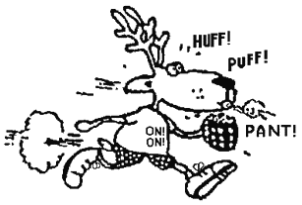


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk

Dear Old Spice,

there are a few issues here worth mentioning about your new 'Guitar Solo' body wash.

1. That's a bass, not a guitar. Big difference.
2. Rarely, if ever, does a bassist ever play a solo, unless his dad owns the P.A. and van and he has a pushy showbiz mum.
3. Not once in recorded history has anyone ever uttered the phrase:

"Gosh, I'd really like to smell more like a bass player. "

Run No. 2128
Date: Sunday 1st December
Venue: The North Mymms Social Club
Location: Welham Green
Beers/Cider: Timothy Taylor Landlord; Butcombe
Hare/s: My Lil'
Runners: 16
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 2
Total: 18
Membership: Admiring Adolf's 'tash

Rail replacement buses were the order of the day for our regular Public Transport users, which was fine if they were going to be on the departing at time that they were scheduled for! Several very full busses passed the Hare & Mr X by at Welwyn Garden City Bus Station. It looked as if they were going to be late for the start of the Trail. However, the day was saved by a guy in a fluorescent top, who was marshalling the busses, for he got these two their very own bus all to themselves, missing out Hatfield to whisk them off to Welham Green.

Things now appeared to be back on track, well they were until some of the drivers thought it better to move their vehicles, after reading the signage warning the spaces behind the Social club are reserved for the use of the adjacent Memorial Hall. The large Nissan Hut style Memorial Hall was open, but the couple in there were only cleaning up after they had finished with their event.

Finally, around 10 past the hour, Paxo managed to call the Circle to order. It was the normal Herts Markings, Short Cuts & a Sweets Stop, then as the Pack were ushered away over the road Mr X was handed some plasterboard to mark the Long Trail with!

Mr X now picked up Trail heading off down Delsome Lane at the right-hand fork in Station Road. He led the way down toward the main Dixon's Hill Road, which bisects the village almost in two, however, when he reached the junction with Somers Road an arrow turned the direction of the Trail to the northeast.

Setting off down this urban road a Great Aunt & Uncle of his used to live on, Mr X was turned again, before reaching their old house, for the Trail would lead down the hedged-in passageway to the northeast of the Village Green. Following on were Diamond Geezer & Moss Key Toe, both failed to notice that Mr X had squeezed by the abandoned black wheelie-bin on the footpath, then cut back via an acute turn to take to the arcing footpath running through the green, perhaps it was the fact that on the cold damp morning Mr X was wearing his black Hash gilet, & not the usual brighter coloured Hash Gear, he was almost heading back toward them.

After this cheeky loop around & through the green, Mr X followed the Dust down to Dixons Hill Road, where things continued over to the section of Delsome Lane, opposite where the shops are, passing the local garage to reach the First CHK of the day.

Two options, to continue north-westward on the lane, or search northward up a narrow back-passage between various back gardens to emerge out on to Vincenzo Close. Named after one Vincenzo Lundardi, who, at 15:30Hrs on September 15th 1784 landed his hot air balloon in Welham Green, to hand out a cat, after the feline was sick, before resuming the first English hot air balloon voyage from The Artillery Grounds at Moorfields, London to finish at Standon Green End, Thunderidge in Herts.

Anyhow, the Keenies picked up the odd blob of flour up the back-passage, with Moss Key Toe & Diamond Geezer being the first across the road to the continuation of the snicket but the Trail would now disappear, much to the Hare's disgust. At the 90° turn the Trail was missing, as was the CHK by the dog waste bin a few yards around to the northwest.

Here there only two options, carry on searching to the northwest like Moss Key Toe & Mr X, or take the opposing 90° turn into the close like Diamond Geezer, but neither seemed to have any Trail as there was no calling when 3D & Slug arrived with Sally. But, before they could turn & retrace their footsteps, the Hare appeared on the scene & he was bemoaning that the Trail having been kicked-out.

Moss Key Toe did eventual find some intact Trail, once the narrow snicket had turned to almost due north, then after almost 90 Yards it emerged out on to Huggins Lane, here the Trail was found obvious next section of the straight passage between the larger properties in the north of Welham Green, which meant the Hash were not going by the small monument to Vincenzo Lundardi at Balloon Corner, at the other end of Huggins Lane & named so to honour the brief Balloon landing.

120 Yards later the Keenies arrived out on to Pooleys Lane, where the Trail turned east by northeast toward the back of the local Industrial estate, but before reaching the large grey units a CHK was found. Away to the north was a wide

track, running all the way to South Hatfield, this could have led to an option of the Trail turning anti-clockwise & being taken back over Angerland Common, & so Diamond Geezer was called back from searching further around Pooleys Lane when Moss Key Toe & Mr X found Dust toward south Hatfield.

Things changed when Moss Key Toe & Mr X ran on to the T, turning back to find Diamond Geezer, 3D, Slug & Sally all following on behind on this long Falsie. Back to Pooleys Lane & here Mother was having issues of her own, as Buster suddenly wasn't keen on moving & having a sit-down protest, so she had to pick him up for a carry him for a bit, as Mr X marked the CHK toward the Marshmoor Industrial Estate.

Buster's little paws began to work again as the Trail took to a clockwise loop around Huggins Lane, as he & Mother ran along with Mr X, who was offering words of encouragement to the little pooch. Before completing a whole circuit from where they came out of one back-passage, double arrows pointed the way over to Puttocks Drive, which Mother misconstrued as Mr X calling it Buttocks Drive [Seems Pebbledash isn't the only one with a dirty mind? – Ed] Here, after 80 Yards another clockwise trot began, taking the Keenies around to the south-eastern bend in the round drive, here another snicket lay in wait.

While the FRBs were led around on a merry chase, the Knitting Circle took a more direct route, where they could appreciate the inflatable decorations on some of the Welham Green residences, however, some little kids may be frightened by the sight at one home, it was that of a T-Rex eating a present, or even worse the sight of Santa & his sleigh appearing to being dragged over the end of a front door balcony, by the two semi-erect reindeer [Nope, not that Pebbledash! – Ed] a plunge about to bring down Santa, pressies & all to their doom! [Don't panic kids! This wasn't the real Santa, who we will be seeing at the X-mas Weekend in January! – Ed]

Meanwhile on one back street, Mother & Mr X now passed by a Fishmonger's van that pulled up by them, this prompted Mr X to tell Mother of how years ago, in his local Pub, there was one local drunk guy who always shouted out to 'Super-cockle' (the local sea-food seller) "Got any crabs on yer cock?" Every time the poor sod came into the Bar. He did this in a way that Pebbledash would have been proud.

Mr X, Mother & Buster now made up the rear as they popped out of the back-passage [No, Pebbledash! - Ed] to turn easterly on to Dixons Hill Road, where passing the front of the industrial units they would reach a point that the Trail crossed over the road, now to lead up over the railway bridge, here Slug, 3D & Sally could be seen disappearing over the arch of Marshmoor Bridge across the tracks at Welham Green Station.

Once over the crown of the bridge, more arrows were found & these pointed the way down Foxes Lane to the southeast, passing by the Travellers site with its noisy barking dogs, then on to the tree-lined by-way. Here was the start of the wet section that the Hare had warned the Pack that they would get wet soaked, yet it began as a steady trickle of water underfoot. Mr X did say that the local Area is known as Marshmoor to the east & Water End, with its swallow holes [No Pebbledash! – Ed] to the west, which gives away why it's so wet around these parts.

After a fairly easy start, the track became water-logged ruts of Shiggy. Most of these could be side stepped, but as the serpentine route progressed the Shiggy became deeper, with the tracts of water wider & longer. As the By-way moved further out between the fields the water became more of a stream, seeping out from the fields & in some quantity.

Mr X, Mother & Buster made good progress in catching up with Slug, 3D & Sally, especially now as the going had to slow to a careful walk due to the depth of the water flowing across the bend that seemed to be forming an oxbow in the waters route. Slug nearly went a cropper wading through the deepest section of water, having seen Slug's predicament [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] ahead of him, Mr X decided to move further over than where Slug tenderly stepped but only to find this was even deeper & going down knee deep!

Mother & Buster, who unlike Sally, didn't have long enough legs [Buster's legs & Not Mothers! – Ed] to wade through. So, as Mr X waited for them, Buster was lifted up for the second time on this Trail as Mother negotiated the deep water & the couple of large rocks hidden beneath the water's surface.

Safely over, Buster was happy to run again as Trail had been marked at the elbow in the tree-lined route, so the back markers could now ignore searching straight on out over the fields toward the Great North Road, instead they turned southward for a further 240 Yards between the trees to come out on to the dead-end of the tarmac section of Foxes Lane. Finally a section with no water Shiggy for the next 230 Yards, as they caught up with Milf, Paxo, Lemming & Kylie.

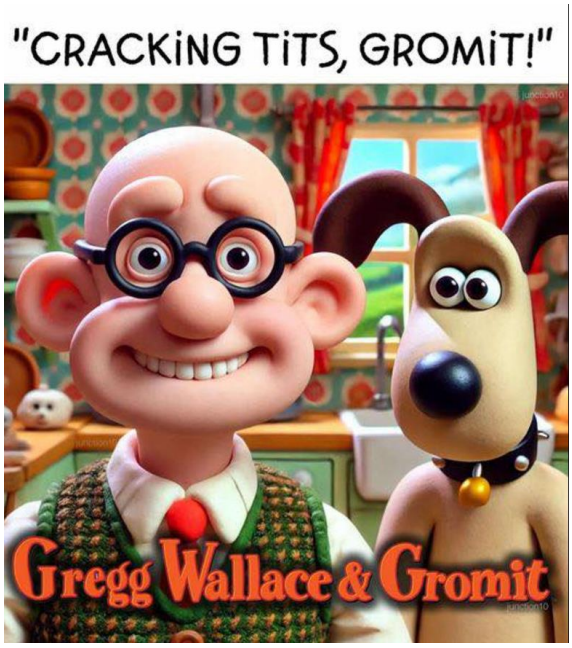
Karlo, Moss Key Toe, Canny Cant, Diamond Geezer & the Hare were found at the regroup & Sweet Stop, located by a footpath away from the local Small Holding [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Mr X soon noticed that Tent Packer was missing, he was told that he, Mrs Mallet & Gen 'N' Tonic had turned back earlier in the Trail, which was music to his ears as after handing around the Henry Hippo (Think Percy Pigs from Marks & Sparks) the Hare produced a bag of just blue & pink Aniseed Buttons. Heaven for some.

Allowed to resume the search, the options had already been narrowed down after Moss Key Toe had earlier ventured off on to the footpath over the fields toward the Great North Road, so the Keenies headed off further along Foxes Lane for 230 Yards until reaching turn toward the south a then CHK at the T-Junction where it joins Bulls Lane.

At first Mr X & Diamond Geezer went wrong, heading south-westward back toward Welham Green, & they were called back as Moss Key Toe, Mother, Karlo & even Kylie headed away in to the opposite direction, leaving Paxo, Slug, 3D & Sally, Canny Cant, Lemming with Buster, all to go along with the Hare in the direct route back Inn!

For the Keenies there would be a further 680 Yards along gently snaking Bulls Lane to the east, coming out to a CHK on Bell Lane, as it runs from north behind the Cock of the North [Calm down Pebbledash! – Ed] Pub & the next-door Steak House, to the trot southward for 300 Yards in to the hamlet of Bell Bar. There was no CHK at the point by the start of the west bound footpath, just dust leading into eastern end of 'The Legg' plantation.

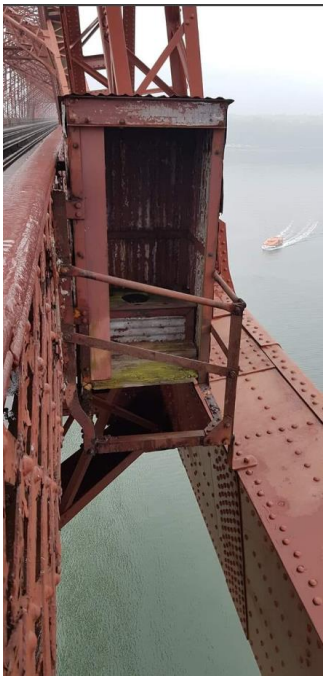
The FRBs would now embark on a long old trot, making their way through the inside of wooded plantation of the 'The Legg', as it moves north-westward, then emerging to run westward along the outside of the tree-line. There could have been a CHK around halfway, as there is a footpath back over to Bulls Lane between the two large fields, but Dust carried on beyond the separating hedgerow, moving along the outside of the northern edge of Peplin's Wood.



It was out in the open that the drizzle began again before the Trail finally left the edge of Peplin's wood & up to Bulls Lane in the north. But before reaching the edge of the lane, the Trail left the wet grassy meadows & had one last tract of deep Shiggy by the end of the horse paddock.

To make the going even harder the FRBs had to duck under a large fallen tree bough over the Shiggy wayto reach a small footbridge that would cross a stream, then take to the westerly footpath that runs along the bottom edge of Bulls Lane & beside the horse paddock to the south. The original Footpath actually ran through the equine paddock, but was rerouted when the railway bridge it used to pass under was filled in.

After 420 Yards on the easier of muddy footpaths, the Trail would emerge out on to Bulls Lane, where it passed beneath Skimpans Bridge to enter the south end of Welham Green. Here, just after the bridge, the Trail had been marked with a Short Cut straight on along Bulls Lane, with the Long Trail heading away southward, on a footpath beside the Railway & along the paddocks to the west. The Trail would turn before reaching the point the original footpath would have emerged from under the railway.



The route would now weave its way through some of scrubby wooded areas of Skimpans Farm, moving up by the sports ground of North Mymms Youth Centre, to come out by St Thomas Moore Church, with one final turn to head nor-northwest up Station Road & On Inn.

The Pack settled in, with Paxo acting as doorman with the RDF Key to let the Keenies in when they arrived, & on entering the Social Club the FRBs found that the Knitting Circle were almost one pint up on them! The Buttcombe went down well, as the Pack warmed up & changed into dry clothing.

The Circle was called, before the football began. The Hare was rewarded for a good Trail, which would have been better if the weather was kinder. Slug was out for almost coming a cropper, he was joined by Mother for lifting Buster up as she waded through the deep water, where poor Lemming had to go through on his own! Moss Key Toe was out for Money Laundering of a £50 note as he paid Mr X for his Adult Panto Tickets. Most of the Hash had not seen such a high valued bank-note!

There were some funny old conversations, including strange places to go to the toilet, which led to the one on the Forth Rail Bridge. [See the picture to the right! – Ed] all followed by some fun with a black comb & Kylie's hair style resembling that of 'On the buses' Blakey or Adolf Hitler!

The Circle disbanded, after Mr X informed the Pack that as Guest & not members, there was a £2 fee to pay, some wanted to get their two pounds worth of the low priced Ales by staying on to carrying on drinking, which was accompanied with several rounds of very nice Cheese & Biscuits, before the last of the Hash finally left.