

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

Run No. 2096
Date: 6th May 2025
Venue: The Plough at Sleepshyde
Location: Sleepshyde (& not Tyttenhanger!)
Beers/Cider: 3 Brewers
Hare/s: My Lil'
Runners: 15
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 2
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 18
Membership: Very damp, not at the other Plough



Well what a palaver getting the venues sorted out this Trail, at first the Plough at Tyttenhanger was going to be the venue, but after a lot of effort from the RA with unanswered phone calls, emails, Facebook messages the Plough at Tyttenhanger eventually replied they would not be opening this early May Bank Holiday until 15:00Hrs!

Thankfully while the RA was busy trying to multi task, he accidentally emailed the Plough at Sleepshyde, where Eoin replied that they would be open at Noon, which was a welcome alternative, an offer that was gratefully accepted. All of which meant that the RA had to change the online Hareline as the venue originally which had been labelled with 'Not the Plough at Sleepshyde!' As well as the additional posting on Facebook & emailing the Hash to let them know of this late alteration.

The Pack gathered at the Plough at Sleepshyde, a place known to both Moss Key Toe & Mr X from Years gone by, one as a Student, the other as his Uncle used to drink there. This week saw the return of Sparky, who TBT OBE had picked up, then there was an introduction of Buster, Mother & Lemmings new pooch who is a bit of a 'Babe Magnet' with his Boarder Terrorist 'Teddy Bear' like face. Earlier this morning he had already charmed the Landlady!

Anyhow, the rain had begun by the time the GM had called the Circle to order, over where the majority were sheltering beneath the overhanging hedge & trees. TBT OBE announced the correct Run number, then the newbie pooch was introduced before the Hare was called forward to an audible, collective groan!



The Circle's mood picked up when they heard that there were Short Cuts, there would be a Beer check, so money was needed on Trail, then atmosphere dropped once more when the Hare announced that everyone would get wet & not just from the drizzle! The RA would hear a lot of moaning about why it wasn't dry & the sun shining this morning?

Without further ado the Pack were shown the way out of the kissing gate in the hedge, where Mr X & Mother led the way out over the slippery clay slip footpath heading northward through the green crop field to reach the first CHK on the tarmac route of the Alban Way, the former Hatfield to St Albans railway line.

Mr X now went wrong by searching the old line in the direction toward Hatfield, after finding a T he would come back to find Mother too had gone wrong in the opposite direction toward Smallford & St Albans way beyond. The other option was to head further northward through two more small fields to reach Wilkins Green Lane, where Mr X, Mother, Moss Key Toe & Diamond Geezer would find Dust.

While the Keenies turned eastward on the triangle in the lane, the Knitting Circle would head along the former Railway line in the direction that Mr X had fruitlessly searched earlier. Back with the FRBs on the loop, they would leave the puddle strewn lane to move on to another footpath through the green countryside.

Now, while most side-stepped the large puddle by the start of the tree-lined footpath, Moss Key Toe decided that he'd plough through the centre of said puddle, & almost like the scene from 'Way out West' in an Oliver Hardy-esque move he sunk a lot further than expected in this deep pot-hole, thankfully not up to his waist!

The Rain began to get heavier as the Keenies made their way along the long path that weaved its way south-eastward, then changing at an elbow to a south-westerly direction to reach the Alban Way once more, it

was along this point that Zingalong caught up after his late arrival. The Keenies passed by Milf, who was taking 'Action Photo's' of them running toward her, then they moved on by Sparky, who was utilizing the shelter of the borrowed Milf's Umbrella [The RA noted that Kylie hadn't given up his broly! – Ed]

The likes of Paxo, Milf, Kylie, FWB, The Hare, TBT OBE, Sparky, Sludge, Lemming & Buster had already headed off on the next section of the meandering 620 Yard footpath to arrive at the edge of the busy A414, where the Trail was marked to cross over the dual carriageways of the 'North Orbital'.

While one large group crossed over at a break in the traffic on both sides, when Kylie & Milf arrived with Sparky, they were horrified as Sparky blindly stepped out & they had to hold him back from aimlessly wandering in to the fast flowing traffic!

After the restraining of Sparky, they then all crossed safely over to join the rest heading south-eastward on one of the paths in the scrubby, wooded land & take the next Short Cut.

Diamond Geezer, Tent Packer, Moss Key Toe, Mr X, Mother & Zingalong would all take to another loop, leaving TBT OBE, Sparky, Kylie, Milf, FWB, Paxo, Lemming & Buster, along with the Hare would take a SCB straight on along the edge of one field to head toward Roundhouse Lane Farm Lane.

The loop would head eastward. To start with this was just not runnable due to the overgrowth of the hedges & thicket having been butchered, not only was it a now much wider track covered in flooded pot holes, there were lots of sapling stumps remaining that were potential trip-hazards. Overhead a police Helicopter was hovering up & down the adjacent A1(M) either looing out from ne'er-do-wells, drunk Students from the University's Ellie House or the FRBs [Wasn't that covered by ne'er-do-wells? – Ed]

The RA was thankful that TBT OBE & Sparky were not on this stretch, though this didn't prevent Sparky from slipping up later on.

Tent Packer said that this section of Trail looked like 'the Front Line in Ukraine' [Surely people of a certain age would compare this to the Somme? – Ed] as they carefully progressed over toward the A1(M), but not going right up to the edge of the motorway as the Keenies eventually reached a runnable section that leads away southward, through the edge of Johnson's Spring woodland to reach the old Roehyde Lane

After some 440 yards on the tarmac lane, which should have been a pleasant trot if it wasn't for the air polluting diesel van that left a trail of fumes that the FRBs could chew on, as it passed them by, leaving an acrid taste all the way out to Bullens Green Lane, which used to run through to Hatfield but now annexed by the motorway to just being a footpath under the subways to the Mercure Hotel to the east of the A1(M).

The Trail was picked up sou-sou-west & down toward the houses, Tent Packer, Mother & Moss Key Toe too busy nattering to notice the arrow pointing westward on a hedged-in back passage between the first couple of homes, so Mr X called them back as he headed out toward the horse paddocks behind, as he followed o behind Zingalong & Diamond Geezer.

There was a large old branch used as a barrier on top of one stile, this was lifted & put back in place as the FRBs moved on through to the first of two very boggy & flooded paddocks. Here the RA could see Zingalong & Diamond Geezer hanging on to the wooden fence to try & make their way through the quagmire, though the brown seat Diamond Geezer's pants belied the fact he had already come a cropper with Shiggy on his backside. The on-looking ponies, in their waterproof coats, seemed amused by all of this.

Mr X & Moss Key Toe just ploughed on through the deep Shiggy, Mr X then said it was thankful Buster & Lemming were on the short cut & not out here, for this wetland Shiggy was well up over ankle height which would have been well above his 'lipstick!' [Buster's & Not Lemmings! – Ed]

It was slow progress over 300 yards through a landscape that was like a Paddy field in large areas, to finally emerge on to drier lane, but drier only if you side-stepped the water filled pot-holes strewn along its length, but at least it was firm in places [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] tom make it runnable on the hard capped Roundhouse Farm Lane.

The FRBs would now make up ground & catch up with the Knitting Circle, which included Sparky who had survived the A414 crossing, thanks for Milf & Kylie! The Track turned at an elbow by the old Farm House & the new builds to the west, where they were led out to Roestock Lane again, here arrows directed the way straight over to a sou-sou-easterly footpath, at the start of which FWB stopped to capture pictures of the oncoming Keenies.

Running down through the tree-line to Roestock Park, Mr X pointed out that the field to the left, that has been prepared for construction of new homes at Colney Manor, had its rain run-off pond already full of water, & that's before the footprint of the homes would reduce any soak-away around this area!

The Trail would cross Roestock Park, come out of Admirals Close [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed] where arrows turned the Keenies from west to due south & on to Fellows Lane, here there would be another turn in the Trail where this joins Tollgate Road, now the FRBs would head up toward the roundabout at the end of Colney Heath High Street.

More Arrows now directed both the Knitting Circle & the FRBs, after they had caught up, to turn on to Coursers Road, then once around the bend the Trail would turn westward on to the Colney Heath. Here the Trail made its way west by northwest on the southern side below the River Colne, on what would be a nice gentle trot with short damp grass underfoot for some 700 Yards to reach a sweet stop on the Church Lane Road bridge.

Starting again & the Trail turned as the Pack now headed back in an east by northeast direction on the common land to the north side of the river & up behind the homes before coming out on to Colney Heath High Street,



crossing over to reach a CHK outside of the Crooked Billet Pub, the afore mentioned Beer Stop, with impeccable timing as it was right upon opening time at Noon. Here the Pack could regroup over a nice pint of London pride or Side Pocket for a Toad.

Of course Buster would get a lot of attention, & a few sneaky Cheddar biscuits the RA had bought, but claimed that My Lil' had actually bought with the remaining change from his round that Mr X had gone to the Bar on the Hare's behalf. My Lil' looked on agog that the RA could have spent his change! He, hadn't & the £1.20 was handed over, much to My Lil's relief.



The Crooked Billet could have been the venue for this day's Hash, but it's still not cooking food after the Lorry ran into the Pub, which was way back in October 2023 but being a listed building it's a slow process to get the repairs completed

Moss Key Toe showed the Hash a picture he took of the Lorry when it crashed into the Pub, mentioning that they couldn't remove the lorry at the time as it was keeping that corner of the building up, until they could reinforce the structure.

Time to move on, & although the rain had now eased, the Pack were going to get really wet legs as the Trail led out of the Pub's garden, by way of clambering a rather weary, but still solid stile, through an enclosed paddock, then over another old stile to enter a field of a

very tall green crop that was covered in rain drops, well the plants were until Hash legs brushed by them!

After a long soaking trot, the Trail would take to a set of Tractor Tracks, where the damp crop was kept away at a bit of a distance, but the soaking had already happened. One oddity that had never been seen before on this Hash, as far as we know, was the blobs of Trail Flour that formed in to balls of dough when the Hare had set this the day before, & were now sitting like bagels under the clear water in the deeper furrows, this water being from the field run-off. Shame no one took a picture of this anomaly?

The last leg of the Hash was upon the Pack, as the time neared 25 past Noon, here the Trail turned northwest & over to the woodland beside the A414, the On Inn was spotted just before the carriageway's edge, where Milf & Kylie would brace themselves for escorting Sparky safely over the busy dual-carriageways again!

Mr X & Moss Key were the first to arrive back [It's not a race! – Ed] with Moss Key Toe going to get changed, while Mr X went to the Bar to order a couple of pints & bag a large unreserved table next to the one that Flanders & Mrs Mallet had already sat at in the smaller bar section, here the Pack would all group up for some food & a few pints 3 Brewers.

The Landlady was very welcoming, when she spotted Buster again & he was treated to more dog biscuits! She also very understanding with the situation when Sparky broke his glass on the stone floor. Diamond Geezer had to leave early as he had a family meeting & the Down-Downs were put off to the following week, also to be on the safe side as the Pack would lose their places, having already pushed out a couple of oldies who wanted to pinch TBT OBE's table!

The Hash enjoyed their meals, the Pack discussed the splendid new Haberdashery items, with the travel backpacks selling well, & viewing a sample test from Mr X's new toy of an engraving machine, watch this space for upcoming Hash merchandise & goodies!

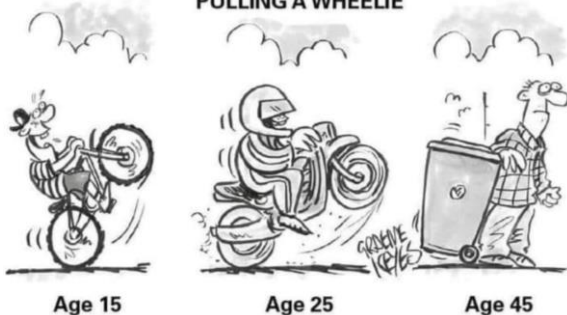
Farewell Doris Miller...wife, mother, magician's assistant.



I was just about to mow the lawn this evening when I noticed this on the extension lead. So I put the mower back in the shed, opened a bottle of Merlot and booked a weekend spa package.



PULLING A WHEELIE



Age 15

Age 25

Age 45

