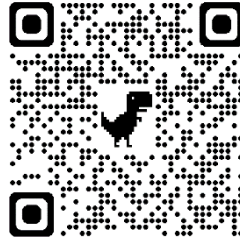


Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk



Run No.2003
02 October 2022
Venue: Neekalash Indian & the Hop-Box
Location: Letchworth Garden City
Beers/Cider: Ghandi's Flip-flop, Blind Poet, Frau Gruber Shakerato
Hare/s: Paxo
Runners: 9
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 3
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 13
Membership: Celebrating Ghandi's Jayanti



'Only Fools & Horses' Trigger on Gandhi:
"He made one great film and then you never saw him again..."

After the previous week's 2000th Weekend it seems that there was a bit of a Hash Hang-over, combined with some catching Covid & some going to, & even one partaking, in the London Marathon, the numbers were low. The figures could have been lower after some spent the previous night's drinking with Junior, TC & Rhino, but the RA bravely & somewhat gingerly made his way over to Ware, early enough to get some most needed 'Hair of the Dog' [Which acted as a bit of liquid pain-killer for his rib injury! – Ed]

The RA was met by My Lil' in the Waterside Bar, there they watched the world go by. As the time ticked around toward the hour, My Lil' spotted Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew making their way over the pedestrian crossing, with Pepé le Pew's day-glo shoes radiating brightly enough that could they be seen from some distance. These two would be found sitting on bench, above the River Lea Navigation, by the RA & Hare-raiser as they walked down toward Broadmeads Car Park.

Pepé le Pew said that the Webshite & the Hare line were obviously wrong as they thought that the R*n started from the Neekalash, but after a quick look at the on-line site he admitted that the start point was the Broadmeads Car Park & the blame was now off of Mr X.

It seems that Pepé le Pew was not the only one not to take heed of the Hare-line, for Sludge was parked over at the Kibes Lane Car Park & was rounded up after Paxo had gone into panic mode! His panic was short lived as eventually enough of a Pack were rounded up from the streets of Ware.

Fliptop could call the Circle together just after the hour! Then after the welcome it as over to Paxo, who as Hare let those gathered know what they could expect out there in Ware! He started with it was normal Herts Makings, there were short cuts but it would be a long run, with a drink stop, in order to keep the Hash out as the Indian Buffet would not be ready until a quarter past one!

The Trail would leave the car park [The one mentioned on the Hareline! – Ed] to cross the level crossing for Ware Station, thankfully there were no Trains on the way to bring the road barriers down, so the Hash passed over unhindered & not having to use the steep concrete steps. The Trail went over the New River & to the junction with the Hertford Road & then over the pedestrian crossing to the front of Hertfordshire Regional College.

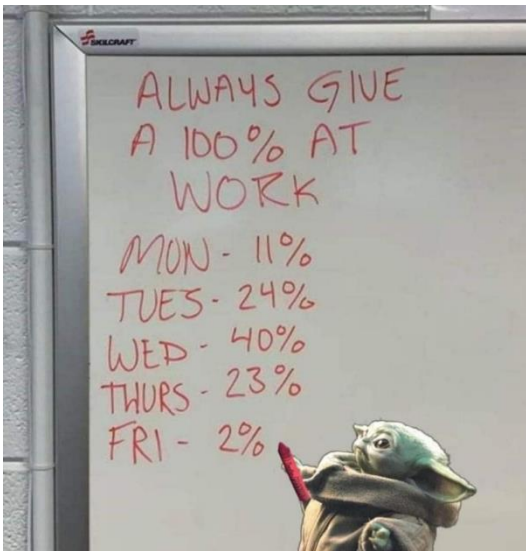
Once over the road Pepé le Pew went wrong as he headed away to the west, missing the blue arrow pointing toward the southeast & off by the Royal Oak Pub on London Road. Here a CHK was found & the Trail would be marked as a split, with the Keenies taking the long Trail up Walton Road to the southwest, while the SCBs continued along London Road to turn off just a bit further along on to Hoe Lane. Mr X wondered if the Hare had deliberately set the short cut by the Physiotherapy centre just for his benefit?

Pepé Pew led the way on a loop along the rising Walton Road, taking in the snaking bend & then off down the southern arm of the road, after a hair-pin turn on to Hoe Lane [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] it would be some 920 Yards until He, Milf & Pebbledash came down the steep hillside & over to Presdales Drive, where Paxo had already taken Mr X, My Lil', Sludge, Flanders, Fliptop & Teddy off earlier.

Meanwhile Flanders & Sludge, with Mr X, Fliptop & Teddy were allowed to be left to search & find the False Trail up the steep side street of Peters Wood Hill, there was some grumbling as they had to make their way back down to the CHK when My Lil' called "On!" from back on the junction with Presdale's Drive. At the end of the urban backstreet, the Trail would turn to the southwest & head up the rising dead end of Post Wood Road.

Once through the horizontal wooden bars that make up the entrance to Post Wood, a CHK was found. Two options lay ahead, the one away to the southeast would lead on a loop around inside Post Wood, an area famed for a **TBT OBE** Trail where he confused himself by setting a figure of Eight Trail & we all got lost! While My Lil', Fiptiop & Teddy set off on the loop, the other option up through the rising woodland was to the southwest, it was marked as a short cut, as Mr X, Flanders & Sludge made their way by the cacophony of yapping pooches out for a walk.

After the nice pleasant leaf rise up a wide hard-core path toward the western end of the woodland, a CHK was found by the gate leading out to the football pitches where Bury Rangers Football Club play. There were several football matches in progress to worked around. The Hare followed on behind the SCBs & pointed the way over the



soccer pitches, which was slightly convoluted as they made their way around the back of one pitch & then another to finally make their way over by the small mobile Breakfast Bar, some were tempted to stop for a cuppa but carried on out through the large kissing gate to Football Club's car park to section of Walnut Tree Walk that is a tarmac lane.

Care was needed along the edge of the narrow lane as a stream of cars came from both directions to pick up, or drop off, their little darlings at the soccer club. A couple of large cones to prevent parking in front of a house entrance, had the Pack stepping into the traffic & a shout of 'Petrol' went up as some drivers didn't know how to stick to a sensible speed limit.

Thankfully the Trail soon took to the safer option of the footpath that runs within the road side tree-line. As this began behind the fence-off homes, there were some interesting objects hanging from one of them that appeared to be some kind of hanging play equipment.

After a further 150 Yards the path would emerge out on to Hoe Lane, where a CHK was found. With the seemingly endless stream of traffic, it took a while to cross over to the west side of Hoe lane, where the footpath runs back, northward, toward Ware. Flanders & Sludge

had to be called back after they went on beyond the entrance to Hertford Rugby Club, for they were heading toward the Bar CHK on Hoe Lane, or worse still where the Keenies loop came around on the out Trail!

The Trail led on through the entrance to Hertford Rugby Club, which like its round ball counterpart was busy with cars coming & going. The Trail would turn to run behind the main stand, opposite which is the smaller & more basic Jamie George Stand, the Saracens Hooker must be proud of this honour by his old Club.

Mr X asked Sludge if he could take a picture of him, standing by yet another 'Physiotherapy Clinic' sign, as he was now convinced that the Hare was now taking the p*ss out of the aching ribs of the RA, which were hurting after all the laughing with Rhino, Junior & TC the night before.

On beyond the busy club house, time for some to recall one of Windmill's last Hashes up here a few years ago now. Most regular Hashers knew that there was an old exit out at the very northern end of the playing fields, it was a long 390 yards around the staggered edges of the playing fields as various homes to the east back on to it. On passed the sadly overgrown & neglected tennis courts to the long empty car park.

The gated access led out on to the dead end of the amusingly named Little Acres [Something to cheer up Pebbledash! – Ed] From here there was a splendid vista looking beyond the homes on top of the hill to the opposite side of the Lea Valley & to where Paxo lives high up on the sometimes 'snow-capped' Mount 'Tower Hill' in the distance.

A CHK was found the short distance to the junction with Warner Road, & then just over to the juxtaposed start of Middleton Road, where the Trail would take to a nice downhill suburban trot for some 240 Yards to almost the level the Hertford Road, where a Regroup was found by a Red Pillar Box. Pepé le Pew questioned why there was an 'R' within the Circle & not an 'RG' or an 'H' for our traditional Held CHK.

The Pack regrouped & after the Hare had been integrated, Flanders & Sludge took the easier option of heading down the few yards to the Hertford Road back to the Level Crossing, meanwhile the rest continue with the Trail that would take to Hillside, a side road that runs parallel to the Hertford Road that is hidden by a dense tree-line.

After 280 Yards to the west, on this gently turning street, the Trail finally reached the steps down through the trees to the bus stop. It was a bit weird walking down these steps, for not all of them were on the level & the hand-rail was clung to by most on the short descend to the main road, lots of moaning here about dodgy steps making aching ribs hurt & then a dash at over the almost blind bend in the busy road, but most vocal of all were the complaints about "We're heading away from the centre of Ware!"

Once over the road, the Trail would lead up to the entrance of the old pump-house across from the New River, on the way Mr X spotted one of the 'artworks' dotted along the New River's course, this one being a small figure of a mermaid on a horse, or as Pebbledash reckoned it was a Llama or Alpaca? It is actually 'Merhorse & Rider' by Isabel, No.21 of the 31 small Bronze Statues of the Chadwell Way Sculpture Trail, created by Children of the St John the Baptist School in Great Amwell a few years ago.

As regular readers know, the New River was constructed at the start of the 1600's to supply fresh drinking water to London, which it still does today, currently making up 8% of the Capital's drinking water. The Trail crossed the New River & headed away west by southwest along the edge of the New River, where the Hare had planned to have the drink stop.

The route of the turned to almost due-west as it approached the tomb like structure in the centre of this section of the New River, near to the source of the New River where it rises at Chadwell Spring on Kings Meads, then at last it was on to the 'White House' where the sluices are controlled from. Here the Pack were going to be treated to a glass of Ghandi's Flip-flop, a dry Cider (Hence the name) originating from near Baldock.

While Pack were awaiting the Hare, Fliptop & Teddy to arrive, they were intrigued at the sight of a Koi Carp swimming around in the New River, it was a large colourful thing & Milf managed to get a photo before the fish swam off in this fresh water.

More wildlife to be admired as a couple of Buzzards were spotted, silently gliding overhead kept the Pack entertained until Paxo eventually arrived to the mutterings of "Where is he with the drink?" & the Ghandi's Flip-flop was poured & enjoyed, at 6.7% it may have been too strong for some as it was miss pronounced as Ghandi's Fliptop! Thankfully it wasn't called Ghandi's Loin Cloth! [Stop milking that! & Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] an item of clothing

which he didn't wear when in his late 70s when he slept naked with his grandniece, when she was in her late teens. He said he wanted to test his willpower to abstain from sex.



Sparky's Ghandi's Flip-flops that sold for £19,000 at Auction

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born in 1869, he studied Law in London. He was given the title Mahatma (Great Soul) in 1914 in South Africa, a title that would lead to countless Music Hall jokes about leaving & getting Mahatmacoat!

Going back to talking of Fliptop, he too finally arrived, but Teddy was not as fair as he normally is, half of him was now a dirty brown-grey colour of silt. Apparently Teddy tried to drink from the New River, who could blame him as it's fresh from the chalk aquifer, but he didn't realise who deep the water way is & fell in. Fliptop had a job to hoik the poor pooch out, by the time he did, the HGM as ready for a Ghandi's Fliptop sorry Flip-flop, a drink that everyone seemed to enjoy.

Drinks almost finished, with the exception of Mr X who took the rest of his with him, but would later regret when he choked on a sip of Flip-flop & aggravated his aching ribs while trying to walk & drink at the same time. [Men, just don't try & multitask! – Ed]

The Trail would start its final leg as it headed north-eastward over the first section of Mill mead on a footpath cut through the longer wild grass & foliage to reach a footpath level crossing over the branch line to Hertford East, then on to the second section of sedge on Mill Mead over to Widows Mead.

Almost up to the tow path on the River Lea Navigation, but then the Trail turned back away on a south-eastern path over Widows Mead again & out the end of Broad Mead, that would move to the east & back to southeast to finally turn east one last time as it leads on to dead-end of the Broadmead Road to run back by the On Inn before the car park [Which was mentioned as the meeting place on the Hareline! – Ed]



With some time to kill, & after a lot of "shall we have the Down-downs or not?" It was decided that as we are not Sparky, the box of Blind Poet should be opened well before its use by date, it was an apt Ale to have as this lightly smoked Porter is brewed by the New River Brewery, its named after the eccentric & myopic Poet George Dyer, who, after an evening drinking at Charles Lamb's Home, lost his way & took a tumble into the New River in the early 1800's.

Anyhow, the difference of the Ghandi's Flip-flop from earlier, being so dry, made the Porter taste a lot smoother & this was enjoyed by the small Pack, as we were joined by Backpack & Michaela, who were meeting the Hash for the Indian Buffet. Most of the Pack were eager for Sis to arrive & for her to see the state Teddy was in, & which of the two owners would be taking the now two-tone pooch home!

Back to the Circle & the Blind Poet was enjoyed, even after Paxo started to strip off & change his clothes! Then after Fliptop had raised a toast to the Hash, the Down-Downs took place, with Paxo receiving his for an excellent Trail, also out were

Fliptop for his dog-dunking skills, Mr X for the excellent weather [At last recognition for the RA's work! – Ed] to name a few.

Soon it was time to walk over to the Neekalash where the Pack sat down to enjoy an excellent Indian buffet, which led to some gorging themselves & washing it down with a pint of Kingfisher. Ironically, you cannot purchase alcohol in India on Ghandi's Birthday.

After a couple of platefuls of the superb Indian food, it was probably a good thing that the £7.50 for a Half of 10% Frau Gruber Shakerato, in the Hop Box, slowed everyone up. It was also a chance for Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew to drop in on one of their Girls, who was starting her first shift behind the Bar!

I just found this old tape, so I gave it a play. I don't recommend it at all. Head Cleaner - worst band ever...



Granny knitted herself a sweater for those chilly nights coming soon



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