so revealing and maybe remove the beer in my right hand

James Fridman <fjamie013@gmail.com> Sure.

Hey there! 😊 are you able to edit this so I have wings?

Enjoy.

12:13 PM - 13 May 2018

12:14 PM - 12 Oct 2018

