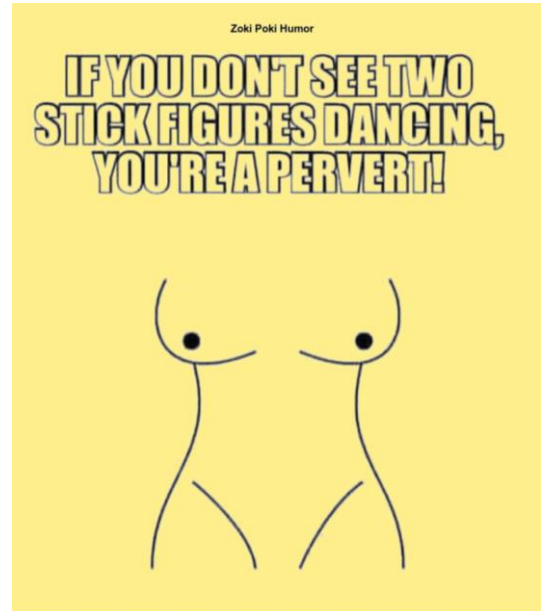
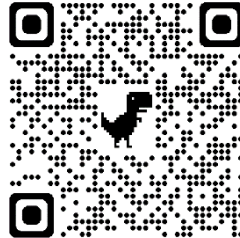


Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk



Run No.2000th Weekend
23-25th Sept 2022
Venue: Letchworth Garden City RFC & Garden City Brewery
Location: Letchworth Garden City
Beers: TT Landlord,
Hare/s: Mr X & My Lil'/ Pepé le Pew/ No Eye Deer
Runners: 44
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 2
Total: 47
Membership: Double Millennials!



In these recent strange times, for quite a while the H⁴ Mismanagement debated on whether we could or should stage a 2,000th weekend? Would covid strike again? Could we expect anyone to travel to visit if another Lockdown was imposed? Would caterers & venue honour bookings if it failed to take place? It was a mental tussle, but in the end we decided to go with a 'low-key' event, £40 would ensure a venue, free gift, *some* free drink & food, then the rest was pay as you go!

For those who have been with H4 for enough years, Herts Hash were founded around the same time as Glasgow H3 (Founded 26th August 1985 - Sat 24/Sun 25th Sept '22 R*n Nos.2000/2001, & when Essex H3 started running (2nd December 1984 - 3rd Oct '22 R*n 1945) we soon discovered that we'd have numbered events where the three Hashes would clash on a regular basis, or follow on consecutive weekends in the good old days! This time around only Glasgow would clash as Essex came out of Covid a lot later than ourselves & our Weegie cousins.

We also had to deal with finding a venue at late notice, thankfully Mr X managed to get Letchworth Garden City RFC booked with Teresa, as it was available that weekend. No Eye Deer sorted the excellent catering, Kylie sourced most of the drinks for the picnic & Down-Downs, Tent Packer the Haberdashery, Fliptop the Music & Pepé le Pew volunteered to Hare the Saturday Trail, on the premise that he would receive a Bright Orange Anniversary Hare's Shirt. Not having to set the Saturday Trail now allowed Mr X to concentrate on other things.

There has been some major alteration to the Rugby Club grounds since our last event there, due to maintenance costs they have now sold off the old pot-holed car park to the local Council Run Leisure Centre, this means there area is no longer fenced off to the general public, so no camping this time around as we'd have needed someone to stay on site all day. One benefit would be we would not have to hosr some 250 registered Hashers we had attend a few years ago for our 21st Anniversary!

It was decided that accommodation would now go along the lines of the last couple of Friday 13th Hash Weekends, it would be book your own Lenny Henry's (PremierInn) or the near to the venue Travelodge, Pay-as-you-go! All systems were now go!

As is a Hash Tradition at larger events, Milf was keen on a Charity 'Red Dress Run' for the Friday. Over the last 20 Years, Herts Hash House Harriers do not send Christmas Cards to each other, instead we pool the equivalent in cash & donate it to a 'Local Charity', since local charities are always 'under the radar' compared to the large National Ones. The Charity for the night would be 'Garden House Hospice' who would supply collection buckets & even a card-reader [It's the future Hash Cash! – Ed], also it's a local Hospice that No Eye Deer had recently raised money by completing a night walk.

Mr X & My Lil' had set the Friday Pub Crawl in Pink Chalk & Pink Flour earlier that afternoon, Lemming phoned Mr X just as the two Friday Night Hares were toddling back toward the Travelodge, were the majority were booked into stay over the weekend. Then there was an invite from Oral Sex to join her in Room 404 102 [Sorry, that was a Freudian slip! – Ed] for a wee swally!

Mr X would get back in contact with Lemming as soon as he had sorted out Unmentionable & her car park machine fees, then a quick wash & change. More delays, now Mr X was slightly weigh-laid as Wanktlers ambushed Mr X & My Lil' with cans of 'Durdy Brewery' beers from the Borders, one of the Brewers of said Brewery Hashes with one of the Edinburgh H3s, so it was made sure that these beauties were stashed away!



Finally the Hares made the Hotel Bar, where Unmentionable, Fu Manchu, Enter the Dragon, Wanktlers & Stiff Meat formed a small band of Hashers, gathering before they began heading the short distance that a Trail that was already marked around by Aldi & then over the road to the Letchworth Garden City RFC, where Teresa would open the Bar so we could wet our whistles before heading off on the Red Dress Trail. This would also allow those who have not been to the venue before to know the location of Saturday night's party.

The ranks of the Pack would swell at the club house as Dr Doolittle, Vicky Vomit, Tops, Windsock, Mother, Lemming, Milf, Kylie, Stiff Meat, Fu Manchu, Enter the Dragon, Whatevershesays & No Eye Deer all ambled in resplendent in Red Outfits of various styles, the later had brought the Charity Buckets, one was kept by No Eye Deer, the latter one was handed to Milf & the other to Mr X.

There was a cheer of "Big Bird!" as Emu made his entrance, another all resplendent in various shades of Red, he was with Oral Sex & Headless Mullet who were wearing their Red BRAS & Pants H³ logo covered dresses. Milf's was probably the most illuminated outfit with red LED lights in her bright red wig, seems that she can use that again in less than six weeks for the Día de Muertos Trail (Day of the Dead) [& She did! – Ed]

Teresa was impressed by the sight of the Pack's red attire, like the rest of the assembled Hash she was also taken by Wanktler's boobs provocatively protruding from the cleavage of his Red Dress, in fact these extremely pale mammaries were in fact a couple of Melrose Sevens mini rugby balls, he would promise Teresa that she could have them the following day as a raffle prize for the club. [A promise that was kept & the winners would where these had been secreted? – Ed]

Another thing that caught Teresa's attention was the arts & craft style straw tartan like patterned handbag that Mr X wore to compliment his red outfit. He purchased two of these in the charity shop, on his journey in through Letchworth town centre, he would later give these to Headless Mullet & Oral Sex to take back north of the border, since they had taken a fancy to the one he had slung over his shoulder.

Time for a couple of pints of TT Landlord before this rouge bunch would set off, though My Lil' wanted to get things underway before the hour was up, fearing the day-light would be gone for the section of Trail that was not lit by street lights.

Wanktlers pointed to the time on his 'Military Grade' watch, that he boasted is set to US Forces 'Zulu Time' [Coincidentally Sparky's watch is also set to Zulu Time, but way back at Rouke's Drift! – Ed] & so the Circle was called by Mr X to explain what the Pack could expect out there on a Friday in Baldock, which is named after the old French for 'Bagdad' as the Knights Templars made it their home after returning from what is modern day Iraq.

With no late comers on site, as far as the sweeping Hare could see, the Trail was marked off to the East of the Rugby Club Grounds, passing out through the gap in the far hedgerow to reach a wide, gritty, old track that the Trail would turn north-eastward as it edges over toward the A1(M), there was a fantastic & apt reddish orange sunset to be admired. The Pack made their way over to the edge of the farm land, eventually running alongside the northbound lanes of motorway before dropping down to a bridge where a eastward turn would lead along an old footpath, known to local Hashers as 'dog sh*te alley'.

The daylight was still hanging on in there as the tail of the Pack advance through the semi-gloom of the tree-lined route, a couple of torches were brought out as Mr X scanned in a searchlight pattern across the path ahead with a beam of light, for he knew that there on one side was large Mr Whippy like brown dog*-turd [*broon dug-turd for our Scottish readers! – Ed] to be avoided at all cost!

Mr X safely escorted Oral Sex, Headless Mullet & Paxo by this brown monster on the footpath beside the local School, shame on the dog-walkers of Baldock! The Pack made it to Weston Way, here street lights were just sparking in to life as the Trail led over to the narrow back-street of Park Street, this little diversion was to take the Pack to a back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] that emerges out beside the White Lion on Baldock High Street to finish the one & a half mile wander.

By the time Mr X arrived it was obvious that the Pack had grown in size, with extra bodies not at the start, 19th Hole, Junior & Snoopy joining the Pack, also here was Des Res who could only make the Friday Night, but as TE Stockwell & Jack Cohen's Company says "Every Little Helps!" Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew were also waiting in the White Lino for the Hash to arrive, here she could show off her new gym inspired figure in her tight Red Dress, some thought they would be able put both their hands around her waist. It was noted that some of the Hashers had tight dresses on for the opposite reason. [Seems that they did shrink in the wash during lockdown? – Ed]

No Eye Deer & Milf performed exceptionally well in shaking their bits with a jingling of their collection buckets, before stopping to have a bite to eat at the White Lion. More would join as the Charity Pub Crawl advanced to head over the High Street to the Cock, of course there were a few jokes about 'The Cock' for Pebbledash's delight.

For Oral Sex, her evening would end early due to an overdose of caffeine on the Train journey down from Edinburgh, in Bonnie Scotland, which left her feeling rather heady this early into the Red Dress Pub Crawl, she would get a taxi back before the rest. Do not worry dear reader, Oral would be back to her normal self in the morning, so, we may have lost one but we would soon gain a few more as Fliptop, Flying solo & Damien were found in the Cock, as Mr X now took up the Charity Collecting Duties, also this was his first time in using the Card Reader!

Now, the card reader was just a plain square white box with a touch pad & display on the front, to turn this on there was a hidden & virtually undetectable button that Mr X said he wouldn't be surprised if this button was nicknamed 'Clitoris' after all of the feeling around he had to do to find it!

There was plenty of interest from the general public as to what the Red Dress Pub Crawl was all about & in aid for, which is good as you are not allowed to approach or accost the general public like a Chugger [Charity Mugger! – Ed] or Hash Cash after a weekly Trail! The public have to engage with the collectors, to ask you what the Charity is about, & selecting this local Charity seemed to hit home with most of the regulars, a few stories were told of some whose relatives who suffered from cancer & had their last days spent in the care of the Garden City Hospice.

An unexpected side to this Red Dress Pub Crawl was an interest in the Hash House Harriers from the punters in the Pubs, as Mr X explained about the (Late) Lady in Red, how she accidentally started this off on her first Hash in the USA & how it became a big Charity Event over the Pond, which has thousands partake & lots of runners who are not Hashers join in.

Those asking about the Charity were also impressed that there were Hashers from as far & wide as Plymouth & Edinburgh amongst our ranks this day, almost covering some of the furthest points on mainland UK. [Truro in Cornwall & Elgin in Scotland are the furthest regular weekly Hashes on Mainland UK, if you were wondering Mr X has Hashed with both? – Ed]

After a nice couple of Pints it was 'On!' again & while some stopped off for Fish & Chips [There are other food establishments to choose from in Baldock! – Ed] along the way around to the Old White Horse, which used to be a favourite regular Herts Hash Haunt when it was run by Winston in the 1990's, back then there where a choice of at least six decent Ales, not to mention the best Caribbean food on offer. Now days it's a Charlie Wells Pub, that specialises in Pizzas & has two Ales available.

Sludge was discovered already imbibing here & the Pack began to bunch up in one end of the Bar with him, but there was a strange atmosphere from some of the locals. All became clear as Mr X arrived with his Charity Collection bucket, he was suddenly approached by a local who demanded that we didn't collect any money for our chosen cause, for Sam Lewis was playing the guitar for in aid of Donations to go to the Isobel Hospice, & very entertaining he was too!

In a bid to prevent any standoff of 'Charity Collection Buckets at 20 Paces' Mr X said it may be prudent to put our collection pots away, Mr X said that he was surprised at there being a 'Charity Double-booking' as when he & My Lil' did a 'wet run' of the Pub-crawl the weekend before, the Manageress didn't mention this at all when they explained our collection was for Garden City Hospice.

The Hash always check these things out as we didn't want to tread on any toes, nor just turn up out of the blue expecting regular punters to part with their hard-earned. When the Hares asked if it was Okay to come I on the Charity Crawl, the Manageress checked her diary to mark our arrival time in. Anyhow, most would only stay for just the one pint of DNA here, unlike the couple of Ales that were enjoyed in the previous Pubs.

Suddenly the Charity stand-off was broken, relief was in the air when they guy, who complained in the first place, put a £20 in one of our boxes [Steady there Pebbledash! – Ed] so the Pack that were still present felt obligated to give up some of their change to the Isobel Hospice. So, all's well that ends well, as Shakespeare wrote.

The Pack moved on to follow the pre-marked over the end of Football Way then to turn as the Trail ran down the Icknield Way, an ancient 170 Mile route that links the Pedder's Way in Suffolk, & as every School kid knows to where Grimes Graves Flint Mines are, to The Ridgeway in Buckinghamshire & through to Wessex.

After 500 Yards the Hash arrived at the Orange Tree, where Skip & Little Hole were awaiting their arrival, the Pack now became spit between the two Bars. While sitting in the Public Bar, Lemming would feel a cold shiver down his spine as he saw that they had Titanic Plum Porter on! Known to the Herts Lads as 'Lemmings Downfall!'

Mr X was happy to see that they also had on Ghandi's Flip-flop, a locally made Cider that is really dry, hence it name. He bought 4 Pints of this to take away for the following week's Herts Hash 'Ghandi Jayanti' Run to Celebrate Ghandi's Birthday on the Trail.

The RA went socialising from one bar to the other & back a few times, so he could chat a little bit to everyone there, taking a sample of the Ghandi's Flip-flop for those game enough to ~~suck on sponge~~ test it out! When 19th Hole arrived there was a slight issue as Snoopy's presence, which didn't go down too well with the Landlord's dog who didn't quite hit it off, so they were kept apart for the duration.

Mr X now turned his attention into Dragooning Flying Solo into making up his face make up for the Saturday 'Space Oddity' night Party as she claimed she's a dab-hand with the old Snazaroo face paints [You'll see if this was true later! – Ed]

The evening, as it does on such times went very quickly & soon Lemming was wanting to go home but this was scuppered when Mr X arrived at Lemming & Mother's Table, bearing the gift of a Titanic Plum Porter.

By the time they had supped up this last round, everyone else had caught a series cab's back, so they did the same with Stiff Meat company to get back to the Travelodge before a tippy Lemming metamorphosed in to 'Cliffy' & then 'Clifford'.

Back at base, only to discover that the Bar in the Travelodge doesn't close until 05:00Hrs, which was fun if you weren't already predisposed for a night cap? [Technically it would be a morning cap? – Ed]

Morning had broken & those having breakfast at the Travelodge were soon joined by a rejuvenated Oral Sex, who had bounced back better than most! And whose last memory of the Red Dress evening was returning early, but later on she recalled hearing from the corridor some wayward stray Hashers repeatedly saying "This way Kelvin!" - for those that don't know Stiff Meat's alter-ego's (Nerd) name is Kelvin, which receptionists regularly mistake for Kevin.

Soon it was time to head over to the Rugby Club for the 2001 Herts Trail, this morning we were joined by Sis, with Teddy, Mother Sucker & Bullshit3, Tent Packer, Flanders, 3D & Slug then a Cheer went up as with impeccable

Sue Brinded
Herts Hash House Harriers

Ref: 87277/CL

21 October 2022

Dear Sue,

Thank you for choosing to support our patients and their loved ones.

Your kind donation of £258.00 has been safely received and we are extremely grateful.

Because of yourself and everyone involved at the Herts Hash House Harriers, we can provide specialist and compassionate care to people living with life-limiting illnesses - such as cancer or motor-neurone disease - and their loved ones too.

That care may be a stay on our Inpatient Unit to ease symptoms, it may be a counselling session for bereaved children or it could be a home visit from one of our nurses giving reassurance to family and comfort to a seriously ill person.

Either way, that stay, appointment or visit could make a crucial difference to someone's life.

Thank you again for your generous gift.

Yours sincerely



Claire Lunnon

Fundraising Coordinator - Individuals & Community



timing as Pie appeared, just as an orange & white liveried Squeezyjet flight passed overhead, then Max Factor & Alfa Male arrived. Mr X could now relax as he wasn't going to be asked anymore "Are the Kids supposed to be coming this weekend?"

It was noticed that Porky Pie was wearing something that looked like a Training bra, when he turned around it was now plain to see that it was holding his phone in the centre of his chest, [Apparently – Ed] so you can record video 'Action-shots' [Did he purchase this from Pornhub to upload something called a 'Moneyshot'? *If*, like this scribe [Cough! – Ed] you are unsure what this is, best ask Pebbledash – Ed]

Sadly there would be no TBT OBE this weekend, he let the RA know by txt message, just before the Circle was about to take place, that he wasn't feeling too well, due to having a sore Head/Finger/Foot/Anus [Please scratch as appropriate! – Ed]

TBT OBE added that his 'paid for room' was now available for anyone to take it over. As if the committee now had the time to send out emails, or Facebook offers at such short notice that Room 101 was available! [Perhaps Kelvin ended up in there over night? – Ed] had far better things to do this morning, like setting up the Port Shots to Toast this auspicious occasion of the 2001 Hash Trail with. [Hoorah! – Ed]

Fliptop called the Circle together, welcoming all to this prestigious occasion, then the Hare was called forward to explain what the Pack could expect out there on the Trail. It was different from the norm as there were no False Trails, which of course was 'carte blanche' for Sludge, & such sweet, sweet music to his ears!

All resplendent in his new bright orange Hare's polo-shirt, Pepé le Pew added that the Trail would be around 10K in length, but those who knew the local area could short cut at any time, the mention of which had Sludge now hearing a fervent rendition of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture in his head! [What an earworm! – Ed]

Pepé le Pew now had to cross out the one-sided flour arrow he drawn out earlier, the one pointing away to the northeast, for his 'Chalk-talk' of educational purposes for the Pack, & especially to introduce Herts Markings to our guests of Oral Sex, headless Mullet, Emu, Enter the Dragon, Fu Manchu, Mother Sucker & Bullshit3, & of course as well as for our very own wandering Sludge's benefit.

The Hare then drew another Arrow with On! On! in the opposite direction, the direction that the Trail would go after Milf & No Eye Deer had pointed out all of these markings could confuse any late comers.

With two or more Port Shots out of the way, it was time to move out over the way the Pack had come in to the Rugby Club, crossing back over the roundabout, where drivers come flying around at some break-neck speeds. It was here that Junior was found ambling up to the club, he was turned back to join the Pack & save him from being bewildered by the altered arrows back at the Rugby Club.

Junior was grasping an open chicken wrap in his hand, or his 'small cock sandwich as Pebbledash would call it! Junior had popped into Aldi for brekkie, he then asked if anyone had seen 19th Hole? As she had preferred to visit the 24 Hour McDonalds, where there was a long queue that would have tried Junior's patience. It was as the Trail went down Avenue One that 19th Hole, with Snoopy, were picked up by the Pack.

As the Trail advanced down Avenue One, the Hare marked out an 'SC' on the pavement which drew an "I thought you said that there were no short cuts?" from No Eye Deer, the Hare's reply was "There aren't, but it makes them feel better to think that there are!" [Psychology on the Hash eh? – Ed]

The Trail would turn onto the aptly named Works Road, there would be a couple of CHKs put into slow the progress of the FRBs, as the Pack would make their way through the more modern end of this extended industrial area, with some seriously nice motor bikes at one dealership that received some attention from desiring eyes, then the Trail moved on by what was the old UMO plant. Doeswhatshesays is our expert on the local espionage, with his MacArthur enquiry.

For those who haven't run by the former Tractor & Truck centre before, or not read the Herts Run Report Trash if they aren't mentioned in that edition, this used to be the Dealership for the Russian Plant Equipment. This would close in the 1980's after allegations, that as well as selling massive Steel Beasts like the BELAZ256B Trucks & Belarus 800 & 820 Tractors, some of the staff had other jobs that were more a kin to Espionage than sales pitches!

Beyond the former 'Reds under the Beds' base, the Trail would eventually lead on to a small wooded area beside the A1(M) here the FRBs of Wanktlers, Porky Pie, Milf, Alfa Male, No Eye Deer, My Lil', Mr X, Stiff Meat, Sludge, Mother, Max Factor, Mother Sucker would all cross over the footbridge spanning the A1(M) to enter the west side of Baldock & the Trail led down to a CHK by the corner entrance to Avenue Park.

Wanktlers was keen on cutting over from the Kids Play area to the opposite south-eastern entrance to the Park, meanwhile Mother headed toward the Club House, then she moved on to where Wanktlers was still searching. Others were called back as Mr X stumbled upon the Trail leading out & down West Avenue (which ironically runs in a southwest direction!)

At the end of the T junction with the Norton Road, Mr X caught sight of Alf Male & others making their way to an alleyway, then disappearing up a footpath that leads through the long narrow elongated burial ground up in to St Mary's. Along the way Stiff Meat stopped to read some of the inscriptions on the really old weathered faded head stones, memorials & tombs.

A CHK was found up by St Mary's Church, where, once the Trail had been picked up, a rather interesting white board was seen. It was dedicated "In Memory of Henry George, son of Henry & Harriet



Brown" 10 Year old killed by falling scaffolding in 1861. [No health & safety back then, surely he'd have been better off up a chimney, like Sparky used to clean as a child? – Ed]

A turn to the northwest would lead a short way down Church Street, before turning at a CHK to lead off down Meeting house lane, in the older, established area of Baldock, once out on to Jackson Street the Keenies would bunch up as the searching ground to a halt, perhaps the previous night's marking confused the Keenies, which meant it took a while to pick up the Trail once more.

The Keenies were all on a loop back around on the Icknield Way toward the Orange Tree again, however the FRBs were not going to go that far today, for the Trail would pass by the same new builds on the former Brownfield site, that they did the last night. Mr X said that the Trail would turn off between these to the old foot-tunnel passing through the embankment for the railway line, sure enough he was correct as Pepé le Pew & some of Paxy's Knitting Circle all came down from the Orange Tree toward them.

A dark, unlit 37 Yards through the embankment via the low arched brick passageway, many & especially Emu ducked as they were taken up this dark, low, old back passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] with great acoustics to shout out "On! On!" in. As the Hash approached the light at the end of said tunnel, the ringing of the echoing "On! On!" diminished as other senses were now overwhelmed by the distinctive odour of the local sewage plant filter beds located at the bottom of the Ivel Springs Nature Reserve.

Milf was happy to take pictures of the Hashers emerging from the gloomy foot-tunnel to find a CHK on the footpath running below the smelly sewage works & parallel to the railway line from Hitchin to Cambridge. Many were now keen to press on with the Trail & leave the whiff of sewage treatment behind them.

It was Flying Solo who found the Trail out toward the (Old) Norton Road as it moves north-westward away to the old Village on the edge of Letchworth, this caught many of the old heads as it was away from the obvious & more picturesque Nature Reserve or by the allotments. The Hare announced that a Held CHK would be coming up very soon, this was just a few yards up the Norton Road in the car park of Baldock Town Football Club.

Here the Hash had the Sweet Stop, which would allow the Knitting Circle to catch up, most in time to hear Oral Sex sing an old Scot's TV Advert [Not available in Englandshire! – Ed] for original aniseed flavour of the famed Coulter's Candy Sweets, a pack of which Wanktlers had brought down from where it is produced in Melrose within the Borders. It was a step up from his 'Soor Plums' he had at one Herts X-mas Weekend, & he was told to hold on to his Plums, as no one wanted those in their mouths [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed], after he brought these sours along last time!

Ally bally, ally bally bee,
Sittin' on yer mammy's knee,
Greetin' for a wee bawbee,
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

Poor wee Jeanie's gettin' awfy thin,
A rickle o' banes covered ower wi' skin,
Noo she's gettin' a wee double chin,
Wi' sookin' Coulter's Candy.

Mammy gie's ma thrifty doon,
Here's auld Coulter comin' roon',
Wi' a basket on his croon,
Selling Coulter's Candy.

When you grow old, a man to be,
you'll work hard and you'll sail the seas,
an' bring hame pennies for your faither and me,
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.

Coulter he's a affa funny man,
He maks his candy in a pan,
Awa an greet to yer ma,
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

Little Annie's greetin' tae,
Sae whit can puir wee Mammy dae,
But gie them a penny atween them twae,
Tae buy mair Coulter's Candy.

The following verse is also sung, at least in Peterhead, Aberdeenshire since before the 1920s:

Coulter's Candy, a penny a lump,
'At's i' stuff tae mak ye jump.
If ye jump you're sure tae fa',
Coulter's Candy, a penny fur a'



Time to move on again & the Trail continued along the scrubby old roadside path, an unofficial one made by walkers to the other end of the scenic Nature Reserve & Equestrian Centre, it was on the way up this that Mr X started to run, but unseen by him there was a little bit of concrete sticking out of the dusty path, his left shoe caught this wee nub & like a 'tip-tackle' he came down like a large sack of spuds, with the impact going up his right arm as he landed on more bits of protruding concrete.

Stiff Meat checked if Mr X was Ok? Then as he readied himself to his feet, the Herts RA knew that there was something wrong as there was a sharp pain running under his right pectoral muscle [Or in plain English his right Moob was ripped! – Ed] Up ahead, over the A1(M) the likes of Damien, Mother Sucker & Porky Pie could be seen cutting unhindered over to the south of the road & out into the Farm fields.

Mr X was now resigned to walking, if somewhat gingerly [Non offence Porky Pie! – Ed] to start with. Stiff Meat said the RA was probably in shock, Mr X said he was ok as a lot worse has happened to him before in the past, & he also knew that he'd soon have the opportunity to stop off at a nearby Hostel, where he could wash out his cuts & scratches, Stiff meat was happy volunteer himself to escort him as if he was back carrying out his old 'Humanitarian Duties'.

Sure enough the Trail would head along the edge of the field by the A1(M), then from the CHK halfway along there was a 90° turn from due south to north-westward, up between the crop field to the east & the sheep field to the west.

At the top of the fields there was a CHK that was dealt with pretty rapidly & marked through for the benefit of those behind, it was marked straight through to the narrow passage way. This path runs right around the two sides of the small white cottage, so close to this attractive little home that you felt you could pop in for a cuppa!

Out on to Church Lane & here the Trail would move beyond St Nicholas Church & turn southward to the bend on Norton Road, most importantly heading toward the respite of the Three Horseshoes in Norton, a village that predates the Letchworth Garden City Project, & has existed before the utopian Quaker town was created, Mr X, Stiff Meat, Emu & My Lil' crossed over to the Pub, where Mr X had painfully managed to have bend just far enough to chalk '1st Aid' outside.

Having visited the Gents & washed the grit out of his hands & knees, Mr X returned to the Bar to discover that he now had a lot of 'Thirst Aiders' willing to look after his welfare, but only *once* they had their looked after themselves with their drinks own drinks sorted out! Pint in sore hand, the injured party decided to sit outside the front of the Pub & enjoy the sunshine while imbibing some liquid pain killer.

Sludge made haste as he avoided a potential Beer Trap at the Thirst Aid Stop, he carried on walking over on the opposite side of the road for the Pub, while Oral Sex & Headless Mullet came back when they heard the calls of "On back!" from those now assembled outside the Three Horse Shoes.

Soon Mr X's welfare group had swollen in numbers as Enter the Dragon, Junior [Who needed no encouragement to stop for a Beer! – Ed] 19th Hole & Snoopy all made their appearance for a Drink-stop. Mr X now made sure that when he did set off, the others knew they just had to stick with the Norton Road for around 1K & then to the Picnic & Official Beer-stop at Chez Flying Solo.

Time to move on, & this would be a walk back from the Three Horse Shoes for the 'Thirst Aiders'. Mr X needn't have worried too much about marking this shorter option, for Flying Solo had already chalked a drain cover with SC & an arrow pointing down Norton Road.

The drain cover markings were at the point where the rest of the Pack headed northward off of Croft Lane to the expanse of Green Belt space that was in Ebenezer Howard's original Garden City Plans for Letchworth.

On the Short Cut there were a few large conkers spotted lying under the horse chestnuts by the Highway Boundary marker stones, with a couple being picked up for the annual Conker Contest, but My Lil' said that he now has his mind set on something else instead of hosting the annual Conker Contest, something that could involve a bit of 'Wanging' & strained wrists! [Fnar! Fnar! Pebbledash! – Ed]

The SCBs were soon around over the triangular green space on Eastholm Green & over to Flying Solo's abode, where they were surprised that the FRBs weren't already there, just Dr Doolittle, Mrs Mallett & Flanders were there with the table of Haberdashery already set out. It was lucky that these Harriettes had travelled straight to the venue as they were on hand to receive the Picnic sandwiches which had been delivered promptly before 13:00Hrs.

Mr X & Doeswhatshesays both took turns to pop out to the end of the Drive a couple of times, & lucky they did as a couple of Harriettes were caught walking on by the 'H4 Beer Stop', once the Runners were back, there was no need to go back out.

Flying Solo arrived on her own, admitting she had taken a short cut from the Long Trail in order to get back to sort out the drinks & food arrival, she needn't have worried as Mr X & Stiff Meat had tapped the Barrel & opened the Cider. So, Flying Solo now became occupied with mixing the Pimms in time for the main Pack to arrive, which they eventually did, coming in looking more than a little flushed in the face, or just plain knackered.

The Pack settled in & soon began to take their free gift of a snood, a lot of the Hash were eager to purchase the celebratory 2,000th weekend T-Shirts, the Purple Colour seemed very popular, Flying Solo did declare at one busy point that she was supposed to be a 'Bean Counter' as she assisted Mrs Mallet taking the monies & writing out the IOU's until Tent Packer arrived to do his duty.

The picnic bags were rather good, well worth using HCL Catering, of course the noise dropped as everyone started to eat! Mr X took this opportunity to wander around to try & talk to everyone, where he experienced the sight of Max Factor lift up Porky Pie on the kids see-saw, which all ended on both falling off & rolling around in fits of laughter, something that didn't help Mr X aching Ribs!

Back up by the humungous bubbling hot-tub, 19th Hole was a little worried that Bullshit3 couldn't tell whether Snoopy was male or female until his hand went under the pooch's belly, *now* Bullshit3 knew Snoopy is a male as he felt a bit of a dick! [Yes Pebbledash! – Ed] The Pack certainly had a thirst as once all of the Pimms had gone, & to

prove how resourceful Hashers can be, Flying Solo went around purloining the fruit from the picnic bags to create a lot of smashing Sangria. It had the added bonus of ensuring the Pack to receive a couple of their 'Five a day'.

Enter the Dragon was interested in attending the Day of Syn, an bi-annual event that Mr X had attended a few weeks earlier, as she & Fu had seen his Facebook posted videos of the re-enactment of the local Pirates being caught & executed by firing squad. So, in 2024 there may be a small weekend event in Kent in August?

Time to get the Circle under way as Mr X slipped on his highly decorated Stoll. So, in no particular order we had: Pepé le Pew as the day's Hare, followed by My Lil' & Mr X for being Friday's Red Dress Hares. Those who travelled the furthest, Enter the Dragon & Fu Manchu from Plymouth, as well as Headless Mullet, Oral Sex & Emu from Edinburgh for their Down-Downs.

Headless Mullet would have another reason to be called up by the RA, that being that some Hashers retire to bed to cuddle up to loved ones, or a good book, even some shut—eye, but Headless Mullet woke up to half a cheese bap in her bed! [Apparently the Cucumber had disappeared! – Ed]

Pepé le Pew was out again for his New Shoes to finally be drunk out of, after weeks of accusations of how new these bright shoes [That matched his bright new Hare's Shirt! – Ed] were, rather akin to story in the film of the Man in the White Suit.

The RA had already heard that Pepé le Pew had taken these out to try & get them dirty before Hashing in them, but whatever they are made of the material seems to repel Shiggy, at least for the time being!

It soon came around to some Hash namings, with Damien, Elizabeth & Isobel all up for a Hash Handles. It had already been suggested by Flying Solo that Red Devil would be a good name for Damien, something that the previous night/early morning Mr X decided to google what the Greek for 'Red Devil' is & it turns out to be ΚΟΚΚΙΝΟΣ ΔΙΑΒΟΛΟΣ or Kokkinos Diavolos in the English alphabet. Other Hash Handle options were shouted out from the crowd, but we are not in the United States where the age of drinking is 21 (in most states) & the Hash names are a lot more 'near the knuckle', & it would be nice to keep people running with us & not scare them off with over the top names.

As for the two Girls, well Elizabeth, who was upset that her namesake Queen Elizabeth II had passed away, but she does loves Wolves, as in the Canis Lupus & not the English Football Team from the midlands. Elizabeth Woodville was one of the 'She Wolves of England' so 'She Wolf' was to be her name.

As for Isobel, her namesake was married to Edward II, she was also a She Wolf & famed for Beating the Scots in Battle (Unlike Her Husband) & was almost certainly was instrumental in his death (possibly with a Red Hot Poker up the old back-passage (so not to leave any marks on his body) at Berkeley Castle, so this Isabel will be known as 'Killer Queen' saves getting the two confused. All three were anointed, by the Power 'Gispert' in the Great Hash in the Sky, with The Sacred Shiggy, the Holy Dust & All Hail the Ale.

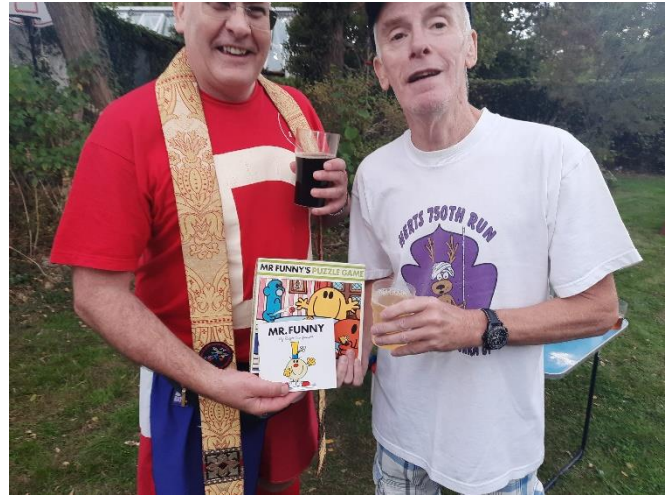
Flying Solo was called forward for being the picnic host plus, having completed local Standalone Farm 10K earlier that morning, talk about commitment [Glutton for punishment? – Ed]

Junior was out to receive an early Birthday Present, as he was handed not one but wrapped gifts, the first being 'Mr Funny's Puzzle Game' & an original Roger Hargreaves 'Mr Funny' book, as Mr X, Junior & a couple of others have a game, rather like Mornington Crescent where someone has to get in a "You're Funny!" at a certain point that is deemed appropriate! Seems Mr X won this round this day [It can only be used once in a day! – Ed]

Mr X was clearly struggling with the pain, for as he announced the upcoming Friday 13th Hash in January 2023, he said it would be in Glasgow, before correcting himself to Edinburgh. Pass another Short for him t kill the pain.

After the Circle, Mother Sucker & Bullshit3 decided that they would take advantage of the giant bubbling hot tub & clambered in, though afterwards they had to borrow some of the Beer Stop Hostesses clothing, for they didn't have any dry clothes or Ladies underwear after getting out. [Perhaps Mr X should have borrowed a Bra from the Picnic stop Hostess to support his aching moob? – Ed]

The weather began to turn, there were even a few spots of rain as the Pack began to stagger on & head back to base via cab, thus avoiding going to the Brewery & getting stuck in there, it would have been too tempting, & a chance to get changed in to our best rags, & metallic foil outfits in a few cases.



Most arrived at the Rugby Club early, for Mr X it was a case of setting up his Slide Show of just over 1,000 Photos of Herts Hash from over 30 Years, the quality some of the early ones weren't the best, [Perhaps it was the subject matter? – Ed] but at least they weren't in Sepia as they would be projected on to the large screen within the Club House.

Mr X was stopped on his way in to the Bar by Steve, who is a former Captain & been with the Rugby Club for 30 odd years, & he wanted to get a picture to send to his 'Better half' of Mr X (She knows Mr X well) in his metallic gold pants & 1970's glam rock outfit.

With the slide show set up, Mr X could then sit down & let Flying Solo perform her creative magic with the old Grease paint, Mr X joked that she now had the opportunity to paint a pussycat's face on him & he'd have been none the wiser until he visited the gents, but with a copy of Bowie's Aiddinsane (CD version from Fliptop) to work from, Flying Solo would do an amazing job of Bowie's iconic Ziggy Stardust Lightning Strike make up. He could now 'Hear the Roar of the Grease Paints & the Smell of the Crowd'

Mr X was made up with Flying Solo's Handy Work, & he wasn't the only one to feel the Roar of the Grease Paint & the Smell of the Crowd [It was a 1965 Musical! – Ed] as KOKKINOS ΔΙΑΒΟΛΟΣ had a touch of one of the US Rock Band **KISS** about his face paint, [No doubt if he has a tongue like that of Lead Singer Gene Simmons, Pebbledash would be interested! – Ed] Kylie to had also gone for the Glam Rock look, Mr X commented that the nearest Kiss he'd want for any of them was Póg mo thóin! [Irish Gaelic for Kiss Me Arse – Ed]

Others had plumped for the space theme & then suddenly Mr X Noticed that there were a few EWSH3 Space Cadet labels being worn, one was stuck on the sacred Run Book & even the EWSH3 Raffle Dolly, of Junior, was given one! [Sadly (Ha! Ha! Ha!) Mr X never got one! - Ed]

Amongst the ranks of the Space Cadets were Porky Pie & Alfa Male in white NASA looking suits, while Paxo went for an upmarket Silver version. While the Space Cadets looked as if they were ready to 'Shoot off into Space!' [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Vicky Vomit with his shiny white helmet [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] looked like he could have been shot out of a cannon. [No Pebbledash! – Ed] we just needed four volunteers & a bed-sheet for them to hold a corner each & catch him in.

And of course Wanktlers came as Father Jack! [We wouldn't expect anything less! – Ed] Emu cut a fine figure in his suit that was covered a pattern with scenes from Pacman, with Inky, Blinky, Pinky & Clyde chasing the Pacmen around the amazing maze print on his jacket & trousers.

Fliptop spun the old discs like our very own Smashie or Nicey, though some thought Fliptop was akin to the original Alan 'Fluff' Freeman, Not 'arf Mate! [Kids, Aussie Alan 'Fluff' Freeman was an old Radio Luxemburg DJ who moved to Sparky's beloved 'The Light Programme, as the BBC tried to counteract the more popular Pirate Radio broadcasts of the early 1960's – Ed]



Junior was in his element & this time he had a real inflatable 'Air Guitar' not his usual invisible one. As he got up to strum his stuff, no one had the heart to tell him that his 'G' String was a little slack that night [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed], though another of his slack G-strings could be seen clearly on view on the slide-show when it rolled around to one shot of him being dressed in women's leather lingerie by the Guernsey Harriettes, [I'll leave you to digest that image, it almost enough to put the Pack off of their delicious Curry! – Ed]

Slug wore an inflatable Spaceman Suit, complete with a rocket back-pack [So he could take 3D 'to infinity & beyond'? – Ed] But where did he have to put the batteries? [Asking on behalf of a Friend, called Pebbledash! – Ed]

Pepé le Pew donned a Star Trek (Original Series) outfit being held up by a green alien & we all know how Pebbledash got her name when she had a large Uhuru in the minibus back for a Herts Christmas Party many years ago, this time around she was wearing an **ABBA** style disco outfit!

Meanwhile Lemming had makings of being the Mekon, from the Eagle comic's Dan Dare, & wearing a shirt that made him look like he was in the Jungle, or was he the Original Star Trek series fake Alien, [For all you Trekkies, it's from the Corbamite Manoeuvre! – Ed] it was hard to tell which ever he was supposed to be?

Slug wore an inflatable Spaceman Suit, complete with a rocket back-pack [So he could take 3D 'to infinity & beyond'? – Ed] But where did he have to put the batteries? [Asking on behalf of a Friend, called Pebbledash! – Ed]

ryan gerdus · February 13, 2019

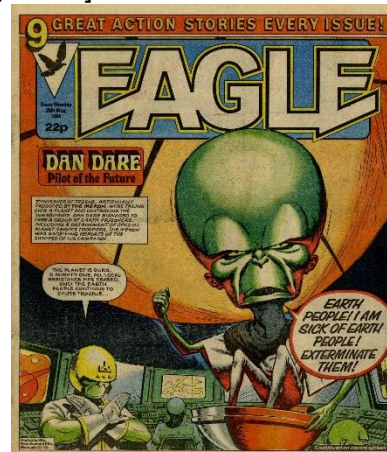
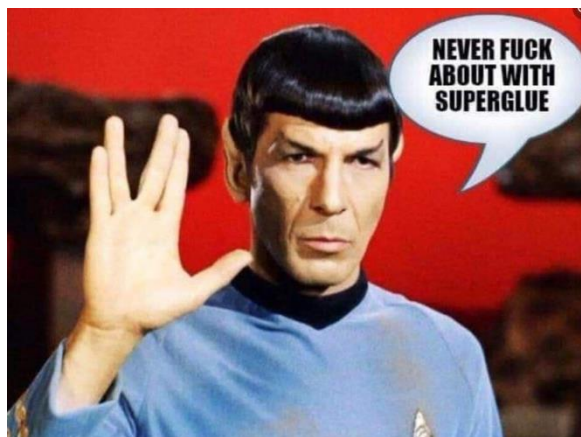
★★★★★ Verified Purchase

Size: Large | Color: Set F

Split in the crotch

I was wearing these shorts around the house, when a few friends stopped by. We were all sitting around watching TV when i reached at a weird angle for the remote. The crotch seam pulled apart and my scrotum came spilling out right infront of my friends. This was pretty embarrassing. Picture not attached.

108 people found this helpful



On the subject of Space Films, it was a good thing for Pebbledash that no one came as one of the characters of the 1970's Flesh Gordon, yes a cheesy soft porn film where Flesh Gordon, Dr Flexi Jerkoff & Dale Ardor battle Emperor 'Wang the Perverted' on the planet Porno!

Milf again had led lights on her outfit, which was rather similar to some 1970's pre-pubescent boys dreams of Gabriella Drake's outfit in Gerry Anderson's UFO, a silver skin-tight foil garment & even a coloured wig like the girls' of S.H.A.D.O. Moon Base used to wear.



I just found this old tape, so I gave it a play. I don't recommend it at all. Head Cleaner - worst band ever...



Unmentionable was dressed like a futuristic Britney Spears, all of which was too much for Windsock in his Space Shuttle Orange suit, as he nodded off at one point!

Having seen the Slideshow & laughed heartily at some of the pictures, Teresa (the one running the bar) had spotted one of the pictures of Mar Bar from previous events held at the Rugby Club, back when he was the club steward, she asked Mr X if he could send her She was practically struck on the excellent one where Mars Bar was wearing the long blond curly hair behind the old Bar. [The pictures were emailed through once Mr X had returned to his humble abode! – Ed]

The evening went well & again too quickly. A slow stagger back over to the Travelodge, on entry Mr X decided that he was in need of some liquid pain-killer [Just for medicinal purposes mind! – Ed] so he went straight to the bar, where he would meet up with Fu Manchu, time

to put the world to rights over several large scotches before finally retiring around 02:30 Hrs . Apparently Mr X slept well!

Like Mr X's ribs Sunday Morning had broken again. It was annoying pain as he gingerly made his way to the town centre, meeting Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew on the way, they told that they had breakfast in a nearby Café, which they recommended but the RA was only heading in one direction now.

The RA wasn't for going back, instead a quick stop in local 'spoons for a strong drink & a bit of breakfast there, would mean a shorter walk to the Sunday Recovery Run starting point. Gazing out of the window, Mr X could sit there as the world went by. Mother & Lemming passed by the frontage of the 'spoons as they walked up through the 'Letchworth Food & Drink Festival' Stalls that were being put out again.

The remaining Pack slowly made their way around to the Broadway & then up to the Gardens, to wait by the scenic fountain, it was all very picturesque on this sunny, blue sky, day. Paxo carried out the welcoming speech before our very own No Eye Deer was called forward as this morning's Hare, noticeably Doeswhatshesays was absence due to his aching leg. [Lightweight when the RA had fractured ribs! – Ed]

It was a surprise to most Herts Hashers that it was a bright sunny morning on a No Eye Deer Trail! Before the Pack could set off, there was a request from Milf for a scenic photo stop by the fountain in the Broadway Gardens. Picture taken the Pack embarked on the Trail, heading slowly away off down the Broadway before branching off on to Souberie Avenue & onto a CHK by Field Lane, on which the Trail would head southward again in an area of established homes.

Reaching Sollershot East another CHK was found, here there would be a turn to a few degrees off of due west to head to the end of Sollershot East & a treat for the Pack. Now, some have Hashed in areas of World Heritage Sites like Borobudur, New Lanark, Hadrian's Wall, the Antonine Wall, the Great Wall of China & now Herts Hash offered up a different one of Letchworth's Heritage claims to fame of the UK's First Roundabout! [Beat that H5! – Ed]

As photo's were taken of the Hash on the Letchworth monument to birth of gyratory traffic control, Mr X explained that when the roundabout was created in circa 1909, there were no hard & fast rules as to which way the traffic should go in the UK, so there were a few accidents until a clockwise direction was finally adopted. These were back in the day when Sparky had to walk in front of the vehicles with a Red Flag!

In particular the Locomotives Act 1865, also known as Red Flag Act, stated:

Firstly, at least three persons shall be employed to drive or conduct such locomotive, and if more than two waggons or carriages be attached thereto, an additional person shall be employed, who shall take charge of such waggons or carriages;

Secondly, one of such persons, while any locomotive is in motion, shall precede such locomotive on foot by not less than sixty yards, and shall carry a red flag constantly displayed, and shall warn the riders and drivers of horses of the approach of such locomotives, and shall signal the driver thereof when it shall be necessary to stop, and shall assist horses, and carriages drawn by horses, passing the same.

The Red Flag Act was repealed in 1896.

The Trail continued to the corresponding Sollershot West, another long trot down to the southwest, at the end of this a CHK was found at the T-Junction with Highfield, here No Eye Deer offered up a Short Cut, along Highfield to the northwest, while the Trail ran a short way down to the southeast.

The Keenies were taken away onto the A505, with the Recovery Run Trail taking in part of the Letchworth Greenway, on a route from the 505, then on the green space of crop fields behind the St Thomas More School, before moving up above the Ickleford Barrow & turning around by Hillbrow Allotments

On the Inn Trail, Mr X talked of how Letchworth has gone from a Quaker town, with just one Bar [The Broadway Hotel! – Ed] which had a monopoly on alcohol sales until the late 1960's, to now having lots of decent Pubs & a Brewery. This led on to talk of the World's End Pub Crawl, & hopefully a chance to have the Film put on in 2023

for the 10th Anniversary of its premier & run another Pub crawl, as in the film, to take in Welwyn Garden City & then finishing in Letchworth Garden City.

Back to the present, Mr X had reserved several tables at the Garden City Brewery & they were outside by where the duo from the Beertles would be paying, prime seats for the musical sets they would perform later, the two guys work at the Brewery as well as entertain the locals, hence the play on the Beatles name.



As they set up, Mark & Tom from the Beertles caught 19th Hole's attention, but her mental cognitive state seemed to leave her with a problem telling the difference between Paul McCartney & John Lennon that the two Beertles were dresses as, the one she called John did have more than a likeness for Macca with dark mop-top hair, but the one she called Paul had light Brown long Hair & distinctive round 'John Lennon' style glasses. It would be a Down-Down later!

19th Hole was chatting to Oral & Headless Mullet, Mr X went over to join the conversation, which led to the subject of him falling over & breaking himself came up, consistent laughing wasn't helping his cracked ribs! But he did just about manage to reply to 19th Holes tale of herself falling face down & that he was surprised that she didn't just bounce straight back up with her large *bumpers!*

The Circle took place over at the far end of the adjacent car park, with Kylie setting up a handy fold-out table in the corner of the rough, uncapped stony parking area. Things began with the day's Hare of No Eye Deer & setting an excellent recovery Trail.

Then just as Mr X was about to get in to his stride with the rest of the Down-Downs, Junior was straight in with a very sly "You're Funny!" [The Cheek of it! – Ed] & Mr X was stunned, lost for words [If you can believe that? – Ed] & his jaw dropped as he had to concede that Junior had beaten him to the 'punch-line'. However, Junior would soon be out for a Down-Down as he was in a panic earlier & was beside himself when he thought he had lost the green Mr Funny's arm from his special game.

Amongst the other Down-Downs were: From the Slide Show, Sis & 19th Hole attending the same Wedding while wearing the same style of purple flower dresses, while on the subject, 19th Hole was asked to remain, as Junior joined her as they also went to the wrong Church in Lytham St Annes area, briefly appearing at a totally different Wedding, before they realised that they didn't know anyone at someone else's special event. They did make it to the correct Wedding Ceremony in time!

From going to the wrong Wedding, Headless Mullet was out for going to the wrong Funeral, to compound this, on her way to accept her Down-Down she admitted that this has happened to her TWICE! Finally the Herts committee were rewarded for the work on their respective jobs for over the weekend & the months of the build up to this event..

Back to the outside seating area where Emu could continue working his way through all the available Ales, going for the slats of four to try as many options as he could & he wasn't alone in that. Others popped over to the adjacent Cider & Cheese Bar before the pack could enjoy listening to the Beertles, & they were Fab, the experience was enhanced with the duo's interactive chat with the Hash.

When the Beertles duo played some smoochy slow songs, Sis & Fliptop took to the centre of the dance floor, well paved patio garden, & before you knew it there were more tongues involved than a northern Butcher's shop, as the now queasy Pack looked on as if it was car crash TV. Mr X took a picture for the Herts Facebook page to keep the kids away from the fireplace/cats off the lawn, again scratch your preferred option.

Of course, Herts Hash wouldn't be the same without a sing-a-long to 'I would Walk (500 Miles)' & after a request from Mr X, considering they don't play it on a regular basis they performed a great rendition, though it didn't really matter if they didn't know the words as the Pack do & all were singing along while dancing around the outside seating area. It certainly hit the right spot with the Hash.

Someone mentioned if it would be worth seeing the Beertles when all four play? [The Herts Hash went to see all four perform later the following year! – Ed]

In the end it was an excellent weekend, worth all of the Hassle.

