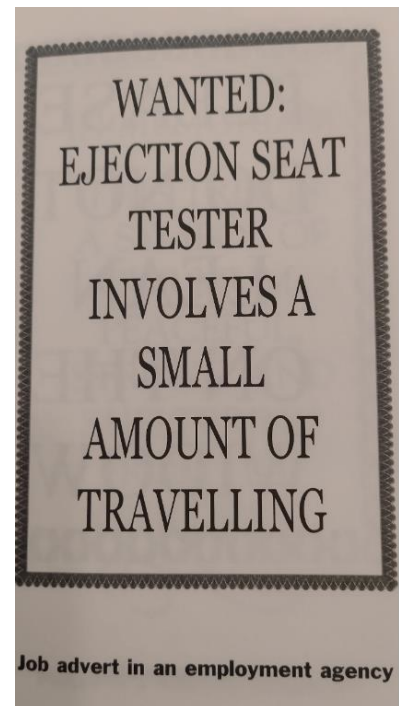


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk

Run No. 2072
Date: 10th December
Venue: The Royston Club
Location: St Albans
Beers/Cider: Tring Side Pocket for a Toad, Woodforde's Werry, Nelson's Revenge
Hare/s: Mr X & Moss Key Toe
Runners: 17
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 17
Membership: Camping it up in St Albans!



This week saw the return of Sparky's old boots, & the man himself was found to be wearing the mismatched footwear, as the Pack gathered in the slight mizzle. Circled up outside of the Royston Club, the honours were dealt with by TBT OBE, who was told the run number just minutes earlier by the RA, but came out with "Welcome to Herts R*n number 1762!"

After another reminder to TBT OBE, then a correction to the Run Number, it was over to Mr X. This week's 'Senior Hare to explain that Moss Key Toe was his co-Hare, that it was normal Herts Hash Markings, there were Short Cuts & that there would also be a sweet stop along the way, not only that but afterwards there would be hot, freshly made Pizza!

What a way to start a Trail, with Sparky blowing his horn [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] & this was followed by an immediate "How we have missed that!" from several Hashers as they made a conscious effort to run off & disassociate themselves.

Arrows took the Pack on a U-shaped loop, by heading down to Cambridge Road & this time Hashing in these parts the Trail would turn west by northwest on Cambridge road where a post-box was spotted with a knitted top that made a good photo shot with the knitted Princesses & Reindeer. There would be another post-box with a knitted top of a Crown spotted later on around the Trail.

The Trail didn't hang around here as it was marked to take another left to run the length of Ley Road, parallel to College Road & to come out to a CHK on Camp Road, this area of St Albans is named after the fact a Roman Army Camp was based here, it also lent its name to the nearby 'Camp Liberal Club', which due to embarrassment in the early 2,000's changed its name to the Hatfield Road Sports & Social Club.

Mr X arrived to find that his Co-Hare of Moss Key Toe was either luring the likes of Naughty Ways, Sex Tourist, Diamond Geezer & Mother off on the wrong way, or was as lost as they were? They were all called back as the Trail was picked up through a gap between two of the homes on the south side of the road.

The obvious choice of heading between the open gates between detached homes proved to be correct as the ash now embarked they on the track that leads out on to the Camp Play Area [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] where the Keenies of Diamond Geezer, Naughty Ways, Mother & Sex Tourist would lead the way on by outside edge of the Camp Allotments [This is getting to sound like a right Carry On film! – Ed]

A CHK was found at the crossroads with a main tarmac path running southeast to northwest through the centre of the green space. The FRBs were split in searching all three options before Sex Tourist found the Trail as they searched over in among the small housing estate over to the west, which is named after British Generals as it was picked up on Kitchener Way, other small side roads are named Gordon Close, Haig Close & on to Wingate Way. [These being General Lord Horatio Herbert Kitchener, General Charles George Gordon, Earl Douglas Haig, Viscount Hugh Trenchard (Who moved from the Army to the Royal Flying Corp to form the RAF in 1918)]

The Trail edged over to a newly tarmac path that runs behind an outbuilding to emerge out on to Cell Barnes Lane, here another CHK was located on the western side beside the School, neighbouring St Luke's Church. Dust was found away by the Church with its distinct metal scaffold-like Church Tower, which could be used as a 5G Mast if they needed to make a few bob on the side.

Heading north by northwest, the Trail soon peeled off to the left on a very little green triangle & up to CHK by the real 5G Mast, so no extra 'Offertory offerings' in the old coffers back at St Luke's then. Some looked to search off on Barncroft Way behind the wooden fencing, but it was northward up to the junction with Cell Barnes Road & Park View Close, then after around 65 Yards on to a CHK just within the eastern corner of Cunningham Hill Green Space, another enclosed piece of parkland in this section of the City.

A Falsie lay away to the northern corner, for Sex Tourist, Naughty Ways, My Lil', Mother, Diamond Geezer, with Moss Key Toe in tow, who all found the Dust on the Trees lining the Trail the southern edge of the Park & then the T! Meanwhile Mr X was marking the correct route to the west with FWB, Hot 'N' Spicee, Lemming, TBT OBE, Paxo, Milf, Kylie & finally Sparky & Whatevershesays all being kept up with the Keenies.



Along the southern edge of the park, with a slight move around the interjecting square, newish allotment section in the opposite corner to find CHK by the split on the path as one route heads back around to the north-eastern corner & the other to the west. Sex Tourist was one to search around on the path back toward the earlier Falsie, but was called back when the Trail was picked up through the old wrought iron gates to embark down from the dead-end of Cunningham Avenue.

Mr X waited at the old gate, which bears a sign to 'Please shut the gate' & he recalled the time on the A10 when a Trail passed through the 'Deer-gates' to keep the local Deer off of the dual carriageway, that time Sparky came through the gate & left it wide open. The RA noticed this & shouted out for Sparky to 'Shut the Gate!' Milf & Kylie lent their voices to Mr X's, but Sparky (as he often does) had neglected his hearing-trumpet again, resulting in Mr X having to go back over the four live lanes of traffic to shut what is now, & will forevermore be known as 'Sparky's Gate' & prevent any Cervidae collisions from occurring.

Milf would inform Paxo of 'Sparky's Gate' on the way down the fairly short road with some desirable detached homes. The Trail now came down on to A1081 London Road, where arrows pointed the Pack over a traffic island to the other side & then north-westward to head under the 'Midland Railway' Bridge. While Moss Key Toe was now breaking ahead with the FRBs, Mr X remained near the tail of the Pack, which meant he now had to listen to Whatevershesays asking when the

Short Cut was coming up?

The Trail led by the entrance to the Verulam Golf Club, which boasts the signage of being 'Home to the Ryder Cup', since Samuel Ryder was the Seed Merchants in St Albans that donated & Sponsored the Ryder Cup Golf Competition. The Trail continued over the bridge spanning the Alban Way below, & straight across the roundabout then after a few more yards they reached a CHK by Approach Road.

When Mr X arrived here, he had to call back FWB who was heading on to a Falsie along London Road, which surprised him as Moss Key Toe had marked the CHK down Approach Road

The Loop would turn north-westward on to Ramsbury Road, which for all intents & purposes looked like it was a dead-end, but almost hidden away at the end is a narrow 'Gnome Passage, a footpath complete with a lot the cheeky garden ornaments, one of which was pushing a wheel barrow with some loose change of coins graciously placed in it.

'Gnome Alley' leads northward between the trees in a small strip between the homes & out to London Road, where the Keenies wouldn't have time to catch their breaths as the Trail almost immediately turned southward to run down Millar's Drive, then on to a decent via a set of steps to come back out on to Riverside Terrace.

The Trail began to rise slightly & then arrived at a CHK by a footpath veering off by around 30° toward the north, here a CHK was found on the green triangle & of course the Trail would take to the old tarmac footpath that leads up to Cottonmill Lane, when coming out on to corner of the road junction there was a CHK there.

Meanwhile back with the Knitting Circle & Mr X began to mark the Short Cut down from Approach Road, then to Lemming's glee, the Hare set it wrong to the dead-end of the old Approach to London Road Station which stops at a fence above drop down. A rapid remarking in the rain would now redirect the Knitting Circle down on to Cornwall Road & then the Short Cut would head up the steps on to the Albans Way.

Back with the Keenies were led on by The Old Sopwell Gardens. While the likes of No Eye Deer, My Lil' & Mother following on behind Diamond Geezer, Naughty Ways, Sex Tourist & Moss Key Toe as ran a small loop beyond the few homes of Old Sopwell Gardens, then eastward into what was once the Nunnery Gardens.

On by the tall, skeletal like remnants of the ruined walls of the former Lee House, which before that was the Nunnery. Most of the house was removed to build a new Home over at Gorumbury. The visible remains of the house built of flint, brick, Tottenhoe clunch & stone structure of a 16th Century house created from the site of the former priory, which was founded in 1140 by Geoffrey de Gorham, Abbot of St. Albans.

The house was reconstructed for Richard Lee (1513-1575) whose connection with Sopwell began when he was appointed bailiff & farmer of the Priory circa 1534. As a close adviser to Henry VIII, he was in a position to exploit the Dissolution of the Monasteries. In 1549 he began altering Sopwell, including the diversion of London Road away from his house, and calling his new house 'Lee Hall'. On Lee's death in 1575 the property passed to his eldest daughter Mary (or Maud) Coningsby, eventually the property was sold to Sir Harbottle Grimston [What a classic name! - Ed] in 1669, but by 1673 the family had moved, removing lots of material from Lee Hall in the construction of their new house at Gorhambury.

Enough History for a bit! The FRBs were now led out through the flooded area where in previous years there has been an archway of weaved birches, but not this year, however the wetland did slow some up as they headed up to the edge of the river Ver, then up on to the dry series of Duck Boards which would take the Pack on by the eastern side of the Nunnery Allotments & by the Ver.

Then on approaching the bridge for the Albans Way to span the Ver, the FRBs found that the way beneath the former Railway was now barred by a series of metal framed wire gates, the reason being that a part of the Ver's bank had collapsed & the remaining footpath is considered to be too narrow for the public to use.

Normally the Hare & the Pack wouldn't take much notice of such things, but the fencing went out over the river enough to make it a bit too deep & awkward clamber around to circumnavigate the metal work. Thus thwarting the Hares original plans to add an extra loop nearer to the St Albans Abbey Station of the 'Abbey Flier' Line to Watford Junction, which was also the terminus of the Branch line to Hatfield

The Keenies had already reached the Albans Way, via the steps at the next Bridge up the Lines a sit progresses north-eastward, down to the south were the lakes of the Verulam Angling Club & to the north the Watercress Wildlife Association's nature reserve in watercress beds. Kylie took a picture of the senior Hare peering through the railings, as he waited up on the bridge to make sure Sparky was not left behind.

Everyone would now pass over the rail bridge to advance through Orient Close, passing by the former Old London Road Railway Station which is now the Monkey Puzzle Day Nursery [Sometimes the RA thinks that some of the Pack should be sent there to be kept out of trouble? – Ed]

The Trail passed under the London Road the Pack had crossed on earlier & then through the ornately designed black/blue brick Midland Railway Arch, with it's decorative offset bricks to form a nice pattern for main 'Bed-Pan Line' [Bedford to St Pancras! – Ed] above.

As the rain eased there was a nice short long trot lay head as the line goes from being above everything to now settling down with wooded embankments above to either side of the level. The Held CHK was found by the Old Salvation Army Railway Halt, this single platform being the place that the 'Sally Acker's' used to load Trains up with Bibles & editions of the War Cry that were printed at the Campfield Press 1899 - 1991 (until fairly recently by another Printers on the nearby Trading Estate) & then taken by Train around the country.

Mr X handed out the sweets to the Knitting Circle, pointing out to Lemming that there were 'Luxury Mint Crèmes' that would be a nice touch for the sweets in his & Moher's Car? The Keenies caught up, with the exception of No Eye Deer, who was now well behind & the rest of the Pack were advised to look out for her distinctive 'wide purple windcheater'. The RA now had an image in his head [Maybe from the abandoned action figure spotted earlier on the Trail? – Ed]....

A guy jogging by looked like a suitable recruit for the Hash, a card was handed out with some encouragement. With No Eye Deer now insight, the Keenies were allowed to continue here would be one last diversion to

occupy the FRBs, by being taken up a back passage [See I finally got that in late for Pebbledash! – Ed] the ginnel would lead westward out on to Vanda Crescent & then straight over to Breakspear Avenue, a road named after the only English Pope, Nicholas Breakspear, he was Pontif as Adrian IV for just

. Here a north-eastern turn would end at the junction with Camp Road Down between the schools either side of Camp Road to pass beneath the footbridge the Alban Way crosses above the road, & the Knitting Circle could Barrack Encourage Sex Tourist, Diamond Geezer, TBT OBE, Naughty Ways & Mother as they passed beneath to find arrows directed the way up the flight of steps to take to the Albans Way at the opposite end of the knobbly old Footbridge.

A long shallow arc on the level of the former Brach-line as it runs behind the Hatfield Road Cemetery & below to the south the Campfield industrial estate. The end was soon in sight as the Hash passed eastward behind the local Morrisons, where there was an open gap into the car park for the Supermarket.

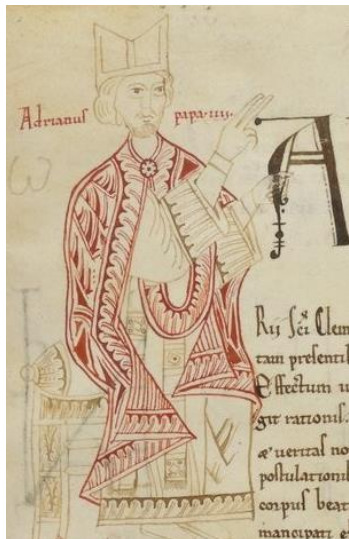
The Trail now dropped down to Sutton Road, where the Trail turned southward, by the ornate flats of the former Beaumont Works, built in the early part of the twentieth century as a clothing factory. The ornate Dutch gable façade, has buff tablets with the initials N & C, Nicholson & Company, is Grade II listed.

Original owner AJ Nicholson, a tailor's son from Manchester, was drawn to the area's excellent distribution links, with the Hatfield and St Albans railway line running conveniently alongside the Sutton Road site & at the time no Pubs nearby. When Nicholson died in 1928, the business continued to thrive for many more years, eventually being taken over by tailor Chester Barrie in 1972. The factory became separate business, including a garage before being redeveloped into apartments.

The final section was round on to Hedley Road & the up to reach Maxwell Road to find the On Inn by a dilapidated wreck of a house that Sparky could put in an offer for! From Grotty to Grotto, as the Pack settled down in the sparkly fairy-light & Christmassy decorated function room.

With nice Pints being enjoyed in this CAMRA Award winning Social Club, the RA called the Circle early than the norm as soon as No Eye Deer had collected the money & phoned in the Pizza orders, which would be ready in 20 minutes! He did mention to several people, that when he & Moss Key Toe had walked around to pick up the Pizza, they should get knives, forks & napkins from behind the Bar!

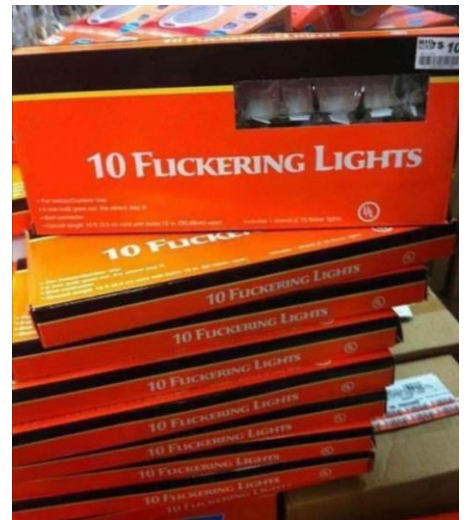
In Mr X's mind's Eye in looking out for someone at the back wearing a Purple Windcheater....



The function room was fairly busy as the local Football Team were there, all looking as moist as the Hash. At the Bar Mr X discovered that they had lost, due to the Goal Keeper not running out & the team had to play with ten men all match, with someone playing out of position in goal, the Herts RA commiserated as he said he knows how that feels! Though the Footballers were a little bewildered when they saw Milf hand No Eye Deer a tube of Sun-block!

So, after TBT OBE had toasted the Hash, the Down-Downs would begin with the previous Week's Hare of My Lil' [The Circle then was postponed to prevent Hash seats being lost! – Ed] he would be joined by Mr X & Moss Key Toe for this weeks' Trail.

Once the Hares were out of the way, in no particular order were: Lemming for trying to 'grass up the senior Hare' for going slightly wrong on the Short Cut! Mother for being saved the last Mint Crème; Sparky for his return to the fold. TBT OBE for the shot Milf took of him getting changed &



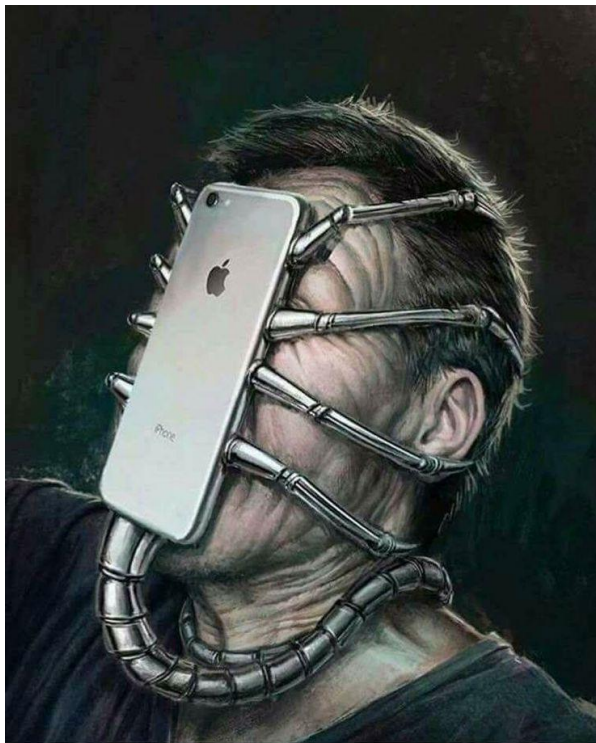
showing his ~~Budgie~~ Tweetie Pie -smugglers

The Circle was stood down & the Pizza were fetched from around the corner by Mr X & Moss Key Toe, & Mr X should have guessed that no one had asked for the napkins & cutlery from behind the bar when they came back with the food!

Again the Pizza went down well & even FWB's ~~cat food~~ Tuna Salad was polished-off by Sparky [Waste not want not! – Ed] but Mr X did say to the bar staff that we felt a bit guilty as we have brought our own food in for the second time, he suggested that we should go back in the summer for a Barbeque?

Some enjoyed the new barrels of Woodfordes Wherry & Nelsons Revenge that had just been put on, fresh as Ale could be, while FWB & TBT OBE were absorbed by their mobile devices [Perhaps they were reading the Weekly R*n Report, but there was very little tittering & it appeared that they were still awake, so probably not? – Ed]

These two were also oblivious to the confused Hare Raiser [That's Kylie in case you didn't know! – Ed] as after an extra pint was now asking for requests for volunteer Hares for the 12th of Never, [The Hare must be Jonny Mathis for that one, & that's a long, long time!



HOW AMERICANS SEE THEIR BEER:



HOW GERMANS SEE AMERICAN BEER:



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MORAY COONCIL LAUNCH SEARCH FOR GRITTER TRUCK NAMES!
TOP ENTRIES SO FAR....

- 1) HALLEY'S COMET (comes roon once every 86 years)
- 2) SCOTCH MIST
- 3) THE BLUE MOON (seen once in a...)
- 4) EVRI/MY HERMES (Salt delivery will be weeks late and end up in Ayrshire)
- 5) EBAY (doesn't deliver to the Highlands)
- 6) MY WIFE (nae chance of it spreading before Christmas either)

Any more suggestions...

