



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

Run No. 1978  
1st May 2022  
Venue: The Orange Tree & then Baldock Beer-festival  
Beers: Loads, from a Hairy Helmet to a Shagweaver XL  
Location: Baldock  
Hare/s: Mr X  
Runners: 9  
Virgnis: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 0  
Total: 9  
Membership: Bagdad Beerfesters



Being a Bank Holiday weekend it was no surprise that the Pack size would be lower than the norm, with this in mind that Hare opted to set a shortish Trail. Warnings had been posted earlier that morning to bring along Pint Glasses, for at the Beerfest they were £3 & non-refundable (Possible a Covid precaution), which on top of the £5 entry fee was £8 gone before purchasing a Beer. There was also another 'cryptic' warning to bring a towel for after the Trail, but more on that later.

TXT message replies from Paxo confirmed his absence with a bad back [If he needs a second opinion we can confirm that his front isn't that good either! – Ed] while Tent Packer's reply was, as he put it, "Away in Eastbourne with the Oldies!"

At first it seemed that there was only going to be a Pack of five, Mr X, My Lil', Whatevershesays, No Eye Deer & Veronique, then they crossed to wait by a freshly set CHK outside of the School Gates & it's been a long time since some of the Pack have waited outside of School Gates!

Suddenly there was a shock for the small Pack, a gasp went up as the sight of two cyclists came toward them, as one of the Cyclists was Flying Solo, accompanied by Damien. Some commented on how brave Flying Solo was to get back on a bike after her crash, but as the RA said "When you fall off of a horse you should get straight back on again!" though after a shattered arm it was several weeks for her to get back in the saddle. In the absence of Paxo, Whatevershesays made sure the two cyclists chained their bikes up over by the security at the Beerfest entrance.

Now with a 'Magnificent Seven' the RA welcomed everyone to the correct Run Number, then as being the Hare as well, Mr X would enlighten those gathered on what they could expect out there. Short Cuts were mentioned, which came as a relief to most but the Hare was now happy that at least Damien & Flying Solo were there as FRBs.

The first bit of Dust had already been spotted by My Lil', his eagle-eyes noticed a blob on a tree over at the end of the grass triangle across from the School, so off the Pack went as Mr X marked the CHK over the road & then a Short Cut down Weston Way. The Next CHK was found a mere 225 feet at the end of the tip of the obtuse grassy triangle.

The Trail would be picked up on cut-through to Park Crescent to the southeast, a short urban backstreet that led on to Park Drive, where arrows directed the Pack around Park drive, by the small green & play area, then on by the local Scout Hall & back out on to Weston Road.

A CHK was found on the T-Junction, from here Flying Solo & Damien were away to the south. Meanwhile the late arriving Des Res pulled up opposite the local Fire Station, as Mr X marked the Short Cut along Weston Way to find the rest of the Pack searching for Trail from the junction.

No Eye Deer crossed over to Chivers Bank & on this side street to the west Trail was found, Flying Solo & Damien were now called back as My Lil', Veronique & Whatevershesays all followed on but suddenly No Eye Deer was stopped by a Bar CHK.

A few yards retracing her steps for No Eye Deer to see the Hare had now marked the Trail on through the entrance to the garage block behind the homes, this was a footpath that would connect to the Back Lane footpath, which runs along beside the southern edge of the Brandels School Grounds. While setting the Trail the Hare came across a family on this path & they kept looking at the gaps in the hedgerow to see if they could gain access to the Beerfest grounds but a solid wire fence prevented these cheap-skates getting in.

After 200 Yards behind the homes, Flying Solo, Damien, No Eye Deer & now Des Res who was followed on later by Zing-a-long-a-max, after his late arrival, there would be a turn off of the Back Lane path to head southward into the edge of the small wooded area that is a nature reserve.

The shaded path to the south was one that had plenty of old roots to avoid but there would be one of the Keenies who would almost take a tumble. After 200 Yards a CHK was found at the southern tip of the wooded reserve, near to the local stables paddocks but the Trail was found heading back up north, on the scrubbiest ground of the reserve that lies up along the eastern edge of the A1(M).

Another 200 Yards between the thorn bushes, coppiced trees & the odd bluebell were run to emerge back out on to Back Lane, where Whatevershesays, My Lil' & Veronique had already passed by & had been directed away from the CHK located on the edge of the large underpass with the A1(M) above. The SCBS would be out of sight by the time Des Res arrived & headed under the motorway to fruitlessly search on the Letchworth side of the motorway.

The Hare waited for the other FRBs to arrive but then he saw a now pale looking Flying Solo who looked to be in a state of shock as if she had meet a Gruffalo or Sparky in the Nip! Asking if she was "Alright?" Flying Solo admitted that she had tripped over one of the old roots & fallen forward, but just about managed to grasp a hold of a branch to prevent her falling on her injured arm, which must have been a shock with the prospect of further damaging the metal work she has in that arm.

Des Res was now called back as the CHK was marked up along by the end of the school playing fields, where a soccer match was in progress, this tree-lined avenue beside the A1(M) for 250 Yards to reach the edge of the B656 Letchworth Road. Care was needed crossing this busy road & follow the arrows to pass under the wide concrete bridge with the A1(M) above, a CHK was found by the end of the dead-end Hadrian Way.

A group of Hashers were found hanging around the CHK point, while Damien & Flying Solo were now out of sight as they had found the Trail up at the dead-end of the short spur road, beyond which the route becomes a gravel footpath that continues north by northwest to move away from the western side of the A1(M), no doubt any calls from the tow up front were masked by the sound of the traffic from the motorway.

The Next CHK was found at the convergence of another gravel path on a small green. Trail was picked up on the option that leads through the tree-lined scrubby, trash filled path to the southwest. It was a 180 Yards on this old uneven tarmac path to come out onto the edge of the Jubilee Industrial Estate, there arrows directed the Pack back on a hairpin turn to head north-eastward on Works Road before being taken down into the side road of Lacerta Court surrounded by various Factory units.

It was a slightly convoluted route now, as the Dust made its way around to pass under an electricity pylon & out on to the footpath between the small section of Industrial Estate & the Railway line from Letchworth to Baldock & Cambridge beyond. The Next CHK was located by the Pylon & it seems that it didn't hinder Damien & Flying Solo, the latter was now over her earlier shock & running pretty well on these nice flat paths, they were nowhere to be seen as the Trail was marked to the southwest to where the footpath turns northwest & over a bridge over the Railway.

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The main body of the Pack were now ambling along, seems that too much Coq au vin was responsible for Whatevershesays' lack of ambition to Run, as it was heavy on the vin & not so much on the Cock [As Pebbledash said to the Bishop! - Ed].

A CHK was found out on the edge of Blackhorse Road, here Whatevershesays informed those around him that this was the site of the Umo Tractor Plant, a Belarusian Heavy Machinery manufacturers that had their import base in Letchworth.

Allegedly, when the plant was closed it was revealed that there was a Soviet spy-ring based there? But more importantly at this point the Hare informed the others there at the time, that there would be a Beer Stop at the Orange Tree, to accommodate those not going to the Beerfest & allow them a chance to catch up for a chat & the Down-Downs could also be dispatched.

Anyhow, the Trail would head opposite the former Umo Plant site, looking slightly forlorn now with a couple of the letters missing for the brick walls of the unit. Dust led on down by the local recycling centre & then out though the tree-line at the end of the road.

A CHK was found at on the right, north-eastern point of the small triangle of paths with the main one running from southeast to northwest on the edge of the open farm land. There was no sign of Flying Solo & Damien, so the rest had to search for the Trail.

No Eye Deer made a token effort to search north-westward toward Norton, as the Hare warned no one to kick this CHK as it had dog

poop on the edge of it. Instead the Hare marked the Trail in the opposite direction to head to the south-eastern corner of the field & run around the fenced-in route by the Railway line for a matter of a few yards. Zing-a-long-a-max was now asking Mr X where they were in relation to the transport infrastructure, getting his bearings as the Trail now moved on next to the motorway on the second turn to head due north.

Zing-along-a-max & Des Res now put in an effort to Run on the first 165 Yards of this long dusty dry & wide bridleway beside the A1(M), Zing-along-a-max continued on by a CHK for the Falsie off up though the centre of the farm land, while Des Res was tempted to head up toward Nortonbury but the Hare was charitable enough to save him from a fruitless search up toward the rising field of purple flowering plants at the top end, possibly clover, Mr X marked the Trail in the direction Zing-along-a-max had shot off in.

After another 190 Yards the Trail cut through the small wooded corner of the field & then out over the Norton Road bridge over the A1(M) below. Here the Trail would cross to a footpath by the gated drive to the North Herts Equestrian Centre, Des Res stopped, like the others, to read the dedication & view the picture & flowers for a young road accident victim on the metal kissing-gate.

The Trail would now drop down for 80 Yards on a gentle wide track to a CHK, Zing-along-a-max went wrong as he continued north by northeast, he was returning back just as Des Res was approaching the CHK, which the Hare now marked to the east. The Trail path rises up through the woodland & runs by the Fit 4 OCR & Obstacle arena, an



area marked as 'Private Property' above Ivel Springs, but looks of interest for those who like to clamber under or over various obstacles. Who knows the Trail may go through this one day?

It was a pleasant trot though the wood as the Trail turns to pass by the old dilapidated looking all weather Football pitches & down to the access road for the small sewage treatment works. A CHK here had Zing-along-a-max coming back from the old dark brick tunnel through the embankment of the railway line, he had turned back as on the other side he had seen the Orange Tree & arrows pointing away from it!

He was sent back as the Hare explained that there was a loop & that if the FRBs ran this, it would give the SCBs a chance to catch up on their way to the Orange Tree, so, while Zing-long-a-max & Des Res set off on the loop after Flying Solo & Damien, out along Icknield Way, which on the 1884 Ordinance Survey Map was called Deadman's Lane, arrows led on by the hoardings for the new buildings that are going up on what was the former Gas Works Site.

Mr X marked a BS (Beer Stop) outside of the Orange Tree, then continued on down to mark the end of the loop back from St Mary the Virgin's Church to the Orange Tree, he also trotted up West Avenue where he found Flying Solo & Damien at the Held CHK by the small Kids play area of Avenue Play & Splash Park.

These two who had been out on their own for a long while, the Hare was a little disappointed to find that the water features, that were on the day before, had now been turned off so the Hash would be dry upon their return to the On Inn. He explained he was going to get the Pack to take turns in standing under the water feature of three orange cones suspended up on a pole, these filled with water & once full they become top-heavy & then would tip up to spill the water on whoever was below, sadly a 'Five Second Rule Game' couldn't be played with the cooler & overcast conditions putting a stop to that.

The Hare explained that here was a change of plan, so Flying Solo & Damien walked back down to the Orange Tree with him. The Pack settled in for a couple of beers, Zing-a-long-max & Des Res completed the loop, up though the old triangle of footpaths that existed before the present homes were built, leading almost up to the Engine Pub, which was there prior to 1884, then back down Orchard Road & via a passageway to Church Road, where a trot through the grounds of St Mary's would lead out to Norton Road & the now altered Trail to the Beer Stop.

Damien & Des Res got a tour of the Orange Tree & its garden before the Circle was called. There were just the two Down-Downs, one for the Hare & the other for Flying Solo for her trip hazard that left her looking shocked. Then the pack would move on back to the Beerfest, without going around Avenue Park & coming on to Weston Way on the opposite side from the On Inn by the traffic lights.

Only Mr X, for his second visit in two days, My Lil', Flying Solo & Damien entered the Beerfest, where they could enjoy what remained in Ales & Ciders, a lot had gone the day before as the weather was so good & the place was packed. There was plenty of room first thing & on the main stage where the Knights Templar Music Students, which was good to see as there aren't so many venues where kids can get the experience to play in front of an audience, while outside at the 'Balstock stage' [Which is Baldock's Woodstock Weekeend! – Ed] was a Folk Singer who reminded Mr X & My Lil' of former Amathus Hashers, & Interhash Cyprus GM, Urine!

These two moved into the main stage area as Lock, Stock & Basil took to the stage & they remained there for solo guitarist Luce & then the excellent Corazon, a Latino Carlos Santana band to finish a great day.



One for Ketchup →

