

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

Statement by Larry the cat

They locked me in a cupboard with a tin of Tuna
I could hear music and champagne corks popping
I did not attend



[Oi! No politics on the Hash, it's not Private Eye! – Ed]

Run No. 1963
30th January 2021
Venue: The White Hart
Beers: GK IPA, Old Speckled Hen
Location: Biggleswade
Hare/s: Whatevershesays, Depth Charge
Runners: 11
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 19 H⁵
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 8
Total:48
Membership: Sparky scaring the locals...

It's been a long time since we had a joint run with H5, & since we were going to be on their territory it was only polite to ask them to join us. Originally the Hares were going to be No Eye Deer & Depth Charge, then when it came to setting the Trail on Saturday they would be one short as No Eye Deer tested positive for Covid & then had to self-isolate, much to her frustration, so Whatevershesays stepped in.

No Eye Deer would have been further miffed as the RAs had weaved their magic & the weather would be fine, a little crisp in the air to start with, before the sun was out in the clear blue skies & it soon warmed things up. My Lil' & Mr X were happy to walk around to the White Hart to find the Pack gathering out front on Market Square, the latter was even more overjoyed to find that Sparky had managed to find his way there.

However, Sparky's arrival was less than miraculous, not with a Tom-Tom & a Garmin in his car, a what3words Map link on the centre of the Pub, a Streetmap link with the arrow pointing to the Pub & a very long email reply from the RA as to how to get there, something had sunk in, not sure which one? Bell-end greeted Mr X with a "Have you got that thing for Dipstick Yet?" in reference to an EWSH3 jacket that Dipstick doesn't stop going on about!

It may not be long out of Covid, or was this was going to be an Ironman of a Hash Trail? For H⁵ were taking Hash names at the start, which made some wonder how long the Trail would be? Or did H⁵ know Where's Wally? & Sparky were turning out today & were taking a precaution in case they went astray? Or, perhaps it was a way to find out if anyone of H⁵ had been arrested out on Trail for endlessly dialling the emergency services on their mobile? [More of the later! – Ed]

Anyhow, the respective GM's were called forward, Fliptop was on hand as the Honourary GM to announce the Correct Run number with one of H⁵ eventually coming up with their Run Number of 1614, then the Hares were summoned forth, one of which looked very sheepish & was very apologetic about the number of Fish-hooks out there on the Trail.

Things started with all the confusion of a Chinese Fire Drill, as the Pack were all over the place until a hint from one Hare directed the Keenies off beside the Pub on Station Road, two of the Hash knew that there was a Bar CHK along this route, since they passed by it on their way from the Tail. So, Mr X crossed over to Bonds Lane, where others were again milling around like startled chickens in the small car park with its broken brick wall. Where's Wally? was called back from playing the traffic of the shoppers arriving & leaving in their cars.

The odd arrow was eventually found & somehow the Hash made their way around the L-shaped Bonds Lane to come out to a CHK on Hitchin Street, here Milf, Where's Wally? Flying Solo & Fliptop were called back from the northern end of Hitchin Streets as they just passed by Pictures of Lilly, a Tattoo studio named after a song about masturbation!

"Calls of On!" emanated from the narrow start of Mill Lane, leading by the Whistle & Flute Pub & out on to Teal Road where a CHK was found on the western side of this north-south road. The obvious choice of crossing the wide junction & continuing with the next section of Mill Lane proved to be correct as the Pack moved on by the old Corn Mill buildings & then on to the bridge spanning the river Ivel, here there was a CHK & four options to search, over farmland to the south, or the west, the Franklin Recreation Ground, as well as the path up beside the Showmans' Ground.

Where's Wally? Mr X, as well as Rapid, Minja Turtle & Jam Rag made their way back from various False Trails & as they started off on the correct route up by the Showmans' Ground, home to various Fair Ground Pantechnicons & Rides reside.

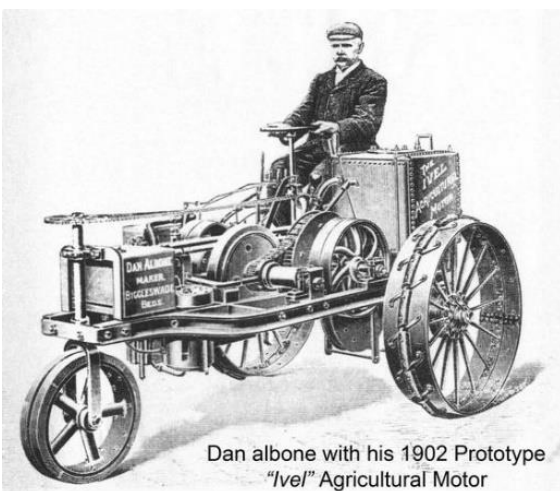
Minja Turtle soon made her way beyond the Knitting Circle, but not for long as she & the other Keenies were soon running back to the Tail of the Pack after they had found the first fish-hook of the Trail. A long stretch would now lay ahead as the riverside path moved over a few degrees to the west as the wide river Ivel bends on its serpentine route northward.

As he started out into the open land beyond the land beyond the Showmans' Grounds, Mr X told Whatevershesays that he ought to make an effort to run, then just a few steps into his stride his mobile rang! [Tech on the Hash! – Ed] The call stopped by the time the phone was retrieved, so a call back found it was Amanda who was on her way to Biggleswade after a late start due to a Burns Night Celebration. [Must have been some party as Burn's Night was 5 Days earlier! – Ed]

Amanda was reassured over the phone that she would catch up with the Hash as Mr X could see that the FRBs were turned again by another Fish-hook, he then realised that the call had actually saved him from being caught out as the likes of Milf, Minja Turtle & Flying Solo. Strangely there was no sign of Sludge falling for any of the Fish-hooks so far.

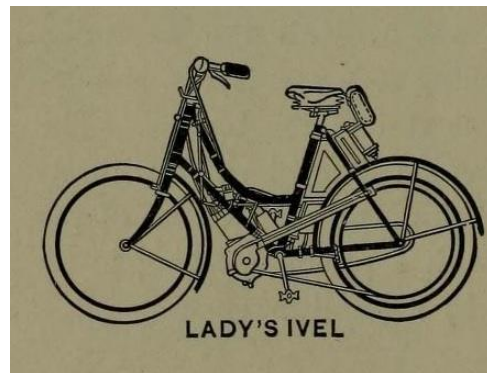
There would be another Fish-hook, on the opposite side of the river from Ivel Bury, before the end of the 880 Yards to a Held CHK at the edge of Hill Lane, the Held CHK there was not just to bunch up the Hash, but also get everyone safely across the wide sweeping bend that has blind spots, then once over it was down to a green space beside Royal Oak Close to the east.

This was Dan Albone Park, A photo stop was called with the Pack getting behind the large iron plate cut out of Dan Albone & his 1902 Prototype tractor. In His 20's, this Biggleswadian founded the Ivel Cycle Works, he then went to from Bicycles to motor bicycles.



Dan albone with his 1902 Prototype "Ivel" Agricultural Motor

In 1898 he could be seen driving his prototype car around Bedfordshire, which had an electric starter, by 1902 he had invented & patented the Ivel Agricultural Tractor, which won many awards. In 1903 he demonstrated a tractor with bullet proof steel to the war office, but this early tank went no further. Sadly, aged 46, he died of a stroke at work & after this the company floundered & was sold, he is buried in the town cemetery.



At this respite Count Roadkill took the first snap, then he swapped places with Milf so Herts could get a shot as well. Time to move on & the favoured & correct option was to continue northward, now with the river Ivel to the left of the Hash, for the river flows beneath the bend in the main road, while on the right was firstly the

Biggleswade Cricket Club, then the Biggleswade Football Club Ground (Home to the mighty Waders) & then a few more yards on, just for the Keenies up ahead a Fish-hook on the other side of the kissing gate!

The Trail came out to the tip of an expanding area of low meadow, signs on the gates warned that this was home to cattle & other roaming farm animals, perhaps this was the reason that Sludge kept veering off over to the east? Sludge's wandering did have an arrow, much to the RAs' annoyances & no doubt the FRBs who had continued along by the Ivel & then taking the 90° turn to the due east path over to the eastern tree-line, there a CHK was found.

Where's Wally? was among those who delighted the Hares by going wrong up to the north, by the time the SCBs had 'Sludged it' over to the hedgerow they could see all the FRBs coming back toward them, so it was a southbound trot to a gate in the hedge & out to a small new park area to the northeast of Shortmead House. There was a rather amusing sign on the gate, which read "Retards hang dog shit in tree's" under which was written "Bag shit, Bin shit, I won't hang Shit" from R.E. Tard

Here Depth Charge explained that there has been a house here since the early 16th century [First mention in 1543 when a Thomas Butcher, the owner of Shortmead Farm, gave money in his will to St Andrew's Church in Biggleswade. John Bricheno was one of the earliest recorded residents of Shortmead House, in the 1790s transformed the house into the Georgian manor house it is now.

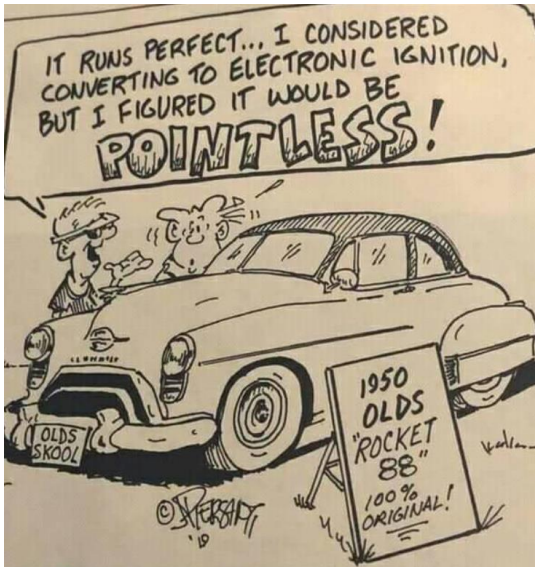
In the nineteenth and twentieth century the house & estate were auctioned with the reduction in the estates acreage from 133 acres of land being whittled down to 24 acres, but the long-term plan is to recover as much of the original area as possible to help restore the original feel of the grounds. These days it can be hired for Weddings & 'regroup sweet stops' alike.

Whatevershesays & Depth Charge handed out various confectionaries at this held CHK. Depth Charge went on to mention the Solar Panels to the north, Mr X said "That's no solar panel, its Sparky's Baldie Heed!" Amanda caught up with the rest of H4 here, admitting she was late due to Burns Night Celebrations, Jam Rag didn't know when Burns Night was, his excuse being that he's Welsh!

The Pack were called to "Check it out!" & so Rapid, Ninja Turtle, Forking Dickchair, Flying Solo, Amanda, Milf all set off down the driveway beside Shortmead House, probably as H⁵ had heard from Depth Charge that this never used to be a right of way but now it is allowed as access to walkers. Shame his words were those of a deceitful Hare to lure such gullible Hashers down a Falsie! So, it was over to the east, where there was a gate, complete with traffic lights to warn of oncoming Trains at the level crossing, & Samaritans signs.

Depth Charge had previous pointed out that the level crossing will be replaced by a bridge, something that would be a real obstacle for a lot of the Hash these days? Care was taken on the wide trot over all four rail lines to reach the opposite side & take to the east bound farm track over the crop fields.

Some 350 Yards along to the north-south section of the Furzenhall Road, beyond this the new homes on a new estate of the ever expanding Biggleswade now sits. Now, there was a kind of regroup when the front of the Pack



reached the road, here Depth Charge had decided that the Hash would be back far too soon [Before opening time! – Ed].

So, Amanda, Flying Solo, Milf & Where's Wally? were amongst the keener of the Herts gang who were cajoled in joining their H⁵ counterparts, to be led on a loop away from Biggleswade & away to the north, where they would pass by the Archery Club before turning eastward around by the Furze, & then south by southeast through more crop fields, all the way back to the edge of the new builds. Turning westward on a footpath along the top of the back of Binder Place, they would finish their extra mile to come to the Furzehall Road, just before the bend away to the southwest.

Meanwhile the SCBs had already made their way down the Road & into the more established part of North Biggleswade, but there were some shenanigans taking place along the way as another Fish-hook was found just before entering the urban section of the road. There was a number 3 with the Fish-hook, so Mr X & Tent Packer made sure that Sludge was ahead of them, Mr X even giving Sludge a push to make sure he was on top of the Fish-hook before any other H⁴ Hasher!

Sludge's angst was soon quashed, for Gorjoyce kicked the Fish-hook number so it now looked like a number 1, so that was that sorted as the leading SCBs made their way out to junction with Winston Crescent, fortunately for Mr X Whatevershesays was now on hand to correct his erring off to the west. Sludge, Tent Packer & Mr X had come up with the cunning theory of "Keep the railway to the right!", for the Railway runs through the centre of town & is only a short walk from the On Inn!

However, they weren't heading back that quickly as the Trail moved away from the Train lines as it came to the end of the weaving Furzenhall Road, a the T-Junction arrows showed the way to an alleyway a few yards away over the road to the east, there they took to a 220 Yards trot between the back gardens on either side until emerging out on to the bend in Drove Road, there a CHK was found.

Sludge now hit a rich vein of form as he found the Trail leading down Auckland Road & then again from the next CHK as sniffed out the correct route, this being on a narrow road of Lawnside down to a local Shop & schools. This part of town may have been sparsely built upon at the time, but on the 1902 Ordnance Survey Map it was marked as New Town even then. It was here that they encountered a group of Cyclists, who had turned into the road as the group of half a dozen or so SCBs crossed, the Cyclists stopped as mention of the new Highway Code's new obligations have now come in to force. Once safely across, Mr X said to them to carry on, just don't run the others over! But, although pedestrians now are at the top of the Hierarchy, Mr X wasn't crossing directly over junction they were turning in to. [We need a volunteer, Teeb, to explain this to Sparky@confused.com! – ED]

Mr X passed by Sludge & now headed off down the alleyway between the Ivel School & the Lawnside Academy, which would eventually lead out to the main road of the Baulk, where a right turn would lead him back to the High Street. Some may have gone wrong on the end of the Trail, so it was good fortune that a bewildered & seemingly lost Sparky was found by the FRBs as they came back Inn.

Mr X crossed the railway bridge & on the approach to the High Street he utilized the pedestrian crossing to run by The 'Manor Bar & Barbers', which made him laugh at the idea of the H⁴ Hashers going in there & the guy behind the bar saying "Just a beer is it then lads?"

Back at the On Inn & Mr X ordered a couple of Ales, using his CAMRA card to save 40 pence off of each pint, though he had to educate the new Manager as to the discount scheme, the guy had only taken over that week! He found it strange that a lot of the Pack had forgot their CAMRA Cards, especially as he makes sure that there is a CAMRA Logo on the Hareline to indicate this.

Mr X was then shown the reserved seats, in No Eye Deer's alter-ego name! When My Lil' arrived it seems that Mr X may have gone wrong near the end, but the arrows were a bit sparse in places & to quote our wise old sage, Sludge, "I didn't see a T to stop me!" However Sparky didn't see any at all, or was he confused as to if he could cross the road junctions or not? Whatever his predicament was, the H⁵ Hare rounded him up as the FRBs made their way back Inn.

H⁵ took the garden over, since they had a plethora of pooches compared to just Teddy from H⁴, while H⁴ took advantage of No Eye Deer's reservations, here Amanda mentioned that she still didn't have a Hash Name, she had even run with London Hash & when she was asked who her home Hash was, the answer being Herts, she was told to let Mr X sort it out back at Herts!

Once Flanders had gathered the Herts Hash funds, in absence of Hash Cash, the H⁴ RA was ready to sort out their half for the Down-Downs, which took place out in the enclosed patio garden.

The Hares of Whatevershesays & Depth Charge were rewarded for the Trail, for H⁵ Minja Turtle was out for it being her Birthday, Decca Runner Perky. Then Mr X told the long tale of Sparky & his not understanding Post

Meanwhile, after storm Malik hits Scotland



Codes, [Post Code Facts: One Post Code can cover 5 to 100 Buildings, the most number of separate addresses covered by one post code is 5,000! – Ed] then after explanation of what3words Sparky was awarded his Down-Down.

To follow on from the H4 tale of woe involving Sparky & what3words, a system which is used by the Emergency Services, Jam Rag was called out for along the Trail his phone kept dialling the 'Emergency Call' option on is mobile.

Amanda was called forward, firstly for a long Burn's (5 Day long) Night, [By the way, Sparky has had a large Haggis in his freezer for the last 18 Years! – Ed] Mr X veered off to mentioned the dates of all the home Nations Saints' Days & a few more, like St Fechin, that H4 celebrate, then it was back to the matter in hand, with some hints from Milf about earlier a slip of having 'Nothing Smutty!' as her Hash Name, then by the spirit of 'G' Amanda christened with the sacred Shiggy, faithful flour & all Hail the Ale as 'Nothing Smutty' [Sure that'll be shortened! – Ed]

Rapid was awarded his hit for having a small one, [this scribe didn't want to hear the reason why! – Ed] Forking Dickchair & Count Roadkill shared Down-Downs, this spurred Mr X to use a crystal glass to peering to the future & he called Count Roadkill as Mr X sat at the table with a mock Ouija board, for years the two have traded random shouts of 'Death' at each other, something to do with an event overseas where everything was 'all doom & gloom!' Count Roadkill joined Mr X in a séance Down-Down.

Finally Mr X finished things off by awarding the previous week's H4 Hare his Down-Down, the closing circle was put off for a week as half the Pack had left after the huge Breakfasts & we would like to be able to go back in the Six Asbos.

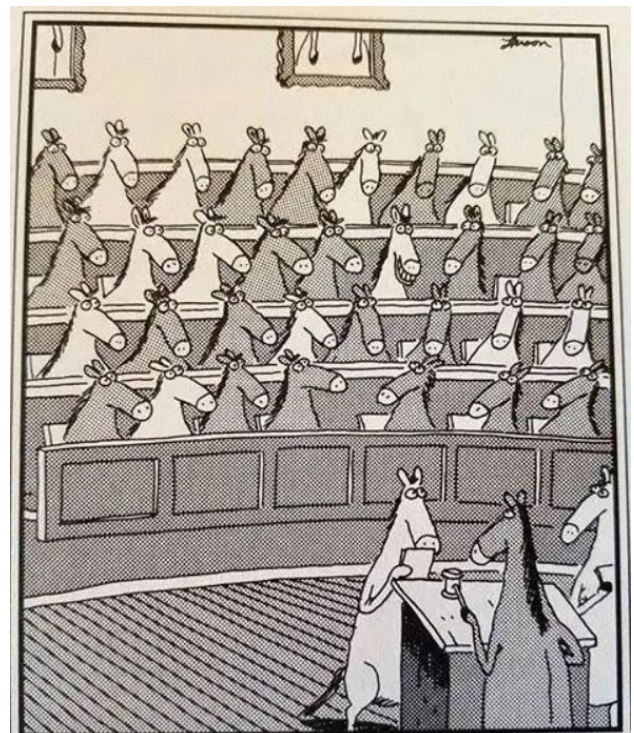
A great day was had by all, with H4 retreating back to the reservations, for a bite to eat for the galloping gourmets & a chance to catch up on things with a bit of planning on a few future Trails, as well as some advertising events later in the year.



WHEN DEATH VISITS SWITZERLAND



In tribute to Skip's recent posts on Facebook of his new culinary skills, the RA has created an Individual Pork Wellington with baby pickled vegetables & complimented with a tomato reduction, next week a vegetarian version from TBT OBE!



The entire parliament fell dead silent. For the first time since anyone could remember, one of the members voted "aye."