



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

OASIS REFORM FOR NEW COMEBACK TOUR

Run No. 2112
Date: Bank Holiday Monday 26th August 2025
Venue: Chez 3D et Slug
Location: Melbourn
Beers/Cider: Hobgoblin Gold & Ruby: Banks; GK Abbot;
Hare/s: 3D et Slug
Runners: 17
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 4
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 21
Membership: **Definitely maybe**, Running on Oasis Songs!



The Pack gathered in the back garden of Chez 3D et Slug on this fine **morning glory** of this sunny day [Even in his absence the RA had worked his magic to **turn up the sun?** – Ed]. It was fantastic to see MILF, with her new hip, **it's getting better (man)**, looking well and having mastered the crutches already. It was also great to see the return of Skip, who although was not running today, was in very fine form.

There was delay in getting started (as Paxo was late). Sludge, as a senior Hasher, **won't let you down** as he stood in as GM in the absence of Fliptop and TBT, both of whom were otherwise engaged. The Circle had to **listen up** to the **Masterplan** as the Sunday morning call of the Run was announced and it then it was off, to **step out** of the drive and to the right. 3D lingered at the house, having heard a rumour someone was in the loo, however this turned out to be malicious gossip.

The Front Runners soon sniffed out the Trail, across the mini-orchard at the back of the Doctor's Surgery [Was the absent TBT OBE in there Surgery with **swollen hand blues?** – Ed] and it was a wiggle through the back streets of Melbourn. Passing both the Black Horse and Dolphin Pubs, and On! On! down Dolphin Lane, where thatched rooves of Olde Melbourn could be admired for those who looked up! Flying Solo like a **force of nature** was leading with way, appearing far off **half the world away**, with everyone else some way behind...

The Pack passed Sheene Mill, which recently re-opened as a restaurant, rather than just an events venue, and found the usual footpaths to the station closed off. **Some Might Say** what a quandary that proved to be! The confusion gave the walkers of the 'Knitting Circle' a chance to **roll with it** and catch up as they became **part of the queue** as the Trail went around the pedestrian diversion and under the A10. It was then On! On! to Fieldgate Nurseries, where the Hash Markings, once again were difficult to find as the footpath was rather overgrown (and not one that the Hares have used in a while).

The Hash trundled across the field, and crossed the railway to a Held check which served its purpose and the Pack regrouped. Kylie became very excited at this point, realising that a Train was about to pass and the camera function on the phone was put to good use. The number of the Class 700 Engine was duly recorded and that **she's electric** in Kylie's little black book [What, no phone numbers? – Ed].

oh that's not-



Although there were not initially any sightings of Flanders, Hot 'N' Spicy and Paxo, they could be heard to **shout it out loud** in calling On! On! while playing catch up across the Field. At the Held check, the Hares marked a short cut in addition to the long trail. With all, bar the three amigos mentioned above, together with My Lil and 3D who turned right, opting for the longer Trail. The good weather **underneath the sky** had clearly perked most of the Hash up who were definitely in fine fettle, there would be **no cloudburst today!**

The flock followed Flying Solo who was **full on** up a path, a **strange thing** in missing the turn off to the long trail, and although there was no Dust, they carried on up the path for quite some way. **Where did it all go wrong**, as even the more experienced Hashers, such as Sludge and Underlay, did not query the lack of Dust and were just going nowhere following Flying Solo like lost sheep.

While the Knitting Circle headed up Meldreth High Street and into Flambards, the runners crossed the stubby field up to Chiswick End before zig-zagging to the back of Meldreth, through the recreation ground and out onto the High Street.

With some encouragement from the Hare, No Eye Deer checked out the trail, but unfortunately hit a dead end.

Doeswhatshesays, was nowhere in sight, but that is not unusual and no one was concerned as he always makes it back in time for Beer (and washing up).

So, the Pack slowly merged while on the usual path down by the crystal clear waters of the River Mel, one of the 160 English chalk-bed streams, and of the 210 in the world!

After a **quick peep**, most Hashers chose to go over the railway crossing, rather than under the very deceptively low bridge, where TBT OBE sustained damage to his head on the above **wonder wall**, which resulted in a significant bleeding on a recent, previous Trail, not to mention the stirring up of the black foul-smelling 'field run off' that was disturbed to pollute the clear waters when TBT OBE fell in to the river Mel, emerging from the **swamp song** with more than **mucky fingers**. [At least he **Didn't Look back in anger!** – Ed]

No trains for Kylie at this point! Instead, he took photos of 3D going under the low bridge, in honour of TBT's head injury. Thankfully TBT OBE wasn't there to experience any **flashbax** and 3D didn't end up as **the girl in the dirty shirt**.

On to the turning, via a slight left across the field which took the Pack to the A10, where patience was required in order to get across safely. The whole Pack was pretty much back together now and headed up The Moor. Although there were some Checks along here, no one was fooled, as most of the Pack felt the **acquiescence** in knowing where they were. Hot 'N' Spicy was happy to see **no better man** than Moss Key Toe, who helped her over what would have been, in its hey-day, a wooden stile.

From there, the Pack would soldier on across the Rec, past Little Hands Nursery, and popped out at the back of All Saints Church, where sometimes **a bell will ring** near the High Street, here they found the On Inn. The Trail was to bring it down Mortlock Street, past the primary school and onto New Road to get back to the house.

Milf, Skip and Lynne had survived on their lonesome back at the house, no doubt enjoying **the importance of being idle?** Slug fired up the BBQ and 3D poured the drinks. The BBQ took a while to get hot, which was just as well as Kylie had to do a return trip to Puckeridge, having forgotten Sludge's 80th Birthday gift! [Did a 'Someone' leave it behind? – Ed] More of that in a mo.

It was soon noted that Little Hole, Ruth and Ramona were missing, no longer a **part of the crew**. Skip gave them a call and it was confirmed that they were at the crossroads on Orchard Road, literally 100 meters from the house, but were pondering the way home. 3D went out to find out them, at which point, they confessed to having stopped off to buy a drink (not quite sure where but most likely the Co-op).

Sausages, burgers and chicken kebabs were accompanied by a selection of rolls and salads, including No Eye Deer's lovely Coleslaw, and Paxo's home grown tomatoes and cucumber that Pebbledash would have envied! (the leftovers of which have since been pickled). Hot 'N' Spicy also provided a jar of her legendary chilli sauce. Then it was onto **magic pie** desserts.

At some point during food service, Starboard returned from a weekend at Reading Festival, looking rough, and after eating and exchanging pleasantries, it wasn't a strange thing that he tootled off to bed. [he'll soon be meeting up with our Drum & Bass Grandad (Where's Wally?) –Ed]

Thank you to Lynne for meringues with strawberries and cream; and Flanders for a very special 80th

Blur should launch comeback gigs on the exact same dates as Oasis to really give it that authentic 90s vibe.



Not everyday you get to meet the fella off the fivers..



Birthday Cake, depicting all things Sludge (beer, golf and hashing). [No Champagne Supernova? – Ed] There was the obligatory, jovial and tuneless round of Happy Birthday, as no one is ever too old for that. [Loud enough to wake dazed Festival Goers awake? – Ed]

Tent Packer stood in as RA. Down-Downs went to the Hares for an excellent trail, MILF to ease her recovery and to Sludge the Birthday Boy. **Hey now**, in addition to Sludge, special mentions went to Underlay (who as 80 at the beginning of August and Skip our returnee who is 80 very soon).

Sludge was presented with his birthday gift, of a Masters Golf Shirt, sourced and sent from Augusta, Georgia. He will certainly look (and feel) the part when he goes out to play with the Hash Hackers. What a Lucky Chap!

There are 38 Oasis songs to find in the above report – Good luck
On! On! 3D

