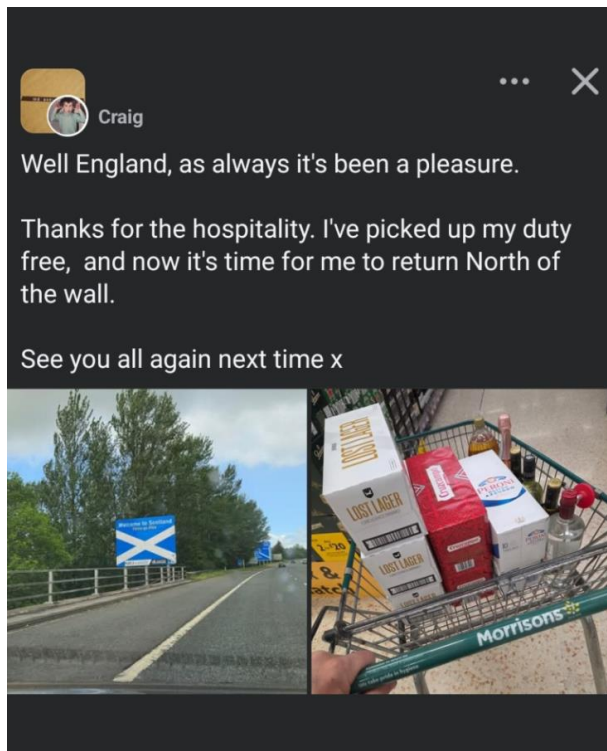


Herts
 Hash
 House
 Harriers
Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk

A MESSI TATTOO FAILURE!



Run No. 2158
 Date: Monday 2nd June 2025
 Venue: Brookmans
 Location: Brookmans Park
 Beers/Cider: Dooooombar and Hop Kitty
 Hare/s: No Eye Deer (and Hobbling Helper)
 Runners: 11
 Virgins: 0
 Visitors: 0
 Newies: 0
 Après: 0
 Hash Hounds: 1
 Total: 12
 Membership: More of an Eye Deer of a Trail?



Following notification of the A1 road closure due to a lorry on fire, the Hares set off early to lay the trail and to check an alternative road route to Brookman Park. Google Maps did what it was supposed to do and round a route round the closures so all was good. A message was sent to the Hash to warn them. Also another message was pinged out to warn drivers to register their car registration number at the bar to avoid a fine.

Despite the road problems and location there was a good turnout and the group circled up spot on 7pm. The Likely Lads were absent today as they were on their way back from the BRAS and Pants weekend in Scottish Borders, meeting up with Wanktlers amongst the Hash (although Mr X had messaged earlier in the week to see if anyone would still be around at 9.30pm? However, there were Train delays preventing his appearance that evening).

The Hare told the pack it wasn't too long a Trail, but there was a loop at the end for those who wanted to go a bit further. None of the group seemed in the mood for running and were happy to plod along together enjoying the sunshine. The Hare marked the Trail to take the Pack down Bradmore Green which turned into Bluebridge Road, this is real upmarket commuter belt country. Passing opposite the Methodist Church, to continue some 360 metres and the Trail then went left, down Bluebridge Avenue and continued along a very nice residential

street with a dead end, but at the very end there was a footpath beyond the metal gates, taking them through to an enclosed green field, then through the tree-line to reach a large open space.

The larger enclosed green space had several benches along by the southern, bottom edge of wood, all the dedications related to the Thomas Family, the last one was the first of a wavy wooden design, more of these would be spotted further around the Trail.

Diamond Geezer and a few others then put on a spurt and ran ahead to follow the Trail over to the north-eastern corner of the converging tree-lines, here they found a 'crazy paving' like start to the short path, then on to the wooden sleepers coming to the first check.

Diamond Geezer took the most likely (but incorrect) route down the tree-lined mud track only to be called back a few minutes later, to where the footpath continued left, across a field eventually leading across Gobions Open Space then on to the northern bank of Gobions Pond. This is south of the Moffat's Way car park, where five years ago, the first after covid-19 Lockdown Herts Hash Trail was from, where we had to bring our own beers and run in 'pods of six'!

The Trail was marked to go clockwise round the pond for the two legged members of the Hash, for Sally it was in and out of the water, who wants a dog-bowl of fresh water when there are lakes, ponds and streams to drink from? The Hash stopped to admire the view and take photos of the ducks and geese.

Another check, set on a large old stump by an old Yew Tree, led some of the Pack nor-nor-east, away from the pond only to be called back to continue on the right path. Around southern side of the lake, the at the halfway point a turn to the south, on the far side of the lake a short cut was marked for those not wanting a Long Trail, with the likes of DWSS still recovering from a bad knee and Des Res recovering from an op choosing this option.

The long Trail led the Pack round the other side, running by a Lilly Pond then southward into Gobions Wood, on the footpath where an arrow was marked left, down through a wooded trail leading out to a field.



The Hare remarked that it was a good job there was Flour as otherwise she would have got lost herself not remembering where the Trail went!! The Trail continued around the field to go back eastwards into the woods to re-join the Trail.

The Pack remarked how lovely Gobions woods were and warned each other of tree roots although as not many were running now, these did not present too much of a problem and TBT OBE was not present. Perhaps some thought that the woods were really nice after trying the local comments scrawled on the next information board. [No matter how appetising it may look, we do not recommend any foraging for fungi of any kind! –Ed]

Another shortcut was found a bit further on, crossing over the old brick arched bridge to the south, which would cut off the loop round the woods, but most took the long route. The Trail crossed a narrow wooden footbridge to the east, running by the Ray Brook [Isn't that the real Name of Port, or Starboard? – Ed] there were

more knurled old roots to keep an eye out for on the way around the eastern outcrop of the woodland. The Trail would follow the path as it moved through an area of fallen trees that had a large sections cut out to allow continued access on the footpath.

The Trail now came around clockwise, with the Ray Brook to the east and by the 'Canal Pond' to its west, the pond is a remnant of when this was a part of the Gobion or 'Gubbins' Estate designed by famous landscape gardener Charles Bridgeman in the early 18th Century, there was supposed to be large four pillared temple built there in what was to be the 'Pleasure Ground', but this never happened and since been left to become a wild woodland and Nature Reserve.

Having complete the 1.10 Km loop, the Trail would continue westward, passing through the 'Swallow Hole' and then the undulating 'Deep Bottom' sections of the greater Gobions Wood [It was lucky that Pebbledash wasn't present! – Ed] After the ups and downs, a Held Check on the wide path up from the old brick bridge that was a short cut earlier, presented a chance for some well-earned sweeties of the usual varieties of liquorice allsorts, jelly babies and soft jellies. Tent Packer was happy that he had little competition in searching out the Aniseed Buttons from the Allsorts!

After this short stop to admire the bench adorned old pooch pendants imbedded into the seat, engraved with the names and dates of the late dogs, the Pack continued along the well-marked route. There were a few more Falsies and more narrow wooden footbridges over various streams and culverts that fill the many ponds within the woodland.

The first falsie took the Pack out of the Gobions woods, the first out into the crop fields toward the large expanse of the Royal Veterinary College Hawkshead grounds. There was another stretch out through the fields but mostly the Trail reverted to circumnavigating the woods, passing in, then out of the Little Rye section of the woodland. The trees planted in Memory of Peter Marsh, Phillip Evans & Greta Pettit in 1990. To get out of this part of the woodland, it was via an old wooden kissing gate, which was kept closed by a faithful old bit of the multi-purpose blue nylon rope.

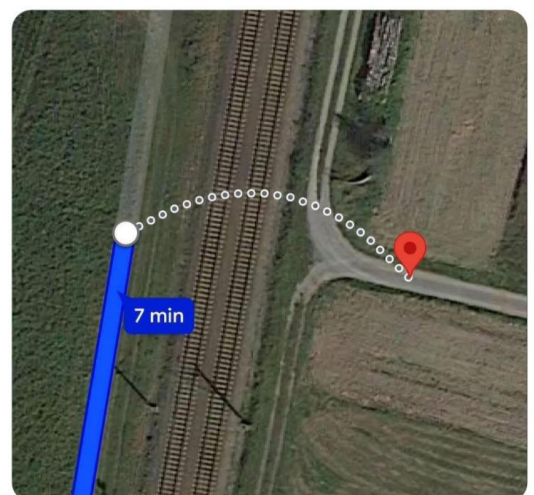
The section between the edge of the woodland and the fields to the south slowed Pack, for all were hindered by intruding branches on the right, then on the left the wire fence posts were leaning in to the path to further restrict the run, no chances of overtaking here!

Eventually the edge of the woodland was left behind, leading back out on a concrete bank to keep the Ray Brook back, then out onto Bluebridge Road, near to Ray Brook Farm. A short and long cut trail were marked up the road, while Paxo, Des Res, DWSS, Lobby Lobster, Mark E Mark, Slug, well most of the Pack really, turning right to take the short cut back up the road to the On Inn.

The Hare was pleased that Diamond Geezer, Ketchup and Tent Packer had taken the longer route, which took them over the Bluebridge Road, westward along the top of a field as far as the Railway line. The footpath then took them south above the Mainline from and out on to Hawkshead Lane.

Care was need up on Hawkshead lane, but once over railway bridge the Keenies turned off immediately before the grounds of the Royal Veterinary College to head north, taking them back on the west

Thank you very much Google Maps!



side of the railway line for another *whole* Kilometre! [0.62 Miles I the King's English! – Ed]

This footpath starts off high above the railway line and after several slight up and downs it finishes below the level of the tracks, where it becomes slightly encroached upon by various brambles and vegetation.

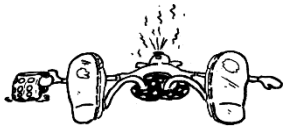
Once, at the end of the footpath, it would move out into the inside of the Royal Veterinary College fields, but a few years ago it was changed to stick with the railway line. The Trail came out by the station ticket office to turn on to the footbridge on the southern side of the road bridge of Station Road, over the line one last time and back to the pub.

The Pack sat in the garden although moved on to the patio area as Lobby announced it was much nicer there than sitting at the bird poo covered tables on the grass. She was right. Meanwhile the males of the group were a bit disappointed that there was no ale as the handpumps were not working, so disappointingly had to revert to lager instead. Just as well the other lads hadn't made the Trail as we would not have heard the end of it!! [They did have Dooombar and (the far better) 'Hop Kitty' on when the scribe staggered around a day later! – Ed]

It was a lovely evening to sit and enjoy a lager-shandy and good conversation.

The lack of Ales wouldn't have been an issue back when Martin Chivers (Former Tottenham Hotspur player 1968-1976) used to run the place, yes way back in the days when footballers bought Pubs for their retirement! After ending his career at Barnet FC, he ran the place from 1983 to 1996. Ale wasn't an issue, however getting beyond his cronies to the bar was a different issue.

Many thanks to No Eye Deer for the write up.



When you've had 10 pints and your mate says "Fancy a game of pool?"

Mum left with green Asda logo on her head after using plastic bag to help dye hair

