



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

Run No. 2127
 Date: Sunday 24th November
 Venue: The Bridgewater Arms
 Location: Little Gaddesden
 Beers/Cider: IPA; Rocking Rudolph; Yardbird
 Hare/s: Parson's Nose
 Runners: 12
 Virgins: 0
 Visitors: 0
 Newies: 0
 Après: 0
 Hash Hounds: 2
 Total: 14
 Membership: First Aiding & Controversial access!



Springer for sale.... bastard keeps digging up the garden



Storm Bert was the latest Met Office warned tempest to hit these British Isles, so, with the blustery wind, rain forecast & remoteness of the venue it wasn't too bad a turn out from the hardier Hashers. The Rain came over in waves, which had two very early arrivals sheltering under the double door porch for the disused doors in the restaurant part of the old Pub.

There were plenty of warning signs, and Hashers going around to explain that when the Pub opened at 11:00Hrs that drivers would need to go in to add their Car Registration Number into a pad, in order to prevent them getting a fine from the private operators who police the car park, which separated from the Pub sits across the road.

While the drivers were sorting out there parking, Mr X was looking over from the car park where he saw a local out on his constitutional take a tumble, tripping up the kerb. A call of "Man Down!" went up as Mr X crossed over to find the guy calling for help, after he had landed face first & split the bridge of his nose & spit an eye brow.

Once he had confirmed that he had feeling & seemed not to have broken anything, with the assistance of a younger woman & a couple of the Hash, Ken was gently lifted up & then taken in to the Pub to be sat down, where our First Responder, Milf, & the Bar Staff would attend to him. Milf would remain behind to patch Ken up.

With all of the hullabaloo to start with, the Circle would be called about a quarter of an hour later than the norm. Fliptop did the honours, but welcomed the Pack to Run 2-0-27, something that was picked upon by the RA, for that Trail took place on 5th March 2023 & was the St Piran's Day Pasty Trail! [A hot pasty would have been nice this morning! – Ed]

Parson's Nose was called forward as the rain became heavier, he said it was the normal markings in sawdust & some flour, there were Short Cuts, finally adding that there was a footpath over at the back of the car park, there was one away to the north & one to the south of the Pub. Parson's Nose may well have just drawn a CHK outside the Pub's front door to annoy My Lil'!

Mr X in his rubbish plastic Aberdeen Hash blue waterproof, crossed over the road to search the back of the car park, he returned to see that Happy Feet & Doormat were off away to the south calling "On!" at the start of the footpath away through the fields to the east. Then after 190 Yards the sawdust took the Hash behind the end homes that line just the northern side of Church Road. A further 150 yards through a paddock enclosed with a hedgerow & the Pack emerged out on to Church Lane.

It was on this straight, old, narrow tarmac stretch that the Pack would first encounter Mrs Angry of Little Gaddesden, who was out walking her pooch. As Mr X & Mother passed her, they were told in no uncertain terms that "One of your lot is not on the Footpath over there!" as she pointed toward Happy Feet, who was running in the long enclosed sheep field, except it was clear that those with descent eyesight there were yellow circular footpath markers on the wooden footpath bridge in the field!

For the moment only Happy Feet was in the sheep field, as everyone else would follow Juices Flowing & Doormat, who found the sawdust on Church Road, parallel to the footpath in the sheep field, then after 260 Yards Church Lane turns from northeast to due east below Little Gaddesden Church of St Peter & St Paul. Here Happy Feet came out through the gate to meet up with Doormat, Mr X, Juices Flowing & Mother outside of the Church, where a CHK was found.

Searching for the Trail it was noticed that the finger-post footpath sign pointed away to the south in the sheep field, not the way that the footpath Happy Feet had run up from the southwest. So, Doormat, Mr X, Mother & Lemming with Buster chose to search back off in the sheep field, just after Mrs Angry had arrived & began on her second rant of the day, which was squarely aimed at the Hare.

with your courier

08:45 - Fri 06 Mar
 Your parcel is on its way to you today

10:34 - Fri 06 Mar
 Your friendly local courier will try to deliver between 13:00 and 15:00 today

13:26 - Fri 06 Mar
 We've delivered your parcel through your letterbox

Delivery Photo

"You can't go that way, there's been a lot of controversy with this field, it's someone's Private land!" & this Hare bashing continued, even after the he had shown her the direction of the finger post indicated the way over to the opposite gate away to the south of the field.

Parsons Nose was left with Mrs Angry, as the Keenies group of Doormat, Happy Feet, Mr X, Tent Packer, Mother & Lemming all slowly headed out over to the south, while Juices Flowing, Fliptop, Paxo & My Lil' would avoid the rams, having been shown the first Short Cut of the day & they headed off to the east off of the next elbow in the lane, leaving Mrs Angry to go home & take her HRT.

[Looking at the Ordnance Survey Map now, the issue is that the footpath does run southward, but then after a few yards it should turn south-westward, but there was no footpath marker post at the turning point in the field, if the landowner placed one there then that would solve a lot of problems! – Ed]

As the gate for the Chiltern Way could clearly be seen directly across from the way the fingerpost points, it was no wonder anyone can make head or tail of where to run if it is poorly marked! Out of the Sheep fields & the FRBs now found themselves taking to a 680 Yard 'Chiltern Way' footpath straight across a slippery, wet Shiggy crop-less field that was hard going for those who weren't wearing the correct footwear, like the RA's equivalent of the Mudclaw 3,000's that Omo has!

The Tree-line footpath the Knitting Circle was on probably didn't fare much better along the northern end? Both groups of Hashers would meet at the eastern corner of the field, a CHK with only two options was found behind the gate. By the time Mr X arrived here, Happy Feet was already down the south-eastern footpath between the stables & large homes in this exclusive area of Hertfordshire. "On!" was called by Happy Feet at the end of the path, to emerge by the entrance to the local Stables.

Two horse riders were coming out of the large gates, so Mr X asked which way they were riding, they were heading off down the drive, so he passed the word back for a 'Hash Hush' in order not to startle the equines, as he & Mother followed on behind Happy Feet into Hudnall Commons Woods.

A weaving trot between the trees for a short way before emerging from the leaf littered floor of the wood to contrasting green open space. By now the rain had eased, as the RA declared "I told you it was pass over!" [Huh! – Ed]

A clockwise run around the perimeter of the grassy area was pretty easy going, with a gentle descent for most of it, but once back in the eastern side of the wooded common this would change, the Trail took to a footpath that dropped down, underfoot the surface went from stony sections to slippery Shiggy patches, this had slowed Happy Feet up enough for Doormat, Mr X & Mother to catch up, before all reached the narrow Hudnall lane that cuts the common in two.

Mother was asked where Lemming was? Mother said that he on the short cut was with Buster, then Mr X added "No doubt he's sniffing at all the dog 'pee-mail' stops along the way, but I have no idea what Buster is doing! Sawdust was spotted on the footpath almost directly opposite, here there was further tracts of deep wet Shiggy to plough on through, as the Trail advanced south-westward through the woodland.

The Keenies would embark on a climb up to ridge to make up for the 165 feet lost on the earlier descent, however this time it was far steeper. Thighs & calves were worked on the clamber up to the summit of the ridge, things eased as the Trail crossed the open section of the southern half of the common.

Out of the shelter of the trees, to traverse the wet grass & the wind was now face on, slowing even the hardest of the Keenies on their effort to cross the 350 Yards to reach the southwestern section, then out through the treeline on to St Margaret's Lane.

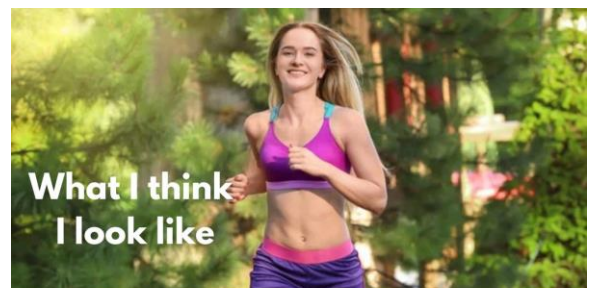
Here was a brand new, nice fresh flour CHK on the tarmac, an indication that the Hare had already been thought with Tent Packer, Lemming & Buster, as well as the late arriving Des Res, but they were not in sight of the FRBs, even when they began the descent on the footpath from through the opposite tree-line.

The drop down the hillside saw the Keenies slowed once more by the head on strong winds, at least this part of the Trail was easier underfoot, well, until it reached the elbow at the very bottom of the path. A guy was out braving the weather, waking his two dogs, & to get by them on the 500 Yards incline, both Doormat & Happy Feet had to slow up, which gave the RA & Mother a chance to pull back some ground on them. On the way down the Pack had a good look over at Little Gaddesden House, which has nothing *Little* about the rather grand red brick manor house.

One unexpected development from the brief hold-up, was the opportunity for the RA to turn the outer corner of the paddocks to the west & witness the sight of Happy Feet trying to avoid the wide puddles along the way, all due to having the wrong footwear on, & these actions made her gait look like that of a four year old child, with legs going out to each side & arms flailing about.

After 130 Yards the Trail would turn from south to southwest as the footpath led up to the Estate farm, where by the Site Office those who had taken the Short Cut were waiting for the Keenies. Here the Hare handed out the sweets, with Mr X being given the bag of Allsorts to open, before Tent Packer could get his hands on them. As luck would have it, the RA would find not one, but two aniseed buttons what were stuck together!

Calls of foul play came from Lemming, which Tent Packer whole heartedly agreed with, that Mr X had taken out two of the Aniseed Buttons, licked them & then squashed the together before



placing them back in the bag! Mr X ignored these unfounded slurs on his character!

With jelly babies & wine gums also available, the Pack enjoyed the long stop, then some realised that Buster hadn't had his treats! This was quickly remedied. There was a slightly longer than wanted wait, for the possible arrival of Paxo & Fliptop, but it seems that Tent Packer didn't hear Fliptop telling him that he was turning back earlier in the Trail.

It was already known that My Lil' was not going to do the whole Trail, as he was suffering from his reconnoitre of the Herts X-mas weekend Trail, which didn't go to plan due to closed & unwalked footpaths! He & Mr X covered some 9 miles to try & get a Trail sorted out! [Thankfully they did this reccie then & not the day before the weekend! - Ed]

Time for the Hash to resume & the way out was pretty well marked with lots of painted black arrows, as well as Chalk ones, on the back wall directing the way out via a undulating back-passage, [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] to come down on to the Nettleden Road.

No sign of another CHK so soon & Mr X took to searching sou-sou-east on the road, just for a short way to spot wood shavings across on the driveway heading down into Cromer Wood. Just with in the trees & the CHK was picked up. Mr X went wrong as he continued down the drive way, but was called back as "On!" was called by Doormat & Happy Feet on the footpath heading nor-nor-west up on the level in to the woodland on the east of the Golden Valley [Sounds like my local Chinese! – Ed], nestled away to the west the large old building of Ashridge College could be seen in this valley floor.

The footpath became hard going, not because of the Shiggy but the large old tree roots that lurked under the leaf-litter, Mr X said he was glad the TBT OBE wasn't at the Hash today as he would have been over several times on this Trail! Anyhow, the Trail dropped a little to cross an old stone bridge spanning a carved out part of the embankment, this had really deep Shiggy & Tent Packer was now justified in wearing Wellington Boots!

Only Doormat was tempted to search down from the end of the bridge, toward the College grounds, but he would be called back as Dust, which had now changed from Sawdust to Flour, was picked up further long the tree covered eastern embankment of the Golden Valley.

Mr X now knew that the Hash were starting the last leg of the Trail, for over the wall lining the Nettleden Road, he could see the large old Stone Cross that was passed by on the drive in. The Dust would lead out on to a long green grassy area, still parallel to the road back to the village, but the Hare had other plans as He called Lemming back from heading over the grass to the road in.

Lemming came back just as Buster decided he had to drop off a brown parcel, so Mother took Buster off of Lemming's hands, leaving Lemming to be the 'Poo-fairy' & pick up Buster's deposit! After 540 Yards, the Trail would now entered the last section of woodland, here the crafty Hare had to call Doormat back as he also veered over toward the village road, for Parsons Nose had a different end for this Trail.

Mr X now took up the lead [Sounds competitive! – Ed] as he followed the Trail off on the left-hand fork, where Doormat had gone to the right, this short section came out on to Ringshall Drive, where he knew that on the dead-end drive there would be a footpath off to the right, that ends up in the back of the Pub Car Park. Sure enough, after 370 Yards, the Keenies would finish the Hash by being taken up this back passage.

Fliptop, My Lil', Paxo & Milf were all found in the Pub, where Mr X asked how Ken was? Seems that he was Ok & his wife had come to meet him. Mr X was surprised he wasn't questioned on being the flrst of the FRBs back, instead he was met with 'demands with menace' as Milf stood in for Hashcash, he hadn't even got a pint in! [No wonder Milf's patients get better quickly! – ED] Ken would return later on for his pint, but it didn't look like he had his paper. He looked far better as he now had colour back in his face.

Buster would be spoilt in the Pub, the Landlord supplied him with a blanket to lay on, as he rummaged around

to find his treat now hidden in the folds! Lemming was now suitably impressed that Mr X & My Lil's journey involved a Bus from Welwyn garden City to St Albans, a stop at the Spoons there or Breakfast was followed by a Bus to Hemel Hempstead, where a pint of Old Percilier was enjoyed at the Spoons there, all before getting the Lynx Bus over to Little Gaddesden & arriving at 10:20! [That's some planning! – Ed]

The Down-Down took place inside as tables were at a premium, after Fliptop had left. Songs were sung quietly, when the RA handed out the following Hits: The Hare was awarded for an excellent Trail, most agreeing it would be a little nicer in the summer & we should return!

Then in no particular order: Milf for having her First Responder skills put in to action, tending to Ken. Happy Feet & Doormat for being awarded their 10 Run Bumbags, even though they are on 15 R*ns! Des Res for his late turn out! Paxo for almost falling & twisting his hip, forcing him to short, short cut! Lastly there was Happy Feet again, for running like a toddler

Booked a hotel last night for this evening and thought does anyone ever actually read the special requests. Turns out they do, they really do. Fair f *** s



Special Requests
Can we please have a picture of Jim Bowen from Bullesye in the room? Thanks.

Travel support
Get the information needed before traveling to a destination as touristic travel may still not be allowed. In the case your travel plans change and you wish to modify your booking, check

