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

Run No.2004
09 October 2022
Venue: The Red Lion
Location: Radlett
Beers/Cider: Beavertown IPA, Special, Best
Hare/s: Des Res
Runners: 9
Virgins: 4
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 13
Membership: Conquering Mother Conkers all!

The RA had weaved his magic this morning, for it was a gloriously sunny day with a breeze that dropped as the morning went on. As Mr X & My Lil' had arrived a little early, they had a walkabout to see if the former micro-Bar still exists, it seems that its now called No.58 Watling street, having existed in previous guises as Brookes, Ryan's, One Elephant, Foxy's, Railway Bar, O'Sullivan's, The Office. Not only is it still there, apparently (according to Whatpub) it's now operated by the team that run the (Most excellent) Mermaid in St Albans, so this may be worth a Trail from there in the future.

As these two conducted their search, the met Ken & his Family, as well as Pete, both of whom stopped them to ask if they were a part of the Herts Hash 'Running Club'. As My Lil' & Mr X confirmed this, though not with so much emphasis on the r*nning, the Hare appeared on the scene after having to purchase some more flour, since he had altered his planned Trail slightly to make it more baby-buggy friendly.

The Pack began to congregate at the Red Lion, for entertainment purposes the Hash Haberdasher could be seen driving his car around & around, trying his best to find a space for him to ~~moor up his yacht~~, sorry, park up his Mercedes Estate.

Now, if Tent Packer had checked the Hare-line on our webshite, yes on that little used webpage explaining where future Herts Hash Trails will be, Dates, Times etc. there is now a new button to press [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] of Parkopedia added to certain venues where Parking is restricted, all in our quest to dumb down the average Hasher's Half-mind power & to save them looking out for suitable parking themselves. [At the end of the day, if some can't find No.2 Station Road, when they are parked outside of No.1A Station Road & there are only three buildings on Station Road & the Largest one is the Pub, it's a wonder why the Webmaster wastes his time? – Ed]

Anyhow, those like Mother & Zing-a-long-a-max who own suitable sized motor vehicles that fit well within one average Parking Space, they managed to get parked up around the triangle of the Aldenham & Station Road area. They were soon at the Red Lion, though Mother had to go back to her car twice, firstly with Mr X & My Lil' to store their bags, then the Hare to do the same with his baggage.

Mother was quizzed as to where Lemming was? Turns out he's been more than a little under the weather & tested positive for covid, so he was now house-bound, he's not alone as no Eye Deer has also been down with covid. Get your boosters people, you'll only feel a small prick! [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

Where's Wally? made his way over from the 'free parking' in the car park off of the High Street, the one that is marked by a P on the signpost by the junction with the Shenley Road. There was a bit of a wait until Tent Packer had hobbled over from the same parking area to the Red Lion, some of the time was taken to explain what the Herts Hash Markings were to the four Virgins.

Mr X welcomed the Pack to the correct Run number, which isn't hard as it's only a couple of weeks since the 2,000th Weekend, though Mr X said later that after working on the weekend, it now seems like it all happened months ago. Then Des Res was called forward, as the Day's Hare & he explained what the Pack could expect out 'On Trail' & soon there was the usual collective cheer as short cuts were mentioned, as well as two regroups.

It was 'On out' back down to the Watling Street, where a large arrow of flour was set. The RA commented on the amount of flour used, it was such a pile that someone could have tripped over it & hurt their ribs! The Keenies of Happy Feet, Doormat, Mother, My Lil', Where's Wally, Zing-a-long-a-max & Pete were soon away beyond No 58 Watling Street.

The Ancient Route of Watling Street heads nor-nor-west, originally an Ancient Briton Route linking four coastal ports in Kent via Canterbury, it was paved by the Romans to the Roman bridge over the Thames, then

carrying on through to St Albans & on to Wroxeter in Shropshire. It would later from a part of dividing line between for the 'Treaty of Alfred & Guthrum' as the Boundary for Dane-Law that split the two Kingdoms in the 11th Century.

Back to the Trail, & Mr X would stop, while Tent Packer showed that he was no 'David Baily' when it came to taking a picture of the RA sitting astride the Street Furniture of a small mock penny-farthing. The Pack would now make their way on by the one of the two local Synagogues & over several of the side roads away to the west of Watling Street.

Mr X (with sore ribs) & Tent Packer (With Achilles) now hung back to walk along with Ken & his better half as they pushed their Horror along in her buggy. Away from the shopping area & now embarking on the long 900 plus yards up Watling Street, there were a couple of CHKs, but Des Res had already marked these by the time the back markers had reached them.

Mr X took the opportunity to explain to our newbies that the arrow out of the CHK pointed the direction the Trail would take. As the road turned a few degrees, the FRBs were soon out of sight before the Trail took to Kitswell Way, an elongated Y shaped road, there the Trail would head down the bottom of the Y, then onto an alleyway over & then out on a driveway alongside the Brook to the left.

Along the way there was one house having some building work carried out & outside there was a ubiquitous portaloo, but inside the grounds was an old Tardis like Police Box, in Milf's absence away sailing with Kylie off of Gibraltar [Hope she brings the right hairy ape back? – Ed], Mr X stopped to get a picture of the 'Turdis' & the Tardis. Then it was on to catch up with Tent Packer, Ken & family.

The Trail was now marked up Oakridge Avenue on the southwestern section of the residential area of large detached properties that caught Mother's eye. Mr X explained to Tent Packer that Radlett is now famed for being the most expensive place in Hertfordshire to live, even more so than Harpenden.

A CHK was found by Newland Avenue to the southeast & a footpath away opposite to the northwest, the Trail would be found continuing to the end of Oakridge Avenue, where it pass by a gated drive to a local Stables, here Mr X & Tent Packer waited to assist Ken with handling the buggy over the gates, as it wouldn't fit through the kissing gate beside it, of course it was only hauled over once Ken's Horror had been unbuckled & lifted out.

A gravel drive along toward the Stables, but no horses to be seen before the Trail turned with the path on a 90°turn to the southwest, here the path began to rise slightly as it led up to Lucinda's Wood. After 100 Yards there was a CHK near to an ornate Brick built arc seat a walker was sitting at.

From here Mr X & Tent Packer miss-read the markings, for it looked like it would head away on the footpath southward along the eastern side of the wood, but there was no sign of any Dust along there after Mr X had run to the end. Turning back, Mr X & Tent Packer indicated to Ken & Family that this was not the correct route.

Instead of heading southward just yet, it would be back through the main path through the centre of the bisected woodland. Mr X was now going to walk as the path underfoot was pretty stony, with bits of old tarmac embedded in to it, a bit like the tip of concrete he came a cropper with a couple of weeks earlier.

Walking with Ken & his family, Mr X explained about Hashing, its history & how he's Hashed in numerous countries around the globe. Also mentioned 'All-terrain baby-buggies' he has seen Hash parents pushing their Horrors around Trail in.

Soon the Trail came up to a CHK on the western side of the woodland, where the old by-way of Oakridge Lane runs along it, the Trail turned to the south at the T-Junction, a point where there was a large pile of cleared scrub from the woodland that was a charming sight as it was littered with seemingly hundreds of old discard dog-poop bags that had also been collected up.

As the Back Markers made their way southward, the Hare came back to see how they were progressing, just as Mr X & Tent Packer assisted in the last lifting of the buggy over a high wooden stile. Then it was on to a long stretch southward, thankfully the Hare had brought the sweets from the Held CHK half way along the 560 Yards out on to Dellfield Close.

Mr X spotted one of the bobbly aniseed Allsorts in the packet & bagged it before Tent Packer could, later My Lil' said that he had a few, when the rest of the pack regrouped earlier. The sweets came in handy a few yards later as these would keep Ken's Horror occupied & happy as the buggy was pushed out to the Watford Road.

A CHK was found across the Watford Road, it was here that the Keenies would be taken up the back-passage [Yes, Pebbledash has been waiting for that! – Ed] as a tarmac footpath between the backs of homes, this would come out to be Folly Pathway where it moves on beside the Phillimore Recreation Ground, then by a series of alleyways & Private Roads they would find themselves making their way from Loom Lane down an old footpath to Watling Street where it is known as Cobden Hill.

By the time the Back Markers had made the main road, Ken & his Better Half decided that they would take the Hare's advice & stick easy main route back to the Red Lion, while Mr X & Tent Packer carried on to the Recreation

Grounds. However, at this point Tent Packer, Mr X & the Hare all realised that it was now mid-day & as Mr X knew the area well, an executive decision was made to cut through the Park & head back along Gills Hollow, which in turn leads on to Scrubbits Park Road, then a short alleyway to arrive back opposite the Red Lion.

For the likes of Where's Wally?, Zing-a-long-a-max, My Lil', Happy Feet, Doormat, Mother & Les the Trail would cross the main road & lead by edge of the grounds of Tabard Rugby Club & its partner Radlett Cricket Club on a footpath that heads over to the Bed-Pan line [Bedford to St Pancras Mainline! – Ed], the Trail would pass under the railway to cross over the Brook & 'swing' around to Theobald Street.

Thankfully, My Lil', Doormat & Happy Feet all turned left & not right on to Theobald Street, as talking of 'swinging' around, another fact about modern-day Radlett is it is also home to a number of 'Swingers Parties' as featured in a Channel 4 Documentary a couple of years ago, that were organized at Little Croft, off of Theobald Street.

Then even worse at one Party in 2015, a 35 Year old man was found dead in the covered Swimming Pool at 'Kinky Towers' as it is known locally, a £3 Million mansion (2015 valuation when this happened) [Some now wondered why did 3D & Slug moved on from living in Radlett? – Ed]

Upon their entry to the Bar, Mr X & Tent Packer were surprised to see that the Keenies were yet to arrive back at the Red Lion, & that was because the rest were led on up more of the back-passages of Radlett, on its eastern Shenley Hill side of the railway tracks, all along the way there were more large detached homes to admire, & wonder what happens behind those chintzy curtains & the pampas grass in the front gardens??

It would be a further mile & a bit before the Trail emerged from under the Bed-Pan Line Railway at the end of The Avenue, the Trail would again swing around to come back out on Watling Street opposite Kitswell Avenue, where the Trail went out! By the time the FRBs had made it down to the Pub it would be another mile & a half.

Zing-along-a-max was first of the FRBs back, My Lil' arrived & grumbled about the Trail being further than the Hare's 4 miles mentioned at the Chalk-Talk, it turned out after the walk back down Watling Street it would be 4.8 Miles!

The Pack settled in to the Bar, here Mother explained that due to Lemming's bout of Covid & his current Isolation, for the first time in 25 Years she was on a Hash on her own, a fact that did not escape the RA's attention as he txt Lemming that Mother was now One Herts Hash Run ahead of him. So, moving were Mother's loving comments, it had the RA shedding tears of beer as he wept (with laughter) at this news!

Meanwhile Les talked about his connection with the local area, especially Shenley up the road, he went on to talk about the de Havilland Mosquito, an aeroplane he loves, & the Salisbury Hall museum. Mr X mentioned that a few years ago, Wanktlers set a Trail that took in a visit to the aircraft museum, which impressed Les.

A little later Lemming replied to Mr X's txt with an "I thought I had gone deaf, as I haven't heard a Clifford all afternoon!" The old Lemming-mobile's 'Swear-box' would be a bit low on the old coffers as Mother was taking the civilized Happy Feet & Doormat later, or would there be a sharp "Clifford, stop swearing!"

Pete seemed to have enjoyed his first Herts Hash, especially as he has connections with Shenley & the Trail wasn't a million miles away & with Des Res having sorted a mortgage for a Roast Dinner, the RA would sort the Down-Downs early.

Circling up outside in the sunshine, the Hash was toasted by Mr X, then the Hare rewarded for setting the Trail, then we moved on to Mother, who was now one Herts Hash run ahead of Lemming, then there was Zing-a-long-a-max

Finally Les was out, to be awarded his Hash Handle on his first Trail as Moss Key Toe & as if by divine intervention, as the RA conducted the Hash ritual, an aircraft flew over adding to the mystique [Not really as Elstree Aerodrome is only down the road, as the crow flies! – Ed] & the RA mentioned that the WWII 'Wooden Wonder' fighter-bomber was one of his favourite planes. Radlett Airfield, now closed was the base for Handley Page Aircraft before its demise in 1970, it was probably more famous for producing the Halifax, the second most prolific WWII RAF Bomber after the Avro Lancaster.

After the Circle it was that time of year for the Annual Conker Competition, so, contrary to the rumours about the Herts Conker Contest organiser

having shrivelled & small conkers this year, all of which were untrue which as My Lil' got out his bag of conkers & laid them out on the table [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

A conkers started swinging [Steady Pebbledash we are not back at 'Kinky Towers'! – Ed] the contest got under way & as the Hare said all of this "Confused the hell out of the Bar Staff!" but the contest was well received by the chaps sitting outside & enjoying a Beer in the Sunshine. Time to draw strings! Mr X went for a large rounded conker, while Moss Key Toe's tactics were to select as 'Cheese Cutter'

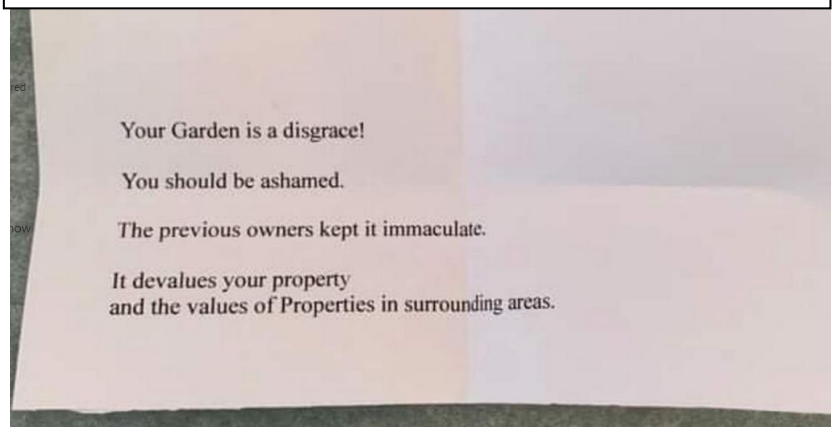
With the first rounds under way, Moss Key Toe took on Mr X, the reigning Herts Conker Champ, but both of them were having trouble & it looked like neither would get through to the final as their conkers were flayed. Mr X did get through, even though his conker was white & bald which he pointed out had a slight resemblance to Lemming! Eventually after Doormat's Conker failed on him, it was down to Mother & Mr X.

Mr X was now willing Mother to win, fairly & squarely, so he could send a message to Lemming if Mother returned home triumphant.

Mr X conker was losing its shell fast, to such an extent it resembled Lemming as Mother took one mighty swing as if she was taking it out on Lemmings head. Mr X conker shattered & so Mother became the new Herts Conker Champ & Mr X posted the picture of the winner as quickly as he could on to the Herts Farcebook page.

All in all a great day was had by all, except a poorly Lemming!

Couple go away for a three week holiday 6 return to find this note



Your Garden is a disgrace!

You should be ashamed.

The previous owners kept it immaculate.

It devalues your property
and the values of Properties in surrounding areas.

Found my Grandpas old GPS unit

Driving at night with on coming LED Bulbs…….