

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

Run No. 1976  
25th April 2022  
Venue: ~~The Waggoners~~ (Closed Mondays) so on to the Red Lino  
Beers: Ghost Ship, London Pride  
Location: Ayot Green  
Hare/s: Mr X  
Runners: 10  
Virgnis: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 1  
Total: 11  
Membership: In & out the Dusty Blue Belles on ANZAC Day, "*Lest we forget!*"



Bought a blender in Lidl today so I can start making smoothies and be healthier but the first thing i made was strawberry daiquiris and now i'm half cut

The First Monday of the 'new season' & the numbers were just as expected, rather Low to start with. To compound things for the Hare was the original venue is closed on Mondays but after a busy 'Birthday weekend' & not being able to get up there until the day itself, he mistook the Squirrel Bulbs alight in the restaurant end of the Pub for it being opened.

An air of disappointment hung around Mr X when he returned to the Waggoners & tried the door, finding it locked! Deceived by the lights he then chalked outside by the first CHK, which was on the opposite side of the lane from the Waggoners, he hoped this was far enough away to not upset My Lil', but that plan had now failed.

Since the Angel was demolished in 1850 on the order of Lady Palmerston of Brocket Hall, owners of the Pub, & that the Old Horse & Jockey closed just after the First World War as a Public House (its name came from the fact that there was a race course in Brocket Part) it was now a case of a short walk around & over the A1(M) motorway to the Red Lion, where the Hare checked it out with the staff that it was Ok for the Hash to now start & finished there, they were happy to host H<sup>4</sup>. With half an hour to go before the off, Mr X now text relative Hashers who would most probably be present tonight, as well as updating the Herts Facebook Page to warn of this late change of plan & the short walk around to the new venue.

Thankfully the few who did make the effort for this Monday were now wise to the situation & most drove their cars around to the new starting point. No Eye Deer arrived & told the Hare that she had left a note at the Waggoners to explain the situation, just in case anyone like Zing-a-long-a-max hadn't seen the Facebook update, owho the missed the large wording of "Pub Closed - Après Red Lion".

The Hare had to stand-in for the absent HGM, GM & Hash Hen, introducing the Pack to the correct Run Number, then he went on to explain that there were sort cuts, it wasn't a long Trail as it was the first Monday & finally that there was one Held CHK for a regroup. Being ANZAC Day, which is the Aussie & Kiwi Remembrance Day for ex-Service Personnel, it was good to see that there was some Aussie & Kiwi gear on show, with Flanders & Sludge sporting distinctive leather Aussie Hats.

So, the Pack were ushered away on the new start, heading back toward the road bridge over the A1(M) to Ayot, once beyond the horse muck on the tarmac footpath arrows were now altered to pint the way over the junction & the bridge over in to Ayot Green. Only a few yard over to the junction to cross over to the Brockwood section of Sherrards Wood, Brockwood deriving its name of the old English 'Brock' meaning Badger.

Mr X nipped back over the motorway just to check if there were any stray Hashers there who weren't aware of the change there was no one there at the time but he marked the Trail anyway to Brockwood, where the rest had made their way.

No Eye Deer now took it upon herself to take up the mantle of Hash-Flash in the absence of Milf & Kylie, as here the Pack could enjoy the sight of the carpet of bluebells & take in their fragrance. The Path would be parallel to the main road down to Welwyn, just a few degrees East of due north on a path that runs a few feet along the western edge of the wood, then opposite the wide bridle-way across from the Red Lion, the Trail would turn away from the gate to the road & head south-eastward.

This main arterial path is currently under improvement works as it gets a hammering under the horses' hooves ridden along this 'Ride', with the Pack passing the digger (No not the Essex & Full Moon Hasher) & dump-truck parked to one side of the resurfaced way.

It was 170 Yards down the gentle slope to reach the next CHK, found on a set of sleepers forming a short retaining wall by where a footpath headed up into the wooded hillside & back into the Brockwood plantation to the southwest. The Keenies of Where's Wally? Tent Packer, No Eye Deer, Ketchup & soon the late arriving Zing-a-long-a-max would make their way up through more of the bluebells for 180 Yards to find the next CHK in an area of hollows near to the edge of Welwyn Garden City Golf Club.

The bluebells covered the excavation like depressions, from here the Trail was picked up on the south-eastern path, leading down the wooded hillside, with a few old roots to avoid on the descent to the edge of the Brockswood Road. Thankfully TBT OBE wasn't present, as he was still dealing with the extension on his house for his new ~~Kitchen~~ Cat food storage area, so no tripping up or falling into the badger setts.

An arrow directed the FRBs away from the lane & beside the grounds of the local Scout Hut to head eastward into the wood, however there was a catch & that was the climb up the steep slope of some 60° near the top, to scramble out on to the former Luton & Dunstable Railway's Welwyn Garden City to Wheathampstead line.

Sensibly the Hare had missed out this loop & climb for the Keenies, instead Mr X had marked the Short Cut for My Lil' with Lola, Sludge, Flanders & Skip to head down the main route to Six Ways in the centre of Sherrards Wood. After this he took to the old Railway line & arrived just as Where's Wally? had come over the top [No Pebbledash! – Ed] & was lending a hand out to Tent Packer who was next up the slope.

As No Eye Deer arrived at the bottom of the slope she exclaimed "You must be kidding!" but the Hare assured her the Trail was this way & so No Eye Deer began the scramble up. The Hare said that setting the Trail up the steep gradient was enough to do just the once, as he was wearing an old pair of Hash Boots that had no grip left on them, however they were not quite as worn as Sparky's soles. Anyhow, Ketchup caught up here & he offered No Eye Deer "a Leg up!" to which Mr X added that they were lucky Pebbledash wasn't here today!

Now up on the level of the old Railway, Tent Packer trotted along with Where's Wally? & of course this was a mistake for Tent Packer as both ran on by the where the Trail entered the wood to on its eastern side. The Trail stuck with a footpath that ran parallel to the former railway for a bit, but by a large old tree stump an arrow pointed the way due north, now on a wider path that runs almost 260 Yards the FRBs could see the area of conservation with a new coppice being formed behind the hazel fencing.

This Path was just one of the Six 'spokes' that radiate out from the centre of the wood at aptly named Six Ways, here the SCBs were found by the carved wooden benches & animal totems, one of which looked like a beaver that attracted Ketchup's attentions. Where's Wally? Ketchup, Zing-a-long-a-max & Tent Packer chose to search the long ride off in an east by northeast direction, but they were soon coming back as No Eye Deer found the Trail on the south-eastern ride that heads down to the 'Reddings' plantation.

While Flanders, Skip, Sludge, My Lil' & Lola took the Short cut down the ride that the Keenies had fruitlessly searched earlier & had come back from, the likes of No Eye Deer, Tent Packer, Ketchup & Zing-along-a-max would run 306 yards down the gentle slope, then the Dust would take them off of the wide road & into the broadleaf woodland to the northeast, where a further Trot of 300 yards was now on a narrow meandering desire-line up through the dense undergrowth & on by a pond, with a blue tow-rope tree swing hung from a high bow, that didn't get much attention from the FRBs.

At the top of the wooded plateau the Keenies were brought out just before My Lil' & Sludge arrived there from up the Short Cut. A CHK there didn't hamper the Keenies as they were soon on to the Trail as it lead eastward toward the end of the wide ride toward the Templewood School, suddenly this turned away around to the north to run to the west of Pentley Park for 200 Yards.

This area again was carpeted with bluebells & a CHK was found by a crossroads of a path that comes out from the urban road of Pentley Park in the east & into the western edge of the Temple Wood section of the Greater Sherrards Park Wood. Bluebells & their bulbs contain 'Scillarens', chemicals that reduce the heart rate, maybe why their sent is so soothing? But these can be toxic to dogs, so don't let pooches eat the bluebells.

After sailing through the last CHK, the FRBs were slightly hindered at this one, by going wrong on two of the options before finding the Trail further to the north, around by the holly bushes & sycamores on to a CHK by the top of the woodland before the sharp drop down to the open green space below.

Again it took the Keenies a while to find the Trail off back into the west & not the east as first searched, this Trail back into the broadleaf woodland of Hornbeam, Sliver Birch & Durmast Oaks would have My Lil' complaining as there would be a turn to the north & the Trail would now descend a dip on the stony path. It was here that a woodpecker could be heard rattling away at a tree but spotting this elusive avian was a far different matter!

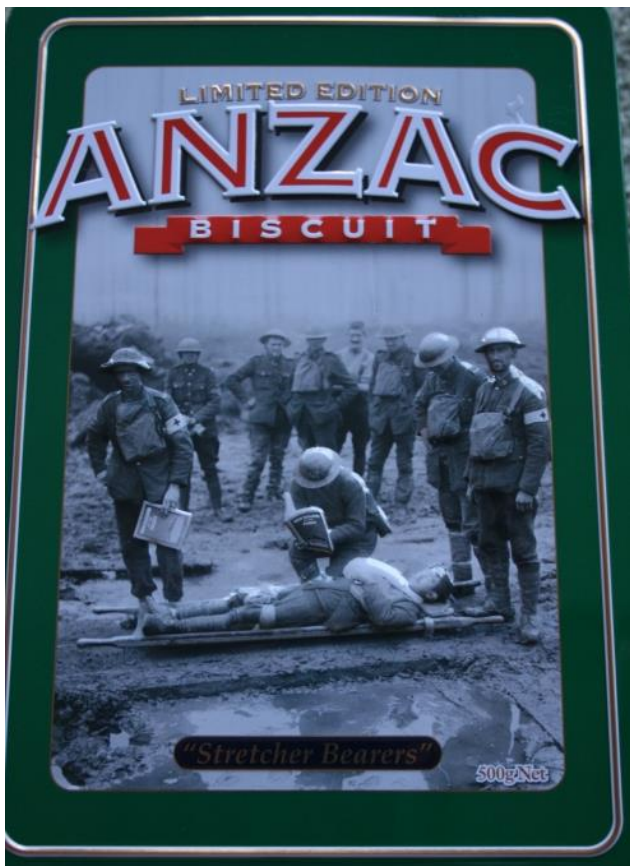
There was a crossroads of paths in the bottom of the dell, but the Hare had set the Trail straight on up toward the fenced off old Digswell Place Farm, for the SCBs weren't too far behind the Keenies, which allowed him the luxury of setting the Trail up to the end of Monks Walk avenue & on to the Held CHK on the edge of Monkswood Road.

Here the Hash could enjoy Jelly Babies & ANZAC Biscuits, which Flanders had baked. The Hare said that the ANZAC Biscuits were so fresh there was still flour on the container! Everyone agreed that these were fantastic, even our resident Vegan had a couple, but turned down a Jelly Baby. To entertain the FRBs as they awaited Sludge, then Flanders & Skip to arrive, they could watch a couple of guys in a Black BMW who looked to be passing something to the left hand side?

Sludge was not far behind, while Skip & Flanders were a few minutes further back. Even though it was a nice day, the temperature was beginning to drop a wee bit & as the CHK was at the top of the hill looking out over the northeast of Welwyn Garden City as the cooler breeze was coming over from that way.

Mr X let the Keenies search for the Trail as he hung back for Skip & Flanders. Zing-a-long-a-max, Ketchup, Where's Wally? & No Eye Deer soon found Trail in the nearby woodland from the kissing gate by the drive to the local Farm & Stables. However, the Keenies were soon stopped by a T on this north-westbound path & came back just as the Hare was marking the correct route that My Lil' & Lola had set off on, just inside the bottom of Malms wood beside the drive to the stables

Skip & Flanders arrived & Mr X handed them the last of the ANZAC Biscuits, yes he managed to save three from the gannets. Here Flanders explained how protective the Aussie & Kiwis are over the recipe for ANZAC Biscuits, which Flanders had religiously stuck to create.



The Anzac biscuit is a sweet biscuit, popular in Australia & New Zealand, made using rolled oats, flour, sugar, butter (or margarine), golden syrup, baking soda, boiling water, & (optionally) desiccated coconut. Anzac biscuits have long been associated with the Australian & New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) established in World War I & that biscuits were sent by wives & women's groups to soldiers abroad because the ingredients do not spoil easily keeping well during naval transportation.

The term Anzac is protected under Australian law & cannot be used in Australia without permission from the Minister for Veterans' Affairs; misuse can be legally enforced particularly for commercial purposes. Likewise similar restrictions on naming are enshrined in New Zealand law where the Governor General can elect to enforce naming legislation. There is a general exemption granted for Anzac biscuits, as long as these biscuits (Like Flanders) remain basically true to the original recipe, both referred to as Anzac biscuits & never as cookies.

This restriction resulted in the Subway chain of restaurants dropping the biscuit from their menu in September 2008. After being ordered by the Department of Veterans' Affairs to bake the biscuits according to the original recipe, Subway decided not to continue to offer the biscuit, as they found that their supplier was unable to develop a cost-effective means of duplicating the recipe.

Today, Anzac biscuits are manufactured commercially for retail sale. Because of their historical military connection with the ANZACs & Anzac Day, these biscuits are still used as

a fundraising item for the Royal New Zealand Returned Services' Association (RSA) & the Returned and Services League of Australia (RSL).

Back to the Hash, the Pack were now on the last long section of the Trail into the southern end of Rectory Wood, with the Hash coming out of the wood & onto the drive to the stables for a short while before returning into more woodland. It was 360 Yards until the next CHK where there were two options, nor-northeast back up into the wood, or southwest on a descent via some long steps cut into the edge of the wood.

The choice down the long steps was the correct one, as it leads below the horse paddocks up the tree covered ridge to the south, while to the north on the level was a field that was home to a large group of Alpacas. This was a shaded route as the Trail dropped down & levelled out for 150 Yards to turn & cut through the small area of an industrial unit, farm outbuildings & the former Lodge for Digswell Place. Having reached the edge of a bend in the Digswell Hill Road, arrows pointed the way over the former A1 Great North Road.

No more CHKs, as the Hare knew that those with local knowledge would not search down toward Welwyn Village, but head up & around the bend to reach the old brick bridge over the former Railway line, once on the wooden footbridge at the side of the bridge there was a sad sight of a load of fly-tipped waste into the dead-end of line, cut off by the A1(M). A few feet on from the bridge & the new On Inn was discovered.

The Main body of the Pack were around in 58 Minutes, while Skip & Flanders were a mere 12 minutes behind them. A fine Trail with plenty of Bluebells to admire & enjoy the scent. The Pack settled in to the Bar, My Lil' needed to sit down as he paid £5.05 a pint! Once he had come around, the Circle was called inside as there were only a couple of Down-Downs, one went to the Hare & the other to Sludge for actually completing his 900th Herts Trail. Skip was lucky that he didn't get a Hit, for Mr X & Where's Wally? were amongst his friends who received a scam message from Skips 'hacked' account, Suspicions were raised as the time it was sent was when Skip was out on the Trail!

