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


Run No. 2156
Date: Monday 26th May 2025
Venue: Rose Café Breakfast Run/ Six Asbo's
Location: Hertford
Beers/Cider: Dark Island Dark Ale; Thornbridge Jaipur: Hogsback IPA
Hare/s: My Lil'
Runners: 16
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 3
Total: 19
Membership: Breakfast Buddies

An earlier than normal start for the Hash, as the Hare would explain that the Rose Café was booked for 16 people & that they were expecting the Pack to be there around 11:15Hrs. As each car arrived, the drivers would all have to wrestle with the car park's payment machine, hampered by the L's on each keypad seemingly not working properly on the Council's 'Cash Cow' box.

The Hash even had to assist some civilian's with the registration of their car. All of this amused those who hadn't driven there, like Mr X & My Lil' who arrived by bus, & Ian who had cycled there, he only had to wrestle with the chain as he secured his bike.

Under patchy, sometimes overcast skies, the Circle was welcomed by TBT OBE to the correct R*n Number. The Hare was called forward, he mention that the Knitting Circle would take a shorter 45 minute Trail, then he handed Mr X a piece of plasterboard to mark the Long Trail. Mr X look a little disappointed, for he was feeling slightly jaded from the day before's Ska all-dayer in St Albans.

So, the Trail got underway with the Pack being directed out of the car park, through the gate in the wall to the Castle Grounds, over the narrow bridge spanning one of the tributaries to the River Lea, to enter the walled in green space. Pepé le Pew & Paxo were the first ones through to the park, walking side by side they held up the Keenies who wanted to get by on the narrow path until the Trail crossed the main, wider stretch of the river Lea as it flows toward the weir beside the 'Beam' Theatre.

Once over the water way there would be the first split in the Trail, with the Keenies being led clockwise around the inside of the Castle Walls, passing near to the gates where the drive lead out between the Theatre & the Six Templars. The Dust would continue around by the older, flint wall sections of Castle's defences to come around to find the Knitting Circle of Pepé le Pew, Paxo, Sludge, Mark E Mark, Milf being led by the Hare, past the large Stone that marks the first General Synod held here in 673 AD, to the southern entrance that leads out to the small green beyond the walls.

Mr X told Ian that it looked like the Trail would head toward the underpass off of Castle Street, which in years gone by was flooded with some unsavoury water that was waded through to follow Trail under the A414 Gascoyne Way, thankfully for these two the subway floor was dry as they followed Dust to the south of the dual carriageways, there was more than a slight air of disappointment as they reached the top of the steps by the new Police Station to discover a T there!

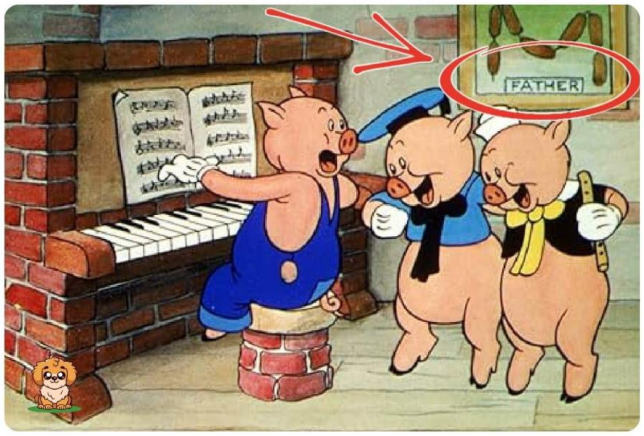
Back down & up the concrete steps, at least there were artworks on the subway walls to admire on the way back to find that the rest of the Hash had moved on westward on Castle Street, passing the White Horse & around to the crossings over the dual carriageway, there was a slight hiatus for some in utilizing the staggered crossings, eventually they Keenies would catch up with the Knitting Circle as they advance down West Street, which actually goes off in a south-westerly direction.

Those ahead of the Knitting Circle would pass the Black Horse Pub & carry on to a Bar CHK further along on West Street, when they came back they found the single file queue heading up the narrow footpath of Wallfield Alley, like the Monaco Grand Prix there were not many places to pass those in front, then after 120 Feet the Trail turned with the alley's 90 degree move to the southwest, running along behind the fence panels offering privacy to the rear gardens that fall steeply way to the homes below on West Street.

For most of the Pack, the slow advancement of the long line of Hashers suddenly came to an abrupt halt as one of the pooches that Mark E Mark was walking decided that it was time to leave a parcel right in the middle of the footpath! After Mark E Mark had bagged up the poop, the Trail could resume & as it did Ketchup started to tell the story of the arson attack that burnt down one of the buildings on Leahoe Gardens, on the County Hall side of the tree-line.

For the Keenies a set of steps to the south meant that the footpath expanded enough to allow some passing beyond them to lead along by where the arson had taken place, apparently two teenagers have been arrested for it, but due to their ages their names are withheld, something that riled TBT OBE as he expressed his Dickensian views

Disney dark humor I missed as a child




on the Law. The subject was soon dropped as another Bar CHK was found, now the talk was about the Hare & his parentage!

On the about-turn, retracing of steps back to the flight of stairs, Gen 'n' Tonic & Canny Cant caught up with the Hash, the Pack were almost together as everyone climbed the flight of steps to pass through the now boarded-up accommodation units on Leahoe Gardens to come up on to the dead-end of Pegs Lane, as it runs through the Grounds of County Hall & on to a CHK on Bullocks Lane.

By the time the Keenies reached this, the Hare & the Knitting Circle were well on their way to the east, though they were held up slightly as Milf wanted a picture of some of the Hash outside of the County Hall Building, with is large bronze Harts, flanked by the County & Union flags flying in the breeze.

Diamond Geezer was with the Knitting Circle at this point, for he was on 'Pooch Siting Duties' & had brought Paddington along with him for a morning out. So, once by them, from the CHK opposite the end of Highfield Road, Ian, Mr X, No Eye Deer & Tent Packer would turn the corner on to Morgan's Road to embark on the longer Trail as they continued southward down Morgan's Road for some 360 Yards, there to be turned off on an alleyway heading south-westward between the playing fields of local School.

There were a few slight twists & turns on the way to reach a CHK on the exit to Wilton Crescent, Ian was well ahead of the other FRBs by this point, the CHK was unmarked & no calling of "On!" could be heard, so No Eye Deer went wrong as Tent Packer picked up the Trail a few yards to the south & on around the arcing Mandeville Road, while Mr X remained to mark the CHK once Tent Packer had called "On!".

A long clockwise trot for the Keenies as Mandeville road turns to its conclusion out on Brickendon Lane, there was no CHK there, just double arrow directing the way southeast on a footpath that rises above the old country road, then as Mr X had mentioned, there was a turn to the left to enter the elongated woodland running above & to the east of the lane.

A CHK at a fork in the in the main meandering path within the wood had No Eye Deer & Tent Packer taking the lower arm, where they found Dust & called "On!" but this happened just as Mr X also found Trail on the higher of the two paths, so he carried on over the dried up natural culverts that take rain water down to the stream at the bottom of the wood.

Mr X would carry on along the higher path to find a CHK toward the southern end of the woodland, here he kicked through the CHK as he found the Trail leading up one last, little uphill section & then out on the edge of the crop fields to the east of the wood & north of Home Farm & Brickendonbury. The footpath would take a north-eastern route to the centre of the crops, before turning almost due north.

At a CHK on the elbow in the main footpath had slowed Ian up, for he had unsuccessfully searched out two of the three option, & on Mr X's arrival he would carry on northward along the so far unsearched option by the hedgerow, here the Trail was picked up once again. After 370 Yards there was a rather abrupt change of direction as the footpath was lost, being within the tractor tracks through the crop.

At first this route didn't seem correct, but Dust was spotted so they move on north-eastward through more of the crop field, running on this section care was needed as the ground had dried up so much that large cracks presented a potential hazard in places. Thankfully TBT OBE was on the Knitting Circle option & in theory he was safe from any trip hazards, for the moment.

After 160 yards the Path emerged onto Morgan's Walk, the impressive lengthy tree-lined avenue from the south of Hertford down to the Brickondonbury Estate, where the large house there is home to the Malaysian Rubber Research Centre, also the venue of the (late) Princess & Ketchup's Wedding.

Mr X instinctively searched northward from the CHK & it wasn't long before arrows were found on one of the series of regular concrete covers that appear along the wide avenue. Ian had gone wrong at this CHK & caught up as Mr X reached the next CHK, some 380 Yards further up the avenue. Ian's luck was still off, as he went off into the field to the west, all while Mr X continued along to the end of Morgan's Walk & out to the hairpin bend where the southern ends of Morgan's Road & Queens Road meet.

The Knitting Circle of Gen 'n' Tonic, Paxo, Pepé le Pew, Sludge, Milf, TBT OBE, Ketchup, Mark E Mark & Kylie had all followed the Hare on the earlier short cut that would take them from Queens Road to the point where a long back-passage drops away from Queens Road.

Down to the northeast for around 200 Yards on a narrow uneven tarmac path, hemmed in with fences & with additional 'TBT OBE Traps', in the guise of the raised 'sleeping policemen' like ridges of tarmac where tree roots have forced it up, there were also overgrowing branches & bramble runners that needed to be dodged to avoid getting caught up on.

Once in the bottom of the vale the Trail crossed a concrete slab of a platform with the stream below it, & with iron railings at the edges, here there would be the third split of the day, with a short cut marked off to the left, heading into Valley Close, meanwhile the longer option headed up the eastern rise to reach Mangrove Road.

Mr X thought that Ian would catch him around here as he merged beside the Simon Balle School, but it seems that Ian had not regained the lost ground after going wrong & then marking the CHKs through for No Eye Deer, Tent Packer, Daimond Geezer with Paddington & anyone else behind.

The Trail would now turn northward to cut down Rooke's Alley for around 90 Yards, but once on Hagsdell Road the Trail would not continue on the next, middle section of the back-passage, instead it would head down Hagsdell Road to the southwest.

The two Trails would now meet again at the south-eastern corner entrance to the Cemetery of All Saints Church, on the way in Mr X spotted a solitary war grave, sadly the death of 26 Year old Private Walter Miles of the 16th Battalion of the Royal Scots was 12th of November 1918, the day after the Armistice came in to effect. His Parents lived in West Street.

The Trail was now coming to its conclusion, as the arrows left the graveyard via the north-eastern entrance on to Churchfields, Mr X now went wrong as he headed up Churchfields, in the wrong belief that the Trail would get back on to third & last section of Rookes' Alley, once realising that there were no markings up there!

Time to work his way back down to the footpath that is almost hidden in the end of the short spur in Churchland, by the local School, this heads over a short way to the edge of Gascoyne Way, then running parallel to the noisy arterial road, before cutting underneath it via a subway. Still Ian hadn't caught up. Perhaps the small rucksack he had run around with had slowed his progress?

The Trail was set on the longer up-ramp by the local M&S Simply Food store to reach Fore Street, here the Hash were led down & around by the Lord Haig Pub, to Railway Street & then over to the Rose Café. Here the Knitting Circle were already seated at the reserved tables, some even had their orders coming out.

Ian eventually arrived at the Café, with No Eye Deer & Tent Packer not too far behind. Last to come in was Diamond Geezer, with Paddington, after walking the longer option of the Trail. At one end of the Café the chatter subsided as the 'nose-bagging' began. Meanwhile TBT OBE was delayed with his Veggie Version, for he was confused over to which of the condiments was the Pepper, it was pointed out that one steel pot had the holes in the top in an S shape, while the Pepper was indicated by a P!

What can you say about the breakfast? On seeing what was coming out, No Eye Deer decided that she's go for the 'lighter option' of an omelette, except when it came out it was huge, she had to donate some of her chips to the wanton ones. Ian went for the doorstep bacon sarnies, but as Mr X pointed out, at Ian's discarded crusts & that was a saying his mum used to use "You'll never have curly hair if you don't eat your crusts!"

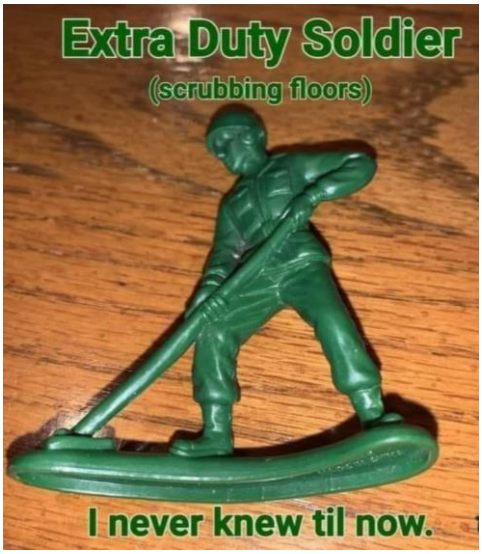
Now stuffed with breakfast, a bunch had gathered outside of the Rose Café, as there was a slight drizzle in the air! Milf had to assist Mr X in getting dressed into his Saracens' Poncho, after he had put his head through one of the armholes, he did say "Thank you Mum!"

The Trail passed along Maidenhead Street where Ketchup explained that Mark E Mark had taken the dogs back & would meet the Pack in the Six Templars, apparently last time he was in there Mark E Mark got slightly squiffy on Jaipur Ale! Mr X then said "Oh Dear! They have it on in the 'spoons today!"

Some went to fetch Hash bags, while others settle straight in to the Six Asbos, Mr X soon found out who his mates were as there, as per usual, no pint waiting for him, & even after he had lumped someone's bag & coat around in the drizzle!

Mr X told those gathered that he had popped in to see Sparky the day before, then went onto the Ska All-dayer. He said that Sparky seemed happy, he was also proud that his niece had been over to see him & that they have now planted an Apple tree in the care-home's garden. No Eye Deer learnt about the Herts Cyprus Interhash, where Mark E Mark broke his neck [Yes he really did & it wasn't down to Lobby Lobster! – Ed]

There were only a couple of Down-Downs to be handed out, so as the Pack were sat around in the small separate area of the Bar, somewhere up for heading off as the Hash waited for Milf to come back from Charity Shop shopping. In the end the Circle went ahead inside, to save seats, before Milf came back. The Hare was rewarded for a Trail that took an hour for the FRBs & 45 or less for the Knitting Circle.




The other Down-Downs went to Mark E Mark & his holding up of the Pack with one of the pooches having to drop of a present! Kylie would also be out for producing two 'Emergency chocolate bars' from his bum-bag, that looked like old dog turds with a bit of wrapping still on them! But far worse was when he produced three CAMRA Vouchers, expecting to save 50 pence off a pint, but he just sat there all forlorn & bemoaning that they were a year out of date! Also one of the Green Plastic Soldiers from the "In coming!" charges at Paxo's 1,000th Weekend, which led to the usual round of "What did you do in the Army?"

The rounds went on for some time, probably an extra one or two due to the early start, it also may explain why the Pack were testing the elasticity of their under arm skin, with Kylie's looking like an extra scrotum hanging down [& all while civilians were eating! – Ed] Mark E Mark went on to do some Man-spanning, sadly this was photographed & ended up on the Herts Hash Farcebook page. Hopefully no one was eating when it popped up? The Pack became more raucous as the subject matter dropped down several levels, there were lots of calls of "Where's Pebbledash when you need her?"

Then Mark E Mark received a phone call from Lobby Lobster, which he answered with a "Not now, I am decorating!" She didn't call him back, or answer when he tried calling her. However some had to move on, TBT OBE's wife rung him, he had a far more subtle, even apologetic tone to his reply & he was soon off after being picked up. This spurred Paxo on to try & make his exit, he was all up for abandoning Pepé le Pew [Some wingman he was! – Ed] in order to save some brownie points, but he relented for a lift form Milf.!

A great day, with a good Trail, great food & the weather stayed off when we needed it!