

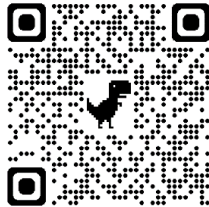
Herts
Hash
House
Harriers

Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk



We've bought a 'Twitter Blue Tick',
so it's all got to be all true!

Run No.2013
11th December 2022
Venue: Chez No Eye Deer
Location: Letchworth Garden City
Beers/Cider Hobgoblin Dice Man; St Peer's Plum Porter; Fuller's Black Cab
Old Rosie
Hare/s: No Eye Deer
Runners: 12
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 3
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 15
Membership: Wandering in a winter wonderland.



Fresh & frosty were the words for today, with the Hare sending out an early message on the Facebook page explain that heavy frost & bleached white flour are hard to distinguish! For two, who were out on the Full Moon Hash the day before, this would be more compounded with what was described as 'Full Moon Fatigue'. At least they were saved the walk down from the Railway Station, as Whatevershesays was out (doing whatevershesays) shopping at Sainsbury's & offered a greatly accepted lift.

The Pack began to assemble, with two Birthday Boys arriving, one was Paxo who's Birthday it was, the other celebrant was TBT OBE as his would be the following day, which led to a guessing game of whether any Birthday Cake would have a Happy 84th Birthday inscribed in icing upon it?

Anyhow, the Hare had been rather resourceful & had managed to purloin some red powder paint to add to the flour & give this a pink hue, but No Eye Deer was concerned as to whether it would stand out enough? The Hash would soon find out after they had Circled up in the garage, where they would enjoy a nice shot of warming port, poured by Fliptop who had a steadier hand than two of the Circle! Something to enjoy with a welcoming toast from the HGM & a chorus of Hashy Birthday to Paxo & TBT OBE!

The pink H4 outside of Chez No Eye Deer was pretty visible, but for the rest of the Trail it may be rather different? The Hare pointed the way over to Greenway but the Dust seemed to be a bit sparse as the Keenies spread out to search for one of the myriad of paths & alleyways that interlink all of these cul-de-sacs & side roads of south Letchworth.

Having searched the eastern arm of Greenway, Mr X came back to follow Paxo around on to the western arm, there flour was found & "On!" was called. Mr X, My Lil' & Moss Key Toe led the way out from the dead-end & on to a CHK on the edge of the Letchworth Road. Recalling a previous Trail around this 'neck of the woods' Mr X followed the Dust around on to the Willian Road as it heads away from the village & away to the southwest.

It wasn't long before they left the short section of bare earthen path worn in the gassy verge as Dust led over to the footpaths in the corner of a field to the south. Here Mr X's luck would run out as he started out on the correct south by south-eastern footpath but with the thick frost covering much of the ground he pulled up after going as far as he thought he needed to find the Trail, so it was back to begin a fruitless search along the northern edge of the field, where My Lil' & Moss Key Toe had begun to look on after seeing the RA come back.

Back to head sou-sou-east to the outside of the Willian Arboretum & on to a CHK by the corner of the woodland, with a line of poplars leading away to the west that act as a wind-break separating two of the Farm fields. From here TBT OBE went wrong as he searched in the Arboretum, it was down to Milf to find the Trail heading away by the poplars.

Those who had gone wrong now had to get by Paxo, Veronique, Sis, Fliptop & Teddy as they tried to make up the lost ground on Milf, however, at the end of the 250 Yard trot Milf had stopped to take some action shots of the other FRBs running toward her & the CHK on the farm track that runs from northwest to southeast. Pictures taken & Moss Key Toe decided that the northwest option was worth a look at? But he would soon be called "On!" as Milf chose the opposite, correct, south-eastern choice.

280 Yards on a path between the crop fields, the scene was an atmospheric misty one, with the fog hanging around as there was no breeze to clear the air, even the sun was just a large blurred disc in the heavens & it didn't look as that even this would burn off the mist. Nearing the end of the track, Mr X mentioned that it was around here that two fliers were killed around the World War I era, then they came across the information board that explained about how the two airmen of The Royal Flying Corp No.3 Squadron died, the nearby crash site is marked on by a stone memorial on the opposite side of the Wymondley Road.

The Deperdussin was approaching the 'alighting' area, which was part of a 100 acre field in Willian (owned by Mr Walter Brett, then landlord of the George and Dragon public house in Graveley) which had been prepared for its arrival. There was some excitement locally – these astonishing machines still created a stir everywhere just by flying

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST REEF SALE.

7d. 1/6. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1912. GOSWOLD, WILTSHIRE.

TERRIBLE AIR FATALITY AT THE MANOEUVRES: TWO BRITISH OFFICERS DASHED TO DEATH NEAR HITCHIN YESTERDAY.



over a town or village, and now one was going to actually land here on the edge of the new Garden City. As a result, when Capt Hamilton passed over Stevenage and began his descent, hundreds of eyes were upon him. There were many, therefore, who witnessed with horror what happened next.

Nearly all estimated that the aircraft was at about six hundred feet when the trouble began. Some claimed to have seen one of the aviators fall from the aircraft to his death some time before the machine began its final dive. One said it 'plummeted to earth like a dart', another that it 'fluttered to the ground like a bird shot on the wing'. However, most agreed that the 100hp Gnome rotary engine, capable of producing speeds of 70 knots, was giving the pilot trouble well before the crash dive. It was clear, too, that the port wing folded and collapsed while the pilot, his engine having cut out, was desperately trying to reduce height for an emergency landing.

Instead, his aircraft virtually disintegrated in mid-air and fell into a thick hedge at the bottom of Mr Brett's meadow. "I saw the aircraft wobbling about," he was to tell the coroner later. "It dipped and then came a report like a gun: Then the aircraft seemed to collapse altogether. I was too horrified to look any more ... I ran down and found the officers lying with the machine on top of them.' Both had died immediately upon impact.

The official accident report is somewhat more sparing and unemotional in its language. In summary it said that at 0710 hrs as the aircraft passed above Graveley it suffered a fracture of the

engine's valve operating gear. This in turn caused the flailing push rods to dislodge the bonnet, which normally protected the aviators from the generous spray of Castor oil. This in turn severed the monoplane wing bracing wires causing the port wing to fold, and the aircraft to plummet to the ground – instantly killing both aviators.

Brooke Popham was notified of his colleagues' fate soon afterwards and hurried to the scene to organise the recovery and have the bodies conveyed to the mortuary attached to St Saviours Church in Hitchin. The memorial service was followed by a full military procession escorting the gun carriages carrying the two coffins to Hitchin Railway Station. Capt Hamilton's coffin returned to Hythe, Kent and Lt Wyness Stuart's wife accompanied this coffin to Mells in Somerset. A full Military Burial was carried out at Hythe for Hamilton and for Wyness Stuart in the village of Great Elm near Mells.

On the 100th Anniversary in 2012, Senior officers from RAF Coningsby attended a Parade & memorial event at the small stone obelisk, which is also believed to be the first public memorial, raised by public subscription to remember individual members of the armed services who died under military orders.

The Trail would run behind the hedge, which obscured the memorial, keeping the Hash on the farmland side of the Wymondley Road as it head back to the Arboretum & on to find an arrow pointing the way over the larger eastern section of Manor Wood. A nice trot through the woodland to reach the car park, but not before stopping to look at the carving of Telford Moreton (1916-2001) a local Letchworthian who had a passion for horticulture, hence his figure rising out of the large lettuce like leaves, hewn from an old tree trunk.

On the way through the car park there was a distinct odour of burning plant materials, & not leaves that Telford Moreton would be familiar with, it was an exotic Fragrance de BMW. A CHK was found by the wooden railings by the entrance & as Mr X went on search on the opposite side of Roxley Court Lane, by the home for the black cattle in their field, Milf called him back, before realizing there was a CHK there, so it was second time lucky & the RA found the Dust heading toward the nearby Manor farm, where it run from north to east & out along the edge of the farmland.

The compressed stony path lead away toward the A1(M) which could not be seen in the distance due to the mist limiting the visibility. Milf & Mr X were first up this way, though Mr X did stop at the junction where another path left to head way to the north on another side of the farmyard, but Dust was found further eastward & both they fell foul of the Hare's cunning plan to catch the Keenies out as they found a Bar CHK!

Mr X & Milf went on beyond the line of pink flour with Mr X pointing out the sloes in the thorny hedgerow, stating that they'd be good for picking for gin now there has been a heavy frost. This lured Moss Key Toe to the Bar CHK, then My Lil' & the latter didn't look that pleased at being led on to the tricky device, which did keep the Pack together!

Heading back, the FRBs could see the Hare marking the way back to the north, where Sis, Veronique, Fliptop & Teddy, were being followed up by Chuckle Brothers of the Birthday Boys of Paxo & TBT OBE. It was a 230 Yard trot up to the end of the next field, before the Trail turned again from north to east, with My Lil' leading the way for the 190 Yards to the next turn in the jig-saw like shape of the field's contours.

Fliptop stopped to break the thick ice on a puddle for Teddy to take a drink, while Milf stopped ahead to take some 'atmospheric pictures of the National Grid pylons shrouded in the greyed out background. The Keenies moved on & were soon searching up toward the old single-track Bray Cottages Lane, My Lil', Mr X, Milf & Moss Key Toe were called back by the Hare, as the Trail continued a wee bit further to the east, before disappearing through a gap in the hedge. As the FRBs ventured on to the old tarmac lane, behind there were calls of "Teddy!" as an out of control

pooch ran amok. Attempts by the Keenies to catch Teddy failed, he was far too quick & he eventually ran back to Fliptop when Scooby Snax were now on offer!

A CHK was found on the Bray Cottages Lane, then just a matter of feet to the east the Trail was found leading a few degrees east off of due north between the cultivated farm field to the east & the plush green grass of the meadow to the west. The Keenies were now embarking on a 660 yard trot as the field becomes hemmed in by the Baldock Lane to the northwest.

The Keenies would now breakaway from the rest as they reached a CHK up at the end of Baldock Lane & the junction on to Letchworth Gate. Mr X initially went wrong as he crossed over & searched toward the path leading between Farthing Drive & Dents Close, but he was called back as Milf, Moss Key Toe & My Lil' who had gone around on to the main road & picked up the Trail heading on beyond the roadside brick 'Letchworth' sign to reach an arrow pointing to a footpath away to the southwest. Milf went beyond this, perhaps it was the lure of the Ambulance Station up that way? Milf was called back as the other three made their way on to the first of the many back-passages of Letchworth Garden City, they would be taken up!

Now, as good as this Scribes memory is, the Trail would lead through to Penn Way & then turn in an area where the homes look very similar in design & even more so with everything covered in a heavy frost, but he does recall the Trail making its way off around Blackmore, as he wondered how long it will be before angry online snowflakes demand its name is changed? If that wasn't bad enough, the Trail seemed to be moving away for the direction of the On Inn, taking the FRBs up a back-passage toward Bell Acre. For My Lil' this would be a Ball Acre, as he found another Bar CHK off on the way through to Letchworth Gate again!

With a face like Churchill on the new £5 notes, a grumbly My Lil' turned back to take the crossing footpath which would emerge out in to Bell ~~End~~ Acre, then a quick turn to take to a long path running through the wooded area & behind the back of homes on Howard Drive to come out through the edge of one of the many green open space & then back to Penn Way. A turn westward to run along a swan-neck way to pass by a 1980's post box that looks like a bright red WWII Bomb before reaching the western end of Howard Way.

The last leg of the Trail was about to be undertaken, turning into the small area where the Dust led on by the front of the Lordship shops, here My Lil' groaned at each of the three sets of three steps he had to climb to reach to be taken up the back passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] through by the School grounds & out into Fouracres to the On Inn.

Back at Chez No Eye Deer & in to the garage, where Mr X & My Lil' found that Whatevershesays had bought some rather nice Stouts to be supped, it was greatly appreciated! With the four Keenies were quite away ahead of the rest, especially TBT OBE who had gone wrong somewhere back before Letchworth Gate.

Before the SCBs made it Inn, Flying Solo & She Wolf arrived after doing a part of the Trail, after Flying Solo (Allegedly) tricked She Wolf into turning out for the Hash under false pretences! TBT OBE only just made around in about the same time as Veronique, Paxo, Sis, Fliptop & Teddy came in with the Hare who swept up the end of this great Trail.

Flanders & Sludge arrived, just in time for the turkey stuffing balls (Cheesy Poof like snacks) accompanied with peanuts, & more importantly the hot mulled wine! There would be a wait for the hot sausage rolls, as (Allegedly) [Is this Have I got News for you with all of these 'allegedlies'? – Ed] Whatevershesays had turned the oven off when he had finished warming the Mulled Wine on the hob, a nice bit of Christmas Spirit that TBT OBE seemed to be lacking today!

The Circle was called out in the garage while the oven warmed up again & the sausage rolls were back cooking! So, the Hare was awarded her Hit for an excellent Trail, which caught out a few of the old hands, who thought they'd know where they were going!

Paxo & TBT OBE were out for being the Birthday Boys & they were followed by Moss Key Toe for his finding out what a Bar CHK was! Then it was My Lil', whose face was a picture when he found not one but two Bar CHKs. [Just think of Edvard Munch's the Scream! – Ed]

Back to the living room & time for some jolly music, since Noddy Holder has already been heard to scream out "It's Christmas" on the wireless but TBT OBE was definitely lacking the Seasonal Spirit as he bemoaned Whatevershesays trying to put on Festive Tunes & with a blunt "I hate Christmas music!" the old humbug 'out humbugged' My Li' & Whatevershesays & promptly unplugged No Eye Deer's TV to kill off the cheerful festive tunes!

Moss Key Toe came to the rescue as he play a Christmas mix of music on his phone, which included Wham's 'Last Christmas' so the Hashers present were now officially 'Whamageddoned' something Mr X has managed until now but which was still more fun than no music

at all!

Time came around for the snacks, crisps, hot rolls, hot sausage rolls, pate, chees & pineapple silver skin pickled onions, pickle, dips & some green & orange bits!

**£7.50 to see Father Christmas!
Waited in the queue for ages for
a ONE-minute meeting and a
proper rubbish toy, what a rip-
off, FUMING!! 😡
So glad I never took the kids 😞**

