

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

Run No. 2084
Date: 11th February 2024
Venue: The Three Magnets & the Dragon King
Location: Letchworth
Beers/Cider: Exmoor Beast; Titanic Plum Porter; Oakham 12 Monkeys
Hare/s: No Eye Deer
Runners: 24
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 4
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 27
Membership: Gong Hei Fat Choi



The early arrivals of Mr X & My Lil' were to be found sitting in the front of the 'spoons, enjoying a pint of Plum Porter [Affectionately known as Lemming's Down Fall! – Ed] seems that Lemming may have known his nemesis of a Pint was on offer today, for he & Mother had booked a room at the local Travelodge! Lemming kept adding that it was "Their anniversary!" Even though it was not any anniversary other than that of the Chinese New Year of the Dragon!

Feeling the effects of the day before, it was in the 'spoons that Mr X finally went on-line & picked up on the request on the Herts Facebook chat that the Hare had run out of Plasterboard, it was too late but he did reply just before No Eye Deer & Coucou arrived. These two stood outside, enjoying the warm morning sunshine in the semi-pedestrianized area of Leys Avenue.

The Hash Website Hareline stated that the Trail would begin from outside the Three Magnets, but it comes as no surprise that half of the Pack were found loitering around in the Openshaw Way car park, where some were having a 'Weigh-in' as if it was some kind of 'sporting contest!' There were some nice Dragon Hash Shirts on show, including the UK InterHash one that Mr X was on the Committee for, some ten years ago!

Whatevershesays was dispatched to round up the rest of the Hash & bring them to the front of the 'spoons for the Chalk-talk for No Eye Deer. So, once Paxo had welcomed the Pack to the latest Trail, he would then go on to welcome this week's Newie, a guy named TBT OBE, after which the Circle was handed over to No Eye Deer to explain what the Trail would entail.

However, there was a delay to the start of the Hash, for Flying Solo had requested if there was anyone tech savvy enough to assist the Hare in sending on a live feed of where the Hash Trail was running, so she could catch up without being at the Start of the Trail. Well, there was some kind of attempts, all failed as no one could quite work out how to get mapping apps to send on the info on to Flying Solo.

Finally the Trail got underway & the Hare had the sense to take the Trail through The Wynd, from Leys Avenue, passing by the Brewery & the car park behind for any late comers or those who don't read the very informative Hareline, it was here that Mrs Mallet & Flanders passed by toward the shop as the FRBs set off through to Station Road.

For Mr X things were a tough start, the effects of the Gispert Memorial Trail were slowing him up as he walked along chatting to Lemming, being happy to let Zingalong, Where's Wally?, Tent Packer, Mother, Moss Key Toe, Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist all run off. Kylie, My Lil', Sludge, Paxo, Juices Flowing, Milf & Coucou were all content to make up the middle ground with DWSS & No Eye Deer.

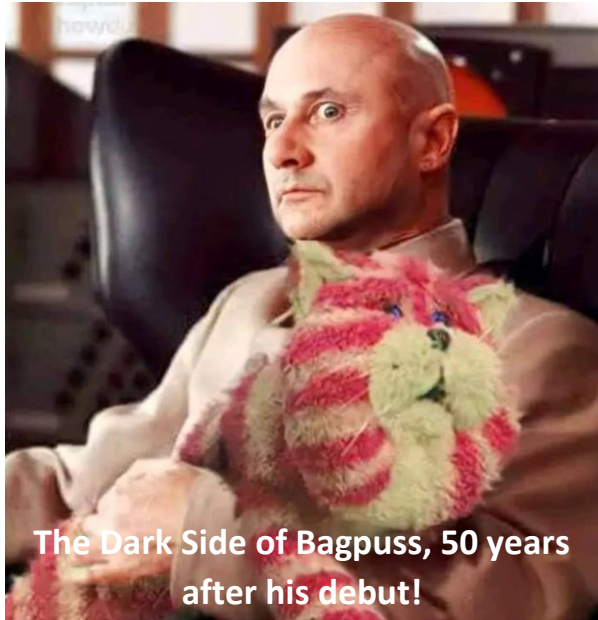
The Trail would turn north-eastward to run a few yards to a CHK by the zebra crossing, once over the road the Hash were led down to the roundabout at the end of Station Road to the two different Norton Ways (North & South). Ahead of the RA the FRBs could be seen coming back from Birds Hill to the east, now the Trail had been picked up on the start of Norton Way North, heading under the Railway Bridge.

All of the Hash managed to get by the local 'Sally Ackers*' without having to sign 'The Pledge'** & carried on around on to Nevells Road, where they would pass by the 'Letchworth Settlement', one of the earliest buildings in the World's First Garden City, it was also a 'Milk Bar' as the original concept of the Quaker Town was to be Alcohol Free & lead a healthy, country life style! *Sally Ackers is a Scouse nick-name for the Salvation Army. ** The Sally Ackers sign a pledge to abstain from Smoking & Drinking Alcohol.

Having safely passed by the Holier than thou buildings, the Pack made their way some 360m Yards to the next CHK, where the Trail would turn from southwest to north by north east, heading along the urban street of the Quadrant for a short trot to reach the Icknield Way. As most Hertfordshire School kids of a certain age know, the ancient route from Salisbury in Wiltshire runs through to Norfolk & Grimes Graves, where Flint was mined & transported all around the Country.

The old, long distance way, dating from the Iron Age was a trade route was one of the 'Four Highways' in the Medieval Period, the others being Fosse Way, Ermine Street, & Watling Street, the latter two also passing through Hertfordshire. The Four Highways were given a status that all travellers were granted Royal protection by Edward the Confessor, or as the once infamous & now gone Pub named after the English Monarch in Stevenage, was known by the locals as 'Ted the Grass'!

Care was taken to cross the Icknield Way Road & then on to the main north-eastward footpath through the centre of Norton Common. When the Trail was picked up it was a nice, slight decline to run along an area with large oaks dotted around the green space, & it was here that Mr X caught up with Juices Flowing & Parson's Nose, it seems that they too may have been feeling the after effects of the Gispert Memorial Trail. [Maybe a bit of Rugby too? – Ed]



The FRBs now turned off to the west, but only for a short way, as once over the footbridge spanning on of the tributaries of the Pix Brook, there was a quick turn up to the north, taking the path up through the woodland where there were plenty of crocuses & snow drops to brighten up the day.

After 430 Yards some noticed something else that was a pick-me-up, a colourful card with a flower on one side & 'Have a nice day!' on the other, this was tied to a lower branch of a sapling near to the old railings & exit at the north end of the park, the Hash left by way of an old iron gate.

From the CHK on Wilbury Road the Trail was picked up to the north on Grange Road, here Mr X stopped to TXT Flying Solo that the Trail was just heading in to the Grange Estate, but as he fumbled with his mobile key-pad Flying Solo came running up behind him & passed by with an On! On! She was on her own & £10 better off as the kids didn't want to come on the Hash this morning.

The next CHK would be found on Orchard Way, another urban estate street, Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist were soon heading due westward for 300 Yards before reaching the next CHK on the bend in the road.

Those who looked at the street signs could be forgiven for being confused, as a false was discovered to the north up Western Way! While the Trail was picked up further westward on Southern Way, this would be even more bizarre as Southern Way turns from westward to Due North. Surely the planners must have had a compass?

More strange things were to happen on this section of Trail, with a couple of spray-painted Circles that resembled CHK points that had been marked with arrows were seen on the corner of a side road! If this was enough, Parson's Nose & Juices Flowing were lured over the road by the sight of one really large Arrow, about a Yard in length, this too was not Trail & once realised it was Utility Company related they would find themselves crossing back over at the bend in the road.

It was just where the road began to turn to the first of the cardinal compass points, that the Pack would run on to a Bar CHK, thankfully it was only a few yards back to find the Trail on passageway that Mr X had almost gone to search, & now had to search as the Trail was up Jay Close, this area of Letchworth being named after birds.

The Trail would take the Pack down a back-passage through to Kite Way & then the dead-end arm of Linnet Close to reach a CHK on the edge of the Wilbury Road, by now the Knitting Circle realised that on the edge of the CHK's were not twigs discarded from birds nests, but that the FRBs had begun marking the Trail for the Knitting Circle, with items used included sticks, twigs & even a large branch!

Moving on for the CHK & the likes of My Lil', Tent Packer & Moss Key Toe had bunched up as they came back from a False to the south, along by the Pix Brook. Meanwhile Mother was also going astray by continuing along the Wilbury Road to the west. Mr X, Parson's Nose & Juices Flowing now caught up with the others, just in time as the Trail would be found on the driveway like path to the south, running along the western side of the Pix.

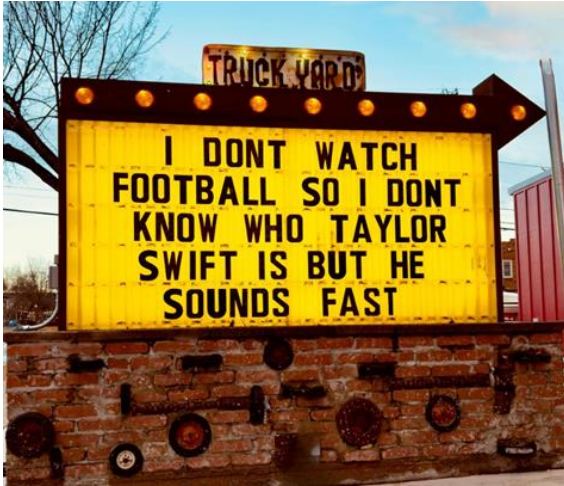
A rabbit warren like maze of Trail section had to be undertaken, with the Pack being led off along Valley Road, coming out to the Bedford Road & then a short way to the northwest, here there was another odd marking, was the Chinese character of 干 (Gan) which is ironic for No Eye Deer as it means 'Dry'!!! It was actually T converted into a Bar CHK by having the shaft crossed out [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed]. This confusing symbol had been marked with a couple of sticks, which turned the middle order back through to the south, via the parking area in the centre of the rectangular Bedford Road!

Once out across from the side by side Chinese & Kebab House Takeaways on Bursland, the Pack headed along sou-sou-west for 140 Yards to reach a CHK by the start of Archers Way. Arrows led down the suburban street for 450 yards to arrive at the Icknield Way once again, & the way was marked almost directly over to Spring Road, leading on down the short cut off section.

There would be some hopeful speculation whether the Trail would take to the footpath alleyway adjacent to the railway line? However, this wouldn't be the route back Inn, as the Trail passed under the Railway Bridge to Station Way.

For the weary ones, there was some salvation for a short cut was marked, straight down Station Way to the northeast. Meanwhile the Keenies would be led further southward for 450 Yards, where the Trail took a hairpin turn to the northeast for a nice straight 600 Yards back up to Station Way, where both Trails would move around to Station Road.

Flying Solo was seen to come out ahead of one group of the Knitting Circle, but she cut across the end of the road before the On Inn. She was off to run home & collect She Wolf & Killer Queen & in doing so loose the Tenner, she had saved earlier, by coming back a little later to the Pub & the Chinese.



The Pack regrouped in the 'spoons, at the far end by the exit to the steps & the lower patio. Here TBT OBE had to be reminded that he did volunteer for being Hash Beer Master at the last AGPU. When he bemoaned why couldn't the Ass Beer Master get the drinks in? The RA said the Ass Beer Master was exactly that, he couldn't be Assed! [Again gentle ready, remember this for the upcoming AGPU! – Ed]

So, the Circle was called outside, at No Eye Deer's request, as people were eating. This was something that turned out to be a good move in the end, but more of that later. Firstly the Hare was called forward or a good Tail that took most an hour to complete, her co-Hare (DWSS) would also be rewarded, once he dawdled back from his errand to the car park!

This week's Newbie [Returnee, surely? – Ed] of TBT OBE was celebrated for his first Herts Hash for months & He was joined by Flying Solo who expected there to be someone on the Hash capable enough to work out how to set up a running app to be

linked to her [Some can't click on the Hareline Parking App logo & open the link! – Ed].

Naughty Ways was called forward for completing her 10th Herts Hash [She just happens to be one ahead of Sex Tourist, rather like Lemming is ahead of Mother on Herts Run Numbers! – Ed] She was presented with her bum-bag, but after years in Toronto, the RA should have called it a 'Fanny Pack' [Steady Pebbledash, in North America a Fanny is the slang for the derriere! – Ed]

Then there was Juices Flowing, out for lost property in the guise of her Texas Hash Stubby Holder that was now around half a Cider for her hit, as the RA wasn't in her bad books for giving her a 'Poisoned Chalice' of an Ale the day before as a Down-Down! Paxo was out for being absent for the Gispert & missing out on seeing the Scout Memorial.

Zingalong was called upon to step centre stage to receive his hit (Can't recall why as this scribe is running out of steam!) Then we had we had Mother & Lemming, well it was their anniversary (of absolutely nothing) but they will soon be hearing the pitter-patter of tiny feet, no not Lemmings tooties, but those of their new addition to the Family in the guise of Buster, their new dog.

Apparently his mother is a good 'ratter', as well as his Father who not only is a 'ratter' but also took down a muntjac! Buster has gained that name as it was Lemmings nickname as a kid! So shouldn't Lemming like rodents be worried of their new Pup chasing him? All of this led to Parson's Nose giving the Hash a rousing rendition of the song "I am looking over my dead dog Rover!" after much laughing the Pack realised that No Eye Deer was now vindicated for the Circle being called outside.

Having supped up, it was time for No Eye Deer, DWSS, Naughty Ways, Sex Tourist, Parson's Nose, Juices Flowing, My Lil', Mr X, Flying Solo & the Girls to head over to the Dragon King, for the regular 'All you can eat' buffet. The Manager was surprised when Mr X greeted him with a "Gong Hei Fat Choi!" to which he replied that Mr X was the first Englishman to greet him with a 'Happy New Year'.

Others, like Milf, were reluctant to have a Chinese & had a mooch around Letchworth Town Centre Shops, before heading back to the Three Magnets & some left early as they didn't have time for either.

Back to the Sir 'Spoons, the funniest sight was My Lil' & Mr X struggling to drink their Exmoor Beasts, that's what happens when you do the 'Three Plates'. Kylie & Lemming decided to go for the Mother's Ruin [No surprise there! – Ed], a gin was quality & not quantity like a pint of Ale.

I'm looking over my dead dog, Rover,
Who I hit with the power mower.
One leg is missing, the other is gone,
A third leg is scattered all over the lawn.
No need explaining the one remaining
is spinning on the car port floor...
I'm looking over my dead dog, Rover,
Who I over-looked before!

I'm looking over my dead dog, Rover,
Who I hit with the power mower.
My dog's not eating, he no longer barks;
He hit the propeller and turned into sparks.
No need explaining, there's no dog remaining;
He's a part of the lawn you see...

I'm looking over my dead dog, Rover,
Who I sent to Eternity!

(To the tune: I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover)

