



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



Run No. 195512th December 2021
Venue: The Waterside Inn
Beers: Reverend James; Ghostship; Glorious George
Location: Ware
Hare/s: Mr. X
Runners: 10
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 11
Membership: More fallers than at the Aintree Chair!

The Hare had sent out prior warnings that the going on this Trail would be hard going due to the amount of Shiggy out there, he was alerted to this fact when he went to set the Trail on Friday, then with the next couple of days Rain it would have not improved the going underfoot.

For some the bus journey over was brightened up by the sight of the yarn-bombed post boxes in Hertford & Ware, including the Pizza making mice on the Ware Road.

A couple of good things about this venue are that it's a Stonegate Pub, they take CAMRA Vouchers & it's also open at 10:00Hrs on a Sunday, which meant Mr X & My Lil' could sit inside & appreciate the warmth indoors & a nice pint that worryingly could have been named after Sparky's appendage?

These two early arrivals, reached the Waterside just before the hour. They were pleased to see that the Sparky Trap from a previous Hash visit a couple of years ago, the double set of doors for the fire-escape was just now a single set to the outside, so no more of Sparky being trapped like a bluebottle against a pane of glass.

Talking of Sparky, he was seen driving by as the two supped up & then walked over through the passageway to the Kibes Lane car park, part of which is on the former Quaker Burial Ground, it was here that the gathering Pack soon learnt that Pebbledash had lost her voice, a "Hoorah!" went up from some.

The Circle was called, then Mr X announced the sad news that Mr Beaky, Wessex H³ Hasher, had passed away on Friday night. He was GM for the 2011 UK Nash Hash, as well as driving force behind the 2015 Krakow EuroHash, which was attended by many of Herts Hash

The Hare was finally called forward & he would again reiterate that he had been around this Trail twice, on Friday & Saturday, though not again this morning after the overnight down-pour. Two of the Circle said that they had spotted the faded remnants of a flour arrow over by the Riverside Inn, it surmised that there could be quite a long time spent out there if it was all as washed out as that marking.

So, it was away from Kibes Lane, with the smell of food cooking as the Pack passed through by a couple of restaurants to the end of Star Street & over by the frontage of the Riverside Inn. Southward over the River Lea Navigation, No Eye Deer & Milf weren't that impressed as Mr X pointed out the faded Trail on the road bridge, but they were happy to join Mr X in running the Long Trail loop, with Fliptop & Teddy in tow. Everyone Else took the Short option!

Crossing the traffic islands on Bridgefoot, the Keenies reached the end of the Amwell End Road then down the west bound path to the footbridge spanning the small basin off of the River Lea Navigation behind the shops, including the Brick Lane Bagel Company, which is miles away from the original Brick Lane in Whitechapel.

The footpath for the Keenies would descend a gentle slope to take to the Navigations towpath as it heads westward toward the county town of Hertford, there would be lots to take in along this route. Various water fowl, decorated Narrowboats that are inhabited, fisher-folk, walkers & of course on the opposite bank the famous Gazebos, the largest group of these riverside structures in the UK, the wooden buildings were originally called 'Dutch Summer Houses' after William of Orange, some of these hang out from the back of buildings on the opposite bank over the wide waterway

It would be some 330 Yards before the Keenies arrived at a CHK, which was a mere faint ring of dough before the Hare tarted it up when he arrived there. While Milf was tempted to search over the weirs & head northward into Burgage Lane car park to the north, Mr X was keen on carrying on along the River Lea Navigation around the bend in the waterway's course.

Mr X called "On!" as Dust was spotted on the trees & the FRBs of Mr X, Milf & No Eye Deer embarked upon a 470 Yard run under the tree-line canopy as the navigation snaked from southwest to northwest in a large gentle arc to reach a faint curved arrow pointing through the end of the tree-line to the south by southwest footpath path out through a paddock to the meads & the railway line cutting through this.

Mr X was soon out by the gate at the end of the small enclosed paddock to the south of the Lea, but there were no markings on it, which led him to work out that the Trail was behind him & now the two Harriettes who had just arrived. Mr X pointed out to Milf & No Eye Deer that there was a path running on the south side of the tree-line to the tow-path, sure enough there were remnants of dough found on the trees & the Keenies were now heading back to the east, all well hidden from the out Trail.

The footpath would now drift away from the riverside & head south-eastward toward the Railway line, where it would leave the meads & marshes to turn due east running between the Hertford East Branch-line to the south & the Sacred Heart Primary School to the north. After 450 Yards the trio could see Fliptop with Teddy up ahead on the dead-end of Broadmeads after pooch & master had cut out the hairpin loop.

The Trail now headed toward Ware Railway Station, passing the Air Training Corp [A place well known to Pepé le Pew! – Ed], then the Scout Huts along the way back out to the Amwell End Road, the odd splattering of fresh Dust could be seen directing the FRBs out over to Station Road, running opposite the Railway Station, the road turned from East to north by what was the McMullen's Railway Tavern, now residential apartments.

After a slight wiggle in the direction of the road, the FRBs made their way out on to the A1170 Viaduct Road, where they would cross over & follow the Trail down around to the south for a mere 50 Yards to then enter Coddington Close, that sits behind the Mill Studios Business Centre, the Keenies continued their way around to the north as the Dust led on by the homes of Loxley Court & back up to the River Lea Navigation.

No Eye Deer & Milf were slightly ahead of Mr X by now, & as they arrived back at the towing path, they then turned to the right & Mr X used the desire line over the small triangle of green space to cut off the corner. When challenged by No Eye Deer, Mr X then claimed that he was actually 'Sludge' since the real Sludge was also wearing an old green Herts Sweatshirt, as was Kylie that morning. Neither of the Harriettes were buying that story.

Still there was no sign of the SCBs of Paxo, Whatevershesays, My Lil', Pebbledash, Sludge & Sparky. A 65 Yard trot along the tow-path on more fresh Dust which marked the way up the steps of the footbridge over the River Lee Navigation to the eastern side of the water.

The CHK on the footpath from the flight of steps had been marked by the time the Keenies had descend from the heights, a nor-nor-west trot to another weir, here the Trail turned north-eastward along the top of the small wooded area inside the almost ox-bow route of the old River Lea's original course as it snakes away from the man-made River Lea Navigation in an area of large ponds & lakes.

As the Trail came around the northern tip of the woodland & onto the footpath between the lakes & the old River Lea, Whatevershesays came into sight up ahead of Mr X, for the SCBs had taken a simpler start of walking down Star Street & then turning off down through the small area of Car Sales Garages to the weir.

The Next CHK was found by a footbridge over the old River Lea to the small Paxton Way estate on the east bank. By this option the FRBs found My Lil', Pebbledash & Paxo hanging around, Pebbledash croaked something inaudible, then Paxo bleated that they were waiting for Sparky & they had been a long way down the Shiggy path on the narrow spit of land between the river & the lakes but not seen any Dust at all. When asked where the Hare was? They replied that he had scuttled off down that way, it was obvious that none of them had any faith in TBT OBE's ability not to get lost on his own Trail. A question of once bitten twice shy with a TBT OBE Trail!

Mr X began his slip & sliding trot along the path that dropped away at some acute angles in places along its long twisting course between scrubby bushes & trees, the going became pretty treacherous & traction seemed easier if ran rather than at a walking pace, so Mr X txt My Lil' to turn back & go to the Pub, for this terrain would not be conducive to his bad knee.

Mr X then had to stop as he ran up to find Sparky was ahead of the rest, blowing his horn & annoying the fisher-folk & walkers alike. Mr X then used tech on Trail as he called Paxo to let him know that he had found Sparky up ahead, which left Paxo in a real dilemma, if to join Pebbledash & My Lil' in heading back to the Pub, or to solider on with the Trail, he chose the latter & headed away into the Shiggy.

Mr X passed by Sparky & was homing in on Milf, Sludge & the Hare but as he negotiated his way around the first of the two large fallen trees, he had to walk & in straddling the trunk [As Pebbledash croaked to the Bishop! – Ed] he would get caught up with a bramble & hit the deck. He was not the first to take a tumble as Sparky had already been down, & he wouldn't be the last either!

After coming up to almost a mile along this awkward Shiggy Path, some kind of normality was found as the Trail came out to a CHK on the tarmac access road into the nature reserve, here Milf was allowed to go wrong when she searched southward onto the Amwell Walkway. A now Shiggy covered Mr X arrived at this point to see TBT OBE & Sludge take to the north by northeast direction, up toward Hollycross Road, though he had to stop briefly to see that he had received a picture message from Pebbledash, since My Lil's phone doesn't send pictures, it was of the two of them in the nice warm, dry On Inn enjoying a Pint each!

Some 270 Yards further to the elbow in the leaf littered drive, where a faint arrow directed the way off of the tarmac & down to the old railway line that was the Buntingford Branch line, affectionately known as 'the Bunt' [As Pebbledash croaked to the Bishop! – Ed] where the Trail would pass under the old brick road bridge, this would cheer Kylie up when he reached this point of being on an old railway.

A short way along the line & to the only Held CHK of the Trail, which the Hare had reset there & then on his arrival at the junction with a footpath away up the hill to the northwest. Here TBT OBE broke out the sweets, however these weren't enough to placate Milf to start with, she wasn't happy at the Hare & Sludge, for letting her search the wrong way & not call her back! Sludge said "We did call you back!" as he added "On back Milf!" in a very low whisper that Pebbledash would have preferred than the rasp she now possessed.

No Eye Deer, Whatevershesays, Kylie, Paxo & Sparky all arrived at the Held CHK, probably because Milf did go back a bit to call & make sure that they didn't miss the short drop down to the old line. In some ways it was a good thing that My Lil' wasn't there, as some of the sweets were sour ones he always moans about!

After Mr X had cleaned out the Shiggy from the cuts on his knee with hand-gel, he was ready to move on. Luckily for the Pack, the Hare had now decided to cut short the Trail, leaving out a large loop, mainly due to the fact that he had booked the tables back at the On Inn for 12:15 Hrs & by now it was already Noon!

So, Mr X led the way with Milf to head up the hillside, there was a twist in the route, as they reached a track that turned on a sixpence as it came around by the sheer face of the wooded chalk outcrop to climb up along the edge of the farm land & Copse wood of on Brokengall Hill.

After 640 Yards those behind began to peel off toward the Widbury Hill Farm house to the north, while Milf & Mr X chose to stay with the dog walking route, since the couple with a German Shepard had just let them in on the secret that they can get out of the bottom northwest corner of the crop field, thus not having to go out of the way through the farmyard & then down through the trees that line the B1004 Widbury Hill Road.

Of course Sludge wasn't going to miss out on this & was soon up with these two on the shortest route home, then the rest of the Pack behind changed tack once more to follow on for the 372 Yard easy drop down to the corner, where the wire fence had been flattened down & everyone could to join the path the Hare had recommended.

A quick encounter with a young racing snake [Dachshund! – Ed] on the way out to the Hollycross Road junction, then after a dash over this the way was down by the local Esso garage to pick up the walkers 'out trail' along Star Street.

While Mr X & Sludge went to get Hash bags out of his car, Milf shot off to buy another birthday cake for TBT OBE & Paxo, for she had left the other one she had bought at home. Milf also had to buy more candles, Mr X wondered if she was going to buy 20 Fork-handles or 20 packs of Four Candles?

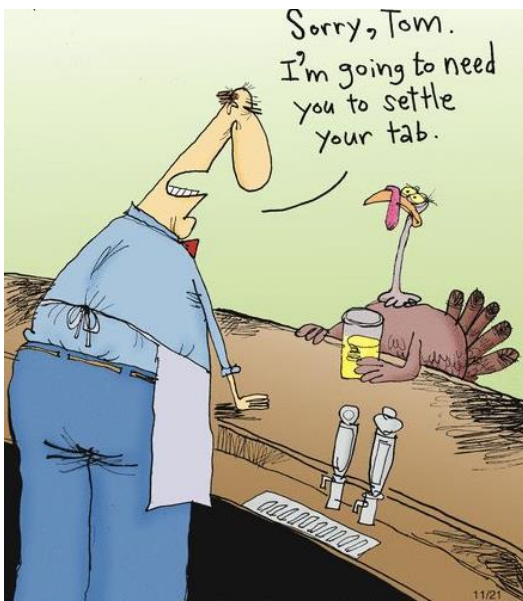
Back to the On Inn & Mr X carried his Hash Shoes in, not everyone did & it was noted that Milf was one to traverse the brand new pub carpet, before she was told off by Kylie. Milf then sent Mr X out to the entrance with her Hash shoes to be left out there in a position like they were being mounted by Kylie's pair of Hash boots!

After a bit of a 'Something about Mary' looking incident with some hand-gel spurting toward Pebbledash, Mr X thought better & went off to wash off the rest of the Shiggy from his hands & knees, though Sparky didn't bother as he still wore his jacket with Shiggy smeared all up it, unfortunately with it also on his pants it gave the appearance that he had pooped himself!

There was lots of fun at Pebbledash's expense, with her lack of voice, Mr X said it must have been a riveting conversation between her & My Lil' until the rest arrived? Then the fun turned to the Birthday Boys of TBT OBE & Paxo, with various combinations of the cake numbers, with 96 being the top age & Paxo trying to fool no one with a 56, though there could be a joint 8650!

Sadly for TBT OBE, our own varytarian, there was no more veggie dishes left, so he had to go for Turkey (which is meat) After the Gourmet Hash had eaten, Sparky being confused as to what his Tempura Prawn & Calamari starter was, Sparky was also a little miffed to find that his Hash Hand-gel container was empty! [He should know that alcohol doesn't last long o the Hash! – Ed]

There were just the two Down-Downs for the Birthday Boys, which much to Whatevershesays disgust was held inside, due to the fact that the long tables didn't have much room between them to allow anyone to manoeuvre.



A copy of Oliver Twist just fell on my toe – it hurts like the Dickens!

Meanwhile outside Pebbledash's home

