



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



Run No.1998
11th Sept 2022
Venue: The Manor House
Location: Royston
Beer: Landlord; GK Abbot; Sam Smiths Powerhouse
Hare/s: 3D & Slug
Runners: 15
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 17
Membership: Moving on from being Second Elizabethans to Third Caroleans

So, a new era is under way as we have a transition to a new Monarch, with the Death of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to the reign of King Charles III. The RA was surprised to see that most had actually read the website & or the emails & or the Facebook page to arrive wearing Black for the Trail, as a mark of respect.

A strange mood could still be felt as the Pack began to assemble, though **TBT OBE** was more interested on why the RA has a Grolsch glass in the pocket on the side of his Hash rucksack? Simply, the glass had been abandoned on his dog-walking route & if he hadn't have picked it up it wouldn't remain in one piece for long. However **TBT OBE's** thoughts soon turned to Run Reports & if Fliptop had completed the last Trail report? The RA answered "Sadly Not!" so **TEEBs** will have to wait a wee bit longer to read all about his Trail!

The Pack Cirled up & **TBT OBE** welcomed everyone, before the Hares were introduced, then there was a slight confusion as to who was going to be responsible for the Trail, but both 3D & Slug put their hands up to take the flack.

Now began a chalk-talk that included a View Point, where the Hash may be lucky to see some vintage aircraft of some of the participants of the Duxford Air-show flyby, there was also an X to warn of a steep drop over a chalk cliff to be avoided. Then Milf asked the Pack for a picture outside of the Pub, since Kylie was absent this day.

With a feeling of vertigo at a prospect of a fall still residing in some Hash-heads, the Pack were ushered away down Melbourn Street, here My Lil' & Mr X walked to allow others to find the Trail, which these two had already seen on their way from the Railway Station. The First CHK was soon located at the junction with Kneesworth Street to the nor-nor-west & the High Street over the junction to the sou-sou-east.

While Starboard, Mr X & My Lil' all headed up beyond the still closed Coach & Horses, then Guardhouse Thai restaurant which is located in the former Guard House of James I's (James VI of Scotland's) when his court was here, this King stopped here for the first time on his way to unite the Crowns of Scotland & England, when he was crowned the next day at Westminster on 25th July 1603. Immediately upon this visit there was a 14 Mile Hunting Ban imposed on the area, as it would become one of James's Royal Hunting Lodges.

Back to the Trail, somewhere beyond what was the Royal Buttery, the Trail was picked up. Now Starboard, Mr X & My Lil' called "On!" as the Trail passed by the former Police Station to find the next CHK by the entrance to the road known as the Green. The search began on the Green, passing by Dog Kennel Lane, which as its name indicates lead to the area where the Royal Kennels once were.

Mr X went a bit too far out to Mill Road, for calls of "On!" came from behind him as My Lil' & Starboard had picked up the arrows on Butchers Baulk, a long old back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] off to the northeast. The narrow old tree-lined route starts off with fences, which soon gave way to railings, to the north an area of what appears to be an industrial estate that is home to a School of Dancing as well as the place of the local 'Stage Right' Centre for Performing Arts, perhaps this is where some of H4 were trained?

Anyhow, after a slight eastward turn, around 150 Yards along, the next CHK was found. Here Mr X followed Starboard out into the Housing Estate of King James Way, hoping that 3D & Slug's offspring knew where the Trail would go, he was wrong.

A call of "On!" came from Tent Packer & My Lil', who had continued along Butcher's Baulk as it returns to a North-easterly course between St Mary's Catholic School to the south & in the north the western section of the Royston Cemetery, which is in two sections, staggered on either side of the Melbourn Road.

After another 240 Yards the Trail came out on to the Melbourn Road, here was the next CHK. For the RA & Starboard they would go wrong once again, as they headed northward up the Melbourn Road. With no dust found the two looked back to see a few mingling around the CHK before the Trail was picked up a short way toward the centre of Royston, but after a few yard it crossed over the pedestrian crossing & then headed off, away from the Centre of town & away to the northeast on Garden Walk.

The Trail would now lead along this urban street, as well as homes on the south side, there is Royston Football Club to the north to pass by as the Keenies were led some 300 Yards to the next CHK that was found on the opposite side of the road to a footpath heading between the Football Club grounds & the playing fields of The King James Academy, which enticed some away, but Tent Packer & Sludge both called on up toward Poplar Drive.

It was along here that the noise of an old aeroplane engine could be heard, peering up the Hash tried to identify what the aircraft was? Although hard to see at times, the distinctive engine cowling looked like it was a Grummond? Sadly no time to get out a Spotters Guide to US WWII Aircraft.

As My Lil' caught up with these two, he poured some scorn on Sludge's calls of "On!" as came out with a reply of "Too Soon!" for Sludge has been known to stand on a T, making out he was tying a loose shoelace & fool others to be caught out! But the doubting My Lil' Thomas was wrong.

Arrows were found, taking the Keenies on a 390 Yard loop around the back streets Garden Close & then a return to Garden Walk via Icknield Walk, so after a trot around in the heat of the sunny day, My Lil', Mr X, Sludge & Tent Packer turned the corner to see Pepé le Pew, Pebbledash, Milf, followed by the Hares, then the GM who was short cutting after going wrong back at the footballers' back-passage!

The Next CHK was found by the end of Garden Walk, right by the turn southward for Hawthorn Way, Mr X chose to walk through to the half built access, currently closed with a large Yellow 'Road Closed' sign, then he picked up arrows leading on by the now occupied new builds, then past a wooden bar to prevent vehicular access to the new section of estate of Hammond Close. Most noticed the large hollow in the ground that acts as a flood prevention drainage system would put some off of purchasing one of these abodes.

The Trail soon turned to Dust as it came out into the wooded strip running long the west side, below the A505 embankment, Mr X chose to search along this western strip of trees between the by-pass & the new Estate, but it took him awhile to pick up on the doughy flour, he was about to turn back when he saw My Lil' & Pepé le Pew coming back from searching the tunnel under the A505, it was second time lucky!

On along behind the new homes of the estate, which is made up of small roads named after the Generals & leaders of the Parliamentary Forces in the Civil War, a war which led to the execution of one of our Current King's predecessors, & name sake, Charles I in 1649.

Before leaving the tree-line the Trail came along by a treehouse made of decking planks & rope swing, which saw Mr X be the first to have a go on the swing, Tent Packer, then Milf all had a go on the wooden cross bars, Milf had a bit of 'whoop!' as it didn't sit quite right to start with!

The RA advised the rest not to climb the rope ladder to the tree-house as it appeared to be constructed with what looked like a thick garden twine. Photo's & video taken, the Pack moved on before the GM arrived to, just to be on the safe side this would discourage him from having a go & get entangled in rope, possibly even hog-tied! [Whoa Pebbledash! – Ed]

The Trail now rose up to the roundabout allowing access to the new builds, including those still under construction on the Southside, where Pebbledash was surprised at how the bright white virgin chalk had been cut away to leave a sharp drop behind the future back gardens.

Mr X explained the geology of Herts is mostly a clay-capped chalk one, at this point the clay-cap must not be that deep, there would be more evidence of this as the Trail led up by the next section of A505. Here the soil became a lighter one with lots of hints of chalk mixed in, something that camouflaged the Flour, as behind some doubted My Lil' & Sludge's calls as they led the way.

On the 340 Yard gentle climb up between the trees, the Hash passed by a solitary girl, sitting on a blanket, listening to music or meditating? This path would lead to a CHK in the corner where the Woodland expanded to be the northern tip of the cut-off Burloes Plantation, some like the GM went wrong & cut out the corner, this meant he failed to see the 'View' of the A505 as it turns to the east, sadly for the rest there were no aircraft to spot flying overhead, also on the 'plus' side was the **TBT OBE** was kept away from the drop off of a Chalk Cliff!

The Trail would now turn to the southwest as it descended toward the edge of the Newmarket Road, as the wooded began to drop down, an arrow pointed the way out down some natural steps to the edge of the Newmarket Road, here was a second Held CHK which was there to allow the Hash to see the Prime Meridian sign, this point is 0 degrees of Longitude, as it was created in Greenwich for measuring distance, originally by ship, both east & west, sit also meant Milf & Pebbledash could straddle both hemispheres at the same time!

On the 31 December 1899, the passenger steamer SS Warrimoo was making its way through the waters of the mid-Pacific on its way from Vancouver to Australia. The navigator had just finished working out a star fix, he brought Captain John DS. Phillips, the result. The Warrimoo's position was LAT 0° 31' N & LONG 179 30' W..

"Know what this means?" First Mate Payton declared, "We're only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator & the International Date Line". Captain Phillips took full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigational freak of a lifetime. He called his navigators to the bridge to check & double check the ship's position, once confirmed he ordered a change of course, just slightly so as to bear directly on his mark. Then he changed the engine speed, which with the calm weather & clear night all working in his favour, meant at mid-night the SS Warrimoo lay on the Equator at exactly the point where it crossed the International Date Line! This resulted in:

The forward part (bow) of the ship was in the Southern Hemisphere & in the middle of summer.

The rear (stern) was in the Northern Hemisphere & in the middle of winter.

The date in the aft part of the ship was 31 December 1899.

In the bow (forward) part it was 1 January 1900.

This ship was therefore not only in: Two different days, Two different months, Two different years, Two different seasons But in two different centuries - all at the same time!

Back to the Trail of "On!" was called from inside the wooded edge of the Newmarket Road, something which brought Mr X, Tent Packer & the few who had crossed over to footpath up through the wooded drive up to Burlows Hall to the south to the Newmarket Road, Pepé le Pew soon cut from the roadside footpath to the one previous one running through the centre of the trees lining the ancient road's northern edge.

However, after 230 Yards he did go astray, heading back up toward the Newmarket Road, perhaps he accidentally inhaled a lungful of the potent Cannabis fumes wafting through the air, emanating from the woman sitting in to the corner of the playing fields. Did she know she was there?

Pepé le Pew was called back as the Pack made their way down on to the level of the now lush green playing fields, amazing what a couple of days of rain can do after the brown dead looking hay we had before. The Pack moved across the 150 yards to its western bank, then up on to the end of Newmarket Avenue.

The Trail was now back within the urban Royston, heading along the road lined with homes on its northern side to continue further westward, a CHK by Ickniel Walk caught out Mr X, but he soon came back as the Trail was picked up just a few yards back to the Newmarket Road. 3D was amused to hear that the Conker Competition may be off, as Mr X said that My Lil' (The Hare for this) said that his conkers are too small this year!

Everyone on the Trail now knew that this was the last leg of the Hash, with a 580 Yard gentle down-hill stagger along the old coaching road to Newmarket, there were no more deviations, as the Hares set the Trail back to the roundabout with the Melbourne Road, the On Inn as found just before this junction, then it was back over to the Town Hall Car Park to change.

It was pleasant enough for then Pack to sit outside in the back patio garden where they found No Eye Deer & Whatevershesays already there, not long after the rest had settled down, Flying Solo, with Elizabeth & Isobel arrived, Elizabeth was sad that her namesake Queen had passed away

Though they were soon out of sight, as a wasp was bothering Flying Solo & the Daughter who had pizza with Pineapple on it [You can debate amongst yourselves the pros & cons of Pineapple on Pizza! – Ed] they disappeared as rapidly, returning when the pizza had been devoured!

Down-Downs were put off until everyone had eaten, which took some time & a couple had to depart before the Circle was called. The Hares for this Trail were awarded their Down-downs, then **TBT OBE** as Hare for the previous week was called forward.

My Lil' requested a half for his doing more long falsies than anyone else, he had the 'Manager's Special' of a 'tower burger' others Hits went to Mrs Mallet for reaching her Nelson of 111 [111, or multiples of, in English Cricket is a bogy number, while Australia's is 87! – Ed]

After the Circle just Mr X & My Lil' went onto watch Quixote's Beard play at the White Lion, Baldock, as a part of the Balstock weekend of free music. They were joined, just in time by Des Res, before Fliptop had finished his set & joined them for a drink, then enjoy the next band up on the stage.

Strange points as we move from the second Elizabethan age to the new Carolean one, many people found this morning that they have new job titles, all Queen's Council's are now Kings Council, all Royal Naval Vessels are now His Majesty's Ship, all criminal cases will now be Rex versus.... & the guilty will be spending time at 'His majesty's Pleasure' all future Post-boxes, Stamps, English Coins & Bank Notes will bear the Image of King Charles III, New UK Passports will bear 'His Britannic Majesty' & many will soon have new insignia bearing CR III to wear!



On a trip back to Balmoral, Queen Elizabeth II stopped at a local, nearby Shop, while there a tourist announced to her "You look a lot like the Queen!" to which he received the reply "That is reassuring to know!"

