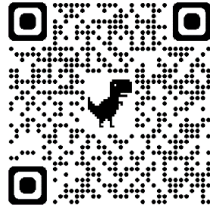


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No.2015
27th December 2022
Venue: Chez 3D et Slug
Location: Melbourn
Beers/Cider Abbott Ale, Banks Mild
Hare/s: 3D et Slug
Runners:17
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 4
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 22
Membership: Dining on Christmas Left overs & chewed hats



As with Christmas Pressies, the same could apply to Hashers!

When you buy goods, they must be...

S atisfactory quality	F it for purpose
A s	A nd last a
D escribed	R easonable length of
	T ime

If not, they're **FAULTY**



With the mere mention of après Trail food you could bet your bottom dollar that numbers attending would increase, even with the delayed start to allow those catching what was on the first Train out of London, Hashers were content to wait for those who were delayed due to the recent Strike Action to arrive at 12:10 Hrs, with Slug driving to Meldreth to pick them up.

The afore mentioned aftermath of the Train Strike had the Hares were happy to put the start time back, this was agreed on Saturday, so Mr X only had that afternoon to get the message out to one & all via email & Facebook, now he's back in on that particular Social Media Platform! Of course, not everyone reads the Hash Social Media or emails [Probably not many at all? – Ed]

Zing-a-long-a-max missed all the Hareline updates & arrived well before for 11:00Hrs, but at least he could wait at Chez 3D et Slug until the rest arrived at a more sensible time. If you were wondering how My Lil' Luddite found out about the changes, well he was sitting next to Mr X in the Pub when 3D rang the RA & started working on updating the Pack with Social media there & then!

The Circle was called outside in the garden, where our Hosts had set up glasses for a warming shot of Port with which to toast this Christmas Left Over Trail, with TBT OBE doing the honours of welcoming everyone to the correct Run Number, he had to get that correct as he had conferred with the RA on this subject just minutes earlier to check. At least there was a good display of Santa Hats & Christmas outfits, with the exception of My Lil' Humbug who claimed Christmas was over, the RA said not in the orthodox calendar which falls on 7th January 2023

After the toast, the Hares were called forward to explain what was out there for the Pack? Usual Hash markings the Hash was informed, then they were ushered out to make their way on to New Road, on the way out there was some schoolboy chuckling from some, at the news that the new addition to the family 'Slug', Sally, had nipped Mrs TBT OBE! Sally is only a puppy still, so these things do happen.

The Trail was marked with an arrow to the southeast along New Road, with Flying Solo soon shooting by in the road to take up the lead to reach the First CHK opposite Clear Crescent, a side street from which the late arriving Des Res was coming out of after parking up there.

Des Res was quickly turned about by the Pack heading his way, 'On! was called that way by Flying Solo. TBT OBE stopped & sat on someone's garden wall to remove something from inside his shoe. [No it wasn't his foot or his sock that was annoying him! – Ed] On the opposite side of the street, Mr X had also stopped & sat on the low wall there as he too had his shoe off to remove a unwanted wayward toenail clipping, which he thanked his lucky stars was his own & not one of Sparky's. [Whoa too much information! – Ed]

Flying Solo followed the Trail around on the end of the short spur to the main arms of the crescent, turning northwest from the playground & then around a series of back streets. The FRBs now broke away, as Flying Solo, Zing-a-long-a-max, Milf, My Lil', Mr X, TBT OBE, Des Res, Underfelt & Port would soon build up a big gap on Kylie, Sludge, Flanders, Pepé le Pew, Pebbledash with the Hares of Slug & 3D.

The Trail ran via Palmers Way, north-westward to Medcalfe Way to reach a CHK where this joins at a T junction with Orchard Road. Mr X was encouraged by a couple of local ladies, out for a walk, to put some effort in & try to catch up with the rest who had just passed them by. Interestingly Orchard Road wasn't always named so, up until the 1960's it was called Back Street. On the 1886 Ordinance Survey Map there are only a handful of buildings there, like the School & Baptist Church, the rest of the area either side is spilt up in to long enclosed Orchards, however the cast concrete stink pipe the Hash passed by is an original from way back then.

Of the two options at this CHK, the Northeast choice was correct & the FRBs now embarked on the long trot from Orchard Road to Russet Way, with a CHK around halfway along at the junction with Norgett's Lane & Orchard Way, here Flying Solo went wrong by searching Norgett's Lane while the rest followed Milf to where the road curves around to the north to complete the full 590 Yards.

The Keenies found themselves at a CHK on the south side of the Cambridge Road, opposite the Science Park. Here it was decided to hold the CHK for a wee while to allow the SCBs to catch up with them. Once Pepé le



Pew & Pebbledash had come around the corner, the FRBs began to search again, with Zing-long-a-max, Mr X, TBT OBE & Underfelt all heading along the Cambridge Road back toward the Centre of Melbourn & they would find the Trail.

Zing-along-a-max was soon on his way on to the High Street & calling "On! On!" as he ran around by the 'Corner House' a distinctive old whitewashed stone building with its black window frames & door, then on to the Moor. Now the Hash were being led Northward & then on along the turn in the Moor to pass by Melbourn Village College. After 300 yards Zing-a-long-a-max found the next CHK, from which he & then Flying Solo searched through the gate to the south of the Bowling Green.

Mr X wasn't as sure & after a brief, but long enough look on the drive to the Moor Playground, he continued on up the Moor [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] since he knew there were footpath options at the end of the dead-end tarmac lane, footpaths there may be on the farm land to the north but it wasn't going to be any Dust there this time around. Mr X was called back as Milf & others behind called "On!" on the drive to the west, then taking a respite at a Held CHK in the small car park by the Nursery School.

Here Milf wanted to get a picture of the Pack by the sign for 'Emergency Service Vehicles Only' which Mr X thought should be sponsored by Costa Coffee. The Keenies had to wait for quite a while for Captain Slow Kylie to put in an appearance, so Milf occupied herself with trying to get a picture of My Lil'. As he kept moving about to avoid his portrait being taken. Eventually the rest arrived, more mug-shots were taken & then FRBs could search again.

The Keenies picked up the scent leading into the Sports Ground on the tarmac path that leads up to the Pavillion, there another CHK was found. Des Res, Zing-a-long-a-Max & Mr X chose to search through the Queen's Golden Jubilee Orchard & up to the A10 by the river Mel, however Zing-along-a-max was soon back saying that there was no sign of Dust under the bridge over the river. This was corroborated by TBT OBE who met up with them after he searched the parallel path inside the wooded track beside the bank of the Mel.

Having turned back, those now off-Trail found the CHK marked to the south, with the rest well on their way over the end of 'The Field of Dreams' as the Melbourn FC's pitches are known. The Trail passed through the tree-line to run beside the river a short way before cutting over the grass to the next CHK by the elbow junction of two tarmac paths, which run around from the Holy Trinity Church & Vicarage around the back of the houses on Station Road.

My Lil' went wrong toward the Church, but he soon had the bit between his teeth as he scuttled up the back passage to descend a few steps on to Station Road, with a swift turn to the northwest passing opposite the picturesque Sheene Mill & over the River Mel, here the RA noticed that in the river reeds & weeds by the bridge was a single slice of white bread & a bottle of Glens Vodka. Is this how the locals catch fish?

The Trail would run along old Station Road to a CHK where the Paxo, TBT OBE & Flying Solo were going to look over on the new Station Road to the west, but they were suddenly caught dithering around in the traffic as "On!" was found a little further up the old route, the others were now on their way on the old footpath that branches off of the road & heads under the A10 bridge with its colourful graffiti, here Mr X was captured straddling a bollard [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] on a course out into the edge of the farm land & on toward Meldreth Station.

Milf, Flying Solo, Des Res, Zing-a-long-a-max all made their way out into the fields by Valley Farm but they stopped when a Bar CHK was found, instead My Lil' & then Mr X picked up on the others' misfortune, since they were right upon the start of the southwest footpath that runs between the A10 & what was once a piggery at Valley Farm.

After 250 Yards on this straight as a die footpath, they came out to the new Station Road again, where the SCBs of Paxo & TBT OBE were seen coming around from this newer route to spot another Held CHK which Sludge, Flanders & Pepé le Pew were waiting at by the Fieldgate Nurseries Garden Centre.

When asked if it was clear to cross this blind bend, Pepé le Pew, who could clearly see any approaching traffic from either direction, jestingly replied "You take your chances!" Thankfully others spoke up to say it was clear to dash over for the Sweet Stop. Still some appeared not to have much faith in their Hash comrades on their dash over.

Safely over & regrouped most of the Hash didn't seem too bothered in moving on once the wine gums had been munched upon, perhaps they were enjoying the warmer weather, in a contrast form the previous Trail some like Flying Solo had to take off a layer due to the far more clement weather.

Mr X & My Lil' who may have been in need of some Hair of the Dog? Had started making tracks along the 500 Yard southwest bound footpath with thicket tree lines on either side, separating the A10 from the Millpond that used to feed the old Corn Mill & farm land to the west.

Mr X was first to CHK at the end of the path, & also to brave the dash over the busy A10 to find Dust on the concrete block to prevent vehicular access to the next section of footpath, on a wide track which ran along the top of one enclosure, turning southward on the outside corner to head down by two more animal paddocks before the way becomes the rough old tarmac of Bury Lane, with a few old half buried cat's eyes frames to avoid on the way down by Melbournbury.

After lucky 666 Yards with no mishaps, the Trail would reach a CHK where the Bury Lane joins the Royston Road, Mr X was rapidly being caught by the other FRBs but he managed to get away for a few more yards as he had an inkling from a previous Trail that the way to nip across over to the wood on the south of the Royston Road, where there were picture & snippets of the Gruffalo story by Julia Donaldson.

Here Milf caught up, as did Flying Solo who soon got ahead these two, for they stopped to take pictures of the Christmas Animal Trail set within the wood, seems that the Gruffalo story has disappeared or given way to the Christmas Trail on the way through to the eastern end? The two large fallen trees with their shallow chalky root bowl were still there from our last visit.

The Trail emerged out on to the junction of Back Lane & the Royston Road High Street, Port now ran by, with his Ing gait he would soon be tracking down Flying Solo. Underfelt now caught up with Milf & Mr X as they discussed plans for a future R*n, progressing up by the NHS Ambulance Station & a photo shot.

Mr X said that he believed Flying Solo would go wrong up ahead as she wouldn't know where there was a footpath in the estate through to the Surgery on the road beside Cawdon Row, Underfelt said that those comments weren't Hash like!

Port began to catch up with Flying Solo, they thought that he may give the game away with his local knowledge, but he didn't, so when Milf, Underfelt & Mr X had made their way over Water lane & around on to Beechwood Avenue, a bit further & from a CHK by Maple Way they saw Flying Solo coming back from this street, as predicted by the RA, to find the others making their way to the dead-end Elm Way. Just one small cut-through with the On Inn there, to come out by the Surgery, where Flying Solo's car was parked nearby, as was Zing-a-long-a-max's.

A short walk around to chez 3D et Slug, where a deserved can of Abbott was required. The Pack now became split between the dining room & the Livingroom. Those who were sat at the table in the dining area soon found that food was being brought out to them, & Paxo's Christmas Cheeses were also at one end of the table, though large chunks of quality Cheese soon disappeared on to TBT OBE's plate as he went between the two rooms.

All throughout the siting in the dining room, Hashers went out to fetch a Beer, or two, but some like Kylie left the door wide open to pick up a bottle, then kept it wide open as he put his bottle upon the dining table & then went back out to out his pound in the honesty box! [We'll have to see how he reacts to his back doors being left wide open!



– Ed] & every time the door was left open, & that was too often, a cry of "Shut the door!" went up.

TBT OBE was back in the dining area once more, & after another wedge of cheese, he began to collect Hash Subs, moaning about the coins he was being given & then grumbling about having to break down large notes!

After some nice ham, turkey, Bombay spuds & a host of nibbles, including some bespoke savoury biscuits for the cheese, the Pack could then get stuck in to some excellent sweets, of Crumble, Pavlova & Cheese Cake. Before this had to time to digest & settle, it was time for the Down-Downs & most seemed to be accumulating in front of Paxo!

The Hares were rewarded for setting a mighty fine Trail. Then there was Zing-a-long-a-max for his early arrival; Des Res was called forward for his ignorance of the Gruffalo!! [Heathen! – Ed] My Lil' Humbug was out for lack of Crimbo outfit. TBT OBE was called out for not throwing his body in the way of Sally & Mrs TBT OBE, like a bodyguard would.

The RA had worked his way through enough Down-Downs, leaving those in front of Paxo to be awarded to him with tales recanted by Pepé le Pew & Pebbledash of how they & other waifs & strays at this festive time, Milf & Kylie were around to Paxo's place for Christmas Dinner, seems he'd win Hash Master Chef, if we ran a similar competition.

Tales started with the dodgy subject of Jimmy Saville the ownership of a 'Jim fixed it for me!' Badge, which had connotations with the Adult Panto [Oh yes there were! – Ed] & some 'Fishy Fingers!' then a couple more accusations from the floor for Paxo to accept a Down-Down.

As the Circle came to a close, Mr X noticed that his Bah! Humbug! Black Santa hat had fallen on the floor, it coincided with Sally being very quiet as she chew the white tassel off of the end! At least it gave the Pack a good laugh at the result. Mr X made sure that the tassels of his stoll were well out of pooch reach!

After the Circle the Hosts spoilt the Hash with another round of Ports, though it may have been a little too much for Slug, as a wayward hand knocked a port glass over the sacred Hash Book, My Lil' was not amused to see the red staining seeping on to the pages, he had to flap the book about by the spine to aid the drying process.

What a way to finish off a great day.

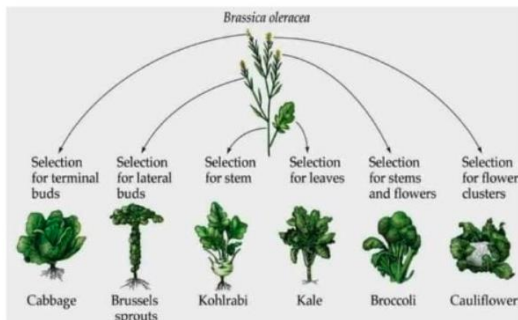
Merry Crumble one & all!



Vance Crowe
@VanceCrowe



That surprised look when you show someone that broccoli didn't occur "naturally" humans bred it from wild mustard



John-Charles Holmes · 2d
I guess my local library has bundles of DVDs for checkout and each one is based around a specific theme

