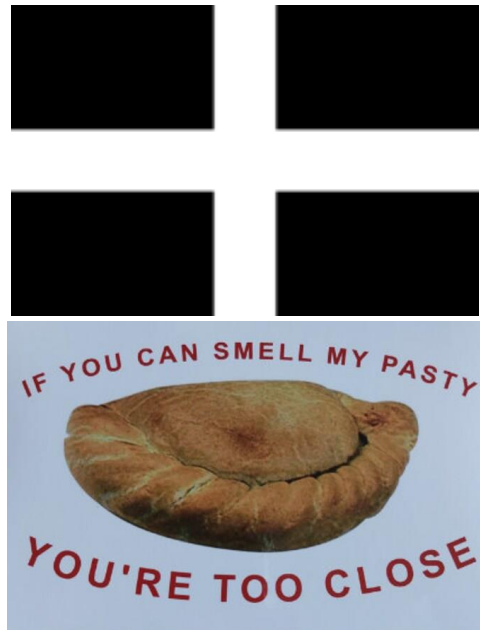




Herts  
Hash  
House  
Harriers  
Herts official Website: [hertshash.co.uk](http://hertshash.co.uk)

Run No. 2027  
Sunday 5th March 2023  
Venue: Garden City Brewery  
Location: Letchworth Garden City  
Beers/Cider Flanker, Roadkill, lots more  
Hare/s: Flying Solo  
Runners: 23  
Virgins: 1  
Visitors: Hare & Hounds Hash 14  
Newbies: 3  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 5  
Total: 46  
Membership: A Rum Run for St Piran, Kernow!



Due to the previous day's Full Moon Hash up in London, there was a late change of Hare from Mr X to Flying Solo, & he didn't know how grateful he'd be that he no longer was responsible for setting the Trail, for the end of the FUK Full Moon H3 Pub Crawl finished with Ketchup returning with, quiet literary, one 'final round' that night of 11% Beers, a strong dark & sickly as treacle brew that certainly left an impression, especially when trying to stand up.

One after effect was that before arriving at the venue, the two survivors of the Full Moon had a brief stop at the Three Magnets, where a very nice Porter was on tap & was purely sampled for experimental purposes to see if 'Hair of the Dog' [Surely, Hare of the Dog? – Ed] would work its legendary wonders this morning?

These two were joined by Sludge, who announced his arrival with a cheery "I'd thought I'd find you two in here!" as they whiled away an hour before Circling up time. Everything was hunky dory until the RA mentioned signing the Sacred Hash book, then Sludge jumped in with a request to place his old 'John Hancock' [Steady Pebbledash, its Yankee slang for signature! – Ed] in the said book, & in the coveted top right-hand corner of the day's page, thus beating Milf to her & Kylie's little spot, & all before he had completed the Trail!

Away from the sacrilege, & being a joint Trail with Hare & Hounds Hash, there was a large crowd found milling about outside of the Brewery by the time the three had managed to prise themselves out of their chairs & emerged from the Tradesman's Entrance [Calm down Pebbledash! – Ed] of the 'spoons.

Some were still under the false impression that Mr X was the Hare, which he quickly rectified as he looked around to see there was no sign of Flying Solo & more worrying he hadn't seen any Trail so far. He was soon shanghaied to meet Rocket Rider with someone introducing him as 'The Person in Charge!'

This week saw no less than four Newbies to Herts Hash, with four Letchworthians marking their debut with Both Hashes. Firstly there was afore mentioned Rocket Rider, who had Hashed out in Nassau in the Bahamas, she was joined by her friend Dora, then there were two City Of London Hashers in the guises of Wander Off & Please Don't, with Olive their pooch.

However, time was getting on & the Pack began murmuring of whether there was a Trail out there? Suddenly everything fell I to place, but there wasn't time for the usual introduction for our Newbies as Flying Solo made her late arrival, with Killer Queen & She Wolf! Flying Solo blamed her delayed entrance on a failed mode of transport, Paxo welcomed the Pack to the correct Herts Hash Run Number

Flying Solo gave the Pack, Newbies & specifically Sludge, a quick demonstration of Herts Hash Markings had circles, T's one-sided arrows & lines that looked like a Picasso, if he'd been on LSD, all drawn outside of the Brewery. Something to confuse passing civilians.

So, just after the hour the Pack were directed away out of the car park beside the Garden City Brewery on Oppenshaw Way, where the Trail would turn southward out on Norton Way, before leading the Hash over to the southern end of Howard Park, where white blossoms could be seen brightening up the enclosing box hedges.

From a CHK near to the 'Mrs Elizabeth Howard' Hall, the Keenies picked up the Trail to lead them east by northeast on Hillshott, there are a few roads with shott in their names, it means hollow that a marsh lies in & is derived from the Arabic *shatt* [Oh dear, Pebbledash! – Ed]

After a few yards there was a turn sou-sou-east down Ridge Avenue Lane for 200 Yards until the likes of Happy Feet, Where's Wally?, Doormat & Nice Paps (The

As I was going to the Garden City Brewery  
I met a Barmaid serving seven Harriettes, who  
lured me  
Every Harriette had seven Pitchers  
Every Pitcher poured for seven Hashers  
Every Hasher had seven Chasers  
Harriettes, Pitchers, Hashers, Chasers  
Who the hell cares How many were going to St  
Ives?  
Kernow!

The Great Mr X McGonagall

Hasher Formally Known as Kokkinos Diavolos) reached a CHK a southwestern bound hedge-lined footpath which lured Where's Wally? away on what would be a Falsie. By the time he returned the CHK, it had been marked eastward into the dead-end Bennett Court opposite the alleyway.

For No Eye Deer this would be new ground to cover in her home town, as the Trail made its way up to the end of the J bend & then on through to a cut-through to Boscombe Court, an area of newer builds. Mr X was trying to make an effort to run off the effects of the Full Moon, but he wasn't going to be able to keep up with the likes of Doormat, Happy Feet, Where's Wally? Count Roadkill, Wander Off, Please Don't or Tent Packer, he was just about managing to keep Mother, No Eye Deer & Milf in his blurry sight.

Des Res caught up, he would soon be on the Trail of the FRBs as the route turned a few degrees west of due north on Pixmore Avenue, as the Trail led up to Broughton Hill road, with a sharp left & then just a few yards along double arrows pointed the way on to Pix Road, a quiet & narrow backstreet, toward the end of which there arrows to made sure that the Pack were led straight up what appeared to be a private uncapped drive.

In this dead-end, the Trail took the Pack on through a path in the north-western corner & then on out by a small park, by way of a driveway out to Ridge Road, the FRBs had been through & the CHK there marked to the east & back out to Pixmore Avenue once again.

Here it was clearly marked on the junction that there was an SC (Short Cut) straight across the road, while the Trail was marked away to the south, passing the small Industrial Estate & then peeling off into the Pheonix Park Estate.

While the Keenies made their way through the new builds, the SCBs were making their way down the long back passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] of the Trail, something Pebbledash was looking forward to & she didn't look disappointed as she & Pepé le Pew took this route out to the next CHK on Dunham's Lane. On his way up this 410 Yard back passage, Mr X noticed that there were a load of discarded used Lottery Scratch-cards, leaving him wondering if they were stolen, or ~~Here~~ someone has serious gambling habit?

Flying Solo, She Wolf & Killer Queen were found handing out sweets at the bottom of the few steps, where the passageway comes down to Dunham's Road. Here the Keenies were all lured away on the Falsie away to the south through the industrial estate, something the Hare found amusing as the now despondent FRBs came to an abrupt halt & appeared bewildered before they made their way to the north as "On!" was called up toward Works Road of the original Industrial area of the Garden City.

When Zing-a-long-a-max reached the next split, with a Short Cut straight over the road & the long Trail away to the northeast, Flying Solo asked him to take a bit of chalk & mark the next CHK on the loop, as she was going to help Killer Queen & She Wolf carry their scooters up & over the footbridge over the railway line. Mr X took one look at the steep climb at the end of the Short Cut footpath, wondering if he may have been better off trotting along the long loop that had no steps, just a road bridge!

The other noticeable thing on this Short Cut were the number of empty alcohol bottles scattered around, one large Scotch & several small Vodka ones, was these the results of the person who lost on the Scratch Cards drowning their sorrows, or has the Hare a way of calming her nerves en route?

High up over the railway line & then down the corresponding flight of metal stairs where the SCBs were serenaded by the music emanating from the Scaffold Centre on the drive up to the Icknield Way. Here the Keenies came running around from the east as the Trail was found crossing over the ancient Briton route to East Anglia. Now the Trail would make its way through the small cul-de-sacs of Pascal Way, then via a ginnel to the equally short Hampden Close.

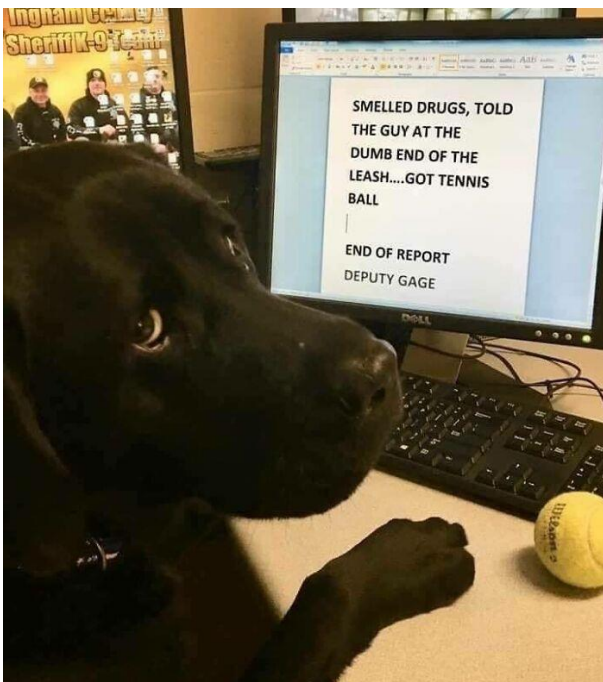
On Glebe Road & the FRBs would be taken away to the east on another Loop, while the likes of Bangers, My Lil', Paxo, Rocket Rider, Whatevershesays, Veronique, Sludge & Dora all had the pleasing option of another marked Short Cut directly across the road.

More abandoned trash to see, now it seems that the Scratch Card loser had gone from losing, then drowning their sorrows to getting the 'munchies', as beyond the cycle preventing rails, this northbound narrow tarmac path was littered with take away menu leaflets! No one stopped to order a Pizza, not with Hot Pasties to eat back at the brewery.

By now Mr X had given up on his attempt to try & catch up with Milf & No Eye Deer, instead he was happy to drop back with Pepé le Pew & Pebbledash. Just over 100Yrds on & the SCBs emerged out on to Common View, where the quickest of the FRBs had headed off on the next section of the alleyway, this short one linking the wishbone arms of Common View & North Avenue as it passed by the Norton Methodist Church.

This Church has an interesting Pulpit, which is made in the arched style of a Gypsy Caravan when the Church was created in 1934, as Rodney 'Gypsy' Smith, an Evangelist Preacher, has his parents buried there. He & his brother, Ezekiel, used to preach there on their preaching circuit & visit his parents' grave.

Anyhow, away for the 'God Bothering' & after 110 Yards on the last section of the narrow enclosed jigger, the SCBs would see a strange sight of the FRBs coming back from the southwestern section of the Norton Road, the reason was that



the Hare had cunningly set a Falsie that way & by the time the SCBs arrived the Trail was now marked heading north-eastward up toward the old village that now makes up the north-eastern tip of the greater Letchworth Garden City.

For the larger than normal Knitting Circle, resulting in far more Yarn than usual, more than the Edinburgh Woolmill, it was pretty well marked as they approached another newly marked Short Cut up the nor-nor-west bound Casio Lane, one of the older routes in this section of town & the style of the established homes reflect this.

The FRBs were taken out on one last anti-clockwise loop, stopping short of entering Norton Village, the Trail would turn on to the old Croft Lane, which would cut westward below the fields of the old Croft Area of orchards & arable land, where the Lent Lilies could be seen in amongst the hedgerow.

Each section of the now split Pack would make their way to the north-western elbow in Croft Lane, one interesting fact is that homes which line Casio Lane, Norton Road & Croft Lane form a triangle around an area of arable land that is still farmed to this day, a part of the area especially set aside by Ebenezer Howard in his original Garden City concept.

The joint Knitting Circle now ably led by Sludge & Paxo, saw Lady P, Bangers, Catch-IT, Captain F, Veronique, Rocket Rider & Dora all tottering along the 330 Yards, they would meet the FRB like OKC, Zing-a-long-max, Where's Wally? from loop of 1.8 Miles which was just enough for the majority of the two sections to meet at the freshly tarmacked old cut-through to 1950s Eastern Way.

Mr X now told those around him that he reckoned that the 'Chalk-talk' mention of a "Held CHK" would be at the Hare's Home, & sure enough the Trail turned that way as it headed down Eastern Way, as it moves around from Southwestern direction to a due south.

After 440 Yards, Mr X was proved correct as the Held CHK was indeed at the Hare's abode, what he & the others weren't expecting was shots of the very moreish Limited Edition (1/520) 'Spiced Pineapple' Cornish Rum, or a to fit in a Cider if that took you fancy, there was even something called Coors Light!! Along with Shortbread & a Cornish Toffee Honeycomb [Think of a Crunchie Bar that Sparky has sucked the chocolate off of! (That'll put you off of your Tea!) – Ed]

First aid had to be administered by Flying Solo to one of the Girls, just as the Herts RA enquired to the whereabouts of the huge heated swimming pool, seems that it's a fair-weather thing, even though it's heated!

This was a great regroup, Milf made sure that the Herts RA heard that she wasn't driving & could enjoy the Rum, as it was her 300th Herts Trail [How could Sludge steal her place in the Sacred Book, especially on her 300th Trail – Ed]

Tent Packer, Mr X & Whatevershesays went back out to the road as some 'walkie-talkies' had wandered on by the Held CHK, including two of our Newbies of Rocket Rider & Dora, along with Veronique & Catch IT. Whatevershesays was concerned that No Eye Deer was not at the regroup, but she would soon be in sight as both she & Milf came in to sight after completing the almost two mile loop of the long Trail.

After they had time at the refreshment stop, it would soon be to move on & the Trail would continue southward to the end of Eastern Way, with the roadworks on the opposite side of the road, there a tailback & a bunching up of Hashers trying to get to the small traffic island on Wilbury Way. Wjile some obeyed the Green Cross Code [Was that to do with the after effects of the FUK Full Mon Pub Crawl? – Ed] others took a leap of faith/mad-dash (Delete as appropriate) between the traffic, where a few were lured away to the west, all in the belief that the Trail would run back down through Norton Common. Nope, they were wrong as the Trail continued down Norton Way.

Flying Solo kept the end of the Trail simple, no doubt in the knowledge that Sludge & My Lil' would not adhere to any deviations this far from the centre of town. Back across from the Sport Centre & on to Norton Lil Way North, Mr X said to Lemming that they should see if they could stop at the local Sally Ackers' Citadel (Salvation Army Church) & sign the 'Pledge', which was highly unlikely as he, My Lil' & Lemming now reeked of the Spice Rum.

Under the Railway bridge & the On Inn was found just before the roundabout with Station Road, where the arrows led back to the car park. Rocket Rider & Dora were happy to discover that her email correspondence with Mr X was correct when he told her that she wouldn't get left behind on the Herts Hash.

Time to take over the Brewery Bar, where some seemed worried that they wouldn't get their Pasties, but Mr X had a list of all of those who did reply to social media request, but the Brewery only have a small oven & it took a while for the Pasties to be all ready, but that gave time for the Pack to enjoyed an extra pint or two!

Mr X had his list of who had pre-ordered & the hot, delicious Pasties came out. For the Veggies there were the usual Samosas, or for meat eaters who hadn't booked could enjoy the locally made sausage rolls. Unfortunately for No Eye Deer & Whatevershesays, the last three pasties hadn't been cooked, well not before they had left. Killer Queen, She Wolf, Mr X & Doormat became the beneficiaries of these lovely Pasties from a local Butcher.

Before the Circle was undertaken, the Herts RA's firstly had to warn four civilians of what was about to take place right by their reserved table! They didn't seem phased, which was fortunate as





there were too many Hashers present to go out & come back in the Brewery & keep the seats.

As for the Circle, well it was a long one, with Mr X & Forking Dick Chair as the RAs. Obviously the Hare was rewarded for a good Trail, with an excellent Regroup including some Cornish Rum on St Piran's Day. Mr X would explain to the uninitiated that St Piran is the Patron Saint of Cornwall, he arrived by boat to convert the locals to Christianity.

Meanwhile, in Cornwall...



## McDonald's to remove 'tasteless' sign opposite Cornwall crematorium



As I was going to St Ives  
I met a man with seven wives  
Every wife had seven sacks  
Every sack had seven cats  
Every cat had seven kits  
Kits, cats, sacks, wives  
How many were going to St Ives?



Amongst the plethora of our Hits sat upon the old Hogshead barrel were, in no particular order: Our Newbies of Rocket Rider, Wander Off & Please Don't, one of the latter couldn't have her Down-Down due to having to Drive, so Mr X let her nominate someone, as our very own Denzil Penberthy of Lemming was now ~~picked~~ chosen! Sadly Dora had to leave before the Circle.

Mr X had Milf celebrating her 300th Herts Run, then Forking called out Dobbin from DC, as well as Captain F as H5's un-functioning GM, while Mr X had Where's Wally? come out to admit that he, being a Spurs' Fan, owns a Season Ticket at the Emirates? Turns out that his two sons are Gooners & it the only way he gets to see them at weekends.

Count Roadkill was called forth, for neither he nor Mr X had, so far, mentioned or bellowed out the word "DEATH!" which was apt on this day as the Brewery had Mad Squirrel Brewery's 'Roadkill' on tap.

To keep the balance of Bald H4 heads in the Circle, Paxo was called forward for he didn't take a tip from Ewok's Dad, who backed Mister X at Lingfield that week. Mr X added that he was flattered by the odds of 7/2 & was surprised the horse actually crossed the line, let alone win, considering the weight it was carrying!

A great day in the end.

