



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



Run No. 2155
Date: Sunday 11th May 2025
Venue: The Lordship Arms
Location: Bennington
Beers/Cider: York Chocolate Stout, TT Landlord
Hare/s: Where's Wally? & Soggy Butt
Runners: 20
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 21
Membership: Drier than Pebbledash's moonscape.



There was not a cloud in the sky as the Pack gathered outside the Lordship Arms, the Pack could already feel the strength of the sun & soon Sun-block was being liberally applied to some Lilly-white body parts to prevent any burning. While the Pack sorted themselves out, most missed the fact that Kylie had actually cross the road & captured the Circle outside of the Pub, allowing Fliptop to carry out the welcoming speech on time. Just as things seemed to be going rather smoothly, the announcement of the R*n number was questioned by TBT OBE? Not that anyone else was bothered.

This week saw Jules, our Virgin, introduced to the Circle just in case she got lost we would know what she looks like, then Where's Wally? could get on to explain what lay ahead for the Pack. It soon came around to the subject of body parts *again*, as Where's Wally? mentioned that he had chosen the Bennington Area for an infamous area of Shiggy, but alas with the recent dry weather it was like a "Luna-landscape, dry as a bone!" This was the cue for Pebbledash to reply with "That's what my husband said to me last night!"

Once the laughing had died down the Pack could hear about a regroup, with Sweet Stop, there was one big Short Cut for the knitting Circle to make their journey around the three mile mark, while the FRBs would be going the extra mile [Two & a half to be precise! – Ed] The Hare added that if it was too hot, then the Knitting Circle option would be good idea to take, then without further ado the Pack were ushered away down the dead-end lane from Burn's Green.

For My Lil's sanity, the first CHK was a few yards away from the Pub Car Park, by a small green wooded area between the split from the old tarmac lane & an uncapped farm like track. Those who followed the old section of lane to the southwest would soon be called back, with Mr X cutting through trees to the northwest arm.

Mr X was soon out into the fallow fields to the west of the Hebbing End, the southernmost part of Bennington, & he picked up the dust heading northward through the grassy vale, passing a 'tree island' around a third of the way along the 270 Yards to the northern hedgerow, here the Trail dropped down a short flight of steps cut into the small tree-lined embankment.

Once down a level the Trail would pass through a large horse-paddock, so a 'Hash Hush' was observed as two mares had foals with them, one of which came over to Mr X as he walked on further northward. This section of the Trail would lead on between the wide ride through a wood, then after 280 Yards the footpath turned a few degrees east, the Trail would come out on to the Whempstead Lane, where a CHK awaited.

Mr X was soon searching northward once more, finding the Trail on Town Lane, where double arrows directed the way off of this & onto the single track lane that heads northeastwardly to a local Farm in Bennington Park, where they have a 4X4 centre, one truck on its way out had the curtesy to pull over to allow the FRBs to pass by.

Ian caught up with Mr X just as the drive begins to dip into the valley, they arrived at a CHK where there were three options to search, it was here Mr X's luck changed as he went wrong by searching down toward the outbuildings.

"On!" was called by Ian, as he searched up away to the west, back toward the main part of the village of Bennington, with the Dust hugging the edge of the fields as it runs behind the homes on the drive the Pack had run only along a minute of two before. One home had a table outside of its rear garden, on this were a line of toy-cars, including a Ferrari & a Lamborghini.

The path now curved northward & led up to a CHK where a footpath leads off to the west. Ian was definitely on form again, with Mr X, Moss Key Toe, My Lil' & Tent Packer all in tow heading over to the eastern side of Bennington, & another CHK.

Just two options, search beyond the tree-line on to Town Lane again, or head northward? It was the northward choice that won out as the path runs 120 yards to reach the Bennington Recreation Ground. Ian missed the Held CHK (regroup) that the Hare had placed on an iron sewer manhole cover, My Lil', Mr X & Moss Key Toe had to be called back as well by the Hare, who started to apologise for having the regroup so early in the Trail, but it gave an

opportunity for the Pack to get back together, & some to begin to rifle through the packets of Allsorts to grab an Aniseed Button or two! [You know who they are! – Ed]

The Middle order of 3D & Slug, with Sally arrived, who were just at the regroup before a late starting Flying Solo & Mark caught up. Then the Pack was complete as the Knitting Circle of Paxo, Pebbledash, Kylie, Karlo the Jack-all & Jules arrived with Soggy Butt, who shepherding them around the Trail. Flying Solo & Mark now caught up with the Pack, having arrived well after the Circle had finished.

Time to move on again, with a boost to the number of FRBs it should have been plain sailing? Well, the first bit had already been picked up by Ian after he overshot the Held CHK. The Trail left the Recreation Ground, over to the west, Mr X mentioned to Jules that the nettles in the hedgerow don't sting in the sun, not that she believed him.

The Trail now turned around 45° toward the north, crossing the fallow land of Coles Green & heading toward the rear of the Lordship Gardens, famous for its August Bank Holiday Chilli Festival! The FRBs reached a CHK on the edge of the quaintly named 'Duck Lane' before ever reaching the grounds to the remains of the Castle.

While Flying Solo & Mark searched on the hard capped track to School Lane in the north, others searched away south-westward down the tarmac back toward Benington, however, it was down to Mr X & My Lil' to pick up the Dust on the uncapped track section of Duck Lane as it progresses through the tree-line separating the farm land of broad beans on either side.

It was a nice level trot along the wide track for some 380 Yards, to reach a new CHK. Mr X hedged his bets to search out over the bean field to the east, on a footpath cutting south-eastward on a slight rise over the bone dry soil. 300 yards more & eventually the FRBs reached the rough grassy edge of this field, where in the treeline, the Dust took them over a hump on the dry drainage ditch, here there was a northeast turn on an obtuse turn on edge of the field to reach the corner of the adjacent field.

It was less than 100 Yards to reach the next corner of the field, & just to prove this scribe can recall his geometric angles, there was an acute turn, with a less than a 90° turn to head south-eastward along the edge of the drainage ditch, the Pack had lost almost 90 feet in altitude from the top of the ridge.

The longest single stretch was now upon the Pack, with sections of cool shade a contrast to the exposure to energy sapping sun, all with a brisk warm breeze coming at the Pack from head on. 370 Yards along beside the drainage ditch, continuing on for a further 980 Yards on a dead straight line between the fields below Benington Park, where they have a splendid verdant panorama out over the valley of unspoilt Hertfordshire Countryside, if you don't count the ragamuffin Hashers now spread out in a very long line to reach a CHK.

On the way Where's Wally? asked Mr X if Herts had run this part of Herts before? The answer was yes, but a long time ago now. Where's Wally? added that he has set the Trail as one he'd like to Run, but it was nice to be in such an unspoilt rural area.

The options at the CHK where were one section of the 'Chain Walk' footpath crosses from Southwest to northeast, & another comes down from Home Covert up to the northwest. Chain walk footpaths are normally a series of linked footpaths to create a circular walk of long distance paths, the Hertfordshire Chain Walk consists of a total of 86 Miles made up of 15 smaller circular routes all linked together.

There was a slight diversion as the Trail ran around a small copse, where a CHK was located, with a teasing footpath up the ridge to the north. Where's Wally? had to call back Mark, who was off away on the 'Chain Walk' but in the direction that the Short Cut was going to take.

Having been recalled, Mark could now see that Flying Solo was leading the way up the opposite, long steep climb on the 'Chain Walk', which slowed even the most ardent of Keenies, including Ian. It would be a long steady north-easterly climb along the tree-line that leads up to the north-western side of Witness Wood.

High up on the vantage point, Mr X decided to look back down the valley & he could see the long line of the Knitting Circle stretch out along by the ditch, but there was one runner & that was the late arriving Zing-a-long, catching up & passing Soggy Butt, Jules, Paxo, Milf, Fliptop, Pebbledash, TBT OBE, 3D, Slug & Sally, one at a time. Zingalong would also pass by Kylie & Karlo the Jack-all, who were going to take to the Full Trail option.

Having reached the plateau, Where's Wally? now proved that the Hare had set the Trail to his liking, as he stopped & said to those around him that he wasn't sure if he was on the correct path through the plantation? Dust & then

and this kenneth, is precisely why i said we shouldn't get a f**king dog...



an arrow chalked on a marker post were spotted leading south-westward, out to the fields to the east. Where's Wally? was now back 'On Trail' on his own R*n.

Flying Solo & Mark both went wrong once again, they came back as the Pack crossed to wild grassy edge of a crop field on the slope of another valley. Once on the farm track, it was a stony old decent that would have the Keenies loose altitude to drop from 360 to 279 Feet above sea-level, reaching a CHK at the crossroads by the Old Bourne river.

With the Trail having to turn very soon, there were only two options to contemplate for the FRBs, further southeast toward Green End, or head southwest, along by the hawthorns still in blossom. The Keenies of Flying Solo, Mark, Ian, Moss Key Toe, My Lil', Mr X & Tent Packer now arrived at a CHK on another crossroads of footpaths.

There was no messing around from the FRBs, for they quickly took to the option through a kissing gate & into a large sheep field on the meadow-land, this area must at sometimes flood in places, as the footpath led up to a brand new looking wooden bridge, spanning the parched, dried up water course below.

Once at the end of the meadow, the Keenies would find that once through the opposite kissing gate, they would discover a large, freshly laid 'SC' where the Knitting Circle had already been through. The FRBs would not catch them now, for the remaining Trail would take to the Chain Walk footpath that leads south-westward on a steep climb of over 300 Feet

over 400 Yards, an almost 23% gradient which slowed all of the Keenies up & exposed to the energy sapping sun.

The footpath became a farm track near to the top of the valley, as it levelled out, the route would turn around a bend to lead on to the narrow tarmac lane, here the On Inn was found. This single-track rustic lane lined with homes would lead the 370 Yards from Hebing End & back in to Burns Green & the Lordship Pub.

On the way Inn, the RA noticed a deflated Arsenil football stuck at the bottom of one front hedge, then he had to jump out of the way as a woman just turned her car *right* in front of him to access her property, there was absolutely no sign of any curtesy from her toward pedestrians.

The Knitting Circle were found in the well-kept back garden of the Pub, where some took advantage of the shade of the garden's pine tree, all while awaiting the return of Kylie & Karlo the Jack-all, who were walking the entire long Trail [Well done to them! – Ed] Once they had returned, the book was retrieved & after most had signed it, the Circle was called & so the Hares were rewarded of a great Trail, 3 miles for the Knitting Circle, with an extra two & a half for the Keenies.

Other Down-Downs went to Tent Packer, who had been bitten by something nasty out there & was now sporting a large welt on the underside of his fore-arm, he was awarded a medicinal Half pint. Pebbledash for her Moonscape comment, the quip of the day. Jules for completing her first Herts Hash.

While relaxing after the Circle, the Hash were treated to the sight of an ME 109 fly over, which of course led to several jokes, that Stan Boardman [& Pebbledash! – Ed] would have been proud of involving Fokke-Wolf, a play on words that almost ended the scouse comedian's career after a notorious TV interview with Des O'Conner, well before they made 'Meet The Fokkers'.

Excuse me while I put away King Henry VIII's milk



You might be having a bad day at work, but you're not having a "Black Realistic 9 inch Cock with Scrotum" delivery bad day



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These are in the maritime museum Lowestoft. But they are originally from Great Yarmouth waxworks. And are supposed to be Ernie wise and lester piggot @

