

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

Run No. 2114
Date: Sunday 8th September 2024
Venue: The Bucks Head
Location: Little Wymondley
Beers/Cider: Dom Bar, Buttcombe
Hare/s: No Eye Deer & Side-kick
Runners: 14
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 15
Membership: Thundering to the Hash!



Durex Play Sweet Strawberry Lube 60 ml

★★★★☆ (36)



Most helpful reviews

★★★★☆ I ran out of strawberry jam and so I used this to put in the kids rice pudding. They couldn't tell the difference and they're pretty intelligent

A Happy Hare had taunted the 'Weather Gods' by posting on the Facebook page that 'Trail laid, nice and dry...so far' the night before, so the unamused 'Weather Gods' decided to unleash a thunderstorm, which would obliterate parts of the Trail. Now morning, the sleep deprived Hare would set off again to rest the Trail, as soon as the Thunderstorm had passed, leaving Doeswhatsheays to remain in the car park & greet the arriving Pack.

Numbers were lower than expected, no doubt the Thunder & lightening witnessed may have put some off of venturing out, but on the plus side as the rain & storm moved off a large colourful rainbow could be seen, sadly no pot of gold was found.

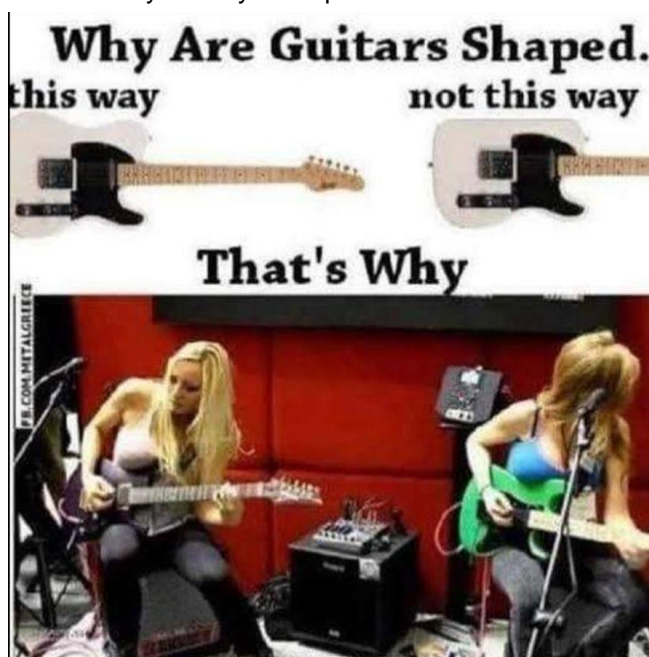
The Sun was trying to come out & the skies were patchy blue, as this week saw local resident Karlo walk across the road to join for his First Herts Hash, he is the partner of one of No Eye Deer's Fiends, so DWSS began to fill him in on what to expect.

After Mr X had welcomed the Hash, then DWSS drew out the Hash Markings on the car park floor & he began to explain these markings to Sludge, as well as our Virgin Hasher of the day. Tent Packer arrived, moored up & disembarked. He then made a request to Mr X if he could tie his shoelaces up for him, as he is still struggling a little with his injured arm. Mr X did tie Tent Packer laces for him, wondering what his last 'lackie' died of?

Only halfway through his education on the Trail markings, DWSS had to break off as the Hare had called to explain she was about halfway around resetting the Trail & that there was no rush for the Pack to set off. Mr X took over the explanation of the markings to keep things on schedule, before DWSS had finished his call & was ready to put the Keenies off on one route & the Knitting Circle to remain with him. Meanwhile, Kylie kept coming out with Fake News about the weather forecast, an example of his tech updates was a "Potential Rain in 8 minutes!"

The Keenies set off, squeezing by Moss Key Toe's van, which he had parked in the corner of the car park, obscuring the footpath that leads away, up a set of steps & into the gloom of the dense foliage of the canopy above the tree-lined footpath, here the movement of the shrubbery caused Tent Packer & Mr X to have a few shockingly cold wet & drips to fall down their backs!

Only a few yards up this dark route & Tent Packer spotted a blob of Dust on the second of a set of five steps



& he made his way up to the back gate to someone's rear garden. As he tried the gate's handle, others around him now raised their concerns about some potential trespassing beyond the high fencing?

On second thoughts Tent Packer & the other Keenies decided to go back to the footpath & resume southward up toward the fallow field beside Bungalow Farm, however, there was some worries whether they were still on the right track as the Dust seemed pretty scarce on emerging from under the trees. Mr X had less worries about the lack of Dust & he ran on toward the corner of the field where he picked up the dust by a Kissing Gate.

Once through the gate, Mr X then found a CHK in the corner of the car park at Little Wymondley Tennis Club, here there were two options, continue southward toward the Bypass & Titmore Green beyond, or take a hairpin turn to search the drive way up to the car park & tennis courts? The driveway won out as Mr X spotted Dust down there & led the way toward Tower Close.

After over 100 Yards, almost upon reaching the edge of the housing estate, a large arrow directed the way from

north to eastward on a footpath running 200 Yards behind the fenced off backyards to the north & hedged-in way on the south to emerge out into the grounds of St Mary's Church, via another kissing gate. This iron gate rather narrow & it was on the tight side for those passing through who tried to avoid more dropping of rain drops from the overgrown foliage encroaching through the railings.

A respectful trot through the graveyard led out on to Church Walk, a nice quiet, secluded housing area. One of the large detached properties had an old cast iron pump, complete with a drinking trough below it, of course there was plenty of water in this from the earlier deluge.

As the Keenies of Diamond Geezer, Mr X, Moss Key Toe & Tent Packer led the way, with Kylie in tow at the back, they would pass a girl out cleaning her car, Mr X said to her "You're tempting it to rain!" The FRBs were now back into Little Wymondley & the Trail turned westward, away from the dark-blue hued brick railway bridge & toward the Bucks Head, but arrows would move the FRBs over to the opposite side of the road & then off Northward opposite the Plume of Feathers & on to the Trail the Knitting Circle were on. On this northbound Priory Lane, the Hash would pass under the railway bridge & having made out the other side the Mr X was sprayed by puddle water from an inconsiderate motorist.

The Trail would now take to a nor-nor-west footpath over the green grassy paddocks for a couple of hundred yard, but as they were catching up with Hot 'N' Spicce they could see My Lil' coming back toward them, he was hobbling back toward the Pub as his knee was playing up. He would go back & join the recuperating Milf at the Buck's Head.

The reason My Lil' turned back was soon discovered at the end of the footpath, as once through the tree-line the Hash were presented with the sight of a now ploughed field, this rough earthen terrain was nice flat & dusty the day before when the Hares went through! Now it was a rough, uneven Somme-like ankle-turning 250 Yards to reach the smoother earthen path that disappears through the hedgerow & out into the fallow, far easier to run, fields to the west.

The wet grassy diagonal route allow the Keenies to make up ground, ahead they could see a yellow figure & after homing in on him, it was discovered to be Zingalong, who had a late start & cut out the Keenies loop. The Trail would continue through the field, adjacent to the slight raised area that were the Motte & Bailey remains of Wymondley Castle.

Reaching the grounds of St Mary The Virgin, Great Wymondley, Mr X now asked if this Hash was actually a 'Steeplechase' as the Cross Country races began with competitors racing their horses between two prominent Church Steeples, often clearing hedges & crossing streams on the way.

Whne the FRBs caught up, they found that the CHK by the Church gate had been marked northward, to take the Pack out of the Churchyard, then over a long narrow enclosed field before taking a turn to the northwest on a fir tree lined alleyway to emerge out between the homes by the junction of Arch Road & The Hitchin Road in Great Wymondley, opposite the Green man Pub.

The Trail had been marked by DWSS & the Pack moved on a few yards northward, then to rapid turn eastward on junction with the Willian Road & the Gravely Road. About 100 yards down the Gravely Road & the Dust would change direction again, turning northward into the playing fields, where Sludge & DWSS could be seen heading toward the north-western corner of the recreation ground.

After 220 Yards the Trail would leave the rectangular play area just beyond the new orchard, where it appeared that the trees had been purchased by local villagers. Having passed through the dense hedgerow & tree line, it was a further 220 Yards up through a crop field before the next CHK was found on the farm track, which makes up a part of the Hertfordshire Way, running along the northern end of the field.

"On!" was called by Diamond Geezer, who was out on his own & up ahead, further northward along the edge of the next farm field, then suddenly he disappeared off through the hedgerow on the William Road to the west. Care was taken in crossing the narrow lane, directly though the opposing hedge & on to a CHK on a footpath running along the edge of the lane.

This footpath was new to the Herts Hash, as there are a lot more 'Permissive Paths' in this area & when the Trail was picked up again, it would come to light that the Crafty Hare now had the Hash running back sou-sou-west just over a roads width from the Trail heading out!

The Hash would now move away from the lane's hedgerow, now the path was bearing westward around the treeline, then turning southward at the outer corner to lead down to the Ash Plantation, where the Held CHK was found, along with Diamond Geezer who was sitting on the bench! Mr X joked that he must have been there a while as the fire had burnt out, when he spotted the blackened charcoal remains of a camp-fire.

The FRBs regrouped, with the exception of Sludge, who was happy to carry on rather than wait for DWSS to arrive with the sweets. A bunch of Cyclist came around from the westerly path, just before Flying Solo finally caught up with the FRBS, after she had a delayed start having been embroiled in roadworks in Letchworth, which took her half an hour to escape from.

The sweets were appreciated, especially as the Hares had gone to all of the trouble to source 'Vegan sweets' for Zingalong! The bunch of Hashers also enjoyed he fact that it still hadn't rained, though the runners had perspired enough to make them feel as if they had been out in precipitation, the earlier thunderstorm had not really cleared the air & brought relief from the muggy atmosphere.

DID YOU KNOW?



Rub a bit of olive oil and Epsom salt on the painful spots on your body and it will immediately feel greasier and saltier.

Suitably refreshed after the regroup, the Keenies would now need the extra sugar taken on-board, for they would have to undertake an 800 Yards plus on the edge of the very long field, passing below the 'Belt', a long thin strip of woodland, behind which is the site of a Roman Villa.

Reaching the next CHK, all the way over on the track that runs from north to south through the wooded Purwell Ninesprings, Mr X was surprised that he was still keeping up with the other FRBs in this sultry atmosphere, & the fact he had also attended the Crooked Billet Beerfest with Pebbledash & Pepé le Pew, this also featured a brief cameo appearance from Paxo, when he wasn't cutting wood!

Diamond Geezer went wrong from the CHK, but corrected his mistake after Flying Solo, Mr X, Moss Key Toe & Tent Packer all choose the southward option, which heads back to the Wymondley-Hitchin Road. A nice shaded 340 yards on the wider capped track of Gypsy Lane, then on reaching the road the Trail crossed straight over to the next section of Gypsy Lane. Dust now led on for a further 500 plus Yards, weaving its way between the various crop fields to reach the railway bridge, where the Pack passed beneath & up a slight curving slope to the southeast & then back to an almost south bound route.

Mr X had just got back into his stride, as he Moss Key Toe & Tent Packer tried in vain to follow on behind Flying Solo & Diamond Geezer, but he would be shocked to be stopped in his tracks when he found a Bar CHK! With the other two out of sight & earshot, these three headed back to the end of the hedge, pointing out to Zingalong that the Trail would be on the other side of the tree-line. Sure enough Dust was found between the trees & the Railway line, although this didn't look very official, the route is obviously regularly walked & this is no doubt due to the proper path's course, as it veers over to the south, taking it some 200 Yards away from the footpath leading back into Little Wymondley.

The slightly rough south-eastern route would also allow a good view of the passing trains below in the cutting, sadly for Kylie he was too far behind to see any InterCity Trains rush by, or the LGBT Rainbow Engine that was recently complained about for not being 'Gay Enough'!

Anyhow, the Trail led up to the Arch Lane & the Hash crossed straight over beside the railway bridge, spanning the Edinburgh/Peterborough & Cambridge lines, which merge at Hitchin & lead all the way down to Kings Cross.

All of this Train talk made Mr X to comment on the direction of the Trail, saying that Kylie would describe the approaching options from the Bar CHK as taking to the 'Sidings' & not on the 'Main-line up-line'! The Trail was now one field away from the village, so around 200 Yards along the edge beside the railway, the footpath would turn through 90° to the southwest, it was here that ironically Mr X's shoelace became loose & he had to stop to tie it up. Tent Packer had no such issues.

A few more yards on the short tree covered arm of the footpath, then the Trail led out into the dead-end spur of back street of Grimstone Road & now the Pack knew that they would soon be On Inn, except the crafty Hare had set a small loop for the unsuspecting FRBs, with the Long Trail marked from the Junction with Sicut Road, which had the Short Cut directed down it. The 400 Yard loop was only 200 Yards more on the U-shaped Grimstone Road than the Short Cut option.

The Trail would now drop down Sicut Road, with the On Inn being found on this before the small park with a boat on it as a kids play thing, that the Hash were photographed on while on a previous Hash around here. The Trail would take to a footpath along the bottom of the eastern section of the green space & out through the small wooded area to come back Inn on to the Stevenage Road & into Little Wymondley.



In all it was a great Trail, covering some new ground but also the Hash stayed dry, with only a few light drops of Kylie's predicted deluge! The Circle was called before the food was ordered. The Hare & her '~~dogs body~~' Little Helper were rewarded for an excellent Trail, as the Pack Circle up out in the blazing, warm sunshine, which had Mr X mentioning that the RA never gets any thanks for the weather! Not that this Hare would concur with that statement!

Also called out were Kylie for his doom-laden weather forecast, which proved to be wrong as the RA weaved his magic! Tent Packer was out for getting the RA to tie his shoelaces! Sludge was out for his not waiting at the Held CHK. Our Virgin his week, Karlo, was awarded his Down-Down for completing his first Herts hash. Zingalong was also out for nearly turning down the Vegan Sweets, Mr X let slip that the Ale Zingalong was about to neck was cleared by 'Isinglass' which are finings made from fish swim-bladders [Who actually discovered this? – Ed] to remove the yeast faster.

