



Herts  
Hash  
House  
Harriers  
**Herts official Website:**  
[hertshash.co.uk](http://hertshash.co.uk)

Run No. 1975  
10th April 2022  
Venue: Chez Sis et Fliptop  
Beers: Buntingford Oatmeal Stout, Tornado  
Location: Royston  
Hare/s: Fliptop  
Runners: 19  
Virgins: 2  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 1  
Hash Hounds: 3  
Total: 24  
Membership: First AGPU in three years!



**Sparky's New Shoe!**

Not too bad a turn out this morning, was it the RA working his magic for this to be a bright sunny day that would warm up as it approached midday? Was it the fact it was the AGPU & some didn't want to be ~~stitched up~~ elected to a mismanagement position in their absence? Or the favoured answer was that there would be a lot of food after the Trail which was probably the main attraction.

This week saw two virgins join the Herts Hash, Lauren & Stuart who brought along Paddy & ??? they were turning out after the RA's sister had mentioned the Hash House Harriers to Lauren, intrigued she thought she would see what Hashing is all about & hopefully Mr X's explanation before the welcoming Circle put their minds at rest?

Time came around to start the Hash, Fliptop did the honours with the welcome speech & being Hare he stayed in the Circle & would go on to explain what the Pack could be expect out on Trail, there was also another quick debrief on Herts Hash Trail markings for the newbies of Lauren & Stuart, who the Pack were asked to keep an eye on.

The Pack were ushered out of the garden & told to turn right on to Green Drift, though it seems that some either didn't listen to are sure on which their left is & which is their right? The Keenies of Milf, Tent Packer, No Eye Deer & Sludge for a bit.

The FRBs were soon off away to the west for 123 Yards to reach the first CHK, opposite the junction where Tannery Drift heads away southward. It was here that Damian & Flying Solo caught up, with the later supporting her broken arm in a sling after her bike accident.

Mr X hung around long enough to show Lauren & Stuart their First CHK, before running off when "On!" was called from further along Green Drift to the west. Pepé le Pew, My Lil' & Slug were now leading the way as Paxo, Pebbledash, Sludge, led Lauren & Stuart, with the Hare keeping an eye on Flanders, Mrs Mallet, Skip & Little Hole at the rear.

It was another 270 Yards to reach the next CHK, found opposite the junction where the Mackerel Hall lane heads away, while most carried on further along Green Drift, Pepé le Pew crossed the road & searched urban side-street of Mackerel Hall, he would call "On!" & as Mr X approached him, he said to Pepé le Pew "Last time I followed a Trail down here it was a Falsie set by Slug & 3D!" but these portents of doom proved to be false as more than three arrows were found.

Beyond the end of the Crescent to the right Damian caught up as they approached the narrow footpath end of the old by-way, now off the tarmac for 150 Yards on the earthen path in the grassy passageway to emerge out on to the edge of the Baldock Road, with the expanse of Royston Heath opposite, however the Trail wasn't going to cross over just yet, as arrows pointed the way eastward toward the centre of Baldock.

Damian would be the first to find the next CHK some 100 Yards along the main road, while he continued into toward the centre of Royston, but No Eye Deer, Mr X & Tent Packer all crossed to search over by the Royston Golf Club to the south & picked up the Trail. Milf marked the CHK once "On!" was called on the north-western end of the Heath, Damian was called back to join the rest heading beside the Golf Club to climb up the eastern end of the heath.

A steady 300 Yard climb up a wide tract cut into the old foliage on this end of the Heath, though there were plenty of stubby remains of hacked off shrubs to avoid tripping over. Perhaps the flora that had been removed wasn't in keeping with the rarer plants species that the heath is famous for? Whatever the reason for the clearance, it gave the opportunity Mr X to spot a golf ball wedged into the earth, which he dug up to give to Sludge after the Trail.

Therfield Heath has had a varied history, starting with Neolithic occupation, Bronze Age burial mounds, it was once used as a camp for 20,000 Roundhead's of Oliver Cromwell's New Model Army during the English Civil War, it was home to race horse training & the 700 Yard shooting range for the training of the Hertfordshire Militia, then it became home to a World War II camp for Italian Prisoners of War, who were replace by German POWS.

As Mr X, No Eye Deer, Tent Packer stuck to the Trail at the edge of the Heathland, out the corner of the RA's eye Pepé le Pew was spotted walking up the parallel path a few yards to the east & when the others found a CHK at the crest of the hill, Pepé le Pew carried on toward the south where there still was no Dust.

Never going in that restaurant again.  
So embarrassed.



Mr X looked back down the hillside, to enjoy a splendid vista looking northward out over Royston to the nice flat running country beyond the industrial area & the new builds, however as is the norm for an H4 excursion to Royston there would be no easy flat as a Norfolk Trail today.

Damian had made up the lost ground as the other FRBs began their searching for Trail on top of the grassy ridge, he was soon down the gentle drop to the east, then after 100 yards a CHK was found on Briary Lane, an old stony drive up by Wicker Hall.

Mr X was straight up the hillside on the uncapped track, he was joined by Damian as arrows were found up by the farm buildings to the right. Passing by the Honesty Box farm produced stall, Mr X turned around to call out "On! On!" but noticed back down the hill that the likes of Slug, My Lil' & Paxo were now heading off eastward in the wrong direction to the east. He also looked back to keep an eye out to Lauren & Stuart, as he had promised his sister he would.

Milf was also coming up the correct route, & she called back to encourage the rest to start heading up the hill, around halfway up there was a slight hiatus in the Trail as a chalk line was seen to resemble a Bar CHK, but it was probably caused by a civilian kicking one of the many bits of chalk that litter the Heathland. Those behind suddenly thought that it was a Falsie & looked at turning back, but the situation was rescued when Damian spotted an arrow beyond the false Bar CHK & so he continued with Mr X up the climb toward the reservoir on the top of the plateau.

Milf soon realised that the other two had resumed the Trail, so she then began to loudly call "whoeeee!" back to encourage the rest of the Pack to follow on before the Hare arrived to sweep up the Newies & other stragglers, the 500 Yard farm track would eventually reach the next CHK up by the outbuildings for the underground Reservoir upon the plateau.

Damien would get pick up the Trail straight away, as his first choice of taking to the east would prove correct & Dust was found down another hedged-in track. It was a nice grassy drop down from up beside the reservoir, then a turn to the northeast as the Track led beside the rear of the homes of Royce Grove to the left & then the grounds of the Royston Hospital to the right as it approached London Road.

With two long stretches completed, the FRBs were now breaking away from the rest of the Pack, especially after Mr X had crossed over London Road to the CHK on the eastern side. While Damian went wrong heading northward back down to Royston, Mr X had other ideas as his years of Hashing his Hashing senses kicked in & he headed up the hill to find the Trail leading up beyond entrance to the small Shrubbery Grove estate, then arrows were found pointing the way up a set of steps cut in the roadside embankment.

Once up the flight of steps the Trail would lead along behind the wooden panels of rear of the homes of Shrubbery Grove to the north, after 150 Yards the route would turn within the wooded Green- Walk Plantation (As marked on the 1880 Ordnance Survey Map) to reach the next CHK. Mr X's Hashing Senses were tingling once again with his 'local knowledge' & he picked up the Trail to the southeast, while Milf went wrong toward the small housing estate, she would come back & mark the CHK by kicking it through & breaking the Circle in the direction of the Trail.

After 120 Yards Mr X came out on to the edge of an enclosed farm field, then a further 340 Yards around the southern end of the tree-lined field to reach another CHK at the top of Limekiln Hill.

By the time the RA arrived at the CHK, Damian had caught up with Milf, just as Mr X was deciding to take the northbound path within the trees, which had Damian questioning if the RA knew this was the correct choice? Mr X then explained that he has Hashed around 'the seven hills of Royston' numerous times & this would be the route he would have set the Trail on!

So, Milf & Damien followed on as Mr X called out "On!" as found the Trail on the 400 Yard gentle drop down between the broadleaf trees to emerge out into the dead-end of Grange Bottom & there a CHK awaited them. Two options were available, one to carry on along the bottom or search the alleyway running off to the left & then up between the back gardens of two streets. While Damien & Mr X searched the alleyway, Milf called "On!" down though the bottom!

Meanwhile the middle order of the Pack were slowly gaining a little ground. Flying Solo, even with her arm in a sling was making great strides to keep at the front of the group including Pepé le Pew, Pebbledash & Whatevershesays who were ahead of our Newbies with Slug & Kylie.

Back with the Keenies & Tent Packer was back from his misguided searches of earlier Falsies, as they made their way to the end of Grange Bottom [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] On the way Mr X had a shock as someone poked their head out of their window to see what all the calling was about, this face made Mr X jump as it uncannily resembled Anonymous & the RA had a brief sense of foreboding as he expected to hear "Do you want a Jameson's Mr X?" Thankfully it wasn't Patrick & there was no Irish whiskey for that time of the morning.

Out on to Bedlam Avenue & a CHK was found over the Junction, here Damien was straight around on to the Trail as it followed the Barkway Road to the northwest & back toward the centre of Royston. Tent Packer now commented on TBT OBE's absence, to which Mr X replied that TBT OBE had posted that he had just got over a bought of Covid which Mr X said was a relief as he was worried that TBT OBE may have used his RA's Secret Satan Santa & had been marking his balls! [Steady Pebbledash, Golf Balls! – Ed] This had Tent Packer asking if he Hash

TBT on one Ball & OBE on the other? Thankfully Pebbledash wasn't there or she'd have asked if he had shaved them before embossing?

After around 300 Yards the Trail crossed via a pedestrian crossing near the Green Man to arrive at the southern end of the old Market area to find a CHK there. The Keenies expected to see some of the SCBs around this area, but the majority were going to do the whole Trail, there would be an exception or two, with Skip, Mrs Mallet, little Hole & Flanders breaking off really early before the first of the long climbs up hill & a bit further around Sludge & My Lil' shaved a bit off of the end of the Trail.

Back at the front & a rejuvenated Mr X without the nagging covid cough went wrong again, he was called back by the others to follow the Trail beyond the Bulls Head & around on to Kings Street. This old road has a few new builds on its left, western side, one of the new homes has a Royston Blue Plaque that states that this area was once home to local Stables, the most famous horse being trained there was Oxo, who won the 1959 Grand National.



Zing-a-long-a-max's Easter Treats

Through the old street for 270 Yards to its end where it joins the Junction of Melbourn Street, Baldock Street & to the north Lower Kings Street. This area of Royston was home to King James I (VI of Scotland) with his hounds kept nearby & he would hunt upon Therfield Heath, this also coincides with Golf first being played on the heath in 1624.

Straight over the junction & the Pack just had to make their way up beyond the local Wine Shop to run along Kneesworth Street until reaching the On Inn, hidden behind a piece of street furniture before the Green Drift Junction.

With the FRBs arriving back at the On Inn, they found Skip, Little Hole, Mrs Mallet & Flanders were inside with our hostess of Sis, who was still working on the Chilli. However, with the wind now dropped & the temperature now pretty decent, the first FRBs back decided to cool down outside.

A conversation then started about sweating, apparently if you sweat after running then you're healthy, Mr X just thought he was sweating because he was a fat b\*stard? Tent Packer tried to pass this off to having a quality Hash coat! Then the subject turned to the excellent Herts X-mas Weekend that both Damien & Flying Solo missed due to the broken arm.

My Lil', Pepé le Pew & Sludge came back, after taking an unofficial short cut, as Mr X asked them if the Newbies were Ok? My Lil' added that Fliptop was sweeping up, but it wasn't long until Lauren was back, while Stuart stayed outside with the two hounds, as they took turns in keeping an eye on their pooches.

The sacred book went around & it was soon noticed that there was an Aresnil Sticker on the page for today, the penny finally dropped with Mr X getting why My Lil' had been mentioning that he kept seeing Seagulls that morning, since Brighton & Hove Albion FC are known as the seagulls & they beat Aresnil the day before.

The Circle was called before the elections & the Chilli. So, the Hare was rewarded for this week's Trail, while No Eye Deer was awarded hers for setting the previous week's Trail, as they had no Real Ales at the Man in the Moon. This would lead on to Kylie getting a Down-Down for posting a picture of the real Ales when a group had moved around the corner to the Pied Piper & didn't let the others know with a phone call!

Pepé le Pew & Paxo were out for the 'Running Jokes' [See what I did there? – Ed] of 'Nineteenseventytwooooo' & 'What did you actually do in the Army' comments. Damien was out for his 'Sweating' après Trail. There was also the 300 Run Jacket for Tent Packer, this coat brought a lot of comments on the plush quality compared to the older 300 Run Jackets! & a Faux Pah of Sludge nearly getting his 900th Map, but he's a couple of R\*n short for that. Fliptop would also receive his RA's secret Satan Santa pressie of a .50 round bottle opener.

Finally Lauren received her Down-Down for completing her first Herts Hash Trail, & almost named herself with a comment about two dogs humping, it may come back to haunt her yet? Then after a dog watching swop with Stuart, he would receive his Down-Down. After the excellent Chilli, & some fantastic crumble, it was down to the Hash Elections Elections, voting forms in & No Eye Deer added up who was re-elected or newly elected, there was really only one change & that was Sludge stepping down from being Hare-Raiser & this position went back to My Lil'.

So a second round of Down-Downs went to the newly elected committee, which was all completed in one go! Finally to round off the day,

Fliptop awarded Sis her Down-Down for hosting the afternoon & end a great day.



Rotterdam Police stumbled upon 56 drums of Petrol, the estimated street value is over €12 Million, the drums were hidden in a shipment of Venezuelan Cocaine