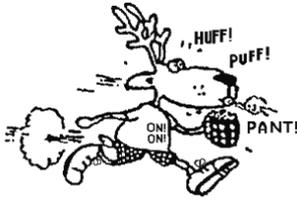


Herts Hash House Harriers



Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No. 1943

19th September 2021

Venues: The Admiral Byng

Beers: Tring, Masion, Brock, Side Pocket, Citra, GK Abbot

Location: Potters Bar

Hare/s: Long John X

Runners: 9

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 1

Total: 10

Membership: Shivering timbers on a Jolly Rogering Trail!

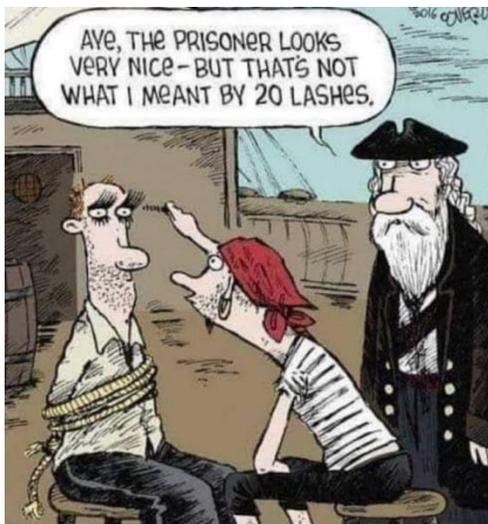


After all the lockdown months away from the Hash Trails, a couple of the regular Hares have decided to try & add a little something extra to the some of the weekly Trails now they resumed. So far we've had a few barbecues after the Trails, we have also had our Hash Paralytic Games, now we come around to 'International Speak Like a Pirate' Day, a chance to wear some nautical but nice gear around the Trail.

So sit back & be confused.com

A mutinous band of ~~cut-throats~~ able seamen [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] landed at ye Manor Road lane car park, all resplendent in thee Pirate garb & not long clothes, a lor o' Skulls & Crossed-bones adorning hats o' varies styles & quality, swords, a flintlock, an eye patch (or was it a thong?) a comedy moustache & even thee Honourable Grand Master in a corset o' a maiden [Don't ask, I think it was a borrowed outfit from one of the girls? – Ed] thee only thing missing werr Cat'n Flint thee parrot!

A scurvy Hare went fer thee Captain Jack Sparrow from Pirates of the Caribbean apparel, whilst TBT OBE had gone fer the Captain Pugwash look! [We shall not mention 'Roger the Cabin Boy or Master Mates! – Ed]



The Honourable Grand Master called 'Ahoy, me hearties!' but then a couple o' feisty lasses deserted to thee head at thee Admiral Byng before all hands were on deck, after thar delay thee GM called thee Circle t'gether again, but t'was interrupted be 2-1-2 Maureen making port! Aye, 't'was good t' espy our Matriarch back with this motley crew.

A couple o' Scurvy Dogs where lookin' worse fer wear after being loaded to the Gunnels at thee FUK Full Moon Hash Landing Party's assault on Southend-on-sea the day afore, even dark eye-liner Milf had applied to the Hare couldn't cover up this fact. *You've to admire thee stamina sometimes, especially the Salty Hare's as he had been around once this morning setting the Trail & was pushed for time after the Train be delayed by 26 minutes.*

'T'was usual markings, plus thar be a special 'Grog' stop fer a regroup near the end. Arrr, 'twas time to Weigh Anchor & hoist the mizzen, with a rousing cheer from a group o' wenches fresh out o' the gym.

No time to try out "Avast, me proud beauty! Wanna know why my Roger is so Jolly?" chat up line on thee lasses now sitting outside 'Spoons & merrily quaffing away as thee Motely Crew began making haste in a nor-nor-east course up Darkes Lane to cross the Roundabout fer the Avenue, then carried on further up Darkes Lane to thee first CHK by the Corner o' Heath Drive.

Noisy was scuppered as thar be no Dust along Heath Drive to the west, nor was thar any Trail up the top end o' Darkes Lane, named after a long gone Farm & Lodge, as Milf was also scuppered. It had been a Hornswaggle by thee scurvy Hare fer them two! How'er even tho' he be tired & hung-over, My Lil' sussed it wer' a CHK back some 90 feet to the footpath behind, on the opposite side o' the road.

"Dust Ahoy!" down the wind-fallen apple strewn gangway as tha' Crew ran alongside the Church & then the Nursery School, after 90 Yards it tacked through about 30° to run another 60 Yards & emerge out on to Mount Grave Road. A CHK be found by thee George VI Red Pillar Box on this suburban street o' Commuter land, the type o' street Sir John Betjeman could wax lyrical over, thar be only two option to thee bend in thee west tha' Ewok chose or head eastward after My Lil' & Milf? Meanwhile Paxo escorted ye old Bucko 2-1-2 Maureen on a Short Cut marked by thee Hare, or so Mr X hoped.

65 Yards eastward & the old salt My Lil' stepped to by thee obvious footpath indicated by a Finger-Post, thee arrows now taking thee old Shipmate up a back-passage [Thar yee go Pebbledash, got it in early this week! – Ed] The fenced-in ginnel ran fer 100 Yards, then emerged out on to Billy Lows Lane, once a rural country lane when this area were nothing but fields, it predates all the rest o' thee roads & houses in this area. Afront o' a small roundabout another CHK was found. Billy Lows wer' probably a scallywag or a Highwayman from 'round these here parts, who wer' apparently shot in a shooting party at South Mimms.

Away to thee east & thee Trail was found by My Lil' to continue along Billy Lowes lane, Milf & Ewok stopped to take a picture o' two cast concrete Great Dane Dogs, wearing transparent rain-caps & with signs saying tha' they wer' both 'double jabbed!' & "19th Freedom?" on thee other.

Just after thee kink in thee lane, a CHK were found at thee north-western corner o' Park Field Open Space, "Avast!" called to TBT OBE from were no Trail lay in thee west o'r tha green space, not just yet! TBT OBE doeth well with his Peg-leg [Surely you mean Plantar fasciitis? – Ed]

Instead My Lil', followed by our very own RapsCALLIONS of Lady Mary Killigrew & Anne Bonny o' Milf & Ewok, hauled sail as thee Trail headed a Cables length (600 Feet) to thee end o' Billy Lows Lane, thar it joins thee Hatfield Road & thee Trail tacked south by southeast fer 133 Yards until reaching thee dead-end o' Richmond Road. Two Options, search thee dead-end side-street, or carry on along thee A1000?

Away to thee west end o' thee cul-de-sac as thee lasses o' Milf & Ewok picked up Trail on a path tha' runs 'long thee eastern edge o' Parkfield Open Space, ahead o' thee FRBs were thee Hare, Fliptop & Teddy as they had Short Cut through thee enclosing tree-line, which kept thee loop from any look-outs with spy-glasses from thee earlier CHK by corner o' thee park.

Thee Crew now literally had to 'walk thee plank' & negotiate rudimental 'stepping stones' o' a couple o' old pallets & mats in a wide path o' Shiggy, then thee Trail steered thee crew around behind thee Potters Bar Omnibus Garage, 'long a tree sheltered path tha' tacked sou-sou-east through thee end o' thee local Nature Reserve & then out to thee High Street.

Arrows led thee way down to thee Pelican Crossing, but Ewok became over excited & were forced to stop & rub her pantaloons at thee sight o' a right treasure o' a classic horseless carriage, an original Ford Fiesta. Fortunately once across to thee eastern side o' thee A1000, thee Trail came to by thee Public Conveniences where any moist issues could be tissue. Tho' thar' be a warning sign o' Maximum Usage time o' 20 Minutes & only one person per cubicle!

Tha' be not much hanging around outside thee heads, as thee arrows led nor-nor-east up thee High Street fer a few yards afore peeling off in to Oakmere Park, leading on a path through thee established Oak trees to thee northern edge o' thee larger o' thee two ponds in thee Park.

'T'was in thee park tha' a land-lubber jokingly informed thee Harriettes tha' "It's against thee by-laws to carry cutlasses & flintlocks in thee park!" which went down well. Arrows led up to a CHK outside o' thee green 'pissoir' lookin' information monolith near thee local Harvester, which was once thee former Oakmere House built by Lieutenant Colonel William Leonard Carpenter (1792-1861) o' thee British Indian Army in thee Bombay Establishment, after 18 years' service in 1821 he retired.

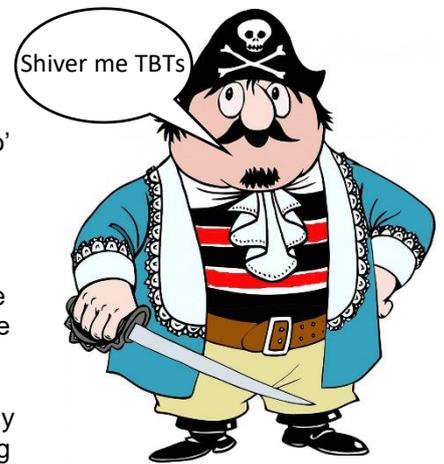
Milf, Noisy & Ewok picked up Trail & thee were away eastward fer a Cables length on thee hard-caped path to thee park gates in thee north-eastern corner o' thee Park. Shiver me timbers if these hearties must 'ave been really observant, perhaps they'd spyglasses at thee ready fer none seem go wrong by lookin' out on thee urban street o' Chase Avenue, instead thee Trail be found on thee southbound path down t' thee eastern end second o' thee two ponds, which existed from thee days thee Grade II Listed house was built.

Thee Hare had now set thee Trail to head back Westward Ho! Coming around thee top o' thee second lake, to tack south on sea-legs betwixt thee two ponds arrows t' be led around thee southern side & a CHK at thee spot where thee twisted remains o' thee 'Zeppelin Oak' once stood.

This was where the second of the two German Airships to be shot-down over this area, with the first being by the Schütte-Lanz SL-11 that was brought down in 1916 by the exploits of Lt William Leefe Robinson VC of the Royal Flying Corp when he used a combination of normal & incendiary bullets. The Airship crashed in Cuffley, killing all on board. Lt WL Robinson, would later be shot down in France & became a prisoner of War, he survived to the end of the War, but malnutrition led to him succumbing to 'Spanish Flu' in 1919.

This Oak Tree was famous for being hit by a the burning carcass of the L31 'Super Zeppelin' after Lt Wulstan Joseph Tempest DSO of the No.39 Home Defence Squadron had ignored orders to patrol the Thames, after an hour's flight to reach 14,000 Feet in his tiny biplane, in hope of crossing their path. His luck was in. He caught the Airship on its way back from bombing London, commanded by Lieutenant Heinrich Mathy, the record holder for the highest number of Zeppelin raids over Britain during the First World War. Mathy is the only example of a Captain choosing to jump out an airship prior to crashing, & also the only person to have momentarily survived the landing. Local farmers found Mathy still wrapped in his leather flying jacket, face up in the field near the burning wreckage. He only lived for a few minutes.

Back to thee Trail which moved thee Hands along a grassy area over thee southern end o' thee park & tacked westward ho! out t'ward ye High Street, but thee Dust tacked southward to Highview Gardens fer 140 Yards then to starboard at thee start o' View Road off to thee northwest fer 80 Yards, then a 90° tacked to head south-sou-west & on to a CHK in thee corner o' thee U shaped road.



A T wer' found by Noisy, Milf & Ewok out o' thee cut-through to thee High Street, all while thee Old Salt o' TBT OBE had hauled wind back t'ward Highview Gardens & so had a slight advantage back to run down thee end o' Barr Road, where old Sea Dog My Lil', who were now hanging thee jib, was with thee Hare & almost at thee crossroads with Gregory Avenue.

Two options to choose from now, southwest, or straight o'er to thee southeast? My Lil' & TBT OBE stepped to, they be keen as lookouts when they crossed o'er t' Gregory Avenue, t'was thee longest stretch t' run so far but Milf's progress be interrupted by thee sight o' a skip fill o' wood tha'd make good kindling! Mr X only saw an empty bottle o' Jamesons' grog in thee previous skip, then he be approached by a local land-lubber who declared "You're a long way from the sea!"

Thee Trail came on t' thee next CHK after nearly 300 Yards to reach a T-junction with Oakmere Avenue. Here Ewok parley over some naughty nautical terms, after thar be a few "Arrr, Me Hearties!" Mr X added tha' ye knows when ye've been in thee Navy when ye 'ave found thee Golden Rivet! Ewok said "I can imagine!"

Milf were lookin' at being marooned down t' thee west, thee opposite direction wer' rest o' thee Crew set sail off t'ward thee A111 highway, ther' be arrows here pointing thee way south-eastward on thee Southgate Road t' reach thee pelican crossing, double arrows steered thee crew over to thee other side & then t' continue down t'ward thee 'Potters Bar Interchange' over thee M25.

Thee Trail would fall short o' thee junction fer thee M25, avoiding any bilge rat protestors who seem happy putting landlubbers' lives at risk by blocking carriageways t' Lister Hospital, no, thee Trail peeled away from thee CHK wi' a "Dust Ahoy!" as Noisy & TBT OBE wer' smartly away down Hill rise fer a 300 Yard run westward through thee estate t' thee A1000 Barnet Road, arrows pointed thee away over thee traffic island t' thee west side o' thee Barnet Road & thee next CHK.

Options lay t' north, south or westward on t' Cherry Tree Lane, another ancient footpath tha' runs betwixt thee homes t' the north & thee farm land t' thee south. Noisy, Ewok, Milf & TBT OBE were now thee FRBs running aft o' thee abodes off thee side roads o' Ashwood Road as thee Trail was found.

After 250 Yards on thee wavy old route a CHK was located by thee corner o' an area o' parking spaces. A falsie lay t' thee southwest fer thee Four FRBs to be nearly cast-away on thee continuation o' Cherry Tree Lane t'ward thee Railway line, while My Lil' took advantage o' walking with thee Hare who now re-marked thee CHK northward up on t' Ashwood Road, then straight over t' a cut-through t' avoid thee ox-bow o' thee bend in Ashwood Road

Thee Trail weaved its way in a serpentine route fer 350 yards t' reach another Cut-through, a litter strewn-path be left local sons' o' biscuit eaters, but thar be a cheerful sight o' a little snow man on thee green strip t' thee starboard.

'Aving emerged out on t' thee southern narrower Mutton Lane, then it was over thee green verge t' thee wider, larger version o' Mutton lane, arrows steered thee swashbuckling crew straight over at thee Tesco Store lights t' thee northern edge o' Mutton Lane & a CHK be marked after thee Bus Stop lay-by. Noisy now seemed reluctant t' explore thee gangway

Thar be no need fer Noisy t' be apprehensive for she'd be On Trail very quickly & after 100 Yards thee FRBs came out t' a small green square with a CHK in thee centre o' thee Saltire o' paths crossing thee grass, "On!" be called again, now by My Lil' back on thee tarmac path as it continues northward t' thee west o' Potters Bar Cricket Club & after half a cables length thee Trail emerged out on t' Thee Walk.

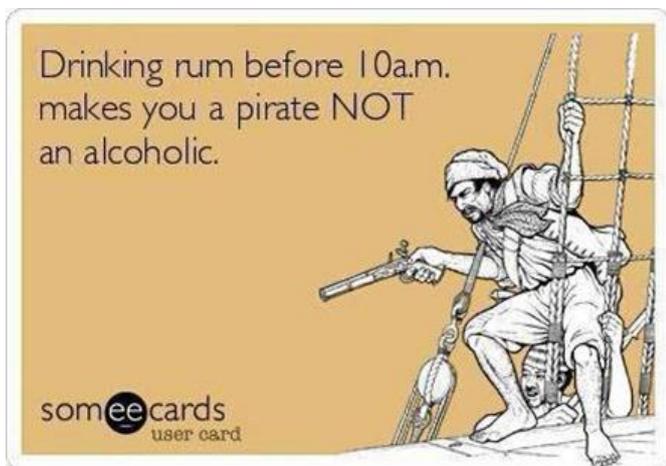
A CHK on thee Walk daw a Falsie in thee suburban area t' thee west, thee continuation o' thee Tarmac footpath wer' thee correct option as thee Hands passed by thee Tennis Courts t' starboard, here ther' be a couple o' budding Emma Raducanu's were out practising.

Beyond thee Tennis Courts & thee Pack were brought back out int' Parkfield Open Space once more, thee Crew stuck with thee lower path in thee area where thee wild grass had been sythed & raked into long furrowed strips, then 't'was on t' thee Held CHK by thee old gate like stanchions at thee start o' Byng Drive, time t' heave-to & 'Splice thee main brace' at a 'Grog' Stop.

Grog was the old naval drink of watered Down Rum, but the Hare had a bottle of cool Coke which was an

improvement on water to go with the Australian Bundaberg Rum. Again a group o' Hearty Pirates got attention from many a passing land-lubber, though one old scallywag out walking thought TBT OBE resembled Adolf Hitler, fer TBT OBE's moustache be now at half-mast after a 'tash malfunction.

While thee Main Pack awaited fer Paxo & 2-1-2 Maureen, who wouldn't appear, Mr X asked the question of what Royal Naval Vessel can fly a 'Jolly Roger'? Originally a Royal Naval practice that came about during World War I: remembering comments by First Sea Lord Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, who complained that submarines were



"underhanded, unfair, and damned un-English" and that personnel should be hanged as pirates, Lieutenant Commander Max Horton began flying the flag after returning from successful patrols.

Each Jolly Roger has various marks sewn on to depict the actions carried out. The Royal Naval Submarine HMS Conqueror flew this with a battleship outline addition when it returned from sinking the ARA General Belgrano after the Falklands War, the ARA General Belgrano was formally the USS Pheonix that survived the bombing of Pearl Harbor in Dec 1941.

Refreshed, swarthy Ship-mates wer' now steered down from thee dead-end o' Byng Drive, t'was first indication tha' thee crew wer' now sailing t'ward thee On Inn.

T'was one long last Trot o' 680 Yards going straight through thee traffic circle, ther' be no more change o' course off this urban street o' detached abodes t' reach thee On Inn, just afore coming out by thee Gym opposite thee Admiral Byng, TBT OBE now put on a handsome show fer this last leg to impress the land-lubbing Gym Members, he wer not alone. The Crew arrived back wi'out a 'Black Spot' or any 'Little bits o' cheese'.

Once settled in, shipmate 2-1-2 Maureen were despatching Red Vino, as she explained tha' she needed this as she "Never wanted to get lost with Paxo, ever again!" Which made thee wonder what happened out in them tufts o' wild grass? Wi'out Hashcash, TBT OBE would take the King's Shilling from the Crew to be added to the Hash bounty.

Milf produced a box o' Chocolates tha' were a pressie from Max Factor to the Hash, by thee end o' thee afternoon thee remaining chocolates wer' left lookin' rather phallic, golden rivet like thee could say. As Mr X kept saying, "Where was Pebbledash when ye need her?" This saying would crop up as the Hash tried to educate Noisy on 'Carry On!' films.

If this wasn't enough to confusion for Noisy, one other conversation that came about was fact that UK Government is going to legislate to bring back the use of Imperial Measurements, so, those of a certain age (or a degree in ancient History) were soon mentioning Gallons (8 Pints) Pecks (2 Gallons) Bushels (8 Gallons) [Strange how it began with Drink & then went on to Distance! – Ed] as it was Inches, Hand (4 inches) [Still used to measure a horse's height! – Ed] Feet (12 Inches) Yard (3 Feet) Chain (22 Yards) [Still used as the distance betwixt the two sets of stumps on a Cricket Wicket! – Ed] a Furlong (A Furrow Long, is 10 Chains or 1/8th of a mile) [Still used in Horse Racing as distance! - Ed]

Then pre-decimal money was mentioned, Pounds, Shillings & Pence (£, s, d) until 1971 one pound was divided into 20 shillings. One shilling (A Bob) was divided into 12 pennies. One penny was divided into two halfpennies, or four farthings. There were therefore 240 pennies in a pound! Not to mention Threepence (Thrupenny Bits*) [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] (3 Pence) A Tanner (Six Pence) or Guinea which is one pound & one Shilling [Still used for certain classic Horse Races for prize monies & buying horses at auction, it is now classed as £1.05! – Ed]

So, £1 9s 6d would be 1 pound, 1 shilling & 6 pence, the £ s d derived from the Roman Empire [What did the Romans ever do for us? – Ed], L was stylized to £ from Libra for the pound in weight of coins, s was sesterius & d for denarius (both Roman Coinage)

As well as the Roman legacy, Mr X mentioned that over the Centuries England used Marks & Duckets & Groats (4 pence), Florin (2 Shillings or a Two Bob Bit** = 24 Pence) was a tenth of a pound (which began life from Britain's first attempt a Decimalisation in 1849) Half Crown (2 Shillings & Six Pence = 30 Pence) Crown (5 Shillings = 60 pence)

*Rhyming slang for Tits ** Rhyming slang for Shits

Anyhow back to the Hash! Down-Downs saw the Hare rewarded for a good Trail, also there was water for Milf & her doing her best with Mr X's eye-liner for the Capt Jack Sparrow of Pirates of the Caribbean look! It was a great day, with good weather, grog stop & a lot of attention from Civilians.

How do you save a drowning pirate? with C P ARR!

Why did the pirate go on holidays? He needed some Arr and Arr!

Why did Captain Hook cross the road? To get to the second-hand shop.

How much does it cost pirates to get their ears pierced? A buck an ear!

What happened when Bluebeard the Pirate fell into the Red Sea? He got Marooned!

Why did the pirate buy an eyepatch? Because he didn't have enough money for an iPad. What did the pirate say when his wooden leg got stuck in the freezer? Shiver me timbers! Why is pirating addictive? Because once you lose a hand, you get HOOKED!

How much did the pirate pay for his wooden leg and hook? It cost him an arm and a leg!

What does a pirate wear for Halloween? A pumpkin patch!

How do pirates pay for a round o' rum down at the pub? With Bar-Nickels!

