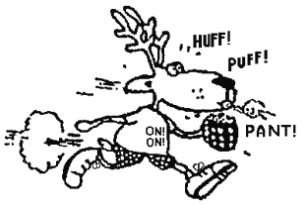

Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk

Run No. 2136
Date: Sunday 12th January 2025
Venue: The Plough
Location: Datchworth
Beers/Cider: Tring Side Pocket for a Toad; Buntingford Hurricane
Hare/s: Kylie
Runners: 20
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 2
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 23
Membership: Skating on not so thin ice!

Jack Frost had certainly been busy the last few days, some wondered whether this would have an effect on the number turning out today? When No Eye Deer arrived she found just a few milling about outside of the Plough, to her it looked like any fair-weather Hashers were safely tucked up, warm at home, not out in temperatures of -1°! But all of a sudden she was surprised to see around a dozen more make their way out over from the almost hidden car park across the road.

For those who parked over in said car park, they did have one shock as Lemming drove in & there was no one visible in the passenger seat, leading to some jumping to the wrong conclusion that he was trying to sneak in an extra Run number to get one over on Mother, but then it was discovered that Mother was in the rear seat with Buster, who is no longer in his travel cage.

It wasn't a bad turn out after all, maybe the fact that there was no wind-chill was a positive factor to likes of TBT OBE in making an appearance? However, the cold air may have given him some 'brain-freeze' as when Fliptop came to welcoming the Hash to the Trail & the correct Run Number, TBT OBE admitted that he was a couple of runs out! The honours done & the Hare was called forward to explain what was out there.

Amazingly Kylie had already whipped out his camera & taken pictures of the Hash outside of the Plough, had he made a New Year's Resolution to be on time? The Hare's spiel started with the obvious weather conditions, warnings of very slippery icy stretches being the most important to heed & he highlighted this again.

It was normal markings, there were no Bar Checks & it was shorter than his normal Trails, but only time would be the judge of that, & of course the après Trail Circle! Then just before the Hash got underway, the Hare said that he wasn't going to put a CHK outside of the Plough, which was like music to My Lil's ears.

So, without further ado the Pack were shown the way off on the track to the Cricket Pavilion. Pepper Pig Porker & Mr X led the way out along by the front of the few cottages that line one side of the Datchworth Green, the west by southwest route runs to the south of the 'whipping post' that sits in the centre of the green. Would the Hare be tied to this later?

The Track now became tarmac underfoot, which would result in the Pack having to take a wide berth on the bend to the south, everyone but TBT OBE took the safest option off on the frozen grass to avoid the thick layer of ice on the tarmac, instead he decided he would tempt fate & skate over this wide dodgy patch, he was lucky not to land on his Bolero's! There was no sign of a CHK point at the area where there were three possible options for the Trail to take to, not that this didn't stop the Pack searching all of them. While Sludge went off to fruitlessly search within the enclosed Rugby Pitches, Mr X fell for the Falsie continuing west by southwest on the tree-lined Track out between the two sections of Rugby Pitches, out toward Woolmer Green. The other Falsie was also discovered, as the real Trail turned out to be the south-eastern tree-lined Track out to Gover's Green.
A 530 Yards tort of frosty patches, complimented with small pockets of crunchy ice, the sheltered Track led out on to the Bramfield Road, here the next CHK was found. Diamond Geezer & Pepper Pig Porker were already on their way southward on the icy lane, by the time the majority of the Pack had reached the old country way.

It took the RA a while to make up the lost ground from his earlier Falsie, he would catch up with My Lil', Pebbledash, Ewok, then the Hare with Paxo & No Eye Deer. He would have to do a bit more to then make it by Doeswhatshesays, Where's Wally?, Kathy, TBT OBE, Lemming, Tent Packer then Mother & Buster to finish the 450 Yards to reach the next CHK point, situated on the Bulls Green, green opposite the Horns Pub.

There was a held CHK here on the green, which My Lil' said was a tad early for the sweets stop? But then thought that it may really be a short Trail by Kylie's standards? [Nah, not yet! – Ed] Tent Packer arrived to find Mr X had the packet of Liquorice Allsorts & was desperately trying to find an Aniseed Button, but he failed & handed them over in disgust to Tent Packer, who also failed to find one in this cheaper version of the Bassets' Classic confectionary!

Thankfully the Hare had also brought a packet of Jelly Babies & one of Fruit Pastels to make up for the disappointment of no Aniseed Buttons! While at the Held CHK, it was discussed that the Hash haven't Run from the Horns for years, it used to be the local of Marty Wilde, maybe it still is? He used to pop in there without his 'Irish Jig' & was once asked by Mr X's father why he only wore a 'Syrup' on TV? His reply was that it's hard to sing his biggest hit of 'Teenager in Love' when you have a bald head & be taken seriously. [Mr X may have to sort out a Herts Hairy Golf visor cap for him? – Ed]

Time to resume the Trail, here there were plenty of options, with three icy lanes & a couple of footpaths to search. The off-road options by the Equestrian Centre had no Dust, as for the Bramfield & Burnham Green lanes these two proved barren of Dust, it was on the Coltsfoot Lane off to the west that the Trail would be picked up on. This was the narrowest of roads & was to be the most treacherous underfoot.

Things started off easy enough, but as the lane curved around to the northwest the first real wide patch of ice was found, forcing the Hash to make their way over to one side of the lane for some traction, some even took to the raised verge to negotiate the hazard. Taking things carefully would slow the Hash up until they could reach the slightly higher section of the lane.

Once beyond the worse section of ice, P3 & Diamond Geezer were soon out of sight, something that TBT OBE, Mr X & Mother, with Buster, should have taken in as they reached the CHK to the south of the lane. They would fall for a very long Falsie TBT OBE discovered down toward Burnham Green in the southwest, a long trudge back up to the lane saw Tent Packer, DWSS, No Eye Deer, Where's Wally & Kathy all look on down toward them in disbelief!

Back to icy tarmac & it now seemed that this was going to theme for the rest of the Trail. The Hash passed by a family out walking their French Bulldogs, Mr X wished them a cheery "Bonjour!" as he passed by, while Buster had a bit of a bark at the Frenchie pooches, which is unlike him.

Trail now made its way over the gentle ridge, but there was little time to take eyes off of the slippery tarmac to appreciate the frosty panorama over the farmland valley toward Oaklands, off to the northeast of Welwyn, as there were more patches of ice to avoid over the next 560 Yards of tarmac until reaching a CHK by the bridleway off the bend.

It was on the way down this lane that a couple disappeared off in to the road-side tree-line, with Kathy needing to scare the squirrels, but the tree she choose wasn't quite big enough to hide everything, as one passing Hasher mentioned.

From here Mr X fund Dust on the north-easterly, tree-lined way & he was just happy to be able to run & not be on slippery tarmac, but on the way he would miss the T chalked on a Tree due to looking where he picking his way through an icy wet patch of Shiggy. Mr X was called back by DWSS, so he turned to stagger back by the Frnech Bulldogs to the tarmac & find the middle order where continuing along the lane to the west, where it would reach a small triangle where it joins White Horse Lane.

The Trail had already been marked by the Hare, who had passed through on his way on the narrow lane to Woolmer Green, he was already over 390 Yards ahead of the main Pack & was loitering at the next CHK opposite Robbery Bottom Lane [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed].

it would take some time for the main Pack to make up the lost ground as they had to step to one side & stand in line on a very icy section, when a couple of 4x4's came toward them & they had to stop to allow them to crunch their vehicles over the very thick ice.

Now Hashers wondered why the Hare chose a route of manily road to set the Trail on in such slippery conditions, especpailly as there are a plethora of footpaths on the otherside of Datchworth? Some began to wonder if the Hare had set the Trail in his car?

After 1.2 Miles or 2 kilometres of slippery tarmac the Trail would finally move off-road & now there could be some running as they Dust took to the long old tree-lined by-way back up toward Datchworth Rugby Club. It was nice to be able progress without little hindrance, whoever, the Track was lower than the fields for most of the 510 Yards so there was not much to admire out over the surrounding fields until coming up through the running stream over the way reach the Rugby pitches.

Sludge & Mr X were now on the way to where the latter had found a T on his search down this way from the start of the Hash, but they would not find the On Inn here, as arrows directed the way due north, over the concrete hard frozen abandoned for play Rugby pitches, then over the equally hard & rougher terrain of the crop field beyond. They would emerge out on to the small cul-de-sac of Wheatcotes & to a CHK point by the small triangle where it joins the Datchworth Green Road.

It was here that Sludge & Mr X parted ways in their search for Dust, as they endeavoured to follow on behind P3 & Diamond Geezer who hadn't been seen since the sweet-stop. The remaining leg of the Trail would head up Rectory Lane, heading further north just far enough to reach the sports fields behind the Village Hall, where it would turn eastward for a bit before resuming northward on the rising greenspace to pass through the hedgerow by the stables.

Once beyond the hedge & after some 270 Yards, a CHK was discovered at a fork in the footpath, with one option being to head due north up the crop field to All Saints Church, prominently positioned on the top of the hill, or you could check the option where the footpath curves around the top of the large area of the hedged-in equine grounds. The Trail would now head around to the east & then come onto the edge of Brookbridge Lane, heading southward on the main village road to the On Inn.

The early arrivals at the Plough would be entertained & joined in with the locals as they played a game of 'Hunt the TV Remote control', which had them surveying all of the shelves & window ledges, which for some made them feel right at home!

Eventually the gadget was located in the fireplace, just as the Landlady had said it was. Then the guys wanting to watch the football had an issue trying to find the button to turn it on, Pebbledash commented on how "Guys can never find the button!" which led to all of those in pub at the time laughing away.

The early arrivals now moved from the back side of the Pub, behind the fireplace & around to the front section of the Bar to allow the locals to watch the FA Cup match. The rest would take a long time to get around, not as it was Kylie's usual length of Trail, it was a shorter Trail for him, but because of the underfoot conditions preventing many from running.

Settling in to the Plough, Sludge was pretty quizzical of Mr X, asking "Did you do all of the Trail?" Mr X pointed out [Using Sludge's old excuse! – Ed] that he was not prevented from heading up to Datchworth Green by any T's, to reach the Plough. He also added that he was suffering a bit from Digger's Birthday Full Moon Hash Trail the day before, the copious amounts of Jameson's being supplied a major factor in that!

Some of the Hash enjoyed the Black Country Ghost (Chilli) Pork Scratchings a bit more than others, with Mr X particularly appreciating the remaining dusty, chilli powder & scrappy bits at the bottom of the bag, for these really did enhance the nice after-burn of the scratchings.

Mr X was pleased to see that Lemming was sporting his Christmas Pressies of his rubber toes that stick out of his crocks, though one dropped off on his way back from changing & he had to go back outside to retrieve it, just in case someone thought it was his stubby little 'John Wayne Bobbit' laying on the ice! Mother let slip that she had to get hold of these fake toes & pull out the hairs, as these grossed her out!

The Circle was called, with the Landlord graciously allowing it to take place inside the nice warm proper old fashioned drinking establishment, as he found our previous circles over the years very amusing. The Hare was rewarded for his death defying icy road run. Other Hits went to TBT OBE, who left Paxo's boot open for around 15 minutes while he did a 'Sparky' & faffed about changing before the trail, then opening the side door, all while leaving Paxo & Pebbledash to freeze in the front seats of the car. Mr X said he could hear their teeth a chattering from across the car park.

Diamond Geezer was awarded his 50th Herts Hash bag, though he completed a couple of weeks back. Kathy would now receive her Hash Handle of Soggy Butt, as she always gets the soggy Butt of a shared herbal cigarette & on the Trail she had another Soggy Butt! Pebbledash received her hit for entertain the Pub with her button comment!