



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

Run No. 2086

Date: 25th February 2025

Venue: The Green Man

Location: Leverstock Green

Beers/Cider: London Pride; Side Pocket for a Toad; DoomBar; Landlord

Hare/s: Moss Key Toe & Diamond Geezer

Runners: 19

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 0

Total: 19

Membership: The trials & tribulations of a Virgin Hare upsetting the High & Mighty!



Sometime mid-week there a request came in for the What3words Map coordinates to be changed from the Pub to the furthest car park away on the opposite end of the Shopping Arcade, which on the Day of Hashing, had the Pack seemingly scattered to all points in between. However, outside of the Pub chalked word of Herts Hash & arrows directing the way to the other car park were seen, the letters were large enough for any aircraft, stacked for landing a Luton to see.

Somehow the Pack were rounded up to meet at the eastern most section car park by the Library & Community Centre, where confusingly there were the words 'The End' were spotted chalked by a post? The early arrivals got to hear that the Hares has been around the Trail, not once, not twice, but thrice! After getting caught out in the Thursday deluge, then finding that the chosen route was now supposedly 'Too water-logged', then they took a car around to change the Trail slightly & make use the drier tarmac of a lane!

Fliptop introduced the Pack to the correct Trial Number, adding that there was a discrepancy in the advertised Run number? Then the Hares were called forward to explain what the Pack would discover out on Trail. The change to a bit of Lane running due to 'Too Much Shiggy!' was mentioned, there was a regroup & sweet stop, finally there was the official Short Cut, which came as much relief for Milf & the Knitting Circle. Then the Keenies of Naughty Ways, Sex Tourist, Flying Solo & one Hare all set off to the opposite corner of the car park, with No Eye Deer, Parsons Nose, My Lil & Mr X following on.

The Trail started by taking the Hash out along the eastern edge of the playing fields, the going against the well walked side of the pitches was a little slippery in places & it made some wonder in what state the busy football pitches would be left in after the kids' matches had finished? Anyhow, Flying Solo went off to search the first back-passage of the day, located about half up the sports field, where it runs off from behind the rear gardens of Curtis Road but "On!" was called further up to the tarmac path that crosses the top, north end of the playing fields.

A CHK here had only two options, nor-nor-west or sou-sou-east & it was the latter option that won out, though some were more concerned looking over to the small dome-tent nestled by the hedgerow in the top eastern corner, most commented on it not being conducive weather for camping, being very wet & now back to the normal season frosty weather, especially as the front door was unzipped & open.

The Pack came out to the end of Curtis Road, where the Trail continued to the opposite continuation of the footpath, but just a few feet up the next back-passage was a CHK. Diamond Geezer now needed a hand for someone to help extract his chalk from his back-pack & Mr X helped him out just as "On!" was called by Naughty Ways, away up the shorter option of the shuttered-in path with a right-angle turn from nor-nor-east to east by southeast to lead out on to Lombardy Close.

The FRBs now all embarked on a clockwise loop around the small side road to come out to a CHK on the wonderfully named Pancake Lane. Flying Solo, Sex Tourist & Naughty Ways were well on their way down said Pancake Lane to the main Leverstock Green Way Road, this area was once the Pancake Wood. It appears on the 1883 Ordnance Survey Map, when the village only consisted of Holy Trinity Church, the Baptist Chapel, a Post Office, a couple of hundred cottages & three Pubs, The Leather Bottle, The Red Lion & the Rose & Crown! [Ah, the good old days before t'internet & subscription TV, when people went out meet & greet each other! – Ed]

In 1870-72, John Marius Wilson's Imperial Gazetteer of England and Wales described Leverstock Green like this: LEVERSTOCK-GREEN, a chapelry in St. Michael, Abbots-Langley, and Hemel-Hempstead parishes, Herts; near the river Vei., 4 miles NW of St. Albans r. station. It was constituted in 1850; and it has a post office under Hemel-Hempstead. Pop. in 1861, 1,247. Houses, 254. Pop. of the St. Michael portion, 343; of the Abbots Langley portion, 554. The living is a p. curacy in the diocese of Rochester. Value, £50. Patron, the Earl of Verulam. The church was built in 1849.

A turn to the southeast to head away on Levertsock Green Way, on the A4147 toward Verulamium, then 130 Yards on to cross over to a CHK by a Footpath leading down to the southwest, it was a nice 185 Yard Shiggy filled,

fenced-in old footpath that also appears on the 1883 Map that leads out to Chambersbury & then over this road to cut across the small green by the junction with Catsdell Bottom Lane.

The Trail would now take to this south-westerly old lane, the Trail crossed over to the footpath on the opposite side as it heads up behind a short section of hedgerow, further down this ancient lane the hedgerows have been dated to the 10th Century, parts being before the Norman Conquest.

Parson's Nose was spotted avoiding the raised, short section of tarmac path behind the hedge, as the Flying Solo, Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist crossed the road ahead of him, setting off on another old south-eastward by-way, tough these days it has a metal gate & signage to say no Motorbikes, Quadbikes or Minibikes allowed!

A 281 Yard along the north-eastern hedgerow end of Bunkers Park Open Space to reach the small car park, where most of the many dog walkers had parked up! This 123½ Acre site was acquired by the Commission for New Towns for development, thankfully later on the Dacorum Borough Council took it over in 1995 for the use of the people of Dacorum, so far preventing any development.



It is also an area of historical importance, not just with the ancient hedgerows & the variety of plants, but there are also signs of Strip farming, these distinctive lines appear on an 1840 Tithe Map. To the southeast the woodland of Catsdell & new nature reserve could be admired, on the opposite side of the hedgerow, once beyond the drive to the car park, the new Poppy Fields Cemetery & Hemel Hempstead Crematorium could be seen, the buildings of which appear to resemble some kind of secret hidden bunker, for it is set below surrounding grassy mounds.

Another 260 yards on the straight path & the FRBs arrived at a CHK by the Bunkers Lane entrance, opposite the long established Bunkers Farm & its cottages. While Sex Tourist, Naughty Ways & Flying Solo had all disappeared out of sight, off down Bunkers Lane to the southeast, Tent Packer, Parson's Nose, Mr X & My Lil' all went wrong by searching the footpath to the east

of Bunkers Farm, where there was no Trail at all.

An about turn & this group picked up No Eye Deer, who would mark the Trail once it was realised it was along the tarmac lane, here Juices Flowing, Kylie, Fliptop, Paxo, TBT OBE, Nigel, Doeswhatshesays & Milf with the Senior Hare of Moss Key Toe were also approaching the lane, but the next stage was a long straight trot downhill & this would stretch out the Pack.

Now, Mr X wanted to test Diamond Geezer's claim that the original section had too much Shiggy, as he decided to go off behind the hedgerow on Trail on the inside of the Bunkers Park. It did start off with some Shiggy, there were a couple of deep sections that were churned up, for it is a marked bridleway & used by plenty of equines, but, all in all it wasn't the worst of paths the RA has Hashed on. To prove this point, even Kylie made his way along the inside of the park, & he remarked that the new Hare will learn there's no such thing as too much Shiggy! This option also avoided the narrow lane.

Calls of "Petrol!" kept being heard on the lane, no such worries of any approaching traffic to the west of the lane, although the going did slow a little at one shallow dip that could have been a slipping point for TBT OBE, right before the drop down to one end of Catsdell Wood. Here the Trail came to a CHK by an old metal gate in the hedgerow.

Two of tarmac options from this point, to enter the long, green grassy space below the wooded tree covered ridge of Long Deans to the southeast, or take the Short Cut on the due north footpath at the bottom of fallow triangle of land below the Catsdell plantations. The Hares were pleased by the number of the Pack who opted for the long version of the Trail.

As TBT OBE set off on the Short Cut, he was told by one Hare that there would be a Held CHK at the end of this footpath, he was well on his way before Milf & the Knitting Circle reached the shorter option. Leaving TBT OBE to go his own way, Paxo & Fliptop were among those to chose the longer option, following on behind Mr X & No Eye Deer on a nice long, gentle run through the elongated grassy vale from a steady 850 Yards. At certain times of the year this long enclosure is home to a heard of Belted Galloways & other bovines.

No cattle were encountered, just more canines out for a stroll, before the Trail changed tack from the southwest run to rise up westward on the embankment & up through another old wrought iron gate, reacing Bunkers Lane once more.

The first group of Keenies were now well out of sight of most of the Pack, the gap between Flying Solo, Sex Tourist & Naughty Ways would only increase once the Trail crossed over the lane to make its way beyond the 'No Entry' & 'Private Road, No Unauthorised Entry' Signs [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed], the steep climb up the Longdean Park Road would soon slow up the middle order of the Pack. ON the way the Pack would pass through the open, immaculately white painted gates, that just hinted at the fact this former park would smell of money.

Catching ones breath after the long steady climb, the Hash could inhale the exotic allure of the large homes that are dotted around the hillside, but once up on the level, those who are into the property values could also admire the neatly cut verges, trimmed bushes [Steady Pebbledash!- Ed] & even larger detached abodes in this area.

The RA was surprised that the Police weren't called out to round up the rabble of the Pack, for it came to his attention that some of the locals weren't happy with a Trail leading the 'Hash hoi polloi' along these quite secluded roads, as some complained to one Hare that they 'couldn't put down Hash Markings around here, it's just not done & they should be removed! The reply to which went along the lines of "Too late they're already there!"

The Pack moved on without doffing their caps, mainly as they could feel the gust of the cool breeze coming at them face-on! Things continued running around on to Highclere Drive & then branching off to head down around

Silverthorne Drive to where it would rise up to Chambersbury Lane, thankfully everyone managed to pass through the next set of white gates, which were closed, before the good folk of the estate caught up with their flaming torches & pitchforks to drive the unwanted out! [If only 'Arold, former F.U.K Full Moon Hash Diplomat was there, he would have labelled it a 'Phukin' knobby suburb!' – Ed]

A short way down the ridge & the next CHK, with a very large H beside, it was found at the dip in Catsdell Bottom [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed], here there was a choice of (proper) Liquorice Allsorts, with plenty of bobbly aniseed ones, Fruit Pastels & some Jammy Dodgers. Diamond Geezer was happy that Milf & the Knitting Circle made it to the regroup at the same time as Flying Solo, Naughty Ways & Sex Tourist did, but there was one exception & that was TBT OBE, who was nowhere to be seen!

Sweets munched & the Pack moved on in small groups, under the impression that they had completed three miles & had two more to complete to reach the On Inn! The Trail headed northward on the grassy strip beside the Northend Estate, the grassy section didn't last long as the Trail now diverted to the side streets, taking the clockwise way to find the next CHK up off of the top of the circular road, located by a tarmac footpath running beside the bottom of the Tennis Club. Here Tent Packer, Parson's Nose & My Lil' were fooled in to searching this footpath by Mr X, when he miss marked the CHK!

Lots of grumbling as they found a T & returned to where the CHK was remarked to point further along Northend, reaching the next CHK by another tarmac footpath by a line of old established trees. This path running along the top of the Leverstock Green Tennis Club was where the Trail was picked up, on this path there were some discarded baby toys, o seeing which led Mr X to say that "Someone has thrown their toys out of the Pram!" to which My Lil's said "Could be TBT OBE, as he wasn't at the Held CHK!" [Meow! – Ed]

After 130 Yards crossing Grasmere Close, then a further 82 Yards on the next passageway the Trail arrived out on to the edge of Ullswater Road, these streets being named after the Lake District. Mr X now wanted to continue up Ullswater to the Cricket Cub, but the Trail didn't take a direct route!

Instead for the Keenies, there would be a clockwise loop around Crossfell Road, where at a small spur on a bend a footpath was found, it was one last back-passage to enter before emerging out through Coniston Close, which joins Ullswater Road, where it as straight on to the north-eastward Malmes Croft road, that runs by the west of the Cricket Club & up to the A4147 again. A cheery Pack now realised that it was not two miles from the Held CHK to the On Inn.

Not only had some taken the really Shiggy option today, like Parson's Nose, they too would 'cock a snook' at the red & white striped strips of cordoning-off tape by the wobbly steps down to the main entrance to the Pub, as the Pack settled in for a couple of pints. Talk came around to Mother & Lemmings absence? This was no doubt down to them acquiring Buster earlier in the week, My Lil' wondered how they'd get on with having a Puppy? [Wait to he gets to that 'Chewing Stage' & that's just Lemming! – Ed]

By Pint two, Des Res had finally made an appearance, after his very late start! However he was in time for the Circle, which was a bit delayed as the RA had to go back in the Bar to fetch his Stole! Mr X blamed his subdued nature today, being down to the couple of Pint of 'Death or Glory' he had on the way back from the Full Moon Hash, while watching the Rugby. He added that he didn't get the Glory Bit when he woke up [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] but he had that feeling that something had possibly died.

The Hares were rewarded for a great Trail; Sex Tourist was out for completing his 10th Herts Trail; Des Res was awarded his Down-Down for his late arrival; of Course Kylie couldn't get away with his smart new Hair Cut [Did he have a job interview? – Ed] then there was DWSS for sitting all on his lonesome & not wanting to join No Eye Deer [Or anyone else! – Ed] Finally there was a Hash toast, in memory of the late Dangleberry, who we sadly lost last week.

