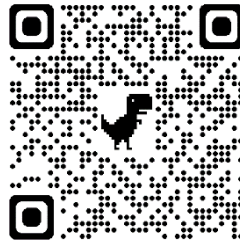


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No.1995
22nd August 2022
Venue: Elephant & Castle
Location: Amwell
Beer: Farr Brew
Hare/s: Ketchup
Runners: 13
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 14
Membership: On a long stretch, or two.



'We must stop these leaks.'

It's been a while since we were last at the Elephant & Castle, which was a Greedie King Pub back in the day, but it's now run by Farr Brew, & it's no more than a stone's throw from their Brewery on the other side of Wheathampstead.

Tent Packer was the first to arrive, he was outside enjoying the afternoon in the front garden, Mr X & My Lil' soon joined him as the time headed toward 19:00Hrs. This week saw not one, but three returnees, who were back in the fold, as Pepé le Pew arriving with Pebbledash & Paxo, then Lobby Lobster & Mark E Mark turned up. Lobby Lobster's presence spurred Mr X to ask if Arsenal were top of the Premiership Table, a fact that was confirmed by Pepé le Pew, Paxo & Fliptop!

Fliptop welcomed everyone to the wrong R*n number, as he couldn't recall what it should have been & he listened to Mr X's rough guess! Then the Hare was called forward to explain what the Pack could expect out there, usual markings & there was mention of one short cut after a regroup, there was also a bit of road-running on what the Hare described as "Fairly quiet" lanes & that was about it.

Arrows directed the way to the crossroads a few yards to the southwest of the Pub, the majority of the Pack were keen on searching away on Down Green Lane which leads southward toward Nomansland Common, with only Mr X keen on searching the opposite direction up the hill, for he knew that a short way up this lane there was a footpath up on to the end of a Wheathampstead Golf Club. However, the RA was disappointed to find a T at the top of the steps to the fairway, so he headed back.

Mr X was now confused to see Milf was following up behind him, with the rest of the Pack also now heading up the narrow rustic hedged-in lane, so he went back to the Golf Course to double check that the T he had glanced from afar was not an arrow, on closer inspection he confirmed it was a T, so it was back down the few newly restored steps cut in to the embankment & back to the lane once again.

Here Pepé le Pew had discovered an errant golf ball, probably one of **TBT OBE's** wayward shots? He kicked this back down the lane toward the backmarkers & encourage Pebbledash to do the same, except her kick was not as good & it bounced a few feet in to the verge.

Mark E Mark had now run on by the couple of homes, one of which had a sweeping old brick wall entrance on the lane, which was now completely bricked in, probably to prevent people walking straight in to the lane & any potential traffic? Anyhow, after 150 Yards to the north, Mark E Mark found the next CHK & he was straight off on to the eastbound footpath away from the lane.

Mark E Mark was followed on by Mr X, then Milf, Tent Packer & My Lil' as the Trail made its way through a long strip of woodland between the farm fields to the north & the chain-link fenced-off big back gardens of the homes to the south. Care was needed as there were plenty of tree roots & short stumps to avoid along the 320 Yards to the footpath's end down on to Amwell Lane, though there was no need for anyone to panic over the trip hazards for **TBT OBE** was absent due to a Sore throat/thumb/head/finger/rusty sheriff's badge* (*Please delete as appropriate).

The Trail now turned to the northeast, heading up Amwell Lane, the one that the Hash had driven down to reach the Pub, so, the Hare had been crafty & hidden the flour behind trees, shrubs, lampposts & telegraph poles so it was not visible to the oncoming traffic.

Emerging out to the bend in the road at the top of Brewhouse Hill of Harpenden, arrows directed the way further north-eastward to head along the top of the residential road, crossing over safely away from the black & white chevron signed, sharp, bend of the road from Harpenden. Then the Pack would descend the steep hill, with Mark E Mark leading the way, then Milf & Tent Packer who were now ahead of Mr X, who had to stop to remove a couple of bits of grit from one of his shoes.

A splendid view overlooking the centre of Wheathampstead, with the prominent Spire of St Helen's being the stand-out feature. After a 550 Yards to the end of the incline, where the Trail reached a CHK by the start of Bury Green, near to the Old Rectory & the outside corner of the grounds to St Helen's Church. Here Mark E Mark, Milf &



Tent Packer all went wrong, a feeling that Mr X also had as he searched up the rising Bury Green, unaware for a bit that he was actually on Trail.

Mr X eventually realised that the Trail had been vandalised, washed out no less by a local numpty, it clicked when he sussed that the long pasty white watery streaks were created by the washing out of the Dust, a bit further up was a larger messy pasty patch where a CHK point was supposed to be. At least in a couple of weeks there should be a hose-pipe ban to stop these vandals!

Mr X went wrong as he continued up Bury Grove, where a long white streak was all that remained of a Bar CHK, so he turned back when My Lil' called "On!" from the side street of High Meads to the south.

Just 30 Yards up the dead-end road & an alleyway was found, this too had some washed out markings, but by now the two at the front had sussed that there were 'give away' drops of flour from a hole in the Hare's Trail bag. The Trail now seemed to be intact as it passed between a couple of properties, then on to the north-eastern corner of a crop field, this is a footpath not often run by Herts for it's a long one.

The Hash were now taken out over the bone dry footpath that would run beyond the homes, then for a further 300 Yards between two crop fields to reach the western hedgerow, passing through to the next

enclosed field, this one being surrounded on all four sides by hedges, with a gap for farm vehicles on the north & south thickets. As Mr X & My Lil' approached the northern tractor access point, they passed by a man with his labradoodle who seemed to be on a clandestine meeting on the northern side of the hedgerow with a woman with a different breed of pooch.

After 279 Yards to follow the Dust through a wider tree-line before hitting the largest of the crop fields, this one had a dip in the terrain, which meant it would drop & then rise up gently until reaching an elbow after 390 Yards, Mr X would take the 90° turn to take to the wide farm track in a sou-sou-west direction. After 90 Yards on the dusty, stony farm track then direction turned back to east by northeast, after further 80 Yards the RA found the Regroup near to the old barns & farm out-buildings north of Leasey Bridge House.

There was a splendid vista looking out over the Lea Valley to the north, where Mellissa Fields & the 'Folly' Area could be seen on the opposite side of the vale, which was more pleasant than large pile of horse manure, which was reeking just a few feet away from the Held CHK.

Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew were next to join Mr X & My Lil' at the regroup. Mark E Mark, Tent packer, Milf & the Hare arrived, followed up by Fliptop, Teddy, Paxo, Lobby Lobster & eventually Kylie bringing up the rear [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]. The Hare now told the expectant Pack that there were no sweets at the regroup, so, to while away the boredom there were a flock of small green parakeets to watch as they flew around, chirping away. The Hare took pity on the rest of the Hash & allowed the Keenies to start searching before Kylie arrived.

However, which way to go, for there were four footpaths & the four different fingers on the signpost all stated where the footpaths led, strangely each direction indicated the way to Wheathampstead! Mr X was soon away, in one of the directions to Wheathampstead, this one being to the west & down the stony drive on by Leasey Lodge to come out on to another narrow rustic tree-lined lane.

Meanwhile the SCBs of My Lil', Pepé le Pew, Paxo & Lobby Lobster were ushered away on the footpath cutting over toward Down Green House, this choice was also marked on the signpost as an option to Wheathampstead! The SCB's would make their way back via a walk down to Piper's Lane by Pipers Stud & then Inn via a couple of farm fields & then along the Harpenden Golf Course to the Pub

Back on the longer loop, & Mr X now knew that there would be another uphill climb, on Leasey Bridge Lane toward the Wheathampstead Road & after the clamber up the steep hill a CHK was found on the edge of the Wheathampstead Road, but here he chose the wrong option, searching eastward toward where the SCBs were heading, but he would soon give up on this option as he experienced a couple of too close for comfort encounters on this busy & dangerous section of road.

Having survived the traffic to get back to the CHK, Mr X now headed toward Harpenden & just a few yards along he found the Trail over on the edge of the houses on Long Butlers, apparently this urban road's name is derived from the nearby Bustlers fields mentioned way back in the 1700's when an F & an S were interchangeable!

Mr X then started to search the estate for Dust, he was soon joined by Zing-a-long-a-max who had caught up after his late start, not to mention a delay in stopping to tell the rest of the Pack this was his 300th Herts R*n. The RA would only learn this after the Trail when the book was going around to be signed.

With no Dust found amongst the homes it was back to the main road as "On!" was called by Mark E Mark, Milf & Tent Packer, they found the Dust back up on the verge of the Wheathampstead Road. Thankfully the Trail soon left the road side & led up to a CHK by Grove Avenue, while Tent packer, Mark E Mark & Zing-a-long-a-max all checked out down the urban side road.

Only Milf carried on along the Wheathampstead Road & she would pick up the Trail heading toward Green Lane Path, where a CHK was found. Suddenly Milf pulled up as there were a couple of lads lurking down this old footpath, Milf resumed the Trail once she was accompanied by Mr X & they both chose to run down this slight drop on the now dusky footpath. Mr X knew that there was an intersection with another footpath through the Grove Wood section of Harpenden, not that much of the wood remains now, he had more than an inkling that this footpath heads back toward the Golf Club, via a Stud.

Sure enough Dust was found on one of the old established trees on the footpath, & following the path downhill a CHK was found on the predicted T-junction with a southeast bound path. Mr X said that he reckoned that if they searched the short path through to Grove Avenue, the Trail would be found on the main section of footpath directly across from the CHK. Correct again as the Trail was found that way, but the RA said it was different than when Tent Packer had set Trail along here earlier in the year.

The footpath between the fenced in properties was now a hard-core, grey stone route, whereas back in April it was a quagmire of slippery Shiggy due to the persistent & seemingly unending rain we had back then, how things have changed!"

It was along here Zing-along-a-max confessed that he had no idea where he was? So, Mr X explained to Zing-a-long-a-max that that the Trail would probably keep to the arcing footpath from the Grove wood, starting off to the northeast & then turning down to the southeast & a CHK point on Pipers Lane, then through a couple of farm fields & then back via the Wheathampstead Golf Course.

The Trail did head that way, once away from the homes the Pack were led on by the Llamas in the paddocks before a reaching the small Business Park, Zing-along-a-max seemed lost at this point, until Mr X pointed the way beyond the red-brick Buildings, former farm properties that have now been converted for business use.

The next section of path was another arcing byway starting off to the north & gently turning around to the southeast, again with the fading sunlight it was getting gloomy amongst the trees, there was some light at the end of the tunnel where the emerged out on to a CHK on Pipers Lane.

While Zing-a-long-a-max away to the southwest, & others went to look northeast toward Pipers Stud on the narrow lane, Mr X recalled last time he ran this on Tent Packers Trail, the opposite away around earlier in the year, there was a treacherously slippery narrow path up into the wooded path beside the lane. The Hare also pointed out this way on to this safer than the lane option, with the drought the slippery Shiggy was now a hard capped earthen desire-line, but care was needed as there were old roots & small stumps to avoid.

After 270 Yards the off-lane option would cease as the FRBs were brought down from the wooded embankment to the lane, just over from which the final CHK was found. Mr X knew that this was the last footpath was a long one, heading along the edge of a couple of empty harvested crop fields. As Zing-a-long-a-max passed by the RA, he commented on "Funny looking Golf Course Mr X!" as he sprinted away from the rest. This fuax pah reminded Mr X of the time Skip mistook a spud field's poles with white plastic bird-scarers as Putting green flags.

Zing-a-long-a-max ran 340 yards on the footpath, with a slight turn toward the east through the stubble, then once through the hedgerow at the eastern edge, he would emerge out on to the corner of the Golf Course, now the RA was vindicated as the Trail would run almost 400 Yards along the bottom of the fairways, at one point the FRBs noticed that the hedgerow was now gone, all that was left was the scorched remains of a few charred stumps where the shrubs & bushes had been burnt by a wild fire.

As the RA made it back toward the T, the one that had stopped him twice at the start of the Trail, he commented on the lack of an "On Inn" but when the Hare caught up he discovered that the flour wording had been deliberately covered up with grass cuttings. The RA would now let the Hare off of this.

Time to settle in the garden with a Pint, though there was some debate whether the Pack should move over to the opposite side of the garden, where the tables were closer together but it seems once sat on the low benches there was little appetite to try & get up with stiff legs no feeling the pain. Thankfully the Hash Chips were brought out to the tables!

The Down-Downs saw the Hare rewarded for a good Trail, that took an hour & 10 minutes, Pebbledash, Pepé le Pew & Mark E Mark were

called out for being returnees, while Zing-a-long-a-Max was awarded for completing his 300th Herts Trail.

