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## German woman claims she tried warning the USA about Chinese Balloons 40 years ago.

Run No. 2025  
Sunday 19th February 2023  
Venue: The Railway  
Location: Knebworth  
Beers/Cider Spitfire; Tring Side Pocket, Going Loco  
Hare/s: My Lil'  
Runners: 16  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 1  
Total: 17  
Membership: No Split toes!



A glorious spring morning, along with many more snowdrops all greeted the gathering Pack as they tried to find parking spaces near to the venue. Four barrels that were chained together prevented Sludge getting the nearest space in the car park to the Pub door, he had to continue driving a long way up Park Lane to find a spot to pull up at. Kylie & Milf were the last to arrive, & an unsuspecting Whatevershesays was grabbed by Milf, which made him spill his hot mulled cider down his top.

Lemming arrived & upon hearing who the Hare immediately demonstrated his lack of enthusiasm, he then declined a hot Mulled Cider the Hare was pouring for the pre-Trail Circle, it turns out that a younger Lemming had a slightly overwhelming experience with fermented apple juice & is now scarred for life! [At least with Lemming avoiding the Cider, Mother wouldn't have to listen to Clifford on the drive home, or would she? - Ed

Was the Hare's liberal pouring of Mulled Cider a cunning way to get the Pack on his side, or was the Hare just off-loading excess Christmas Spirits? Whatever his motive, it went down well with the rest. The 'buttering up' continued as My Lil' seemed to have everything covered at the Chalk-talk, Sweets Stop & Short Cuts impressed those gathered.

Without further ado, the Pack were directed away over toward Gun Lane in the South, & once over the blind bend from under the narrow railway bridge, the Hash were taken on by Tent Packer's, then Hash Test Dummy's respective cars that were parked up before the local branch of the British Legion. Then after just 100 Yards a Short Cut was found already marked down the back-passage running behind the side of the British Legion, with the Long Trail marked to continue further southward down Gun Lane, which used to run to the now long gone Gun Farm.

The Keenies were led down to the junction with Hornbeam Spring away to the west, here the Trail turned to run through this connecting side street & then another right to head northward up to Lytton Fields, where Sludge & Mr X were coming out of the back-passage beside the garages. [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] A CHK was found at the eastern corner of the playing small Park area. Sludge was soon off to the southwest on the old tarmac path at the bottom of the playing area, but by a large Oak a T was found by him.

While calls of "On!" were heard back out beyond the chain-link fence around the concaved curve of the western bend in Lytton fields, Sludge had scuttled off behind the fenced off inner area of play equipment to head across the green space to the next exit up at its north-western corner, on what he presumed was an unofficial Short Cut. Originally Lord Lytton had planned to make a Knebworth Garden Village & Stockens Green the first part of the scheme where houses were built, but it was scrapped after Letchworth & Welwyn Garden Cities came in to existence.

Those who were looking on, especially Mr X & Tent Packer were highly amused to see Flying Solo leading the way up & around to where Sludge was heading, not only that, they were far enough back from the Falsie to be shown a Short Cut by the Hare, so they continued back along the bottom path Sludge had dashed away from. These two gleefully waved & then called out "On! On! Sludge" after running beyond the T just before they passed through the gap in the corner & out on to the dead-end of Stockens Dell.

Flying Solo soon caught up with these two, for Mr X was still struggling with his late breakfast not settling down as yet & the aftereffects of a Surprise 50th Birthday Party the night before! However, he started to make an effort, along with Tent Pack once they found the next CHK at the T-junction access arm away to the south. Mr X told Flying Solo that he knew there was the continuation of the Footpath at the short & opposite southwestern end of Stockens Dell. Sure enough the Trail took to this almost hidden path & up the alley to a CHK on the junction with Gipsy Lane.

Flying Solo was soon away up the narrow old Gipsy Lane, Mr X & Tent Packer were also keen on this route, & it paid off for the trio as they took to the gentle climb up on the narrow old lane between the crop fields to the west of Knebworth. Mother began to catch up, as did No Eye Deer, Sludge & then Milf, on Mr X as the RA stopped to pick up a couple of discarded glass Smirnoff bottles from the verge of this popular dog-walking route, both of which had some

Vodka in but he wasn't prepared to do a 'Sparky' & take a gratis sip out of them! The Hare was not wrong when he earlier warned of the number of hounds that he encountered the day before.



Milf made up lost ground & she got ahead to take a picture of the Mother & the RA who still clutching vodka bottles in hand, just as Mr X said that he thought the Hare had a drink problem, as well as being surprised My Lil' got around to set the Trail.

After the 700 Yards the lane had moved around from south west to due south, the next CHK was found by the junction with Wych Elm Lane to the west, the road southward was now closed for works & large orange signage the traffic being diverted, which made the amount of vehicular activity a lot lighter than it normally could be & so the grass verge wasn't really needed to be run on.

The Trail was quickly picked up by Flying Solo, with Mother & No Eye Deer making up a trio of Harriettes leading the way across the bridge with the A1(M) below, the Dust would lead a short way along the rustic tree lined Wych Elm Lane, for a couple of hundred Yards before arrows pointed the way into the fields off of the bend

were the lane becomes Spinnny Lane.

Sludge had made up ground & now with Mr X followed on behind Tent Packer, Milf, Mother & Flying Solo, these two would now join No Eye Deer, Mr X was also surprised that Sludge was on what was now appearing to be a long Trail loop, Sludge sighed that he was now committed to this longer route.

These two began discussing the possible options back around to Knebworth with Sludge electing to veer toward Park Wood & Homewood then around by the Lytton Arms, he was wrong. Having made their way westward along the northern edge of the hedged-in field, then as Sludge described it as a 'zig-zag' route, when the footpath makes its way through a kissing gate in the corner of one field & out into the section of two adjacent ones.

Here the Trail crossed over toward Rabley Heath, Sludge began to wander off, unsupervised, northward on Slip Lane, but Mr X had spotted the Dust on a couple of the ancient & stately Oaks on the bend, calling Sludge back from his errant ways to join the rest around by the Robin Hood & Little John. No CHks out here spoke of this being a long loop around.

While No Eye Deer & the returning Sludge made their way around the bend in the Rabley Heath Road, Mr X stopped off to try & find a bin to get rid of the old vodka bottles, as passing cyclists appeared to look on disapprovingly, or perhaps admiringly, like he really had a drink problem jogging along with the three almost empty spirit bottles in his hands?

No bins were found in the Pub garden, so Mr X had to carry the glass a bit further around & amuse more cyclists, as he ran to catch up with the two ahead of him. As the lane arced around from southwest to southeast, the three peered out over the hedge to see if anyone else was following on? Apart from the odd little bird flitting about in the brambles, they could only spy Fliptop with Teddy making their way over toward the Robin Hood & Little John, no one else was in sight or had committed themselves to running the long loop.

After a 430 Yard straight trot down the narrow road to reach the T-junction with Spinnny Lane & Pottersheath Road, arrows pointed the way to the northeast, then after a further 130 Yards the next set of arrows would point the way down Ninning's Lane, where the Short Cutters of Hash Test Dummy, Supertrooper, Sis, Flanders, Lemming & the Hare had all come down from the bridge over the motorway.

While Ninning's Lane peels off to the south after a few yards, the Trail would take to the uncapped Normans Lane, a long straight 420 Yard gentle drop downhill trip & finally Mr X could ditch the glass, as here he found there were some recycling bins near to the track with detached homes dotted on either side the track in this west side of Mardley Heath Wood.

Mr X & Sludge would now pass by Flanders & Sis before reaching the underpass beneath the A1(M) that bisects the Mardley Heath Woodland. Once out on the eastern side of the Woodland & Nature Reserve, the Pack had to make their way over the sleepers that make up an obstacle in the Horse riding route to prevent galloping from the tunnel. The Trail would now head up from the 'North Pit' area to make its way up through the Nature Reserve of the woodland, the Pack would now begin to encounter more canines out for their constitutionals.

While the Short Cut was marked along inside of the lower, northern edge of the wood, the Longer Trail would make its way out toward the south via Heath Road & then around the old earth works & excavations then on to the eastern end & then around to the north-eastern corner.

Out in the open & the long straight footpath cuts diagonally between two crop fields to reach Wych Elm Lane, just before the Railway Bridge where the lane runs under into Woolmer Green village. While Mr X & Sludge thought that they were going to be well off of the pace with the Keenies, when looking over the 170 Yards they could see Flying Solo, Mother, Milf & Tent Packer all coming back under the railway bridge from a Falsie out in Woolmer Green.

Sludge was happy to see the FRBs coming back, as knowing No Eye Deer's Sense of direction these two waited for a little while by the corner of the wood for No Eye Deer to catch up, but they then set off again as they knew Whatevershesays, Sis, Flanders & Fliptop were still way back on the Trail & they should pick her up. [Normally the Hare's job! – Ed] Although the Trail was well marked, No Eye Deer bumped in to many civilian dog-walkers to explain the Trail markings were dangerous, as well as handing a few Hash cards out. The had told her that the white powder Trail markings had already been mentioned on the local social-media, so No Eye Der requested that as members of those farcebook groups could they post that it is just simple plain flour



Once down on the lane Mr X could see a group of little brightly coloured dots gathering some 600 Yards up by the outside corner of the new Knebworth Cemetery, there Lemming, Supertooper, Hash Test Dummy & the Hare could be found at the Sweet Stop.

Milf asked the approaching Mr X if he would like a liquorice Allsort, he did turn down the first offer as he had picked up more glass-wear & had dirty hands, this time a large green bottle, on the dog-walking Trail that he wouldn't want smashed. Considering the multitude of pooch walkers out this morning, you'd have thought that one of them may have removed the potential hazard?

Milf now offered to place a sweet in Mr X's mouth, which was accepted & once she had delivered the sweet she made out that he had bitten her fingers! Something that amused Supertrooper, who was offering everyone Parma Violet Sweets.

It would be a long wait before Sis & Flanders made it to the regroup, & even longer for No Eye Deer, who Milf was now concerned about & decided to call on her Mobile. The RA was alerted to this as My Lil' tutted a "Technology on the Hash!" as No Eye Deer could be now seen coming into view, walking & talking toward the regroup. It was also here that the Hash were updated on the fact that Kylie had abandoned the Trail & headed back, much earlier on as he recovers from Covid.

Time to resume the Trail & Mr X was keen on getting rid of the bottle & not seizing up, as well as keen on searching straight up northward from the side of the graveyard. The Trail was found on the long 270 Yards shaded footpath between the back of the homes & the railway embankment where the trees & bushes had been cleared, though there were a couple of stoppages to get by the sheer number of pooches out that day.

At the end of the footpath Flying Solo found two CHKS, while Mr X was happy to find a bin there & the large bottle disposed of. From here Flying Solo went wrong & was called back to follow the rest under the railway bridge on Gun Lane, to head to the eastern side of the Tracks, Mr X said that from his seat on the Rail Replacement Bus he spotted Hash Markings out on London Road on his way to the Railway Station.

Yes, there would be one last loop for most, while Lemming took the Short Cut straight back up Gun Lane. On the way up Pondcroft Road to the north, Mr X told a couple with him about TBT OBE's curt complaint about being inundated with too many 'Hash emails' about one of the previous Herts Trails, after a o tot technical behind the scenes work, & after a screen shot sent from TBT OBE, it eventually boiled down to TBT OBE's own farcebook page sending him 'email push-outs' on a thread he had commented on, so, you'll all be relieved it has nothing whatsoever to do with the Herts weakly emails.

Flying Solo led the way on the east bound alleyway out to London Road, where a northward turn would head up toward the shops, Mr X & Milf had to call back Tent Packer & No Eye Deer as they were too busy walking & talking so failed to spot the arrows pointing the way westward opposite the old Motorcycle & car centre on Milestone Road, where there was a great display of some BSA bikes.

The Trail continued down the side street, before coming out on to Pondcroft Road, where a north turn would lead up by the On Inn & a turn westward to head under the railway bridge on Station Road, the Station was once known as New Knebworth, to distinguish the prospective Garden Village for the original 'Old Knebworth'.

A recovering Kylie was found in the Pub as the Pack settled in to the bar to enjoy a nice pint or two. Others were soon enjoying the splendid Sunday Lunches on offer. Supertooper & Hash Test Dummy had to leave early, as she was going to a rehearsal of 'Oliver', Tent Packer too had to leave early, but not before discussing a bit about having a page promoting the Haberdashery, a conversation later would involve models, though Milf's suggestion of Sparky modelling the socks kind of had the Pack shuddering. More horror as it wasn't long before Mr X toe that TBT OBE squashed with a chair was mentioned! Once the rest of the Pack had finished eating it was out to the rear garden for the Down-Downs.

A fine example of sophisticated British humour 🇬🇧



Here the Hare was rewarded for an excellent Trail, while Sludge was out for entertaining the RA & others as he short cut over to where the Trail would come back from in the small park!

Also out were Lemming for already getting a 'Clifford' out of Mother, while Flying Solo was out for not being available to do the RA's 'Ziggy Stardust' makeup for a surprise Birthday the day before at Letchworth GCRUFC, another reason Mr X was a little jaded this morning.

The weather now was so nice, that the Pack decided to retrieve their bags from inside the Pub & spend the rest of the time in the sun-trap garden, even after Milf lowered the tone of the conversation as further Haberdashery models were discussed! [Though Hash lingerie did get the attention of some around the table! – Ed]

In two weeks we have our St Piran's Day Trail, to celebrate the Patron Saint of Cornwall we are ordering hot pasties for the end of the Trail – so please use the voting

buttons on our Farcebook Page to let us know if you are eating after the R\*n!

