



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

Run No. 1958
28th December 2021
Venue: The Heath Club
Beers: Buntingford Hurricane; Adnams/Turning Tide Raspberry Scotch Ale!
Location: Royston
Hare/s: 3D et Slug
Runners: 10
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 1
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 12
Membership: Seeing out the old Hash Year.



**YOU'VE TESTED POSITIVE FOR COVID-19. I
NEED A LIST OF EVERYPLACE YOU'VE BEEN.**

It was pretty much expected that after Chrimbo Day some would have family commitments, & possible positive test courtesy of the little people, also being before the possible Herts Christmas weekend, that there would be a low turnout for today. Those who did turnout probably needed the exercise to shift a few ounces off of the extra Christmas Pounds?

The Pack assembled in the Car Park, where they were offered a nice port, or two, by 3D to 'Warm the Cockles' [As Pebbledash said to the Bishop! – Ed] Tent Packer explained that he had passed by Sparky on his drive toward Royston, however Sparky was not to be seen. Mr X explained that Sparky was probably at the nearby Golf Club, since that was where the Post Code would take him.

Just before the Circle was called, Sparky arrived & parked up a little way from the pack, then he got back in his car & drove off toward the Heath Club, where he parked up again. So, Mr X went over to get Sparky's attention, which he did, Sparky now aware of the rest drove all the way back to where he was parked earlier before!

It was gone the hour as Mr X welcomed those gathered, with the correct Run Number, then it was over to 3D & Slug to explain what the Pack could expect out there. It was usual Hash Markings, as well as most of the Trail was a street Run, the RA woefully looked down at his cross-country mega grip Hash boots! 3D added that the Trail started from the southern tip of the extension to the car park.

Mr X was keen to get moving & ran out to the gap in the low fence, now on the edge of the heath but he was soon going wrong as he searched for Dust away to the west, over toward the edge of the Golf Course fairway. Having been called back, he then joined the rest in searching the hard-capped chalk white path running way to the east.

Being chalky white, it took a while before the Trail was seen by Mr X, who was now ahead of Tent Packer, My Lil', 3D, Slug, Sparky, Port & Starboard, as well as Paxo (Who as carrying an umbrella). Mr X then found a weather-beaten CHK by a fork in the footpaths. Making up for his first mistake, Mr X now found the Trail as it led 240 Yards up the steep grassy ridge to the southeast. Halfway along he looked back to see Paxo was now making his way back from the false on the lower path to the south in the basin of the vale.

As he called "On!" Mr X gave a friendly wave to Paxo way back on the Trail. Mr X was first to the CHK up on the plateau & started off along the southbound path, at this height the going was hampered with the strong, biting wind meeting him head on, but after about 100 Yards he found a T, so it was back to the CHK & to search again.

The RA's second search had him finding Dust on the next path up to the east, this would now lead south by southwest on a path that would intercept the one he was on previously, just beyond the T that had stopped him earlier. The rest of the Pack would reach the CHK, which 3D marked to the northeast & down to Briary Lane, unfortunately for Mr X he had now gone around by the hedgerow & was out of sight, more importantly he was also out of earshot, as he ran for 250 Yards until realising that there was no more Dust, nor was there any remains of a T!

Turning back it was now a game of catch-up for Mr X, the CHK was now marked off down the eastern slope of wild grass to reach Briary Lane, then over through the edge of a small recreation area at the bottom of Echo Hill. Paxo looked back up the hill & gave Mr X a reciprocal wave back.

A CHK was found on Briary Lane & it too had already been marked, Tent Packer & Paxo were now seen walking down the steps to the small arching path for the front gardens of a semi-circle of houses on Sun Hill, this was only a short way before scaling the few concrete steps at the opposite end. The Trail would now head up over the ridge of Sun Hill.

Mr X was concerned that the old terraced homes along this road had the potential of each being a 'Sparky Trap' in the guise of old wrought iron boot scrapers outside of the front doors, from a time when this road would have been just mud & not tarmac. Sparky survived this section without a fall, though he nearly went off Trail as he crossed the road as he thought he saw Dust by a driveway, but it turned out to be some squashed plaster & he was called back to follow the real Trail down the eastern side of Sun Hill.

The Trail now came down on to the London Road junction, with the Trail taking to Kings Street, running along the bottom of Market Hill & then Fish Hill, two old parallel roads that head northward in the old Market Area, it was

here during the Civil War that the locals, who supported the Stuart Crown were confronted by the Parliamentary Forces, the 'ironsides called the locals 'Crows' a name that has stuck, appearing on the town coat of arms & is the name of the local 'scandal-rag' & the town's Football Club.

The Market is filled with olde worlde shops, as well as a few of the old remaining Pubs like the Chequers & the Green man, which in Victorian Times the landlady would ring a bell at one o'clock to let the farm worker's know it was Lunchtime, as well as former Pubs like the Boars Head which is now an Indian Restaurant. Guess how many Pubs there were in Royston in 1900? Answer at the end...

Mr X finally caught up with My Lil', Port & Starboard, then passed by to find arrows heading toward the southern end of the Priory Memorial Gardens. By the southern gates he saw a really faint arrow, which appeared to him to point the way around the outside of the park railings, he was wrong & luckily this time he heard Tent Packer call him back! The Park gates

At least being in the town, & not on the high ridges in the open, the wind was now hardly noticeable. Mr X chose to Sludge it back into the Park by another set of gates, The Priory Memorial Gardens is dedicated to the Roystonians who fell in World War II, three of which were presented by the Royal British Legion, the Royal Airforce Association, the Royal Naval Association, the Home Guard & the Offord Family respectively.

there he met up & got in front of the rest as he began to search northward to the Memorial in the centre, to the left there is the red marble pillar The red marble pillar is dedicated to the dead of the 91st Bombardment Group (Heavy) of the U.S. Army Air Force, who flew B17 Flying Fortresses from the Bassingbourn & Nuthampstead Air Bases between 1942/45. This Group was the home of the famous Memphis Belle – these units also suffered the heaviest casualties of any bomber group in WWII.

By the Centre of the Park Mr X could see a pretty clear arrow, this was pointing the way out to the Northeast exit to the A10 Newmarket Road roundabout. Mr X's luck was still not in, for he search over the roundabout on the Newmarket Road, but was called back by Paxo to the A10 where he could see Paxo & My Lil' making their way along the A10, which puzzled Mr X as he had already had a quick look along there!

So, the RA returned to search away up the A10 again, but as he almost reached the roundabout for the King James Way off to the west, he was stopped by another T! At last Mr X had a little luck, & little it was [As Pebbledash said to the Bishop! – Ed] for the rest of the Hash could now be seen walking through the Car park behind the Civic Centre, here arrows were found by the trees in the car park to point the way to a Held CHK on the edge of King James Way.

Across from here was a puzzling oddity of sentry-box like flint structure, must have been a part of the old Priory Walls before its disillusion. Mr X may have thought that it was a 'humbug' to be caught out again, but at least there were Quality Street to be had at the Held CHK, once 3D had retrieved them from her back-pack. However, it just wasn't someone's day as there was only one 'Big purple one' in the bag & Tent Packer plunged his hand to the bottom of the bag to seize it with gusto. [Bet he wins toys at the seaside grab machines? - Ed]

With those few ounces burnt off now being put back on with the confectionary, except for My Lil' who refused any sweets, it was time to move on from the old sentry box like flint structure. Mr X decided that he would return to the A10, which he did & there he found Trail on his way up toward the Butchers Baulk, an ancient footpath that possibly gets its name for a defensive ditch, but Mr X knows about that roughly runs from east to west, but his efforts were all in vain as yet another T was found to block his way!

Tent Packer couldn't believe it when he saw Mr X turn back, with arms outstretched to indicate he had found a T! Now on King James Way, where the rest were working their way to the west, this road is named to honour the fact that King James I (or VI) stayed in Royston.

At least by the time Tent Packer & Mr X had caught up, Port & Starboard had found the Bar CHK where King James Way turns to the north, the RA was overjoyed that someone else had fallen for a Falsie! An arrow was found on the western arm of Kings James Way to find that the Trail would take a clock-wise trip around the circular end of the road. Des Res caught up as the Trail completed the 220 Yard loop around to the Northern spur off of the main way.



Des Res asked about the World's End Pub Crawl, apologising for his 'No Show' as Mr X explained that it did take place, with seven completing this year's crawl, & that there would be another one sometime next Year! Mr X now knew that they would finally reach Butchers' Baulk & on this old route a CHK was found. Guess what Mr X found as he searched off to the west by southwest? Yes, another T!

So back on the east by northeast direction that Des Res was on, this had the real Trail on it & would lead the Pack around the western side of the Royston Cemetery, this burial ground is split into two sections with one either side of the A10. Out on to Stamford Avenue where a left turn would lead to the elbow at its western end & up on to Mill Lane, time for a CHK.

One of the Pack would see no change in their form as he searched up Mill Lane toward the Main Kneesworth Street at the southwestern end, where progress was stopped by a T! It was at this point that Mr X thought better of going back, for he had previously seen the Trail on his walk from the Station, a little further northward on Kneesworth Street he 'Sludged' it across the road to pick up the Trail back, where he mistakenly believed that he couldn't fall for any more Falsies.

Kneesworth Street was predominantly the home to the entourage of King James I (VI of Scotland), when his court was in town, part of the Old

Palace remains with the two external brick chimneys, the headquarters for his equerries is now the local Con Club, while his buttery is the local chippy, the main reason James came to Royston was for his hunting, Dog Kennel lane behind this street was named after where his greyhounds were kept.

So, while the rest made their way around to Queens Road, named after Queen Anne, then out on to Kneesworth Street, the RA crossed over to Green Drift, where he had previously seen arrows. Now being ahead of the rest he was tempted to have a quick look down Malting Close to see if anyone was at home in Chez Sis et Fliptop, since they were not on the Trail this morning, but on second thoughts he decided that Sis & Fliptop may be in quarantine?

Carrying on along Green drift, the next CHK by the start of Tannery Drift was ignored by the RA but kicked through, for he had passed beyond it earlier to discover the Trail continued for a further 530 Yards, there the next CHK was by the start of Mackerel Hall.

Mr X knew that Mackerel Hall has a footpath at its end that leads straight back to the Baldock Road, not far from the Heath Club, so this was his preferred choice but little did he know that at the end of the hedgerow for the row of homes on the left there was one last T for him to find, just hidden out of view until he was right upon it!

A lot of cussing as the RA decided to make an executive decision to carry on & get to the Heath Club, where he nagged a table in the Bar. For the rest there was another, further footpath from Green Drift to the Baldock Road, but when My Lil' reached this, he took it but saw no Trail toward the end of the 350 Yards the narrow passageway.

Once all were back, the RA said that there would be no Down-Downs, to keep physical contact down to a minimum & the fact that he admitted to 'Sludging' on an unofficial Short Cut & he wasn't up for Down-Down as they tackled the Raspberry Ale, though Hash cash was taken, with just two owing for next time.

Of course the subject of Post Codes raised its ugly head, but fortunately for Mr X it wasn't toward him, as Sparky's attention was soon turned to the sausage roll he had ordered, seems he's developed a taste for these since the Brewery

In all it was a good Trail, though it had far too many Falsies for the RA, which made the more surprising that the weather stayed dry for the whole length of the Trail. The Pack their ways, with "Hashy New Year!" ringing in their ears

Answer. In 1900 there were 48 Pubs in Royston



it all went

Sparky's Christmas Dinner in a can, lasts for years!



More Dad's photo-shopped pictures when his wife asks how the Kids are?



