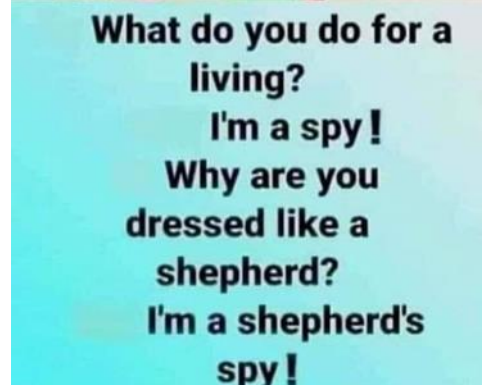


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk



Run No. 2042
Date: 4th June 2023
Venue: The Orange Tree
Location: Baldock
Beers/Cider Plum Porter; Mansion House
Hare/s: Flying Solo
Runners: 16
Virgins: 0
Visitors: Cambridge
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 2
Total: 42
Membership: Spoilt at the Drink Stop



As Paxo arrived at the venue he would discover that the few spaces directly outside of the Orange Tree's car parking were all taken, with Sludge being one who was closest to the Pub doors! Paxo continued to drive on by & was almost instinctively drawn to pull up just a few yards further along the Icknield Way & stop right outside the new Old People's apartments.

Now stationary, Paxo then called out to Mr X & My Lil' "The place is rammed!" as these two walked toward the Pub, Paxo would be unaware of a powerful 'stare of disdain' from the Provisional Driver who was driving behind him. Paxo survived the medusa like stare, joining the ever increasing Pack outside of the Orange Tree on this splendidly bright, warm morning.

Rob, the Landlord opened up the side door for those who were in need of a wee before Circling Up. The two Packs were mingling & preparing for the Hare to arrive, although there was no sign of Flying Solo as yet, but both She Wolf & Killer Queen were both at the venue.

Tent Packer & Mrs Mallet sailed by, then sailed back up-stream again to get moored-up around on The Sycamores. Then Sparky drove by to a loud cheer of "Look where you are driving!" as he seemed to veer toward on-coming traffic! Doeswhatshesays was, like others, mightily relieved that there was no scraping of paint, but then everyone was put back on high alert again as Sparky drove back to park up near Tent Packer on the side road.

The early arrivals had a good chat, considering that some of the Cambridge & Herts 'Old Guard' hadn't seen each other since before Covid, but those chats would have to continue around the Trail & après as suddenly as the time was edging around to the hour Paxo was ready to call the Circle & introduce everyone to the correct Herts Run Number, while Smeghead couldn't recall what the Cambridge Hash Run was, but it was in the 2300's! [TBT OBE could give him a lesson or two! – Ed]

Flying Solo arrived on one of her daughter's bikes, after a quick seat adjustment to lower the saddle, the Hare was ready to inform the joint Pack of what to expect out there. Sludge looked on with just as confused a look as the Cambridge Hashers when the Hare explained that CHKs were Herts Markings, so they were just plain old Circles without any 'Fancy' Cambridge CHKs & an X within it.

With the Chalk-talk over, it was time to move on, the likes of Paxo & Tent Packer having already seen the Trail from when they ~~lured~~ drove down to the old Peoples units. "On!" was called & the Herts regulars had more than an inkling that the Trail would take the Hash on through the low, narrow & unlit tunnel passing beneath the railway line & through the embankment.

After a few calls of "On! On!" to test the excellent acoustics from the brick-lined walls, the FRBs arrived at the First CHK of the day out on the northern side of the tracks, here Mr X chose to search away to the northeast, rather than hang around by the wiffy old Sewage Treatment works, he was away on the footpath running below the railway embankment that begins to turn toward the bottom of the local Baldock Allotment & Leisure Gardener's Association, but there was a T there to prevent any further progress.

Coming back by the pong to the CHK, Mr X indicated to those like Slaphead, Double Top, Doeswhatshesays, Paxo & Coucou gathered there that both My Lil' & Tent Packer had gone off to search the footpath that runs northward up into the wooded area beside the Football Club from which these two hadn't come back.

Soon the Trail was picked up to the north & the rest of the FRBs, like Wrong Way set off after the 'quiet two' from a CHK by the fork in the footpath, Mr X arrived to discover some rather perplexed Cambridge FRBs who were staring blankly at the empty circle of a Herts CHK. While My Lil' & Tent Packer had now gone astray, off on the usual route up by the new 'Obstacle Centre' that would be great to Hash around, Mr X now chose the right-hand, northern option out into the small open area of Ivel Springs.

Dust was found, as well one-sided arrows on the wooden balustrade of the footbridge over the stream of the Ivel, that even though the Hare had mentioned about Trail being off of the ground in places, these had to be pointed out to some of our guests & Sparky. Emerging from the edge of the wood, a CHK was found in the corner of the open

space to the north of the allotments, Mr X would again pick up the correct Trail as he chose to head northward on the footpath that hugged the edge of the contour of the woodland & the open area of fallow grass.

After 200 yards around the open space, the Trail turned westward & back in amongst the trees, where once up a set of steps a CHK was found on the raised footpath, there were just two options here, north or south? The Herts RA would now go wrong by heading southward, perhaps he thought that the Knitting Circle would be brought along the path that joins this one just below the Equine Centre? It wouldn't?



Retracing his steps, Mr X would now find the Knitting Circle were just coming out ahead of him on the footpath, with Paxo & Doeswhatshesays coming up the few steps in a manner that reminded the Herts RA of Dr Evadne Hinge & Dame Hilda Bracket [Kids, they were a drag act from the 1972 until 2002! – Ed]. With them was Double Top, Debonairre, Papparazzi, Klinger & Slaphead.

The Herts RA would pass by then just before the Trail would drop down a few more steps carved out in the bankside &

almost everyone had to duck to pass under the large trunk of a tree that has been fallen across the path for some time. This low area between the two footpaths was once flooded in long tracks fed by the Ivel to form watercress beds in years gone by.

The pace would now drop as the Pack obeyed a 'Hash Hush' & walk the next section, for it passed by the edge of the horse paddocks, but after the equines' home things begun to become stretched out, as the Keenies could run up the path near to the edge of the A1(M) & in amongst the trees until dropping down to Norton Mill Lane.

Sensibly No Eye Deer had already marked the CHK here by the time Mr X arrived, arrows now directed the way under the A1(M) a some care was needed as there was an unusual amount of traffic on this normally very quiet lane, the long line of traffic was no doubt a result of the



roadworks & temporary lights in Baldock town centre, up by the White Horse junction. This had led to this route becoming a bit of a 'Rat Run' thankfully after some 200 yards the Trail would leave the narrow tarmac lane & lead the Hash out into the crop fields on the sloping hillside to the south of Radwell Bury Farm. Sparky would later blame his late arrival on some poor sod's car that had flipped over on the way to Baldock, which only added to the tailback.

The warmth of sun could now be felt in this first really exposed section of the Trail, a few yards on to the bone dry baked earth & the first of the Long & Walker Splits would be found. For the runners the Trail would move away to the west, on a loop out to the hedgerow edge of the River Ivel.

It was noticeable to these Keenies that the stream had now become a river, no crossing the river yet for the FRBs as would be led on the path that veers back over to the 'straight as a die' path the walkers were on.

A change of tack from Northwest to northeast in the corner of the crop field, here Mr X walked along with No Eye Deer as the field rose up along below Radwell Bury Farm, along the way they were keenly watched by the horses peering out over the hedgerow to the north.

On the way No Eye Deer mentioned that she didn't think some of the Hash appreciate how much work goes on in the background when organising events & even the weekly Hash emails & Website updates, Mr X added that they should ask the Hare Raiser of how strenuous it is? [Me thinks that was sarcastic? – Ed]

Once at the top of the hill, the FRBs could look back over the ground they had covered, there a long line of the Knitting Circle could be seen, with Paxo standing out in his matching lime green top, sock & cap, who said Hashers don't have any dress sense?

Arrows directed the way as the Footpath turned northward & led through the various outbuildings of the large Radwellbury farmyard, to reach Radwell Lane. A turn to the west would lead the Hash down the gentle slope & back in to the shade of the mature broadleaf trees lignin the way down toward All Saints Church.

Once beyond the small Church, the Trail's 320 Yard gentle descent would be enough to encourage the Keenies to pick up the Running again, though there was a brief break in the stride for down by the Radwell lake a white Swan stood there, as if on sentry duty in the centre of the narrowed lane, "Mr X came out with the famous quote from Peter Kaye "Watch out he could break your arm!" but as Peter Kaye says "No one had ever met anyone who has actually had an arm broken by a Swan!"

For the Hash 'Spring Watch' fans there were plenty of waterfowl to admire out on the lake, they were being fed by a civilian & her tot. A CHK was found by the edge of the large Pond by the old flour Mill, with one footpath heading away on the southern edge of a small green space, but the likes of Kermit, Benghazi Dave & Toed Bedsores

were already calling "On!" along the southwestern drive into Radwell Lake Camping Site, it was only 80 Yards further on to where the next CHK was found, this one would catch the FRBs out.

A Falsie further southwest with nothing but bemused campers, one of the alternative to the northwest ended with 'Private' Roads, all of which led Mr X to believe that there must be another path in the campsite that meets up with the previous one that runs behind it? Sure enough that was the case, so once No Eye Deer had marked the two CHks, Mr X had her pose by the closed, small wooden Refreshment Stand, which they hoped wasn't the drink stop the Hare had mentioned at the start of the Trail chalk-talk?

The Trail now run up on a footpath by another section of camping & caravan, to lead in to the woodland to the southwest of the campsite, it was here that the second of the Long/Short splits would be discovered. While My Lil' would now take to the Walkers option, along with Paxo, Sludge, Slaphead, Klingler, Gorilla, Chimp, Paparazzi, Coucou, Doeswhatshesays & somewhere along the way our Sparky.

For Kermit, Benghazi Dave, Toed Bedsores, Tent Packer, Mr X, No Eye Deer, El Rave, Wrong Way & Sludge it was off on the long trot around in the cool shaded woodland for 200 Yards to its western edge, there a CHK was a quickly dealt with as the FRBs had more than an inkling that the Trail would now have to turn southward for about 300 Yards toward the Norton Road. Then from a CHK a turn to the southeast brought the FRBs out on to a track parallel to that of the Knitting Circles', whose bright Hash hats & t-shirts could be seen bobbing away in the distance of about 300 yards on the opposite end of the crop field.

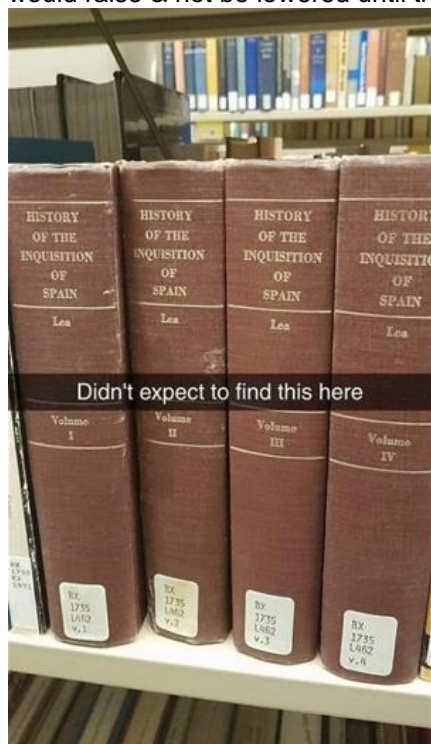
600 Yards on mostly open dusty dirt tracks for the Keenies, thankfully there was more shade at the south-eastern end, where the track led in to Radwell Meadows County Park. The Herts RA arrived in the centre to find My Lil' was already imbibing at the shaded Drink Stop, in fact he was there before Killer Queen & She Wolf who had peddled there upon their bikes, his early arrival had ruined their 'competitiveness' of being the first to the Drink Stop with their Peloton of cycles!

Anyhow, less of the oneupmanship. Flying Solo & her friends made sure that the Pack were treated to a veritable feast, with choices of Beers, Ciders, softies, Rosé, White Wine & Prosecco, Icicles, Prawn Crackers, some really addictive Italian herb bites. Some at this Drink Stop were confused as to whether Sludge & Toed Bedsores were separated at Birth, both bearded chaps sporting very similar stracne, as well as sporting almost identical hash short & hats?

Des Res caught up with the Pack by this point, seems that he was without Zingalong this week, but was keen to talk about the upcoming 'World's End Pub Crawl, something that would be mentioned more later on the closing Circle. Sparky finally made it to this respite, by the sounds of things he too hadn't heard the bit of the Chalk Talk when the Hare mentioned that the Trail was marked on trees, fences & wooden post, for he claimed the Trail was "Poorly marked!" [Perhaps he should go to Specsavers & get his eyes tested, while he's there he can get the wax cleared out of his Hearing Trumpet as well! – Ed]

On Slaphead's arrival he discovered that there was only Cider left, so Mr X gave up half of his can that he was pouring into a separate cup. Crisis averted & Suitable refreshed, the Pack would begin to move on in small groups, the Trail back was the same for everyone, heading out of the Park, via the entrance with the anti-dogging bollard!

Mr X explained to Debonaire that it car park prevention was installed to prevent meetings of unsavoury goings on with groups of men (with gofer puppets) meeting up at night, at a predetermined time in the evening this bollard would raise & not be lowered until the next day, there used to be plenty of warning signs around the car park about this [No, he doesn't have personal experience, but check with Paxo for further details! – Ed].



The Trail would now head out to the Nortonbury Stables, then up through the end of the car park & on to the long, dry old track rising around the outside of the empty equine paddocks, many walked this section of some 600 Yards, then the track turns from eastward to southbound, running along by the A1(M) for a further 400 Yards to come up the rising slope to the Norton Road.

There would be no more CHks, just the 'On Inn' at the turning south-eastward to run along the edge of the road, which would be a stony old worn 'unofficial footpath all the way back by the Football Club & under the railway bridge. On the way Mr X would warn those of the potential trip hazard lurking just beyond the Equine Centre entrance, that caught him out last year & resulting in him breaking his ribs on the Herts 2,000th Trail.

Successfully negotiating the nasty little booby traps, there were no trips [No TBT OBE! – Ed] even Sparky managed to get by these little b*stards to follow the road back under the railway & around into the Orange Tree. The weather was fine enough for the Hash to enjoy the splendid Pub Garden, as Mr X explained to some that this was all built during covid, & where the Petanque pitches are now undercover of the open barn-like construction, was made so Bands could play, with the Drummer in one alcove, Bass & Lead guitars in another, & the Singer kept separate by the required distance.

The visiting section of the Pack admired the seating booths, especially the old Train seats, but Mr X went on to explained that someone didn't think the seating arrangements were far enough apart, not long after Herts Hashed here in their 'Pods of Six' some overzealous 'elf & safety inspector came around to check, the petty result had the garden shut as the seating was something like an inch short of the required Six feet!

Anyhow, there was plenty of catching up to be done, while Tent Packer set out his Habderdashery Stall, Mr X was busy going around with sun-block, slapping it on those with bald pates who didn't have a hat to stop any burning, & there were plenty of them. Eventually it came around to the final Circle.

There was a plethora of other Down-Downs set out in front of Double Top & Mr X, who would be awarding them, though with just a Stole, Mr X felt slightly underdressed compared to Double Top's full red & gold maidens outfit. The Hare was called forward for setting an excellent, mostly shaded Trail, with a brilliant Drink Stop! So, here are a few of the other (Loads of) Down-Down recipients: Paxo & Doeswhatshesays for their 'Hinge & Bracket' impersonation! Sparky was out for his waving & not concentrating on the road ahead for which he had a very non-concentrated Hit!

There was also reminiscing from the Herts RA about when he first started hashing & used to run with Cambridge on Sundays, when Herts were Monday Running, which led to Slaphead, Gorilla, Toad Bedsores & Klinger to be called up for a Down-Down, as he reminisced about the Late Toy Boy & how he would produce a candelabra for the 'Top Table' at Hash away weekends & how they would have to resurrect the Top Table for a future event!

Mr X received several Down-Downs, not sure what the first one was for, being on the Top Table & when one RA drinks for sorting the weather, all RAs Drink, as he & Double top linked arms to dispatch their Ales. No doubt if the Herts Song-Mistress was there she's have called the Herts RA 'Boring' but apparently Milf was away with the Hare Raiser but none of us have seem know who the Hare Riser is? [If you know, please send your answers on a postcard to TBT OBE, unfortunately we can't give you his contact details as no one knows where he is either! – Ed]

A great joint run, with splendid weather, fantastic Beer Stop & great company.



 **Travis Akers** 
@travisakers

Pink Floyd updated their profile picture to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Dark Side of the Moon, and the replies are... something.

 **Pink Floyd** updated their profile picture. 3h



 **Wild Bill**
Lose the rainbow, you're making yourself look stupid!... 
15m Haha Reply 1 🍷

 **Michael Donovan**
What is that pink Floyd what a disgrace
2h Haha Reply

 **Lacko Botek Bottos**
From this moment i don't listen this band...

 **David Tupman**
are you going woke with rainbows, is there a straight flag, I want equal representation, don't get me wrong, we should all be true to who we are. Peace
2h Haha Reply 1 🍷

 **Michael Roper**
What's up with the rainbow
2h Like Reply



Just my luck, 250 million year old salt, and it expired 2 years ago

