



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



Run No.1987
26th June 2022
Venue: Chez Caroline's
Beers: Spehard Neame Bishops' Finger, Spitfire, Ghost Ship
Location: Sheering
Hare/s: TBT OBE
Runners: 11
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 1
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 12
Membership: Paying our respects to Sloppy Seconds.

For Mr X there was confusion all week, with questions being asked from the Hash & the Hare, was there Food après Trail? Where do we Park? Can Mr X let Carole know numbers attending? Erm? Well, it was a bit of a guess as to what would be happening as the Hare didn't confirm any food, so, just going on previous trips over to Sheering Mr X couldn't see us not seeing Carole & Manu without a stop off for some food.

Most of the Pack met up in the car park, almost opposite the Pub, which was a good thing since the Hare admitted that he hadn't been in the Cock to mention the Hash being there, which is probably why there were a few strange looks when the Circle was called away from the small car park by the Village Hall & over in the Pub car park.

To entertain the gathering Pack, one of the large homes was having a tree pollarded, with a guy hanging from ropes up in the canopy & he was using a small chain-saw to remove certain branches. Mr X said that this could be a new career for TBT OBE, others didn't!

It was nice to catch up with Manu as he was going to run the Trail as well, it doesn't seem that the time could have passed so quickly. Paxo wasn't up for welcoming those gathered, when asked as Hash Hen, he claimed that he didn't know what the R*n Number was! Heavy hints soon put this right & he did conduct the Welcome before the Hare was called forward.

Now, TBT OBE started off & didn't exactly put the Packs' minds at ease, for he came out with "I got lost on a footpath that just stopped in the middle of nowhere, from there it went a bit Pear-shaped!" to which Mr X said TBT OBE's Trails normally go plums shaped, as in a comedy cock & balls! Before the Pack set off, there were two last instructions, one was there was a regroup near beginning of the Trail, the other was that there would be a possible Beer Stop as well!

Being in 'Tonto mode' Paxo had already tracked down blue chalk arrows pointing the way east by northeast up the Street for 135 Yards, before reaching the first CHK of the Trail. Puzzlingly this had already been marked through with blue chalk, & that thin blue arrow pointed the way southward on a footpath beside a cottage, this narrow green space would lead 38 Yards to a metal bar & chain gate, to pass through this the two vertical metal bars had to be pulled away from each other to get through to the meadow behind.

Mr X & Manu were on to the Trail as they led the 130 Yards along the edge of the enclosure to reach the next gate. Another, smaller, field to run through before coming out through the next hedgerow to find the first Held CHK in the north-eastern corner of St Mary's Church Yard.

This was the Stop where the Pack could pay their respects to Sloppy Seconds at his grave. Manu informed those gathered, that now Covid restriction have gone, they are going to have Sloppy's Headstone erected next year & a service to celebrate his life.

After a pause with our own thoughts, Mr X told the story that has come to light on Facebook, about a bottle that was washed up on a coast line, in it was what seemed to be 'sand' to give ballast to the base & a note in the top. The couple who found this thought it was just a plain old 'Message in a Bottle', but it runs out that the paper explains that the ballast is actually the ashes of a woman's husband, who always wanted to travel the world. The note also requested that each finder should write on the paper where his journey has taken him & then put the bottle back out to sea.

The Trail resumed back out of the north-eastern corner & there were two options from here, My Lil' was away to the south & called "On!" from that way, just as the footpath turns due west & then quickly southward again, this would turn out to be a Falsie down toward Sheering Bridge & poor My Lil's had effort to try & start running again was brought to an abrupt halt!

My Lil' staggered back up the hillside s Mr X & Manu picked up Dust away along the top of the crop field, on what used to be Church Common & marked so on the 1884 Ordinance Survey Map. The Trail headed away eastward on a dusty route, Mr X thought he could hear My Lil' grumbling away at being caught out, even after the 160 Yards to where the Dust led up over the raised gap in the hedgerow ditch separating the patchwork of farm fields.

A northward Run now took place between two crops of Beets, there was a very low electric fence around the large green leaved crop, after a few yards a small sign was stumbled upon & this explained that this fence was electrified to keep rabbits from eating the crop until it was large enough to survive a savaging by some 'Wascally Wabbits', judging by the size of the crop the fence had succeeded in its job..



After 180 Yards, & a slight kink in the field's north-western corner, a CHK was found. For Mr X & Manu they had a bit more luck, as after Mr X had explained that the Dust was harmless flour for this paper-chase style Run of the Hash, a local pooch-walker replied that there was no Dust up the rest of the north bound footpath back to the Street!

Tent Packer now made up ground on these two, as did Milf & No Eye Deer as the Trail was picked up on the north by northeast path along the top of the field, the Pack would pass below the Sheering Football Club ground, but there is no access to this or rights of way over the sports field & the next CHK was found on the outside of the tree-line at the south-eastern corner of the sports ground.

Mr X & Manu good run now stopped as they went wrong, searching up to the north, this was made worse as there was some grey dust that could have been Flour, but on close inspection on the way back it didn't seem correct, as the rest called "On!" over toward the southern end of Shrubbs Farm.

My Lil' had made up his lost ground, while Whatevershesays & Paxo were up with the Hare before the other two had got back on to the correct Trail. Now, things have changed since the last time we ran this route, as the Footpath used to carry on eastward, but to avoid those staying in the 'upmarket chalet accommodation' at the south end of the farm from being disturbed by Ramblers, the footpath which was littered with broken bricks & tiles has been diverted around to the north of the large farmyard & industrial units.

Tent Packer, Manu, Milf & No Eye Deer had veered off the now northbound trot by the barns & outbuildings, Mr X brought the back into check as he spotted the blue arrow taking to the drive as it turns eastward around by the Soft Furnishing Design unit, then on to find a CHK by the drive to Shrubbs Lane, No Eye Deer failed to see this as well!

Mr X now went wrong as he crossed the drive & from the southward pointing footpath sign began to search back down to where the original path would have run, but he was called back as Trail was picked up Milf, Tent Packer & Manu in the opposite direction up the drive toward the Sheering Road.

As The RA came back, the Hare asked him why he didn't run on the western side of the ditch by the edge of the drive? Mr X explained that was because he was searching to the south & the footpath is on the east of the Drive! The RA soon found out why the Hare had asked that question, as TBT OBE admitted that he had set Trail on the west of the drive, only to find that the deep ditch running between the field & the tarmac goes around the corner & heads away to the west, with no bridge or other way of crossing this! Mr X glanced across & he spied a large flour T over in the corner above the water filled moat-like boundary.

Out on to the B183 Sheering Road with a 230 Yard trot along the narrow footpath by the wooded area of Gladwyns, this roadside path was a very rough old tarmac path one, then thankfully it was off of this & into a crop field with nice wide & relatively flat paths cut through the wheat.

From the CHK in the corner of the crop field there were two option, & no one wanted to hang about on the CHK pint either, for the overpowering odour of human slurry wafted upon the brisk breeze! Mr X & My Lil' followed on behind No Eye Deer to the northwest, which was a mistake as Manu had picked up the Trail heading north-eastward along the inside of the hedgerow separating this field from the road.

This was the second week were plenty of Marbled Whites butterflies seen fluttering by, as the Trail headed toward the Farm House in the corner. Mr X managed to get by Kylie & the Hare, who were chatting about Ultra-Low Congestion Charges & Mark One Landrovers, then he passed by Whatevershesays as the Trail turned at the corner.

Away in the distance the RA could see Milf & Tent Packer escaping the pong down to the northwest along the edge of the field beside an enclosed paddock. The RA stopped & looked at an alternative path through a bit of wispy grassy along the eastern edge of the wooden fenced coral.

Just as he set off after Milf & Kylie, the Hare marked the Trail off through the gate beside the coral, it seems that the CHK had mysteriously disappeared as the RA's instincts were correct to head off though the fenced-in path, the Hare said that this was one of the least walked paths in the County [Except we were now in Essex! – Ed] as someone said we should complain to get it cleaned up a bit.

There was plenty of encroaching undergrowth on this route, even though the RA's comments of the Nettles not stinging at this time of year calmed the Pack, there were the hazards of the large brambles which were able to snag Hash shirts, shorts or socks of the unwary as they passed by. Milf would fall foul of a practically large bramble later on.

Things became a bit easier, well there was now less the scratchy things, as the Path ran out through a section of tall grassy on a very uneven area of hidden ankle-turning farm land, to pass behind an old barn with an asbestos roof & then by an old abandoned Mr Kipling Van!

A slight turn & the Trail would lead the Hash out into Hatfield Heath, where Dust led over by Holy Trinity Church, a small green area & village ponds to the tip of the larger green triangle, crossing which led on to the Held CHK outside of Thatchers Pub.

Electrician had a sense of humour 😊



As the Pub Door was open, Mr X went into buy a drink, but the barmaid said the Hash would have to wait a bit longer for opening time, it was only just gone a quarter to Noon as the Hare arrived & said he did ask if they could serve a little earlier but the answer was rather ambiguous!

However, the Hare had a backup plan as the Sweets appeared & this occupied the Pack as they sat outside the Pub on a nice warm, if not somewhat breezy day, in a lovely quintessential English Village. My Lil' managed to get a hold of one very large Liquorice Allsort which was nine of the squares still stuck together & uncut. This distraction gave Tent Packer the time he needed to procure himself the single aniseed jelly with the little blue balls on.

The time soon passed, & drinks were available as there were now 10 Hashers outside of the Pub, here the Pack heard from Manu about his Social Media work, with My Lil' sitting over at another table as it all the talk of being 'an Influencer' went over his head, including the fact Manu has been awarded a YouTube award for having half a million views & followers.

Time to move on & there was a sudden drop in enthusiasm to run, with only Mr X, Milf & Manu making the effort, following the Trail properly to the end of the southwestern edge of the wild uncut grassy Triangle & then down to the Sawbridgeworth Road, not just ambling over the green like Paxo & Whatevershesays [They were safe in the knowledge that the Hare was with them laying fresh Dust as he went that way as well! – Ed]

The Trail was not going to be that exciting for a while, after 160 Yards an arrow was found that had been crossed out, that was the footpath the Hare had set Trail on a path that just stopped out in the farmland to the south. So, Manu, Milf & Mr X followed the direction of the fresh arrow to continue along the Sawbridgeworth Road for a further 550 yards, however there were some nice large detached homes to admire before the Arrows pointed over to the southern side of the road.

Manu would now go wrong as he missed the flour line to point the way in through a small bit of hedge between two of the afore mentioned properties, he was called back after Milf & Mr X gingerly had made their way through the overgrown start to a footpath out to the south.

Manu was alerted to his mistake of continuing along toward the M11 as Milf's 'Whooping' could be heard for miles around this valley, even over the traffic noise on the M11! Mr X's ears were still ringing from Milf's yelping Hash calls, then there was another yelp, one of pain as she was caught on the arm by one large bramble & it drew blood, it was like something out of the book of Genesis which recounts the creation of thorns as one of the punishments for the 'original sin of Adam & Eve', declaring "Thorns also and thistles shall [the ground] bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field." [No mention of not being able to quench your thirst, after the Hash, with a few beers after being ripped by some thorns! – Ed]

There would now be a 460 Yard run between two large farm fields of different crops, this old footpath had the Pack moving from its original route beside the bramble hedgerow, having them hop over between the line of wheat to the secondary route walkers have now created, then back again on to the proper path.

As the Trail moved up the long gentle slope, this path became over-run with wild grasses, the seeds of which would now be more annoying than any of the other scratches. From the CHK by a footpath off in a due west direction, Milf pulled away from Mr X, as he had to stop & try to pick out some of the ears of wild grass that had penetrated his socks & Hash shoes, the constant scratching became unbearable, yet he couldn't get them all out & had to continue until reaching Carole's to sit & try & removed these.

Once out on to the wide path through the wheat it was still not easy to run on as the bone dry soil had wide & deep cracks all over the hillside & these needed Hashers' full attention in order not to trip or fall into. A further 550 Yards up to pass by farm buildings & it was a simple turn to the right on the Sheering Road, with the 'On Inn' just yards from the First CHK across the road, opposite the carved wooden Sceringa Sign, which was the name the village had when it was mentioned in the Doomsday Book in 1086



Time to get changed in the car park, or carry Kylie's fold-out chairs around to Carole's (If you were Manu or Mr X). It was great to catch up with Carol, who had sourced some decent Bottle Ales, even 0% Doombar for the drivers, which some didn't believe was in the cooler box!

Of course no visit to Carole's would be complete without her excellent Kenyan Food, there was enough for thirds, even to be taken away for some.

It was all rather pleasant as the Pack sat in the back garden, as the warmth of the sun could be felt as it began to move around. Lots was discussed, how time has flown by, especially with Covid, from missing Sloppy Seconds, the Christmas Weekend, which included an invite to

Carole & Manu to join us. The topic changed through from Manu's YouTube award, to cold plates & cheap rooms, then to 'tossing the caber' at the Harpenden Highland Gathering – which has led to a change in the Hare-line, to Milf leading the Pipe Band through Stevenage Town Centre at the previous day's Armed Forces Day (In which Tent Packer was playing the bagpipes) & the (unsurprising) revelation that TBT OBE disnae like the 'Skirl o' tha Pipes'!

A great day & it was actually not that bad a Trail that the Hare led us to believe! So, the Down-Downs went to TBT OBE for a good Trail. Milf & Tent Packer were out for good off Trail the furthest, with Manu trying his best near the end of the Trail, but he would be out with Carle for being such excellent & welcoming hosts.

