

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

Run No. 2090
Date: 23rd March 2025
Venue: The Boot
Location: Dane End
Beers/Cider: GK London's Glory; Deuchers IPA;
Hare/s: Kylie
Runners: 18
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après:
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 18
Membership: Paying no danegeld!



At least one of the potholes
have been sealed



A cool breeze on this sunny morning would greet the gathering Pack, who were just awaiting for Mr X & My Lil' to arrive on the Herts Lynx Bus, which they did with some six minutes to spare. The Circle was welcomed by Fliptop, before the Hare was called forward.

Kylie explained that it was normal Herts Hash markings, as the Pack interjected with questions about sweet stops & short cuts, to which there were positive replies & that those who weren't up for a Long Loop should stick with him & leave the loop to the Keenies!

With not much more to be added to his 'Chalk-Talk', Kylie then ushered the Hash away from the small car park behind the Pub & out on to the Munden Road, where the late arrivals had already seen a CHK near to the local Stores after they had alighted from the Bus.

So, Mr X led the way up the small residential Easington Road where arrows took to Kingsfield Road as it heads eastward for a few more yards to reach a CHK by the alleyway, that runs from the back of the Pub to the south & then continues up between the houses on the northern side of the street to emerge out on to the southern end of the open fields of Easington Common, here there was no CHK, just one blob to one side of the North bound footpath along the western side of the field.

Mr X set off up the edge of the field, but there was no Dust on this option. As no one else seemed to pick up any Trail on the other two footpath options, he went back & forth several times on the unlikely chance he would find Trail. Mr X was finally put out of his misery when Paxo picked up the Dust on the diagonal, north-easterly path that runs up the gentle rise of the hillside toward All Saints Church at Little Munden.

After about 300 yards the Pack would find a CHK on the roadside tarmac footpath opposite the local C of E School. The Hare now let slip that he had been 'Stalked by Paxo' [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] as Paxo claimed to have spotted the Hare whilst he was out setting the Trail on the Friday afternoon, but how much did Paxo know? Why was Paxo over there? What's the price of fish?

Well, it seems that Paxo didn't follow the Hare for too long on Friday, for he went off up by All Saints on Church lane as it heads north-eastward toward the Lordship Barns. Paxo was not the only one who was looking in the wrong place, for No Eye Deer was fruitlessly searching southward on the 'dog-walking' path on the inside of the field. No Eye Deer & Paxo were both called back as the Trail was picked up sou-sou-eastward on Church Lane as it heads back down beside the chain-link fencing toward the homes on the north side of Dane End.

As the Hash passed by the bottom corner of the field, My Lil' was among those who took great joy in pointing out to No Eye Deer the wide gap where the chain-link fencing had been removed from between two of the concrete uprights, allowing dog-walkers access to Easington Common. It was here that the Hash found Milf & DWSS were waiting for the rest to run down the hill, with Milf capturing the approaching Pack on camera.

Sludge & Tent packer were Keen to carry on beyond the start of the side road of Founceley Avenue, to reach the end of the lane where it joins the Munden Road, they were correct as here, just before the junction a CHK was located on the raised footpath, which had Moss Key Toe as the only one to look around on this.

Moss Key Toe would be back as Sludge led the way straight over the road & on to the footpath that begins on the wooden footbridge spanning the watery ditch of the Dane End Tributary, then takes to the long steady 610 Yard climb up the hillside toward White Hill Farm.

On the way up the tree lined footpath the going was slow, not just due to the ascent, but also this section was a bit of an ankle turning way due to it being used by horse riders & there were deep hoof prints to be negotiated, as well as the many exposed tree-roots that could catch out the likes of TBT OBE.

TBT OBE survived the long climb, as the Trail came out on to the Whitehill Lane & here another CHK was found. The field opposite had a sign that sated it was Private Land, which put a few off of searching within it edges, instead Mr X & Tent Packer chose to head sou-sou-east & found Dust leading up toward the entrance to Whitehills Golf Course to another CHK semi-hidden up in the hedgerow verge.

Mr X went off to search the drive to the Golf Course, but he turned around to come back as it seemed to be a lost cause when he spotted Dust, so he headed back toward the Golf Club. Mr X's calling had brought Tent Packer & Moss Key Toe to follow on behind him. But things would all fall apart, just as Mr X thought that he would soon be approaching the 19th Hole of the Golf Club, this would not happen as around the last bend a T was found on one of the large hard rubber 'Sleeping Policemen'!

It was a long trudge back to the Whitehills Lane for these three, where they now they found the CHK had been marked in the direction of Potter's Green. They arrived just as a utilities work truck pulled up to set out 'Road Closed' signage, they would move on to drive by the rest of the Hash who were well on their way along the 450 Yards to where the Trail would take to the 'Long Loop'.

On the way the Hare explained that the road was being closed as there has been a large water leak flooding the road over the last few days, the long streams of water on the side of the lane were proof of this. The truck pulled up by the bend in the lane, here they put more closure signs, right by the arrows pointing the way north-eastward on Langton's Lane (Track) where the majority of the Hash would set off on the tree-lined by-way.

The Short Cut would be down Whitehill Lane as it headed south-eastward, which the Hare sent Milf & DWSS on. The long Trail would not leave the by-way for a further 620 Yards, Mr X would finally catch up with Coucou, Manjeet, Canny Cant, Paxo, My Li' Fliptop, Sis, Sludge, but still ahead were Tent Packer, Moss Key Toe & No Eye Deer, they would be first to encounter a lone woman out jogging & a guy on a White Scramble-type Motorbike who rode on by the Pack.

Mr X would now finally caught up with the three FRBs, seems others were ambling along & it may have been due to suffering from the after-effects of the Saracens v Quins match the day before? Anyhow, Tent Packer came back from the eastern arm of the split in the track, where there was a CHK. No Eye Deer & Moss Key Toe then started to venture up the western arm, which started with a wide deep tract of water-logged Shiggy, & No Eye Deer was heard to protest that her feet were now wet!

If having wet feet on the way out to where the track starts to turn to the west was an issue, then No Eye Deer was going to be doubly disappointed as Mr X had gone off up to the east, where Tent Packer had failed to find any Dust on this much drier earthen track! Mr X would soon be calling "On!" [Up on the dry earth! – Ed] as he moved on through the wooded section of the Trenchern Hills, the Track moved on toward Beggarman's Lane.

A CHK was found by the gate into a field before reaching Beggarman's Wood, by this was a sign warning pooch owners, that dogs off of leads & caught worrying the pregnant sheep would be Shot! [Sadly, there has been an increase in the worrying & killing of Livestock! – Ed]

Mr X decide to search the enclosed field of lush green grass, which was devoid of any ovines, here Trail was picked up & off he set through the gate at the opposite end of the field, where the Trail would turn southward.

Arrows were spotted on the posts for what is known as a 'Sparky-gate'! Which for the uninitiated are the distinctive Deer-Gates to keep Bambi's family away from roads or saplings they would eat, but "Why are they known as Sparky Gates?" I hear you cry?

The answer to why Herts Hashers call these as such, is that they have similar gates set on the footpaths that cross sections of the A10 By-pass, all in order to prevent the Deer from getting on to the dual carriageways. In order for these gates to work properly, there are signs that politely ask walkers to 'Please close the Gate!' to prevent any accidents. But when Kylie & Milf set a Trail over Puckeridge way, Sparky left the gate open behind him, Mr X shouted back for Sparky to shut the

gate, but Sparky didn't have his hearing-trumpet & couldn't hear the Mr X loud requests or understand his gestures! Nor those of Kylie & Milf who also screamed the same information back at Sparky.

Mr X then had to take his life in his hands once again, to cross the busy dual carriageways, then climb up the embankment & close the sodding Deer gate, all while Sparky carried on oblivious to any potential carnage he could have caused. Mr X then crossed the A10 lanes for a third time, thankfully there was no such issues this week.

The Trail now led on through the slightly meandering desire line of a footpath through the enclosure of lots of saplings of the Millennium/Jubilee wood, again it was slightly damp under foot as there were tracts of Shiggy along the way to the opposite 'Sparky Gate' some 270 Yards from the first, the soggy area is also known as Crabcroft Spring.

Exiting the woodland & the footpath runs out beside the edge of the plantation of broadleaf trees & then on to contrast of the open expanse of a crop field, here it was 425 Yard in a sou-sou-westerly direction. Mr X was now getting away from everyone else, but he wasn't for stopping as he was trying to clear out the cobwebs from the day of rugby. As he approached Potter's Hall Farm, at Potter's Green, he ceased calling "On! On!" as there were stables ahead of him & horses were now visible in the adjoining paddocks, but when he looked back over the dead flat 400 Yards of field, there was no one else in sight!

The Trail would disappear out of sight of anyone behind when it ran in amongst the stables, other farm buildings & corralled Paddocks, then just as it reached the short drive out to the Whitehill Lane, there was a sudden turn, for the footpath moved over to the western edge of the last enclosure & then over into Hasley Grove, it was in this bit of woodland that Milf & Kylie were fund waiting at the Sweet Stop/ Held CHK.

The Hare seemed concerned that Mr X was on his own, there was no "Well done for being first here!" [That would be too competitive! – Ed] but Kylie thought that his Trail may have been kicked out, destroyed or washed away? Mr X reassured him that he found the Trail was well marked, up to this point! Words that would come back & haunt him later!



With a nice blue bobbly aniseed Allsort to accompany the other sweets on offer, which were bagged by the first at the Held CHK, Kylie suggested that Mr X carried on, with the instructions that the Trail would head off through one section of the golf course. Kylie was to remain as there were Hashers present that he didn't trust to not make a noise through a Golf Course the Hash Hackers frequent.

So, Mr X set off, crossing the wooden duck-boards to come out on to the lane, crossing this & then embarking on the trot over a couple of fairways. Now Mr X doesn't know much about Golfing etiquette, but as he came emerged from the footpath through Cock's Wood [Luckily Pebbledash was not present this day! – Ed] he was faced with the prospect of running very close to one Tee, where two guys lined up & took their shots without any concern at all if they had sliced a ball directly at him. Something he would just put down to ignorance of the golfers. As TBT OBE correctly said the quote by Mark Twain was "Golf is a good walk spoilt!"

Anyhow, Mr X thought that way off in the distance he could hear some crying, it wasn't any of TBT OBE's mates bellowing out "Four!" to alert others to nay wayward Balls [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] but it could have been Tent packer on find all the bobbly aniseed sweets had gone??

It was at this point, up by the Club House, that the Trail seemed to peter out. It took Mr X a couple of attempts to find it, firstly he looked to the north of the 19th Hole, but no joy for the second time that day! He ignored the driveway he was on earlier!

So, a fair way around the southern end of the Club House, & Putting green out front, the Dust was eventually found heading down to Lodge Farm, he did notice a Short Cut through a horse paddock that was just a tract of churned up Shiggy, this looked to be very ankle turning & so was given a miss!


To keep ankles intact, another loop was about to be under taken, but again the Dust seemed a bit sparse heading away down to Lodge Farm, then turning north-westward along the tree-line at the top of the plateau of Smart's Hill, there was a great panorama away the south & west from up there, not to mention the treatment works below, on what didn't seem to be an official footpath?

The Trail was coming to its conclusion, as a 450 yard, due westward descent of the Chalky hillside began to finally reach the Munden Road, where a turn to the north would lead back in to the Hamlet, by which point Mr X had given up to walk the last 350 Yards back to the On Inn, which was found written on one of the kerb-side stones where the Dane End Tributary runs along the front of the homes on the Munden Road.

Time to settle in, where Mrs Mallet, Flanders, Gen & Tonic were found. It took a while for Doeswhatshesays to arrive, with DWSS complaining that he got lost at the Golf Club! Mr X said he too had some trouble, & that the rest of the Pack were well behind, thinking that they may have fallen for a Falsie way back by the Chicken Farms, most probably not heeding the Hare's mention of 'Three & On!'

The Main Pack arrived back, like the RA they too looked exhausted, & after a chat about the overwhelming Rugby the day before, the lucky ones got to hear TBT OBE do his best 'David Leadbetter' [Whooooo? I hear you ask? Well, gentle reader] he was a famous Golf Instructor as with a lost golf ball Mr X had found beyond the farm [Must have been one hell of a slice that one, Teebs? – Ed] & with a beer-mat he showed how a pitching wedge actually works, with the ball rolling up over the face [Whoa there Pebbledash! – Ed]

The Hash also learnt that there was no signal in Dead End, as some of the locals call Dane End, unless you are on Vodaphone, it's a mobile desert which prevent Paxo & the Kids sitting there on their phones! Mr X said that as Dane End was on the east of the River Lea it would have been under Danelaw from the 9th to the 11th Centuries, they should at least be able to use Bluetooth, since it is named after Harald Blue Tooth, King of Denmark 958 – 986, who converted Denmark to Christianity.

Bluetooth technology is named after Harald Bluetooth, since he was supposedly a good communicator & united the Danish Tribes, the Bluetooth logo is from the combined bind rune merging the Younger Futhark runes (ᚱ, Hagall) and (ᚷ, Bjarkan), Harald's initials! 

The Circle was called early as the Gourmet Hash were in town & had reservations for 13:30Hrs.

Things were slightly delayed, for there was some Lost Property that needed fetching by Kylie, also Mr X realised that he hadn't got the sacred Stole out of his change of clothes bag! Eventually the Circle got under way the Hash toasted. Then the Hare was rewarded with his Pint for a wonderful Trail, even if some claimed that they found it long & a bit patchy at one point.



Other Down-Downs went to TBT OBE for his knowledge of spinning balls [Next week it will be Barnes Wallis' Bouncing Balls & Bombs! – Ed] The lost property of a missing Hash Bag was returned to Milf.

Manjeet was out for having completed her 10th Herts Hash Trail (It was actually her 11th) as she was presented with her 10th Run Bumbag, she happened to mention she was a 'Sophisticated Lady' which the RA picked up on, & the Circle agreed that it was to be her Hash Handle – No Eye Deer said that she had got off lightly as the RA didn't have access to any flour!

Finally there was Sis, called out for leaving her Handbag in the Royal British Legion the week before, where they found the driving license of one Linda D***** Ohmygodhowcouldfliptop let My Lil' (& others) know her middle name? This coming week we may find out if Fliptop slept in Teddy's basket?

