

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

Run No. 2080
Date: 21st January 2024
Venue: Hen & Chickens
Location: Baldock
Beers/Cider: Greede King IPA; Dooooom Bar
Hare/s: Fliptop
Runners: 17
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 2
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 20
Membership: Blown around!



One Pub benefits from Storm Isha

We may only be a couple of weeks in to 2024, but yet another weekend & another storm comes our way. Thankfully this time around there was not as much rain accompanying Storm Isha, compared with that of Storm Henk before the Herts X-mas Weekend, but the wind seem strong & the weather was rather blustery too!

Gathering outside of the Hen & Chickens, the Pack were eager to get on with things, especially DWSS (Doeswhatshesays) & in a bizarre twist it was My Lil' who said there was no rush as there were three whole minutes to go before eleven! It was odd with no watch tapping coming from him.

Sis was soon spotted, swanning around & modelling the new Herts Hash Scarves, with matching colours to the Herts Stamford Weekend Hats (SOLD OUT), [The RA pointed out that these are British Army Colours! – Ed]

Fliptop called the Circle together, with the correct Run Number, if you could hear him over the chatter emanating from FWB! The Chalk-talk continued once Kylie called for some respect, Fliptop then jumped in to the Circle as he introduced himself as Hare! Usual Herts Hash Markings were mentioned, as well as a Short Cut that lopped a large section off, there was also a Held CHK to look out for.

Without further ado the Pack were sent off down South Road to the southwest! Yes, South Road which is puzzling as it runs from northeast to southwest! Where the town planners drinking that day? Do they not know the Cardinal Points of the Compass?

On the plus side for My Lil', he was still content that there was no CHK outside of the Pub, as he followed on behind the likes of Sex Tourist, Naughty Ways, Where's Wally?, Tent Packer, No Eye Deer & Mr X to the first CHK by the corner of Pembroke Road.

While others searched straight on, Mr X & My Lil' had an advantage that they had walked up from the High Street & this narrowed down the options to two. Check out over the road to a footpath, or head away down Pembroke Road to the northwest?

The Trail was picked up by Naughty Ways, who had already set off down this right-hand turn & was well on the way to the opposite end of Pembroke Way to reach Pinnocks Lane, & the next CHK. On his way to the CHK, Mr X pointed out the fully laden skip by the roadside, that had plasterboard cut to just the right size for marking a Trail.

More choices from this CHK, southwest down Pinnocks Lane, or up to the northeast, then another option of the back-passage beside short dead-end the Orchard, heading away to the northwest? Naughty had already searched the back passage & was retracting her way back out to join the others when "On!" was called from the north-eastern option of the Victorian terraced street, it was a 160 Yard trot up to a CHK on the Clothall Road.

Again Naughty Ways was on form as she searched along the grassy path along the bottom of the farm fields of Clothall Common, where there is an obvious footpath running between the two fields. Sex Tourist was also one of the first to take to this route, finding the Trail & leading the way for the 300 Yards on the level to pass through a gap in the tree-line at the far end, to find a CHK on the tarmac footpath behind.

Plenty of potential options from here, since there is a myriad of footpaths & passageways through the estate linking the side road to the north, but the Trail would be picked up by Sex Tourist away to the southeast, on the 220 Yards the tarmac path covers behind the tree-line to reach the Wallington Road.

From the CHK by the roadside, Sex Tourist now chose wrong when he crossed over to search the footpath that runs around the back of the local allotments, better luck was to befall Mr X & My Lil' as they looked on the back of the trees on the western edge of Wallington Road & picked up Dust.

As the road bends to the north & into the estate that was once home to Reg "I'll be back!" Holdsworth, Dust was seen across to the barrier on the start of the farm track, this runs along the southern side of the Clothall Estate. Now there would

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BUY YOU HAPPINESS, PLEASE TRANSFER
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be a 460 Yards to undertake, with a few dog-walkers out & about for the Hash to pass by on a section when the wind could be felt coming from the rear. [No, Pebbledash! – Ed]

Sex Tourist, Where's Wally? Diamond Geezer & Naughty Ways were soon on to the two CHKS, one chalked on the wooden fence post & the other flour one that had survived on the ground by the outside of the eastern tip of the estate. This estate was place that Mr X recalled had people sitting outside on the green spaces, socially distanced in deck chairs & with picnic tables during a lock-down run, when the Pack passed by in Pods of Six a couple of years ago.

Where's Wally? & Diamond Geezer went off to the north over the wild stony open space but they would go wrong as "On!" was called from Sex Tourist, who was now being followed by Naughty Ways on the climb up the rising, uncapped gravel track running beside & rising above the A505. Diamond Geezer didn't join Where's Wally? in going back to the CHK, instead he short-cutted [Or 'Sludging it', as we know it on Herts Hash! - Ed] but his way was slowed by having to scale the wooden fence to reach the track.

A 180 Yards up the climb to reach the next CHK, the flour one still remained but the Hare also hedged his bets with the weather chalked one on the adjacent mounting block [Steady Pebbledash, it's a set of steps to enable riders to mount their horses! – Ed]

While most went over the footbridge spanning the A505 by-pass, below in the deep & wide cutting in to the hillside, Mr X saw that there was a hiatus oppsite, with Sex Tourist seemingly stalled on picking up the Trail? Mr X would now go wrong as he continued try to search for non-existent Dust on the west of the by-pass, he was called back by No Eye Deer.

No Eye Deer was also chalking the Trail as she followed on behind the Keenies, & being far enough ahead of the Knitting Circle of Paxo, Kylie, DWSS, Milf, the Hare & Zingalong who had just caught up with them after a late start. Mr X turned back & crossed the bridge, feeling the crosswind blowing up the dual carriageway.

The RA took to the footpath down the eastern side, by which time a CHK on the oppsite side had been swiftly dealt with for the FRBs the start of the long 900 Yard trot down the hill & then along the level where the Trail came out from behind the tree-line & the face-on wind was gained in strength. Here the RA would pass by FWB to catch up with No Eye Deer & he chose to walk with her for a bit as the head-on wind was making the going a lot harder, it was a time to catch his breath & catch up on Christmas Weekend talk!

On the way along this leg of Trail the Pack would pass by a very battered erect windsock [No, not the Essex Hasher! – Ed] & Mr X explained that you can tell the wind speed by the shape of the windsock & this day the wind-speed would be 15 knots plus! Seems no one recalled reading the R*n Report where how to read a windsock was

explained. [No doubt after reading this article to the left, Pebbledash will be comparing Pepé le Pew's 'performance' with that of the drooping section of a Windsock? Poor old sausage! – Ed]

The Keenies found the Held CHK by the North London Model Flying Club's large barn units. It was their windsock that was looking rather battered by the time the Pack passed by.

Now feeling the biting wind, some didn't have gilets (Or Body Warmers if you grew up in the 1980's) even worse others didn't have the nice warm Herts Stamford Weekend woolly Hats to keep the nappers warm. Diamond Geezer had

a hat on, but said he wasn't wearing his new Stamford one on the Trail, since he was saving it for best dress! [With highly polished shoes as well? If you want to know how to shine your boots, please ask Paxo, we believe he has had some practice? – Ed]

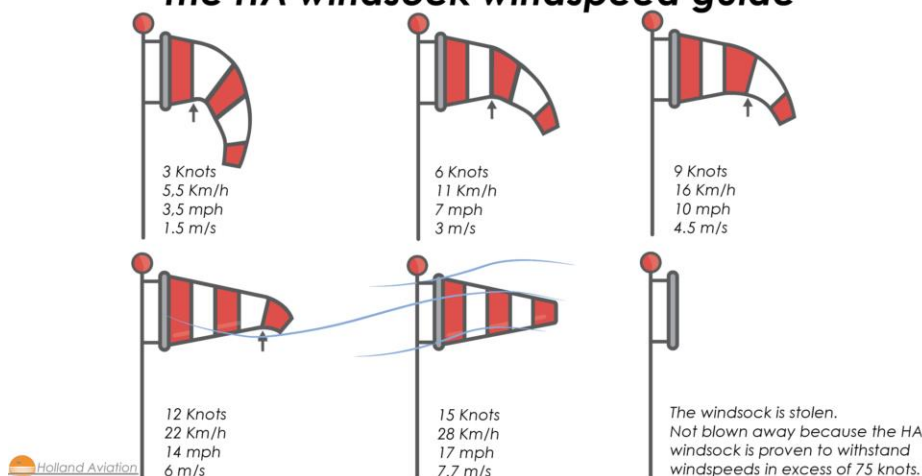
The FRBs were getting anxious, knowing the next section of Trail was open & exposed from the on-coming gusts, so much so that Naughty Ways had now renamed the Held CHK as a 'Hurricane CHK!' Looking back there was no sign of the rest of the Pack & some wondered if they had already take the Short Cut? So, the RA said that if they wanted to, those feeling the chill could set off.

One who wasn't feeling the wind, with hat & body warmer on, was My Lil' & it seemed that his earlier joy of no CHK outside of the Pub had been blown away, he was now looking at taking the north-western option of the verge of the narrow Warren lane. [Perhaps he was hankering for a nice Pint of Greedie King IPA? – Ed]

As the disapproving RA looked on, My Lil' reluctantly relented & opted to follow the rest of the Hash on the next leg of the Trail. While My Lil' set off Mr X hung back for a few minutes, as No Eye Deer remained by the roadside until DWSS had caught up with her at the Held CHK. DWSS would later want the FRBs who didn't wait at the Held CHK brought to justice in the Circle & be given a Down-Down each, but that would be half of the Pack!

A seriously strenuous 620 Yard windward run now lay ahead, but most gave up & walked against the gusts along the last section to the end of the crop field on the Clothall Road. However, after obeying the arrow to turn from south bound to north-westward & along the edge of the field, the seemingly non-descript hedge across the road was

The HA windsock windspeed guide



a hat on, but said he wasn't wearing his new Stamford one on the Trail, since he was saving it for best dress! [With highly polished shoes as well? If you want to know how to shine your boots, please ask Paxo, we believe he has had some practice? – Ed]

thick enough to act as a thorny old wind-break [That would be a good Hash Name! – Ed], the FRBs could now run again, but not for too long.

After 220 Yard the Trail would cross the road & head up the gritty old Farm Track to the southwest, again the Pack were now face-on into the gale, & again the pace was slowed for most until the Trail reached the CHK by the north-westward Icknield Way.

No one would search the south-eastern section of the ancient route, the only real option was the climb up the ridge to the footbridge spanning the A505, of course another exposed area would have the Pack feeling the full strength of Isha, but thankfully once on the western side of the By-Pass the Trail led into the Nature Reserve, which is divided up in to sheltered section of hedgerows, tree lines & clumps of bushes to allow the FRBs to make good progress.

For the Keenies there would be a turn to the southwest, leaving the north-eastern corner the Trail take to a loop around the wooded section of the Nature Reserve, this clockwise loop would eventually come up to the very northern tip, where it would nip through a gap in the hedgerow to emerge onto Limekiln Lane, the very old route that the Knitting Circle would come down from the by-pass bridge.

All of the Pack would now descend the gentle route down by the Baldock Park Homes site, where ironically a new fence was being installed by this mobile home site [Let's hope it was still there next weekend! – Ed] at the end of the uncapped, hedged-in footpath, the Trail would carry on as it joined the tarmac access road to the mobile home park.

The finally few yards was out down through housing estate section of Limekiln Lane to pass the On Inn just before South Road, thankfully for FWB, Mr X was just a little way ahead of her & by the time he had used the crossing he looked back to see she had turned the wrong way, & was called back from going away from the Pub!

In the Hen & Chickens My Lil' was in a grumbly mode, like an old appendix, he was complaining about the choice of the only two Ales on offer? Which were IPA (Which stands for 'I Pee A-lot') & Doombar, according to Zingalong the latter was apparently better than expected! [We'll take his word for that, I am not trying it! – Ed]

Meanwhile, DWSS was playing with fire, well not real fire, but the car remote, as he remained inside the Pub & hidden from sight, he zapped the car for No Eye Deer when she arrived, he then zapped it locked again before quickly realising the 'Error of his ways'!!

For My Lil things went from worse to well, as Fliptop brought out the remaining sweets from the regroup & gave these to those who weren't there & missed out earlier, nothing like windswept sour sweets, but there were Jelly Babies & some squashy pink & white Squishies.

Now settled into the session, the Pack were joined by the late arriving 3D, Slug & Sally, this mean that the Pack took up most of the Bar, which meant that the North Baldock FC Players, in their kits with the distinctive 'Knights Templar' crosses on their tops, had to go out to the rear garden marquee.

The Circle was called out the front of the Pub, where one passer-by looked none too happy at having to pass by such a colourful & happy bunch of Hashers. Once 'Mrs Happy' had gone by, the Circle was called by Fliptop, the toast given & the RA was called forward.

Amongst the Down-Downs: Fliptop was called forward for what was a good Trail; Kylie was then called upon to go get the Sun-glasses that he stowed away last week in his bag, but seemed to dispute he had them. He had a sheepish look when he returned with the 'lost property shades' which were thought to be FWB's, but on closer inspection it turned out that they weren't! But, FWB remained in the Circle for the chatter while the HGM was trying to call the Pack to order first thing.

Kylie received his Hit for not remembering that the sun-glasses were in his bag! [Later on it was fund out that these are most probably Flying Solo's sunnies! – Ed] No Eye Deer was not knowing the how to judge wind-speed by an erection!

My Lil' finally cheered up when he & Mr X set off to the Cock, before reaching the Orange Tree for a couple of Plums (Titanic Plum Porter) [That should be enough to keep Pebbledash laughing for a while? – Ed]

Mnemonic

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November.
Unless a leap year is its fate,
February hath twenty-eight.
All the rest hath three days more,
excepting January,
which hath six thousand,
one hundred and eighty-four.

Brian Bilston

In every Peanut there is a little Rabbit

