

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



Old guy at the gym wearing short shorts just bent down to tie his shoe and the ol flesh chandelier fell right out of the ballroom.



Bro was gifted with eloquent speech and uses it for evil

(Bet you all thought of TBT when you read the above?)

Run No. 2161/62/63
Date: Friday 20th -22nd June 2025
Venue: Various
Location: Isle of Man
Beers/Cider:
Hare/s: Mr X & My Lil'/ Sludge, Milf & Kylie/Fliptop & Paxo
Runners: 21
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 1
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 22
Membership: Change! Change! Change!



An away weekend to celebrate Sludge's 1,000th Herts Hash Trail, a feat that only four others have achieved so far with Herts Hash, My Lil' Fliptop, Mr X & Paxo, of course this total doesn't include any of his H⁵ or overseas Hashes in Africa & Asia

The celebratory weekend would see the Hash travel out to the Isle of Man. Some went out earlier during the week, while others made their way to this rock in the Irish Sea on the Friday, including Pebbledash, Pepé le Pew, Fliptop, Paxo, My Lil' & Mr X, who were all on the same flight.

For some, their work began before they had even left the Mainland, with your erstwhile Scribe beavering away converting the photo of the torn bit of A4 paper into the legible Weekend Itinerary, which he had been given by Sludge. This was posted out as he set off on the 05:20 Train from Welwyn garden City, however, by the time he had reached Gatwick there was a change of plan sent on the Herts Whatsthat App, by Kylie, to state that the Saturday's Main Trail 'A to B' was now being brought forward by TWO Hours! Mr X bemoaned that was an hour of his life he would ever get back, putting in relative What3words locations to boot!

On Landing, some had a shock in finding that not all mobile providers cover the Isle of Man, since it's a Tax Haven, not quite either fully in the UK (As it's Crown Protectorate like the Channel Islands) nor either a part of the EU! Mr X had to wait to reach a Pub with Wifi to post messages out to *ignore the Itinerary* he had sent out earlier! Flying Solo was another who found the rates per GB & phone calls, txt, costs were pretty extortionate.

At the Airport, it was time to purchase an 'Isle of Man Go Card', allowing access to the Steam Trains, Electric & Horse Drawn Trams & the Electric Railway, not to mention the Buses. However these came with a small Library of pamphlets & books covering nearly all of the islands attractions.

Mr X & My Lil' alighted from the Airport Bus before the others who stayed on to the Hotel, as they started the Pub Crawl reconnoitre, by the end of which it was decided that there would be another change of plan, with a bus or walk down to the Port Douglas area for the start at the Albert. This was all due to two pubs being better for the return leg back to the Hotel.

These two had been to the Isle of Man, some 13 Years ago, on Hoggy's Stag Weekend, which was cunningly planned under the operational name of the 'Stoggy Hag Weekend'. But things change & they wanted the Pub Crawl run part of this weekend like clockwork.

Trail set & it was back to check-in on time. Room key-cards handed over & after a clamber up to the room. There was a little disappointment that the rooms were no different than 13 Years prior to this visit! The only air con was the crack the window opened to its fullest, a gap designed to be so narrow to keep most bugs at bay, while allowing the faintest of breezes to carry the sweet smell of food cooking to waft in.



So, a small fan was retrieved from the wardrobe & set up, leaving most to ponder on where the 'Best' in Best Western comes from? [It's a Hash weekend, so not much time is sent in a bedroom! – Ed] Perhaps we should ask TBT OBE, our resident Alex Polizzi?

Time was moving on & the weekend would now begin in earnest, the Pub Crawl was marked in pink chalk to the Bus Stop across the promenade, opposite the Hotel, going all the short way to the Bus Stops on Lord Street. Pink Chalk P-Arrows led through a small car park to the first Pub, this being the Albert, just a few yards away.

The first Pint ordered in here had a vinegary twang & had to be replaced as it had gone. It wasn't the quietest of Pubs, with one Bar having ear-splitting music being pumped out, Where's Wally? would have loved this, if only he was there!

The replacement pint in the Albert also had an unnatural sourness to it & those gathered were pretty happy to get this out of the way ASAP to head next door to the Old Market Tavern, & next door it was with only a passageway separating the two buildings.

Venue two was much more peaceful & the early arrivals found space in the rear Bar of the tiny Pub, probably the smallest on the Island. Here a conversation could be had, not shouting over the loud beats, there was also marked improvement in the quality of the Ales & there would not be another iffy one for the rest of the weekend.

It was picked up that being on the Isle of Mann was a bit of a time warp experience, as Flying Solo pointed out, especially when it came to music, that was seemingly stuck in the 80's, the local radio bore this out, though no one would complain about the price of the Ales on the Isle of Man. [According to CAMRA it was in 2013 when the average point surpassed £3! – Ed]

The Old Market Inn, is a real locals Pub, opening at 09:00Hrs each day & going through to the wee hours! Its decorated with TT Related stuff, as well of photo's of old Guys who were the regulars that used to imbibe in there over the years, pictures of Sludge & some of the others of H⁴ would have fitted in with the real old local characters, bon viveurs some a kin to the Fast Show's Roly Birkin QC.

This Pub was the Hash base for Hoggy's Stag Weekend, mainly as it was open at 09:00Hrs every morning, as well as being next to the old Market Breakfast Bars, the saviour & resurrection of Hoggy's Son (Keith) after one session was too much for him.

Time to move on & the next Pub on the list, this was the British, a mock black & white timbered building. Here the growing Pack could sit outside over on the quayside. The Hares got to drink the Okells stout they had tried a bit earlier.

Mr X noted that there were four remaining drinkers who had been in the British around 13:00Hrs when they reconnoitred the Pub Crawl Trail, this group were now imbibing outside. They had been attending a Wedding Reception & had some stamina in managing to keep going.

The Hash watched on in amazement, as the younger guy in a blue suit managed to almost trip his way into the Bar in a manner that Sir Norman Wisodm would have been proud of. [If only he had called out "Mr Grimsdale!" – Ed] After 10 minutes, the young lad then emerged from the opposite door, carrying several bottles of Champagne, which he placed on the table, then he & the two girls moved on taking the unopened bottles of Champoo with them, leaving the older guy.



When the senior guy in the Wedding Party got up to shake the hands of his departing friends, it revealed that his suit had become as wrinkled as Nora Batty's stockings due to the way he sitting for so long, the many wrinkles took quite a while to eventually drop out.

Once the guy & his creased trousers had moved on, Flying Solo took up the vacant space on their bench, right next to the still chilled & half full bottle of Louis Roederer Vintage 2015 Champagne, which comes in at a snip at £80 a bottle! Or there was Domaine Chanson Savigny-Les-Beaune 2018, another bargain at £80 a pop! It was Win! Win! As Flying Solo was now in her element, sipping at the remaining £40's worth of bubbles.

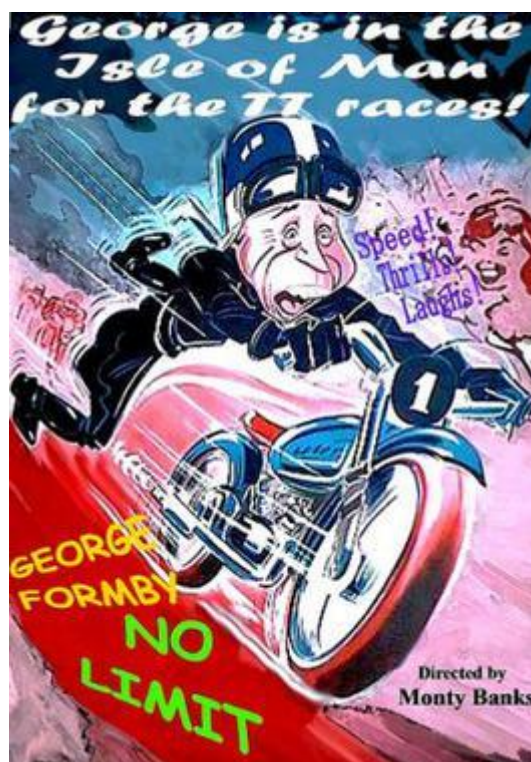
The next Pub on the list was the Rover's return, so far the Trail have moved on a massive 300 Metres. Near to the Rover's Return is a bronze statue of George Formby dressed in motorcycle leathers & old style helmet, leaning on a lamppost & playing his Ukulele. Every year the local cinema shows the 1935 No Limit starring George Formby when the TT is on, it's pretty corny.

The George Formby Statue also led My Lil' to egg on Mr X to come out with the punchline of an old corny joke of "What do you get if you cross George Formby & Eddie Murphy?" The Answer being "It's turned out nice again Motherf*cker!"

Every venue on the Island had some kind of TT (Tourist Trophy) memorabilia, the Rovers Return goes one further, it has very large murals of famous riders on the outside. Michael (33 Wins) & he Late Joey Dunlop (26 Wins) feature most prominently in most of the memorabilia.

If Flying Solo enjoyed the Champagne earlier, then some of the guys would enjoy the Bushey's Oyster Stout, which does include

The Isle of Man Pure Beer Act is a law on the Isle of Man regulating the ingredients in beer. It was enacted by Tynwald, the Island's Government in 1874, stating that only water, malt, sugar and hops were allowed to be used in production. The law was introduced after campaigning by Dr William Okell, founder of the Okell's Brewery. Because of the legal autonomy of the Isle of Man, the Free Mash Tun Act of 1880 which relaxed a tax on malt and other restrictions in the United Kingdom did not apply there, and so the Act remained upheld.



real oysters! Even better the pints were dispensed from an impressive, fire-hose end hand pumps! Also of note in this Pub of small eclectic rooms was a World War Army Recruitment poster, which needless to say led to a "What did you do in the Army?'. This room was also home to the photos of the local Fire Brigade over the years, this is their Pub, hence the fire hose hand-pulls. [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]



There are other bronze statues to admire, there is Sir Norman Wisdom whose Bronze is seated, strangely enough, outside Sir Norman's Bar. By the end of the weekend, some had their photos taken next to Sir Norman & the one of the Bee Gees, as the Brothers Gibb once lived on the Isle. The Bee Gees statues had an addition which was fairly amusing, for someone had placed those googly eyes over the eyes on the statues faces. [No Turkey Teeth on the Bee Gees? – Ed]

The Pack moved on to the Odin's Thirsty Pigeon, by now the Pub Crawl had amassed a grand total of 640 Yards from the Bus Stop! This Pub is one of the Odin Brewery's, here the Craw Stout was enjoyed, something that did tickle some was a framed poster on one wall that read "Keep calm, have a pie & a pint!"

Time was flying by & for the two Hares, who had been up since 04:00Hrs it was getting late, so the Trail was marked a few yards down Victoria Street to the Bus Stop, totalling a grand length of 650 Yards. What's more the Bus arrived on time, pulling out to come around to the promenade, where it trundled along some 600 Yards to stop at the bus stop by The Gaiety Theatre, here 3D, Slug, Gen 'n' Tonic & Canny Cant all boarded for the whole 300 Yards, or two stops to the Hotel! [They were certainly getting the most out of their Go Card! – Ed]

Mr X went off to Lookeys Bar, just for a nightcap, with those who had the resilience, before retiring for the night.

Saturday morning & the main change of plan, meant that the Pack had to be up for breakfast far earlier than planned & gorging at an hour that

some are just not used to. Even one of the Hares suffered, as Sludge doesn't normally surface very early from his pit.

Of course no Hash Breakfast would be the same without TBT OBE complaining, this time it was about the noise from the car park at the back of the Hotel Casino & punters leaving in the wee hours, there were also a group of guys in flash sports cars, who were residents, with a habit of revving the engines on the 'penis extensions' early in the morning.

The Pack assembled at the lower entrance & headed over the promenade to the bus stop opposite the Hotel, here Kylie changed the Pink Chalk markings from Friday's Pub Crawl.

Some were adorned with their Sludge 1,000th tops on Friday, others Saturday Trail, another miscommunication as to where & when we should wear these? The other debate was the colour, it ranged from Tent Packer's suggestion of Aubergine, to the majority vote of Plum, as anything plum related would have Pebbledash getting a joke out of it!

On the Bus & Pepé le Pew spotted that others boarding had an Isle of Man TT rider & bike on their Go cards, so a swop for his Steam Railway engine was arranged for after the weekend. Yellow car update, Mr X was four up before the Hash had even boarded the bus! My Lil' was now biding his time, claiming that the game was now "Old hat!" & gave a loud yawn!

Arriving at Lord Street, the Hash alighted as Sludge slipped in to Tour Guide mode, leading everyone on a scenic route around by the Quayside, following the Pub Crawl to start with. Kylie altered the P-Arrows with White plasterboard to take the Hash up to the ornate Red Brick Railway Station. Here Mr X nipped off to the adjacent Tesco to fetch some water fort eh Hash, as well as a bottle of Laphroaig whisky as a present for the celebratory Hare.

The Pack assembled by the Ticket barrier on the Platform, then everyone was ushered out for a group snap, back around outside to capture a snap by the distinctive red frontage behind the group. Picture taken & now everyone was herded, sheep like, back to the ticket barrier.

The Pack patiently waited to be let on, with the Middle of the Five Carriages supposedly reserved for the Hash, except some Civilians went through first & made a bee-line for that carriage. More fool them. Passes scanned, & the Hash boarded.

Kylie kept getting out of his carriage, as Flying Solo hadn't arrived yet. She had run to the Station & making it in time before the Engine tooted, billowed smoke & steam to pull away on the start of the UK's longest narrow-gauge steam railway. [For the anoraks its 3 foot wide! – Ed] Being a Nationalised Railway, the Trains would leave on time.

TBT OBE disobeyed the signage on slam-shut doors & stuck his head out the window! Perhaps it was the fact that in his carriage, Tent Packer was broadcasting from his phone a clip of his Pipe Band playing & TBT OBE had put his head out of the window to escape the 'Skirl' of the Pipes?

Pebbledash said that TBT OBE, with his head out of the window, could have resulted in something like a scene out of 'The Young Ones' TV series, when Vivian get his head knocked off by a passing Train (after putting his head out of the Window) & when his body walks up the Tracks to retrieve the severed head, his foot keeps kicking the head further up the tracks. Mr X was surprised that Pebbledash didn't mention the fact the old carriage door window was raised or lower using a very wide old leather strap!

Sludge commented to Kylie about the rails being continuous at the start of the journey, not many joints which led to the question of the rails expanding in the heat? Away from the Technical Railway Talk, Tent Packer did get

some laughs on the Train, he was wearing his H⁴ fake hair golf visor & in the Train he had to remove it due to the heat & this brought the giggles from on-looking civilians.

For My Lil' things were compounded on the Train with the Yellow Car game, as Mr X spotted Yellow diggers & Yellow rolling-stock, amongst other modes of transport! My Lil' bided his time!

As instructed, everyone alighted at the Picturesque Colby Station, which was not much more than a grassy strip with a small wooden shelter & clinker path that couldn't be easily accessed until the engine had pulled out. Once the Train began to trundle away, the Pack seemed to become depleted as some made use of the line side bushes.

The Trail started with a Falsie over the Stations Level-crossing to the south, however the returnees would hear "On!" being called up Station Road to the north of the Station as Flying Solo, 3D, Moss Key Toe, Tent Packer & Mr X all found the Dust, leading some 220 Yards up to the crossroads with the A7, here a CHK was found.

The Keenies took to searching all three options, on the remaining three cardinal points of the compass, the western option on the A7 won out, but it was for a mere 30 Yards to find the Trail to the first blob of Dust turned to the southbound green farm track beyond a five-bar gate.

The farm track followed the course of the Colby River, to the left of the advancing Pack, which meandered along & began to turn gently sou-sou-west to reach another level crossing, the Keenies reached this point & caught a glimpse of the rear of the Train as it continued slow journey along one of the longer straight sections of line.

South of the Crossing & the Keenies entered another enclosed field, here the footpath moved right beside the small river, where a startled moorhen made a hasty move away from the Hash. Once the river had turned toward the west, the Trail crossed a small footbridge in to the field to the south.

There were plenty of sheep in the next couple of fields, as the Trail stuck with the footpath along the northern end of the ovines' home. Flying Solo & Moss Key Toe led the way through toward the wooded corner, where they seemed to lose sight of the Dust, before realising that they would pass through the hedgerow & turn into the edge of the wood & then head southward, weaving its way toward a large section of woodland.

There would be another crossing of the Colby River, taking the Trail on to a footpath through a scrubby area & away from the trees. The riverbank was now obscured by reeds & other waterside plants, including some spectacular yellow Lilies, which gave Tent Packer the idea to hit the RA's arm & state "Yellow Flowers!" [Somehow he doesn't quite get that the 'Yellow Car' game as the vehicles have to have wheels! – Ed] There were plenty of other little yellow flowers dotted around in this meadow section.

The footpath moved away from the river & would emerge on to a CHK on the narrow lane that bends around from Kentraugh Mill to the A5 by the coast. Flying Solo went a fair way toward the coast, while Moss Key Toe searched around the bend, where "On!" was eventually called from. Mr X thought that he was ahead of the other Harriettes, so decided to stop & scare the Squirrels, but 3D & Milf weren't that far behind as they passed behind him facing the bushes to reach the lane.

Mr X was back on Trail in two shakes! [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] The Hare had given him some plasterboard to mark the Trail & so he marked the CHK, as well as setting down some fresh arrows to keep those behind on the straight & narrow to the Southwest, avoiding any wandering away on the Croit-E-Caley Lane to the northwest.

The Trail led on by the Mill & after 600 Yards on the tarmac it passed by the end of the Colby at the river's mouth beside the wide junction to the A5. According to the information sign there, the Colby is a River of Romance

A CHK was found over the busy coastal road, avoiding the nearby The Shore Pub. By now Moss Key Toe & My Lil' had made good progress to the west, leaving Wolfion Beach behind & heading along the gently arcing sea wall. My Lil' looked out over the sweeping bay & saw the 'Tower of Refuge' which he compares with 'Omo's Rock' in Benidorm, he'll explain about that when you guys get out to Benidorm.

A long section lay ahead, there were boulders on the south side of the wall, acting as a sea defence that would continue all the way around by delightfully named Brewery Beach, where after some 900 Yards the arrows turned the Keenies off of the A5.

Meanwhile the Shorter Option was marked along the Beach Road to a Footpath that cuts off the rocky peninsular the FRBs would be running around for half a mile before the two Trails would meet up again on the Promenade at Port St Mary. Flying Solo stopped for a drink of water at one of the benches on the green crescent like strip overlooking the picture-postcard bay.

Milf & No Eye Deer came up on the Short Cut, just as Mr X had clambered up the ramp from the edge of the bay. As Mr X was trying to regain lost ground on My Lil' & Moss Key Toe, Milf insisted that he had to do a small loop to see 'Bill & Ben', so he & Flying Solo followed Milf to see the two figures made from Flowerpots, one was called 'Moot' & both stood on the grassy bank pouring out colourful blooms from their wheelbarrow & plant tub, situated by the impressive sounding Port St Mary's Commissioners building.

The Trail would lead over to, then up Victoria Road to the T-Junction where it meets Cronk Road, from the CHK at the Junction Moss Key Toe & My Lil' were now found to be coming back from a long Falsie. Mr X now took advantage of the others mistake, he turned the opposite way along the curving road & on to Howe Road.

So far the Trail had been pretty flat, just a gentle rise earlier up to the promenade, soon the Hash would tackle the first real upward section, as the Sludge warned the FRBs around him, Moss Key Toe was keen as mustard to head up hill & kept looking up people's driveways to find a back-passage that had just been hinted at. Suddenly the FRBs were upon the walled-in climb up a signposted footpath.

It was a steep old gradient, the first of a few this day & it certainly tested the old calves, as well as the lungs out on the southbound clamber. Over another wall & time for a sip of water & catch your breath. Off again & the ground still rose, with the next section through a rough scrubby hilltop!

After cutting over to the outside corner of a very high stone wall, next to a cattle field, the Trail had gained some 300 Feet in altitude from the sea-level run around the bay earlier! This high, old stone boundary could only be crossed via a slightly different type of stile, this being made of longer flat stones protruding from between the large

A very British pub sign



blocks, the very last block was a pretty large beast, seeming to be similar to those at Stone Henge with aching legs, the very same trailing limbs that had to be physically hauled by hand over this rectangular rock, then it was down the corresponding flat stone steps on the other side to get back to cut grass.

Inside the grounds of a golf club, Dust would now follow the footpath beside the wall, then turning to run along the outside of the small wooded area in the western corner, then the footpath emerged on to Fistard Road [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] before turning to the northwest on the road that turns to the southwest.

In the suburban area a cat was discovered sat on Trail markings of an arrow, it couldn't have been a local feline as it had a tail, Manx cats traditionally don't have tails! Now, the Hares had set a trap from the CHK on this road, taking Moss Key Toe, Mr X, Tent Packer & My Lil' up a diagonal passageway to the northwest, running between two of the homes, this rising path search ended with a T!

Back down to the Fistard Road & further along to another CHK point, by now the rain had started & it was rather refreshing on this warm day. Here 3D, Slug, Fliptop & Flying Solo were all back with the Keenies.

Mr X was too busy looking for Trail when he suddenly got a punch on the arm, as My Lil' shouted out "Yellow Car!" after spotting a child's old yellow Tonka Toy JCB in a front garden! Now, this was really lowering

the game's standards, in Mr X's opinion, he said it may need some clarification from Supertrouper! Worse was yet to come in the Yellow Car game.

Anyhow, another CHK was found by a footpath that runs down to Perwick Beach, but it was still on the tarmac that 3D, Slug, Moss Key Toe, Flying Solo, Mr X, Tent Packer, Fliptop, My Lil' & Sludge picked up the route still on the Fistard Road to reach a Y shaped junction, time for a sip of water.

The Trail continued to labour up on Chasms Road, moving up & up through the many small green patches of farm land, all enclosed by old dry-stone walls, with only the odd shallow dip before another rise. There were a couple of faux CHKs put in, but the Trail would stick with the tarmac, then on the uncapped section of the track through the patchwork of dry-stone wall enclosures that look similar to those in the opening credits to Father Ted TV series

On the way the tracks end, which was one Kilometre away, Flying Solo had to stop at a seat, she was found trying to drink the contents from her water-pack after she claimed her bladder was leaking! Mr X wondered was it the Hares' Chalk Talk' that led to old Bladder going, [Steady Pebbledash! Tenna-lady may be needed next time? – Ed]

More uphill lay ahead, with the Trail moving ever so close to edge of cliffs, where the stone wall had fallen away! The Trail now turned up by the old, derelict building that was once the Old Chasms Café as indicated by the weather-beaten 'Café' paintwork on one wall, here Trail split with a short & safe option, or long & teetering on the 'edge of doom' alternative.

While 3D & Slug were among those who chose the Short Option, Moss Key Toe, Flying Solo, My Lil', Mr X, Tent Packer & Fliptop chose to the 'daring version' that moved right to the edge of the Chasms Cliffs & Spanish Head. [Who said Had? – Ed]

Here the going slowed for the FRBs, as looking at feet was preferable to taking a trip & ending up with a tumble to oblivion? Thankfully TBT OBE was on one of the shorter options, though later on it turned out he got lost off Trail!

The most dodgy section was right where a footpath option lays over the Stone Wall, via another stone stile that required some dexterity & again for some the physically lifting over limbs over to the granite to the much safer side of rough enclosed field. My Lil' sighed with relief as he admitted he wasn't keen on being so near to the cliff edge, it was lucky that DWSS was on the Short Trail.

Feet on terra firma was a relief, however the Trail now vanished, it was gone. Mr X was looked backwards to see if he had missed anything after the second blob of Dust, he was amazed to see Civilians on the opposite side of the dry-stone wall, & they were standing on two of the narrow rock pillars that make up Cronk Karran, not only did this appear reckless, even fool-hardy compared to Hash Standards, what would make it harder for them was that low cloud that was rapidly rolling in & soon the visibility was down to a few feet at times!

The Keenies fruitlessly searched, with Flying Solo heading toward the Isle of Man VOR, a local Radio Transmitter a couple of walled small fields away to the north. Mr X headed south-westward, then changed tack as no Dust could be seen. Fliptop was also lost, the only two who weren't off the beaten track & now out of the limited sight were My Lil' & Moss Key Toe, who the others presumed had picked up the Trail but no calls of "On!" could be heard from either of them.

Sludge arrived & was just as confused as the rest, he admitted that Kylie had got lost & confused on this section of Trail. The draw over two rough enclosed fields to the small building, & away from where Lemmings play, was very strong indeed with the remaining Keenies. Mr X was surprised to see lots of small pink flowers amongst the tufts of wild grass up here, he half expected to see some Anemone, [Sorry, an old habit from a F.U.K Full Moon Hash Song! – Ed], Edelweiss this high up!

Regrouped & prepared to clamber through the collapsed section of the dry-stone walls, it finally paid off after they clambered over a five bar gate to find Knitting Circle & Short Cutters of No Eye Deer, Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew,

followed by 3D & Slug were ambling along on a narrow tarmac lane from the radio station, without a care in the world or brown cliff-side stained pants!

Pebbledash wondered what the radio base was, for it is an odd circular shape, like a wheel on its side, resembling a UFO. [Perhaps she was hoping for some alien probing? - Ed] The Hash were now at the Highest point of the Trail, after the 'Murderhorn' had been conquered, a mere 460 Feet above sea-level! To the right was Cronk Ny Arrey the 2nd Highest point on the Island at 1433 Feet! At least the rain had eased, but the temperature had dropped by some 7°.

At last there was a slight drop in height, as the nice bit of tarmac took over from fallow fields with scattered little chunks of rocks that hurt underfoot. The smooth black surface lead down to the village of Cregness, here, most of the Knitting Circle were already ensconced in the Tea Room. Somehow TBT OBE managed to stagger his way to this point of the Trail & was now back on Trail.

Milf asked Mr X if he was going to stop for a cuppa, he was not for stopping, like My Lil' & Moss Key Toe he wanted a much deserved Pint. The Trail would head on behind St Peter's Church, turning opposite on the old track to the local car park. At least Paxo could raise his little Pinkie [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] as he enjoyed a cuppa!

The Dust led on up to the Howe Road, passing little Fiat 500 which was a Yellow Car that Moss Key Toe asked him about later. After around 130 Yards the Trail crossed over the A31 to head up on to the gorse covered hilltop that is home to the Cregneash Chain Home Low RDF Station to the west of the northbound footpath.

Scratchy spines for 542 Yards before there was a split in the footpath, the left, northern gap in the scratchy bushes was the correct one to carry on to complete a total of 764 Yard of being snagged & ripped by thorns. A CHK was found at a crossroads of farm tracks & the start of a narrow tarmac lane, Mr X went back to the CHK after he found the Trail leading on by the solitary farm houses, as the two head hadn't bothered to even kick it through!

Now there was another slight drop in height as the arrows took to the farm track, then on to a footpath through a field of really long, & now soaking wet grass, this section was not runnable due to not being able to see what was underfoot. The track of flattened grass was the obvious track that led over toward a very high stone wall, then after a very acute turn to the find a tall ladder up over the wall to escape long wet grass.

Up a short back passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] the Trail came out on to the residential Bay Mount Road, turning left a the T-Junction with St Marys Road, there would be several more twists in the Trail as it wove its way down to St Georges Crescent, then off up the Strand & on to Station Road.

However, there was no 'On Inn' outside either The Station Pub or the Haven Pub, the latter was the choice of the early arrivals. Moss Key Toe had seen the info that Sludge had sent to Mr X, Moss Key Toe was up for going to the Railway Station Hotel, which was way back at St Mary's Bay the Hash had passed through hours earlier!

The Haven had decent Okells Ales, Needless to say the first Pint didn't last long! It was hard to tell if he was a happy Landlord, but with large open bars, not full of dinners. Once sat down with a Pint, Moss Key Toe asked Mr X if he spotted the Yellow Car just after the Murderhorn? Of course he did & he let My Lil' know!

Back to Moss Key Toe's 'bag of tricks' & he was now in a dilemma, for his favourite Corkscrew stuck in the lining of his Hash Bag & it had been picked up on the scans on the way out. He was lucky to get through once but wasn't wanting to push his luck on his return journey. Mr X said he once had a similar experience at Aberdeen Airport, where he posted his corkscrew back to himself it arrived 2 days later [They were the days when we had a reliable postal service! - Ed] In the end, Milf saved the day stashing it in her hold luggage. Man & corkscrew were reunited back on the mainland!

While Paxo & My Lil' played a game of pool in the other large bar, which My Lil' claimed he let Paxo win, due to his age, Mr X sneaked out to the adjacent bakery for a rather nice warm Pasty, which at £2.50 was a snip! Then it was back to the Bar.

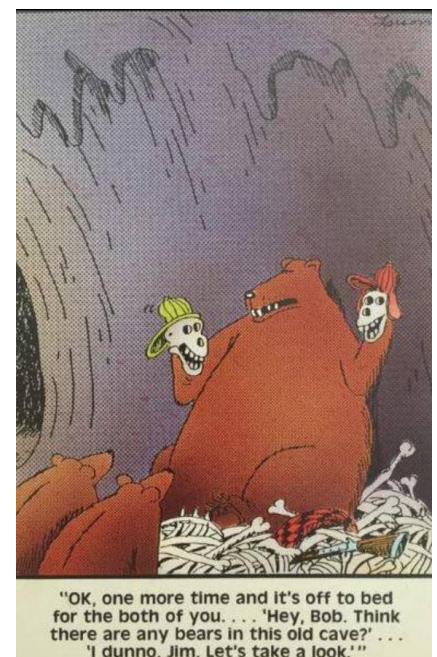
Then the bombshell was dropped, that half of the Pack had already headed back with Sludge on the 14:00Hrs Train, this killed off any chance of a Circle & the RA wondered why he had carried a bottle of Gold Watch & hipflask all the way around the 7 miles of rock climbing? 3D consoled the RA & said perhaps these should be presented at Dinner, instead of after Sunday's Trail?

Hot 'N' Spicce had sympathy for now despondent Mr X, with all of the messing around before setting off at 04:30 the day before, Mr X had forgotten to put his boot-bag in his larger backpack, thus reducing the number of running shoes & fresh socks to one pair of each! Also lacking were his T-shirts for running in, so it would be a shower in a can for the smelly RA!

As if to rub salt in the RA's wounds, Hot 'N' Spicce arrived after she had carried Moss Key Toe's rucksack with her for many a mile, it felt like it was weighed down with house bricks! Moss Key Toe had a full change of fresh clothes packed in his backpack! We'll get her a proper hod to carry those bricks for the next away weekend!

The Pack patched up their many scratches, Moss Key Toe appearing to have the deepest, bloody wounds that looked as if he had an encounter with a grizzly bear out on Trail. [Cue a Gary Larson Cartoon to the right! – Ed]

With the next Train two hours away, others would while away the next two hours by having a wander around the scenic port, while two others went to the other Bar, there they met up with the northern cyclist staying at the Best Western & noted one had a really bad walk that looked like he had come a cropper, turns out he actually had a stroke & because of this he now walks with an awkward gait.



The last of the Pack boarded the 16:00Hrs Train. Just before the Train pulled out Mr X got a whack on the arm as My Lil' now scrapped the bottom of the barrel in the Yellow Car Game, well the Yellow Wheelie Bin to be precise, that was located in the Train Yards compound.

The same middle wooden carriages as before were occupied for the return trip. Here Pebbledash & others could compare the now red Gorse rashes on their legs.

Paxo now donned his dark glasses, [Pop-star or Welder? – Ed] so you couldn't see that he had his eyes shut, Pepé le Pew was quick to pick up on this, but only a few miles in to the 15.5 Mile journey & he too had succumbed to the gently rocking motion of the train, soon there weren't many awake in the 'Sleepy carriage' to Douglas!

It was revealed later that those who headed back two hours earlier also nodded off, TBT OBE no longer had Tent Packers 'Skirl' of the Bagpipe's to keep him awake! It was straight back to the hotel to freshen up.

Some met up in Lookeys Bar before the meal, where No Eye Deer admitted that she didn't really know how the meal was planned out, or how we ordered? There was a Wedding Reception taking place in the side Bar, off of the restaurant, where they had their own Disco going on. There was a steady stream of Party goers heading to the reception & then coming out to the main Bar & may be off to the Casino?

3D had brushed her hair for Dinner, looking far more presentable for dinner & what a dinner it was? The cold Starters were really nice, others waited to have the main & a selection from the sweets section.

As for the main meal, it was one of the best bits of roast pork, veggies that were cooked just right, with exquisite cracking that was approved by Tent Packer our very own purveyor of, &, Pork Scratching expert! Hot 'N' Spicce, like a couple of others went for all three meats!



Well, you wouldn't have complained anyway if you saw the guy who was carving the meats, let's say that you wouldn't want to come up against him in a dark alley, if you painted him red & put some cut down horns on his head you'd have Hellboy! Another bonus was the veggies faketerians were served last, resulting in TBT OBE going for 3 courses when he had paid for 2.

Once all of the courses were devoured, Fliptop called the Hash to order against the back drop of the Wedding Reception Disco. Mr X stood up to award Sludge with his now battered box of Lefrog & his 1,000 Hertz Runs, Golf Club head shaped, Hipflask, but not before mentioning that the Sweet Section courses having numbers by them didn't mean that No.3 label by the Cheese-cake meant you had to have three portions of it!

After Sludge had his Down-Down & Pressie, the Pack moved around to Lookey's Bar, where a Disco was set up, Mr X was slightly peeved as his foot was killing him after seven miles & the DJ played some great tracks, it was now a time to chill out.

However, the time wasn't wasted, it was whiled away by observing some interesting moves on the Dancefloor, with one couple, who were taking turns to get up & dance, making various provocative motions from the dance floor to the one who was seated, then they would swop from dancing to being

seated on alternative songs.

At one table, TBT OBE just happened to mention that he was having trouble sleeping, blaming the early sun rise around 04:00Hrs waking him up! Tent Packer, very dryly, said "Try closing your eyes then!" This would start something that would run over the rest of the weekend.

Mr X retired late, leaving TBT OBE to his own devices, but Mr X didn't head to his room before consuming a large Jamesons (strictly for medicinal purposes & for internal use only) he took his sore toe up to rest, along with a cup of ice the very kind girl behind the Bar had sorted for him.

Sunday Morning Mr X peered out of his room window to spot that the Sports car drivers were polishing their motors, so there was definitely going to be some rain today. Not only did they buff up their 'F*nny magnets', they had squawk boxes to keep in contact with each other, & once they eventually had enough attention from revved up motors, they set off in a convoy. [10-4 Rubber Dick! If you have to be loud you aren't well endowed! – Ed]

Another smashing breakfast before gathering outside, & not so early this time. It was at this point in the weekend the Pack would lose Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew, who were on a flight out that morning & good byes said.

Remaining Hashers then wandered up to the Manx Electric Railway Derby Castle Station & Terminus. Kylie was now found to be in full 'On the Buses' Inspector Cyril Blake mode with organising things. Mr X, Hot 'N' Spicce, & Milf decided that they would jump on the rear of the Horse-drawn Douglass Bay Tram, which would cross off another of the Isle of Man 'To do list' for some.

Sunday's fun began as Mr X was again up on Yellow cars, as My Lil' bemoaned that they were the same vehicles as yesterday's, but that was a different day even if they were parked in exactly the same places! Meanwhile Fliptop & Paxo had already gone ahead to set the Trail, which would come as no surprise to you had been changed from the original route, all due to the impending bad weather & that there was to be an ascent of some steep steps & this was not thought as a wise move.



Other Hashers had walked up, at around the same pace as the Horse, at the Station Kylie was again doing his Blakey & organising the boarding of the Electric Train, keeping many back for the next service half an hour later, when there were six empty seats in the enclosed carriage!

The horse drawn Tram passed by one café where TBT OBE was spotted having a coffee & some alfresco breakfast, perhaps he had learnt for the Master & was carrying out Kylie's old trick of hiding bacon under beans on toast when you are trying to convince others that you are vegan?

Arriving at the Terminus it was obvious that it was going to be a busy day, TBT OBE had caught up & boarded the same enclosed wooden carriage as Moss Key Toe, Hot 'N' Spicee, Milf, Tent packer & Mr X, but then he gave up his seat to disembark.

Off went the old electric Train, incandescent lightbulbs flickering, with the frame creaking as it rattling along, wobbling at the points & making a grinding sound on the tight bends, it was pointed on some turns they had an extra rail to prevent the carriage wheels from jumping over the main rail & coming off the tracks.

The rise was fairly steep in places, & at the many crossings bells sounded to warn drivers of the approaching train that has priority over them, though the screeching flanges were loud enough [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] as the tracks turned in crossing ox-bow like roads & narrow lanes on its way to Laxley.

It was a scenic journey & it got better as the Train pulled in to Laxley MER Station, an area of many criss-crossing track, for there are options to take the Snaefell Railway up to the highest point on the Ilse Of Man. As the weather looked like it was going to rain, the early arrivals were now going to start the Trail before it really came in. Hot 'N' Spicee & Flanders headed off to find a café, it was noted that Hot 'N' Spicee wasn't lumping Moss Key Toe's old kit bag about with her today!

So, off the quartet of Mr X, Milf, Tent Packer & Moss Key Toe went, making their way down Captain's Hill, behind the Mines Tavern, when they exited the gate at the bottom of the footpath, on the outside of the gate was a sign that was now visible & it stated "Use of footpath at your own risk!"

On to a footbridge over the Laxley River to be all touristy in the area known as the 'Washing Floor' for cleaning the rock extracted from the Great Laxley Mine. Moss Key Toe was not so impressed by the size of the 'Lady Evelyn' Wheel, so Mr X came out with a Crocodile Dundee like "That's not a water-wheel!" as those around him let Moss Key Toe know that they hadn't reached the World's Largest working Water-wheel as yet. Respects were paid at the War Memorial, before moving on to the Miners Memorial.



Up the northern terrace to the bend in the A2, crossing over Mines Road then off on to Glenmoor Road, which turned to head up the eastern side of the Yaxley Valley, then once beyond the single rows of homes, the Trail would take to a footpath by Cronk Y Chuil Station of the Great Laxley Mines Railway, which sadly wasn't running at the time. The Trail would on to a bend in the right-hand fork of Mines Road, here there was a CHK marked with a VP for View Point.

Up Mines Road on the eastern side, this would lead up to the 'Lady Isobella', or the Great Yaxley Wheel, time for a few snaps of this impressive bit of engineering that only uses the power of water to turn the wheel. Heading back down to the split in the Y shaped junction, to turn northward up by the Salmon Centre to walk up a short, steep road to the side of the Yaxley Wheel, here was a better photo stop. No Salmon were spotted in the large pond on the brief stop on the way back, just the metal silhouette of one in the centre of the water.

The First bunch of Keenies now made their way back down to the junction, passing by the small Tearooms were the Cyclists at the hotel were sitting outside enjoying a cuppa & a break. On the way down Mines Road toward the Station, the first group thought that they heard an "On! On!" called not long after the distinctive sound of

a Train had pulled in? So, they decided to pop in the Laxley Gift Shop to be out of sight just long enough not to be spotted.

A few purchases later, & after a hold up to allow the Cyclist to pass by, they thought that they were now safe to continue down toward the Station, on the Trail passed by the 'Egg & Bacon Cottages' which are named after the fact a cottage industry soon sprung up, serving breakfasts when the Isle of Man became a tourist destination. It seemed too soon to be heading back, as the Mines Tavern was almost in sight, of course it was far too early. By the carved stone Laxley Miners Statue the Trail turned to the west, up & over the track for the Snaefell Railway, crossing in front of the large engine sheds & then on to a CHK by a steep footpath up the wooded hillside.

The Trail was found down the access road & on to Baldhoon Road to the south for 130 Yards on the back street to the junction with Stoney Road & a CHK. It was now raining in earnest, so Mr X refreshed the CHK, as well as some markings along the way as the Trail was picked up on Stoney Road away to the west.

The precipitation didn't seem too bad as they Hash entered the sheltered wooded area beyond the Laxley Glen Café, Bistro & Events venue, though no events of any description were taking place as it was boarded up & had a lot of scaffolding around it.

The Trail moved deeper in amongst the trees of the Laxley Glenn Garden, part of the Axnfell Plantation, which surrounds the Glen Roy River, Dust kept to the western bank on the way down & around to the south. A CHK there was also in need a little TLC, before the Pack crossed the wooden bridge over the river. Tent Packer

disappeared into the public toilets, while Mr X, Moss Key Toe & Milf carried on back along the River for a short way before tuning eastward before the Kids Play Park.

Mr X now found Dust leading up the wooded escarpment, but he trod on a stone that aggravated his injured foot, so he left the rest to continue, while he reluctantly made his way back down to the nice river-side. Here he met My Lil' & Flying Solo as the FRBs of the second Group of the Pack, the latter was also remarking restoring the Trail, Mr X explained where the others had gone & why he was 'Long cutting' around the base of the tree covered out-crop of rock.

The RA made it through the access road by the play area to come out on to New Road, further back he spotted TBT OBE & so he was directed TBT OBE off on to Baldhoon Road to complete the next leg of the Trail. Mr X would soon meet up with Flying Solo, Tent Packer, My Lil', Milf & Moss Key Toe as they came down the steps on the tree-lined ridge, which Milf described as treacherous.

Starting the final section of Trail & it was now pretty cunning, it was as 'Cunning as a fox who's just been appointed Professor of Cunning at Oxford University to Oxford to Study Cunning' in how it was now set, heading around to the south on New Road, then cutting over to the Lower Rencell road by the Queens Hotel Junction. A Hairpin turn took the Trail northward on the narrow lane by the Laxley Tram Shed, before heading under the bridge carrying the Tramlines above.

The final leg came on to a junction with Church Hill & Captains Hill, a left would take the Pack to the distinctive red & white brick bridge for Laxely Station, where Kylie was found floundering as the footpath rises up to the multitude of tracks & the On Inn before reaching the Mines Tavern.

Once in the Mines Tavern, the Pack seemed to be split between the two bars, with the Hares were insistent in staying in the front Bar, leaving others wondering why they didn't use the back Bar which was large enough to accommodate the Pack, & there were no civilians in there to annoy. Here in the Pub the some of the Pack met a Hasher from Muscat H3 [Herts' Mother Hash! – Ed]

Eventually the Pack would all move around to the rear Bar, where Sludge was keen to hand around his new 1,000th Trail Hipflask, which he had filled with the Oak Aged Lafoaig, very smooth it was too!

Time for the Circle, at last & there were twice as many Down-Downs as expected, now there were at least two days' worth of Hits to be awarded. Things Started with the Hares, all the Hares, so Fliptop & Paxo for Sunday, Kylie, Milf & Sludge for Saturday, while My Lil' & Mr X were all up for their awards.

Other Down-Downs, in no particular order were: Moss Key Toe for not being impressed encountering the first, smaller Water-wheel! Flying Solo for the unexpected 'Bladder leak' on Trail! Slug, who had lost his Isle of Man Go card, managed it get the remaining fee reinstated on a new one as he recalled serial number, bet he knows his bank note numbers?

Hot 'N' Spicce for being a Sherpa the day before, & having the sense not to fall for humping Moss Key Toe's bag [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] his kit bag around this time! TBT OBE & Tent Packer for when TBT OBE bemoaned the early day-light keeping him awake & Tent Packer saying he ought to shut his eyes then!

The RA looked around to see who to ~~pick-on~~ dispense the last couple of Down-Downs so almost every had one! Gen 'N' Tonic & Canny Cant for the shortest Bus Ride, of all two stops using the Go Gard. However, before Canny could down his Hit, Moss Key Toe stepped up to tell a story (from the good old days) about there not being any favouritism! For Moss Key Toe's Grandfather was the head master of a local School, when Moss Key Toe's Father & Brother started there, his Grandfather got them both up on stage at assembly & gave them both the cane, just to show the other pupils that there would be no favouritism!

The Final Down-Down went to 3D for having her hair looking like she had been dragged through a (Gorse) hedge backwards.

Circle over & now it was time for the Snaefell Electric Railway trip up to the summit. Everyone boarded, those near the drivers cabin were pleased to see that the brake was kept in place by a loop of jute rope [If it ain't broke, don't change it! – Ed].

Soon the ornate wooden carriages began to lurch away, there was a pre-recorded tannoy commentary to point out the landmarks, like the Lead Mine, where the Isle of Man's worst mining disaster took place. The loud speakers being the most modern thing about the 70+ year old train.

Then there is the only stop of 'the Bungalow', noted for being a point on the world famous TT Course, the 37.73 Mile circuit has claimed 156 fatalities up to 2023, with the Manx Grand Prix & Clubman TT races, it totals 270!

Every so often there would be a remote field come in to view, with sheep in, Mr X said he was always surprised how hardy these animal are, especially the ones that could be seen dotted about in the really wild parts up Snaefell's wuthering heights on a wet & windy day.

On alighting, Mr X was impressed that the sensory platform tiles had the lots of small, raised Manx Triskelions to indicate the platforms edge for the visually impaired, or the just Blind Drunk.

DWSS & No Eye Deer ventured out in the tornado like winds for the short way toward the summit, getting pretty much windswept in process, both leaning into the strong gusts of wind. Meanwhile, those sheltering in the Summit Café could enjoy a Tea, or a quick bottle of Buskeys Ale, Tent Packer elected to refrain from the booze, instead he chose to have a small Scotch Pie.

Some were ready within the 10 Minute turn around for the next trip down, others waited another half an hour for the next train. What a contrast to the driech journey up, on the descent the clouds had parted like something out of the Old Testament, with gaps of blue sky spreading



quickly, even the Mourne Mountains could be seen over in Northern Ireland. Plenty of photos & videos were now taken.

The locals have a strange accent, ranging between Scouse, Scots & Northern Irish, years ago in the old Market hall you could have your choice of Full English, Full Scottish or Full Ulster Breakfasts, sadly this has now been changed to upmarket coffee shops. [Suppose there isn't the custom these days & tastes change? – Ed]

Time for another Ale in the Mines Tavern, here they had 'Who Wants to be a Millionaire?' on the TV. Well, Team Herts would have made it to the £500,000, which all of them considered very easy. The subject came around to songs, after prompted by an earlier question, Mr X mentioned that 'Don't stand so close to me' was written about a time when Sting was being the object of the unwanted attention of a female student when he was a teacher.

Mr X then told of 'Every breath you take' which Sting calls a 'Dirty little Song' about Stalking, at a time when he had split up from his then Wife Frances Tomelty, needless to say she was not the stalker. [You'll never listen to that song in the same way now! – Ed]

The whole group headed back to Douglas. On alighting the 500 Volt powered Train, some like 3D, Slug, My Lil', Mr X & Flying Solo all elected to break their walk home with a quick Ale in the Terminus Tavern, as well as the Queens, since as it was halfway between the Terminus & the Best Western/Casino & it would have been terribly rude not to pop in & say "Hello!" not to mention sampling the Dark Okells Ale - all for sake of the Manx Purity Laws you understand?

No Eye Deer began posting on the Whatscrap group about going for the Majestic Chinese, which prompted this lot to finally head back to get changed for the evening, where it had been decided by most to go for a Chinese was the easiest option. The Waifs & Strays made it to Lookeys, all freshened up for 19:00Hrs, keeping No Eye Deer happy. They would meet up with Fliptop, Paxo, Gen 'N' Tonic, Canny Can't, DWSS, Milf, Kylie, Moss Key Toe, Hot'N' Spicee for the oriental meal.

The Chinese restaurant was located on the end of the Hotel for the evening meal, amongst the exception were Flanders (as Chinese doesn't really cover 'Gluten Free') & Sludge who were joined by Mrs Mallet & Tent Packer, who decided that they had enough of the odour of Chinese food in their room, all day! So, with TBT OBE they headed out elsewhere to eat. Never to let the side down, later on while in Lookeys TBT OBE confessed that the chosen restaurant wasn't really his type of place to dine & he plumped for the Chicken from the menu!

The Chinese was excellent, & there was a large section on the Menu informing diners that they cater for all allergies. Hot 'N' Spicee enjoying a chat in Malay & organising the course choices with the waiter, who was Malaysian, so no wool could be pulled over Hash Eyes! The large Lazy Susan [No not either of the Girls! -Ed] of the wooden turntable was a bit of fun as various dishes were moved around, not to mention the wine & beers, mainly to keep them out of Kylie's reach as he hoovered up.

After a nice selection, the evening would finish off in Lookey's Bar strictly to refresh the dry MSG pallets, for one last night. Again Flying solo had brought along one of her fab wigs, also having gone the whole hog wearing a black cocktail dress, which could also be used as camouflage if she wanted to sneak in to a Wedding Reception? Of course the wig did the rounds on various heads in Lookeys Bar for the last of the hardy, strange how it can completely change someone's image.

Monday was time to fly home, some stayed for a later flight allowing them to visit other parts & attractions of the Island, others waved goodbye to 3D & Slug as they ventured out for a proper Manx breakfast, as well as a visit to the Best Bars in Douglas again, especially as they knew one was open at 09:00Hrs!!

On the way to the Airport everyone had to pass over the 'Fairy Bridge' & even the bus to the airport mentioned this as it trundled over said bridge! Everyone arrived home Ok & it was a great weekend, celebrating a great Hasher. On! On!

