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Coat of Arms of the Cinque Ports

Run No. 2057/58/59
Date: 8-10th October 2023
Venue: The Warren Inn; Smugglers Tavern; Balance Bar; Three Mariners; Potting Shed; Red Lion
Location: New Romney/Dungeness & Hythe
Beers/Cider: Sheppard Neame Late Red; Kent Cobb Nut; Wansum Black Pig, Inches Cider & a few others
Hare/s: My Lil' & Mr X
Runners:
Virgins: 28
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 29
Membership: Basking in the sunny 1500+500+500 Celebrations

So, the time came around for a triple celebratory weekend, with Mr X being the second Herts Hasher to notch up an astonishing 1,500 Herts Hash Trails, with No Eye Deer & Kylie both completing an equally impressive 500 Trails apiece. [Yes I can all hear you singing 'Get a Life! Get a Life! Get a Life, Life, Life!' – Ed]

With Mr X being the senior Hasher, only on years Hashing & Trails completed, he had the choice of venue of Marlie Holiday Park at New Romney. Knowing that No Eye Deer likes Dungeness & that Kylie has an over excited passion for Steam Locomotives, plus he knows this area of Kent well due to part of his family having been there since 1070 AD & some still inhabit the Romney Marsh, he plumped for Marlie park.

When it came to his reconnoiter of the Saturday Trail the weekend before, things didn't go quite to plan with a mizzle rain coming off of the sea on the Friday morning attempt, followed a couple of hours later by Sun. Then there was a contrasting sunny day on the Saturday for the second & more successful successful reccie, which was the precursor to the late mini-heat wave that the Pack would enjoy over the weekend.

Early arrivals were TBT OBE & Stiff Meat, the latter was picked up from Tenterden after TBT OBE took a slight detour on his drive down, they were soon partaking in a midday luncheon in the Warren Inn, handily situated opposite the site entrance, after Mr X had recommended the Pub for food. Meanwhile Mr X had finished off setting the Trail & was heading up with My Lil' to meet them for a well-deserved Ale in the oppressive heat, especially as the Caravans & Lodges were not supposed to be available until 16:00Hrs.

Sitting in the Warren Inn's Garden, enjoying an Ale, Mr X received a call from Whatevershesays to ask where they were? Whatevershesays & No Eye Deer were going to join them at the Pub for a meal, as the food there was recoomend by Mr X. Within half an hour Mr X would receive a txt that some of the accommodation would be ready for occupation by 14:30 Hrs & they were going to sort out their room.

The early access was handy, Mr X went to reception to pick up the key to his unit. The extra time would allow him to sort out the breakfast packs for the caravans. However he did need to been given a lift down to the nearby Sainsbury's, TBT OBE obliged so Mr X could buy the perishables.

While Mr X & My Lil' shopped for cereal, porridges, bread, milk, butter, bacon & other DIY Breakfast essentials, TBT OBE was purchasing his own food. Seemingly aimlessly pushing a trolley around the aisles, Mr X & My Lil' were suddenly accosted by an over-excited TBT OBE, who was proud to be vigorously waving a large 'stiff meat' in his hand [Steady Peddledash! - Ed] this being a large, seasoned, dried knockwurst. Mr X said to put it in his trolley as it would appear in the Circle later on for Stiff Meat to receive.

Back at his van, with food, washing up bits & bobs, brekkie supplies & most essential of all extra loo rolls, especially since the end of the 'paper run reports' - for each unit came with just one roll per toilet in each van, Mr X had the breakfast packs sorted out ready to be picked up!

Mr X was summoned back over to the site Clubhouse by Paxo! The other unit keys were ready. Rooms were sorted out, where the twins were found to have narrower than normal single beds, but for the price & the time that is actually spent in bed at a Hash Weekend, it wasn't going to hurt. One benefit of a couple Hashers dropping out, meant that Stiff Meat, Paxo & Where's Wally? Could have their own space.

Luckily, with most units being located in the row E none were going to be billeted in E17, especially for Where's Wally? Can you imagine, this would ruin his Drum & Bass cred' if he was found to be sleeping in an abode

named after 'Walthamstow's Finest'!

Finally there was time for a well-deserved drink, while TBT OBE went off to have a swim in the new on-site pool. Paxo joined Mr X, My Lil' & Stiff Meat at the Bar, Mother & Lemming now appeared, then Fliptop. So when it can around to the round, the best option was the Inches Cider, the poor Barmaid had to endure listening to school-boyish giggling of comments between the Hash of "Can we have a *GOOD Six Inches* please?" This would only get worse as more arrived & the tally of the round soon went up to eight Inches! [And Pebbledash hadn't arrived yet! – Ed]

My Lil' was charged with setting the Friday Pub Crawl, which was to be marked in Green Chalk as all the weekend Trails would start the same way, Saturday's Trail would be in White & Sunday's Recovery Run would be set in Orange chalk.

So, the Pack would set off in small groups as & when they wanted to. The Pub Crawl began by leading back over to the Warren Inn, as the early birds settled in to the garden to enjoy another pint of Late Red, here No Eye Deer went for the salmon dish as Mr X recommend eating here. It's a place he takes his mum to eat when down this neck of the woods.

Mr X received a call from Ketchup who said he was still stranded in Hythe, since he had got on the wrong 102 that terminates at Red Lion Square in Hythe. To be fair to Ketchup, Stagecoach have right Royally screwed up the timetables the week before – after his previous piss-poor experience for the reconnoitre, Mr X had warned anyone travelling via Train & Bus that the 102 Timetables at the stops had yet to be changed for the Sept 3rd version a week ago.

Stiff Meat recommend that the Hash use Bustimes.org as it is more reliable than the Stagecoach site! Mr X then replied "You are talking about the Hash, it's like herding cats at the best of times! Some Hashers have even been known park under the Pub sign & then call Mr X to say they can't find the venue! Plus he doesn't think many of the regulars actually read the emails or take much notice of the Farcebook Posts. [Probably most won't read this report either! – Ed]

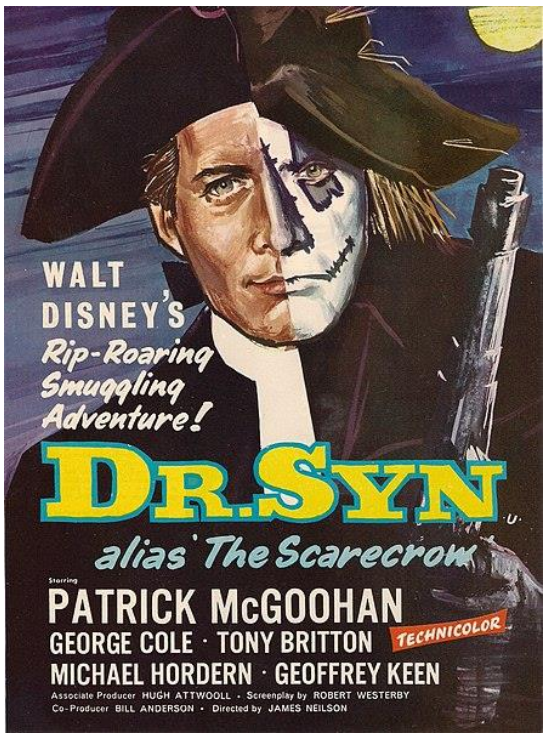
Anyhow, the Pack would cheer at every 102 that stopped outside or passed by the front of the Warren Inn, but no Ketchup alighting, not since when called on his mobile he said he was still in Hythe! Finally a 102 pulled up & Ketchup alighted outside of the Warren Inn & made his way through to the garden & join the gang to some rousing applause.

The Pub Crawl proper now got under way & stuck with the north side of the road, passing the Plough on the way, & the Balance Bar as the Trail made its way up the High Street, finally crossing over just after the Curry Lounge to visit the Cinque Ports being the furthest Pub out, located at the west end of New Romney High Street.

Pub 2 had Mr X showing the work that had to under-taken on the internal Oak beam structure that supports the upper floors. A couple of years ago the Pub had an older driver put his foot on the accelerator & not the brake [Who was thinking Sparky? – Ed] resulting in their car shooting straight through the low brick car park wall & speeding across the road to go straight through the front of the Public Bar.

After a structural engineer's inspection it was realized that the gaps in the upright Oaks meant there was actually nothing directly supporting that section of the first floor above! A couple of young TBT OBE like bods arrived, a lot of time was spent by the conservation team before finally inserting the brand new, pale Oak jig-saw like additions to the original dark Oak beams, next to one of the old supports is a brand new one, added just for extra safety.

What was worse for the family who run the Pub, just months after the Bar reopened, a guy decided that he was going to try & take out his ex-girlfriends new significant other, by sheer luck the crowd outside managed to split either way as the car ploughed through the same Bar again, the CCTV footage has appeared on one of the BBC Crimewatch programs. https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-kent-46237928



Time to move on & it was a matter of just a couple of Yards to reach the Smuggler's Tavern, one of Mr X's favorite Micro-Pubs, not just due to its excellent Ales & Ciders, but it close proximity directly across from the Curry Lounge Restaurant! This has some great pictures of Dr Syn, a fiction character in a series of Books by Russel Thorndike, these were based on the local tales of Smuggling that accorded on the Romney Marsh in year gone by.

The most famous real life smuggling band were the Hawkhurst Gang, the Owlers (Smugglers of wool & sheep to France) who originated in the village of that name. Many of the local Ghost Stories were created to keep people off of the Marsh while these nefarious activities were happening.

A couple of films were made of Dr Syn, there is a bi-annual Day of Syn Festival in the author's home village of Dymchurch on alternative August Bank Holiday Weekends. Engine No.10 the 1931 Canadian Pacific Class on the RH&DR is named Dr Syn.

With a few of the Locals already there, it wasn't long before the remaining spaces were pretty much filled by the Hash. An excellent Pint of Kent Cobb Nut was enjoyed at Smugglers, My Lil' was happy since the Cobb Nut was on offer at £3 a pint! After a couple of swift Ales it was time to move on.

The Trail crossed back over the High Street to arrive at the

Balance Bar, here Where's Wally? was in his element as it was like being at a 'Rave' with lots of laser lights & loud 'banging Music' it was banging enough to even manage to get Stiff Meat & Mr X up for some subtle & stylish Dad Dancing moves. It was like being transported back to the days of 'Eyeball Paul' in Ibizia, when Where's Wally?, Kevin & Perry went Large!! Last time a stiff meat like this was seen on stage was Tony Angelino's rendition of 'Crying' on Only Fools & Horses!

Other slick [Surely that should be Sick? – Ed] dance-floor moves included two local girls who tried to entice Where's Wally? as they appeared to be looking out for a 'Sugar-Granddad? [Would they have been so forward with him if he was wearing his "It's weird to be the same age as Old People!" T-shirt? On the positive side, they had the Rugby on the screens in there, which distracted most from the Hash dancing!

The Balance Bar may have been a bit too flashy & loud for the older Hashers, but all the profits go to Brain Tumor Charities as the owner's daughter was afflicted by one & he wants to give something back.

It used to have real Ales, but it seems that the clientele don't drink enough to make it worth keeping on, which is a shame. With heads banging with tunes, thankfully none were 'earworms', it was time to move on & along the way back down the High Street the Ship on the opposite side of the High Street was missed out, it would be paid a visit on Sunday Afternoon.

Next stop was the Plough & it was bustling in there, so the Pack sat outside in the busy corner garden on this sultry evening, however when it came to the second pint of London Pride it wasn't quite as nice, it became was a struggle for most as there was a striking difference. Perhaps this encouraged some to head off a little earlier than the majority?

Now, one issue with having just the one key per van was that there would be a time when the Key was still at the Bar whilst others were trying to obtain access to their accommodation. Perhaps one option is you can always walk back to fetch the Key, or as all the van windows were left open 24/7 with the heat, then you could take a chance of entering via one of the said open windows.

Obviously the lightest & probably the most nimble, of the group was the best option, so Mother was offered Stiff Meat's cradled hands to for her foot into, as a make shift step up, while Lemming's contribution was to stratically place his hands on Mother's butt & give her a push [The Cheek of it - Ed] to assist her 'Cat Burglaring skills' & through the window Mother went. [I now have an image of Mother dressed as Catwoman! Cold shower over……. – ED]

Later on Lemming would say that Stiff Meat had the better deal, as Lemming claimed that he had to push the heaviest part of Mother. [Yes, we too wonder how he has lived this long! -Ed] Time to settle down, with a Beer & watch Wales put on a great show, which cheered Stiff Meat up immensely. A bonus in this van was the chance to try Mothers rather nice cake, contrary to how Lemming described it, Mr X's slice was moist & fruity. [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] The evening was far too hot & sticky to close the windows, fortunately the place was rather quiet overnight, perhaps the rest of the populous were also trying to have an early night & just crashed out in the heat?

Breakfast in one van had My Lil' wrestling with a Calor gas cooker, trying to light it was a task as only one half of the grill seemed to light. Finally this was sorted grilling the bacon & Stiff Meat's sausages [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] took an age.

Eventually the early start breakfast was under way, however as the breakfast preparations went on Mother took over the Kitchen, which led to Mr X claiming Mother was preventing the Butler from Butling! Perhaps this interference was the reason My Lil' forgot to turn off the grill? It was left going all day until the evening return, luckily it didn't use up all of the gas for the boiler!

The Downside was having Lemming as company, was when he exited the shower & scuttled across the room almost butt-naked! Lemming also threatened to drop one, when his bare but cheeks were right by the startled RA's face before disappearing into the bedroom!

Soon it was time for everyone to make an early start. The Pack had a couple of choices to reach the Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch Light Railway Station, there was the walking option which took around 20 Minutes, or a lift down with Milf, or Tent Packer, since the original plan of using the 102 Bus was scuppered by the new timetable.

Instead of one every half an hour passing the Railway Station, the Bus around the hour now carries on up through New Romney High Street. The locals are not happy about this & are up in arms about the change, they'll be out roaming the night-time streets vigorously waving pitchforks & brandishing burning torches. Even the Stagecoach App is only good for eating away at your Smartphone Battery!

Mr X walked down to the RH&DR New Romney Station with Where's Wally? & Fliptop, for the Hare had to purchase the Tickets, as he was expecting 26 individual tickets, but instead he received just one which included the Various Discounts & Full Price fares. All of which did surprise the guy in the Ticket Office, who happily declared that this was the most expensive RH&DR ticket he had ever sold.

The Romney Hythe & Dymchurch Railway was opened in 1927, when Millionaire Racing Driver Captain John Edwards Presgrave ("Jack") Howey decided to create his own minute Railway. He came into Money when all of his family in Australia were killed on a Ship Wreck, their scrubland in the middle of a little place called Melbourne was passed to him & became its business center, this set him up for life.

He always wanted to be an Engineer & helped build his own small locomotive, but before he could enjoy it war broke out & he was already in the Bedfordshire Yeomanry before transferring to the Royal Flying Corps. He was shot down & captured, being a millionaire he was paraded by his German Captors as a trophy. The RH&DR was one of his whims, originally 8 miles in length from Hythe to New Romeny, he would later extend this to Dungeness. The gauge is 15 inches & we all know what Pebbledash thinks of 15 Inches?

No Eye Deer arrived, both she & Whatevershesays had brought the slabs of water along, with this mini-heat

wave getting hotter by the day, everyone was advised to take at least one bottle of water with them. Sunblock & hats were also needed as there would be 0% shade on the first, running section of Trail.

The station was pretty busy, with a large group of members from a Steam Appreciation Society all gathering for their chartered Train, thankfully they weren't travelling at the same time as the Hash, but they would be spotted passing us by later on. Sadley we couldn't palm Kylkie off on them, as Milf was a bit miffed [No one wants a miffed Milf! - Ed] when Kylie became more interested in taking a snap of the engine than taking her picture beside the Train.

The Northern Chief was being prepared on the Platform, so there was time to take a few photo's of the one third scale Steam Engine before boarding. For some reason, Canny Can't, Gen & Tonic, with Mrs Mallet came out of the ticket office, looked out over the platforms, yet failed to spot Mr X, who was vigorously waving & calling out "On! On!" up at them from down on the platform. Perhaps they were thrown by the sight of Mr X wearing his EWSH3 Hi-vis Jacket, thinking he was a volunteer with the railway? It was like dealing with three Sparkys! Mr X had already explained to the guy selling the tickets that dealing with a Hash Pack can be like herding cats!

Everyone eventually boarded one of the many carriages behind the small Locomotive & it's Little Tender [What had Kylie been up to? - Ed] for Mother & Lemming they would be joined by Moss Key Toe, who immediately closed the sliding windows & then the doors to their compartment, for he said it was cold! Well, it probably was compared to Malaysia from where he had recently returned.

Time came around for the Train to pull out, rolling forward the carriages were suddenly plunged into darkness as they were hauled though the tunnels of the road bridge, this also led to the most of the passengers experiencing the large bellows of smoke & steam flooding into the carriages, with the exception of Mother & Lemmings since the doors & windows were firmly shut on their roving sauna.

The Runners had been requested to alight at Romney Sands Station, the next Station which sits at the entrance to another Holiday Park, Romney Sands. Meanwhile Milf was handed the group ticket as she was going to stay on board with Mrs Mallet, Whatevershesays, Gen & Tonic, 3D & Slug who had Sally with them, since it was far too hot for pooches to be out & about for too long a walk this morning.

Mr X led the Runners & Walkers from the station & out of the approach, then across the 'Coast Road' to find a CHK on a square area of concrete, located on the single bank just before the wide flat sandy bay, where the tide was really out. The current Super-moon being its closest to earth in ages had pulled the tide out further than normal. It was enough to make it almost possible to walk out to the Phoenix Caisson, the last remaining rectangular section of the Mulberry Harbour.

The Mulberry Harbour were a series of huge cast hollow concrete blocks that were floated & towed across the English Channel in 1944 to create an artificial Harbour to support the D-Day Landings. Something that Fliptop would have seen when he took a load of Normandy Veterans to the 70th Anniversary several years ago. This was televised, where the TV commentator mistook Fliptop, in his Army Blazer & Tie, as one of the World War II veterans he was with, a lot of the Hash saw this on TV & laughed out loud in the comfort of their own homes when the commenter said "I bet these old pals could tell some tales of their experiences on the beaches!"

Fliptop carried out the welcoming speech, then the Hare followed on & he informed the Pack of what they could expect out there, normal Herts Markings, which had already made the local Social Media around an hour after the Hare has set the Trail the day before! The wonders of modern technology!

However, Mr X was again pleased to see on our latest Farcebook mention due to strange powder markings, that many civilians on the Social Media Platform now actually knew that this was a 'Running Trail' to which Mr X did reply explaining it was a Hash House Harriers Trail! [You never know it may bring in some new members? - Ed]

The Hare mentioned that there would be some historical viewpoints, as well as the fact the Trail would be taking in what is sometimes called the UK's only Desert, something that has since been dismissed by (Spoilsport) scientists. There could also be a chance to spot a ginger celebrity out there, if the Hash were lucky.

Anyhow, without any further ado the Trail began by negotiating a steel wire of a TBT OBE Trap [Thankfully none where snared this morning! - Ed] then "On!" heading southward on the sandy, shingle east facing sea front. The going wasn't the easiest as the Pack made their way over a terrain that

had strips of grassy areas, then a loss of traction on the sandy parts, followed by the struggle of trying to cross the large tracts of big pebbles of the hot shingle, which was warming up even more.

Having run up by two of the rusty old winch gears, relics of when this area was a prolific fishing community, the Hare offered up a short cut, over the shingle & then crossing the Coast Road, to trot along the easier tarmac footpath that runs in front of the Properties that only line the western side of the road. It was a way down the road before the Trail turned westward to go over the small hump-backed bridge where the RH&DR Trains pass beneath Derville Road.

A short way for Mother & Doormat to find the second CHK of the Trail at the crossroads with Leonard Road, here there were three options. South on Leonard Road, further eastward on Derville, or northward & seemingly back on themselves, so it was the latter option that the two real runners of the day would ignore that the Trail would lead away on.

Where's Wally? Stiff Meat, My Lil & Lemming were soon taking up the lead by heading to the north on the quiet Leonard Road, a place of detached Bungalows in a retirement like area, & with the number of Union Flags flying it is like a slice of Little Briton. The Hare kept the new FRBs company as they called "On! On!" Then in between the Union Flags a Gooners one was spotted fluttering in the warm continental breeze [Which was surprising considering Arsenil's record in Europe! – Ed] Sadly, Mr X had to quietly admit, not too loudly, that nearly all of his relations down in this neck of the woods are all Gooners & he has no idea why.

A CHK by a wider gap between the homes near the cul-de-sac's end was kind of given away, since there was a home-made temporary sign that read 'Sound Mirrors' as they had an open day to the normally restricted area of between War constructions, this was the way the Trail would go.

Down the uncapped driveway the Dust was found, along with one abandoned trainer that would have been a fine replacement for one of the odd mismatched worn-out pairs Sparky regularly wears! The Hash side-stepped the metal five-bar gate, with its keep out sign that is always ignored by local dog walkers, the Trail would lead along by the southern end of the Holiday Park & then under a bridge that is a remnant of the disused, regular standard sized, Dungeness to New Romney Railway line as it crosses the Denge area, - the line was a victim of someone's relation's famous swinging of the Axe!

A CHK was located just feet beyond the railway bridge, by a large lake behind the trees & reeds that is home to many waterfowl, migratory ones & resident alike. Swans, Grebes, Ducks & of course with Herts Hashing this stretch the odd Proverbial Coot! Mother was soon on to the Trail as it followed the firmer ground of the old railway, something that had to be shored up & made stable when the line was constructed, this section could be run with ease, unlike the miles of deep bright shiny & now very hot shingle it cuts through.

Near the end of the lake were two short concrete pillars that had the information about the creation of the Sound Mirrors by Dr William Tucker, this was marked with a chalk V in a circle for 'View Point'. Looking back, through the wider gaps in the reeds & foliage, it is quite amazing how large these constructions are.

There are two small dish like mirrors & one large 200 Foot wide paraboloid mirror constructed in 1929, this means that sound waves can be concentrated at a focal point, which was monitored. On BBC's Coast to Coast they tried to recreate how it worked, with a de Havilland Tiger Moth they picked its engine up as it flew in from out over the sea. In Doctor Tucker's best experiments, they detected Aircraft Engines as far out as 20 Miles.

Thankfully the technology was soon redundant, or we would have had lots of huge coastal concrete sound mirrors, as Scotsman Sir Robert Alexander Watson-Watt began tracking thunderstorms with radio waves, he then went on to High-Frequency Detection Finding (Huff-Duff) which allowed operators to detect the point of 'Enemy Radio Transmissions. In 1935 he demonstrated the use of shortwave signals that were bounced off of a Handley-Page Heyford, this would later be improved to become RADAR (RAdio Detection And Raging)

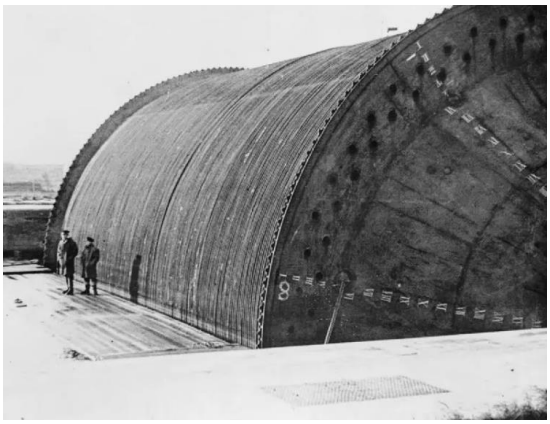
One History Lesson over, now back to the Trail. This would stick with the south-bound old Railway for another 140 Yards, where Mother had run on by the next CHK & picked up the Trail as it continued along the old line. Mother was now up on her own & so the Hare had to ran to catch up with her, as he wanted to make sure she was fine in running the upcoming loop in this heat? Which

was still getting hotter & it wasn't even midday.

Mother said she was OK with running the loop, as Mr X explained this extension of the Trail would be hard to run in places & also slightly difficult to see the Dust against the background of the brighter, paler & reflective stones in amongst the shingle. [On the plus side it would be a chance to burn of some of Mother's cake! - Ed]

Once he had caught up, Doormat, would be the only other 'Runner' to head out over the hard shingle terrain of 176 Yards to Williamson Road, which surrounds the remains of the old Lade Fort, the Trail would lead on to Lade Fort Crescent, where the Fort Walls of Dungeness Battery No.2 remain, constructed in 1798 & was used in both World Wars as an Anti-Aircraft Battery!

The Trail crossed over the open grass & shingle strip, using a concrete slab path that had a dodgy section that had fallen in, then over the RH&DR wooden foot-crossing amongst the narrow railway tracks to reach the Coast Road, tuning back to go over another low humpbacked bridge over the railway to join Williamson Road for a few Yards before running down Pleasant Road, here the Keenies were unaware they were passing an unremarkable cottage which was once one of the PLUTO stations in this area.



PLUTO (Pipe Line Under The Ocean) was the pipe-line laid in World War II, amazingly these 17 different sections made up some 500 miles were rolled out from disguised Centrifuge Pumps, camouflaged to match the shingle on Dungeness & running under the English Channel to Ambleteuse in France. It is estimated that this supplied 8-9% of the Fuel for the Normandy Landings & supply the 5.4 Million Tones used for the advancement into France & beyond until the end of the war. The other two section of PLUTO run from Shanklin on the Ilse of Wight to Cherbourg.

At the dead-end of the road, it was back to the Shingle as the Trail moved from south, a short west trot to turn northward behind the homes, until it turned westward along the north end of the large gravel excavation lake.

With the extreme weather, even the likes of My Lil', Tent Packer, TBT OBE, Moss Key Toe & No Eye Deer weren't going to take the loop, they were happy to just walk along behind the Hare, they were followed by Pebbledash, Pepé le Pew, Paxo & then bringing up the rear, Canny Cant. [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] The lake is some 1,222 Yards in length, which meant that was the length of the next stretch for the Pack to undertake.

The going changed rapidly, alternating again from hard shingle patches, sandy/earthy strips which slowed even the most ardent of Hashers. To the left they could look out at the man-made islands in the lake for the local birdlife, or to the right the miles of desolate shingle, with a distinctive water-tower by the local reservoir, then further off the distinguished four pinnacled tower of All Saints Church in Lydd.

The Trail passed by the entrance of CEMEX Denge Quarry, & took to the side of the Kerton Road to lead back on to the Coast Drive. The Hare had looked at crossing the next section of shingle to the south, but this was more over grown than the last, with thorny bushes, spiky brambles, scratchy & woody samphire as well as the hard waxy sea-kale, as well as less grassy bits for traction underfoot. This Trail could not have been set earlier in the Year as some of the migratory birds nest in the shingle & cannot be disturbed.

So the tarmac to the coast, then south down to the Pilot Pub was the easiest option for both Walkers & Runners alike. On the bend by the Pilot Pub there was a regroup at a Held CHK there & a chance to drink some of the water the Hash were carrying. The Hare admitted that he need to stop for five minutes as in the heat he was feeling a bit flakey!

Mr X did mention that the Pilot does the best Fish & Chips in this area, all locally caught, but in peak holiday season it is normally so popular you have to book in advance. Here the Pack were given two options, make their way over the shingle between the low wooden huts that make up the majority of the buildings on the Dungeness Estate, or take the easier road route around? The Road option won out!

Trail was already marked up Battery Road, across from the Fresh Fish Shop & then off on to the Dungeness Road, this little extra loop added another 400 yards to the Trail, but no one was complaining as they now entered the nice flat road into the Private Dungeness Estate. Keeping with the main narrow road as it passes by the RNLI Station at Dungeness, some thought that with this calm hot weather that the Crews would be busy out at sea dealing with rescuing migrant little boat crossings.

The New Station is an improvement since the days, up until the late 1970's when Lifeboat was set to sea by the 'Lady Lifeboat Launchers', who, when the 'Maroon' went up would dash to the station to drag out & line up a series of 200lb timbers that the Lifeboat skids over to prevent the vessel from ploughing its bow down into the shingle.

All of the small bungalow like cottages sit on the western side of the road, these are mainly one-storey wooden constructions, some using old Railway carriages, like the one that Ed Sheeran uses to record some of his

material. But no cheeky ginger-men were spotted today, other celebs who have been seen walking around these parts are Jim Moir (Vic Reeves) & the Late Paul O'Grady who grew to love the place, though on his first visit in bleak winter, it reminded him of Alice Thomas Ellis "I could hear the Wolves of Loneliness baying in to the void of desolation"

Mr X pointed out to Stiff Meat a short strange square brick oven construction to the right, this was a tanning copper used to tan fishing nets, lines & clothing. Ed Sheeran was not the first famous person to come down to Dungeness, as the Trail came up to the next View Point, which was outside of 'Prospect Cottage' a former fisherman's hut, it is a black wooden construction with distinctive bright yellow window frames.

This was home to Director, Artist, & Gay Rights Activist Derek Jarman, Mr X couldn't answer what Derek Jarman directed, so, here you are: Sebastiane (1976) Jubilee (1978) The Tempest (1979) The Angelic Conversation (1985) Caravaggio (1986) The Last of England (1987) War Requiem (1989) The Garden (1990) Edward II (1991) Wittgenstein (1993) Blue (1993) [What did Paxo do in the Army? Was that one of his? – Ed] The ornate garden was created by Jarman, it contains plants that don't thrive anywhere else but in the unique conditions Dungeness provides.

The single beach to the left is out of bounds along this section, it a private estate that is still a working Fishermens' beach, to highlight this the Trail passed the Dungeness Fish Shack. There's an eclectic mix of new sea-worthy boats, old wooden skeletal wrecks, more rusty iron winch gears, more tanning pots & a long raised wooden duckboard leading down to the sea, making the way easier than the shingle.

Ahead the Hash could see three large edifices, the newer White Lighthouse, the old short Black Lighthouse now set much further back on the Dungeness peninsular, at one point Paul O'Grady was thinking of purchasing this. Behind both lighthouses & the strange round 'White House' building, sits the huge grey behemoth structures of the Dungeness Nuclear Power Station. There has been no power generated there since 2019 & at the moment the place is being decommissioned, Mr X said he has three cousins that work there & no one knows whether there will ever be a new mini-reactor put in there?

Stiff Meat was going to stop off at the Snack Shack for a coke, but there was no movement from the staff, so he continued on when Mr X said that they were almost at the end of the Trail as he marked the way off down Rail Road, a narrow single concrete track that runs for 400 Yards to the old Lighthouse, but after side stepping in to one of the passing point bays to allow a passing motorist by, these two would cut over one last & thankfully small bit of shingle to reach 'The End of the Line' café at Dungeness RH&DR Railway Station.

Awaiting he Pack's return was Gen 'n' Tonic, along with Milf, Mrs Mallett, 3D & Slug, with Sally, headed straight to Dungeness & had disembarked at the terminus some an hour & a half earlier.

They occupied their time with a had a saunter around this section of the Dungeness peninsular to enjoy, with Sally getting a walk down to the sea with the day's Knitting Circle, which in a pooches eyes is always a treat to see. On the shingle beach they could see lots of tents to shade the many fishermen out making the most of the weather.

There was some concern that Canny Cant wouldn't make the 11:30 Train. He had previously relayed a message to the Hare, that he wouldn't rush & if necessary he would get the Train an hour later, for he knew the Trail at Hythe would be marked. But the Hare had prepared properly, he spent the time to walk the Trail, slower than his normal pace, which he admitted wasn't easy, it worked though.

Here in the air-conditioned Café, there was time for most to grab an Ice Cream & a cold drink, here Pebbledash could laugh at Paxo & Pepé le Pew's Knobbly Bobblies! With ice creams eaten & cold fizzy pop taken on board, it was soon time to go to the single platform, then low & behold the figure of Canny Cant came out of the gents. The Hare was happy to find that he had not lost anyone on his Trail. Gen 'n' Tonic was also happy to see him.

The Pack were soon choosing their carriages & seats, Moss Key Toe didn't opt for one of the open sided ones, instead he plumped to join Mother & Lemming again, closing the doors & windows on entering. Lemming would have a sweaty baldie heed by the time the Train had completed the 13.5 Mile trip to Hythe at the opposite end of the line.

Off went the Train on the long loop around the shingle to face the engine in the correct direction. Those lucky enough to be at the front had that enviable pleasure of catching the smoke & smutts from the chimney, Stiff Meat would catch a hit bit of in his eye, something he is not unused to as he is rebuilding a full sized locomotive.

Mother & Lemming were again safe from any smutts hitting them, being sat in their hermetically sealed carriage! On the other hand Pebbledash had different kind of 'smutts' in her carriage & decided to take in the view outside, it was far better than looking at the 'Camel-toe' that Pepé le Pew had developed in the crotch of his shorts [Apologies if you were eating while reading this! – Ed]

There's nothing like a Steam Train to get people waving at it as it passes, so the Hash waved back. Even Whatevershesays was spotted moving his hand just like the late Queen, he even appeared to be 'Amused' as the kids waved back.

The Train arrived back at New Romney, so Mr X poked his head out to see if anyone would get off here, TBT OBE did & was immediately there were deriding calls for him to get back onboard. Turns out he was just throwing some rubbish in the Bin. Of course TBT OBE's brief alighting brought deriding calls of "Stay off of the Train!" from Pepé le Pew amongst others!

There was a change of Engines here, since four usual engines were working today only haul half way of the lines distance, plus there an extra for the Train society trip, something to get the Train Spotters' Juices flowing! [Pass the tissues for Kylie! - Ed] then an announcement of a nonstop express was passing through New Romney on Platford 2, warnings of not placing any body parts out of the carriages had Mr X worried as he knows what the Hash are like. TBT OBE seemed to have a run I with some of the flora, as some flowered plant ended up down the back of his t-shirt.

No. 10 Engine Dr Syn steamed through with its carriages full of Railway Society members. The Southern Maid is a 3 scale of the Flying Scotsman. On the subject of Kentish Maids, Mother is a 'Kentish Maid', hailing from Maidstone, which is west of the Medway River, if she'd been born on the eastern side of the river she'd be a Maid of Kent.

The Men of Kent & Kentish Man division of the County stems from Norman Times when, unlike the Kentish Men who allowed William the Conqueror pass, the Men of Kent refused his movement unless they were allowed to keep certain rights & privileges, the Kent County motto of Invicta mean 'Unconquered'. All of this may explain why Kent was the only County allowed to keep 'Gavekind Law', where all the family inherited equally, including women. Gavelkind was not abolished until The Law of Property Act 1925

The Hash journey resumed, leaving peoples back gardens behind, & as the miles went by the landscape changed to the open flat green area of the Romney Marsh, though at points those with doors open, or in open carriages had to watch the lineside foliage popping into the carriages, everyone knows the nettles don't sting in this heat, but the brambles do rip if they catch unwary limbs that were even slightly outside of the carriage!

A nice journey all the way through to Hythe in the small rocking carriages, cutting through the green Romney Marsh, home to its namesake Sheep that take up a many of the enclosures. The Train stopped, briefly, at Dymchurch before continuing. Time to admire more pleasant sights over Burmarsh of the distant 'Saxon Shore-line' a green tree lined ridge where the sea once ebbed & flowed up to before the Great Storm (More of that later on!)

The sight of the Hagueland Maize Maze could be spotted, beyond this & up on the ridge Saltwood Castle could be seen in amongst a gap in the Trees. Along the way there were various other historic features where there to see, of course being in this section of the Country they are mostly defense related, due to various threats of invasion, one being the Royal Military Canal, which was built to shift troops along its 26 Miles from Sandgate to Rye in Sussex.

On another exposed section of the Saxon Shoreline ridge there was small round Sound Mirror, Mr X would explain that below it on the Royal Military Canal is a replica that has one person speaking on across on the opposite side of the canal, their speech can be picked up by an 'Observer' standing by the Sound Mirror. When Mr X visited this a few years ago, he could see the irony that the specially shaped concaved concrete was made in Germany as it bears a GMBH mark!

Away from inland & over toward the seafront wall, the Dymchurch Reboubt could be seen, a vast sprawling concrete & red-brick defensive structure, near to Hythe Army Ranges. At the moment this 'Live Fire Area' is being used to train foreign troops, which has led to one local moaning about the 'night fire training' which most people would say putting up with this is far better than being struck by missiles at any time!

Even the RH&DR was taken over by the War Office to move pipes for the PLUTO & other D-DAY operations, so, Hercules (a 4-8-2 Pacific Locomotive) was fully-fitted with plate armour, it also had its own anti-aircraft carriages, which shot down at least one German Aircraft! It is said the plane came down too low as they couldn't judge the small scale of the Engine or the tracks! [Imagine the embarrassment of the three surviving Airmen to admit to being shot down by a 'miniature Train? – Ed] After the World War II the was reopened by none other then Laurel & Hardy.

The tracks crossed one last Level-crossing, where the home owners had their washing out, suppose like Kylie the smell of coal smoke engrained by locomotive steam is more than just an aftershave, dare we say its Kylie's aphrodisiac?

The Train line had now became enclosed by the trees of the Royal Military Canal & the back of the homes as the Train pulled into Hythe Station, the end of the line & the Pack could disembark. Trying to exit the station became a bit of an issue for those who had disembarked, the ticket inspector called out that he wanted to see "Tickets for Cheese!"

The evidence the Hash had all paid was needed to be shown, but the ticket was safely ensconced about Milf's body, who was way back by the middle of the Train. Everyone called back down the platform "Milf! Ticket!" - Heaven

knows what the civilians thought about hearing Milf being shouted out?

The situation was compounded when Milf appeared & then conjured up the goods in front of his very eyes, leaving the inspector looking rather stunned! [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Time to exit & have a group photo taken, though one of a Mother in front of a Mother's Day poster took preference & was snapped first.

Photoshoots out of the way, Mr X now explained that this section of Trail would be a marked walking Trail, this would be under large sections of shade, which came as a relief to all. The walk began by crossing over the Pelican Crossing on main gyratory road outside of the Station, heading into the long park beside the Royal Military Canal, a nice gentle wander by the tree-lined waterway that is purely used for pleasure these days.

Out over the eastern section of the one-way system to use the Pelican crossing & take a footpath running behind the sadly shut & boarded up Dukes Head. One last open grassy area exposed to the blazing sun, to nick across the diagonal path on the green, passing a large wooden Grasshopper bench, to reach the Three Mariners Pub, Beer stop one.

Here the Hash purchased the drinks & sat out in the covered Patio Garden of a Pub that doesn't have loud music, flashing machines, but does the basic extremely well with just good old ales, folk live music & TBT OBE's phone 'Pussy alerts' [Calm Down Pebbledash! – Ed] about the old Cat-flaps back in his Hertfordshire Home. [I give up! – Ed]

It's a small world, for as Mother began to explain to an old chap, who was on his own in the area the Hash had taken over, what the Hash was about, but as soon as she mentioned the Hash he said "I used to Hash in China!" & his Hash name was a Chinese one that was almost unpronounceable to Gwi-lows.

On such a hot day Mr X spotted a very ironic traffic sign in the garden, it was the triangular warning for Ice, with the single snow flake on it [Snowflakes! - Ed] Pictures with the Ice warning sign were taken, then Mr X explained that the Trail was heading back to the Royal Military Canal.

Supped up & there was no rush as the Hash knew the next section would be marked & so took their time in moving on to following Mr X's arrows back to the Royal Military Canal, taking in such sights as the light Blue & White 'Tin Tabernacle' corrugated iron Church, then crossing to the Victorian promenade, complete with an old Hut for Boat Hire, the Hash were thankful our very own 'Uncle Albert' in TBT OBE wasn't taking any one out on the canal this day, he was staying a Land-lubber today!

The Trail crossed over the bright blue Victorian wrought-iron bridge, crossing over to the well-kept war memorial, the area is well looked after with lots of colourful flower beds still in bloom. They residents of Hythe satge a very good annual Hythe Venetian Festival on the canal, with all sorts of decorated boats & floats on the canal, as well as various entertainments in the parks & streets.

The Trail would take the Pack by the Memorials to the Navigational Engineers [More commonly known as Navvies! - Ed] two of them with their pick & spade tools of their hard trade, since the entire 26 mile length of the canal was dug out by hand. The canal is designed with turns every so often to allow the corners to be defended in case of invasion by Napoleonic forces, & other potential foes.

As the Trail came around to the main road through Hythe, the Memorial to the Soldiers who manned the canal. Here there are two musket bearing soldiers, one standing up & the other in a kneeling position. It was not thought that the sculptor ever envisaged what would happen next, when Pebbledash reached this point? For she make out she was giving felatio to the kneeling soldier's weapon! [What did Paxo do in the Army? – Ed]

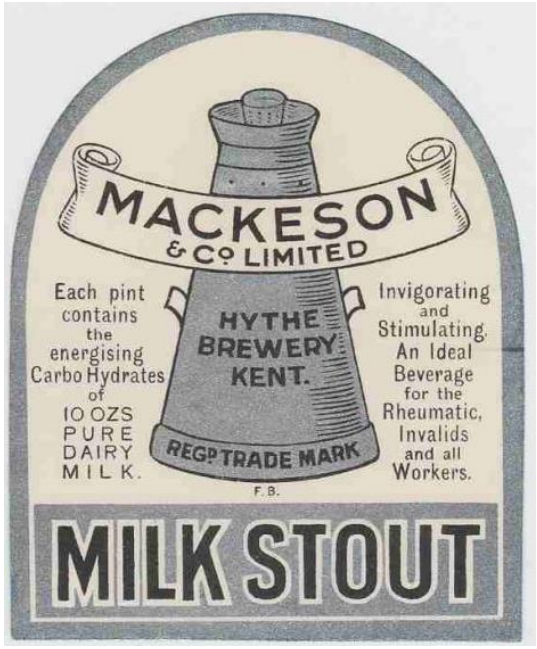
It was a relief to use the crossing on A259 Prospect Road to cut through to almost the end of the High Street, as after the scenic stroll along the canal side, the Trail would head over to the northern & quitter end of the High Street, where he & a few of the Hash would pop into the Potting Shed, one of his favourite Micro-Pubs on the south coast!

Beer Stop two would be the Potting Shed, a former sandwich shop that now just does Ales & Country Wines. Here the Pack took over the place & on the Available Ales Board was Wansum's Black Pig Porter, which the Landlord

was unsure would sell much of this splendid dark Ale in this late heat-wave. But he hadn't counted on the Hash arriving, then when he spotted Mr X presence he said "Ah, that explains it!" with the numbers now filling in his place.

The rest of the Hash, if they didn't want an Ale, were at liberty to explore the High Street at their leisure, take in one of the many Tea-shops, or Bars along the way, it's not the longest of High Streets, but does have an eclectic mix of ancient stone, & old timbered builds & newer shops, the latter builds replaced the bombed out buildings from World Wars I & II.

Hythe is also well sign-posted, another of Mr X's recommendations was to visit St Leonard's Ossuary & Crypt, which also had them passing the Mackeson Family tomb in the Church Wall. For the famous Beer was originally Brewed in Hythe in 1907 to celebrate 240th Year of Brewing in Hythe.



Its distinctive Milk Churn Trade Mark on the label signifies it contains Milk Lactose, it was the first beer to add Milk Sugars which makes it sweeter. Milk Stout was believed to be nutritious & was recommended to nursing mothers & those suffering from Maladies, like TBT OBE, to drink for Stimulation & Invigoration! Established in 1669 by James Pashley the Mackeson Family acquired the Brewery in 1801, it closed in 1968 & production moved.

Back in the Potting Shed & the Black Pig was devine, Mother & 3D enjoyed it too, as several rounds of it were imbibed. Some nipped out to purchase & devour some delicious locally made sausage rolls out in the rear garden, squeezing in between the barrels & the couple of civilians who were having a crafty smoke. As another round came in, Mr X received a call from Crystal Balls, now a resident of the sea-side town, he asking where the Pack were in Hythe?

Mr X explained where they were , then within a shake of a Lemmings Tail, Crystal Balls suddenly appeared out of nowhere, just like the Shop Keeper in Mr Benn. With recommendations of the Black Pig, another round was now being handed around the bar. The Landlord had now had no worries of being left with a barrel of Porter in the heat wave, not by the way the Hash were guzzling their way through, probably at least half. With Ales as good as this, there was no need to check out any of the other Bars down the High Street [Not that they are bad, just lacking a variety of Ales! - Ed]

Sally was allowed to come in & join the Pack, before she, 3D & Slug had an amble down the High Street, it was suggested that she didn't go to the Crypt, not with all of the Human Skulls & tasty Bones stacked up on display.

While the hardcore were supping ales, No Eye Deer, Whatevershesays, Milf, Kylie & Paxo would tour the 700 Yards of Hythe High Street, taking in a tea room for afternoon tiffin, rather than a several pints & sausage rolls! TBT OBE would go about a shopping spree, calling in to the many Charity Shops that can be found on the High Street, like most other towns in the UK.

Our Thrift shop trawler [Or is he a Charity Case? – Ed] managed to bag himself a bargain at the Delmelza Charity Shop, where he purchased a Halloween/Princes/Witch pointed hat, it was hard to work out what the semi-transparent lime green crinoline hat was about, but clearly he liked it. Maybe it was to scare the Trick or Treating kids away from is cat-flaps during Halloween? [It didn't look like the type of thing you would want to get near a naked flame! – Ed] He also picked up a Where's Wally? book somewhere along the line, is that his Herts X-mas (Stich up) Secret Santa?

On the subject of shopping, Paxo was unfortunate when he walked to the Red Lion, that the Miltitaria Shop around the corner was closed [So, no chance to purchase some of his Boar War gear! - Ed] but he did get to view some splendid helmets [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] on display amongst the Brass shells in the old window.

Kylie would complain that the walk up to St Leonard's Church was a bit on the steep side for the old fellah. Mr X was remaining in the Potting Shed for the duration, still being in a slovenly 'I've been out twice on that Trail *in that heat*' mode & reckoned he hadn't been fully refreshed. Plus, he has been in the Crypt several times in the past.

It wasn't long though before No Eye Deer proved that she had successfully managed to climb with ease the short 160 Yard, but steep, back lanes behind the old Town Hall to St Leonard's. She had already posted a picture of

these on the Herts Farcebook Page, & this was picked up while in the Potting Shed. The picture came with comments of the Skulls resembling certain Hashers of My Lil', Paxo, Ketchup & Fliptop!

Eventually the Potting Shed had to reluctantly be abandoned, as time was heading around to the meeting up time at the Red Lion, an easy to find Pub as the local Buses all stop at Red Lion Square, including the now elusive 102 Service.

On the way down the High Street, Mr X was hoping to pop in & visit a former Hasher, Lighthouse of Friends Of the Mole H3 & Westerham And North Kent H3, but it was the wrong week as his 'Click & Stitch studio was in the process of moving down the high Street!

There was time for a couple of Ales before having to walk back by the Royal Military Canal to the RH&DR Station. The Pack obviously elected to sit out in the large suntrap garden, here they could witness a young Seagull, still in its juvenile speckled plumage, demolish the plate of left over chips on a table opposite.

Time to walk back & here the Train enthusiast could witness the Engine being turned around on the Turn-table, so it was now facing toward Dymchurch & New Romney. The turn-table must be well balanced as it takes just one guy to walk it around with an Engine on it. [Kylie would have loved to have given it a caress! - Ed]

The journey back began with the sound of slipping of steam-engine wheels, [Music to Kylie's Ears? – Ed] must have been the extra weight the Hash had taken on in the Bars? Anyhow, the weather didn't seemed to be cooling down at all & the breeze was still a warm one from off of the continent. As the carriages rattled back by the Haguelands Amazing Maze Farm, a large red plastic Train was spotted stuck in a farm hedgerow, no one was quite sure what it was doing there. The Journey was enjoyable all the way back to the Train's termination at Hythe, where the Hare marked short way across the road to the Cardamom Indian Restaurant.

Mr X had sent all of the pre-ordered all the meals over to Ash, who with the rest of the staff had been busy prepping in advance! For the Hash & keep the weekend cost within budget for Mr X, it was a Bring Your Own Alcohol in the Cardomom! The Hash popped in to the nearby corner shop to stock up on Ales & Wine. Everyone settled in, Sally was allowed to sit in with 3D & Slug, which was good as it meant they didn't have to go back to site with a take away, more importantly they did not miss the circle later at the Warren Inn.

As Mr X went through his spreadsheet of meals, he had trouble finding who was having the Chilli Chicken Korai? Turns out he was, as it's the Chef's Specialty Hot Dish, very nice it was & hot too! However, Moss Key Toe would have preferred his Vindaloo to be hotter, but then as Mr X does, you should always got for the Chef's regional specialties & perhaps not a generic name for a hot Curry that is nothing like the Goan original!

There was time for a photo with Ash & the Chef who did a sterling job in feeding the Pack & even bringing out the meals coming out all at the same time. After the excellent meals, it was time to take a gentle amble up to the Warren Inn, unless you were parked up with a boot full of Goodies to be awarded at the Circle, like our Haberdasher Tent Packer. The Circle was called in the garden, where everyone could enjoy the warm sultry early evening.

There was a bit of a hiatus, waiting for TBT OBE to arrive with the trays of Ales for the Down-Downs, as he had to be reminded that he was elected as 'Beer Master' at the last AGPU. Perhaps the fact that he was having too much fun playing on the kids' swing in the Pub garden had deflected him from his duties, Kylie was quick to remind TBT OBE of his Mismanagement position. [It seems that Kylie & TBT OBE both suffer from a collective amnesia, as the Hare Raiser should look at the gaps in the Hareline? – Ed]

The Circle start in earnest with Pepé le Pew & Pebbledash being summoned forth by Fliptop, he was there for completing 200 Herts Runs for which he received his hat, as soon as he donned his headwear there were calls of "No hats in the Circle!" which led to Pepé le Pew claiming he had Fliptop's permission to wear the celebratory item, it still didn't stop the chorus of groans.

Mr X was called out for being the Day's Hare on a magnificently warm day, but more importantly he would stay there to receive his 1500th Jacket, which he was assisted on being dressed with by our Tent Packer (our Haberdasher) who was doing his best impression of a Theatre 'dresser' [Ooh just call me Dear Larry, luvvie! - Ed].

As Mr X was ably helped into the American College style jacket, he was serenaded by some of the Harriettes who were older enough to remember the theme tune from the 1970's Happy Days TV programme. Talk about 'Jumping the Shark!'* - Ed] Mr X did a twirl to show off said new Hash jacket, as Tent Packer pointed out the Herts Hash logo on this

had our Hert's Hart wearing a Royal Stewart Kilt, plus the back had the picture of an Beer with the legend "Holy Ale" in an art-deco Belgium Beer Style on the back.

As well as a new Herts Kit Bag, Mr X was also presented with a bottle of Pusser's Rum (Purser), once a staple of the Royal Navy, which came along with is known in the Royal Naval Rum as a 'Tot'. This copper, silver lined, imperial two gills measure was used to create the Daily Measure of 'Grog' the Navy's allowance of Four parts Rum to two gills of Rum, these were handed out to the crew every morning & afternoon. Pure Rum was only dispensed on very special occasions, like Royal Births, or at the Victory at the Battle of Trafalgar! The last daily Rum Ration was dispensed in the Royal Navy in 1970.

He was joined by No Eye Deer & Kylie as they received bright green shell-suit jackets to celebrate the completion of their 500 & 500 Herts Trails respectively, to resemble like two of Harry Enfields Scousers (Minus the moustaches). With all of the Run numbered Celebrants having been celebrated, Mr X was now brought forth, donning his stole & take over the RA-ing duties.

On Mr X's long list, sorry if you were left out, & in no particular order, were: Canny Can't for being the last one Inn on the first 'Running Section' of the Saturday Trail. There was even a Down-Down for Jolly Old Whatevershsays, who was spotted merrily waving at the civilians from his Train carriage. Mother was called out for being duped by My Lil' in to thinking the caravans had limited hot water, he joined her for setting her up in the first place.

While on the subject of going's on within Mr X's van, Moss Key Toe was out for locking himself in one of the toilets. Lemming would be call 'front & center' for leaving the shower & then parading through van with a small 'Hash towel' that was no more than the size of a face-flannel, or a Kylie suggested a loin-cloth! All of which was too close to Mr X as he tried to eat his breakfast!

Ketchup was out for his 102 bus adventures & experiences in his attempt to reach to the venue! Lost Property was next, with the mention of 'Hats' Lemming looked on nervously, but the owners of the two Hats one of the type that Elephants have eaten & pooped out they are that indestructible, were Milf & Kylie! TBT OBE was awarded his Down-Down for his phone pining, which was an alert to let him know that the old 'Cat-flaps' were now all shuit up for the night! [Take that as you will! – Ed]

Also joining TBT OBE was Stiff Meat for suggesting the use of bustimes.org for the Hash, when Mr X can hardly get them to use t'internet to look at the Herts Receding Harline!

There was a sudden change in the Circle as Mr X was called out by Pebbledash, Mr X now placed his stoll around Pebbledash's neck to give her authority to tell the tale, relating to an incident with what could have been a wedding anniversary arriving in their cars outside of one bar, followed by a slight mistake with not reading the situation, leading to cross wires & a comment about Lesbians as two women exited the vehicle, which was overheard by a couple of civilians who declared in a Lady Bracknell style of *"What did you say about Lesbians?"*

In his defence the RA quoted Barbara, in the Royle Family episode with Jim's Birthday, she says "I don't care if they are Straight, Gay or Australian, I treat everyone the same!"

The Circle was 'Stood-down' & Hashers could finish their Drinks before beginning to walk back over to the Site's Club House, on the way back Pepe le Pew had now spotted the party balloons adorning the stone pillars either side of the entrance to Marlie Park, thinking that these were for the Hash! Meanwhile Kylie was shocked at the prices of the Lodges on display that you can purchase.

The plan was to watch the Rugby, but there were kids' events on, as well as your Traditional Holiday Camp Bingo, all of which meant that the Rugby commentary couldn't be heard over on the screens to the back end of the Club. It was believed that Paxo stayed on for a bit of 'Housey! Housey!' with his 'dabber' in hand, [Now, now Pebbledash! – Ed]

So, it was back to the individual vans where England put on their best performance of the tournament so far & Mr X enjoyed shots of his newly acquired Pusser's Rum to celebrate the win with. Meanwhile Where's Wally? Sat outside the front door of Mr X's van to enjoy a smoke & a bit of Drum 'n Bass on his small mobile discotheque machine.

An earlier than normal night, well compared to the wee hours of Euro Hash & UK Nash Hash that Mr X had experienced in the last few weeks. It was nice not to have an early start, for most, except Mr X [Null est redemptia! – Ed] who was up at 07:00Hrs to go out & set the Sunday Recovery R*n.

The Streets of New Romney would now be adorned with a set of Orange arrows to go with the Green & White ones, the locals could have been confused as to whether these were the colours of the Republic of Ireland Tricolour, or those of Côte d'Ivoire if viewed from the other direction.

Anyhow, Mr X returned in time for Breakfast, & witness My Lil' having some fun with the toilet doors in his van, firstly everyone now knew that if you didn't firmly close single loo door & then lock it, it would eventually swing open, as Moss Key Toe Found out. So, My Lil' now placed his foot against the firmly closed loo door that Moss Key Toe had carefully double checked was shut. A few firm shakes [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] then a wristy Rattle [Pebbledash! - Ed] as the handle was given finally a good tug..... [I give up Pebbledash! - Ed] & then one of My Li's size nine's was removed for Moss Key Toe to make his grand, flying entrance.

Worse was to come when Mr X left the shower room, in an act of revenge on Lemming's earlier shocking walk from the shower, with a very small Worthy Winchester UK Nash Hash towel at the front, & what can be described as open hospital gown back, that left nothing to the imagination [Except for Pebbledash! - Ed]

It then degenerated further, a bit later on, as he reappeared in his zebra Oddballs briefs, & he explained they matched his zebra Viking outfit from UK Nash Hash. Mother, Lemming & Stiff Meat were aghast when he said these zebra pants were one of the best buys ever, as he now only has half the skid marks at a the average Hash weekend!

There was still lots of Stiff Meats meat to be eaten, then he had a shower as Mother hadn't used all of the hot water in the tank, a quick change & it was ready to Circle up by the Club House. It is amazing how well the Hash Scrub up, as most looked fairly Chipper as the gathering Pack were joined by Happy Feet & one of the Grand Children in a buggy.

There was an audible relief from the Pack when Mr X said that the Trail would have short cuts & one big one when it split in two at the halfway point, the long Trail would have the Pack back within the hour. Something of a relief for again it was up in the high 30's & not much in the way of clouds in the clear blue skis.

It was the same old start on a now well-worn route, heading southward once out of the site entrance, but this time a CHK was found just opposite the Plough. Here the Keenies searched the three options, with the Main Road being ruled out by a T, so it was soon narrowed down to two.

The central option of heading away down Fairfield Road was the correct choice, a nice shaded trot along the quiet back street, the cooler stretches encouraged more to run today than in the heat of the exposed Dungeness Trail. No doubt the early bedtimes assisted in the Pack being Bright-eyed & Lemming–Tailed this morning?

From a CHK on Fairfield Road, the Trail ran off down Walmer Lane to find the next CHK, meanwhile an SC was marked back on Fairfield Road as the FRBs picked up Trail south-westward on Rolfe Lane, making their way up a slightly raised footpath to come down to a CHK by the corner with Craythorne Lane.

While some went wrong further down Rolf Lane, the Trail was picked up just beyond the local School entrance to emerge back onto Fairfield Lane & followed the Knitting Circle on behind the local Sainsburys. A CHK was found by the short & narrow George Lane bedsides the Sainsbub's car park, but no Trail down there, just the sight of the Ship Hotel which sits directly across the High Street.

Further along the olde worlde part of New Romney & a CHK was located by the entrance to the southern half of the Fairfields Park on the southeast. The Keenies were led around three of the four sides, with flour marked on the Horse Chestnuts around the perimeter.

Those who followed the Hare would have a go at the Human Sundial & amazingly we had plenty of Sunshine & even a couple of Hashers we could pass off as Human? Tent Packer was now a 'right Gnomom', as he stood on the stone that allows the person to become the Gnomon, which is upright part of a sun-dial that casts the shadow.

Now, it should have come as no surprise that our human Gnomon cast his shadow between the nine & ten stones set in the numbered semicircle, it was impressive when you had to bring British Summer Time in the equation. No Eye Deer went back to have a go at also being a Gnomon, after Mr X had pointed this out.

The Trail left the green, passing by the old stone medieval building before taking to New Street, for a few yards to reach a CHK by the side street of North Street, for some reason the likes of Moss Key Toe & Door Matt came back from the correct route toward the High Street.

My Lil' fell for the Falsie straight on, so had to be called back as Mr X marked the Trail through to where double arrows pointed the way over toward the local Chinese takeaway, what was the Victoria Pub many years ago. A short trot on the short backstreet to find a CHK where it joins the old Church Lane.

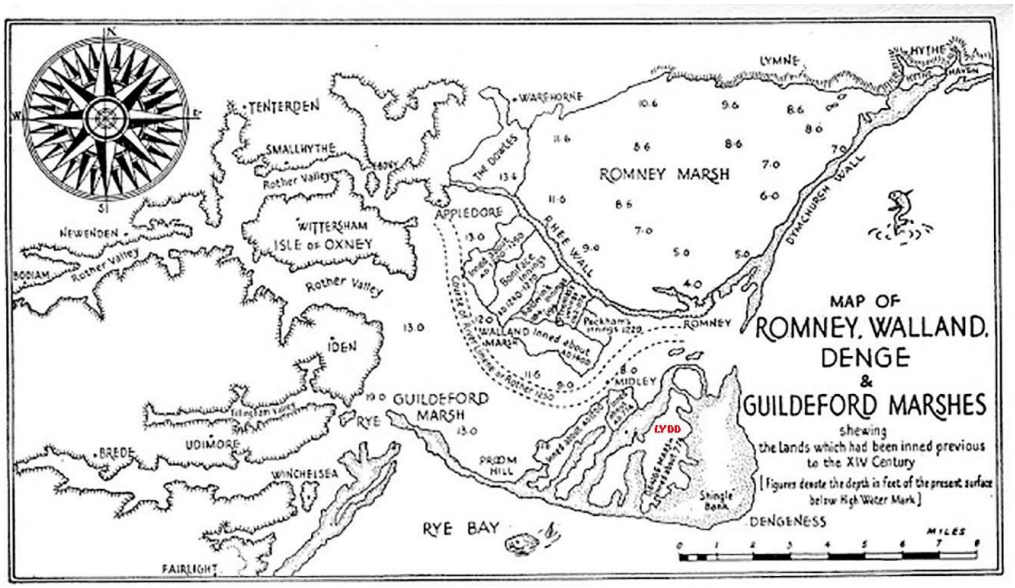
The Pack all advanced down toward St Nicholas Church, on what is now an ancient back street, when Mother picked up Trail beyond the local Fire Station & across from the Church, by a small green space was the Held CHK. Time for a sweet stop by the remembrance garden, with Tommy Benches & two memorials, one being dedicated to Burma Star Association.

Whatevershesays had earlier pooh-poohed Mr X's history of the confederation of Cinque Ports, a historic group of coastal towns in south-east England, predominantly in Kent & Sussex. The name is Old French, meaning "five harbours", alluding to the original five members (Hastings, New Romney, Hythe, Dover and Sandwich). At its peak in the Late Middle Ages, the confederation included over 40 members. There are now a total of 14 members: five "head ports", two "ancient towns" and seven "limbs"

The confederation was originally formed for military and trade purposes, they may have been an alliance back under Edward the Confessor [Ted the Grass as he is known in St Evenage! – Ed] but is now mostly a ceremonial position with former Lord Wardens of the Cinque Ports including Sir Winston Churchill & Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

However, some of the Cinque Ports are now landlocked. Mr X pointed out the difference in the level of the St Nicolas' Church entrance & the higher ground level, he explained that the Church had not sunk, but after the Great Storm of 1487 the course of the river Rother was moved some around 9 miles westward to flow into Rye.

The resulting silt, shifting of the shingle headland & change in Landscape meant the Cinque Port of New



Romney was now landlocked with the silt raising the level of the ground around the Church. There is now about a mile of land between it & the briny! He then added that later in the Trail there would be an 'iCHK', for an information stop. So, before 1287 Stiff Meat could have rowed down to Romney!

The Keenies, surprisingly most of the Hash continued with the whole Trail, leaving the Knitting Circle to head straight down Churchlands as directed so by the Hare. Meanwhile the rest head eastward, down the old lane that head out on to the edge of the marsh toward the RH&DR line, but they wouldn't go that far. Happy Feet set off that way but was called back to the CHK on the corner of Wiles Avenue

The Trail would now weave its way on a convoluted loop around the backstreets & cross the dyke [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] & on to Churchlands, where the Knitting Circle had already walked down.

The Keenies now found the 'iCHK' where they could read the plaque at the back of the Ship Hotel on how this was the Quayside, before the Great Storm & the sea came up to this point on the river's estuary! The sea is now 1.18 Miles away!

There was time to go back, shower [If you had enough hot water & Mother hadn't squandered it all! – Ed] Change & then go over for the Circle, followed by Sunday Lunch. Over at the Warren in & Lemming, as he can, convinced Stacy (Behind the Bar) that Mr X was a real Priest, as he was wearing his RA's stole, this was compounded when Mr X replied to Lemmings request of "Come over here Father!" & Mr X replied with a 'Certainly my son!"

Some of the Hashers laughed at the spoof picture of the Rolling Stones in the gent's loos, which was drawn a quite a few years back & depicts the stones in their old age, trouble is a lot of it is kind of up to date

Time to Circle up & as the Pack did, they eyed up the large leg of lamb Sunday lunch that went by to the civilian who had ordered this, it was huge which led Mr X to say that there were only three more as the sheep would have had four legs, it was chance for those who hadn't seen the meals here to know what they were getting in quality & portion size [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed] Pebbledash had challenged Pepé le Pew earlier into going for the leg or shoulder of lamb.

The Circle was accompanied by piped music to the garden, the HGM & RA would have to talk above this. Things started off with Mr X to being awarded for the short recovery Run, & more importantly for organizing the whole of tis successful weekend [Especially the weather! – Ed]

Stiff Meat was called out & the RA produced the said stiff meat that TBT OBE had been vigorously waving in the local Sainsburys, which was impressive for being a Veggie, sorry Veretarian [Since proved when TBT OBE had a bacon roll for breakfast but then made a fuss about having a vegetarian dinner at a Golf weekend! - Ed]

Circle out of the way it was time to dine. Mother thought that with 16 all booked for Sunday lunch, sat at one long line of tables, that she should be "Special' by wearing one of the Reserves signs [Makes a change from Superduper as in her & Lemmings Superduper SOD OFF Hash shirts, something that both My Lil' & Mr X would be the proud recipients of more gifts by the end of the weekend! - Ed] & while the Pack tucked into the huge platefuls of the excellent dinners, Moss Key Toe had returned to the van to cook himself his own Sunday Roast, but there would be one issue, he dropped the Caravan key in the cab of his van. Could he find it, could he f*ck! So, he used Mothers route of entry & went in via the open window in order to cook his lunch!

Mr X's new Hash organising Hat?

Mr X now calculated the ratio of Hashers entering his accommodation Unit was now 75% utilizing the front door, while 25% using one of the open windows! Moss Key Toe would now be temporarily renamed Loss Key Toe, which was apt as only later back in Herts he found it in his Hash shoe, but in the meantime he had to pay a £20 deposit to get a spare key for when the rest returned home, before heading back out to New Romney.

While some headed off home, Mother, Lemming, Stiff Meat, Mr X & My Lil' were amongst those staying on an extra day, including Where's Wally? & TBT OBE, with Mr X now being able to relax with no more organization to carry out!

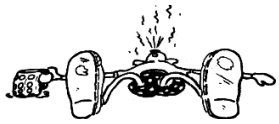
The first port of call was the Smugglers Tavern, since being a Micro Pub it closes at 16:00Hrs on a Sunday, which left Lemming, Mother Mr X, My Lil' & Stiff Meat to have a couple of quick pints before moving on down to the Ship, where they would enjoy a Late Red, since this, like the Warren inn, is a Shepard Neame Pub [The locals call it Sh*t & Scream, they also call The Bishop's Finger Ale 'The Nun's Delight'!! –Ed] before heading back to enjoy some slices of Stiff Meats stiff meat. [Yes it brought a tear to my eye as well ! – Ed]

Monday morning, Mother was astonished when Mr X opened up one of the fitted Livingroom cupboard which had gone unnoticed by Mother, until Mr X grabbed a broom & swept up the grass cuttings on the floor, something Mother had done the day before by bending over & using a dustpan & brush. Then there was another shocked expression, as the pile of grassy dirt was aimed toward Mother & Lemmings bedroom door that Mr X was now holding open with his other hand!

While at the secret cupboards, Mr X kindly pointed out to Mother where the boiler was, one of those instant hot water ones, none of that immersion heater nonsense! Soon it was time to head off to get some breakfast in Dymchurch & drop some gear of at another caravan site for Mr X to pick up later on the next weekend, he went off with My Lil'. Lemming & Mother.

Meanwhile Stiff Meat was given a lift right to his doorstep, as Moss Key Toe had to drive down his home street on his way to a job! All in all a great, unforgettable weekend, made by the weather & the attendees, so, many thanks from Mr X, No Eye Deer & Kylie.

*The idiom "jumping the shark" or "jump the shark" is a pejorative that is used to argue that a creative work or entity has reached a point in which it has exhausted its core intent and is introducing new ideas that are discordant with, or an over-exaggeration of, its original purpose. The phrase was coined in 1985 by radio personality Jon Hein in response to a 1977 episode from the fifth season of the American sitcom Happy Days, in which the character of Fonzie (Henry Winkler) jumps over a live shark while on water-skis. Henry Winkler actually did perform the jump as he was a waterskier.



ambulance please- yes fairly standard situation. first day of sunshine, drunk too much, got the bin stuck on his head pretending to be a dalek and then fell, jamming his dick in a deckchair...