

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



Run No.1986  
13th June 2022  
Venue: The Admiral Byng  
Beers: GK IPA, Abbot, Ruddles, Bruin,  
Location: Potters Bar  
Hare/s: My Lil'  
Runners: 6  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 0  
Total: 6  
Membership: Thin on the ground!

Another low turnout for consecutive weeks, but things should improve soon as we have a few Sundays coming up, with the added bonus of après Trail food which normally lures absent Hashers out of the woodwork.

The weather was the best of the year so far, have a string of warm dry days finally arrived? Seems like it, as the Hare & Mr X sat outside of the Admiral Byng awaiting the rest to arrive. Over the next 30 minutes it seemed as if they were going to be the only two out that evening, then the RA's Phone Rang & it was Zing-a-long-a-max who was stated that he was going to arrive late & wanted the Hare to clearly mark the Trail for him to run, after the rest had finished, the RA said he could do that as the Hare (My Lil') was sitting right in front of him.

With the time edging toward the hour there was some relief as No Eye Deer arrived, quickly followed by Paxo, then Ketchup, at least there would be two FRBs to check out the Trail, while Mr X would hobble around with Paxo & the Hare. So, while the four awaited Ketchup to park up, with both the HGM & GM absent, Mr X called the Circle & welcomed the Pack to the correct Run number, all before introducing the Hare.

Once Paxo's boeing of the Hare's name had subsided, the My Lil' went on to explain that it wasn't a long Trail, there was a regroup & there were Short Cuts, the last bit mentioned received a slight cheer from those gathered. Then as soon as Ketchup was with the Pack, the Hare directed the Hash away over the roundabout to the east side of Darkes Lane, there arrows pointed the way along Byng Drive.

Ketchup soon pulled away for the rest, with only No Eye Deer making an effort to keep up with him, as he ran for over 400 Yards before a Bar CHK stopped his progress. When No Eye Deer & Ketchup turned back, they could see Mr X waving at them as the other three took to the northbound Park Drive some 150 Yards behind them.

After just over 100 yards the next CHK was found by the small roundabout in Billy Lows Lane, by the time the SCBs had reached this, Ketchup had made up all the lost ground & overtook them, then he called "On!" as he led the rest up the back passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] that heads off between the fenced off back gardens for 100 Yards, to come out on to Mount Grace. No CHK here, just arrows pointing the way over to the west, where a path runs beside a small green space, where a northward path heads to one of the local Schools, still decorated with Jubilee paraphernalia.

The Trail turned with the alleyway as it runs by the School to emerge back out on to Darkes Lane, where arrows directed the way, via a traffic island, over to the western side & then up around on to Heath Drive. Ketchup & No Eye Deer were now getting away from the others as they embarked on the long trot of 320 Yards of this quite, residential street to reach the next CHK by the roundabout in the junction with Manor Way.

Ketchup was spotted coming back from the next leg of Heath Drive, then No Eye Deer in her lime green Herts Hash T-shirt as she followed on behind him now Trail was found on the north-eastern arm of Manor Way, on along the back street of very large 'up-market' houses, most of a mock Tudor Style, to find the next CHK on the outer edge of the elbow of the right-angled turn in the road.

Again Ketchup was quickly on to Trail, now the footpath leading from the short drive to the local Stables, turning north-westward by the solid wooden gates to the stables. After about 120 Yards on the old path between the tree-line to the farm fields to the north & the fenced off homes to the south, a CHK was found by a Kissing-gate into the cattle field to the north. Mr X arrived to find that the CHK had been kicked through to indicate to follow on along the footpath running along the edge of the Bovine field.

As Ketchup & No Eye Deer disappeared into the distance, Mr X was called back by the Hare as the Trail was still on the hedged-in path to the northwest, the Hare laid down a line of Dust from the CHK to point any late comers in the right direction. While Paxo, Mr X & the Hare continued along the way out to the old Potters Bar Golf Course, Ketchup & No Eye Deer had run on too far beyond a T.

The SCBs & the Hare came out on to the edge of the former Fairways, now virtually unrecognisable since the Golf Club, founded in 1923 went bust a few years ago in 2018, though it was noticed that the type of grass used on the fairways, when left uncut doesn't grow as tall as the wild grasses that stand a couple of feet high on what was the

original 'rough' of the course. However, dotted about the course there are a few remaining Sandpits, the type that TBT OBE like to play in, still to be seen.

There is a PB2 Plan, that would have 450 Homes built on the site, but this is opposed by the Golf Watch Residents Association who want to keep it as a Nature Reserve, which it is at the moment, with a Bike Park, walking & fitness circuits & community based facilities. What it will become only time will tell, but at the moment it's a pleasant wild space to wander around.

Once across the wooden footbridge spanning the Potters Bar Brook that bisects the Golf Course, a long Trail would head over to the east & around the edge of the course on the opposite side of the cattle field the other two were in earlier, they came back to run this, while the other three made their way westward over by the old 'Tiddler's pond' on the course, the one that the chopped up remains of local Railway Man Albert Welch were found in 1947.

This case was re-enacted, for those who recall the Friday 13th Trail in Potters Bar a few years ago? Intriguingly no one was ever caught for the Murder & the case is not allowed to become Public from the Metropolitan Police Files (Which covered Potters Bar back then) until 2031!!

It was 700 yards to reach the western edge of the Course, on the way they passed by a few yooofs out on one of the benches, having a puff by the remains of the overgrown 5th Tee, then beyond this the Hare stopped off to scare the squirrels in a finger of the remains of Furzefield Wood on this side of the railway line. The SCBs were now concerned as there was no calling heard from the other two for some time, where they ahead on Trail, or back off Tail with the Cattle?

The Trail now passed under the four tracks of the main line to Kings Cross, via wide a gravel path through to the edge of the Cranbourne Industrial Estate. A CHK was found on the tarmac footpath that runs along the western edge of the main line, linking Potters Bar to Brookmans Park in the north.

Mr X ignored the northern option as this is a long old Path with no turn off until reaching Hawkshead lane, so he went off to search in the Industrial area to the west, then he was called back by the Hare to head southward on the tarmac footpath in the most unlikely direction toward Potters Bar Station, but it was correct for just a few yards, before the Trail broke off in to the Industrial Estate.

The arrows pointed the way to a footpath that follows the route of the Potters Bar Brook as it flows through the chain-link fenced off factory units on either side. This enclosed path would emerge out on to the western Cranbourne Avenue, here there were plenty of arrows to keep the Pack out of Furzefield Wood Park, at least for the time being. The Trail would continue along by the bank's edge, high up along the Potters Bar Brook.

The west-bound footpath was shaded by the old broadleaf trees that line the way, along which there were a few options to cross the water below, one was by a wide fallen tree trunk, then a few more yards along a shallow shingle area where a rat was spotted dashing over the brook. But there was no turning just yet as the Trail came out away from the edge of the industrial area & then out in to the edge of the crop fields further west.

All worries about where Ketchup & No Eye Deer had disappeared to were soon quashed in the minds of the SCBs as they heard calls of "On! On!" from behind them, so they waited for these two to catch up & then pass them by as the Hare had confirmed Mr X's earlier suspicions that the Trail would go down into the brook & over to the corner of Furzefield Wood to the south.

Mr X may have been correct in where the Trail went, but with his ripped calf he couldn't get down the steep bank, let alone scale the opposite side, & after a sharp twinge he decided to go back to the edge of the Industrial Estate & through the metal gates & into the Furzefield Park.

As he came on to the long grassy strip between the main wood & the tree-line of the brook, Mr X could see Ketchup & No Eye Deer over in the distance, making their way in to the western edge of the wood, after they too had descended the steep drop, used the couple of stepping stones to try & avoid the flowing stream, & then scaled the opposite steep bank.

Instead of heading over to the water crossing, Mr X made his way up the eastern edge of the wood of Oaks & other broadleaf Trees, coming around on to the west bound path on the southern edge of the plantation against the edge of the King George V recreation Grounds & Football Academy, as he reached the top of the wooded slope he would turn & unknowingly walk toward the others. He would then be turned back again to the east as he found Ketchup running toward him!

Heading eastward again, along the inside of the southern end of the wood, Mr X could now see the Dust on what was the back of the trees to his earlier westward wander. He even missed the CHK in the south-eastern corner of the wood! From here there were only two options, the wide desire line of a path to the north, or the narrower eastward path that was almost overgrown with nettles?

The RA went wrong to the north, but on his return he reassured those now ahead of him on the path being encroached with ~~stingers~~ Nettles, that these wouldn't sting this time of year, but the sharp intakes of breath & squeals of pain would have had bystanders thinking otherwise.

It was just a short trot to come out on to a rough tarmac car parking area opposite the Mini Centre on Cranbourne Road, now on a due south course, this access road climbed up a slight rise to reach the edge of the housing estate & a CHK by the westward, dead-end spur of Cranbourne Road.

Mr X, knowing the area from pervious Hashes set around here, knew that there was a back-passage ripe for the searching [Whoa, there Pebbledash! – Ed] made slightly more obvious by the single bollard at the dead-end of the staggered eastward arm of Cranbourne Road.

Sure enough, Trail was found down this backwater estate, plenty of things to see along the way, with lots of junk out in the street, including a rather large toy X-wing Fighter from Star Wars, before the arrows took the Hash up the back-passage on a south-eastern run through to Cranbourne Crescent, where again Mr X's spider Hash senses tingled at the heading toward the eastern end of the Crescent.

The RA was correct, as the Trail did head eastward, & he pointed the way to the end of short north-eastern spur, where a large white van pulled out, the drive being popular with the locals as this vehicle loudly pumped out the type of Music that Where's Wally? likes. As the loud Drum & Bass faded, Ketchup said to Mr X that it couldn't be good for the Driver's Hearing? As Mr X said, there's going to be a generation of deaf people with the use of Ear-pods & the like.

A matter of feet & inches up another passage way to be turned southward alongside the Railway line, just a few more yards to reach the Held CHK by the end of Oakfield Close, here the Sweet Stop was held, though there were comments on the Liquorice allsorts not being of the quality of the previous week's, there were none of the liquorice jellies coated in small pink or blue balls [No Pebbledash! – Ed]

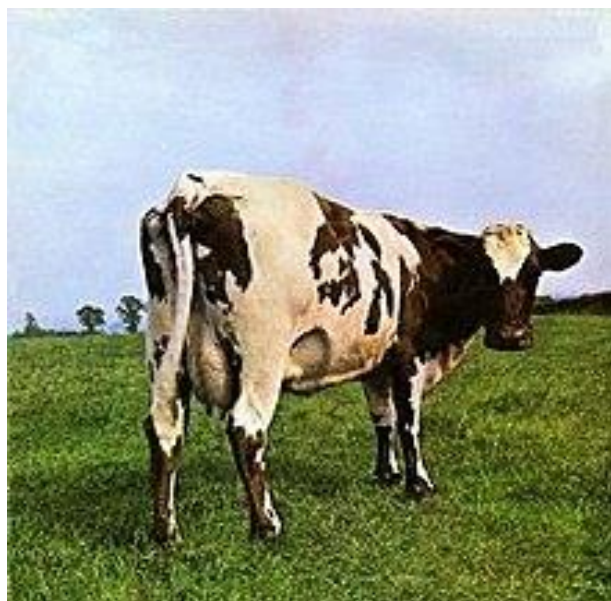
Once the sweets had been devoured, it was time to move on, the Hare didn't add any extra loops in & the Trail stuck with the Rail-side tarmac path, passing the On Inn as it heads in to the northern end of the Station Car Park, then over to the entrance to the station, using the under pass to come out of the front of Potters Bar Station & back in to Darkes Lane.

Back at the Admiral Byng & as the Pack were getting ready for a Circle, Zing-a-long-a-max arrived, after a convoluted journey which meant he needed to nip straight to the toilet, then when he arrived back the rest thought that he had been around after a late start, except it wasn't, he'd just arrived.

While Paxo ordered his evening meal, having come straight from work, the other conversation was the locals of Sawbridgeworth betting upset with the Trail set around there by a "Middle aged man throwing powder around!" no doubt Where's Wally? as the Hare would be happy to be described as 'Middle Aged'.

So, after My Lil', the Hare for this week, & Mr X the Hare from a couple of weeks ago had both Downed their Hits, Zing-a-long-a-max set off to Run the Trail in the diminishing light. He did complete the Trail, though he fell foul of the kicked through CHK by the Cattle Field & he called Mr X back at the Pub. Mr X explained the Trail was back on the tree-lined footpath. Zing-a-long-a-max would later say that a guy was standing on the CHK where it had been marked with flour, in the correct direction.

Mr X explained that the photographer was probably trying to recreate Storm Thorgerson's famous picture of a Holstein-Friesian in the said field in Potters Bar, used for Pink Floyd's 1970 Album Atom Heart Mother. In retrospect, neither Roger Waters or Dave Gilmour no longer rate this album.



When you're too lazy to microwave your own dinner - Paxo?



Is that a CHK on the wall

Built by the Romans  
4000 years ago:



Built by my city  
2 weeks ago:

