



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

Run No. 2024
Sunday 12th February 2023
Venue: The Half Moon
Location: Hitchin
Beers/Cider TT Landlord; Inferno; Extra Squirrely
Hare/s: Paxo & Milf
Runners: 12
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 13
Membership: Crooked Pots



A low turnout for this Trail, with notable absentees of Kylie suffering from 'Man-flu' & Mr Bump TBT OBE having bumped his OBE [Old Bald 'Ead! – Ed] & was now sporting a very large graze, though the RA wondered if he had been clouted over the head by someone who was a 'Happy Valley' fan & had read his Facebook post that ridiculed the 'not so Happy Valley' plot that ended the series?

Anyhow, no 'spoiler alerts' needed in this run report, we have far more sense. The absentees weren't the only ones suffering, the original Hare for the day, Paxo, was spotted wearing a corset under his T-shirt, it was noticeable that this wasn't for any sexual gratification but it was for keeping him in one piece after he had hurt his back. This injury resulted in Milf being shanghaied earlier that morning in to setting the Trail with him.

Paxo admitted that he wasn't going to be able to go around the Trail again, he was going to leave the sweeping of the Trail to his stand-in co-Hare, but there was going to be quite a wait before the Hash were allowed to set off. It seemed pretty busy in Hitchin this morning & the usual side of the road parking had all been taken up, so firstly Juices Flowing & Pason's Nose passed by those gathered outside of the Half Moon, these two drove on to find a parking space up in the Market Place car park.

As the Pack bided their time in waiting, Hash Test Dummy & Supertrooper then passed by in their search for a car parking space up by the Market. All of this hanging around had My Lil' getting twitchy, tapping at his watch & commenting to the HGM about the time having passed beyond the Hour, the Pack seemed to be there so long that the Landlord came out to see what all the noise was outside of the old coaching gates. Now aware the Hash would be imbibing après Trail, the gunvor said that he's let his Staff know of our presence.

My Lil' would continue a tapping, tutting & sighing until eventually the Pack was complete, then the HGM began the welcoming speech as the minute hand had reached the ten past mark. Then it was over to the Hare, who said he was staying behind & Milf was now responsible for what the Pack would encounter out on the Trail! [Passing the buck? – Ed]

With the Trail responsibility now weighing on Milf's shoulders, she sweetened the 'Chalk-talk' with mention of spending £7 on confectionary for the sweets stop, something that led to some not hearing that there weren't many Short Cuts as they preferred to think of their bellies & Jelly Babies.

Finally the Hash were ushered away to the south, by the Lord Lister Hotel & on to the start of Park Street, though the pace was not the fastest & for two individuals that was due to the, self-inflicted, over doing things on the previous day's Full Moon 'Gipsert Memorial Trail' down in the Smoke. So, it was going to be an unpleasant start for these two as the arrows soon took the Pack up to steep climb of the Taylor's Hill Path.

Parson's Nose & No Eye Deer weren't so daunted & were up the tarmac climb at a fair rate of knots to reach the first CHK of the Trail, located by the start of the uncapped old route of Storehouse Lane. No Eye Deer chose to search the old by-way almost hidden between the backs of the homes at the bottom & those at the top of the hillside. However, it was Parson's Nose who called "On!" further up the path, just beyond the quaint, elaborately decorated, small wooden Library, with its contents of books to be enjoyed for free.

Out over the rise to continue on by Cemetery Road, which as its name states runs between the two sections of the Cemetery. Unfortunately for Parson's Nose, when he reached the end of Cemetery Road he mistook a Herts Bar CHK for what he thought meant to take a turn off to one side, whereas it actually means to turn back toward the CHK & then at some point in between the Trail would break off.

Mr X called Parson's Nose back, after he, My Lil', Hash Test Dummy & Supertrooper had been called back by Milf, but by now Parson's Nose was right on top of the noise of the football match taking place & the boisterous players' yelling would drown out the calls of the Hash!

Back toward the CHK & Milf was found pointing the way down through the strip of woodland on the eastern side of Standhill Road, as it winds its way back down to Park Street. Having made up lost ground, Mr X & My Lil' now could see No Eye Deer, Whatevershesays, Fliptop, Hash Test Dummy & Supertrooper beginning another steep climb,



Scottish Rugby's New 6 Nations Emblem

this time on St John's path, all while Sludge had crossed over Park Street & was making his own way up the rising path on that side.

Sludge was not for turning when "On!" was called from up St John's Path, there was plenty of groaning on the ascent to the level, where the tarmac path turns from east to southeast on it was way by the small old homes that sit up on the hill, noticeable the front of the houses face the narrow path, it is obvious that these were built in the days before the need for cars & the residents would have worked locally.

A T was found almost at the end of the path where it joins St John's Road, an about turn & a trudge back, with now even more moaning & groaning on the way back down to Park Street. At least Parson's Nose wasn't quite at the top of St John's Path as he now caught up as the other FRBs turned back.

It took a while to cross over the busy Park Street, but once safely across there was no sign of Sludge. He was now out of sight & for most that would be the last time they saw him until returning to the Pub. The Pack made their way up yet another rising path, this being high up on the tree-lined embankment above Park Street, this would take the Hash to the next CHK, beyond the Hitchin Priory's red-brick wall to a footpath out

through the strip of pine woodland at the back corner of the Priory grounds.

A Falsie was found on the footpath running south-westward, down behind the Park, instead the Trail was picked up though the pine trees & the large sways of the bright & cheery Snow Drops. Fliptop made some comments about these little white flowers were foreign interlopers, before admitting that he could be wrong as there are a couple of hundred species of Snow Drops.

The Trail continued in a southerly direction from Priory End & then out on to the footbridge by the Maximum Security Car home [Some thought Sludge may have been mistakenly rounded up as an escapee inmate! – Ed] & then by Three Moorhens to cross the A602. On the south side of the A602 the next CHK was found on continuation of Pine plantation by the Gosmore End part of Hitchin.

A T was found on the footpath heading westward down the Hitchin Hill, beside the A602, instead My Lil, Mr X & Fliptop followed the dust as it weaved its way on a desire line through the trees, while Parson's Nose stuck with the outside, crop field side of the plantation. This would lead them on for about 200 Yards to come out of the kissing gate by the solitary old Gate House on the Gosmore Road, opposite Coach Drive.

A 414 Yard southern trot along street of large homes before reaching the only Held CHK of the Trail, situated on a green spot by Brick Kiln Lane off to the northwest. When Milf arrived she said "That was quicker, it took Paxo a long time to reach here earlier today!" Now it was time for sweets, a vast selection that explained the cost, & for Supertrooper her first sugar rush of the day, while the old members took it in their stride. Still feeling the Full Moon Hash aftereffects, Mr X said that he could do with some 'Hair of the dog' rather than sugar!

Time to search again, for Fliptop there was just the one option in his mind, he was joined by My Lil & Mr X as they all elected to head up the Brick Kiln Lane, an old by-way with now restricted access that is a pleasant tree-lined run these days. A 300 yards trot behind the large homes to the northeast, before reaching the next CHK by the crossroads of paths, from the cut-through out of Priory Way & over to the farmland in the southwest, or northwest further on Brick Kiln Lane.

Fliptop chose to stay on the old byway, but was he was stopped by a T up there, so it was back to find the Trail on the footpath that makes its way around a patchwork of paddocks, winding its way southward. At this point Supertrooper took the Short Cut along with Milf, back on Brick Kiln Lane, while Hash Test Dummy continued with the Full Trail between the Paddocks.

No Eye Deer & Juices Flowing began to run, just like Mr X, My Lil' & Parson's Nose when they had passed by Fliptop & Sis with Teddy, plus the civilian pooch-walkers. There were horses in some paddocks, cattle in others & toward the end of the menagerie some black sheep on what was 700 yards section, the latter yards being on some newly improved pathway out to Maiden Croft Road. Here there were arrows pointing the way to the northwest by Bunyan's Barn at Maydencroft Farm.

At least it's a quite lane up on the top of the plateau, peaceful enough for a multitude of dog walkers to use it for a bit of exercise. Here Parson's Nose, Juices Flowing, Mr X & My Lil' all slowed to a walk as they went by a long old pond between the lane & the farm outbuildings. After 300 Yards arrows directed the way off of the tarmac & northward on a footpath between a couple of long farm fields, this footpath running by the wind-break of a thick old hedgerow, a hedgerow where a smoky grey cat was spotted lurking.

It was a pleasant 500 Yards on the top of the plateau, a splendid view as they reached the three quarters way mark to where the footpath crossed another walking route, this bisecting from southwest to northeast, but the northern route was the one the Trail would stick to, as it came in along to the corner of the hedgerows & more snow drops amongst the hawthorns to take to a flight of set of steps cut in the steep embankment to Brick Kiln Lane below.

Mr X was disappointed for a while, when the Trail turned eastward up the lane, for he wanted to see what the Windmill at Charlton is now like it has reopened? But that was in the opposite direction at the bottom of the hill on the river Hiz (Pronounced Hitch) however, like Mr X, Parson's Nose was impressed with the proper old railway sleepers that have been stacked to shore up the old embankments on both sides of the lane.



Ireland Rugby's New 6 Nations Emblem



US School confiscates School girl's drawing of a pig, claiming it was 'inappropriate' & a social worker was called, while mother defends the pig's bow tie!

At the top of the rise & a CHK was found, this had now been marked out to the northeast, way ahead & most of the Short cutters were well out of sight, just No Eye Deer could be seen heading down into Priory Park at the bottom of Hitchin Hill, with My Lil' following on.

A slight dampness could be felt in the air as Mr X & Parson Nose now made an effort, with Juices Flowing following them to the edge of the A602, after 440 Yards the CHK was already marked by the Hare to the east. One last climb up hill for the Trail as the Pack had to climb up back to the pine plantation at the Gosmore End, here the 'Out Trail' markings had been crossed out & changed to point northward & take the Pack back over the footbridge over the 602 Parkway, which now had a large 'On Inn' chalked on it, then back down above Park Street.

Paxo was out at his car as My Lil' & Mr X came in, but by the time the two had made it back to the Pub & got a Beer in, Whatevershesays was getting worried about Paxo's whereabouts, even after he had been told that Paxo was at his car! It was on his second voice mail message that Paxo answered, just as he walked through the door.

Needless to say that no one had to call Sludge, for he was located safe & sound, with a Pint in the Pub! Or was Whatevershesays concerned about Fliptop & Sis, who weren't back with Teddy, Mr X wondered if Teddy had seen the grey cat in the hedgerow & dragged them through it. Its appeared that as Sis's hair was not being a mess on their return that Teddy hadn't!

Now, the Half Moon doesn't really do lunches, a blow for the *gourmet Hash*, but what they do is quality in the guise of pork pies or a selection of Scotch Eggs from the Hand-made Scotch Egg Company, which included an Aztec Chilli version. Milf started of the Pork Pies, with Sis & Fliptop, the latter being especially brave of leaving the four quarters of his pie on the same table as unfed Hashers! Of course Mr X had to try the Aztec one later on.

During the conversations, there seemed to be a lot of phones ringing, with a 'Tring, Tring' here & a 'Tring, Tring' there, even the RA slipped up & fell in to mentioning that westerly part of Hertfordshire

After Juices Flowing had sold some London Hash Haberdashery for Supertrooper, who was now on a sugar-rush after a coke. The feeling in the Pub was like being on the haberdashery floor at Grace Brothers in an episode of 'Are you Being Served' with a floor walking Captain Peacock Clapp & Paxo replying in a John Inman style with a "I'm free!" A definite cue for the Down-Downs.

The Hare & his most able assistant, were rewarded for a great Trail of an hour. Parson's Nose was received his Hit for going the furthest astray, while he was joined by Sludge for going who knows where?

The Hair of the dog finally kicked in for some, which was handy as it as in time for them to set off & watch the England v Italy Six Nation game at 15:00Hrs. All in all a great Day was had.



YOU IDIOT, YOU'RE HOWLING AT THE CHINESE SPY BALLOON.

WHEN WE ALL HAVE POCKET TELEPHONES.

<p>WHEN RUNNING FOR A TRAIN</p> <p>TING, TING, TING!</p>	<p>WHEN YOUR HANDS ARE FULL</p> <p>TING, TING, TING!</p>
<p>WHEN IT IS RAINING</p> <p>YES - YES - HULLO - WHO IS IT?</p>	<p>AT A CONCERT</p> <p>SH-H-H! SH-H-H! SH-H-H!</p> <p>TING, TING, TING!</p>
<p>WHEN YOU ARE GIVEN A BABY TO HOLD</p> <p>THAT BELL IS FRIGHTENING THE POOR MITE</p>	<p>WHEN YOU ARE BEING MARRIED</p> <p>TING, TING, TING!</p>

A 103-year-old comic first published in March 1919 that depicts what would happen if "pocket telephones" were invented

We shall certainly be "rung up" at the most awkward moments in our daily lives!

