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## **SOUTHGATE REVEALS ENGLAND'S NEW STARTING LINEUP (MEN'S)**

Run No.1992  
30th July 2022  
Venue: The Crystal Palace  
Beers: Tring Side Pocket, Moongazer; XT3, XT4,  
Location: Berkhamsted  
Hare/s: Mother & Lemming  
Runners: 11  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 2  
Hash Hounds: 0  
Total: 13  
Membership: Berks in Berko!

Being sensible & using Public Transport to reach Berkhamsted meant with one bus arriving late in Hemel Hempstead the RA would arrive over 5 minutes late, thankfully the Hares agreed to hold the start up until his arrival. It wasn't a bad turnout, considering how many were away & we are heading out to the edges of Hertfordshire.

This week saw Juices Flowing, Parson's Nose, Happy Feet, Doormat, Smartarse & Friar Tuck all making an effort on this warm & sultry morning. In the absence of the HGM, GM, Hash Hen, it was down to Mr X to do the honours with the opening circle, getting the run number corrected before calling the Hare's forward.

According to Lemming, Mother was the 'Chief Hare' as he's still suffering with an injury [More like a chance to shift any blame for après Trail inquisition in the Circle? – Ed] So, Mother started by drawing out what the Trail markings would be, but Sludge wasn't there to learn about T's & Bar Checks! So, without further ado the Pack set off, with Mrs Mallet & Smartarse heading toward the nice flat land by the Canal & leaving the rest to head away under the Mainline Euston Westcoast Railway.

Once through the narrow single lane arch in the dark brick lined embankment the Keenies found a CHK on the north-eastern side of the tracks. Here the east by northeast option on New Road proved popular & this was the correct option as Trail was discovered up off of the elbow in the road, so a turn to the north now started to head up hill, the gentle start soon had the Hash crossing over to a gap in the hedgerow, where once through a kissing-gate they entered a large common area of wild grass.

A CHK was found just outside the gate, there were two options. One to stay at the bottom of the field, running along by the hedgerow, or the other which was a long steady rise up Berkhamsted Hill, Mr X dropped back on the hedgerow option as he was finding the effects of the earlier pint of apple juice\* in the Hemel 'Spoons was now working its way to his bladder. \*Snailsbank Toffee Apple Cider

Mr X caught up with Lemming, who was on the phone, he was explaining to the person on the other end that he was on a 'Hash Trail' which he & Mother had set the day before that she was "Up at the front!", already there were rumours that Lemming had reconnoitred the Trail on an electric bike? Mr X was tempted to mention that Lemming should not get lessons on electric bike riding from TBT OBE with his track record of over throttling!

The lower of the two paths with the easier climb was the one where the Trail was found. A bit further along there was a CHK point to try & throw the Keenies, but Friar Tuck, Parson's Nose, Door Mat & Happy Feet were not fooled & they continued on the right-hand, north-easterly direction. There was another fork in the path & again a CHK to try & throw a few off the Keenies again, this also seems to have been dealt with fairly quickly as the front of the Pack had scaled the grassy heights.

Lemming now elected to take a different route down by New Road & avoid the 170 feet in altitude the Keenies climbed to reach the plateau, as if to prove the point in how steep the climb was there was not one, but two benches for weary travellers to stop, sit on & take a breather. Thankfully none of the Hash needed to use these.

By the time Mr X had made it up the hillside, there was only Juices Flowing behind him, & ahead were Mother & Des Res, who he eventually managed to pass, then Whatevershesays was in sight, the likes of Tent Packer, Happy Feet, Doormat & Parson's Nose were now all out of sight as they had entered the wooded area at the edge of Berkhamsted Golf Club.

The Trail would now turn from northeast to nor-nor-west, passing by the end of one section of Grimm's Ditch. Varying in depth from a few feet here to 7 feet in other areas, it is a series of Earthworks covering 19 Miles in Hertfordshire & in to Buckinghamshire. The first mention of Grimm's Ditch was a grant of 1170-90 in the Missenden Cartulary referring to it as Grimesdic.

The Anglo Saxons commonly named features of unexplained or mysterious origin Grim, a word derived from the Norse word grimir meaning Devil, also used as a nickname for Odin (or Wodin) the God of War & Magic. There is no evidence that it was a form of pre-Roman defence, instead it is believed to be for keeping animals bound within the area.

Along the edge of this section of Grimm's Ditch & into the adjacent woodland & the common land the Pack had just left. The shaded route was a stony one but at least now it was a slight downhill trot to New Road, by the time Mr X arrived here he found Lemming waiting on the opposite side, Lemming was marshalling the Pack across between the breaks in the traffic.

Once over the busy bend in the road, a CHK was found in the southern end of the Berkhamsted Common in Great Frithesden Wood. One option was to head down a path to Well Farm in the west, or continue northward up into the main body of the wood. The stony path rising up again was the one the Trail was found on, so up again & here Mr X found that Mother & Des Res had managed to get ahead of him without passing him by! It was like they had been on Hyena's course of getting ahead of the FRBs?

Anyhow, Mr X would catch up with the rest as they were found reading the information sign about the First World War trenches that were dug there by the Inns of Court Officer Training Corp, known as the 'Devil's Corp'.

Between 1914 & 1919 approximately 12,000 men underwent several months of training before being commissioned into other army units. More than half would become casualties, with 2,200 killed, their memorial sits on the edge of the Golf Course, which backfilled many of the trenches when the course was constructed.

Three men received the Victoria Cross. The men were billeted in a tented camp outside in the valley below near to Berkhamsted Place & the Cricket Club, this would lead the area to become known as Kitchener's Field.



*Berkhamsted Trench Digging March 1916*

Now knowledgeable on purpose of the zig-zag earthworks, the Hash could resume, there was only really one way to go & that was out on to the open heathland to the northwest & here Mr X walked along with Mother for a bit, it soon became clear that Mother was now lost & she admitted this, before quickly adding don't tell Lemming! The RA was as good as his word & he kept mum for Mother.

Those ahead were seen heading away in all directions before all veered over to the Hardings Rookery wood, here there would be a long trot north-westward to the west of Ashridge Estate, there would be a couple of CHKs along the way to throw the Keenies off of the scent, as they were led around a long loop with a long straightish stretch up toward Tunderdell Lodge.

The Trail now headed southward, bikers dashing about the footpaths with no concern for any walkers

A CHK found with VP (for view point) near to the

Stables at Coldharbour Farm. While Doormat went wrong, Friar Tuck was correct in heading southeast ward as the Trail began its turn back for the furthest point out. The Trail would lead along the edge of the wooded ridge, heading toward Woodyard Cottage on an uncapped drive, before the remote homes a CHK was found.

It was now down to Mr X to pick up the Trail, heading into the marked footpath that leads south westward in through thick bracken, this would turn around to the southeast as the Trail began to descend a little & then broke out in to the more open woodland beyond the area of ferns.

The meandering footpath was now wider, though there were plenty of tree roots to avoid but thankfully neither Sparky or **TBT OBE** were here today & Smartarse was sensible enough to stay down on the level by the Grand union Canal. Dust would now lead down toward the bottom of the vale, but the Held CHK prevented the Pack from going any further, this was located beneath bows of a large Beech Tree that must be used as a sun shade by cattle & sheep when they are in this field, there were plenty old dried up faeces to prove this.

Happy Feet, Doormat, Friar Tuck, Mr X & Tent packer were first there, they awaited Des Res, Whatevershesays, Mother, Parson's Nose & Juices Flowing, & of course Mother who had the sweets for the Held CHK! Now, of the aforementioned list, they all arrived with the exception of Parson's Nose & Juices Flowing, it seems that Parson's Nose had been called up by Juice's Flowing as she had gone astray out on Trail.

Mother arrived & the Hash were offered a selection of Jelly Babies, Wine Gums or Vegan Colin the Caterpillar Sweets, Whatevershesays arrived just as the Wine Gums were being opened by Mr X, he must have smelt them on the air? Then there was a question raise if these were really vegan sweets, for the ingredients listed beeswax?

The Hash had waited long enough for the lost two, with Mother offering to hang back a bit while the rest set off to the bottom of the grassy Vale & then up the steep climb that had them gain some 120 feet in altitude.

At the top of the climb the Trail passed through a kissing-gate in the hedgerow, now on the level the Trail continued sou-sou-west along the edge of a crop field with linseed dotted amongst the edge of the wheat. Then at the end of the Field a smiling Lemming was found sitting on a bench that is dedicated to the Stevens's. Mr X informed Lemming that Juices Flowing & Parson's Nose were AWOL! But Lemming wasn't overly bothered as he said "They are almost local & know the area!"

There were three options from the CHK by the bench, one to the northwest, which would be a long loop around through Longacre wood, which Mr X dismissed, then there was the direct sou-sou-west continuation back to Berkhamsted by the local Schools & Berkhamsted Place, but this wasn't right either. Instead it was the south-

eastward choice along the hedgerow at the tip of the ridge looking down over the vale of the common & splendid panorama of the woodland on the opposite side of the valley where the 'out Trail' had run through.

The Trail was heading homeward now, as it began to descend slowly at first, but the gentle slope soon became a steeper drop down, but not before a CHK was found by another bench, where a pair of thick lens specs were found, these old glass glasses were picked up by the RA as they were a potential fire hazard in sunlight, especially as the field was a brown dry crop of tall grass.

The obvious & correct option was to come all the way down into the valley as it turns southeast to east by south east & on to the floor of the valley & join the Hertfordshire Way as it runs from the stables of Well Farm to the northeast & down by the Cricket Club to the southwest.

The Trail was not going to go off on any more false Trails after it had passed by the Cricket Club, where players were out on the wicket, to pass through the car park & then out on to Brownlow Road, where the Dust crossed over to the eastern side to take the pack down beside Berkhamsted Castle, which was built by William the Conqueror, or if your Scottish 'William the Bastard'

The Trail would turn east by southeast to take to the old narrow lane between the railway line & the southern edge of the castle grounds, which was built to control of the key Anglo-Saxon route of 'Akeman Street' between London & the Midlands during the Norman conquest of England in the 11th century.

Robert of Mortain, William the Conqueror's half-brother, was probably responsible for managing its construction, after which he became the castle's owner. The castle became a new administrative centre of the former Anglo-Saxon settlement of Berkhamsted, later Kings granted the castle to their chancellors, most notably Thomas Becket.

The castle was besieged in 1216 during the civil war between King John & the rebellious barons, who were supported by France. It was captured by Prince Louis (Later Louis VIII) who attacked it with siege engines for twenty days, forcing the garrison to surrender. After being retaken by royal forces the subsequent year, it was given to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, beginning a long association with the Earldom of Cornwall. Richard redeveloped the castle as a palatial residence, which became the centre of the earldom's administration.

King Edward III further developed the castle in the 14th century & gave it to his son, the Black Prince, who expanded the hunting grounds. The castle was also used to hold royal prisoners, including King John II of France a rival claimants to the English throne.

In the late 15th century, the castle became increasingly unfashionable and fell into decline. By the mid-16th century, it was in ruins, unsuitable for royal use. It was relieved of stone to construct houses & other buildings in the town. Even though lots of the stone work had been spirited away, the castle was almost completely destroyed during the construction of the London & Birmingham Railway in the 1830s. As a result, it became the first building in Britain to receive statutory protection from Parliament. In 1930, the castle passed from the Duchy of Cornwall to the government's control. It is maintained as a tourist attraction by English Heritage.

Back to the Hash under the railway arch & into the Pub, where the Pack settled down at one of the outside tables on the opposite side from the Grand Union Canal. It took a while for the Hares to return, when they did it appeared that they were spick & span, as if they had been hone for a shower, something Mother denied.

The only drawback of sitting here was the intermittent noise of the rumbling InterCity Trains whizzing by, the only thing that was louder than that was when Whateversays shouting out "Rat!" as he saw a rodent scuttle across the outside seating area & under a section of seating that back on to the Pub!

Lemming now talked about his new electric bike & how he had issues on his reconnoitre when it came to negotiating the Kissing Gates, seems it a heavy old beast & not easy to lift over these obstacles, especially when you don't get a kiss either!!

When it came to collecting the Subs it was down to Mr X to go around in place of the absent No Eye Deer, was surprised to find that Whateversays claimed to have no change on him, he said he's give it to No Eye Deer later [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

On the subject of Change, Parson's Nose had to accept 80 pence in return for the £5 he gave Mr X to pay for himself & Juices Flowing, perhaps it was deliberate act after Parson's Nose had spotted the RA's Diary & shouted out "Unison! The lefty scum!" [Power to the People! Come the revolution & the rising of the Tooting Popular Front! – Ed]

The Down-Downs went to the Hares of Mother & Lemming, then the RA admitted that there wasn't much to see in the way of misdemeanours on the Trail, but he did make sure that Smartarse received her Down-Down for being sensible this week & avoiding any tree roots by sticking with the canal tow-path where there aren't any, which resulted in her keeping all of her teeth, unlike last time she Hashed with Herts when she knocked one out! [No Pebbledash! – Ed]



