

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

When the Universe is saving you from a fine by sending a bird.

Run No. 2022
29th January 2023
Venue: The Blackbirds, then Six Templars
Location: Hertford
Beers/Cider Abbot; Blind Poet, Rabbie Burns Brown Ale, Citra
Hare/s: TBT OBE
Runners: 9
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 10
Membership: Quoth the Raven "What a bunch of old crocks!"



With the few who did make an effort to turn out today, half of them may have been better off staying in bed recuperating from their various injuries: My Lil' with a bad back, Mr X with a twisted knee were just two of those on the 'crooked list' & who weren't going to be running much today, the lack of numbers today was also put down to other injuries & Paxo was amongst them who was laid up.

So, it was with some irony that today's Hare was one of the few who appeared to be in fine fettle this bright morning! Yes, our very own Hash Hypochondriac had been around & set the Trail, though he did admit that he did take a tumble whilst out laying the Trail & appeared to be as fit as a fiddle. [A Stradlevarious? – Ed]

After Fliptop had finished the welcomes, TBT OBE continued his Chalk Talk by adding that there was an option for Short Cutters, there would be a sweet stop & the Trail would start from out of St Andrews Street Car Park to a CHK on the corner of Old Cross, almost outside of Sloppy's American Bar. Most of the Pack would now be hanging around in the cold for quite a while, for unlike Sludge, no one else was willing to dash across in between the busy traffic at this junction.

Sludge was soon off down the side street behind the old Victorian Water fountain & was seen standing calling out "On!" by the start of Nicholas Lane, there was only a dead-end down there & most with local knowledge weren't convinced, but Sludge kept calling in order to ~~massage his eye~~ lure them down there, especially Milf who could then take a picture of him standing beneath the Nicholas Lane sign high up in the old brick wall.

Mr X had already seen yellow arrows heading down toward the Wash & this was the Trail ran as it turned around on to Maidenhead Street, somehow My Lil' had missed the scrawny pink chalk arrows along here when he had walked down this old street after alighting from his bus at the bus station. While Des Res now led the way to the northeast, Mr X tried a slow trot & after 100 Yards he spotted that the Trail turned left once again to now headed north by northwest up though Bull Plain.

Tent Packer now joined Mr X as the first to cross the old narrow single track bridge of the River Lea Navigation to Little Hartham, no CHK by the footpath around the small reserve to the Sainsburys, instead it was found outside of the Old Barge. Mr X would find the next section of Trail as arrows led along the 'Riverside' path by the Lea Navigation, but it wouldn't go too far along by the scenic cottages lining one side of the waterway with plenty of floating homes & waterfowl to admire.

The Trail twisted once again, taking the FRBs up through a back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] with obstacles of the odd refuse bin to avoid as arrows brought them out on to The Folly, as it arcs around from north to northeast. Tent Packer was impressed at the rows of quaint old terraced homes in this old area of our County Town. Mr X explained that they were right on top of where Ketchup lives, but he wasn't present this morning as Prince Garmin was playing an away football match.

The Trail continued on its twisting & turning route to head toward the local Allotments & then back down to the waterside path, & the finally the first long uninterrupted stretch of some 280 Yards as the Trail led up to & over the long weir, home to various ducks, moorhens & other waterfowl who somehow manage to stay perched on the many watery steps that make up the weir. Sadly the noise if the flowing water now had a 'Pavlovian effect' on some

Customer: I'd like a capital E please.

Illustrator: Certainly. Any embellishments?

Customer: No just a plain old E. Well, if you want you could work in something about duck-powered sailing.

Illustrator: In the nude, right?

Customer: If it's not too much trouble.



bladders, especially the RA who had enjoyed a nice pint of Blind Poet before the off!

A CHK was found over the shorter footbridge, that crosses over the Lea, here on Mill Road there would be a split in those at the front of the Hash with Milf & Tent Packer searching the footpath beside the River Lea, while Des Res & Mr X crossed the road bridge the CHK was on to search up Mill Road toward Hertford East Station. This southerly bound road would prove to be correct as they headed up by the old red-brick station, but there was a lack of movement back at the CHK as the Hare didn't give out any clue, or indication to those around him, Milf & Tent Packer would soon be out of earshot when Mr X called out "On! On!"

While Mr X followed the Trail around on to Railway Street, the babbling noise of the weir had Des Res scurrying off into the local Tesco to use the facilities. Mr X's was now leading the way, but his time at the front of the Hash was going to come to an end pretty quickly after falling foul of the CHK at the junction where Villiers Street heads away to the sou-sou-east, by the time he had been called back from its far end, Fliptop, Sis & Teddy were now up leading the way further along Railway Street, to pass by the Great Eastern Pub, then over & around to pick up the Trail on Talbot Street.

By the time Mr X was back on Trail, Sis & Fliptop were away in the far distance & he just caught sight of them turning around to the left where the road joined Raynham Street. The CHK there was now marked by the Hare, perhaps this was after Milf had phoned him up on Trail, after she & Tent Packer had returned from the long earlier Falsie & found that the CHK was not marked on the bridge! [Yes, the RA noted Technology being used on Trail & the CHK point not being marked! – Ed]

Anyhow, Sis, Fliptop, Teddy & the Hare were just glimpsed toward the far end of Tamworth Road, but Mr X took his eyes off of them as he admired the architecture of the old terraced 'Railway houses' for some of the adjoining doorways had white arches with black lettering in the carved lintel, two must have had families originating from Norfolk as their first residents, as one was named Lynn & the other called Heacham.

Having missed the FRBs head to the end of Tamworth Road, Mr X crossed over to follow the Trail off in to the dead-end side street of The Springs, but he soon discovered that the Hare probably went wrong here as the arrows just doubled back on the opposite side, just as Tent Packer, Milf, Sludge & Des Res all started to come into this side street.

Back around on Rowley's Road, at the end of Tamworth Road the Pack would head by the end of the more allotments to turn to the short footpath that leads up to the level crossing over the Hertford East Branch Line. Milf was impressed by the fact that the level crossing has a traffic light system to warn pedestrians of any approaching Trains, so she took a picture for Kylie, no doubt to turn him on later?

Once on the end of Mead Lane & the Trail would now head on to the short access drive to the edge of Kings Mead in the north. Through the kissing gate with Hash arrows marked on it, where the Hare, Sis, Fliptop & Teddy could be seen making their way over the wet & sodden ground of Kings Mead, it may have been cold & wet underfoot, but at least the Trail had now turned back toward Hertford in the west, with the next CHK being up by the Hertford Lock on the River Lea Navigation.

Here there were two options, one was the Trail heading along the southern edge of Hartham Playing fields & the soccer games in progress, while the other was now marked as a Short Cut on the towpath along by the southern bank of the Navigation. Having taken the Short Cut, Mr X wondered how short it actually was, & as this scribe is looking at a map, it would appear that on paper the Short Cut, by the moored up barge homes, to the Sweets Stop by the car park at the north end of Marshgate Drive is actually over 100 Yards further!

TBT OBE was now concerned that there was no My Lil' following on, as Mr X was last to the regroup, but the RA added that because of his bad back My Lil' had already stated that he would only complete a couple of CHKs before heading back to the local 'spoons.

There were plenty of sweets, even those bobbly aniseed favourites of Tent Packer! However, there were two different suppliers of the Allsorts, it seems that the Aldi branded ones are far superior in shape, texture & taste than the Tesco ones.

With the sweet judging over, the Pack would now move on & it was safe to say that the no one was up for actually running any more of the Trail, it was now a hobble back over the River Beane, via Hartham Weir. Here it seemed that the World & his Wife were out walking their pooches to cause a canine bottle-neck at the bridge.

The Trail would now run along the bottom of Hartham Common, where more sweary football matches were taking place, part of the foul language emanated from one guy who took a shot to his nether reasons!

Now away for the canine trip hazards, the Hash had to deal with a few mountain bikers who preferred to weave between the Pack on the hard capped path, rather than take their 'off-road' bikes on to the wet & dirty Shiggy grass land on the common.

After a 300 Yard southwestern trot beside the Beane, the Hash found themselves back beside the long weir. A T from the Out Trail CHK could be seen at the end of the footbridge, & so the Inn Trail continued, now heading away from the Lea, passing the Herts Canoe Club & then on by Hartham Common Leisure Centre that is being redeveloped

A further 350 Yards by the old River Lea would see no more CHK points, the Trail would cross over the old river's route & lead back through the local Sainsbury's, then between the old & new McMullen's Breweries. Des Res commented on the fact in four years Mac's would have been brewing for 200 years! The RA said that you'd have thought that they'd have got it right after all of that time?

The On Inn was found just before reaching Old Cross, for Sludge & Mr X they crossed over with ease as the traffic had stopped to allow a Police car through, then it was back to the car park to grab a change of clothes before heading to the Blackbirds.

Although the Ale is cheap in the Blackbirds, there was just a choice of Doooombar or Abbot, & the latter, stronger Ale was on its way out! There was a specific reason for going in to the Blackbirds, that was so the Pack

could be exposed to some culture [Normally that happens when they get a yoghurt out of the fridge! - Ed] for on the 29th of January 1845 Edgar Allan Poe published The Raven!

Mr X said that "As Hashers have a short attention span of..... what was I saying?" he was going to recite the classic poem & the Hash would take part with some interaction, mainly involving Milf being in charge of a Crow hand puppet [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] & she had to repeat the infamous line "Never More!" the Raven utters.

With a slight interruption, as well as some explanation of meaning of some of the words, Nepenthe was the word that peaked the most interest, as Mr X explained that this was a potion of the Ancient Greeks that is supposed to induce forgetfulness of pain & sorrow [Personally, several Abbot Confessions 8.5% or a few Black Alberts 13% do that trick! – Ed] Mr X also explained why Ravens get a bad press, for in the bible, the first bird realised by Noah from the Ark was a Raven & it came back with nothing, the Dove that returned with the Olive Branch was the second bird he released.

With the poem recited, with a slight pause when the Barmaid came over to inform Des Res that his ordered meal wasn't going to arrive as they had run out his choice. He had a refund before the Pack moved over to the Six Asbe's-Templar's, where there was a better selection of Ales & the Burn's Night Suppers were still available.

Here the Trail autopsy could take place, & the consensus was that it was TBT OBE's best Trail of the Year! He went on to offer to set another Trail, but the Hare Raiser said he was on to a winner with this Trail & not to get carried away & ruin it all. We do need some of the gaps in the Hare line to be filled, so feel free to have a look & make My Lil's day by offering to set a Trail.

Down-Downs were put off for a week, as there were no real misdemeanours, & the only faller was the Hare while he was setting the good Trail!



The Raven - Edgar Allan Poe - 1809-1849

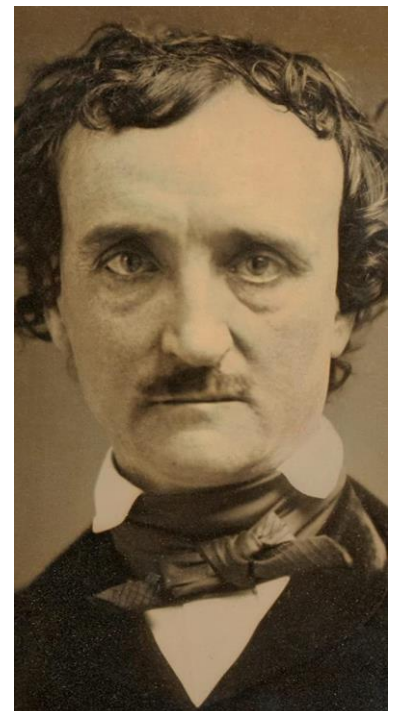
*Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door—
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."*

*Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.*

*And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more."*

*Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.*

*Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,*



And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"—
 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
 burning,
 Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window
 lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;—
 'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
 flutter,
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or
 stayed he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
 door—
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

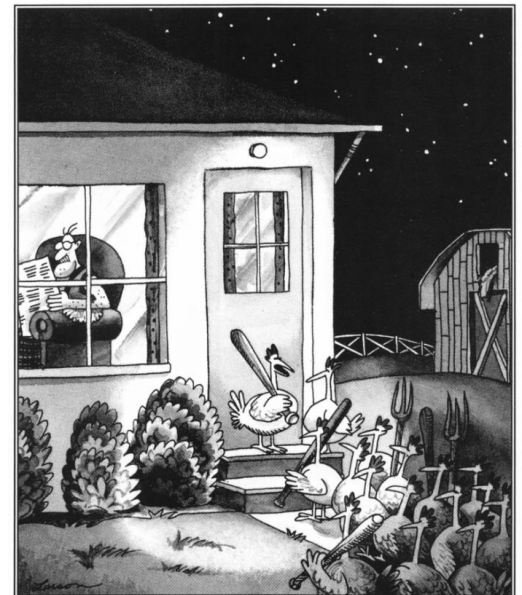
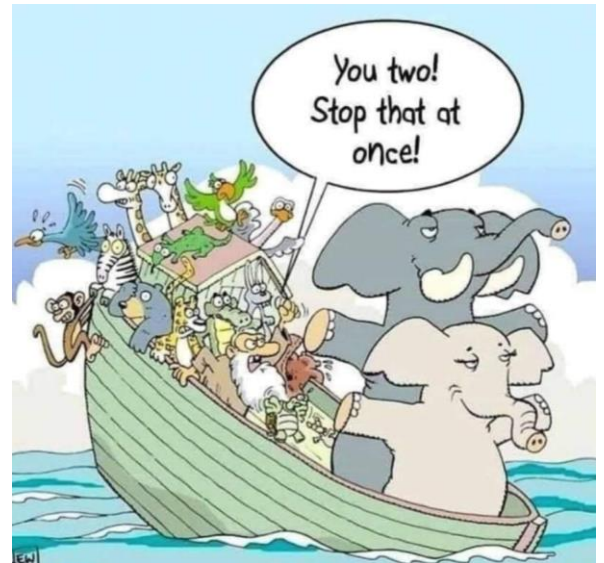
Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure
 no craven,
 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly
 shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
 shore!"
 Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
 plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

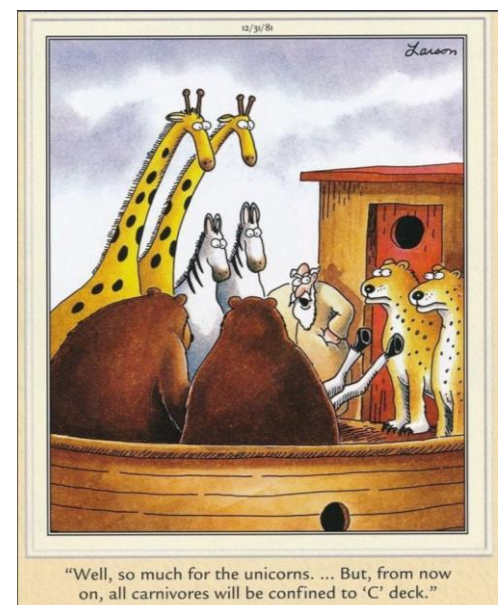
But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he
 fluttered—
 Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown
 before—
 On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust
 and door;
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—



"Again? Why is it that the revolution always gets this far and then everyone just chickens out?"



What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

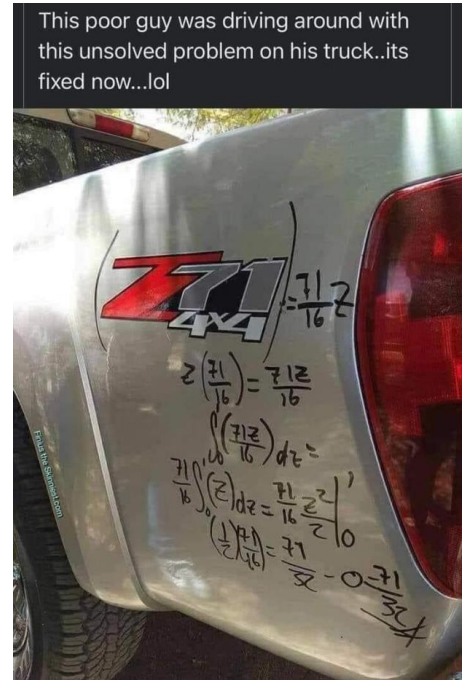
Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!



Explain the Bible badly to
someone who has never
read it.

