

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

The only Ashes the
Aussie's won't want back.

Run No. 2044
Date: 20th June 2023
Venue: The Horse & Groom
Location: (Old) Hatfield
Beers/Cider GK Abbot: BHB; 3 Brewers Classic; Buntingford Hurricane
Hare/s: My Lil'
Runners: 13
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 13
Membership: Banging it out on a humid day.



An earlier than usual start for this Hash, due to the fact that the free Bangers & Mash on offer finish at 20:30 Hrs, so the Hare wished to get everyone around before the normal 20:00Hrs finish on Mondays, let alone it being a Tuesday. The RA wondered if anyone had read up on this fact, for he recalled on the last time we did this, that he out on Trail when he was called by Sludge & Skip on the Pack's whereabouts, this since these two arrived at the venue around the usual 19:00Hrs.

It seemed that this time around, those who were going to turn up were there for the 18:45Hrs Start, which was nothing more than miraculous! The RA was found to have imbibed a couple in the Bar, after his very early arrival straight from work, he was spotted by the HGM who was nervously pacing up & down in front of the Pub as he listened to the Ashes covered on Radio 5 Live Xtra. The RA thought that with the just one earphone in, Fliptop now resembled Morrissey when the Smiths first hit the scene & he wore a single hearing aid on stage.

The Circle was called in the car park behind the Pub, on Arm & Sword Lane. Low & behold, Sludge was just arriving as the Pack began to assemble for HGM Fliptop's welcoming speech. The Hare was called forward & unusually there was not the usual crescendo of booing, especially as My Lil' mentioned that the Trail was not a long one & that there would be a sweet stop that would not spoil anyone's appetite for later on.

Without further ado, the Hare marked an SC away to the end of Arm & Sword Lane, with the Trail proper heading off in the opposite direction into Salisbury Square. While the SCBs followed the Hare through by the viaduct Coaching entrance to Hatfield House, & the Keenies headed away to the small precinct, the RA was now feeling the effects of the first pint & so he nipped back in to the Horse & Gloom for the Gents.

A lighter, & now more comfortable, RA came out to find that Where's Wally?, Zingalong, No Eye Deer & Moss Key Toe were all heading toward him, just as he exited the front door on to Park Street & turn left, in a northward direction toward the high red-brick arches of the viaduct.

Passing beneath the high structure taking traffic to the stately home, the first CHK was found just after the footpath had separated from the narrow lane by a row of trees, the footpath arches up & then down to have the Pack search from a fenced in alleyway leading in to the Park Meadow estate.

The FRBs arrived to see that the Hare had already marked the Trail straight on for them, with an SC to the left & down the alley, where he & Hot 'N' Spicee were caught heading off down. For the Keenies they would complete a small loop to the entrance of Park Meadow, turning back on themselves for a bit & then through to join the Hare & Hot 'N' Spicee on making their way through one of the short dead-end arms & up a set of steps between two of the 1970's design homes, to reach the Old Hertford Road & on to a CHK.

Even this early on into the Trail & the Keenies were feeling the rise in humidity since the rain much earlier that day, the Trail was picked up to the northeast on the way out to where Park Street joins the dead-end of the Old Hertford Road, the latter running up to the edge of the Current Hertford Road, here arrows directed the way over to the opposite side of the A1000.

Having carefully utilized the traffic island, the Keenies now crossed over to the northern side, where a CHK awaited Zingalong & Where's Wally? to go astray on the cycle/footpath tree-lined ramp leading up to Park View in the Ryde area of Hatfield. They would come back down to join No Eye Deer, Moss Key Toe, Mr X & TBT OBE [For regular readers over the last month or more, who don't know who he is, TBT OBE is actually our Hash Beer Master & Grand Master! – Ed], Any how the Keenies had now embarked on another loop.

Where's Wally? would ironically run around on to Lodge Drive for about 60 Yards, then reaching an arrow pointing the way south-westward down The Holdings [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]. The Trail would run for a further 300 or more Yards around the shallow arc of the suburban back street to reach a CHK on the T junction with Stag Green Avenue.

Trail was picked up to the southwest, down Stag Green Avenue to where that arrives on to the Ryde, where to the north the Hare, Hot 'N' Spicce, Sludge & Fliptop had already made their way up the Ryde to the North & then were off from the CHK by the diagonal back passage to Bull Stag Green.

Once out of the narrow shaded ginnel, the FRBs of Moss Key Toe, Zingalong, Where's Wally? No Eye Deer & a trailing Mr X came out on to Bull Stag Green to find the Trail was marked around to the Great North Road, where more arrows directed them over the boxed in footbridge, known locally as Wrestlers Bridge.

The original Road Bridge used to carry the Great North Road traffic over the Kings Cross Mainline below, until 1966 when on Sunday 20 February the 116 Year old Wrestler's Bridge at collapsed on to the main Kings Cross railway line, cutting the Great North Road in two. There had been recommendations that the Bridge should be rebuilt by 1967, but while rail works were being carried out in 1966 the workman noticed the parapet began to crack & bits started falling on the line, all Trains were stopped no doubt saving many lives.

With the Great North Road cut in two, the residents of recently being constructed Beirut Birchwood estate were now cut off from the Railway & the Bus Station, since the old Birchwood Farm Land lies north of the then Great Northern Railway's branch line out to St Albans.

Once over the railway the Trail re-joined the Great North Road, here there was a CHK by the metal Artwork of 'Railway & Air' sitting on a totem the metal parts represent Hatfield's Heritage of Trains & Aircraft Building, since it was home to de Havilland through to BAE Aerospace. Hatfield was the home of the first Civilian Jet-liner the de Havilland Comet, not to mention the WWII first 'fighter-bomber of the de Havilland Mosquito.

By the time the FRBs arrived the CHK had been marked away from the Wrestlers Pub, to take to the footpath/cycleway of what is now the Alban Way of the former branch line. As the Keenies made their way around the swan-neck bend in the former branch-line, it was after



the southern bend turns to the southwest that the Knitting Circle came in to view up ahead with the Hare, not their usual Paxo who was AWOL this evening.

The tree-lined route of the old Railway started off with quite an incline, which like the slowing FRBs would have had the Steam locomotive puffing away as they headed toward St Albans. [We used to have a guy on our Hash who was a Train enthusiast & would have appreciated this stretch of the Trail, forgotten his name now! – Ed]

It would be over 400 Yards before this shaded section of the Alban Way reached any chance of a turn off, but when they came up to Ground Lane, Dust was spotted on the wooden bollard directly across the road for the continuation of the Alban Way, but at least if there was no stopping, the next leg would also be under the shade of the tree canopy, for a further 280 Yards until the next CHK was found on a four-way option at what was once a level crossing.

It around here that Ketchup caught up after his late start, which was at five to the hour, so, on a normal Hash he would have been early for him by some five minutes! While Where's Wally? & Zingalong checked out the old passageway footpath out to Crawford Road, No Eye Deer was keen to carry on along the Albans Way toward the southwest but both would prove to be wrong! Unsurprisingly, no one wanted to check it out beyond the pile of fly-tipped rubbish on Fox Holes.

Mr X's earlier comments of there being a footpath off down by the back of St Luke's Cemetery & the former Council Depot to the south had been

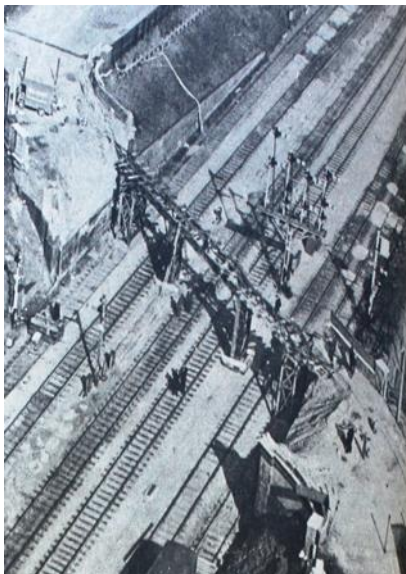
caught by Sludge's Ears, No Eye Deer & the others were called back as Sludge was now calling "On!" after he had scuttled off down the old footpath toward the northern corner of the Cemetery, where he found the next CHK.

Sludge now chose to search the footpath off to the southwest, running along the top of the hedged-in Cemetery, he was soon calling "On!" near to the new homes that have replaced the depot, but there would be a T down there to stop any further progress, Sludge turned back with the laughter of others now ringing in his ears

So, the Trail would run some 270 yard on the tarmac footpath beside the Cemetery & the homes that back on to the old way, a route of broken glass bottles, discarded litter & abandoned dog-poop bags, not the best Hatfield has to offer.

The Trail came out by the RA's Grandmothers former House [Nope she wasn't born in Hatfield, but Folkestone! – Ed] to then move around by the front of St Luke's Church, with its old Lych gate then on toward the dilapidated old former St John's Ambulance Hut, with its asbestos roof, before the arrows led the Hash down one of the ramps to the centre of the open sunken centre of the roundabout at the end of St Albans Road.

For anyone interested, Lych Gates derive their name from the Saxon Lych, or Old English, for Corpse & it was here that pallbearers & coffin would be rested at the end of a Lych Way, which was an ancient footpath for the



The new footbridge being constructed, the phot was taken by Ken Green (Of local Motorcycle fame) from a de Havilland Tiger Moth



carrying of a body to a Churchyard, which one reason a lot of public footpaths lead to Churches. Marking the boundary between consecrated & unconsecrated ground, in England, there was a folk belief that the spirit of the last person to be buried stands watch at the gate until the next burial, leading to funeral fights at the entrance to decide which corpse should be buried first!

Anyhow back to the Trail, from a CHK in the sunken centre of the roundabout there were three other options as to which way the Trail would be found? Where's Wally? & Zingalong chose the eastern exit & they took the northbound up-ramp back toward St Albans Road but a Bar CHK would turn them back to the southern up-ramp.

As Mr X ran back by the short subway entrance, he spotted a figure that looked like Des Res running straight through the centre & out the southern entrance to join My Lil', Hot 'N' Spicee & Sludge on the Short Cut up to the Lord William Cecil Memorial Hall.

The Keenies now started another loop, albeit a small one from the eastern southern ramp & around on to French Horn Lane for a short way, then over the traffic light junction & up to the Memorial Hall to join the rest on the now smaller green space of the Link. The green space's size being cut down with the construction work going on, of new builds over on Queensway & by Goldings House.

The Knitting Circle were already on Trail heading away from the CHK on the green space, they were walking southward to the high arched footbridge over Link Drive. The Hash were now subjected to some rather pungent & somewhat overpowering exotic smoke that filled the air from Goldings House, some felt a little heady as they went over the high footbridge bridge & on down the footpath that runs southward on the western side of the Breaks Manor Youth Club's grounds.

A 250 Yard tree-lined trot until the Hash reached Old Rectory Drive, but not for long before the Rectory House, as the Dust was spotted on the next section of the footpath as it heads into the wooded strip to the south, then after 140 Yards the Trail would turn with the contour of the enclosed path. South-westward on the rising tarmac path, to run up behind the 2203 Hatfield & de Havilland Air Cadet Squadron, where a bunch of Sprogs were undergoing some Drill Instruction.

After a CHK out on Woods Avenue had seen TBT OBE go wrong by searching by way of the underpass up next to Schools on the western side of the road, the Trail was picked up to the south, then off to the east on a footpath running from the bottom of the car park below the Cadet Huts. As he passed by the Parade Ground, a naughty Fliptop bellowed out "*Shun!*" order to confuse the ChAir Force Sprogs in to standing to attention!

TBT OBE had spotted the FRBs heading down the footpath into Howe Dell Woods, so he Sludged short cut diagonally across the car park, with others following on behind him. The fenced in footpath ran between two different school grounds & into the western edge of Howe Dell Wood, here on a T junction of footpath the Held CHK, as well as lots of Cub Scouts packs milling about, no sign of Paxo though!

At this respite nice shady stop the Hash were treated to Henry Hippo's, not Percy Pigs, as the Pack regrouped. When the Trail resumed the Hare gave two options, southward for the long Trail, or northward for the Short Cut? This was an easy option for Mr X, for his second pint before setting off was causing some discomfort & there were too many kids around for any disappearing off amongst the trees to scare the squirrels! The Short Cut was the choice for him.

Des Res joined Mr X & Hot 'N' Crispee on the short version, to pass by one the group of Cubs who learning about bush craft signs make from sticks, though there would be some spoilsports out there that would say the larger sticks used for forming arrows could be classed as trip hazard! [TBT OBE managed to avoid these! – Ed]

While the FRBs of Zingalong, Moss Key Toe, No Eye Deer & Ketchup headed away in an anti-clockwise loop around the woodland to the eastern side of the Dell, the pace was not the fastest as the humidity had taken its toll, even on 'along, who had lost his Zing! He wasn't the only FRB struggling, for Where's Wally? was slowed not just by the humidity, but also his back was adding to his woes.

Having crossed the stream the Keenies would turn northward, by the railway line, to head Innwards on a rising & falling path to come out by the Kids Playground out of the north end of the trees, at the end of which both Trail was would meet.

On by the building work of more homes on part of the School playing fields, then it was on to the front of the homes on Howe Dell, these strange 1970's builds have a footpath running by them but no real parking there. Des Res & the other FRBs followed the Dust on to one of the footpaths connecting the scruffy estate to come out on to Grebeland.

The Trail crossed over French Horn Lane to the Footpath up a few steps & on to the dead-end of the short Endymion Road to reach Cranbourne Road, where a turn from North to east would have the Pack crossing the footbridge by the southern end of Hatfield Railway Station, from here it was a southern turn to the underpass before 'Grays' roundabout & back On Inn to old Hatfield by their own mini 'Paddy's Wigwam'.

Meanwhile, Mr X cut all of this last section out & took a short cut via 'Grays roundabout' [Known as such by the locals as it sits by the Car Dealership that for donkey's years was Grays Garage! – Ed] as he really needed to empty his bladder.

The pack settled in to the Bar, with gentle reminder instructions to order there Bangers & Mash as they ordered their Pints. Of course our Veriterian didn't go veggie tonight, even though he clogged up Hash Meeting

emails with his irrelevant après Trail food requests, but the veggie option would take far too long for him [Was the competition for Zingalong slowing the Kitchen up? – Ed] & TBT OBE he went for the full & delicious meat choice. Rather like the Bacon Sarnie he confessed that he had with Paxo over the weekend.

Perhaps TBT OBE didn't want his plate to go cold, it has been noted that he also drinks out of damp glasses

The RA nearly choked on his food when Hot 'N' Spicee asked Zingalong if he had always been a vegan? To which Mr X replied that Zingalong used to be a Milkman! Someone then piped up with "The RA knows everything!" Mr X said he has to be Omnipotent & be able to read some Hash minds with no communication coming forward for ages. [Mr X would name & shame, but it's doubtful they'd be reading this anyway! – Ed]

The chow-down was excellent, with great bangers [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] nice bed of mash & lashings of onion gravy, & if that wasn't enough, like Fliptop & Ketchup, you could add sides of onion rings. Mr X thought of EMINEM singing his lyrics from the 'Real Slim Shady'.

The Nose bag lasted a bit longer than expected, as Zingalong went for the Vegan option, a bonus as he ended up with four vegan sausages & a huge pile of veggies, that TBT OBE's 'Green' eyes were looking on at in envy.

Once the delicious grub was finished, well Zingalong had stopped chewing the Cud, the Circle was called out I the cool rear garden. The days Hare was joined by the previous Run's Hare, both very good Trails. Then we had the vegan/vereterians out. Des Res joined Zingalong, for the two spent an age discussing the footpaths to be used, & pointing to the maps on their table while the rest of the Pack looked on! Their Trail will be like De Ja Vu for those present today, if they turn out!! [If anyone is upset by this Scribes comments, please don't take the banter to heart, but he is quite willing to step down & let others have a go! – Ed]

The suggest Mismanagement meeting for this evening was put off, as again we were missing half of the Committee, something that Mr X commented early in the week & may have touched a nerve or two, but as it was pointed out, by a few, that since being elected two months ago some have rarely been seen, not a lot of constructive communication either, & apart from wanting veggie sausages!

All in all a great day, ending on a laugh as Mr X's question on Zingalong's new car was answered, yes it does have a leather steering wheel cover Zingalong has to grip a hold of!

My goal in life is to piss off at least one person a day.

So far, I'm about 4 years ahead of schedule.



Vereterian Thinking?

Vodka Is Made From Potatoes



**Potatoes Are Vegetables.
Vodka Is A Salad.**

So it means urine is mineral water

3d Haha Reply 120 🤔👍

Ah yees, a Nokia fossil from the Mypspacian Period



8:40 pm · 01 Jun 23 · 26.9K Views

Even with his level of tech, My Lil' still managed to keep in touch & make sure our Hareline was updated!