

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

72 year old Johnny Sexton said today "I'm happy to continue playing for Ireland into my 80s but Ireland does need to get a few candidates to replace me".



Run No. 2031  
19th March 2023  
Venue: North Mimms Social Club  
Location: Welham Green  
Beers/Cider TT Landlord & Old Speckled Hen  
Hare/s: My Lil'  
Runners: 13  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 0  
Total: 11  
Membership: On search of a sick Pussy? [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]



So, normal service has resumed after Paxo's 1,000th weekend & some were back to the regular weekly R\*ns. The Hare marked P-arrows from the station, in the slight off-chance that someone else but Mr X would also use public transport to reach the venue?

Considering it was 'Mother's Day' the turnout wasn't too bad, better than in some previous years. As the Pack began to assemble outside of the Social Club, some parked behind the adjacent Memorial Hall, others pulled up across the road, but to Milf's dismay Kylie drove off down Somers Road. So, in the end the Hare was happy as someone else actually did follow a lot of the P-arrows from the Station to get to the venue!

Time came around to Circle up, with TBT OBE correctly carrying out the GM duties in welcoming the Pack to the right R\*n number, before handing over to the Day's Hare. Step forward My Lil', who explained the Trail was fresh that morning & that there would be Shiggy, & in parts lots of deep water! The Pack were quickly directed away down Station Road toward the now boarded up Hope & Anchor, sadly the local council have allowed this listed old building to be turned into flats & have houses built there, another bit of our Heritage just tossed away by tee-total do-gooders.

Mr X pointed out the small arch between two of the chimney stacks of the old Inn, before looking down & spotting & the disappointment of seeing a large Bar CHK across the path of himself, Milf, No Eye Deer, TBT OBE & Moss Key Toe. There was some groaning as the FRBs turned back to see the Knitting Circle were now heading off down the right arm of the wishbone split in the road on the Dellsome Lane arm.

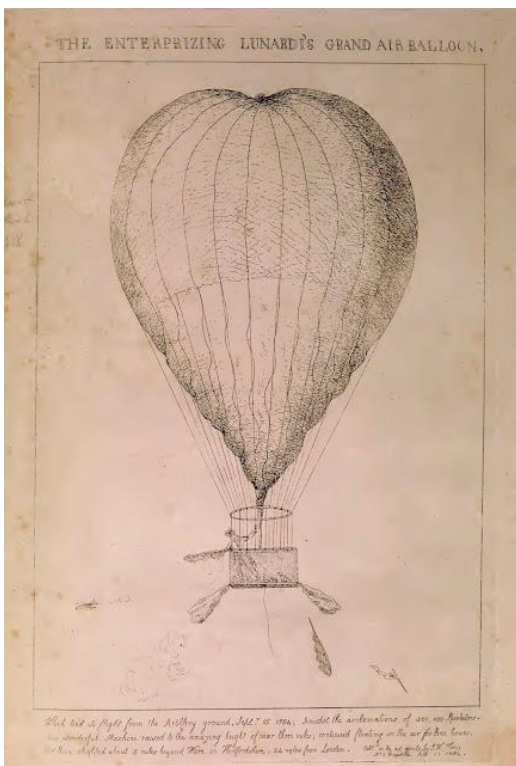
TBT OBE stopped to ~~berre~~ chat to the locals who have a fair bit of work in renovating & extending the end cottage, while the rest now tried to make up lost ground on the Hare, with Hash Test Dummy, Supertrouper, Whatevershesays & Kylie as they progressed opposite the village green & onto the pedestrian crossing on Dixon's Hill Road, then over toward the parade of shops.

The Trail crossed from the main shopping side of Dellsome Lane to the Service Station side, then just a few yards over from the junction corner a CHK was found by a northbound footpath. The Trail was found up the back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] that gave the sense of heading diagonally between the back of the homes clustered around this area. A turn in the path's direction had the FRBs encounter a large grey standard poodle, like Prince Rupert's Devil Dog that frightened the Roundheads in the English Civil War years.

Anyhow, Milf & No Eye Deer were first to the corner but there was little calling from them as they followed the Trail out into Vincenzo Close, then straight on to another back passage between more homes to arrive at the next CHK where it emerges out on to Huggins Lane.

The two girls were quickly on to Trail further northward on the third section of back passage, however, when Mr X arrived, closely followed by Moss Key Toe, he said that the Trail seemed to have been found far too quickly for his likings. Sure enough No Eye Deer & Milf found the T up toward Pooleys Lane, so Mr X now resumed looking around the bend to the south on Huggins Lane.

The 500 Yards trot weaved slightly on its way back down to Dellsome Lane, where at the four-way junction, those who were more observant would have noticed the squat square stone, in what is known as Balloon Corner, with an inscription "Near this spot at 3.30 in the



afternoon of September 15th 1784 Vincenzo Lundardi the Italian balloonist made his first landing whilst on his pioneer flight in the English atmosphere. Having handed out a cat and dog the partners of his flight from London he re-ascended and continued north eastward."

Yes, the first ever UK hot-air balloon had to temporarily land to drop off the cat as it was being airsick! It was left with a local woman Mary Butterfield, who then sold it to a man on horseback! Vincenzo began his journey from the Honourable Artillery Grounds at Moorfields, & apart from the stop at Welham Green, it would finish at Standon Green End, Thunderidge, where another stone bears an inscription of the aerial deed covering 26 miles in around two & a half hours. Nearby Vincenzo Close is named after him, & the Balloon appears on the North Mymms Parish Council's cypher.



Back to the Trail & by this point TBT OBE was miles ahead of the rest, well probably about half a mile after taking the first Short Cut. Mr X & Moss Key Toe now picked up the Trail from the short cut down from Dellsome Lane Shops, where at the end of the residential section of the lane the Trail would head off in to the corner of Bush Wood, right by the local Bush Wood School.

Here the Hash would experience the first bit of Shiggy, as the muddy old tract lead into the woodland, suddenly the RA spotted some very distinctive bright green socks lurking behind a large holly bush, then after a couple of shakes, Paxo emerged after scaring the squirrels. [Whoa Pebbledash! – Ed]

When question as to what he had been doing, Paxo replied "Same as Paul did over there!" as he pointed to another trembling bush across the way. Thankfully they were not killing off the bluebells which will carpet this broadleaf woodland in a few weeks' time.

Mr X & Moss Key Toe got by the leaky willies to find the Dust leading out to the northern edge of Bush Wood & on to the old section of Dellsome Lane, which is no longer suitable for vehicles. Here a CHK was found, it had already been marked with an arrow pointing northward in to the fallow field, which at the far end of, the small figure of TBT OBE could be seen & heard calling "On! On!"

Having negotiated the large puddle beside the huge concrete block restricting unwanted access, & now in the fallow area. Mr X & Moss Key Toe began an attempt to try & make up ground on TBT OBE, however Mr X's effort soon fell flat as his phone rang. It was Zing-a-long-a-max, who was still back at the Social Club, with Des Res. These two were soon informed on how to start the Trail & begin their attempt to catch up.

While Moss Key Toe had made good progress in following in TBT OBE's steps, Mr X's phone call had him wandering off Trail & from behind there were deriding calls of "Short Cutter!" emanating from Milf & No Eye Deer. As Mr X veered further toward the centre of the dip in the scrubby old land, the going under foot became wetter & so several changes of tack were in order to keep to the drier ground.

By the time Mr X had reached the drier spindly tree-lined division between two sections of the Angerland Common, he looked to his right to notice there was no sign of No Eye Deer & Milf. No longer in view but not ahead of him. Up to the path cutting a descending way to the southwestern corner of the common & then he spotted two figures creeping about in the brambles alongside the edge of the old Dellsome lane.

Out through the corner on to the cold, wet, stream like Dellsome Lane, Mr X decided to stand & call out "On! On!" while waiting for the two Harriettes, that he presumed were short cutting through the lane side hedgerow, little did he know that the two were now not only scaring the squirrels, but also two passing cyclists!

After 5 minutes of waiting & 'doing the right thing' the RA decided that he would go against the direction of the Trail & head back up the old tarmac route that is slightly encroached with brambles & other way-side shrubbery. So after a 20 yards around the turn, Mr X could now see that No Eye Deer & Milf were out in the crop field to the south of the lane. He called out "On! On!" but they echoed the same back to him, there was some brief confusion with the fact that they had now stumbled upon the Official Short Cut!

By the time Mr X had made his way back up to the end of Bush Wood, then headed out over the crop field on the old footpath marked on the OS Map but which isn't used much by the locals, he had now lost about 10 minutes on TBT OBE & Moss Key Toe, as well as Whatevershesays, Paxo, Kylie, Hash Test Dummy & Supertrouper! The going was now one of claggy Shiggy that clung to Hash boots over the field to Dellsome Bottom, the RA pondered on the state of Paxo's new shoes he was wearing that day.

By the time Mr X had traversed the adhering loam, he wished that he had taken the easy, wet, old lane route

down to the pylon, then along by the embankment by the A1(M). Ahead he could see No Eye Deer & Milf now on the high arched farm bridge & they were knocking the sods of earth off of their Hash shoes. When he caught up, Mr X told them not to bother trying to remove the Shiggy, as if he was correct with the Trail's route, then there'd be plenty of water to wash off any Shiggy as that area is known as Water End!

Once on the bridge, the three looked behind to see two figures way back at Bush Wood, one was Zing-along-a-max, the other was a mystery for the moment. Time to move on & once on the west side of the A1(M) a CHK was found by the metal five-bar gate on the concrete drive over to Tollgate Farm, but this had been found as a Falsie by those at the front of the Pack & this had slowed TBT OBE up a bit.



Conor  
@conjob123

Mate has been arguing with Ryanair all day because autocorrect changed his name from Luke to Lukewarm on their app and they want €115 to do a name change on the flight haha

With the Trail marked, the strays of the Hash were now following on along the edge of the crop field, below the edge of the A1(M), passing by a section of wooden coral fencing that was broken & this left some to wonder how this had happened as the cars sped by, not that far away from the Trail!

Some 500 Yards ahead & figures, in distinctive lime green socks, could now be seen cutting over the crop field & into the small Copse leading up to the corner of Tollgate Road. Up through the wire fenced-in footpath to the busy road, care was needed to cross over to the small green area with the North Mymms War Memorial sits, opposite the gates to North Mymms Park.

Here the CHK by the Gate House was marked with a southwest bound Trail on the drive up to St Mary's Church, & a short cut to the south east on the dead-end section of Tollgate Road. It was here that Zing-a-long-a-max & Des Res caught up, with Mr X. Zing-a-long-a-max would follow on behind Milf & No Eye Deer on the Trail through the Park gates, while Des Res joined Mr X in following on behind Kylie on the puddle strewn old lane that weaves gentle by the stream to Home Farm.

Over to the west, Milf & No Eye Deer could be seen making their way down from opposite St Mary's Church & embarking on a diagonal Path through the 'Bull Field' complete with warning sign of large Male Bovines could be within the green space, taking to a straight path through to a gate into the North Mymms Cricket Club, not far from the splendidly named Teakettle Bridge.

Here the two trails met up in the wooded rampart by the Cricket Pitch, this would lead up to the footbridge spanning the A1(M) another high crossing over the busy motorway below, which Mr X said he had walked greyhounds on the motorway way back when he worked in local Kennels & the road had just been changed from the A555 to the A1(M). On the down ramp on the eastern side of the motorway the Pack bunched up at the Held CHK for the Sweet Stop, where Supertrouser was handing out the sweets.

Milf wanted to take a picture of the regroup, Mr X said to make sure there were no ghosts in the shot, for a few years ago a woman's body was discovered discarded there! Spirit free, the Pack set off to cross the busy Swanland Road, right opposite the junction with the Warrengate Road, & the former Bus Depot now Garage, & Waterend Spice. Mr X stood on the opposite side to warn of fast approaching traffic coming from both directions on the tight bend.

Safely over to the eastern side, here there was a discussion about the Pubs that were here from Des Res, the Woodman still exists & is open mainly as a restaurant, but as Mr X said the Maypole never recovered after there was a murder there in 2004 & it closed in 2010, the building built in 1512 is now a private house. [The Trail was now sounding like it could be one like a Friday 13th one? – Ed]

The Trail would now split, with the 'Long' Trail marked on the gravel path squeezed between the two Garages compounds in a north-easterly direction, after 116 Yards the path emerged out on to the old Water End area, which as Mr X had pointed out is famous for its Swallow Holes, there are more than 15 that are a permanent features of the landscape, some surrounded by boggy areas of marsh & Willow Carr. A Carr being an area of reedy marsh that is likely in time to turn in to woodland but are mainly dominated by shrubs.

The Water End Swallow Holes are of SSI (Special Scientific Interest) importance, they supply water to form the river Colne. As Mr X explained to Supertrouser, sinkholes are various shape of hollows formed by the collapse or washing out of lower layers of gravel or chalk that used to support the top layer of clay at the surface, these eventually collapse. Streams or rivers may enter a sinkhole, disappear underground & reemerging, these type of Sinkhole are called a Swallow holes. Sink Holes & Swallow Holes can be dangerous due to their unseen depth & the possibilities of the edges giving way.

Now, the Hare had set the Trail on the established footpath between the Swallow Holes, but the previous day's rainfall, & as the RA said the 'Added liquid by the Hash' further up the water table must have had a contribution, meaning that the Mimms Hall Brook leading to the Colne was now in full flood & gushing by at a fair rate of knots.

The Hare hadn't been through this long, deep, wet tract of dipping footpath, he must have 'pussy-footed' around & placed Dust on the opposite side, as he didn't realise how deep it was.

Moss Key Toe & Mr X would find out how deep it was, at first the fresh, cold, streaming water was up to their knees, then as Moss Key Toe found the water rose up to his waist. The RA then stopped & told the others to head back to the Short Cut, for he couldn't see No Eye Deer wading through up to her Chest [No Wet T-Shirt Contests! – Ed], or Supertrouser having to swim over against the fast current, & sadly Paxo not getting those New Shoes full of water!

An about-turn made sure that all behind now took the easier option of the next footpath in to Water End a little further back up toward Dixon's Hill Road. Down a set of steps & the Trail would arc back around to the Swallow Holes & where the Trail resumed from the large flooded section of footpath, which links the dry sections by a series of footbridges that were even marked on the 1880's Ordinance Survey Maps.

Mr X, who had taken an earlier short cut due to his calf seize up, now found that all of that time spent in the cold, deep water had acted like an ice pack & his stiff bits were now all relaxed [Steady Pebbledash! It was cold! – Ed]

The Trail now made it by another deep, but shorter water crossing coming out of one Sinkhole, where the after was emerging from one swallow hole, short enough for Kylie to claim he had crossed it in one leap. No Eye



Doctor Foster went to  
Gloucester,  
In a shower of rain;  
He stepped in a puddle,  
Right up to his middle,  
And never went there again

Deer was again given recommendations to turn back & follow Des Res on the alternative route around the outside of the woodland, which was not much of a short cut but easier negotiate with less water & less Shiggy, well until the top end of the field! On the way No Eye Deer & Mr X recited the Doctor Foster nursery Rhyme Supertrouper was also recommended to take the drier route, as she Paxo, No Eye Deer & Mr X all followed on after Des Res around the outside of the woodland. Mr X now looked at the nice long, *direct* footpath leading straight up the

centre of the rising slope of brassicas toward the On Inn, but No Eye Deer had spotted Des Res going on the long option, all the way around the outside of said crop, & she cajoled the RA in to going that way as well, especially as Paxo & Supertrouper were also taking the longer route.

Soon No Eye Deer must have thought that she was trotting along with Whatevershesays, for Mr X was grumbling away, his protestations only grew louder when spotted & then pointed out the figure of the Hare marking the Short Cut straight up through the centre of the brassicas! [Bah! Humbug! - Ed]

At least the Trail was coming to an end, as it turned along the top of the field, where they would bump in to the Hare finishing his Short Cut & joined them out on to Station Road & head back to the Social Club, though to do this safely the Hash had to cross the road to the bus shelter, where Des Res was seen loitering, then back over again to find Whatevershesays sitting at a bench outside of the Club entrance.

The Pack had a slight issue getting in, it had to be explained to the local, with Rudy the French Bulldog, who did open the door, that most of the Hash are CAMRA members [Even though they never seem to have their Membership Cards or 50 pence off a pint vouchers on them! – Ed] & the Hare had been over to see about the Hash being able to have a drink there, this went before the Club Committee & was passed. Something the RA was glad of as he will no longer willingly drink McMullen's after they suddenly shut his local Pub, which was suspicious as it was before Easter & all of the up-coming May Bank Holidays.

The Pack settled in to enjoy the rather nice Ales, then there was a lot of work in updating the Hareline, while Hash Test Dummy entertained the adults with his amusing social media creations, as well as discussions of the upcoming staging of 'Oliver' with Supertrouper. A few verses of 'Pick a pocket or two' 'Consider yourself' & 'Ale glorious Ale' [A Slight bit of poetic license there! – Ed]

Whatevershesays wasn't for the Circle being inside, but the RA said that we had enough issues getting in & out of the RF (Radio Frequency) Fob controlled door! So, with a quiet & short versed set of songs in order to keep any disruption to a minimum, the Circle was called.

The Hare was rewarded for an excellent Trail, which everyone enjoyed. Other Down-Downs went to Milf & No Eye Deer for adding to the flow of the raging brook! Moss Key Toe for doing a Dr Foster & venturing in to the torrents up to his neck! Sadly, Paxo's new Shoes will have to wait for another time, as it was thought no to look good for him to drink out of one inside the Social Club.



**Give your kid a rugby ball: if they throw it, they'll be a back. If they hold on to it, they'll be a forward. If they try to eat it, they'll be a prop.**



Credit: Toronto & District Rugby Referee Society

In 1978, astrophysicist Brian May, assisted by F. Mercury, postulated that the Earth's rotation was due to 'Fat-Bottomed Girls'.



After more than 40 years without being disproven, refuted, or, really, even seriously questioned, this now must be considered scientific fact.