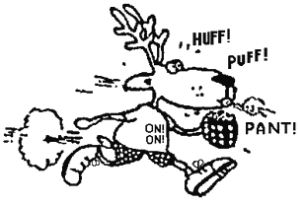

Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No.1991
24th July 2022
Venue: EHMR
Beers: Purple Moose Whakahari;
Location: Great Amwell
Hare/s: Paxo
Runners: 14
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 14
Membership: Chuffed!

A handful of this morning's Pack had enjoyed the previous day's barbeque & 'Steam Running Day' at the East Herts Miniature Railway, with Real Ales & Old Rosie with an honesty box & for budding Casey Joneses of the future 'Be A Driver for a Fiver', where you can experience driving a small engine.

Thankfully things had cooled down since the last Trail, even though it was at least 10 degrees cooler there wasn't a cloud in the sky & out under the sun you could still feel the heat. Lots of Sun-block was applied while enjoying a pre-Trail Beer from Pepé le Pew's 100th Run Tankard for some, & the mornings arrivals would hear that the Old Rosie had some detrimental effects on one of the young lads who volunteers at the railway. [That'll learn him! – Ed]

Comments were made on the RA's absence the day before, but after he had finished cutting his hedges, the time was late & he made use of the remaining day to finish off work on the 2,000th Weekend, something he'd been working on all week, but at the end of the day it will be worth the effort.

Sparky arrived wearing his Tony Hawk knee pads, to protect his knees in case of he would trip over **TBT OBE**, as well as a counter-productive pair of old, holey trainers that had as much support in them for his joints as wearing cereal boxes on your feet!

The Pack was about to circle up within the green space at the centre of the railway, but there was a sudden bang as one of the carriages was derailed & the engine stopped right by the Hash, so it was thought better to Circle up away from the Public Gaze, as well as allowing the Railway guys to lever the carriage back in place.

On the way out the Pack would meet up with Slug, as well as Flying Solo & Damien, the latter having not been to the EHMR before were confused as to its location. **TBT OBE** called the Circle together, introducing the Hash to the correct Run Number, then Paxo stepped forward as he was the Hare & he could explain what the Pack could expect out on the Trail.

If anyone was concerned about over exposure to the sun, Paxo stated that the Trail was going to be 99% in the shade, while Sparky was concerned about if there were any short Cuts? Paxo added that there was one big short cut near to the end of the Trail, which elevated Sparky's worries, as well as cheering up Sludge & Slug.

The Pack were then ushered away out of the Van Hage's car park, some said that the large parking space was like a Trail in its own right as the Pack ambled along by the Vegan/Vegetarian Shack, the Donut Kiosk, Mr Whippy & the all-important toilets, to reach the A1170 of Pepper Hill, where pink arrows pointed the way up along toward the Wagon & Horses.

While Flying Solo & Damien soon pulled away from **TBT OBE** & Mr X, the other two slowed up to look for a footpath that the Hash have used before, it heads off by the entrance to the Amwell Motor Company, but the path could not be seen from the road as it is now obscured by a large over grown shrubby patch, later on Mr X would go & check to find that the footpath is still there.

The Trail continued southward, then beyond the Waggon & Horses double pink arrows showed the way to the eastern side of the main road, where the next CHK would be found by the start of single track Cautherly Lane. While Damien continued along Pepper Hill toward the main A414 Roundabout, Flying Solo searched up the narrow rustic lane, Mr X also chose the old lane but then spotted Flying Solo running back toward him.

TBT OBE, Flying Solo & Mr X were now following on Damien as the Trail took to the footpath as it switches from the road-side to behind a hedge & on beside the area used for the local Car Boot Fairs, then calls of "On Back!" emanated behind them as the Hare marked the CHK up Cautherly Lane, so the Keenies would have to turn back to follow on behind My Lil', Sparky, Pebbledash, Whatevershesays, Slug, Sludge, Kylie, the Hare, No Eye Deer & Milf as the Trail headed nor by Northeast.

The going slowed at times as there were more than the usual amount of Traffic driving on this old lane with a couple of passing points on its way to Great Amwell, but at least it was now shaded under the tree-canopy. Paxo bemoaned this extra traffic, claiming it wasn't that busy when he set the Trail on Saturday.

The Next CHK was found at the cross roads with Madgeways Lane & Hillside Lane, where Milf, No Eye Deer then Flying Solo & Damien had to be called back from heading toward the George IV Pub, as the Trail was found off to the southeast on Hillside Lane, where more traffic had to be encountered, but at least it wasn't too far to go find sanctuary from the Sunday Drivers, as after some 100 Yards Mr X picked up the arrows heading north eastward on the dead-end spur road with its large houses.

TBT OBE joined Mr X as they followed the Trail to the footpath that leads off of the dead-end, the way soon dropped beside the fenced off gardens to the large house to the left, there were a few stony obstacles embedded in the path to look out for, miraculously **TBT OBE** & Sparky both managed to complete the old path without any incidents or tripping over each other to arrive in St John the Baptist's Churchyard where the next CHK was found.

TBT OBE found Trail heading out of the Churchyard on the footpath from the upper south-eastern corner of the churchyard, he called "On!" while Mr X would also call "On!" down beside the Church, for the RA was pointing out the grave of Harold Abrahams CBE.

Considering it was from Sparky's era, everyone thought he would have heard of Harold Abrahams, & not Father Abraham's of the Smurf's fame as Pebbledash thought of! Harold won Gold Medal in the 1924 Paris Olympics 100 Metres & Silver in the 4 x 100, a feat which was made famous in the Oscar winning film 'Chariots of Fire' as Scotsman Eric Liddell pulled out of due to one of the heats being held on a Sunday, which went against his Religious beliefs.

Mr X was asked why there were stones rested on the top of the grave stone? The answer to that was that Harold was Jewish, & it's a custom to place stones on a grave as they last longer than flowers, it may also keep demons & golems away. Anyhow, **TBT OBE** was leading the rest on a Falsie & the rest would come back as the Trail actually passed by the grave of Harold & his wife Sybil.

The decent the path took from St John the Baptist Church was lined with Yew Trees that offered more shade, the Church itself has a Norman apse & retains an 11th Century Window. The Trail now came down to the New River, which as all regular readers of the Herts Trash will know that it's A) Not 'New' & B) not a River!

Opened in 1613, the New River was constructed as an aqueduct to take clean drinking water in to London, a function it still does to this day it supplies 8% of London's Drinking water. It is partly fed from the Chadwell & Springs as well as the nearby spring at Emma's Well, for which Amwell derives its name, she was believed to be the wife of King Cnut [Thankfully the Scribe got that one right! – Ed] who was King of England from 1016 as well as King of Denmark & Norway (Known as the North Sea Empire)

A wooden footbridge spanned the New River, then the Trail turned south-eastward to take to the path on top of the embankment of this section of the new river with a few ducks out enjoying the day. Like the waterfowl the Hash were now exposed to the sun, My Lil' now reckoned that he shade was now down to 90%, which when questioned the Hare now claimed he said at the opening Circle! That percentage was dropping rapidly.

The Trail headed toward the New River memorial & no one noticed that they were on the smallest of descents, for the New River drops at a rate of 5 inches per mile to allow it to slowly flow the 28 miles to the capital. A CHK was found on the New River Path, near to the monument, for here Mr X took to the flight of steps down to Amwell Lane & over to the wide track to the northeast, for he knew this route leads over to the railway & then into the Amwell Nature Reserve.

Sure enough Dust was found on the wide track, passing safely over the level crossing on the Hertford East Line & Mr X came up to the CHK by the track off to the northwest, he was caught up by Damien, the latter chose to search on the 'Amwell Walkway' in the woodland to the northwest, while Mr X continued to the towpath on the River Lea Navigation. Mr X wouldn't find any Dust on the tow path, not just yet, as "On!" was called by Damien within the small Nature Reserve.

Flying Solo would now make up lost ground & catch up with Damien, then Mr X would follow on behind these two as the Trail headed toward the railway line's edge, over which the large lake could be seen through the trackside tree line. These three would now break away from the rest of the Pack as the Trail would make its way for 360 yard in the shade of the woodland.

The dappled shade would soon be gone as the Trail turned nor-nor-east & come out on to the New River towpath on the River Lea Navigation by the bridge over to the lakes of the former quarry land. There has been a bridge here for years, for the old branch-line to Buntingford would cross the Navigation at this point from where it left the Hertford East Line at Amwell.

The Trail was picked up on a 480 Yard trot along the towpath in a nor-nor-west direction on another fairly exposed section, just a few trees on the west to offer the odd bit of shade with the few dotted bits of shadow across the towpath, the RA now reckoned that the shade on the Trail was now down to 80%? At least it was scenic with a few brightly painted narrow boats moored up on the way to Hardmead Lock where the next CHK would be.

It was a simple choice from here, & that was to turn to the southwest on a Track back down to the railway line, with another set of level crossing gates to make their way through, however some decided that it would be a good idea to have a photo taken on this [If the older generation are stoopid enough to do this then there's no hope for the kids! – Ed] especially as Sparky was at risk at getting his floppy soled trainer stuck in between the sunken lines!

Having survived the level crossing there was some more welcome shade through end of the woodland by Thrifts Lake to the north of Great Amwell. Mr X wondered if the Pack were going to be led on by **TBT OBE**'s house, if so would they get a look at his cat flaps or rattle his old knocker? [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] But no, the Trail would

come out on to Lower Road & then over the New River to reach the A1170 Amwell Hill Road, here was the option to cross over & head up by the stables, or take the Short Cut to the south up Pepper Hill.

For those who elected to continue with the Long Trail, Pink markings showed the way up to Amwellbury Farm, passing by a couple of horses at the Stables at the start of the footpath, one of the horses had a thin black & white coat that made him look like a Zebra. Most of the Pack, including Whatevershesays with the Hare, would take to the long version of the Trail.

Running slowed to a walk between the brown grass paddocks as the Keenies were now exposed to the UV once again, the percentage of shade was surely now down to 70%? Also the Trail began to rise with the contour of the ridge, which killed off any more thoughts of actually trying to run this section. Finally entering Post Wood for some cover & it may have been cooler, but the incline grew to a sharper climb, it was energy sapping as it's a long continuous stretch on a stony old route.

No one ran this section, then once on the ridge the footpath would came out into the exposed open area at the front of the Farmhouse, on the level & it was a chance to stop & gather breath before the Trail lead out by the farm house with its yappy terriers & out on to Walnut Tree Walk, Mr X had an advantage here for he knew a right turn on this old lane would lead up toward Hertford Rugby Club on Hoe Lane, the other option was to the southeast & that was in the direction of the Garden Centre.

Heading south-easterly the Trail would lead all the way down the tarmac section of Walnut Tree Lane, tantalizingly the Garden Centre car park could be seen, but there were several equine paddocks between the lane & a potential short cut to the EHMR.

Having passed by the stables, home to Dougal, the first pink 'On Inn' was found just before turning right on Pepper Hill, there was a second On Inn written just a few yards up the hill, which must have been for the Short Cutters when they crossed over at the traffic Island, to also make their way back to Van Hage's Entrance.

The Pack made their way back through the large car park, which brought the amount of shade down to 65%, then camp was set up under the shade of the trees in the centre of the railways oval line, here they could enjoy the remaining Ales, as well as the infamous Cider, before eating from the excellent barbeque, which was not manned by Paxo! Hashers went back for seconds! Even the late arriving Zing-a-long-a-max could enjoy the Barbeque as they had vegan alternatives on offer!

No Eye Deer changed out of her Hash Gear & now joined the rest, it was noticed that she was wearing a flowery summer dress, which led to Mr X asking if she was off to a Wedding? Pebbledash now commented on Pepé le Pew's naked lady mug handle had gone down a cup size or two a sit was still being used by the RA!

With it being so relaxed in the shade of the Sycamore Trees, the committee members managed to get through a lot of outstanding issues for the 2,000th weekend, with that out of the way we got to see pictures of No Eye Deer's Grandson, while Whatevershesays was questioned on if he was in a fake NASA Training to go back to the Moon next Year?

Mr X handed out the much converted paper trashes, which led him to ask **TBT OBE** if he saw the Anti Mouse/bird Cat-flap in the previous Run's Trash, but **TBT OBE** nonchalantly replied, like an old Luvvie from the theatre looking for their name up in lights, that as he wasn't on that run he wouldn't be mentioned in the words, so why would he read the report? Sounds like London Hashers who have their **names highlighted in Bold** so they can skip the sections they are NOT mentioned in. So, this means that after ditching paper trashes, the scribe's hard work is now read by very few, all of the rest now miss out on any historical items researched & of course the 'Funnies'!

While Sparky firstly wrestled with the lower hanging branches of the tree, he would then have another fight on his hand as he then spent a while putting a parasol up on his rickety chair that he had brought along, Kylie was very insistent that the Down-Downs were carried out when the trains were in the station, which they were & as an extra precaution the subject matter the Song Mistress came up with were of a suitable nature!

So, Paxo was awarded his for being the Hare, he despatched his Down-Down as questions went around about the amount of shade on the Trail! Amongst the other Down-Downs went to **TBT OBE**, who gladly accepted his, as he knew that he'll get a mention in this weeks' trash & he can read all about himself! Flying Solo for volunteering to host the Picnic Stop & Zing-a-long-a-max for something that TBT OBE isn't bothered about reading by this point of the write up as he's been mentioned enough!

WARNING: Kids! Don't be a numpty and stop for a photo on railway crossings, trespassing can lead to a £1,000 Fine