



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



Thanks to TBT OBE for the celebratory Badge!

Run No. 2100
Date: 2nd June 2024
Venue: The Royston Club
Location: St Albans
Beers/Cider: Yorkshire Blonde; Deuchars, London Pride
Hare/s: Mr X
Runners: 18
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 19
Membership: Celebrating our 2100th & (Young Mister) Sparky's 300th.



Who would have thought that this humble, little old Herts Hash would clock up 2,100 Trails, beating our Glasgow & Essex cousins to this mile-stone, when for years we all had celebratory Trails around the same time of year, due to when we were all founded.

This week saw the same Hare for the second week on the trot, that man has some stamina? Anyhow, the Pack assemble at the Club on a warm day, with bright cloudless skies above & there was even a warm breeze, on what was real contrast to the cold & overcast day before.

It was noticed that Mother was on her own, which led to a lot of laughing at the fact that she will now be level with Lemming on Herts Run Number, for he was 'Pooch-sitting' back in Tring. [Is there a phone ringing? – Ed]

The Pack were welcomed by the GM & even he couldn't get the Run Number Wrong, could he? Nope, TBT OBE got the 2,100th correct. TBT OBE also added that it was also Sparky's 300th Herts Hash, something that took Sparky by surprise as he didn't seem to know he had previously completed 299 Trails.

The Hare was called forward where he explained that this day is Italian National Day, celebrating the Uniting of the all the separate states in to one country, but more on that later on. Mr X then added that there would be short cuts, there would be two special stops on the way around, Mr X finally added that the P-Arrows Trail to the venue had been washed out by someone, but it had been replaced all nice & fresh that morning.

Then without further ado the Pack were ushered away up College Road to reach the T-junction on to Camp Road, where Mother, Diamond Geezer, Tent Packer, Moss Key Toe, TBT OBE, No Eye Deer, the first CHK was found still intact. The Hare was relieved to find this, for he was carrying the most excellent new Hash back-pack, filled with goodies for the first 'Special Stop' & he didn't want to keep bending-over unnecessarily [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] as one of the cocktail mixes had a slightly dodgy cap!

It took a while before the Trail was picked up away to the west, as the Trail led on to a footpath leading sou-sou-west between two of the homes & out to the Camp Green, which some thought was familiar ground from the last a Trail was set around this part of our only real City in Herts, & they wouldn't be wrong.

On the way Milf & Flanders kept an eye on Sparky, who was wearing his Hash jacket in the heat of the day, but what she & Kylie picked up on was his old boots & how they were worn on one side of the insole which made his gait look unnatural.

A CHK was found in the same place as last time, right on the crossroads with a tarmac footpath running from northwest to sou-sou-east through the park, this would lead to many heading straight over as the last Trail did, but the likes of Tent Packer, TBT OBE, Paxo & My Lil' had to be called back when the Trail was picked up in a north by north-westerly direction, passing by some of the local Allotments to where the track comes out on to the top of the T shaped Springfield Road.

At either end of the two short ends of the T there are ginnels, it was the southwestern arm's back-passage, which Mother & Diamond Geezer had plumped for [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] that had Trail up it. The wooden fenced-in route had a distinctive shaded area where it was rather gloomy, not to mention having a distinctive odour about it! After some 50 Yards the Pack now came out on to the bend in Cell Barnes Lane, then by way of the nearby pedestrian crossing a CHK was found. Mother would go wrong as she searched back up toward

Conversation With Unknown Nu...

Hey John, I've been so horny since we last spoke. I've never felt like this after meeting a guy! 🍑🍑🍑



Sorry who is this?

I'm glad your phone is working. Its Steve your plumber, I have sent multiple over due invoices, final notices and called numerous times now. Please pay the invoice before I take legal action.

9:26 AM

Camp Road, while others headed away to the south, but eventually someone ventured up the side road of Park View Close & up to the corner entrance & picked up Dust leading into Cunningham Hill Green Space & the arrows carried on north-westward all the way to the opposite exit, here a CHK was found.

A falsie was found down the descending passageway, while the Trail was picked up over to the southwest, along the edge of the sports ground for 370 Yards to reach the gate in the iron railings at the end of Cunningham Avenue. Mr X had marked a Short Cut for Paxo, My Lil', Slug, 3D & Sally, not to mention Flanders & Milf who were keeping an eye on Sparky, this led along the south-eastern edge of the park to meet with the FRBs over at the southwestern end.

Before reaching the end of the Park, Diamond Geezer came running back toward the Hare, who now thought that something may be wrong? But Diamond Geezer said he was heading over to the memorial bench dedicated to his late partner. Having paid his respects, he was soon back up with the FRBs, through the iron railing gate, then on to the 230 yards to the end of Cunningham Avenue, where he made sure the gate was closed as the signs on either side of it requested.

Mr X pointed out the 'Please close the gate' signage to Kylie, as it brought back memories of Sparky not closing a Deer gate behind him on the A10 by-pass, to this day it is looked at by Hashers driving by & is now affectionately known as 'Sparky's Gate'.

Down to London Road, where there was another CHK, but this as dealt with fairly quickly by those who searched north-westward, in the same direction as the last Trail, passing under the two 'Rhubarb & Custard' coloured painted Midland Mainline steel bridges, something that most divers would not appreciate while heading underneath.

On beyond the entrance to the local Golf Club, plus the Wine Store, then more construction work for more homes, the Trail would suddenly turn off of London Road by double arrows to descend a set of steps. The Pack wound their way down & around in a clockwise direction & on to the edge of Alban Way for the first time this day.

The CHK was located opposite the former London Rod Railway Station, now a Nursery School on the old familiar former Railway from St Albans Abbey through to Hatfield. Here the Keenies went wrong as they searched to the northeast, under the Bed-pan line (Bedford to St Pancras), this cheered up the Hare & kept the Pack on schedule.

Mr X was also happy to see that some were going to try & search the Nursery School grounds, someone said that No Eye Deer just can't get away from Schools as she was called back from the Nursery grounds.

The Trail would finally be picked up, to now lead south-westward on the former railway line, with the next CHK being found by the down ramp on the bridge above the Watercress Wildlife Park at the end of Riverside Road, but there was no Trail down below & so the FRBs continued south-westward, straight on along the line to reach another CHK, some 150 Yards further along the Alban Way.

While Doeswhatshesays was tempted to follow on behind the Keenies heading further along the Alban Way, y Lil' was in no doubt that he would take the steps down to reach the River Ver Trail, which as its name suggests runs along the bank of the river Ver. FWB & now DWSS, were put on the descending steps by the Hare as the other FRBs came back from a Falsie ahead.

With Dust being found heading Northward, up by the allotments, TBT OBE moaned about the overgrown path & had to be put right by RA that the encroaching 'Nettles don't sting this time of year!' Then the Hare gave a warning for those of a certain weight, that care was need crossing over the fenced-in, & somewhat creaking wooden Duckboards spanning the marshy area, there were a couple of loose boards & there was also one completely missing.

The Trail came down from the duck-boards on the drier strip of land with the Ver on the right & more flooded land to the left, to reach a CHK at the edge of green space of Sopwell Gardens. My Lil' went wrong & was called back as Tent Packer & No Eye Deer found the Trail heading over toward the ruins of Sopwell Nunnery.

The Pack were led over to the Nunnery, which became Lea House & here was the first 'Special Stop of the Day' where Sludge soon made himself comfy on one of the benches by Cottonmill Lane! The Hare gave a short history of the Nunnery, who it became Lee Hall after the dissolution of the Monetarises, this would be bought by one Sir Harbottle Grimston, who actually took parts of it down to build his new House over at Gorehambury, near to the Verulamium Roman Amphitheatre!

Mr X explained that the Trail today was influenced by this being Italian National Day & that Italy was finally unified in to one state by one Giuseppe Garibaldi, how stayed in St Albans at one point (more of that later) so shots of Garibaldi Cocktail [A mix of equal parts of Orange Juice & Campari, with a little added honey to knock the edge off of the Campari! – Ed], were the order of the day, these were accompanied with some authentic Italian wafer biscuits, as well as the famous Garibaldi biscuits.

With the Pack suitable refreshed, the Hare said that there would be a Pay as you go Beer Stop, when he was questioned by Diamond Geezer as to the name of the Hostelry to be paid a visit, Mr X said it was the Garibaldi! So, away from the ruins & the Trail would cross the green to reach Cottonmill Lane, where the Pack would be turned northward from the next CHK

But it wasn't long until the Trail broke off to take to the River Ver Trail again, as it heads off westward, below the old Swimming Pool which is home to the St Albans Sub-aqua club, a place where 3D & Slug learnt to Scuba Dive.

The Trail followed the River Ver again, on the opposite bank were more fenced-in allotments. In the riverside woodland a CHK was found. From here the Keenies were led on for a further by the Ver, coming out on to Holywell Hill, where they were led up



Giuseppe Garibaldi

toward the centre of St Albans, but would be led off of the main road & down Sopwell lane, where the Knitting Circle of Paxo, Sludge, 3D & DWSS were led by My Lil', who definitely had the scent of Ale in his nostrils!

The Knitting Circle made their way up by the small playground in the 1980's Estate that sits below Sopwell



Sally the Poseur!

area of St Albans, a place of old narrow back streets & quite a few decent Real Ale Pubs, the Keenies would run by the Goat, The Whites Lion, The Hare & Hounds – outside of which Sally posed for a phot by a picture of her doppelganger about 'Dogs & well behaved Humans welcome!' Then the Trail swung around near to the White Hart Tap in the 'CAMRA Triangle'.

The Trail would lead up on to Belmont Hill, where it would weave its way up & around on to Sopwell Lane, where it came around on to the Junction with Old London Road, Cottonmill Lane, & Keyfield Terrace, where the Trail was found on the side road of Albert Street, where outside the Garibaldi a CHK with BS was found.

The Grab-a-baldi, [Apt for Herts Hash! – Ed] as it is known locally in Snorbans [That translates as the Garibaldi in St Albans! – Ed] is

named in honour of Giuseppe Garibaldi, Italian Nationalist who was instrumental in the Unification of the Italian State to form 'Modern Day Italy' – When he visited the UK, his arrival & tour with his revolutionary views were an overwhelming success. He also has the Biscuit named after him, the Garibaldi Cocktail, not to mention several Italian Naval Vessels, & even a style of beard. [All we have on Herts Hash is the Sludge, style of beard! – Ed] There was an information board on the wall in the garden that had Garibaldi's History upon it, so the bits the Hare had missed out could be learnt

The Pack took time to refresh in the side garden of the Pub, enjoying a nice ESB, or Gales HSB. Sparky arrived under the watchful eye of Flanders & Milf, he was looking a bit flaky in the heat of the day, so it was decided that the Hare would get him on a bus to cut out a chunk of the last section of Trail.

Moving on, back around on to Keyfield Terrace & some bewildered like lost sheep had to be called back from across the road to head up by the White Hart Tap, then the Beehive to enter London Road, from the CHK there the Trail would be found over the crossing to the northern side of the busy street, where it turned heading south-easterly.

The Hash passed temptingly in front of the Beer Shop, but there was no need for another drink just yet, so the Trail carried on to a TBT OBE CHK by the Prime Steak & Grill, the Veggies & Veretarians had to avert their eyes as the Trail run beside the restaurant to take to Inkerman Road.

The Hare dropped back to keep an eye on Milf & Flanders as they escorted Sparky, then he noticed that No Eye Deer & FWB were coming back toward him, for they hadn't noticed that the Trail tuned off by the Prime Steak & Grill, but he had to mark the Trail that way.

Now the Pack embarked on a network of back roads of Victorian Terraced homes of Bedford Street, then crossing Alma Road turning south-eastward to take to Oswald Road for a short trot by the local Synagogue where the Trail turned north by north-east to come out on to Ridgemont Road, behind the Horn Reborn [For older readers that is the Horn of Plenty! – Ed] Pub.

While Kylie elected to follow the Trail, the Hare walked a shot cut with Flanders, Milf & Sparky to short cut to St Albans City Station, where he managed to get then all onto the 724 Bus toward Harlow, with the driver being kind enough to drop them off at Morisons Store, where the P-Arrow Trail could be picked up.

It was time to eat some humble-pie for Mr X, for he criticized the fact two busses were cancelled on the day before when he set off to lay the Trail, then his return bus was late, bit for a change he actually was glad that this Omnibus was late as Milf & Flanders took Sparky back.

Mr X made his way back to the Trail & resumed sweeping the Trail. The Trail led over the main line tracks by way of the road bridge on Victoria Street, passing around by front wall of the former Prison, the façade & inside of which was once used for the TV series Porridge, the exterior gates can be seen on the opening titles. It's now a council building, which is licensed Registry Office & they had had many 'Porridge' themed Weddings take place there, so you could say that they are still handing out 'Life Sentences'!

The Trial would now take to Grimston Road, named after Sir Harbottle Grimston, as mentioned earlier the former owner of the Sopwell House, where the Keenies would find a CHK point on the edge of Flora Grove, a back



street of nice semi-detached homes. The arrows were picked up on Breakspear Avenue, this road being named after Adrian IV (Nicholas Breakspear) the only English Pope 1154 – 1159.

Once around the east to northeast dog-leg in the road, the FRBs were taken up a back-passage which had a twist in its direction, turning from Southeast to due east. [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

The Trail emerged into Vanda Crescent where a CHK was found, but this didn't hold the FRBs up for long as the continuation of the fenced in ginnel was the obvious, & correct choice as it led out by the Old Salvation Army Halt on the Alban Way, yes the Sally Ackers had the 'War Cry' & other pamphlets printed nearby at the (Now gone) Campfield Press. ['The War Cry' is like the Hash Trash, complete with a few old tales & fabrications, but without any crude jokes! – Ed]

The Trail would now lead up to the bridge spanning Camp Road below, care was needed with the uneven surface as the Hash started the last leg of the Trail, a long 600 Yards under the nice long, cool shaded tree canopy, on a level stretch as the former railway runs behind the Hatfield Road Cemetery & then a school before the back of the local Morrisons' Store. It was here, by the litter strewn entrance into the supermarket car park that Mr X finally caught up with Kylie, FWB & No Eye Deer! Te latter was now walking for she & DWSS were just back from their Hollibobs!

The Trail would now come in, following the P-Arrows from the Morrisons' Bus Stop crossing over to run southward down by the ornate frontage of the former Tailors factory, it was here that they met up with Flanders, Milf & Sparky as the Hash turned eastward on Headley Road, where Mr X pointed out the Stars of David set in to the row of Victorian terraced homes, most possibly for the Tailors & their families.

A southward turn again, on to Maxwell Road passing by the eyesore of a ruined home, a hoarder's hovel, then by the On Inn & over to College Road to the Royston Club.

Here the Hash made themselves at home in the larger Bar. There would be food afterwards, & being Italy National Day the theme continued was Pasta, Pizza (Including veggie & gluten free) being followed up with rather delicious Italian Pandoro bread, which is more like a light sponge cake.

Mr X was happy as Hot 'N' Spicee had sent along some of her Chilli sauce with Moss Key Toe. 3D had a small sample & realised it was hot!

It was noticed that a resident Veretarian sneaked some of the meat dishes on to his plate, hoping the RA wouldn't notice this?

Anyhow, after round one of the food, the Circle was called & the Down-Downs were awarded. Mr X was first, for setting what the Pack thought was an excellent Trail, then he resumed his RA duties.

In no particular order: There were a couple of anniversaries to be awarded, Mother was out for drawing level with Lemming! Then of course Sparky who reached his 300th, were he was presented with a Hash Walking Stick & a 300th Herts Hash Fleece. Sparky then wanted to make a speech, someone said it was a bit late to come out of the closet? But it was nothing like that, it was a warning for those of the Hash with Santander accounts that the bank database was hacked, as he has experienced. (At the moment UK accounts are not affected by the breach, which just happens to be on the same Cloud hosting platform as Ticketmaster & their Data-hack!)



My Lil'

received his Hash Back pack for his (Long passed) 1600th Trail. Diamond Geezer was out for having Italian heritage & he gave the Trail a decent summary, all in a beautiful Italian accent! [Though Diamond Geezer admitted that Italians think he sounds like their equivalent of a Geordie! – Ed]

After the Circle, Sparky needed a lot of convincing that his shoes were no longer fit for purpose, having walked several times around the pool table like Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp Character & being filmed by Milf, it may have finally sank in when shown the footage [No Pun intended! – Ed] that these are affecting his posture, whether he will get some decent shoes to help his knees & general posture is another matter.

Then the Pack had to endure hearing that TBT OBE does nude gardening at his home, makes you pity his poor neighbours when he's trimming his [Cough!] hollyhocks! Ciao!



