

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

Run No. 2070
Date: 26th November
Venue: The Old Bell Inn
Location: Sawbridgeworth
Beers/Cider: Sharpes Atlantic & Doooooobar
Hare/s: Where's Wally?
Runners: 16
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 17
Membership: Paparazzi hunters!



A massive drop in temperature didn't put off some of the hardier members of the Pack from venturing out today, & for those who did there was a surprise when a white van drove in to the car park & those all ~~freezing their nuts off~~ acclimatising to the weather saw it was Ewok at the wheel.

There were further surprises as some of the normally 'unwell' members of the Pack, also braved the cold & it would not be because it was advertised pre-Trail that there was supposed to be a Paparazzi present at the end of the Trail to write up a proper Run Report!

For two really early arrivals, there was a shock at the car park payment machine, this had bright warning sign stating that there would be no exit from the car park on to Bell Street for the erection of Christmas Decorations, however, it took a while for the penny to drop that the date was the day before.

Seems that the previous day's Full Moon Trail had taken its toll on some. The last reported sighting of Ketchup, après Full Moon was at Alexandra Palace Station. Later on this Sunday, while in Hertford, his status was updated by these two, to have been spotted in HQ [The Old Cross Tavern! – Ed] later the Saturday Night.

No Eye Deer had alerted the Pack to the fact that she & Whatevershesays were on their way, with an ETA of 11:00Hrs hours, Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist were another couple on their way & would also arrive around the hour mark. Milf had to leave the warmth of the pile of blankets she was swaddled under in the front of the car, there was soon a lot of warm hugging as Ewok went around meeting the Pack, after her long break away. When Ewok approached Milf for a hig there was a hilarious "I've missed the both of you!"

Time came around to head to the start, which was outside of the Old Bell, but only after a picture was taken outside the front of the adjacent shop that was really in the Christmas Spirit with their decorations. Fliptop carried out the welcoming speech, then Where's Wally? was called forward to explain what was out there for the Hash.

Normal markings were mentioned but then ear's pricked up at the sound of "Sweets & Alcohol Stop!" as the Pack were then pointed away toward London Road. The FRBs [Front Running B*stards] of Ian, Mike, Ewok, Mr X & My Lil' were soon running up to Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist on their way to the start. They were turned about & joined the others in running beyond the car park entrances to reach London Road & the first CHK point.

Mr X & My Lil', due to their early arrival, had already walked around the first section of Trail, so they took the opportunity to nip into the Bell Street Car Park to 'advise' No Eye Deer & Whatevershesays not to take to start of the full Trail but to short cut through the gap in the corner of the western end of the car park, then out to the footpath that runs below it.

While the other Keenies picked up Trail heading down London Road, Mr X & My Lil' stood waiting, in a 'ready to sprint' pose by the gap in the car park hedgerow, awaiting for the likes of Ian & Mike to be directed by double arrow to leave London Road & come down the ginnel below the car park.

As soon Mike, Ian & Ewok approached, these two ran out to join them, there were a few Short Cutting comments as Mr X now led the way the 208 Yards by the local Bowls Club, then the adjacent Cricket Club behind the fencing to the south.

The next CHK was located when the Trail emerged out on to small green triangle of Fair Green, which to this day still has an annual May fair taking place there. While TBT OBE went off in the wrong direction, Ian was quickly on to the Trail in the southwestern corner, on to another fenced in tarmac footpath to run along by another side of the Cricket Ground, for 150 Yards coming out by the small enclosed play area at the top corner of Vantorts Park.

The Keenies soon had to split up to search in various directions over the green, thankfully not having to go too far as Ian quickly picked up the Trail heading down Springhall Road, at the start of which Ewok stopped to make out she was licking the side of an Ocardo as it had Percy Pigs all on its side! Van [Thankfully Junior is no longer ~~breaking eggs & lightbulbs employed~~ working for them! – Ed]

Dropping down to the southwest, it was noticed that in amongst the older established homes are some sympathetic new builds on the site that was once where the old Scout Hut, opposite the local allotments. The arrows would lead on to the footpath section of Springhall Road, then on the opposite side of the narrow footbridge spanning the brook below, a CHK was found, with just two options, sou-sou-west up the hill, or southeast by the brook.

The CHK had been kicked through, but the foot scrapes were quite faint, but not obscure enough for Mr X to miss, so Ewok, Mike & Mr X took to the south-eastern bound footpath that leads along the tree rooted earthen bank above the brook. On his way, Mr X thought that this could be a potential TBT OBE trap, for he recalled a time on another Trail, when he had warned TBT OBE of a drop by a fallen tree, but TBT OBE still ended up sliding down a nettle & bramble covered embankment above the New River in Great Amwell, to compound things it was TBT OBE's own Trail!

Thankfully there was no Yellow Hi-vis floating away down the stream & so the rest of the Pack could breathe easy as everyone made the 170 Yards unhindered to come out on to the bend in East Drive. By the time the RA had arrived, the CHK had again been more obviously kicked through & it was heading up to where the rest were calling "On! On!" along the serpentine like East Drive.

Rising up through the estate, the Trail would be quickly turned by two arrows to lead on to the next section of the Springhall Road footpath the Hash started off on. [Crafty Hare! - Ed] Another footpath between more of the estate homes to come out on to the northern end of Pishiobury Park, an historic parkland which was once granted to Queen Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII.

Through the metal gates & into the Park to find a CHK awaiting on the start of the Lime Walk, two prominent lines of trees on either side of the wide ride [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]. The Trail would leave the Three Forsets/Harcamlow Way & descend the green slope to the southeast, heading in to bottom of the V-shaped green space between Nursery Wood to the north & the wooded side Osier Beds to the south.

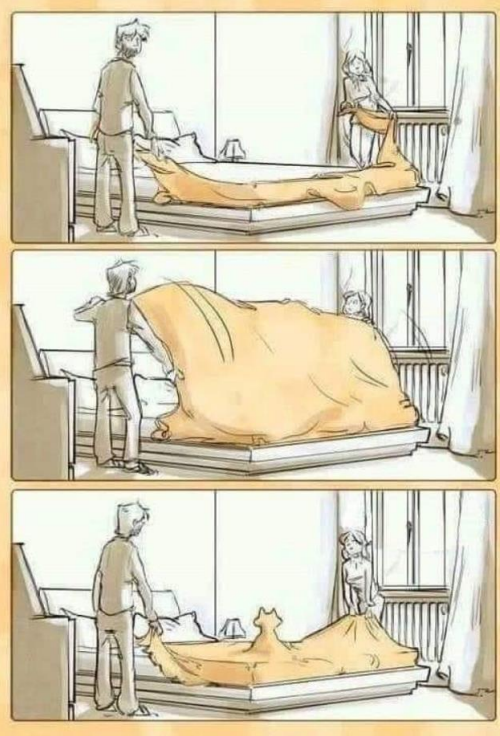
The Osier Beds are the ancient wet grounds by the old River Stort, where Willows were pollarded to produce withies, the strong & flexible stems used to staple thatching, as well as basket, hurdle & fish trap making.

After 370 Yards the Trail would come out to the level, this also meant that there would be Shiggy in the low land, which when the Hare scuttled around earlier to set the Trail was cracking with the frozen ice patches. However the Shiggy [Mud] didn't last too long as the Trail edged toward the River Stort, the Hash had to pass through a gate & then up on to the long, dry wooden strip of duckboards.

It should have been a nice trot along this decking like section, but there was a woman & her two kids sitting at one of the side benches, she also had a couple of Jack Russell's, one of which would snapped at certain passers-by, including some of the Pack like No Eye Deer & the RA! Near toward the end of the wooden way was another & much calmer Jack Russell & the owners were just getting to move on up toward the two Jack Russells back in the park.

Mr X now caught up with TBT OBE at the end of the Duck-boards, by where the rumbling water of the weir for the narrow winding River Stort joins the straighter & wider River Stort Navigation. TBT OBE marked the Check through to the southeast, pointing the way back along the Navigation toward the lower, east end of Sawbridgeworth. Suddenly the scenic, tranquil & calming waterside run was disturbed by the sound of fighting Jack Russells, it was a bit of a hullabaloo & Mr X now had the image of terrier ears & tails being scattered around the duck-boards in a dog-fight.

It would be 350 yards further along the Navigation Tow-path to the next CHK, by more Osier Beds. No Trail off to the side, the Dust was going to stick with the tow-path along the water way constructed to bring Malt from Bishops Stortford & Sawbridgeworth down to London.



Built as an extension to the River Lea Navigation, it opened in 1769. Users of the Stort were issued with its own 'Stort halfpenny' tokens as it was Privately funded: Malt & Oats passed through at a rate of 4d per quarter Ton, whereas Oil Cakes, Malt-dust, pigeon dung & other manures were 1s 6d per ton. [I sh*t you not, that's a lot of Herts Trashes! – Ed] Oil Cakes were cattle fodder cakes made from left-overs from the pressing of various grains.

Anyhow, TBT & Mr X advanced along the towpath, then suddenly came to a halt as TBT OBE spotted a sign by one houseboat that read "Please mind the Cats!" taking his mind off of the Trail & he was soon thinking of other things, as he began ~~leering~~ peering through the houseboat's window to admire the pussy on the opposite side of the pane [No! Pebbledash! – Ed] then his thoughts started to wander, pondering where the cat-flap was? [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

The River Stort Navigation weaved gently northward, passing more floating homes & on the opposite bank was tree that had fallen to the east & left a very nice shallow arc in the a bankside, now a nice shelter for the resident ducks, which were pretty vocal with their quacking as the Pack passed by.

Up & over Sheering Mill Lane to continue along the tow path, across from the apartments where the Late Sloppy Seconds used to live. It was a long 570 Yards by the area of the Sawbridgeworth Moorings, beside the large area of the Maltings, as TBT OBE pointed out there are at least three large Antique Shops there & that regularly seen on TV, such as Bargain Hunt.

A climb the few steps at the edge of the road bridge to reach Station Road, here Mr X told TBT OBE that they weren't far from the Held CHK (Regroup) for he & My Lil' had spotted this on their way up from the Station earlier, but he had earlier promised Where's Wally? that he would not let on where the Trail went.

A few yards on Station Road, then peeling off at the corner where the Forebury Private Road leads away to the southwest, here along the gently rising road are some very desirable houses & they get more so, as the arrows led up to the Private Green, where signage states 'No Cycling, & no Burning X-shaped Dog Poop'. After 255 Yards the Keenies all regrouped at the Held CHK.

Mr X arrived to find the Hare was missing, so He, TBT OBE, My Lil', Sex Tourist, Ewok, Naughty Ways, Mike & Ian were Hanging around awaiting both the Hare & the Knitting Circle to arrive. The Knitting Circle wouldn't be seen by the Keenies, however the Hare arrived & looked rather sheepish as he admitted that he (did a TBT OBE) & got lost on his own Trail. As Mr X pointed out that's why his Hash Handle is Where's Wally?

It was worth the wait out in the cold, for to accompany the Liquorice Allsorts (Complete with a lot of the delicious bobbly aniseed ones) & Wine Gums, the Pack were treated to an Espresso Coffee Vodka, it warmed the old Cockles [Come on Pebbledash! – Ed]

The Hare was kind enough to offer the Keenies the chance to start running moving again in order to keep warm by continuing with the Trail, before the effects of the smooth, warming spirit wore off. There was a lot of groaning as FRBs set off to motivate stiffening limbs, to the footpath marked over to the on the straight back of the small semi-circle green at the curving end of Sayers gardens.

The footpath led on between some large properties before emerging out on to Station Road, where double arrows pointed straight over the busy road to the start of Leat Close & Mill Lane, the close derives its name from a Leat, which is an open watercourse leading to a Mill. This estate is made up of several encompassing arms the Trail utilized to weave the FRBs around & up to Bullfields in the west.

While the Keenies were now heading northward up Bullfields, that runs between the Local School & the Park with the same name, the likes of Flip Top, Milf, Kylie, Whatevershesays, Gen 'N' Tonic & Canny Can't of the Knitting Circle were floundering back on the Trail & all because No Eye Deer, in her haste to try & catch the FRBs, kicked a CHK though in the *wrong* direction! Something that would come back to haunt her in the Circle.

For the Keenies there would the looping Trail continued over the roundabout in Bullfield, the next section of the urban street would veer over nor-nor-west to the junction with Northfields road. The FRBs would be led the short way on a throughway & then turned back southward, to embark on a long, fairly straight road-side 670 Yards on the Cambridge Road, to head toward the Centre of Sawbo [As the locals call it! – Ed]

However, it would not be a straight trot back in via London Road, & some already suspected this as the Hare had kept the Keenies running in almost Circles at times on this Trail. So, at the junction of the main crossroads in town, the Trail headed back down Station Road & then over to New Street.

The FRBs would be now taken up a couple of back-passages, one at the southern, dead-end of the Orchards, then there would be a 90° from east to south for a shorter section that leads out on to the side road of Rowans Walk at the end of which the On Inn was found across for the Fawbert & Barnard Infants School.

Named after the two main Maltsters in Sawbridgeworth & down in Waltham Cross, the School still receives money from the Trust Foundation set up after the death of George Fawbert in 1824, with John Barnard as his executor. The separate carved stone entrances for Girls & Boys can be seen from Knights Street.

All that was now left was a short walk down Knights Street & around to Bell Street, on the way Mr X got to hear how Sex Tourist fell out of a Pub the night before! On approaching to the Bar, Whatevershesays was spotted loitering outside the Public Bar door, where he pointed out a poster that stated this Bar was 'Closed for a Private Party' [It wasn't the Hash either! – Ed]. Mr X simply walked up to the next door along & into the Saloon Bar for a Pint!

There was some trepidation when the Landlady said that 'Colin' had reserved tables out the back, but she did reassure the Hash that there was heating out there, as well as blankets available in a large, neat pile, that could be taken outside & of course the Harriettes all seemed to accept this offer! Milf ended up as she started, under a pile of the woollen comforters! Meanwhile Mr X was still sporting shorts!

One bonus of being out under the large covered back garden, was the fact that the Hash were a bit nearer to the 'Gorilla Buffalo Burgers' & some wondered if these were made from the large Primates or Buffalos? Fear not Greenpeace, they were Beef burgers in a Buffalo sauce style. Of course these would prove very popular, though some were confused as to what they ordered, there seemed to be an extra one being delivered.

Sadly there were no Paparazzi on hand to write an epic story of the Hash, [Far better than this Lowly Scribe can! – Ed] well it seemed so at the time, but the Trail had been spotted by some locals & this hit the local Social Media & then it made the Bishops Stortford independent.

Eventually the Circle was called by Fliptop, some didn't like the idea of having to move over to the expose patio area, but there was a good & just reason for this, the RA was going to conduct a naming & he didn't want to get Flour, Shiggy & Ale on the AstroTurf under the awnings.

So, after the toast to the Hash, the Hare was rewarded or a great Trail. Ewok was welcomed back with a drink, as was Ian, then we had No Eye Deer marking a CHK in the wrong direction, while Whatevershesays was called out for teasing the RA & My Lil' with pictures of (The Award winning) Sarah Hughes Dark Ruby Mild* [A particular Favourite of theirs! – Ed] The was more than a faint wiff of

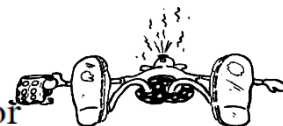


A Chocolate Orange Scotchie

Bullshit in the air as Whatevershesays quickly & failed in trying to convince No Eye Deer that he didn't take the pictures the night before in his local Pub!

Finally it came around to Mike, who completed his 10th Herts Hash, also it was time for a Hash Name, there were suggestions regarding his carrying of a Tape Measure on Trail? Which led to a few quips about inside legs to make the Circle seem like a bad episode of 'Are you Being Served?' With Mr X saying "I am free!" But as Mike's surname is a derivation of the Italian for 'Of Monaco' but looks like Diamante to the uninitiated [far too cheap for a Herts Hash name! – Ed], in a roundabout way he ended up with Diamond Geezer as his Hash Handle. & Herts his Mother Hash.

*Sarah Hughes bought the Traditional Black Country Tower Brewery & Public House at Auction in 1921, she brewed her home-made Ales up until 1957, but after 30 Years of closure, her Grandson restored the Brewery & began his Gran's Brewing process once more. All of which means we should go & have a Hash up in Sandy, place that left indelible impressions on some senior Herts Hasher on a joint Run with Cambridge way back in the early 90's, but that's a story for another day!



Herts Hash House Harriers back in Sawbridgeworth for 'chilly' trail around town

By Chris Carter - chris.carter@bishopsstortfordindependent.co.uk

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A group that caused a stir after its activities led to fears homes in Sawbridgeworth were being marked for burglars was back in town at the weekend.

Herts Hash House Harriers lay flour trails for 'hashers' to track. In June last year a post on a Sawbridgeworth Facebook group queried what the "chalky white" trail left around town was. Some were concerned it was poisonous to dogs while others feared houses were being marked for burglaries. Then a picture was posted of a man laying a trail.

But Colin Lodge came clean, revealing he had been marking out a route for the Harriers, a group of people who "meet at a pub, run or walk the trail, then enjoy a beer".



The harriers met at The Old Bell on Sunday for a trek around town – but not before Colin had a panic about his trail laid on Saturday being rubbed out during Sawbridgeworth's Christmas lights switch-on event.

"On Sunday I went round to check the trail before the gang turned up," said Colin. "Luckily the flour had survived OK overnight, though it was particularly chilly – the mud in Pishiobury Park had frozen!"

Human Interest

Quirky

Sawbridgeworth

Chris Carter