



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

Run No.1986
19th June 2022
Venue: The Strathmore Arms
Beers: Tring Side Pocket; American IPA
Location: St Paul's Walden
Hare/s: No Eye Deer
Side-Kicks 1
Runners: 7
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 2
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 10
Membership: Boosted by Rutland H3



For some there would be a very convoluted, diverted journey around to this week's venue. Not only were there road closure in Whitwell, which, unlike Whatevershesays, Friar Tuck just drove through to discover that there were no holes in the road, not resurfacing going on, there was a cycle road race in progress on around the small & narrow lanes.

The Hare was not sure if the car-full would make it to the start in time, but even with the detour & the slowing up for cyclists, the Hare, Whatevershesays, My Lil' & Mr X had time to spare.

With it being Father's Day, this may have accounted for the lack of Hashers turning out this morning, thought Paxo absence was questioned as Mother's Day was way back in March? Another absentee was our resident 'Uncle Albert' TBT OBE, this was explained due to his sailing on the broads, no doubt avoiding U-Boats off the starboard bow?

Anyhow, the numbers did have a boost this week by the presence of Friar Tuck & Smartarse, as well as Wingnut & Jailbird from Rutland Hash, who had elected to run with Herts than their native Rutland, as the rest of their home Hash were all up in Nottingham.

Where's Wally? arrived & he was cheered, for becoming our new Public Relations man. The Great Showman PT Barnham once said "There's no such things a bad publicity!" & after the Herts Trail in Sawbridgeworth had hit the Social Media headlines, Where's Wally? made contact with the Bishops Stortford Independent Newspaper, in a nice, short article, complete with demonstration picture of the Hare in Action, it summed up the Hash. All of which is a far better subject than when the late singer George Michael was splashed across the Mirror [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

Flying Solo arrived just before the Circle was called, then there was a delay as the girls went to use the facilities, which the Landlord had especially opened early to allow access. Before the 'Off' Flying Solo was still on the phone to her Dad, as Mr X called the Circle together in absence of our GM, Honorary GM & Hash Hen, getting the run number correct, it was soon over to the Hares.

The usual Hash Markings were mentioned by the Hare, which Mr X went through for Jailbird & Wingnuts benefit! There would be a regroup, there was one Short Cut & then there was a bit of 'disagreement' between the Hare & her 'Side-kick' as to how much information was being let out about the Trail! In the end No Eye Deer whittled it down to the basics of "Respectfully not to call out through the Churchyard!"

So, off the Pack went, via the path leading out of the back of the raised garden of the Strathmore Arms, on the way Mr X informed our visitors about the connection with the Late Queen Mother, who as Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, was the Ninth child of Claude Bowes-Lyon, Earl of Strathmore & Kingshorne (Scottish Peerage who's Seat is Glamis Castle, as Thaine of Glamis is another title held) had connections with the All Saints Church as she was baptised there in 1900.

It is an oddity that the Church is dedicated to All Saints & not St Paul, as you would expect in the village, something to ponder on as the ornate Church does appear to be a bit over the top for such a small village, which if it didn't have a place of worship would be classed as a Hamlet.

Within the Church grounds is the Bowes-Lyon Column & inside it has a rare Georgian Screen, as well as the 'Stapleford Memorial' with the figures of Henry & Dorothy Stapleford kneeling at a Stuart prayer Desk, just visible in the marble carving of Dorothy, a child can be seen behind her skirt holding a skull, which indicates the child died at a young age.

With Flying Solo's phone call over, she would soon be passing the hobbling walkers of Smartarse (Not the Full Mooner) My Lil' & Mr X, with Whatevershesays keeping an eye on them all. No Eye Deer was now relieved that there were a few FRBs on the Hash to do some r*nnng, with Where's Wally? following on behind Flying Solo, Friar Tuck, Wingnut & Jailbait as they came out through the Church 'over-flow' car park to be directed through the gate in the brick walls to All Saints Churchyard, which comes complete with a Victorian Post-box set into it.

Straight through the pretty & well kempt Churchyard, then out of the opposite wooden gate in the cemetery wall, here on Whitehouse Lane the first CHK was found & the Trail would now be picked up to the west running by the 'White House'. The Hare & her side-kick would have been happy to see Flying Solo had gone wrong by heading further westward along this narrow old back lane to a Bar CHK, & now had to come back when "On!" was called off to the north on a narrow footpath just beside the grounds of the White House.

This was the first point where No Eye Deer would stop to explain what the white Trail powder was to various dog-walkers out & about today, & stealing Where's Wally?'s thunder in doing so! The narrow footpath would lead on out to the farm land to the north of the Church, here it was far wider as the Keenies began to pull away, but at least it was nice & flat to allow Mr X to try a bit of running without aggravating his calf.

More dog-walkers had the Trail markings explained to them as the path veered over toward the B651 Langley Road, then on a new area where an enclosed section of wild land was, the Trail continued all of the 520 Yards to the next CHK, which was found by the side of the long Drive to the Sue Ryder Neurological Care Centre.

Where's Wally? Wingnut, Friar Tuck & Flying Solo were seen floundering on the tarmac drive, seemingly heading north-westward where there was no Trail, they would soon cut through the tree-line to where Jailbird & Mr X were 'On Trail' on a parallel footpath through the wispy wild grasses, then after a couple of hundred Yards there would be a split in the Trail with a turn to the north to find, for the Runners & a Short Cut for the SCBs to the west.

The 'Runners Trail' crossed the drive to head in to Hitch Wood, heading over to the Langley End north-eastern corner, then from a CHK to turn westward, leading through the cool shelter of the broadleaf trees on what was a warm bright day [Yes, you read the correctly, it was not raining on a No Eye Deer Trail! That happened the day before after they had set it! – Ed].

Mr X was impressed that the multitude of paths inside the large woodland had received a lot of attention, with forestry work undertaken to sort out fallen trees, also the Hash were kept on track with branches being used to mark the edges of the wide routes.

The Trail was beginning to head toward Lady Grove [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] over toward Preston, Mr X explained to Jailbird that the Red Lion in Preston was the first 'Community Pub' to be bought by the local village in the UK, adding that the Full Moon Hash ran out there years ago when they had a weekend camp-out at the Strathmore Arms.

Another CHK & there was a sudden change of direction to head away from the edge of the woodland & into the centre on what seemed like a loop around to the western edge. Here the Trail would be picked up on a wider lower track, as the Hare now began to set another Trail in the woodland inside of this open by-way like route! This southbound track leads down toward Pinfold Cottage, which sits across a crop field & at the end of a narrow dead-end lane.

The route passed between Hitch Wood to the east & the Firs to the west, a CHK was found in the norther tip of the afore mentioned crop field. The SCBs had already passed through this section, but the Hare & Mr X could only just about see the tails of the FRBs in the distance over the diagonal footpath through the grassy field to Pinfold Cottage.

It must have been a first for a Trail around these parts, as the old Farmer who in the cottages has always had a habit of kicking out the Trail, yet it was all seemingly intact, perhaps as he was busy inspecting his crop out in the other field he hadn't noticed the Dust?

Out by a short footpath 'Marked with a Slippery Path sign' through the tip of Lincoln Wood, to cross the stony dirt drive & then on through a small area of wild grasses, now the footpath leads south-westward on along the edge of Foxholes Wood, here the path began to gently drop downhill on the path littered with old tree roots of this spit of woodland down to the west of the Sue Ryder Home.

It was down at the crossroads of the footpath & a dusty stony drive from the old Stately Home, that the Held CHK was found in this open area, with Whatevershe says having already handed out sweets to Smartarse & the likes of My Lil', Jailbird, Wingnut, Friar Tuck, Where's Wally? & Flying Solo. By the time the Hare arrived Smartarse had walked on ahead of the rest from this point, which allayed any fears of her being lost.

The Hare was now surprised My Lil' was ahead of her, but then again she didn't set the new, extra loop in Hitch Wood, beside the original Trail! With her bearings now sorted, it was time to move on & there would be an uphill climb on the grassy banks to edge of Park Wood.

The Path was a long, serpentine stretch of 400 Yards south out in the open, at the top of the plateau a CHK on the opposite side of the gap in the hedgerow there was a splendid vista looking southward, out over the village of Whitwell, which could be seen nestled in the 'Lilly Bottom' Valley. [Yes Pebbledash it really is called that! – Ed] the village was once famed for the water cress beds that are still there in the chalk bed river Mimram. As regular readers know, one of the 200 chalk-bed rivers in the world.

The Trail was picked up by Flying Solo, Friar Tuck, Wingnut, Where's Wally? & Jailbird as Mr X & My Lil' followed on to also pass by Smartarse to the wooded corner of the bean field, where the Trail would turn with the contour of the field to run a few degrees west of due south.

Of course they do. Their feet can barely touch the pedals. Cut them some slack.





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Mr X & My Lil' could now hear Where's Wally? & Wingnut call out "On! On!" from the opposite, eastern side of the dense tree-line Hedgerow, the RA thanked them for calling 'On!' & alerting them to the fact they had to get to the other side. Thankfully it wasn't too far until they reached the gap in the Hedgerow to the east.

A CHK was found on the east side of the hedge, on the west of the Bury Estate & this had already been kicked through by the FRBs who had discovered the Trail heading northward along the hedgerow & up into Little Bury Wood, a smaller square outcrop section of the larger Walk Wood.

It was back into the shade of the woodland to the west of the ornate gardens of Garden House, which were now out of sight from this point on the Trail, then it was a long trot up through the ancient broadleaf woodland, on twisty & undulating paths to start with, there were plenty of tree-roots to avoid tripping on & it was commented on the Hash being lucky today that neither TBT OBE & Sparky were present to fall foul of the knurled old trip hazards, however there would be a victim amongst the Pack on this section, after My Lil' had paraphrased himself with a "Tree-roots, what do you expect to find in a wood?"

After an eastward turn around the Chalkleys Wood section & a just feet from the end of northbound return up toward to Church Lane, Smartarse was caught out by protruding & went down in front of the

Hare & Side-Kick, the resulting fall left Smartarse with a bruised lip & her front crown coming out.

While Mr X passed the On Inn, he met up & told Friar Tuck that Smartarse was ok & not far behind with the Hare, not knowing of Smartarse's fate & that she was now being picked up off the ground & escorted out through a couple of kissing gates to Church Lane, where arrows pointed eastward back to run by the On Inn just before All Saints Church.

The Pack all made the most of the weather, sitting outside in the garden, where My Lil' pointed out where his Tent was when the F.U.K Full Moon Hash camped out. For some reason, only known unto themselves, one of the empty tables was brought over by Wingnut & Flying Solo, except they chose the one covered in bird droppings, a lot of which ended up on the back of the Sacred Book, so lots of tissues were needed to clean this off.

Thankfully Mr X, My Lil' & Where's Wally? had eaten their large, tasty samosas before the bird poop was smeared around. Flying Solo set off early to earn some Father's Day Brownie Points before the Circle was called.

The Hare was rewarded for a great Trail, while the visitors of Wingnut & Jailbird had there's for making the effort to come all the way down to Herts to Hash! Where's Wally? had his Down-Down for his Public Relations role & Whatevershesays received his hit for being a squeamish wuss about blood-transfusions, Hospital gore on TV & Smartarse & Mr X's dental disasters.

At the end of the Circle, Mr X then went on to explain that Flanders had called as he was on the way to the venue, she went on to inform him that he could let the Hash know that Sludge has finally had a diagnosis after an MRI scan, which has revealed that he has a 'Really rare' infection in his spine, typical of Sludge not doing things by half! He was on intravenous antibiotics & these had begun to work as his pain has subsided, hopefully he'll soon be out on oral anti-biotics.



Steve X Beeching

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Ha! Ha! No wonder Americans have no idea where places are in the world, still it could have been the Supermarket Logo...



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