

Herts  
Hash  
House  
Harriers  
Herts official Website: [hertsHash.co.uk](http://hertsHash.co.uk)

Run No. 2152/53  
Date: Saturday 26/27th April 2025  
Venue: Three Magnets/Letchworth GC Brewery  
Location: Letchworth  
Beers/Cider: Side Pocket for a Toad; Wherry; Abbot  
Hare/s: Flying Solo/Moss Key Toe  
Runners: 27  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 1  
Hash Hounds: 2  
Total: 30  
Membership: Wishing the RA a Hippo Bidet for a whole week!!



A very different birthday Hash Celebration than the previous one only 5 days earlier, where the Hare (& Birthday Boy) would meet My Lil' on his way to catch the bus to St Albans, where My Lil' approached the bus stop from a different than expected direction. My Lil' informed the RA that he had just been put some poo in the nearest post-box. [Whoa! What has his Postman done to upset him? – Ed]

Anyhow, moving on almost a week & the long weekend began with a Friday Night Pub crawl but even before leaving the Hotel, Mr X was handed a large Bottle of Jameson's 'Single Pot' by Her Fault, so this was safely squirreled away in Number Nine.

Able & Mr X walked down, with the Birthday boy marking the way via the edge of the Industrial passing by the original Industrial area, specifically set out here in the Letchworth Garden City Plan, walking opposite the fancy Gun Metal, Copper, Bronze & Aluminium words emblazoned upon the former Letchworth Metal Casting Company, as well as Lloyds, where the factory doors are at a level above the road to load straight in & out of horse & carts.

There were an eclectic mix of Hashers turning out for the weekend, with some coming all the way down from Bonnie Scotland. Things kicked off at the Garden City Brewery, one of Emu's favourite places from last time he was down in Letchworth for the Herts 2,000th Weekend. It's a place worthy of a Herts Hash visit a couple of times a year.

Able & Mr X arrived to find the Scots Lassies were already sitting outside of the Brewery, Tops & Windsock were also sitting there, just a few benches away under the awning. Time to grab a couple of samosas from the bar, to compliment the GROG (Dark) Ale, the Brewery source the samosas & sausage rolls from the almost next door shop. Mr X has a liking for the Indian Snacks here.

The Trail was marked to Pub Stop 2, all of a few Yards through the Wynd's old cottage industrial square to the rear entrance of the Three Magnets, incidentally this was the first 'Spoons to make the CAMRA Real Ale Guide, here the choice was Mauldon's Black Adder. A lot of the Herts Hash knew the way from Pub 1 to Pub 2, since these are the first couple on the World's End Pub Crawl when it arrives in Letchworth for the second half of the Film's Pub Crawl.

The majority on the Pub Crawl were those who had travelled, some of the local Herts Regulars were not going to be present until Saturday, there were two bonus Hashers. Stretch had been on the phone to Buzby, who said he coning to the weekend, so Stretch phoned Mr X to see if he could come along as well. Mr X said he was most welcome, he hadn't sent out an invitation as he thought Stretch was away on one of his overseas trips! Then the invite then was extended to include Knead, who would both turn up later on.

Some invitees never received theirs, which were sent out via email (Keep your friends updated) Facebook DM (Keep your friends updated) but seems Social Media wasn't the best way, at least most of those informed by Word of mouth came along.

Crafty's Bottle Shop was stop three, which was enough as Mr X was still being plied with Strong Dark Ales! Also, like the rest of the Pubs in Letchworth's centre, it's one of the stops on the World's End Pub Crawl, though it doesn't feature in the film, it's used as a substitute for the now gone Black Squirrel that did feature in the flick.

The range of Belgian Beers, which was a slight disappointment to Mr X & Windsock. The range had somewhat dwindled in the last year, but at least there was a decent porter to be had as the Hash spread out, taking over any spare seats scattered around the venue, as well as occupying the back/side room.

At least you can't go wrong in Letchworth for food, not only do they have regular food festivals, it has three Fish & Chip Shops as well as nearly every other world cuisine available.



This woman stole my iPhone in Sheffield last week, and doesn't realise that it uploads all the pictures to my iCloud account.

If anyone recognises her, please tell her that ive bought more storage space and can send her the charger incase the battery runs out, Cheers.



Without further ado, the whole of the Pack were ushered away down semi-pedestrianised Leys Avenue toward Howard Park, this beginning section of Trail had been seen by those who walked down from the Travelodge, so they had more than an inkling that the Trail would head into Howard Park & move on southward.

The Park is named after Ebenezer Howard, who came up with the 'Garden City Concept' when building started in 1903, it being a marriage of town & country it was designed to have a lot of green space. Some of the Trees in the Park were planted by the Belgian Refugees who were evacuated there in the First World War, making up a large part of the population at the time.

The kids' splash-area in the Park was once made up of two, long, shallow pools. On one Herts Trail set by Miss Piggy & Food & Drink, the Pack were tied by the wrists on their left arms, the beginning of the Trail would have linked groups of Six wading through the pools, for Dust was set on the 'mushrooms' dotted within the blue floored ovals of water. No getting feet wet here at all these days.

At the rear of the Pack there was a sudden commotion, as Mr X pointed out one of the famous Black squirrels in Howard Park, first recorded sightings were in 1912. The pace slowed as For Sale or Rent stopped to take picture of the local Tree-Rat. Ironically the first purpose-built Pub in Letchworth was named in a vote by the Good People of the First Garden City after the resident Tree-rat. It has since been demolished & replaced by a Maximum-Security Twilight Home! A notice board pointed out other wildlife that could be spotted in the Park.

Mr X explained that Letchworth & her younger sister Garden City of Welwyn were originally Quaker Towns, so no booze. There was one exception with Charringtons, who had a covenant for the Broadway Hotel until 1968. Things have improved since, with many Pubs & even a Brewery now.

The Trail would lead to a CHK by statue of a Sappho, c630 – c570 BC was an Ancient Greek poet from Eresos or Mytilene on the island of Lesbos [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Sappho is known for her lyric poetry, written to be sung while accompanied by music. In ancient times, Sappho was widely regarded as one of the greatest lyric poets, often was given names such as the "Tenth Muse" and "The Poetess". Most of Sappho's poetry is now lost, what wasn't mostly survived in fragmentary form, only the Ode to Aphrodite is certainly complete

Advancing on the Trail to head over Norton Way South to move up Meadow Way, leading out to a CHK on the eastern side of the Broadway, the centrepiece green space of the Garden City. Trail was found crossing over near the fountain in the centre before making it over to the western arm of the one way system on each side.

The FRBs of Moss Key Toe, Smartarse, Mother, No Eye Deer, Rhino, Angel, Waragi & Parson's Nose were making headways along with Flying Solo & Chris, leaving a middle order of Tinkerbelle, Omo, Mr Stiffy, Bummer, Juices Flowing, Paxo, Lemming, Stiff Meat Chunderos, Mudsucker, For Sale or Rent, Her Fault, Able Semen, Megasaurarse, Kneed, Stretch & the Birthday Boy. The knitting Circle would be further behind, not as far back as the upcoming Black Nose Taxi.

[For those who have never heard of the Black Nose Taxi Hash, is an old one now, where the stragglers (normally at the Bar) elect to get a Taxi from the start to another Pub, or Stop en route, or from a Pub along the Trail to the On Inn, to show that they have been on a Black Nose Taxi each participants nose is marked with a small black dot dabbed from a Marker Pen! – Ed]

It was such a pleasant evening that most, including the Birthday Boy staggered back to the Travelodge Bar, just for a quick nightcap

For Sale or Rent got Mr X in to trouble at Breakfast, for she had opened up her croissant [Steady Pebbledash, it was breakfast!] & had toasted it. As Smartarse was there, the result of Mr X's attempt to toast his croissant would come back to haunt him in both Circles on Sat & Sunday, but more of that later.

Saturdays Trail would start for the local 'Spoons, the Three Magnets. Its handy as its open early, so some could get breakfast, while the Birthday Boy preferred the 'Hair of the Dog' in the shape of another pint of Mauldon's Black Adder.

The days' Hare was Flying Solo, who went on to explain the Hash Markings for the Day would be Pink for the Knitting Circle (Short Option) & Green for FRBs, plus Herts Hash use of an H (Held CHK) for regroup. [If you suffered from Colour-blindness on the Red Green Spectrum wouldn't the markings all look the same brownish colour? – Ed]

To cheer up the Pack there was mention of a sweet stop at the Held CHK, as well as a Drink Stop at her house, the latter being a welcome option for the birthday boy to supply some 'free beers' in one go.

#### < British bird watching check list.



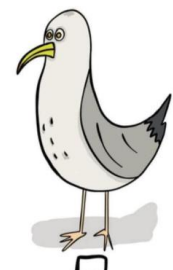
Big brown bird



Little brown bird



Black bird



Wanker

The Trail would cross Norton Way South, taking to a turning route that would eventually lead out of Meadow Way, right in front of the Fountain, which was in full flow on the Broadway, being the Centre piece & heart of Letchworth Garden City.

Mr X would point out the Broadway Cinema, the 1930's Art Deco, community Cinema where Herts Hash had the 10th Anniversary Matinee Screening of the 'World's End' film the Day after the 'World's End Pub Crawl Trail had taken place.

Once over the gardens the Arrows pointed the east down toward Morrisons but before reaching this both Trails would advance up a back passage [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] to reach Broadwater Avenue, here it would split, with the yellow & green arrows taking the Keenies along to the Dale & north-westward to reach station Way. Meanwhile the SCBs would head from Broadwater Way east by northeast to come out by the bridge over the Railway from Station Place.

I need to re-home a dog.  
It's a small terrier, and  
tends to bark a lot.  
If you're interested, let  
me know and I'll jump  
over my neighbor's  
fence and get it for you.

The FRBs would head southward a short way, while the Knitting Circle northward the Yellow & Green Long Trail would peel off on to The Dale, then away from the Short Cut by heading southwest on Station Way just far enough on the arcing old road to be out of view of the Knitting Circle.

Some of the Knitting Circle, like Splash, Oral Sex, Vicky Vomit, Dr Doolittle & Headless Mullet would now take their eyes off of the Ball & wandered off Trail toward Railway station, not to be seen again until the Beer Stop was reached. The wayward sheep would be lured away on a very short-short cut by My Lil' & Paxo, who have Hashed many a time in Letchworth, several times ending up at the Hare's abode.

Back on the longer option, a CHK was found on the corner of Spring Road, heading over from the south side of the street lined with early Letchworth Homes on just one side of the road, Trail was found beyond the bollards at a wide tarmac gap in the long thin line of pine trees, taking the Keenies under the

railway bridge, the line cutting Spring Road in to two sections.

The FRBs would be led in a merry dance around the small, newish, maze-like Horace Gay Gardens estate to reach a CHK on the Icknield Way & a CHK on the south side of the Ancient Way through to Norfolk, this was a main trading route for the Ancient Britain's, including flints from Grimes Graves.

The local Hashers who went to school in Hertfordshire in the 1960-70's would all have done the 'compulsory School trip' to these excavations in Suffolk, where the ancient stone Flint-knappers created Axe Heads & flint arrow heads that were transported all around the country.

Those with eagle-eyes spotted a green Fingerpost sign, indicating a footpath to the west of the CHK, here arrows were found directing the way northward up into the Wilbury Recreation Ground, the Dust would cross over the green space, passing a small enclosed kid's play area before moving to the northern tip. More arrows were found on the tarmac driveway out from the Icknield Infant School & the Icknield Family Centre, then just a few more yards to reach a CHK on Archers Way.

Down Archers Way for 230 Yards, then a right to head nor-nor-east along Burlands, running on by the local, side by side, Chinese & Indian takeaways, then the Tesco Express. Arrows sent the FRBs across the Bedford Road by St Thomas's Church, with a turn to a CHK by the start of Valley Road.

Off away east by northeast the Trail was picked up by the FRBs on this area of newer builds, crossing the small roundabout halfway, the Keenies would be led toward the dead-end, but before reaching the edge of the tree-line hiding a dusty track behind, the Hare had set a slight diversion to weave a route through the side of one arm of the estate before reaching the track. Even local resident No Eye Deer would find this tricky!!

The Pack were now lead southward & then around the eastward curve, reaching a CHK near to a branch off of the track to a narrow concrete bridge over the Pix Brook. Those who crossed the water-way would find the Trail taking to a curving footpath through the small rectangular area of parkland to the west of suburban Cowslip Hill.

The Dust led up to the Cowslip Hill, coming up the grass embankment to reach the road, beside where the Pix flows under the road. Arrows now pointed around to the eastbound down ramp into Norton Common Nature Reserve on the southern side of the Pix.

The Trail would take a turn in among the established broadleaf trees to reach the Held CHK, regroup upon a wide bridge over the Pix. Here Mr X & Tongue Lasher were found awaiting the FRBs. Wanktlers arrived, he had earlier handed to the Hare his packets of Scottish Sweets, which he had brought down for the weekend as he normally does.

Wanktlers mentioned that he hadn't brought any of the expensive ones this time around, which he has in the past. Some can recall the Dalgetty's famous 'Soor Plooms' he fetched along to the 2001 Weekend, & how they were a wee bit too sour for most, with the car park floor soon being littered with discarded hard green candies!

Smartarse, Moss Key Toe & the other FRBs started rolling in, soon it was time to move on & the Trail advance to the northern end of the Park, passing through an iron gate to emerge on to the Wilbury Road. Here Mr X was surprised that the Trail turned west & not east, for he knows where the Hare lives, but Flying Solo had added an extra loop in, just to catch out those who thought they knew where the Trail would go.

Going against the grain for those with local knowledge, the Trail would move a short way down the west, then changing direction to head northward on Grange Road, this was a loop to add a few more yards on to the Trail, as just

as the road moves direction toward the another small parade of local shops, the Pack would be led along to Lammas Way on the right, then it would be right again to arrive at Chez Flying Solo in Eastholme.

Two Ales at the Beer Stop, two of Mr X's favourites from Tring [Someone, please answer that phone! Ed] one was one was Coley's Dog a Darkish one at 5.2% & the other was Mr X's real favourite 'Death or Glory, at 7.2% & named after the Lancers' Regimental Motto. All went down very well!

Junior somehow appeared, with a merry band of Black Nose Taxiers, he was trying to get out of carrying some Ales as the Beers top was being assembled outside, he had his lager & so wasn't bothered about fetching over drinks to the thirsty, he came out with "What with my bad back?" To which Mr X replied "If you need a second opinion than Your Front is not too good either!" followed by a rapid "You're Funny!" He was joined by Rhino for some lost property from Friday Night!

Bestowed in his gold threaded Herts Stole, Mr X began the Circle by thanking all those who were present, adding that at times he was surprised to have reached this age, considering some of the things that we've done in the past, a statement highlighted with a more than knowing glance at Adonis, with a brief mention of Mark E Mark's Broken Neck before Cyprus InterHash.

There were too many Down-Downs to recall, especially as there were three not RAs in the Circle, nay! There would be four! [Which is far better than having Mr X droning on & on! - Ed] So, it began. While My Lil' poured out the Down-Downs, the Hare, Flying Solo was called forward for setting an excellent Trail, as well as hosting the Beer Stop & supplying plenty of cold Wine & lagers stored in the garage fridges.

Mr X had some of the Herts hairy Golf Visors, which on this hot & sunny day would be most needed by Emu & Buzby, who both have run enough with Herts over the years to merit one each, as they were called in to the Circle. Though Emu had his changed as ginger seemed more apt for someone who lives in Scotland.

Junior was then called forward to collect his Mr Funny colouring & sticker book, boosted with some 'spoons crayons, you don't want to hand Junior anything sharp – he has those kids scissors with the blunt end. Little did he know that he was actually given an Alcohol Free Lager Down-Down! [This stated a running theme for Junior! – Ed]

Still holding court, Mr X would take up a fair bit of time, telling one tale of Buzby getting dates wrong for a rendezvous at the Cider Bar & Eastern Eye [Mr X always calls this the Golden Eye, for some reason? - Ed] Buzby hadn't read the email subject, which meant a meet up with himself & Screech at the Indian with Mr X & Able Semen was out a week.

When Buzby called Mr X, from the Cider Bar in Newton Abbot, it came as a surprise as Mr X was in the Dymchurch Royal British Legion, in Kent! So, arrangements were rearranged for a week later when Mr X was in Devon.

A week later in the Cider Bar, the talk came around to Sports, with Buzby explaining that he is not keen on 'Sweet Caroline' being sung at Sporting Events, including Rugby Union games. After several Ciders the group walked around to the Eastern Eye as they approached the restaurant someone came out to vape & as they did so a blast of the Neil Diamond impersonator blasted out? It couldn't have been more apt as he was singing [You guessed it! - Ed] 'Sweet Caroline'!

Mr X now claimed to have a copy of Buzby's face from Newton Abbot CCTV outside the Eastern Eye, walking around the Circle showing them a picture of Edvard Munk's 'The Scream'. Buzby was the last one in the Circle to see this & then realised why the Circle was raucously laughing away. Screech & Able Semen backed up Mr X's claims.

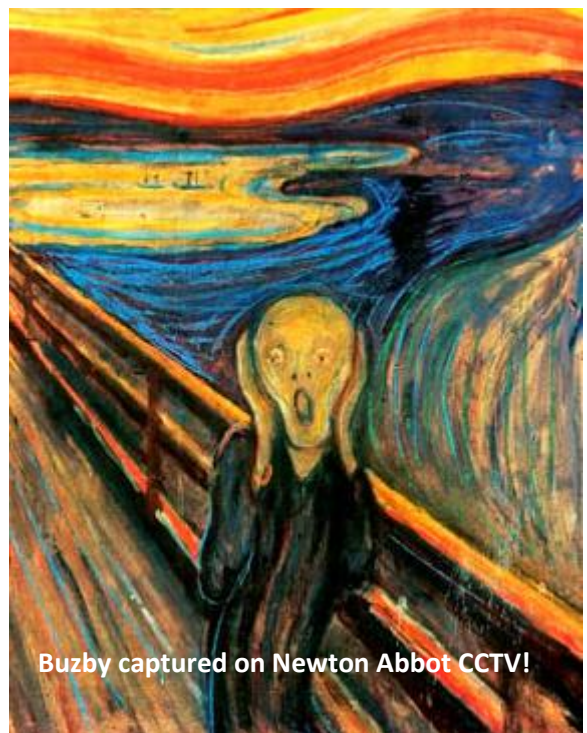
Adonis would be asked to join Buzby in the Circle, for one of Mr X's stays at Buzby & Screeches home had he & Able Semen saying in the spare Room that was decorated with Chief's Flags, but the reason Adonis was in the Circle was the hint that He & Buzby were doing a Cider Tasting, Mr X didn't quite believe this.

Arriving at 'Chez Screech et Buzby', Screech answered the door, invited them in, only for Able Semen & Mr X to find Adonis & Buzby in the Kitchen & they were sampling a few bottles of various Cider, marking their scores as they worked through the crate! Needless to say there wasn't much left as Mr X joined the soiree. If that wasn't bad enough, they then took him to the CAMRA Award Winning Tom Copley Pub, in deepest Devon's arse-end of beyond, where the Landlord has a minimum of 14 Ciders & his wife looks after nine Real Ales!

Mr X was joined by Rhino & Able Semen, for he wouldn't have envisaged a few years back that the three would have allotments & would be discussing growing veggies, which for Mr X will not include Parsnips [For he believes that these are the *Devil's Penis* & you wouldn't want that in your mouth? – Ed] though two of them have yet to find any 'Beer seeds'.

After a comment about the late Pope's ring being smashed in, who'd have known? The Herts Sacred stole was passed along to Megasaurarse, a change of RA, who definitely enjoyed wearing a bit a 'Holy Bling' as it is a real piece of Church apparel with real gold thread.

Megasaurarse explained that she & Emu flew down from Edinburgh, knowing some who work at the airport they were fast-tracked, but this would also mean having a check for liquids. Emu had to declare having more than



Buzby captured on Newton Abbot CCTV!

150 MLs of fluid for his flight, but this was at the other end of a catheter that he was wearing after Prostate Surgery. Most, [I say most as there's bound to be one in the Circle? – Ed] present were glad that they didn't have to pat him down on the inside-leg! [No I'm free Humphries! -Ed]

Junior was called out again, this time by Megasuararse, for he didn't realise that he had been supplied with Alcohol Free drinks. Bouncer was out for his Park Run with his leg in big plastic boot after his trip to New Zealand, which ended up with him breaking his lower leg.

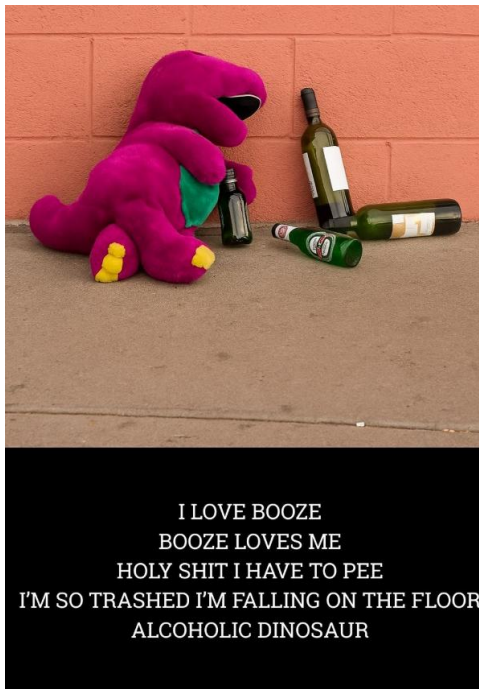
Smartarse was next to take the Circle, of course he would start with Mr X at Breakfast in the Travelodge, where he followed For Sale or Rents example of toasting a Croissant, except he didn't cut his correctly to allow it to pass through the continuous Toaster, a case of 'smoke gets in the eyes' of the Breakfast diners.

Mr X wouldn't drink alone, as Smartarse called Vicky Vomit up, for he, in the past on an Essex Weekend, had a novel way of cooking beans on toast, you pour beans on to slices of bread, then you turn the toaster on its side & slip them in, Simple!

Mr X then presented his Down-Down Vicky Vomit with a Hairy Golf Visor, as Chunderos claimed that when she arrived at the Travelodge a Fire Engine turned up outside! [Which reminds me, Q: Why do Fireman have bigger Balls than Policemen? A: They sell more tickets! – Ed]

Just when Mr X thought he was in the clear, Too Tuf stepped up from the open floor, for he was listening to a Rugby Interview on the Grauniard Website, [Yes, I read Private Eye! – Ed] he claimed it was a very boring interview that almost made him nod off, which concluded with the interviewer asking the interviewees name, turns out it was Mr X, who in his defence did state he had been drinking Old Rosie & heading to the Bar for another at half time.

Time for the Birthday Boy to get cleaned up & then on to the Clubhouse, as he had to help set up tables & food station under orders of his Sister, who has years of experience in organising, being the Family Christmas Present Hitler!



With mainly alcohol-based presents, it was understandable that they had to remain under guard in the entrance hall but some, like Mr X's Sister, weren't happy that the presents had to stay in the hallway under watch, but you can understand when in the past they have had parties there were bottles of spirits have come in, being opened & consumed

There were some special bottles amongst the mix, Emu's personalised Mr X Woodrows of Edinburgh Whisky being one, Adonis's home-made Blackberry Gin, Jameson's Single Pot (Irish Equivalent to Single Malt) & of course Able Semen brought him a bottle of the old 'Electric Soup' AKA the Scottish Tramp Juice of Auld Bucky, yes she bought him Buckfast Abbey!

There were 'Moon X' Californian Wines, & some Boxes of specialist Ales also amongst the goodies for the Birthday Boy, though later on Mr X would discover the Box of Cornish Ales only contained six bottles, two had been removed & replaced with a Truro Hash top! [Was Rhino thirsty of the way up from Cornwall, or did have a favourite Strong Ale that was in the mix & too good for Mr X? – Ed]

Hashers started arriving, putting on a great display of outfits, it was pretty colourful, Mr X thought it could have been a 'Sock-fest' as there were plenty of outfits Windssock would have loved to have worn, of course he just wore his normal range of bright & lairy clothes. With so many lairy fashion statements on show, it made the evening look like it something akin to a strange Cult of the Sock! [All hail the Sock! - Ed]

The Hashers making more of an effort than some of the family, but hey ho! No one would recognise Mr X's mum if she was dressed as Rosa Kleb from Russia with Love! (1963). It is said if you remember the Sixties, you weren't really there! Which was rather like parts of this weekend, especially writing it up!

As is the norm with the Hash, as soon as Fliptop started to seriously spin the disks, the Hash were on the dance floor. Poor Able Semen would be dragged up on a regular basis.

The Hash made a decent effort to dress up. There were some 'Cool cats' out there on the dance floor. Smartarse with his tie-dye Betty Ford Hash Shirt, taking the rise there! There was a fair bit of Tie-dye worn [Yeah Man! – Ed] as well as Paisley Prints. Perhaps this was a chance for Splash & Rhino to test out their outfits, a not so Dry Run before her 70's themed Birthday Bash a couple of months later?

Mr X went for a Jimi Hendrix style soldier tunic, which should have been familiar to Stretch, for it was used for his Friday 13th Tale down in Taunton, please note that the fake blood etc had been washed off by this point. Though he did forget his fake moustache & had to get Able Semen to draw it on his face with eye liner for a vague resemblance to Frank Zappa's Moustache & goatee bit. By the end of the night it had become a bit smeared, it looked like Mr X had been dribbling half chewed Pontefract cakes.

Mother looked like she had stepped out of Mary Quant's shop on the Kings Road with her women's newsboy cap, while Lemming went for the Skinhead look, or was he a little Buster Bloodvessel? A few of the Scot's lasses also had that Mary Quant look.

Testiculator opted for the 'Safe as Houses' Elvis look [Uh-ha! – Ed] Also going for a less risky option was the Grateful Dead T-Shirt My Lil had on. Others took a riskier option, Ketchup's suit looked like it was made of bad wallpaper dating from the 1960's council house in Harlow. Ketchup's outfit made him look like the lead singer of Mike Flowers Pop!

Pepé le Pew had gone full Bear Grylls & it looked like he skinned a random sheep for his outfit on the way to Letchworth. No Eye Deer & DWSS managed to get out of evening Granny duties, though the wig DWSS was wearing resembled a spaniel draped over his pate.

Wanktlers went for the Ska look, Fred Perry & all topped off with his Pork-pie Hat, quite a few F.U.K Full Moon H<sup>3</sup> Waistcoats on show, which was good to see they are getting their intended use.



Fireball & Stand-in Shit decided that they would come up just for the Saturday, needless to say after they had finished with the Party they both regretted not staying over. When Mr X met up later on, he said that it must be like the old days & a session finishing at the (Notorious) Albert in Hitchin, the downfall or Stand-in & other Hashers who think they can drink.

It was good to see Waragi & Supertrooper, who with their love of all things theatrical had put on an effort as well, Super Trouper having made Mr X a hand-made card. It wasn't the only one, as Dr Doolittle had painted a water-colour Hare, which he has since framed.

Bouncer was a top man, was wearing his Shite Shirt, just like the birthday boy was. [You either have taste, or not! – Ed] Flying Solo had gone full Scot Mackenzie with the 'Flower's in her Hair' - shame San Francisco wasn't on the play list.

Dr Doolittle, Vicky Vomit, Tops, Windsock & Enter the Dragon all seemed to be on the same chairs & around the very table that they were seated in at the Herts 2001 Weekend a couple of years ago. [Must really be 'Space Cadets! – Ed]

As the evening went on Mark E Mark had a slight malfunction, as side-effect of rapidly consuming cans of drink in his van would catch up with him. A combination of binging & the tall seating arrangement

didn't mix too well later on, seems that the high chair was too lofty & with the altitude starving his brain of oxygen, making him giddy enough that he fell off & took out the drink glasses on the table. [This also wiped-out Mr X's 'Breakages deposit' he had put down – Ed]

Mr X missed all of this commotion, as he was in the Gents at the time, retuning to mops & buckets in use as Lobby Lobster hoiked Mark E Mark out to their campervan. Lobby Lobster & Mark E Mark's neighbouring Campervan was Screech & Buzby's, it made the car park resemble a little bit of Bristol where people live along several streets in campervans, like boat-people refugees of the 1970s. Though he doesn't know how, Mr X ended up with Mark E Mark's blonde wig? Must have been when Mr X was clearing up at the end of the night?

Mr X spent most of the evening on his feet, dancing & trying to talk to everyone there, Family & Hashers. It was also a good way to burn off a little of the Alcohol, but as he went around they kept buying him pints, not to mention a few appreciated Jameson's by the end of play.

Food was plentiful, so much so that at the end of the night Bouncer took the remaining wraps, crisps, Sausage Rolls etc. for the Sunday recovery Run! However, with Flanders & Sludge not being present this weekend, as Sludge had a date to watch the Red Roses play at Twickenham, which took priority, the Birthday boy didn't worry about mentioning gluten free food, he forgot to mention anything to his Sister, who was handling the catering.

Oops, a faux-pah happened as it slipped his mind that Juices Flowing would be present, but the evening was saved as someone nipped over the road to the nearby Tesco or Sainsbury's to purchase some Gluten Free food. [Phew! - Ed]

If Mr X was soaking up the Ale, like a sponge, without any issues, keeping dancing burns off some of the booze, for Junior it had all become a bit too much & his concerned friends were now buying him Alcohol free Lagers. They didn't tell him this, Junior was ignorantly happy thinking he was still supping away at several pints of 'Voodoo Jazz Hat' & not 0.0%, but weirdly he still seemed to be getting pissed. He has now joined General's ranks, after he could only be served alcohol free gin at Friday 13th in Taunton.

Some of the 60's tunes had meaning, not just to Mr X but others there, like the Turtles's 'Happy Together' for Rhino, as well as Petula Clarke's Down Town where the two were head-banging away to the Wednesday Heavy-Metal Disco in the [Now gone] Cherry Tree in Welwyn Garden City, many years ago.

When Rhino knocked into a speaker, it sent the needle across the disc playing, so the DJ put on Down Town to try & get the two of them to go away, his approach failed & they stayed on the dance floor, which was empty as it was 18:00 Hrs & only 3 other people were in the Pub. [In their defence they had been to Hertford when 'All-day drinking' came in before Welwyn/Hatfield did! – Ed]

Of course no Rugby Club Disco would be complete without a rendition of Sir Thomas (the Cock) Jones's Delilah, which had Diamond Geezer being dragged out on to the floor, as well as being one of Windsock's favourites & a Karaoke favourite of his. There are certain songs that are Hash Anthems, so near the end there was a wee break from the 1960's as the Proclaimer's 'I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)' as well as some of ELO's 'Mr Blue Sky'.



Mr X would tell his aunt he remembered borrowing her ELO's 'Out of the Blue' album & recording it onto a C60 Tape, kids of today wouldn't know the skills needed, especially if you taped the top ten singles & didn't want the host DJ waffling all over the Track. "Not 'arf Pop-pickers!"

### **This is Eddie, he is trained to sniff out drunk Hashers**



Well hello there.....



Many Thanks to Fliptop for the Disco, as well as Teresa & Staff for manning the evening Bar. Thankfully there wasn't too much to clear up at the end, just transport a couple of large & heavy bags of mainly booze to inside Number Nine. There was also a Gargoyle, Mr X named 'Gary' after the absent Canary Boy! He, like a few other invitees were abstaining due to the London Marathon taking place on Sunday. [Nope, Canary Boy was only Cheering on, as was Martini! – Ed]

Then it was time for a couple of nightcaps, while Able Semen had the sense to go to bed & not getting tangled up with Le Frog! Mr X was already aware from previously Hash weekend here, that the Travelodge Bar is open until 05:00Hrs, though the remaining Hashers were asked a couple of times to keep the noise down.

Most were on the Lafroaig (pronounced Lah-FROYG) or simply Le Frog if you are Headless Mullet who cannae pronounce the Gaelic, putting the World to rights & reminiscing on Hashes past until the wee hours were soon upon the remnants of the Hash, time to crawl off to bed.

Morning had broken.....

After the previous week's complement about not looking his age [he has a portrait in his attic? - Ed] 3 hours Sleep wasn't enough, awaking to the odour of scotch bringing him around, Mr X was starting off on Autopilot believing he had got trolleyed &

ended up in a room with 100 Windsocks, with all of the Technicolor outfits on show & strangely no Technicolor yawns. [That we know of? - Ed - Not even Junior?]

Anyhow, Mr X missed Smartarse's message about what room he was in, so he could drop off a bottle of Spirits, trouble was he didn't pick up on this in time to answer that he was in No.9, yes, it did resemble an episode of the Steve Pemberton & Recce Shearsmith's TV program 'Inside No.9'!!!

So, the bottle was brought along to the Three Magnets, which made a nice sight of Mr X at the table with a couple of bottles of Scotch. Before the locals could eye these up even more, they were deposited in Mother Lemming's car [Remember: Out of sight, out of mind! – Ed] Later on they would all be moved to Moss Key Toes van, who very kindly drove them & Mr X back to his abode, by the time these were unloaded it was too late for him to go back to Letchworth on the Train [Which wasn't a bad thing as it was nearly the early evening! – Ed]

Sunday's Trail was a Recovery R\*n, with most of the Pack having stayed overnight. Two exceptions were Soggy Butt & Where's Wally? He had been on Little Hole's Stag Night, turns out that theystil could have ended up at Mr X's Party as the Stag was only in Stevenage & apparently finished fairly early?

Soggy Butt & Where's Wally joined the growing crowd outside of The Three Magnets, where they could see Mr X at the Bar attempting to prove the virtues of 'Hare of the Dog' & pep himself up after an amazing, & not sufficient, three hours sleep.

Of course being in a 'Spoons, Mr X had to welcome Emu with a "How's my favourite drug dealer?" Before adding that Emu is a Chemist by trade. Mr X was informed on Mark E Marks' 'wipe out', to which he said he didn't recall requesting the Surfari's 1962 Hit? Mark E Mark may have been worse for wear, but in the morning Lobby Lobster was far worse, she wasn't going to make the recovery Trail, for Mark E Mark had to drive her home first thing as she couldn't face breakfast!

TBT OBE, who wasn't present over the weekend, had been emailing Mr X to alert him to the fact that the Herts Hareline didn't quite tally with the Herts weekly, weakly emails & the Farcebook posts on the Trail starting points being all different. [It has been explained before but our Webmaster still has a full time job! Also it's hard to update the webpages when you haven't got internet access to the servers! - Ed]

Mr X wasn't bothered, for the Trails would cross each other from Friday to Saturday, then Sunday the recovery one would head back over by the Brewery on its way, so no one needed to worry.

Rhino arrived, bragging to Mr X that he was up to 03:30 Hrs drinking Scotch, none of this was a surprise to Mr X as he was sitting beside Rhino at the time! Lots of Sunglasses were being worn this morning, was it the sunny weather or the night before, perhaps a combination of both made the Circle look like a Welders' convention. [Superstars eh? – Ed]

Lemming was seen to be wearing his favourite hat this morning, but no one seemed to have the energy to tease him by throwing it somewhere high & out of his reach, which happens at Herts Trails on a regular basis, but as Emu & Stretch were present it wouldn't have been a problem for them to fetch it down for him.

Tongue Lasher asked Mr X if he had seen her present, he admitted that he hadn't had time to go everything as yet, turns out it was a worthy gift of a donation to an African Girl's School to aid their education. He would spend Wednesday going through all the cards & presents, yes it took that long!

The day's Hare, Moss Key Toe told the gathered Pack that it was a 'Recovery R\*n' which included a Short Cut, a Short Short Cut, & a medium length choice, all depending on whether you had a good night's sleep or were up

with the birthday boy until the wee hours. Unlike the previous day's Trail, which was colour-coded, both Trails were set in plaster-board white & flour. [Or just light brown if you are colour-blind! – Ed]

The Recovery Run Hare had utilized some of the previous days Trail, with Moss Key Toe altering the markings to the opposite directions as the white Trail moved around by the front of the Brewery, then out of the Wynd back passage to come out in to Station Road, then turning northward, passing beneath the railway bridge, where the areas of guano indicated where the pigeons roost above in the girders above. [Thank the Lord that Emu's don't roost in high places! – Ed]

The Pack were heading toward the Salvation Army, but there was no 'Come & Join Us!' from the Pack, no one was signing the pledge today. The Trail would turn on to Nevells Road, home to the first Bar in Letchworth but before you get too excited, The Settlement was a 'Milk Bar'!

It was a short way along to turn Cross Street before turning westward on to the Icknield Way, the longer of the Tails would The Trail would break off at the Junction with Cowslip Hill. It was noticed that there was still blossom falling from the trees on this suburban road.

The Trail would come off of Cowslip Hill, dropping down in to the rectangular green space, leading over to the Pix brook, by the corner of the Runnalow Allotments, here Moss Key Toe had used, as well as changed some of the previous day's markings, with arrows being turned around & CHKs reset.

The Pack would leave the old Trail, turning to run southward on the dusty, stony track running on the western side of the allotments, heading behind Runnalow Road to where it came up on to the Bedford Road, far enough away from the Saturday Trail.

Now a simple route from a CHK would lead along with reversed arrows up Redhoods Way West, which runs oddly mostly from North to South? The Trail would eventually come out on to the Icknield Way where the arrows led on to Spring Road, for a short walk up to the Held CHK & the Bouncer Mobile with the Beer & Food Stop.

Great chats were still taking place over the small bottles of beer [Thanks to Bouncer & Moss Key Toe for sorting out the food & drink stop! – Ed] Also it came at the right time for a breather, many having been up to the wee hours, a chance to catch up with no music, circle or raucous banter to compete against & all in such glorious weather.

Time to move on & the Pack would now mostly be walking along, for the way back to the centre of Letchworth would be on the footpath that runs parallel to the Railway Line, this is also label as a part of the Icknield Way. After 570 Yards, & a chance to admire the gardens & the size of the Spirella Company of Great Britain Building, famous for the making of Womens' Corsets 7 Parachutes during World War II.

After a few more snaps, the tarmac footpath led up a few steps to Bridge Road & then it was over to the roundabout about to the south, here it was a simple case of walking over to Station Road & On Inn. Back at Whetherspoons where, after another livener, it was time to circle up outside the front of the Pub, on the semi-pedestrianized area.

Moss Key Toe, the Hare, was awarded the First Down-Down for setting an excellent Recovery Trail, with various length options depending on how much you had drunk, lack of sleep or both the night before.

Mr X would now get a Herts Award out of the way, Milf was awarded her engraved 400th Herts R\*n hipflask, which came with a bottle of Rhubarb & Ginger Gin.

Rhino was called out for bragging to Mr X that he (Rhino) was up until three in the morning, which Mr X knew as he was sitting beside him at the time. Headless Mullet was up for not being able to pronounce the Lefraig that most seemed to be guzzling, which went on to Junior being next up, for the rounds he was in at the evening Party saw him being bought more Voodoo Jazz-Hat Alcohol-Free lager, of which he didn't even realise! [Foster's is just one step away from water! – Ed] Those who had travelled all the way down from Bonnie Scotland were called out, for making the much-appreciated effort

Oral Sex now performed her rendition of W\*nking on the Banking, which is sung to the Tune of "Roaming in the Gloamin'" [Sir Harry Lauder would be amused? – Ed] As it was now favourite songs time, Mr X would have Parsons Nose sing "My Dead Dog Rover!" which always goes down well, except with dog-lovers, who always cringe!

Smartarse did another guest RA spot, awarding Mr X a Hit, after the burning croissant the previous day & having Fliptop play 'Fire Brigade' by the Move, there was extra signage around the Travelodge breakfast area waring not to toast Croissants. Mr X believes this won't be the last time this is mentioned, just ask Vicky Vomit about beans on toast?

Many thanks for all of the people who attended both weekends to celebrate Mr X's 60th & make them both very special weekends. Special mentions go to Flying Solo, Moss Key Toe for setting the Trails, Mr X's Sister for Catering, Fliptop for the Disco & the Staff at LGCRUFC.



**My boss said i was the most laziest, bone idle, useless employee ever. And if i didn't buck my ideas up he was going to fire me. I said, And you woke me up just to tell me that??**

