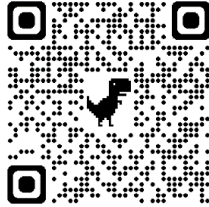


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No.2014
19th December 2022
Venue: Railway Belle
Location: New Barnet
Beers/Cider Greede King Abbot, Citra & something else that was a tad bland!
Hare/s: Mr X
Runners: 6
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 1
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 8
Membership: Best Crimbo Jumpers on Ice!



It was never expected to be a large turnout this morning, with being so close to the festivities of the season, where the location was & of course the weather of cold, icy snowy conditions. Though the way things started off for the Hare it was a close thing that there was a Trail at all.

After one cancelled Train, due to it being vandalized, then further postponements & delays to the 'Stopping Services' with the after-effects of the previous days strike & one train now out of service. Eventually he & My Lil' ended up with Great Northern ordering a Taxi to fetch them from Welwyn Garden City to New Barnet. Arriving in time for the Hare to have just over an hour to dash around & set the Trail.

A change of plan to the original Trail was needed as the going out there while setting the Trail was hard work with things become slipperier in some places as he reached the halfway point. He would arrive back with around 10 minutes to spare but after all of the conditions out there, Mr X finally fell over on Black Ice right outside of the Railway Tavern, as he stupidly attempted to peer through the window to see what Ales they had on in there!

After using a disinfectant wipe to clean his cut hand, from Milf's First Aid Box that surprisingly had no plasters in there, the Hare finally got around to the Circle outside of the Railway Belle. Mr X told of short cuts, a sweet stop, normal Hash markings in a mixture of sawdust & flour which resembles hamster puke, finally that he may cut a part of the Trail off as it was dodgy when he set it, & that was about it as he directed the Hash away to the southwest to pass under the railway bridge the mainline to Kings Cross runs upon, to find a CHK by the Railway Tavern.

From here My Lil' searched the obvious choice of the footpath heading away north by northwest along the side of the railway embankment, for the likes of My Lil' he would very familiar with this footpath having been up & down it many times over the years, but this would be a Falsie.

So, the Trail would be found by Fliptop, Paxo beyond the Railway Tavern & off on to Lytton Road, where the Pack would hear a grinding noise that was the local Plumbing shop's metal shutter being jammed, no doubt frozen up on one side to have it part open at an angle. The paths here were remarkably clear, with the locals having removed the worst of the snow.

For My Lil' would now have a shiver run down his spine, not due to the cold weather but he had to go by the Arati Tandoori Indian Restaurant where, after one Hash in these parts, some went for a meal & thanks to Mark E Mark My Lil' ended up with an orange pip wedged deep in one of his ear canals, something that caused a lot of pain & he had to go to Hospital to have it removed!

When you lean a little too far back on the ladder while hanging the Christmas lights



The Hash now had to make their way some 260 Yards down the urban side road to turn around on to Bulwer Road & the down Shaftesbury Avenue. The Pack were taken up the name sake of the more famous London Street & at the end of the estate green the next CHK was located on the junction with Boleyn Way & Cromer Road. Arrows were spotted by My Lil' a few yards away to the southwest, where a short footpath led on to the 90° elbow in the footpath that runs around the back of the local allotments & two choices at the CHK there.

Northward, or westward? Westward won out & the Trail took the Hash on a 230 Yard trot on the most dodgy, slippery section of Trail, so far, but at last there was chain-link fencing & concrete posts to grab a hold of & cling on for dear life, before emerging by the first snow man to be seen of the day on the way out to Clifford Road & another CHK! Now the choice was north or south! This time it was the short southern choice that the Trail was found on, right on the junction where it joins Potters Road.

From here the Pack pottered along Potters Road, a suburban street for 176 Yards to reach the junction where Woodville Road leads away to the North] So, Milf & Moss Key Toe were called back to find My Lil' & Paxo had found the Trail up Woodville Road (Named after Elizabeth Woodville [One of the original She Wolves of England – Ed] & then a western turn on to Bosworth Road, the street names around here are named after the Wars of the Roses characters & events. The original streets in New Barnet were named after Royal Dynasties, Kings & Queens, Dukes, Earls, many connected with the War of the Roses.

170 Yards along to the west & the going was easy, for there whole length of the footpath had been gritted. Mr X now wondered why this area of Barnet had the paths gritted, unlike the other parts of the borough? The pavements were even where the FRBs of Milf, My Lil' & Moss Key Toe followed the arrows up Norfolk Road to the north, then around the elbow for the FRBs to see more snowmen along to the west, before reaching the CHK near the dead-end, there were two options, head northward to Tudor Road, or south through down a back-passage to Bosworth Road once again.

South down the gritted set of steps it was, to catch a glimpse of the SCBS of Paxo & Fliptop making their way up to the end in the road & out in to the corner of the park area of Shirebourne stream end of the park.

A CHK here had two real options, northward or north-westward, it would be the northwest choice on the 'London Loop' but the Hare called for the rest to follow him for a bit as he was cutting a section out & this would start a long trot up through the green space with wooded areas on either side, the section cut out was in the parkland where it becomes King George's Fields, another of the open spaces & playing fields named in honour of George V for his reign through World War I.

The now impromptu section of Trail was marked by the Hare, cutting out the original route on through the thicket along by the waterway, for the small & narrow wooden footbridge of just a couple of wooden planks was now deemed too much of a hazard for it had no handrails, so the diversion would lead up to the top of the snow covered hillside dotted with giant snow balls that had been rolled down the steep slope.

Sledge tracks criss-crossed the white slope as the Pack now could break out from a walk & jog on to where the next CHK which was found near an old kissing gate in the tree-line upon the plateau. While Milf started off in the wrong direction, My Lil' was quickly though the gate to find the Trail, before she could catch him for a kiss, everyone else got through without having to pucker up.

The Trail soon had no snow at all, as the drips of water & shelter from the canopy of the line of oaks make sure what little ha settled was now almost been washed out. Meaning the hamster puke mix was really visible along the way to the old pavilion of the enclosed football pitches.

A CHK was discovered by the corner of the pavilion, from where My Lil' had run off up toward the footpath at the North end of the sports ground, this old route between two of the large properties has been used before on previous Hashes, as it run on by what was once Spike Milligan's Home & up to Hadley Wood, but Moss Key Toe was on the right Track by heading back away southward & down to the urban street of Tudor Road, where the arrows pointed the way to the east, & keeping the Pack just a street away from the out Trail.

A straight 400m Yards along more of the gritted footpath on the suburban streets, crossing three cross roads, on the way the Pack passed by the Hadley Arms Hotel, a place Moss Key Toe knows from the past & Mr X form a Hash there many years ago as well. Mr X now came up with a theory of why the paths on these streets were gritted, it was that they were gritted as a local Councillor must live in the vicinity & that the cleared paths would lead from his house to the Hadley Hotel Bar?

The Hare had told the Pack to "Hold the next Check!" over by the start of the drive into Tudor Park Sports Ground for the Sweet Stop were there was a battle for, well, just the type of Allsorts that Tent Packer has a perchance for, yes those knobbly aniseed jelly ones.

Unfortunately for My Lil' they had all gone by the time the bag had been passed around to him! Here there was also a chance for Milf to take another photo with a snowy scenic panorama & the last snowmen of the Trail. As Fliptop has played Cricket here, he requested a shot with pavilion in the background for Sis, since she used to keep score there. Mr X jokingly pointed out that it had Fliptop's birth year of 1920 in the Cipher for Tudor Cricket Club.

A large bird of prey circled above the Pack, was it expecting one to fall in the winter conditions & become easy picking? Time to move on & not find out! The original Trail was to take to the Bakers Lane section of Hadley Common woodland an area where on Easter Run had all the crème eggs stolen, not by Squirrels but by local yoofs, luckily the Hare still had an unopened box full on him that day, but this would take longer to get around in such conditions.

The Trail was now heading straight over the deep snow of the 'Foot-golf' which had a slight drop down at one point & then over to the south-eastern corner of the park & out on to the footpath. A southward run straight down by the railway line, had the odd dodgy spot of compacted snow until reaching the steps that lead up to the caged-in footbridge spanning the main line railway. Again the Hare had also changed his mind here as the steps



Kids these days have it so easy seeing England just casually score 3 goals per game in the World Cup. Back in my day, England scored 3 goals in a tournament, 1 of which I missed because itv played a car advert instead of the goal

21:31 · 04/12/2022 · Twitter for iPhone

484 Retweets 30 Quote Tweets 10.7K Likes



looked absolutely treacherous, & he did see a civilian struggle getting down these, he told Mr X that the opposite steps where just as bad!

The Trail was now no longer heading over toward what was the old Gas works & in to the corner of Victoria Park, & then out by the Nursery & Windmill's old Running Club. Instead everyone were to stick with the long footpath behind the last of the homes & then back beyond an abandoned cycle, which looked in good condition & some abandoned kids clothes to pass the On Inn.

The return under the railway bridge would see more black ice, now causing issues in the exposed street, especially as things began to melt & there was a light bit of drizzle falling! No fallers or potential carrion, so it was into the Pub, where disappoint ruled as they had no coffee but worse the best Ales were not on either!

With, thankfully no more falling over, there was just one Down-Down for the Hare & he was congratulated in getting a Trail set out in such conditions, after which Lofty popped by to see the Pack before Christmas. Mr X had phoned Sparky to catch up with him, but Sparky couldn't send long on the phone as he was dealing with a leak in his neighbour kitchen [A Christmas Miracle thought the RA? – Ed] Mr X also called Bus Stop to see if she was venturing down to the Railway Belle, but she had Flu & was spending the weekend tucked up & doing some needle work..

Below is a post from Aberdeen Hash what made I larf.....

In the absence of a responsible member of the committee and after being delegated by Flaps I sent a grovelling letter on behalf of AH3 to the residents of Rosebank, Maryculter to apologise for those inconsiderate hashers who invaded their cul-de-sac two weeks ago. Copy below as recited in today's circle .

On On

Shaky

=====

Dear Sir or Madam,

On behalf of Aberdeen Hash House Harriers, I would like to apologise for any inconvenience or frustration caused by a few of our members who parked their cars in 'Rosebank' during our run of 30th October. We aspire to be a quasi-responsible group that respects the property on and in the vicinity of our trails although admittedly, some of our SCBs don't care who they upset as long as they get to the beer first.

Some of our members are getting old and their eyesight is fading so they didn't see your piddly little 'residents only' parking signs, or that's their story and they are sticking to it; perhaps it would help if you made them larger. At least by parking on your lawn they didn't block the road; I'm sure the grass will grow back next spring. The lippy young one was their ringleader and is a real troublemaker; we are still struggling to keep her under control so please don't follow up on your empty threats as it may harm her rehabilitation. Just remember, she knows where you live!

Be assured that we view this sort of abhorrent behaviour with utter contempt and the miscreants will be suitably dealt with. Unfortunately drawing and quartering has been outlawed but we still have the option of public shooting or leaving them to rot while tied to a urinal. If you would like to watch or help us meet out their punishment you are welcome to join us on our next run. £3 paid to our cashier on arrival will get you a front row seat.

In closing I can only apologise once more. I only wish I could tell you it won't happen again but that would be really effing dumb of me. If you wish to discuss this further, please do not hesitate to contact Malcom 'Barberella' Murray through the same sneaky channels you used previously as he can be relied on. To ignore you and pass the buck.

Yours faithfully,

A Hasher

p.s. See you next year sometime, maybe.

