



Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
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Run No. 1976
18th April 2022
Venue: Chez 3D et Slug
Beers: GK Abbot; Old Speckled Paxo; American IPA
Location: Melbourn
Hare/s: 3D & Slug
Runners: 21
Virgnis: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 1
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 23
Membership: Avoiding a Gruffalo!



A Gruffalo, well didn't you know?

With the promise of food after the Trail it was obvious that there would be a good turnout, it was an added bonus that the RA had spun his magic with the weather, as it was a glorious warm sunny morning. On the subject of the RA, on his way he had two vehicles separately pulled up & offer him a lift [Perhaps it was his Texas Shorts that did the trick? – Ed] one was Whatevershesays & No Eye Deer, but the offer was declined as he was only 20 Yards away from the venue, then as he walked on Fliptop pulled up & asked if he wanted a lift!

As Mr X turned in to the road of the venue, yet another car pulled up, this time it was Damien & Flying Solo who asked if he knew where Venue was & so he pointed to the house they were outside of! Then it was time to go around to the back garden & await for the appointed time to come around.

Kylie arrived & immediately started to rummage around in Slug's new homemade wood burner, created out of an old washing machine drum & some copper pipe work, he then pulled out a Cadbury Cream Egg but eventually he placed it back for after the Trail, but his actions had been seen by a keen pair of eyes. Skip was busy explaining about this back was feeling the benefits of acupuncture, getting in before Pebbledash, Mr X asked if he felt a bit of a prick while being needed? Which made Flying Solo Laugh out loud.

Fliptop called the Circle together & welcomed the Pack to the correct Hash Run Number 1976, then the Hares were called forward, with Slug being the senior Hare he took the responsibility [Blame! – Ed] for the Trail out there, so it wasn't Port & Starboard who everyone else thought were the Hares. Skip was relieved to hear that there would be Short Cuts, as was Paxo who had put his back out & sounded like he wasn't going to get too far.

Slug ushered the Hash out on to New Road & down toward the Village Centre, but the FRBs of the Pack hadn't really broke into their stride when Isobel had a trip & fell down, resulting in a few scratches, not to mention a few tears, so for Flying Solo & Damien there was turnabout to go back to Chez 3D et Slug to a bit of patching up & a change of getting out Scooters for the Kids. It was noticed that our Paramedic didn't exactly spring into action, probably due to having enough caffeine at Costa on the way in?

A CHK at the junction with Mortlock Street & Orchard Road, Fliptop pointed out Mr X would have an advantage as he had walked from the Station at Meldreth via Mortlock Street & that was why Mr X had chosen the north-eastern section of Orchard Road, however he & Milf were called back when No Eye Deer called "On!" from the southwestern part of Orchard Road, but by the time these two had reached the crossroads No Eye Deer had found the T!

So, back to the northeast went Milf, Mr X & Tent Packer as they would pick up the Trail just a little bit further than they had reached before, on the way down the urban street they were soon passed by Port & Starboard, who have far younger legs than these three on the way to the next CHK, situated by the staggered crossroads with Norgetts Lane & Orchard Way, Orchard Way was living up to its name with plenty of trees in bright colourful full blossom.

Mr X now went wrong as he looked up Norgetts Lane [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] while Tent Packer & Milf fared better as they continued along Orchard Road, passing the local cemetery & then Mr X noticed the large cement Stink Pipe, he would spot another when the Trail ran through Station Road in Meldreth.

The Trail now led on to Russet Way, which turns from Nor-nor-east to a few degrees west of due north, here the FRBs would come out on to a CHK on the edge of the Cambridge Road, almost opposite the Melbourn Science Park, a part of which is occupied by AstraZeneca & this area seemed to attracted the FRBs over the small traffic island toward it.

However, there was no calling & Mr X decided that he would search to the opposite way, since he had earlier found a T near the end of Norgetts Lane & this comes out on to the Cambridge Road, sure enough the Trail was found to the west to where it becomes the High Street, Mr X had also noticed that Port was already away along this route & earlier it had been mentioned that he & Starboard knew where the Trail goes.

Pebbledash, Paxo, Skip, Sludge, Whatevershesays, Kylie & Sparky were still not too far behind No Eye Deer, Milf, Tent Packer, Fliptop & Teddy, even with her arm in a sling Flying Solo with Damien soon caught up, Isobel & Theo were now on scooters which helped them keep up with the pace.

Mr X was still on the north side of the street, he could see arrows on the opposite footpath & the CHK found across from the entrance to The Moor he was approaching, so a right turn around by the old White Stone Corner House, that's design gave away that its previous incarnations were as an Inn & a Shop, to head northward & Mr X would find the Trail leading some 420 Yards up by Melbourn Village College & Sports Centre to reach the next CHK. By this point both Port & Starboard had ran off & last seen by the RA heading away down the drive by the Moor Playground, where Mr X pointed out an old fashioned rocking horse that would probably never be allowed to be made these days due to health & safety.

Tent Packer caught up with the RA as they passed by the Nursery School & out along the edge of 'The Field of Dreams', which isn't about Kevin Costner's Baseball Film, this being the home of Melbourn FC. The Trail was picked up & after a further 130 Yards they reached the next CHK on the corner of the local Pavilion, here Mr X was distracted by an information board about the local orchard that has been restored with some new saplings, he added that when Pebbledash reaches this bit there was bound to be a joke about 'Plums'?

Previous Hash Trails in this area gave Mr X an inkling that a nor-nor west route across between the fruit trees would lead up to the bridge where the A10 run above the river Mel, sure enough Trail was found as the two footpath merged just before the river flows under the Dual Carriage way above. Like the earlier pavilion, the bridge had lots of colourful & very good graffiti adorning the walls.

Once out by the underground home of the Fox by the rocks, it was up on to the open farmland to the north side of the main road, the footpath was hard underfoot, the chalky-grey earth was almost like running on concrete as the path sticks to the curving serpentine chalk stream of the river Mel, it's one of the 160 in the UK, as Mr X & Tent Packer discussed one of only 210 Chalk Stream rivers in the whole world. In Herts we are lucky to have the river Mimram as another of these wonders of clear water from the chalky surrounding land.

Along the way Tent Packer confessed to his RA that he had been out on a bike earlier in the week, the first time in years & he went on to sheepishly admit that it all ended up in a result that was more in line with TBT OBE's cycling adventures & gravity coming in to play, yes he fell off!

The next CHK was discovered just before Railway lines, the options being to go under the Tracks on what is a very low option that put the RA off of even attempting, so he & Tent Packer took to the level crossing over the railway to find the Trail leading away to the north, on a path that runs into in to Melwood Nature Reserve, an area of conservation that has been looked after extremely well over the last few years, by the looks of the new hazel fencing it's still going on. The ideal place for an owl to have a tree-top house!

The Next CHK was found by Mr X & Tent Packer only a short way into the reserve & Mr X fancied his chances in crossing the footbridge spanning the crystal clear Mel, just as Milf arrived & she questioned why both Mr X & Tent Packer were both searching off on from the dead-end of Flambards Close, seems that Tent Packer was happy to follow Mr X's sense of where the Trail would go, & he was correct in that decision.

After 170 Yards the Trail would lead on to the junction where this side street joins the High Street, here a CHK was found & at last Mr X would go wrong as he headed northward to find a T up across from the Village Hall & the park beside it. Milf would now have to go back to checking out the southbound option which she had started off on before Mr X called "On!" up the Falsie.

The Trail would lead through the Village High Street, reaching a CHK by a footpath that runs through the station, opened in 1851, & out over the fields that the RA had walked from alighting the Trail, so he knew that there were three T's down the flight of steps used to cross the platforms.

So, these FRBs would begin to get away from the rest of the Pack, but there was a brief respite as at the next CHK these two had to wait for Milf to take a 'Ladies Break' which just happened to be near a footpath which run off from the nearby Industrial Units.

When Milf resumed the Trail, the other two followed on & sure enough the Trail lead around & up over the railway bridge, as Mr X looked down at the large green Nissen huts that make up the units he thought that he'd have the large numbers painted in the same style numbers that Thunderbird 2 Pod's they resembled.

These Nissen Huts were constructed for May 1944 after the land was requisitioned, they were used as a reception centre for the Fourteen carriage Ambulance Trains were wounded Soldiers were transferred to the Tented 163rd US Army General Hospital nearby at Wimpole Hall. The railway siding was removed & the land was returned to George Palmer after the war, the concrete road remains for the turning of ambulances but the outbuildings were removed due to having asbestos roofs.

Once down the eastern side of the narrow humped bridge over the railway, the three FRBs followed the arrows from one side of the road to the other as the footpath swapped sides, but then before reaching the corner for the A10 a patch of soapy water was found, as Milf & Tent Packer slowed up with no Trail, Mr X realised that someone had washed out the arrows that pointed the way to the Held CHK outside of the Fieldgate Nurseries, with its local Butchers & Juice Company.

Eventually Flying Solo, Damien, Theo & Isobel came around into sight from the bend, with Fliptop, No Eye Deer, Pebbledash, Whatevershesays, Kylie, 3D & Sparky all following on, the three FRBs stood on the opposite side as they were better placed to see the oncoming traffic from either direction & beckoned when it was clear to cross.



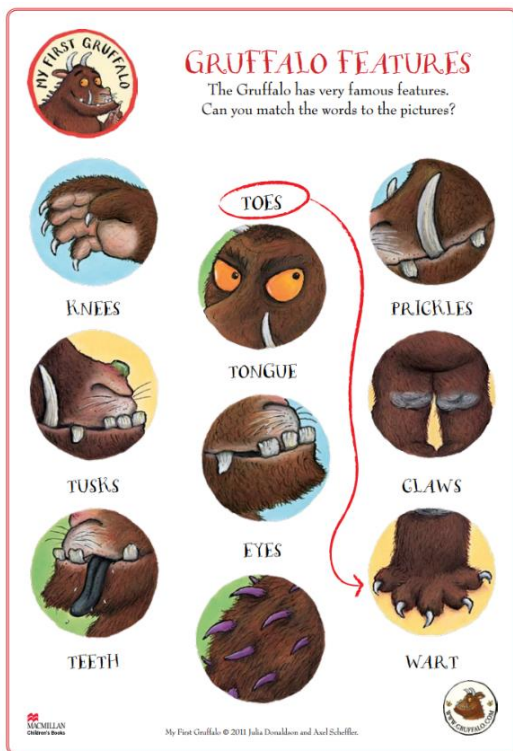
There was some disappointment that there were no sweets at the Held CHK, just a chance to take the longer Trail or the Short Cut after getting Sparky back over the road again & under the A10.

With Skip, Paxo, Sludge & Flanders on the very Short, Short Cut earlier on, the remaining Pack would split into two. Again Mr X, Milf & Tent Packer pulled away from the rest of the FRBs as they headed off by the Nurseries on a tree-lined by-way in a south by south-westerly trot, away from the log-piles by a small lake that would be home in the sun to a basking snake. Away to the west on an old route full of ancient knurled roots to avoid tripping over, also along here there were a few bluebells beginning to show themselves.



Almost 500 Yards & the by-way reached the A10, where a dash across the busy road was needed to reach the eastern side of the carriageway, here the Pack would pass by an enclosed field with some very young lambs within, before heading on up the uncapped driveway out by the old house at Melbourn Bury before reaching the old Royston Road. Mr X was 'back on form' as he knew that for the CHK on the edge of the road back into Melbourn there was a footpath just a little way up & into the woodland on the southern side of the road, again a few bluebells could be spotted, but not a carpet of them as yet.

The RA may have known the way as he picked up the Trail into the woodland, but he, but like the rest didn't know that the a gruffalo lived within this broadleaf plantation, this would be an education for Tent Packer as he asked "A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?" to which he got the reply "A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know? Said the Brown Mouse "I am meeting the Gruffalo here in this wood & baked Tent Packer is his favourite Pud!"



To improve his education Tent Packer read the impressive work of all the signs & admire the pictures of the Mouse, the owl, the snake, the fox & bits of Gruffalo who want to eat the brown mouse in the Gruffalo Story as it is laid out from start to finish from the northern end to the south. Though some of the Gruffalo descriptions reminded others of some Hashers amongst the Pack, with their turned out toes!

To the south of the wood is a Long Barrow & several Clunch Pits [Whoa, there Pebbledash! – Ed] dotted along where the very soft lime-stone called Clunch was extracted. It was used in areas where stronger limestone could not be found in East Anglia, also being distinctive as it often has shells imbedded into it when it was being created 145 Million to 60 Million years ago.

On the 350 Yards through the woodland there was a picture stop that didn't included the Gruffalo, this was of Mr X & Tent Packer seemingly pushing over a large tree, which looks to have really been a victim of the recent storms. Then, on their way out of the wood, they passed a family out with pushchairs for a walk & they warned them to look out for the Gruffalo, for allegedly he lives in these here parts!

A CHK was found at the end of the wood, from here Mr X went wrong as he searched the start of the Melbourn High Street & was called back as Milf found the Trail on Back Lane, which led up by the small industrial area. On the way Mr X caught up with Tent Packer & Milf when they had to stop to take pictures of Milf outside of the local East of England Ambulance Station, then it was on to finish the whole 480 Yards of Back Lane, where it joins Water Lane.

Mr X knew that there was a footpath off of one of the side roads of the urban village, that branch off of the nearby Beachwood Avenue. From the CHK he indicated to Milf to search a short way to the southeast & around on to Beachwood Avenue, sure enough this was correct, it was now a case of following the arrows around to the last CHK in the back street estate, from which the RA knew there would be an alleyway to find.

The dead-end of Elm Way proved to be the correct one, this led on the cut-through to find the On Inn just before the local Surgery, where you could leave your samples at Reception! According to the sign in the front door window.

The FRBs arrived back to find Sludge, Mrs Mallet, Flanders, Paxo & Skip were already enjoying the fruits of the Honesty-box drinks & quaffing away, when 3D arrived back she soon had Port & Starboard setting out the snacks to munch on before the Chillies were ready, not to mention the garlic bread [It's the future! – Ed] Meanwhile Fliptop went to drop Teddy off & pick up Sis.

While the adults enjoyed a sit down out in the sunshine, the kids got to bounce around on the trampoline, bruised knees now forgotten. Sparky did eye up the hot-tub, but his annual bath was put off as no-one else fancied a dip, however there was far more interest when it came to the Easter egg hunt around the garden, with Milf retrieving the egg from the home-made wood burner, the one Kylie had seen earlier.

Sparky wasn't doing as well as some in spotting said chocolate eggs, maybe as the others had found quite a few eggs secreted around the shrubs, bushes & garden ornaments, so Kylie decided that he would place one he had found earlier, & where did he place it? Of course it had to be upon the top of one of the wheelie-bins, Sparky being one to take keen interest in bins & their contents that he did spot the egg on the bin, as we all now expected.

The food was excellent & plenty of it, leaving many feeling slightly bloated so the Down-Downs were put off for a bit longer, especially after the excellent apple crumble & hot-cross bun puddings that followed a long pause in scoffing.

The Hares were rewarded for their setting of the Trail & hosting the Hash; Kylie out for medical related connections, Milf & Mr X received theirs for their upcoming Birthdays that week. [Though the RA did pull a face at his

over-hopped American IPA! – Ed] Paxo was for his invalidity & finally Sparky! All in all it was a great day, great food & great weather.

The Gruffalo by Julia Donaldson

A mouse took a stroll through the deep dark wood.
A fox saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.
"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?
Come and have lunch in my underground house."
"It's terribly kind of you, Fox, but no –
I'm going to have lunch with a gruffalo."
"A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?"
"A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?
He has terrible tusks, and terrible claws,
And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws."
"Where are you meeting him?"
"Here, by these rocks,
And his favourite food is roasted fox."
"Roasted fox! I'm off!" Fox said.
"Goodbye, little mouse," and away he sped.
"Silly old Fox! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a gruffalo?"
On went the mouse through the deep dark wood.
An owl saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.
"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?
Come and have tea in my treetop house."
"It's terribly kind of you, Owl, but no –
I'm going to have tea with a gruffalo."
"A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?"
"A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?
He has knobbly knees, and turned-out toes,
And a poisonous wart at the end of his nose."
"Where are you meeting him?"
"Here, by this stream,
And his favourite food is owl ice cream."
"Owl ice cream! Toowhit toowhoo!"
"Goodbye, little mouse," and away Owl flew.
"Silly old Owl! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a gruffalo?"
On went the mouse through the deep dark wood.
A snake saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.
"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?
Come for a feast in my logpile house."
"It's terribly kind of you, Snake, but no –
I'm having a feast with a gruffalo."
"A gruffalo? What's a gruffalo?"
"A gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?
His eyes are orange, his tongue is black,
He has purple prickles all over his back."
"Where are you meeting him?"
"Here, by this lake,
And his favourite food is scrambled snake."
"Scrambled snake! It's time I hid!"
"Goodbye, little mouse," and away Snake slid.
"Silly old snake! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a gruffal...?"
...OH!"
But who is this creature with terrible claws
And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws?
He has knobbly knees, and turned-out toes,
And a poisonous wart at the end of his nose.
His eyes are orange, his tongue is black,
He has purple prickles all over his back.
"Oh help! Oh no!
It's a gruffalo!"
"My favourite food!" the Gruffalo said.
"You'll taste good on a slice of bread!"

"All right," said the Gruffalo, bursting with laughter.
"You go ahead and I'll follow after."
They walked and walked till the Gruffalo said,
"I hear a hiss in the leaves ahead."
"It's Snake," said the mouse. "Why, Snake, hello!"
Snake took one look at the Gruffalo.
"Oh crumbs!" he said, "Goodbye, little mouse!"
And off he slid to his logpile house.
"You see?" said the mouse. "I told you so."
"Amazing!" said the Gruffalo.
They walked some more till the Gruffalo said,
"I hear a hoot in the trees ahead."
"It's Owl," said the mouse. "Why, Owl, hello!"
Owl took one look at the Gruffalo.
"Oh dear!" he said, "Goodbye, little mouse!"
And off he flew to his treetop house.
"You see?" said the mouse. "I told you so."
"Astounding!" said the Gruffalo.
They walked some more till the Gruffalo said,
"I can hear feet on the path ahead."
"It's Fox," said the mouse. "Why, Fox, hello!"
Fox took one look at the Gruffalo.
"Oh help!" he said, "Goodbye, little mouse!"
And off he ran to his underground house.
"Well, Gruffalo," said the mouse. "You see?
Everyone is afraid of me!
But now my tummy's beginning to rumble.
My favourite food is – gruffalo crumble!"
"Gruffalo crumble!" the Gruffalo said,
And quick as the wind he turned and fled.
All was quiet in the deep dark wood.
The mouse found a nut and the nut was good



"Good?" said the mouse. "Don't call me good!
I'm the scariest creature in this wood.
Just walk behind me and soon you'll see, Everyone is afraid of me."

