

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

Run No. 1968
6th March 2022
Venue: The Fux
Beers: London Pride;
Adnams Ghost Ship
Location: Buntingford
Hare/s: Milf & Paxo
Runners: 15
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 15
Membership: As welcome as Piles are to Sir Jason Kenny!



On the plus side this morning the weather was fine, much to the relief of the Pack after the previous day's mizzle, but there was a chill in the air just to balance out the negative side of things, it was cold enough for Mother & My Lil' to remain in the Lemming-mobile until the last few minutes before the start of the Trail.

The Pack assembled by the small enclosed wooden stall of goodies, with an honesty box, to hear Paxo stand in for the Honorary GM & the GM, both of whom were absent. Paxo announced the correct Run Number, which led to a few jokes about people starting school that year & others starting work, especially when the RA questioned was that 1898?

Sparky arrived & parked up in the Pub car park, which made the RA wonder why we bother to put on the weekly emails, the paper & the online version about 'Street Parking' requests in order not fill up small parking areas? Anyhow, the Pack were eager to get on with things & wanted to move on before Sparky had finished his usual 'faffing around' routine, but he surprised everyone was ready in record time, though not quiet finally finished adjusting his clothing as he had to rest his horn on a nearby wheelie-bin [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] to do the final adjustments!

As the day's Hare, Milf was called forward to announce the line of Hashers, after the Circle broke ranks to allow passing traffic to go by & it seemed all of the men were lined up on one side of the Lane. Short Cuts were mentioned, as well as Shiggy, then there was a cryptic message about keeping an eye out for something 'Precious to Her' that Milf had lost while out on Trail, Mr X asked if she was talking about the absent Kylie? It turns out she had not misplaced Kylie, as he was working.

The FRBs of Mr X, Lemming, Tent Packer, No Eye Deer & Mother all set off down Aspenden Road to the west, in the direction a giant arrow showed the way, even Sparky could see this Hash marking. This first leg of the Trail was away from the Pub, to run almost 400 Yards along the rustic lane with its mixture of olde world cottages & more modern houses on either side, passing a small area of 1950's looking council homes to reach a footpath off to the north.

No CHK here but there was a large arrow showed the way up beside the battleship grey coloured Aspenden Lodge. [Perhaps the owners had a 'job lot' from a dealer in Peckham? – Ed] The FRBs soon took to squelching their way up the Shiggy path with a tree-lined embankment on either side to start with. Here between the trees there was a display of snow drops to please the eye but it soon proved a better option to look where Hash feet were going as they were still remnants of the recent storms with fallen sticks & branches to avoid tripping over.

The route began to rise up as the footpath changed direction moving from due north to almost due east at the end of the grounds for the Lodge. On the way Lemming was moaning that he could do with a pee but couldn't find a suitable spot to stop & scare the Squirrels. At the next split in the Trail, Lemming thought that he could finally relieve himself, only to find when emerging from the wood & on the edge of the open fields were a family out walking their Labrador & admiring the daffodils at the edge of the field!

Mr X & Lemming, who now had an awkward gait, now led the way over on the north-eastward of the two paths in the crop field, after 90 Yards the Trail reached the edge of the A10 Buntingford By-pass road, care was taken after a wait for a break in the traffic to reach the farm fields to the southwest of Buntingford. For the Keenies the going underfoot soon became water logged, especially in the north-eastern corner of the field where it was rather like paddling through a paddy-field.

The sound of the splashing through the water logged field must have played heavily on someone's mind as Lemming & Mr X took to the passageway through to Knight's Close. Out of the small side road & on to east-west running Luynes Rise & there a CHK was found.

Mother, Tent Packer & No Eye Deer now caught up as Mr X went wrong searching to the west & Lemming toward the Seth Ward Community Centre on the edge of the playing fields on the northern side of the road. Mother would pick up the Trail heading eastward further into Buntingford & on to the next CHK by a tarmac route to the north

& the south, there was also another option & that was the path running north-eastward through the wooded area beside the river Rib.

While Tent Packer & Lemming searched the riverside route, Mr X & Mother chose the north bound footpath running behind Mill Close, there arrows were found & the Trail resumed to follow the tarmac paths between the homes to turn in a west by northwest direction, then & after 150 Yards the next CHK was found.

Tent Packer had made up his lost ground & he chose to search the western footpath, while Mother & Mr X set off to the northern option that now moved over to the edge of the river Rib. For reasons only known to himself, Tent Packer didn't search very far before coming back to check the path the other two were on, but he was going to have to turn once more as Mother, & then Mr X turned back, after not finding any Hash markings along by the Rib.

Tent Packer would retrace his steps & just a matter of a few feet further than he went before an arrow was found. The Trail now run for 440 Yards, passing a small, busy fenced in playground, then away for the open space to continue running behind the homes on either side before coming up to a CHK by the edge of open farmland once again.

Three options from here, back on another alleyway, or along the edge of the crop field, then finally the route that cuts diagonally in a southwestern direction through the farm field. Mr X was sure the diagonal path was the correct route, for local knowledge had now kicked in & he knew that at the end of this 280 Yard slippery Shiggy path was a footbridge over the A10 by Pass.

Sure enough, Dust was found, also Mr X could see that in the distance Milf could be seen standing at the top of the steps for the footbridge & she was waving to the Keenies, Mr X & Tent Packer now broke away from the rest of the Keenies, as Lemming, Mother & No Eye Deer would follow on.

Milf had a good vantage point to take some Hash snaps from upon the bridge, on his assent of the steps Mr X said "I am not even going to attempt to run up these!" for the were too many concrete steps to clamber up. The chilly breeze could now be felt on the trot over the high bridge, before a descent to the more sheltered western side of the A10, as the Trail crossed the triangular tip of a large hedged-in wedge of a field, the breeze being kept at bay by the convergence of bushes & trees.

Out of a kissing gate & the Trail would continue for another 350 Yards down the grassy hillside, the descent was fairly steep, enough for patches of the water table to seep out to make the going slippery for those who not wearing Mud-claw 3000's or the equivalent.

In the distance the large, white imposing Aspenden Hall could be seen, with its ornate lake & a lot of Geese on the lawns beside the Hall. The footpath would enter a small enclosure before crossing to a patch of woodland surrounding 'Westminster Pond'. More Lent Lilies (Daffodils) on show here, a show of yellow 5 days on from St David's Day.

The footpath would continue to drop slightly as it left the wood to entered the corner of St Mary's Church Yard, where the Trail passed by one tomb that has obviously fallen in to a state of disrepair & for safety reasons the walls of this were now neatly stacked upon each other a top of the tomb's base.

As Mr X & Tent Packer came around by the Church entrance they had a peek to see if Milf's 'Precious lost item' was left there. Apart from several boots & a pink dog lead on the bench seats either side inside the porch, there was nothing obvious to be seen relating to Milf, unless it was Kylies pink lead?

With Mr X & Tent Packer leading the way out through the main entrance to St Mary's & then down the short turning drive, they would find the SCBs of Whateversays, My Lil', Sludge, Flanders & Sparky were all with Paxo at the only Held CHK on the Trail by another bright display of daffs on show as more dog walkers passed by, there were plenty out this morning.

Paxo handed out Wine Gums as the Hash waited for the rest to catch up. My Lil' questioned why Tent packer & Mr X were so far ahead of Lemming, his reply was "Local knowledge had kicked in, & these two were not hampered by the urgent need to find a spot spend a penny!"

Milf had made sure No Eye Deer, Mother & Lemming found their way to the Sweet Stop, where she produced a bag of Jelly babies, the appearance of which saw a bit of a rush & these appeared to be the sweet of preference amongst the Pack!

Soon it was time to move on & the way was already marked to the west which was signposted to 'Tannis Court' that had someone question the local's ability to spell 'tennis court' [Must have been the Hash Scribe? – Ed] The lane now became an uncapped driveway beside the river Bourne to the Southside & the large equine paddock to the north, a few large puddles to avoid along the uneven way to where the track turns to the north & the Tudor Stud.

The Trail moved on beyond the Stud entrance & a few yards further where there is a fork in the footpath, the Keenies of Mr X, Tent Packer, No Eye Deer, Mother & Lemming were all led up the rising turn to the north, this was a loop around on to a westward footpath leading off of the north bound one, a glance to the southwest & Milf could be spotted running back to take to the Short Cut the others had been led along by Paxo to a gate.

Milf waited at the gate to take a shot of the FRBs when the approached her after the Keenies short way to the Aspenden Brook after an arrow changed the course of the FRBs to run along the edge of the brook to come back to the southwest gravel track to follow on behind the Keenies.

To gain access to the rest of the gravel driveway to Tannis Court there were two options, either clamber over the gate, or do a Lemming & swing around the wooden side extensions that hung out over the brook. Once on the gravel, Mr X asked Lemming if he was going back to help Mother over the gate? Lemming said that Mother could look after herself, which prompted Mr X to state that Mother would be able to read all of this in the next Trash!

After around 100 Yards the Pack would see another obstacle to be negotiated, this time it was a balancing act rather than a scramble over something. Lemming found it funny when Milf said "Only one at a time!" as he had

crossed the two wooden planks spanning the Tannis Court Tributary as Mr X was next to cross behind him. Mr X was now expecting the 'No Coach parties joke, but it never came!

It was on the southern bank that the Mystery object Milf had claimed to have lost was discovered, as on the climb up the bank some of the Hash were quite literally coming face to face with a sex toy [Not the Toronto Hogtown Harriette! – Ed] that was placed upon the end of a now proud looking bullrush!

Having gone from daffodils to daffidildos, Lemming was now questioning on the last time the sex toy had been cleaned, if ever, as the others were more concerned in following a southwest path to make its way into the tree-line that runs from east to west, inside this is a footpath.

The Trail turned to the east, but the going slowed up for some as they ploughed on through the deep cold Shiggy, it was along here that FRBs caught up with Elizabeth, in her distinctive wolf design jacket that would look good on a Full Moon Hash, with Isabelle & Flying Solo after they had a late start, but missed out on the sweet stop.

Along this route the RA noticed Flanders & Sludge were making their way up & out through the scrubby tree-line, picking their way through the snow drops to walk along the edge of the higher farm field to the south & avoid around 700 Yards more of cold wet Shiggy Puddles on a serpentine like by-way of a path. Whatevershesays pointed out the first shoots of Bluebells, the next of the colourful spring plants to be emerging in the hedgerows & woodlands.

The drop down 175 Yards to a T-Junction met with another wide tract of Shiggy of a by-way heading down northward to Aspenden Lane again, there was no way for Sludge & Flanders to avoid this Shiggy on the way to finish the Trail with a run back 400 Yards along the lane to the Fox.

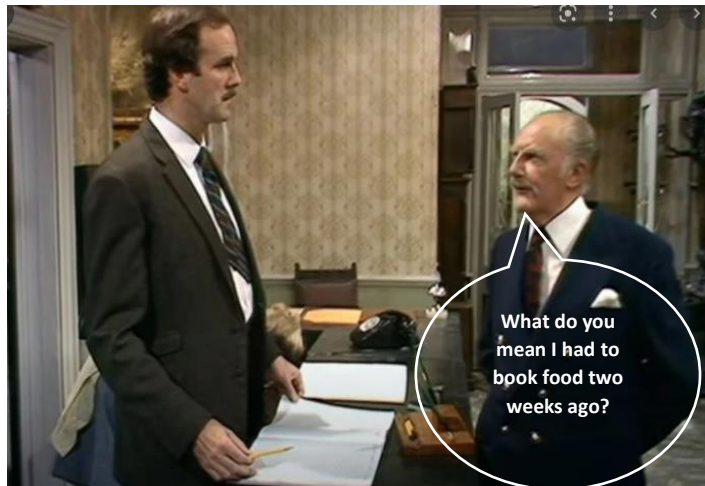
Mr X was first into the Bar, leaving his Shiggy coated shoes outside the Pub, safe in the knowledge that TBT OBE wasn't going to be there & he could walk around in his Socks without any fear of a chair falling on his toes.

The Beer was on excellent form & a decent price, but there was an underlying feeling of not being wanted if not dining. Lemming had his ideas of why the reception appeared frosty, firstly he said it was down to the RA asking for a CAMRA Discount, which wasn't available, or his man-spreading at the bar on a local's seat? In a spot the local had used for 60 years? [A spot that Mr X vacated for the old villager! – Ed]

Then Lemming later shifted the blame on to Mother wanting to use the Ladies before setting off on the Trail, when the Pub wasn't open!

Was it the over-excited & noisy Pack on scrabbling to be able to get their hands on the Sacred Hash Book & place their marks upon this for the first time in a month? [Yes Sludge had returned the Books after a long absence! – Ed]

Could it have been the RA's suggestion of the Horrors eating their cheesy chips at the Bar, which was sternly rebuked? Sparky soon became another likely candidate for 'Most popular Hasher of the day' & as usual it all seemed to go over his head that he was not one of the Hash booked to eat [Another case of not reading weekly Hash emails about booking the tables two weeks in advance, that were sent out a couple of weeks earlier! – Ed]



Anyhow, whatever it was, there were those that thanked their lucky stars that Pebbledash wasn't there [Can you imagine her after the Sex Toy Find? – Ed] as those eating were served with a nice splendid roast dinner, thankfully Sparky was fed as the staff found space to squeeze him in but he had to be done by 13:00Hrs, the atmosphere was still rather uncomfortable, a feeling of the Hash were only being tolerated until the reserved diners arrived?

A 'gang of four' decided to break ranks before the one o'clock deadline, not wanting to part with any of their 'hard-earned' & set off early to somewhere more amiable, which meant that there would be no Circle or

Down-Downs as that surely would have surely have resulted in a life time bans all around? These [Down-Downs & not life time bans – Ed] will take place the next week.

Thankfully the 'gang of four' found that the Six Asbo's & HQ in Hertford had a much warmer welcome for these naughty rascals, My Lil' was happy to leave as it was his round next & the 'spoons offered him the cheapest deal of the day! The Hertford Hostelryes even put up with the raucous laughter caused by the experiences the 'gang of four' had après Trail! Mr X would later txt Milf to thank her for a great Trail, but shame about the atmosphere at the On Inn.

So, the inquisition continued [And no one ever expects the Spanish inquisition! – Ed] perhaps there was an issue with the Hash sitting at the briefly tables that weren't reserved for them, which had cutlery already set out & all having to be replaced? Was it the flakes of mud from the Horror's Shoes that had to swept up? Lemming then came up with another theory, of the 90 pence for Mother's soda & lime couldn't be paid for on a card machine, it was paid later as it was included when lemming brought the next round.

Mr X's theory was My Lil's analogy between the service & that of an owner of an infamous TV Torquay hotel may have been overheard? Adding that to be fair we didn't see out of the window "the Sydney Opera House? The Hanging Gardens of Babylon? Herds of wildebeest sweeping majestically..." brought some laughs, nor did we didn't see a battered, red Austin 1100 Countryman parked up outside.

