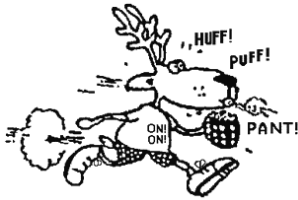


Herts Hash House Harriers



Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No. 1946
10th October 2021
Venues: The Crooked Billet
Beers: Tring Side Pocket; Young's Special
Location: Conley Heath
Hare/s: No Eye Deer
Runners: 16
Virgins: 1
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 17
Membership: Very Moist?



There was a mizzle in the air as the Pack began to gather at the Crooked Billet, there the RA was found sheltering under the small white marquee in the garden, this area soon became a focal point for those who were mentioning the poor weather. The RA ignored all of this & was vocal about his belief that the weather would blow over.

After a couple of weeks of fuel shortages, it seems that things were getting back to normal & the Pack size was far healthier than previous weeks. This week saw a Virgin Kev arrive, he being encouraged to turn out by Crusty Ring, so as the opening Circle was called, there was a little introduction to be dealt with after TBT OBE had welcomed everyone with the correct R*n number, that the RA had reminded him of a minute earlier.

For our Newbies benefit, No Eye Deer went through a demonstration of the Trail markings, the RA said that Sludge was in need of a quick reminder of what he's supposed to be following out there. After a spot on explanation, the Pack were ushered out of the car park, on the way Mr X picked up on our Virgin's comments about David being the "Man with no name!" which was followed by Crusty Ring mentioning that David needs a Hash Name, & Herts should give him a Hash Handle before Milton Keynes! [Thought there was no competitiveness on the Hash? – Ed]

Anyhow, the Pack set off for a yard of two, just far enough for Kylie to get in his obligatory photo with the Pack under the Pub Sign! Snaps taken with an extra sandwich-board that declared the 'Pop up, light at the end of the tunnel Festival' it was out on to the High Street & it seemed like the mizzle was actually blowing over.

My Lil' was quickly away over the road to the south-western side of the street & he was heading away down toward the old Village Hall. As he approached the Hall, the RA stopped as he thought he saw flour in the small gravel parking area, but on was called to the southwest, but then My Lil' & others with him were soon back. Mr X went back to the gravel & found that it was Dust on out to the north-eastern top end of the Heath.

Sludge was keen on heading directly down over the damp grassy expanse, but he was stopped in his tracks after Mr X had stopped & picked up a great clump of pooch hair & as he held this aloft he declared "Sludge! You've lost your beard!" Though David said he thought it was a merkin! [For those not in the know, a merkin is a pubic wig! Why would you want a pubic wig, I hear you ask? Well, it was because in days of yore to prevent pubic lice making a home in one's nether regions, they were shaved & replaced a fake thatch, because pubic lice are specially adapted to hang in the gap between pubic hairs, so with a fake rug they can't get a hold! – Ed]

Anyhow, you are probably feeling itchy now, so, back to the Trail & "On!" was called by My Lil' as he headed south-eastward on the stretch of heath behind the back of the homes along the High Street, he was soon overtaken by Lemming & was followed by Mother, Milf, Mr X & then TBT OBE as the Dust led on down to a ford in the river Colne before the bridge by Coursers Road.

After weeks of moaning about not having any river crossings, as well as doubting that No Eye Deer & Whatershesays would put one in on this Trail, My Lil' now had to eat his words & dip his toe in to follow Lemming wading through the river Colne as On was called away to the southwest. Milf also waded in, after Mother, then Milf stopped on the opposite bank to get a picture of the water crossing, but TBT OBE balked at the idea of wading in & getting his new shoes wet! This did not go unnoticed by the RA, who was right near him!

Mr X headed out toward the roundabout by the former Queens Head Pub by the roundabout by the Tollgate Road, but he was called back as "On!" was called on over the bridge on Coursers Road for a few yards, then over the Colne which allowed Sludge, Paxo, Pebbledash, David, Kev, Crusty Ring, Manjit & Véronique to all cross without getting the shoes any wetter than the dampness caused by the long damp grass.

From the car park the side of the heath & the Hedge Sparrow conservation area, Lemming, Mother, Mr X & My Lil' all searched over to tip of the wooded area to the sou-sou-west, there were calls of "Short Cutters!" from those back with the two Hares, but with Trail intercepted toward the long thin plantation they weren't for turning, now they

would take to the desire-line of a path amongst the pine trees for 160 Yards until reaching the next CHK by a gate out into the enclosed field to the southwest.

Now there would be a spot of bother in picking up the Trail, it had been a bit washed or kicked out in places earlier on, but here Lemming would fall foul of heading out on the 150 Yard long edge of the enclosure but he didn't spot the Dust that had been set along there, instead "On!" was called out to the northwest by Mr X, My Lil' & Mother, but this was a Falsie & somehow they missed any T to turn them back.

Confusion reigned as Lemming came back to join the rest scurrying about up at the northern corner of the field, here Lemming & Mother would keep looking for Dust in the next section of woodland, Sludge followed on behind them, then all three would ignore the calls of "On!" from back on the footpath originally searched by Lemming.

On the other had the RA & My Lil' both headed back over to the gate in the corner, as they began the long 530 Yard single stretch of wide farm track over to the paddocks & stables down by Lawsons Colney Heath Timber. Slowly these two made up ground on Véronique & Manjit, David, Kev, Crusty, then Paxo & Pebbledash, before closing down ground on Whatevershesays & Kylie, all the while the RA kept a beady eye out to the north to monitor Mother's progress, & she was leading the hapless Lemming & Sludge around on a Long Cut around the opposite side of the wide crop field.

Mr X then began to put on a spurt as he was going to try & intercept Mother where the field's southern tip meets the Track the Trail was on, but his heart sank as Mother would lead the other two off on a footpath before this, to reach a footpath along inside of the north-western hedge of the horse paddock's of Tyttenhanger Farm.

As Mr X & My Lil' followed on behind No Eye Deer & Milf around the horse paddocks outer path, Mother & then Lemming sneaked ahead of them to follow the Dust around three quarter of the enclosed land, reaching a nice Shiggy path before coming down to CHK by a junction for a footpath crossing between the main & smaller southern lakes by the 'New Plantation' Gravel has been extracted around here since at least 1899, as it is marked 'Gravel Pit' on the Ordinance Survey Map of the day.

This area brought back a few memories of Hyena's first Trail, no one thought that he'd ever Hash again as it was in the depths of winter, & the heavy snow had melted overnight & the footpath between the two lakes was flooded to waist height. It wasn't so much Hyena response that day we remember, but Junior's, who while wading through the ice cold water, began screaming like a girl [Apologies to all girls out there who are braver than Junior, which is most of you! – Ed] For the now freaking Junior claimed his screaming was because a fish had swam through his legs, though later Junior nearly chocked on his Skippy Piss (Fosters) when Mr X said Junior should be used to having an old trout or two between his legs!

Less reminiscing & back to this Trail, Lemming & Mother made swift progress on picking up the Dust on the south bound 200 Yard footpath to find a CHK on a hard capped farm track to the next section of woodland, this being Garden Wood. Over the gravel extraction conveyor belt via a few steps & the Trail now headed in amongst the pines of Garden Wood, a disgruntled My Lil' moaned that he's have preferred to have run up the north-eastern side of the wood & the conveyor-belt.

The Path into the wood turned to the northwest, much to My Lil's relief & led up to a CHK on a crossroads of fire-break gaps, Lemming's luck now ran out as he went wrong, it was down to Milf & Mother to find the Trail as they spotted the SCBs being led from the short cut between the two lakes by Sludge who was coming down from over the stationary conveyor belts & to head north-westward. It was a 200 yards trot along to the end of the plantation, where No Eye Deer got to actually see a real life Deer, as Paxo pointed out a Muntjac in amongst the trees before the Trail led around to the only Held CHK of the Trail, just a short way up a northern path.

The Pack were spoilt for a choice of sweets this week, Jelly Babies, Fruit Pastilles & Marsh Mallows, Crusty Ring wanted the latter to be toasted & Kev got out his lighter to oblige. However Lemming was rather worried as the FRBs & the middle order waited almost beneath the arms of an electricity pylon, he claimed that his hair was standing on end! [It didn't show! – Ed] Still it was better than hearing about an abandoned face mask could be Sparky's George's hammock of a posing pouch!

Once Véronique & Manjit had arrived, been awarded their sweets, the Hares began a really good job of persuading the whole of the Pack to take the longer 'scenic' option on the Watling Chase Timberland Trail away in a south by southwest direction. It wasn't far on this over grown route that the Pack had to avoid such scratchy obstacles as brambles, Nettles [Which according to the RA don't sting when they are damp! – Ed] to add to this there were low branches to duck under, which for Lemming was far easier than David who in comparison looked like he was on slits.

For almost 900 Yards the Trail through the overgrown undergrowth & dead plants, the RA didn't find it very scenic, but as it came out by the edge of the Tyttenhanger Park, then the Willows Farm Activity Centre Mr X called out "Scenic Trail, a Pig's Arse!" as he was greeted by scene of the backsides of the sows, there were also some free range pigs in the enclosure to the south.

Mr X also wondered why on this stretch Sludge & TBT OBE were straddling the wooden structure at the side of the track gates as the Trail passed through the edge of the animal petting farm. Mr X just unchained the gate & walked through, he asked half straddled Sludge if he could shut the gate when he had got down, unsurprisingly Sludge refused, & the RA chained the gate back up.

Some had fears about Lemmings freedom around this point, for he may have been rounded up & locked up in a pen in the petting zoo? Lemming managed not to be rounded up, even after going wrong as he left the Trail as it turned around a u-bend in the Trail.

My Lil' had found the Dust through the small pine plantation that was all decorated with Halloween witches, ghosts, pumpkins & the like, all ready for the 31st, Mr X pointed out to mother that one witch had a face that looked like she had sucked a lime! Mr X then ran off before ~~Hansel & Gretel~~ Lemming & Mother plucked up courage to get

through this creepy woodland & then out near to the Gingerbread house. (Mr X thought that Milf maybe back here with her grandkids over from the Sates?)

Mother was impressed by the sight of the field of hundreds of pumpkins to the west, this was nice to see the orange & white gourds scattered all over the field, to the west was the series of fishing lakes that were created by the centuries of gravel extraction, now home to the de Havilland Angling Club. Then the view was just going to be just trees & fallow fields for the next mile, a long mile with no break of a CHK Point. Sludge now slowed up to a walk, seems his extra Hashing loop behind Mother & Lemming had taken its toll.

The Trail curved around the northern end of the top lake, there a CHK was found by the de Havilland 'fisher folks' café & Tackle store, now there was a short climb up a ramp as Dust was picked up over the extraction conveyor belt again. My Lil' & TBT OBE were a long way ahead, but Lemming, Mother & Mr X slowly made up ground on them. Mr X said he's be happy once he had reached the fenced off area of the North London Society of Model Engineers, as he knew he would then be near to the On Inn.

After a 500 Yard Run on a wide fenced in track, the RA reached this point & he declared "We've successfully got Lemming passed the Petting Zoo, now all we need is to get Kylie beyond the miniature railway, but hopefully they have 'Anti-climb' paint to stop him clinging on to the fence!"

Once the Trail hit the tarmac end of Church Road at Park Gate Corner, this is the site for the 'water works, formally the Barnet District Gas & Water Company in the 1930s, it would be just 400 yards to leave this to head out over the damp grass of Colney Heath once again, with a slight kink at the end of the Trail to use the bridge then cut diagonally over the northern section of heath to the On Inn via the short dead-end Park Lane.



Thankfully on their return the FRBs took up the seats under the white Marquee, for before the SCBs were all back, a large group of walkers, it looked like a Duke of Edinburgh Awards Pack, had all descended upon the Pub Garden. They had their own grub, which was lucky as the Pub was only doing roast dinners & those of the Pack who were eating got seated for food before the rest, where one could enjoy every Faketerian's Favourite of Veggie-Chicken Pie, with gravy & beef dripping roast tatties.

While TBT OBE was scoffing his chicken pie, a conversation of new shoes & other Hash gear went around the table, this prompted My Lil' to quote Jim Royle: "I am not fiddling with myself, I paid a quid for these underpants and I've got fifty pence worth stuck up me arse!" [Yes that's the normal Hash standard of conversation! – Ed]

Finally the Circle was called, though Sludge had already left the fold by this point. The Hares were rewarded for a good Trail that took an hour & 15 Mins, Mother & Lemming were out for their 'Long Cut' then the next Down-Down went to our Virgin Kev.

The penultimate Hit went to David, who was named by the RA & there was a long story behind this: It started when Kev called him the 'Man with no name' & with his height & beard it made Mr X think of a Clint Eastwood connotation, then he recalled Crusty saying it should be slightly erring on the rude side?

So, on the way around the Trail the RA's mind ticked over, thinning of Clint's Films like The Good The Bad & The Ugly, but then he thought of the 1970's Thriller of 'Play Misty for me' (It was R rated) & this was corrupted to be 'Play Moistly for me'!

Finally Paxo awarded Mr X his Down-Down for completing his 1400th Herts Hash R*n [He should really get a

life! – Ed] as the funny circle came to an end but it wasn't the end of the hilarity as the Pack could enjoy more 'Double Entendres' which of course was boosted with Pebbledash's presence, & just puerile jokes.

Vacuum Robot 'eats' sleeping woman's hair



