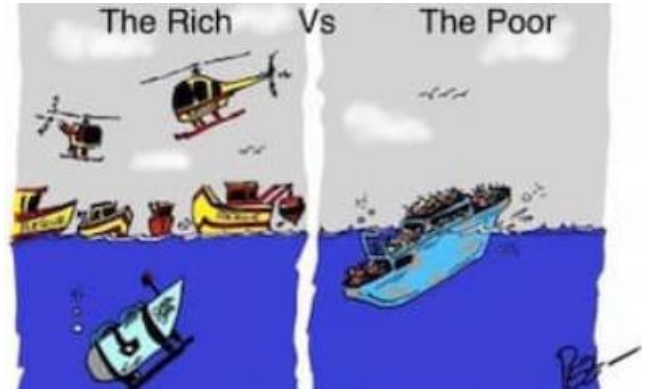


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No. 2045
Date: 26th June 2023
Venue: The Star
Location: Standon
Beers/Cider Greede King IPA, Abbot, Old Speckled Hen
Hare/s: Milf & Kylie
Runners: 15
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 16
Membership: Keeping away from Giant Hogweed.



Those who gathering for this evening's Hash were mightily relieved that the heat & humidity of the Sunday had started dissipating overnight, it was far cooler, with some light cloud that blocked some of the burning effects of the sun. Far better for one knackered RA, who had to endure being sat at 32°C Temperature for a couple of hours on an old (Non-aircon) hopper bus for two Rail Replacements services over the weekend, it was just overwhelming & exhausting to say the least.

British humour at its finest 😊



Being shattered by the previous days nightmare journey, the RA drove over to the venue, which led to the usual perennial old jokes about his 'Car coming out for its annual run' [Water off of a ducks back! – Ed] The Pack gathered in the car park of the Star, opposite St Mary's Church & they awaited the ticking away of the cock until it was the hour, when Fliptop could welcome everyone to the evening's Trail before handing over to the Hares.

There was talk of short cutters staying with Kylie on Trail, while Runners would be looked after by Milf, then to entertain the Circle the two Hares had a bit of a disagreement. All things settled & the Pack were ushered out to the High Street & for the obligatory photo outside of the Pub, with the picture snapped the Pack embarked on a southbound trot that would lead the sort way to the first CHK of the Day, located right by the small green triangle with the Coronation Tree for King George V planted in 1911 & the famous Puddingstone.

Mr X pointed out the said Pudding Stone to Moss Key Toe, sometimes known as Christmas Pudding Stones, these partially type are fairly unique to the Hertfordshire area. The Hertfordshire Puddingstone is characterized by silica-cemented flint gravel that is brown to deep red in colour. It typically occurs scattered across the land surface as isolated concretion-like masses in the areas of Hertfordshire and Plumstead Common, England. Large masses of

Hertfordshire Puddingstone often occur within local Pleistocene glacial tills. More than a dozen large blocks of this puddingstone were recovered from Paleogene sediments during construction of the A10 bypass from Thundridge to Puckeridge in 2004.

This particular Hertfordshire Puddingstone was placed upon the plinth in its current position in 1904, they have mystical value, often consider to be lucky & sometimes referred to as 'Breeding stones' as supposedly they have fertility qualities!

Anyhow, back to the Trail & "On! On!" was called around on the Hadham Road it arcs to the east, Paxo seemed to be keen on this option, but Mr X wasn't so, for My Lil' & a couple of others had gone off to search down Paper Mill Lane & none had come back. The RA's hesitance was correct as a long Falsie lay ahead on the Hadham Road, which at the time of writing resembled a stream, with a constant flow of fresh water coming down the hillside lane from a burst main, no wonder water bills are so high.

The likes of Paxo, Moss Key Toe, Where's Wally?, Tent Packer & TBT OBE all turned back to find that that My Lil', Ketchup, Hot 'N' Spicce, Lobby Lobster & Sludge were all well away down Paper Mill Lane as it heads toward the River Rib, where there was once a Paper Mill, not the first Paper Mill in England, as that was down in Hertford.

It was about 200 Yards down the narrow rural lane to the next CHK, situated by a footpath out to a footbridge over the Mill Stream, by the time the FRBs reached this No Eye Deer & others were some coming back from the north bound route into the fields to the north & the footpath up to Puckeridge.

Another 100 Yards to the southwest, as the lane becomes uncapped down to where the Mill Stream meets the main flow of the River Rib at a wide ford, though so far the Hares had been kind as the Trail led up & over the footbridge spanning the wide shallows below. No Eye Deer made an "Ah!" as she spotted a mother mallard & half a dozen fluffy little ducklings, sensibly heading down stream [Away from the Heron Chinese Restaurant that lies way upstream! – Ed]

Around the elbow in the track & another CHK was found at the gate to the south by southwest footpath through the meadow toward Standon Lordship, Ketchup & My Lil' were spotted making their way on that route, but then a call of "On! On!" came from Where's Wally? who had carried on to the west up the pebble strewn single track lane up to the Barwick Road. As Ketchup & My Lil' turned back, Mr X commented about a sheep dog behind them was rounding them up on the meadow.

This route passed by the footpath that starts off via a set of steps cut into the embankment up to the fields above, however it wasn't long before Where's Wally? was coming back down the tree-lined shady lane, it was a T he had found, so it was back down the Trail that Milf had now redirected the arrows down to the CHK again. The FRBs headed out to where My Lil' & Ketchup had been turned back from earlier.

The Dust now lead out through the meadow, where the sheep dog was coming toward them, behind was a girl out walking a bull-dog & large mastiff, she then shouted out to the two lads to put their dog on a lead, some wondered why her dog, which was on a lead, didn't have a muzzle or bite restraint if she was that worried?

Strangely the Knitting Circle were now out of sight from Tent Packer, Mr X, No Eye Deer & Where's Wally? as they progressed in to the meadow, then around one of the large arcing bends in the serpentine River Rib's course they came in to sight, having been previously masked by the tall reeds & other plants growing on the river banks, here Sludge was spotted with Hot 'N' Spicee, Kylie, Ketchup & Paxo all hanging around the shallow drop to the river for a water crossing.

Some hesitated, excuses were blurted out of only having one pair of shoes, Ketchup claimed he had no other socks & his ankles had been bitten by the mossies a couple of nights earlier [No not our Moss Key Toe! – Ed] In the end Hot 'N' Spice, Lobby Lobster, Paxo & No Eye Deer shamed Ketchup into Crossing. While Teddy had no qualms at all in entering the water for a wade through & taking a drink while striding through the shallows with the Hash, a sight that entertained a couple out for an evening stroll on that far bank.

Ketchup had to follow TBT OBE in to wading in, though TBT OBE took off his shoes, socks & his unfortunately his Hash T-shirt. The edge of the riverbank here was pretty boggy & so the RA elected to go a bit further downstream before he crossed on a firm pebble river bed, for he too only had the one pair of Hash Boots & they stink enough without being filed with river Shiggy! Milf was quite enthusiastic to mention that she had waded through the river twice that day, for she set this section of Trail.



Later on there was a post on a local Standon Facebook page about there being a case of Giant Hogweed on the river bank, right by the dead old tree the Pack crossed next to, thankfully this had been removed by this point, though there was another similar looking toxic plant seen further downstream. Giant Hogweed can cause nasty blisters, if its sap touches your skin, this is made worse when exposed to sunlight, this invasive plant looks rather similar to a much taller version of the harmless Cow-parsley. It has a distinctive red blotchy & hairy stem [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

Sludge was the only one, & Kylie, who didn't cross the River Rib, Sludge's excuse where the newish shoes he was wearing were his only ones & he didn't have a dry pair back at his vehicle, nor did the RA or Ketchup & they still ventured in. Now west of the river the Trail would head southward, up beyond the silver 4x4 that at one time had its occupant keeping an eye on what the Pack were up to wading through the river. [Perhaps he was removing the Giant Hogweed? – Ed]

The Trail now edged diagonally over the next section of meadow, to then head up the grassy bankside to come out on to the driveway from Standon Lordship. Milf & Mr X hung around by the gate to the drive, for Hot 'N' Spicee to catch up & pass the 4x4, before crossing the drive, where the remains of a kicked out CHK point were spotted.

A nice gentle descent into the next field, the one with all of the old junk & knackered vehicles to one side where Standon Calling takes place, thankfully there were no cows in the field this time, nor was Sparky who years ago entered this area & frantically dangerously waving his arms to try & shoo away the approaching, inquisitive cattle on that day.

The Trail led on beyond the small pond & then out to the southern edge of the meadow, where once through a five-bar gate it crossed over the river again. There was only one way to go now, follow the footpath's elbow to the

east on the narrow path with large hedgerows on either side, the Hash soon discovered that it's the time of year when all of the flying bugs were out around the hedges as the Trail advanced on for around 170 Yards until reaching the footpath from out of the meadow that Sludge & Kylie were on.

Here the Pack regrouped at the sweet stop, Tent Packer & others were a little disappointed that there were now bobbly aniseed Allsorts in the packet, No Eye Deer wasn't upset by this fact, as she prefers the coconut rolls. Sweets enjoyed & the Hash soon found two ponies being ridden toward them, so Kylie did a Paxo & clucked away for the Hash to move further along to the east, since the two girls had indicated to him that they were going to head westward on this path.



Milf had to be restrained from blowing a loud whistle, until the horses had ambled by without incident, as some recalled the Bayford Horse Incident from about 30 Years ago! With equines out of sight, the Pack began to carry on eastward, as the footpath heads away for the River Rib on a gentle rise up for just 120 Yards, things went well to start with, at least until Teddy was off lead & a squirrel took his attention away & his disappeared in to the brush!

The FRBs reached the next CHK, where the former Buntingford Railway used to run from south to north in to Puckeridge & Buntingford beyond. Where's Wally? was soon off to start up the steeper rising hillside, heading further eastward along the hedgerow edge of a Broadbean crop, he led Moss Key Toe, My Lil', Tent Packer, Mr X up the 350 yards on a mega long falsie. It would only get worse for the Keenies, but that will follow.

It was a splendid vista from the top of the plateau & as My Lil' turned about, now sounded like a grumbling appendix on his way back down to see the rolling green Hertfordshire fields & trees of the valley, as well as the small & distant figures of the likes of Hot 'N' Spicee, Fliptop & Teddy, Sludge, Lobby Lobster, TBT OBE & Ketchup all making their way up the former 'Bunt' railway line! There was also the sight of Milf, frantically waving at the FRBs way back up on the plateau of the hill!

It should have been obvious to some, that knowing who one of the Hares was, that he would not be able to resist the temptation taking the Pack along an old Railway line, even if it meant being out for almost an extra half an hour & a few more miles.

On the plus side, once down the 350 Yards, the Harriettes were now far enough ahead of My Lil' that he could stop & scare the squirrel, as Mr X passed by My Lil', he said Kylie probably stopped at the same spot while setting the Trail for a quick ***** [That'll be enough Railway Porn thank you! – Ed]

Kylie took an opportunity to mention the RA's ancestor who was famed for axing the Railways, saying that Mr X wouldn't have had to drive today if the Bunt Railway was still running & not been shut down, whoever Mr X said the last Train would have probably departed back to Ware around 20:00Hrs, in fact the most the Bunt ever had were 11 Services a day.

Another bonus when they began the next 550 Yard section, it was nice a shady & the breeze was cool on the long march. To show how long it was, for Where's Wally? he would run a colossal 1,330 Yards until he found a Bar CHK! He had to make his way back some 350 Yards before he saw the likes of TBT OBE, Moss Key Toe, No Eye Deer & Tent Packer hesitating by a gap in either hedgerow.

Mr X now caught up & was only going to head one way & that was off to the northeast, as the opposite Morley Lane Path would have meant an even longer Trail than the one the Keenies with local knowledge were now resigned to. Sure enough the Trail was on the eastern route, but there was still some disbelief as no calling could be heard up ahead, not even a raised arm from Ketchup & Where's Wally? to indicate that they had found Dust way over the stony field of more Broadbeans as another long stretch was undertaken.

The dry dusty old footpath in amongst the crop saw Moss Key Toe & Ketchup lead the way, with TBT OBE, Mr X & My Lil' overtaking Hot 'N' Spicee on the 600 Yards up to Standon Lodge Farm. Again there seemed to be some confusion as to where the Trail would go, with Moss Key Toe thinking of searching southward, while TBT OBE & Where's Wally? looking off on the tractor tracks through the beans to the east.

Tent Packer was found coming back for the southward farm track, saying that he & Ketchup had gone as far as the road beyond the Farm, but having not seen any markings he came back, but noticeably Ketchup had not! So, Mr X was keen on that southbound route, beyond the farm & after Ketchup. After 230 Yards the first Trail marking arrow was found, much to the FRBs relief, now "On!" could be called.

Mr X mentioned to Tent Packer that there was a footpath off by the large duck-pond beyond the Farm wall that the Hash have been along before, but the arrows continued on the concrete drive, so the likes of Tent Packer, Mr X, My Lil' & Moss Key Toe were now heading all the way to the tarmac section of the Farm Drive. These duped Hashers actually thought they wouldn't be too far behind Ketchup's steps, little did they know that they would be miles behind him by the time they found the Bar CHK on the way to Little Balsam, a long line of chalk discovered on the tarmac after some 550 Yards beyond the picturesque Pond, back where Ketchup had already ventured off on & discovered Dust!

If My Lil' was turning in to Doeswhatshesays with his grumbling, the old humbug was now doing a very good vocal impression about how long the Falsie were on this Trail, meanwhile Mr X had slowed with an aching foot after

treading on a rock, he had now given up the will to run & walked back on the softer grass verge by the tarmac & then the concrete drive again.

It was scenic going by the large pond, complete with its resident waterfowl. Leaving the tree-lined avenue behind, the Trail would take to the edge of a couple more crop fields, the downside for My Lil' & other humbugs was the fact it would be another 750 Yards until the next CHK. By the time the Keenies reached this, the likes of Fliptop, Paxo, Sludge, Hot 'N' Spicee & Lobby Lobster were found being escorted by Kylie on to the next section of Trail, this being a relatively short 380 Yards to a CHK.

By the time the RA had walked to this section, only Lobby Lobster, Kylie & Hot 'N' Spicee were in sight, as the Trail turned from north to northwest along the top of the field & behind the treeline hiding the local water treatment centre, Mr X began making up ground with his large stride. 260 Yards along the bottom of the woodland, then the Trail turned back to the north for 130 yards through the woodland to exit out into the crop fields south of Standon.

The Trail was not over yet, as there was a mere 340 yards on the hard dry & dusty track from the access Track to the water treatment centre, finally the On Inn was found, just a few yards before the Hadham Road, where a left turn would lead on back by the streaming fresh water down the lane, beyond the first T & then back to base opposite St Mary's Church

The Church is the final resting place of Sir Ralph Sadleir (1507 – 1587) & his son, Sir Thomas. Sir Ralph Sadleir was a senior statesman, serving both Henry VIII as well as his daughter Elizabeth I, he was even appointed as gaoler of Mary, Queen of Scots at one point. Beside his tomb is the flagpole he claimed from the 1547 Battle of Pinkie Cleugh, near Musselborough, in 1547. This once bore the Standard of the Scottish army that suffered a resounding defeat in the battle, with the loss of six thousand men. The home of the Sadleirs was Standon Lordship, a little south of the village.

The Pack settled into the large rear garden, by the perfumed mock orange tree that was correctly identified by My Lil' as 'Philidelphus', this site was also near to a large cloud of gnats dancing their mid-air courtship madrigals, no doubt attracted to this spot as Ketchup had now taken off his wet socks & had laid the on the nearby table, which meant no Harriettes sat with one section of the Pack! [They were too engrossed & swooning at the photographs of young, handsome Hashers, with full heads of hair, from a few Hash Away Weekends from over 20 Years ago! – Ed]

The Circle was called, but then My Lil', Ketchup & TBT OBE all went missing at various times, the GM wasn't for waiting & called the toast to the Hash, then the RA awarded the Hares their well-deserved Down-Downs, that My Lil' didn't agree with!

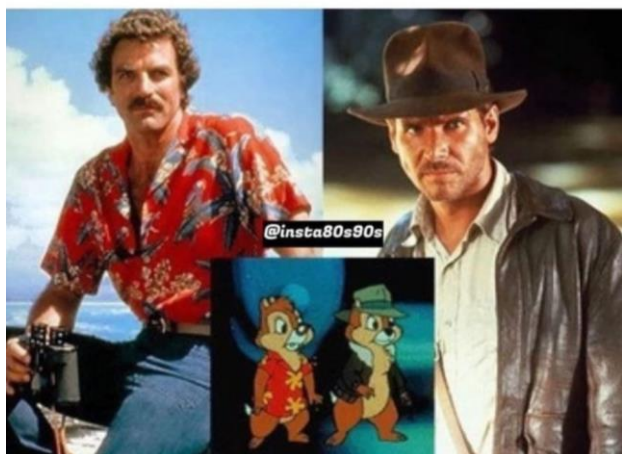
Ketchup was out for moaning about mossies biting his ankles & then standing in the Circle with no socks on to show off his tasty ankles to the gnats! He was not the only humbug called forward, as My Lil' was awarded his Hit for moaning about the length of the Trail, for which Where's Wally? recorded a mere 9.4 K's or almost 6 Miles in his Majesty's English! The RA had a change of mind, for Tent Packer thought he was getting a Down for having Mango Fly but then a change of heart saw Sludge get it for his new shoes.

The Pack would move on inside the Pub, due to the itchy, sometime psychological, effect of seeing the midges flitting around. In the Bar TBT OBE was in a quandary, for he wanted to stay for another, yet should have been home for 22:00Hrs, or he'd be locked out, leaving him with the only option of entering by way of the cat flap when he got home! Apparently the cats are dirty stay-outs until 04:00Hrs!

TBT OBE then entertained the Pack by placing his knee Bra [It was a brace like Lemming has worn! – Ed] though the look of him wearing it as a blindfold led to some comments. Soon it was time to head off for some much needed sleep after a Trail of long stretches.



HOW DID WE NOT SEE THIS BACK IN THE DAY



WHEN I WAS A KID, THERE WERE NO PHONES OR TABLETS. WE READ CEREAL BOXES AT BREAKFAST

