

Herts  
Hash  
House  
Harriers  
Herts official Website: [hertsHash.co.uk](http://hertsHash.co.uk)



Run No. 2068  
Date: 12th November  
Venue: The Waterside Inn  
Location: Ware  
Beers/Cider: GK Abbot, Doooombar, Ghost Ship  
Hare/s: My Lil  
Runners: 13  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 1  
Total: 14  
Membership: Respectful, blaming the RA!



Just when you thought it was safe to go back on the Hash, My Lil' surfaced again with one of his Trails that will be talked about through the anals\* of time! \*There is no spelling mistake there!

The weather was a cool & drizzly start to the day, it wouldn't really change too much with dry spells between the spots of rain. However, this didn't deter those not committed, to other Remembrance Day servicers around the County, from turning out but there was some confusion to starting point, which was no doubt Mr X's fault? Kylie found that his little pinkies [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] were feeling the chill, so he nipped off to Sainsburys' to buy a pair of woolly gloves! [Did he get the elastic so Milf can stich them together & run through his arms like a three year old kid would have? – Ed]

Sludge & Whatevershesays were spotted through the window & were inside the Waterside Inn, one of them may have just stayed put for the duration, but more of that later.

Each Large Square of this 1919 Map is 250 x 250 Metres, The Map is of the Somme Battlefield, the Blue Numbers within the Squares represent the number of bodies in each section. This is why we wear Poppies. Section S- Subdivision Square 5 reads 270/39/702/829

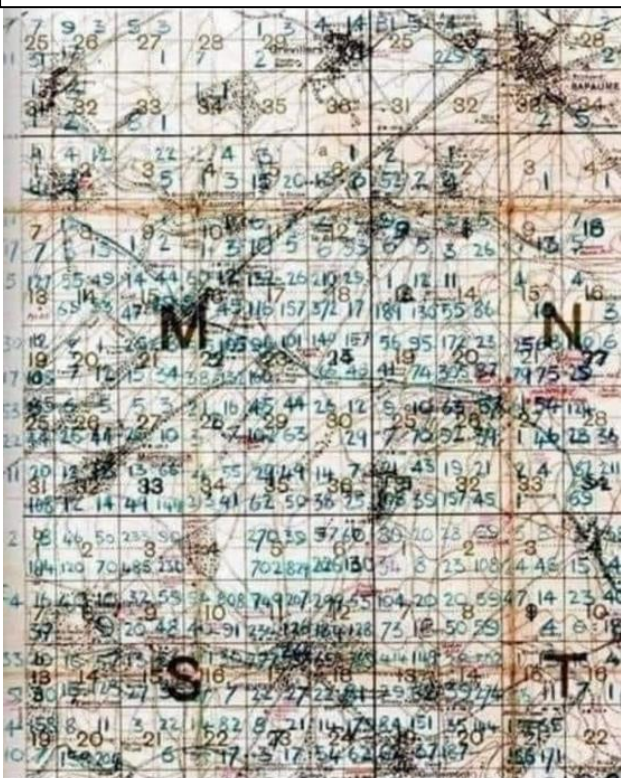
Mr X was under the impression that the Trail would start by heading down to the War Memorial for 11:00Hrs & the two minute silence, our Hare Raiser thought the same & parked up by the Fire Station, to be much closer to the Church & War Memorial for the 14:00Hrs Parade & Service, seems this was wrong!

The Trail was now going to start from Kibes Lane car park, or to be more precise, & ironically upon the former Quaker Graveyard of the 'Knot Garden' on Kibes Lane. [Quakers are known for their pacifism! – Ed] Some 200 burials took place here, but the headstones long gone after the Meeting House closed in 1864, with just three modern markers.

There was a lot of moaning about having to pay £1.50 to park up on a Sunday, & a Remembrance Sunday at that! Talk included that charging for Sundays is hardly going to encourage civilians to come out Shopping, in what seem to be already depleted High Streets up & down the land, this chat would be interrupted by some cussing coming over from the car park 'Pay & Display' board, the one in the larger parking area by the Maltings. It turned out to be TBT OBE who was having issues with sorting his car registration details to pay his £1.50.

Sludge, who had no issue in parking up & paying, was more concerned with the underfoot conditions out on Trail? But he was wearing what looked like carpet slippers, but quickly got in "I am changing to my Hash Shoes in a moment!" when challenged on how new his footwear was? My Lil' then asked where were Sludge's Pipe & Smoking Jacket? Before he said it was pretty firm with a layer of surface clay in places, but nothing deep.

Mike called Milf, as he was over in the Waterside Inn, so he was told everyone else was over in the car park, so came over to joined the Pack in time for Mr X calling the Circle together. The RA choosing to use his watch (set to the Greenwich Time Signal)



& not the Hare Raiser's digital clock on his phone, simply because he didn't believe that someone who is always so late could own a phone with a clock that was fast!

While the Pack observed the two minutes silence for those who have fallen in conflicts, TBT OBE was still wrestling with trying to pay for his parking, he had now progressed on to another Pay & Display machine over by New Road. The RA thanked everyone for the two minutes of well obeyed silence, welcoming the Hash to the correct Run Number. Then the Hare was called forward to explain what the Hash could expect out there on the wet streets of Ware, all while TBT OBE could still be heard over in the distance, Mr X said that he half expected TBT OBE to take a fallen tree branch to the machine in a style like Basil Fawty did to his red Austin 1100 Countryman in Fawty Towers.

The Hare explained that there was a Short Cut, Sweet Stop (both of which received a cheer from the gathered Pack) then the tone changed as My Lil' then dropped the "Its long Trail!" mention! So, the Circle disbanded, leaving a frustrated TBT OBE behind, in fact some would not see him again that day!

The Trail set off to the cut through to Star Street where the first CHK had already been seen. It would be a convoluted start, utilizing the nearby crossing to get to the western side of the arcing A1170, passing by what was Nobby's Café, famous amongst the 'Herts Old Guard' for being the place Breakfast was ordered after one Herts Weekend. Back then the service in Nobby's was painful, everything being at speed that would make Kylie seem really animated! Perhaps that's why he would be in what was Nobby's a little later?

Anyhow, Mr X had seen the next CHK, which was at the far end of the Amwell Lane road, so the Hash made their way over the River Lea Navigation, then on down the western side of the street, passing the newish Artisan section, with a Bakery, the Brick Lane Bagel Company, bespoke Coffee Shop & the Hop Box, then on by the end of Amwell Lane Car Park, thankfully raised barriers allowed the Keenies over the Ware Crossing unhindered, to cross the Hertford East Branch Line.

Mr X & No Eye Deer led the way up to this point, with Moss Key Toe not far behind as the First CHK was reached on the edge Hertford Road. While others searched out beyond the New River & on the main road, Mr X didn't go that far & he chose to go through the metal gate & search the footpath on the northern side of the New River, as it heads away to the west. He would pick up the dust on top of the square brick drainage structure.

It would be a long 630 Yards by the New River's edge, on a footpath with a 'pottery slip' like surface, where running on the grass on either side was more conducive to keeping up a steady pace beside the waterway as it runs between the Hertford Road & the Branch Line.

As regular readers will know, the 1613 water aqueduct was created to supply fresh water to London, since the Thames was so polluted, dug out by hand & lined with clay to prevent leaks by over 200 Navies being paid between four to six & a halfpence depending on skill levels, Costing £18,500 it still supplies 10% of the Capitals water.

The next chance of any turn off of this route was when the Keenies reached the old Pumping Station, now apartments in the Church like building with it tall, erect chimney instead of a Spire. [That was put in just for Pebbledash! – Ed]

There was no veering off of the course by the New River, the Trail was clearly marked straight over the drive to the Pump House, over the step & then on along the waterway's edge for another 420 Yards on more grass & mud path as the New River turns a few degrees to head in to Kings Meads.

It is here in the Meads that the New River rises at Chadwell Spring, being the 30 metre round fresh water source, known as 'the Banjo' pushes out a daily 4.3 Million Litres through the valley floor, the other source being over by Gauge House from the River Lea Navigation.

Mr X & Moss Key Toe reached the Cenotaph looking Marble box that sits in the centre of this section of New River & this was the former Gauge to control the amount of water flowing into the New River, then it was on for a further 40 Yards to reach the bridge spanning the arm of the New River to the Navigation, nearby is a small outbuilding which probably measures the flow of fresh water?

A faint, rain effected CHK [Blame the RA! –Ed] could just be seen on the concrete bridge, but earlier signs which stated the Railway footpath level crossings over to the north were currently out of use to the Public, had now cut the search options down. So, Mr X took to the southbound hedged-in option through ponds of Kings Mead, at first it seemed to be a lost cause as Mike caught up with Moss Key Toe & Mr X. Then a few faint remains of Dust were spotted by Moss Key Toe.

Through a gate at the end of the straight path, then very clear large quantities of Dust led out to the steep rising grass bank up to the Ware Road, here the pretty obvious Trail would take to the rising left-hand fork in the split in the path. It was a 110 Yard climb for Mr X, Moss Key Toe & Mike, with very long steps cut in to the grassy bank up to the Ware Road, but just beyond the metal gate in the railings was a long, thick line of flour, a Bar-CHK!

Mike & Moss Key Toe were almost in denial when Mr X told them they'd all have to turn back & head down the slope, away from the Kings Mead Golf Course & Driving Range across the Hertford Road. Mr X stopped to take a picture of the very helpful blank Information Board by the metal gate before setting off on his descent.

After the earlier long New River trot the Pack had become stretched out, while Mike & Moss Key Toe were soon



away to the southwest, Mr X was going to be delayed as firstly he met up with 3D, Slug & Sally & when they reached the Kings Mead viaduct (A10 Fly-over) he would stop with the others to admire the pictures painted on the concrete columns, taking pictures of the Herts & Middlesex Wildlife Trust commissioned Murals, created by Graffiti Artist Mark Tanti of Demografix, these include a vibrant King Fisher, a Butterfly, Water Vole, Newt, Adders & Badger, all very impressive & brightened up the dull damp day. Normally Mr X only gets to see these from the out of the passing bus window.

Mr X had another long trot of nearly 1,000 Yards, with only one CHK by the footpath up to the Hertford/Ware road above to the row of houses on the south-eastern ridge above the low flat wetlands. He finally caught up with the Hare & Sludge, but no one else, as the Trail came on to a hard capped drive behind the Cromwell Road allotments & at the corner of the Dandelion Playground, a fenced off area with various playground furniture. By now the rain had ceased, which meant that there were now plenty of pooches out for the daily constitutionals.

Just by the Park was where the split in the Trail would happen, this was also the point that things would go wrong, even after the Hare had marked the Short Cut. However, some would not even get this far in the Trail, with TBT OBE doing a proper bit of 'Sludging it' on his own Trail which only he knew where it went? [Perhaps he had to get back to move his Car? – Ed]

The long Trail led down to Tamworth Road, at the end of this 420 Yards stretch it would turn a quick left & then a rapid right to Talbot Street & a CHK by Currie Street. Trail was found on the next section of Talbot Street, emerging out on to Railway Street. Now the Keenies would head out around the bend, passing by the Great Eastern Pub to take an opposite turn to come around by Hertford East Station.

Back on the short cut Mr X & Sludge made their way through the gates to the 'open' Railway crossing, with a green light showing, allowing them to cross the branch lines, but they all looked both ways just to be safe. On the way the Hare was marking the Short Cut, while doing so, My Lil' began to make his excuses by saying if anyone struggled to find Trail on the long Trail, My Lil's defence was that Mr X should have gone on the long loop & utilize his 'Local Knowledge' to help the FRBs with the six CHKS down & back from Hertford, so it was now Mr X's fault if the Keenies were to struggle with any washed out Trail, which there was!

A knackered Mr X, who had been up since 06:00Hrs driving back from Kent, was not going to divert to the long Trail, he was sticking with the footpath that comes out at the eastern end of the Mead Lane Industrial Estate & around Fountain Drive until reaching the long diagonal drive out over the wet & partially flooded plain to Gauge House. This 1856 building, or more likely the new equipment outside of it, regulates the 10.2 Million Litres supplied from the Navigation to the New River.

The Hare now peered out over the New River, he was wantonly hoping to see Mike & Moss Key Toe on the opposite Bank, for the Long Trail came around by Hertford East Station, then out over the weir to Hartham Common, but the Trail was hard to spot as it had suffered from the overnight & early morning Rain [RA's fault! – Ed].

On the long Trail the Pack would have to make their way over the long river Lea weir & around to the tip of the island like section almost surrounded by the river Beane, crossing the Hartham Weir to enter the Hartham Playing Fields which is an island surround by the rivers Beane & the Lea. Out of the northern tip via a wooden footbridge over the Beane, the Trail would take to the footpath that cuts across the fields below Revel Hall, high up by St Leonards Church high upon the tree covered ridge.

Another diagonal footpath, through another green, enclosed field to come out of the tree-line by Ware Park Road, here the Trail would take to the tarmac lane below the woodland & on through the bottom of Ware Park, it would be a three-quarter of a mile stretch before the footpath end of the road passed below the northern end of the Kings Mead Viaduct as they followed the river Lea Navigation.

Back on the Short Cut & it was 352 Yards to reach a footbridge over to the back of Galxo's. While Sludge & Mr X continued for 390 Yards to the Held CHK by Ware Lock, the Hare nipped over the footbridge to mark the CHK on the north side, just in case the Keenies had possibly found the Trail? Mr X did offer to head back on the Long Trail, but the Hare was mistakenly confident that there was plenty of Trail on that option, seems that he was wrong.

There was no sight or sound of Slug, 3D, TBT OBE, Whatevershesays & Kylie, or Milf with her dodgy knee, let alone Moss Key Toe, No Eye Deer or Mike. Sludge & Mr X began to lose interest sitting at the Held CHK for over a quarter of an hour, with only waterfowl, a couple of old houseboats & passing joggers, a few civilians out for a walk with pooches & cups of coffee in hand. But at least it wasn't raining!

Mr X now decided that he should call out "On! On!" to encourage those way back on the Trail, a great idea but not even Mr X could be heard back in Hertford! My Lil' said he hoped Mr X would lose his voice, a bit below the belt considering the RA was trying to help the lost section of the Pack! Eventually the Short Cutters were allowed to move on, after having a Henry Hippo Sweet. Periodically Mr X would turn back & call out "On! On!" as the Trail continued around the arcing south bank of the River Lea Navigation, he would get some strange looks from passing civilians.

There was one slight diversion on the bow-like footpath where the Black Ditch runs behind the south bank trees & then coming back to the direct route above the grounds of the Sacred Heart School. Sludge, Mr X & the Hare had now lost any impetus to run the 860 Yard wander back.

Mr X realised that he had a missed call, it was from No Eye Deer. So he called her back just as he reached the up-ramp to the north end of Amwell Lane, when No Eye Deer asked where he was, there was a Lady Bracknell like shocked "At the Pub!" when Mr X said he was just crossing the road in front of the Waterside Inn. Mr X was just a surprised when No Eye Deer said that they were still in Hertford!"

Worse was to come, as once Mr X, Sludge & the Hare were in the Pub, Hot 'N' Spicee, Kylie & Whatevershesays soon joined them, where they claimed to be looking for TBT OBE who had earlier txt Kylie that he was having a pint in the Waterside but he could not be found there.



However, something was awry, where was Milf? Wasn't she with Kylie? The question was deflected back to TBT OBE's whereabouts & the Hare losing the main Pack, but the Truth was spilt as it turned out that Kylie & Whatevershesays had also done a bit of 'Sludging' like TBT OBE, but not on his unofficial Short Cut, they did their own which lopped off most of the Trail off & brought them Inn via a local Café & there they partook of bacon toasted sandwiches!

Mr X was still being blamed for not doing the long loop, then he'd get some more flak for updating the Web & Paper Trash Harelines, on the Friday, with details for couple of future Trails on what he believed to be blank Run slots for next year. After the Hare Raiser had filled in these in at Moss Key Toes Trail, but only passed on the 2023 Trails to the Webmaster & it was his fault that Pepé le Pew is not now going to set a Trail on the 11th of Feb, which has been advertised for months as being traditional Chinese New Year Trail! Seems Mr X needs to inform Kylie straight away! [Perhaps we need to get someone to concentrate work on just the Website & Hareline, printed version as well, instead of Mr X having to do it? – Ed]

To take his mind off of a miffed Milf still being out on Trail, Kylie change the subject back to TBT OBE's whereabouts & txt him to find out his location, seemed that TBT OBE had gone home after having a pint on his own [What time did he arrive back a the Pub? – Ed] TBT OBE replied to Kylies message, that he was now at home. When asked if he was coming back to the Waterside, the txt reply was that he was 'Now asleep' [The day was getting more bizarre, with sleep txting! – Ed]

My Lil' was still trying to shift the blame to the RA as half an hour went by & still no Keenies were back. Whatevershesays & Kylie were now trying to get their excuses in, at the same time both turned to calling their respective other halves to check on their progress were still out on Trail, Mr X said to just blame him, but not for the bacon sarnies!

Finally Moss Key Toe & Mike came Inn, followed about ten minutes later by Slug, 3D, then a not so joyful Milf & No Eye Deer, there was a lot of grovelling from two, but not much remorse from the Hare, who was till blaming the RA for not going around the long loop that he was expected to have done.

The Down-Downs were put off to the following week, as Sludge TBT OBE had gone, others were preparing to go & everyone was feeling tired & hungry by this point, well, with the exception of Kylie & Whatevershesays who enjoyed the earlier bacon sarnies, but that was well over an hour ago & they too were happy to have a snack! Kylie tried to buy back some 'Brownie Points' by treated Milf to an exotic Bailey's based dessert, while Whatevershesays headed off to somewhere probably more expensive.

*Walking side by side  
Singing songs from home  
The spirit as their guide*

*They walk toward the light milord,  
they walk towards the sun  
they smoke and laugh and smile together  
no foes to outrun.*

*These men live on forever  
in the hearts of those they saved  
a nation truly grateful  
for the path of peace they paved.*

*They march as friends and comrades  
but they do not march for war  
step closer to salvation  
a tranquil steady corps  
the meadows lit with golden beams  
a beacon for the brave  
the emerald grass untrampled  
a reward for what they gave.*

*They dream of those they left behind  
and know they dream of them  
forever in those poppy fields  
there walk's one thousand men*



*Joshua Dyer 2019 (aged 14) Lest we forget*