

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

Run No. 1981
23rd May 2022
Venue: The Buck's Head
Beers: Buttcombe;
Location: Little Wymondley
Hare/s: No Eye Deer (Plus her Side-kick!)
Runners: 15
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 15
Membership: Charged up & buzzing!

I thought Monkee Pox was a hoax
Then I saw their face, Now I'm a
believer



It wouldn't be a No Eye Deer Trail without the threat of Rain, so it was no surprise that there would be black clouds amassing on the Horizon as the Pack began to gather in the car park of the Bucks Head. Some of the Hash were eager to get on with things due to the dark skies, however the RA was chilling out in the Bar with a Pint before finally emerging to greet the rest.

TBT OBE welcomed the Pack to the correct Run number, then No Eye Deer was called forward to explain what the Hash could expect on the Trail, normal markings, a view point marked with a V, a Held CHK & Sweet Stop & that was almost it, except for the confession that She would not be able to get around without the help of her 'Side-kick'.

Before those who wanted to tort of could do so, Kylie had to get the obligatory photo outside of the Pub, which saw him standing in the road & being goaded with false claims of "Petrol!" to take his mind off of the job in hand [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Then it was finally time to set off, with Mr X, Where's Wally?, Ewok & Milf taking up the Gauntlet & crossing over to the Plume of Feathers, where the RA asked "Did the Hare mention a Beer Stop?" but he was being too optimistic with this pipe-dream as arrows pointed on beyond the Plume of Feathers.

The combination of arrows & Dust led the Keenies on around the back street of Priory View to the west, starting with a slight climb on this urban back-street, Where's Wally? soon got ahead of the rest & was on to the CHK point where Priory View joins Grimstone Way.

Where's Wally? was on form again, off in an anti-clockwise route for 180 Yards, the RA said that his unprecedented double success shall be 'Mentioned in Dispatches!' as he followed on down the 270 Yards on Sicut Road by the local School, passing beyond the lower junction with Grimstone Road, where the SCBs could cut through from.

A regroup would take place when the Trail arrived at a small green area, with some play equipment for the local kids, one of which was a large plastic boat which was soon boarded by the motley crew of the Hash, with Ewok being the figurehead, while Mr X called out "Ramming Speed!" [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed] then Ewok went through the moves of Rose on the bows in the Film Titanic, as the RA admitted that he has never watch the film as he knows (PLOT SPOILER ALERT) the RMS Titanic sank in 1912.

Photos taken, it was time to move on once more with TBT OBE, Where's Wally?, Mr X, Tent Packer, Milf & Ewok all cutting over to the edge of the Stevenage Road, to head away to the west on a path that was only half the width it should be due to the encroaching trees, they would reach the roundabout where Arch Road heads North & Blakemore End drops away to the south.

"On!" was called by Milf & Where's Wally? as the FRBs followed on along the Stevenage Road further toward the west but after around 100 Yards they all were stopped by a Bar CHK! On the trudge back, Paxo pointed out the footpath off of the southern edge of the road in a southwestern direction from the roundabout, this tree-lined old route would run alongside the Ash Brook, which looked extremely dried up.

The Trail left the tree-line to follow the brooks' side & then after just over 300 Yards the Hash would pass beneath the A602 bypass bridge, here there was a chance to admire the graffiti, one of which spelt out the name of Hades (The Greek God of the underworld), away from Hades & the Trail would turn sou-sou-west to run for 280 Yards along under the overhead high-tension cables to a CHK before a wooded ridge.

A blue sign was spotted on the rise up through the trees, Mr X arrived at the CHK just in time to see the other Keenies coming back from the lower level of the meadow, so he went off to investigate & the sign read out that the Electricity Company take no responsibility for people using this route, which could have been aimed at Sparky, if he was present this evening. However it did apply to someone else a little later on.

Mr X now led the way up the steep climb through the wooded ridge, a climb that slowed him up & allowed the others to slowly regain ground as he waited to take a picture as they reached the summit. To the south of the ridge & the huge sprawl of the Electricity Sub Station could be seen, it's a large place & a distinctive power-hum could be

heard emanating from that direction. TBT OBE was soon up on the top, Mr X reckoned that TBT OBE & the other Herts Hashers could feel the hair standing up on the top of their heads!

After some 90 Yards there was a CHK, which had a path leading down through the trees to the west, this didn't appeal to most, though Where's Wally? wasn't fazed to search this Falsie. The rest continued without losing any altitude for another 200 Yards as the Trail reached another CHK on the raised ridge, there a CHK was found & Where's Wally? had another go at looking down on the level of the meadow with the cattle in, again he was wrong!

Back up on the higher level & the Trail turned to the southeast, along the way Mr X & TBT OBE wondered what the ridge was, with TBT OBE asking if it was a railway line, but they worked out it was probably man-made to prevent the substation from getting flooded from potential flood plains over spilling from the meadow, then after a further 270 Yards the Trail reached the View Stop, & what a view it was, looking out over the equipment on the expanse of the Sub-station grounds connected to the National Grid Pylons.

There was also time to get a photo of the FRBs sitting on the bench that had the 'prime spot' & Mr X added that "Who needs the seaside, when you've have a view like that?" on the panorama of metal infrastructure & high tension cables. Where's Wally? didn't hang around for the photo-shoot & he soon regretted his keenness to continue on the Trail, for when the others set off they soon came across a prone figure raising himself from the earthen path.

A concerned Milf said that Medical Assistance was on its way, Mr X add that Kylie was reported as just leaving Costa Coffee but Where's Wally? dusted himself off, blaming himself for not wearing the correct eyewear before setting off. Mr X waited on the short stump of a sawn off sapling as TBT OBE was approaching & he didn't want him to be a liability in tripping over as well, especially as the Electricity Company take no responsibility for what happens on this section of land.

The Trail around the sub-station would run for a tad over 1200 Yards, as the way turned to the north east & then a sharp turn to the east to emerge from the wood to come out on to Balkemore End Road, a short bit of tarmac road work to the Y shaped junction by the Farmhouse at Redcoats, arrows pointed the way down the southwestern arm, keeping the Hash safely away from the south-eastern option that leads by the Hermit of Redcoats Pub.

Just a few yards beyond the Farmhouse Dining, a footpath was found by the entrance to the car park of this large rambling building, then the Dust took to the south bound footpath through the crop fields behind the Farmhouse, here Mr X listened to TBT OBE bemoaning having to pay more Council Tax than his neighbours, reckoning 'The Poll Tax' would be a better option, the RA said that there would be a job collecting that as People would drop off the Radar!

So a friend of mine works at a car dealership, a young person came in with an older car and wanted to know why his iPhone charging port is scratching his screen and not charging!



By the time the Trail had crossed 251 Yards to pass through a gate in the hedgerow to another crop field, Mr X took a pace back from TBT OBE, who let the wooden gate slam behind him, the sound of the wood clattering shut made sure the RA kept his pinkies well away from Teebes as once bitten twice shy!

The Iron TBT's subject was now changed to supporting other people's kids. Mr X put on a spurt for the next 1709 Yards down through the next field as it cuts across to the Wyke, home to the a quite stunning solitary old Elizabethan building.

While Tent Packer & Where's Wally? took to the 'Little Almshoe Lane Around the Wyck' lane, running southwest behind the ancient brick building, Milf & Mr X had other ideas & searched to the south bound lane toward Almshoebury. The name Almshoe derives its name from a small room a Priest would hand out Alms to the poor & needy, like those poor locals who have higher Council Tax Bands?

Some 180 Yards on & the Held CHK was found by the few houses beyond the small area of trees, on the way the RA noticed a sign warning of 'Not using a satnav' or as Mr X called it 'a sign for Sparky' as it seems that large vehicles have become stuck up the uncapped narrow end of the old route, & that there is a fee to have them hauled out when they get stuck!

There was quite a wait for the Hare & 'sweets' to arrive, it was here that Ketchup caught up with the Keenies after his late arrival, where he greeted TBT OBE with a "Hello Dad!" My Lil' arrived & then eventually Kylie came in to view with Whatevershesays, while Paxo & Sludge had chosen a short route back with a walk along a road to cut off this loop in the Trail.

No Eye Deer allowed the Keenies to start searching while the SCBs started to munch on the Marsh Mallows, Fruit Gums of Liquorice Allsorts, though there was some decent in the ranks that the 'Allsorts' didn't have any of the round jelly sweets covered in little blue or pink balls! [The Cheek! – Ed]

Mr X had to be called back from going wrong, then he joined the others on a long stretch of half a mile along the jagged edge of a series of farm fields, parts of which were tight up against the hedgerow & tree-line to find not one but two CHKS on the bend in the Lower Titmore Green Lane [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

Here Milf & Ewok went wrong to the southeast in this Hamlet (Since it has no Church) while Mr X, TBT OBE & Tent Packer search around the bend to the northeast & there they found Trail, but these three were then thrown off of the scent when they reached a gate beside a short row of cottages for a footpath to the fields behind them.

By the time these three had come back they found No Eye Deer had marked the Trail up the Lower Titmore Green lane all the way to the junction with the Stevenage Road, Milf & Ewok were well ahead of the others, as was Ketchup who was out of sight & out of earshot, if he was calling "On!" at all?



James Lucas, the Hermit of Redcoats

A turn to the left from a CHK on the Junction would head toward the Hermit of Redcoats, but once again the Hare had safely steered the Hash away from this Pub, formally the Live & Let Live until Sparky's era, when it was renamed around 1900 in honour of James Lucas the Hermit who used to live nearby, after the death of his mother he developed a paranoid fear of his relatives.

Locked in his mansion from 1849 to 1874, it sank into a dilapidated state. He lived solely in the kitchen, sleeping on a bed of ashes & soot. He went naked except for a blanket & used to appear at the barred kitchen window.

He never washed and his hair grew to waist length, he survived on bread, cheese, eggs & gin. The house became infested with rats, so he kept his food in baskets hung from the ceiling to protect it from them. He became a bit of a 'Freak-show attraction', where people would come to converse with him through the barred window. The house was demolished in 1890

However, you can't feel too sorry for him, & it is a surprise that the Pub is still called the Hermit of Redcoats, for Lucas was awarded a payment as a slave trader in the aftermath of the Slavery Abolition Act 1833 with the Slave Compensation Act 1837. Lucas had three different

claims, two of which were successful, he owned 1121 slaves in British Guiana, Saint Vincent & the Grenadines, he received a £57,970 payment at the time (worth £5.62 million in 2022!) To cover the compensation at the time the British Government took out a £15 million loan (worth £1.46 billion in 2022) from Nathan Mayer Rothschild & Moses Montefiore, which was subsequently paid off by the British taxpayers in 2015.

The Trail would now be starting its final leg, as it took to a 230 Yards footpath that leads northward through a tree-line by some equine paddocks. Having left the farm land beyond the paddocks, everyone was for in for a short trot down a set of steps & out to the edge of the A602. Care was needed in crossing the first two lane to the staggered gap in the central reservation Armco, then again for the next two lane before a climb up the steps in the embankment.

A dead-straight northward trot through the next section of Treeline to emerge out onto the green space of the Wymondley Tennis Club, where some locals were out playing a few sets, then just beyond the gravel path & the small club-house on the end of the Drive, there a slight turn a few degrees to west off of due north, once through the gates the Keenies would be on the last 260 yards of the Trail on the tree-lined path to the west of the back of the homes on Tower Close to drop down in to the Pub Car Park.

Once in the Bucks Head, where Mrs Mallet, Paxo, Flanders & Sludge were found with Ketchup, there were a few surprised looks when the Landlord said that they usually close at Eight on a Monday evening! Mr X soon got a pint in as the SCBs made their way Inn!

When he went out to get changed, on TBT OBE's return, Mr X would see Whatevershesays & Kylie ambling along, so he geed them up with a "Hurry up, the Bar shuts at Eight!" Fortunately the Barman kept the Pub open a bit longer for us, the lights still being on would also attract some of the locals to come in as well. The Down-Downs were out off for a week, as while the pack were being served it wasn't worth risking the bar being closed.

America is a Gun

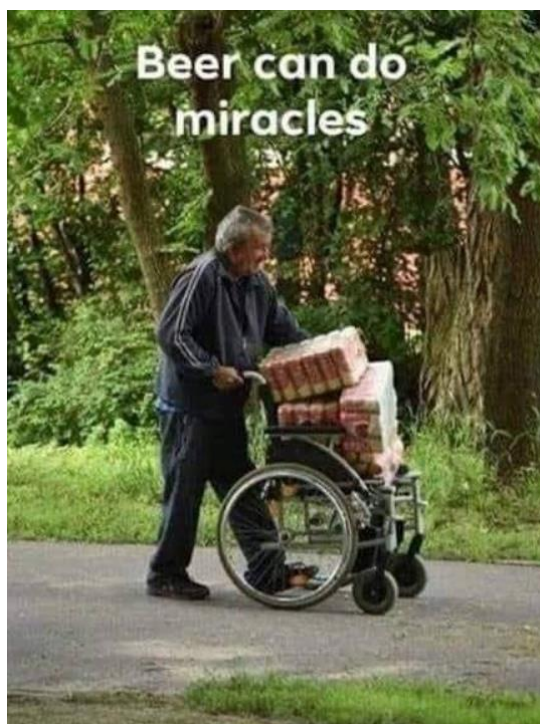
England is a cup of tea.
France, a wheel of ripened brie.
Greece, a short, squat olive tree.
America is a gun.

Brazil is football in the sand.
Argentina, Maradona's hand.
Germany is an Oompah Band.
America is a gun.

Holland is a wooden shoe.
Hungary, a goulash stew.
Australia a kangaroo.
America is a gun.

Japan is a thermal spring.
Scotland a highland fling.
Oh, better to be anything
Than America as a gun.

Brian Bilston



Best. Sand. Sculpture. Ever!

