



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



Run No. 1951
14th November 2021
Venue: Swan
Beers: Timothy Taylor Landlord, Wadworth's 6X, Sharpes
Location: Wheathampstead
Hare/s: TBT OBE
Runners: 10
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 10
Membership: Paying our respects then on to an Ikea Trail,
made up as it went along with no reading of the Destructions!

Numbers were a lot lower this week for our annual Remembrance Day Trail, a couple not on Parade today were My Lil' & Mr X were still up in Edinburgh after a weekend of Rugby & Megasaurarse's Hash Birthday, returning on the new (Cheap) Lumo service they had to wait for the late afternoon before heading back down to Englandshire. The benefit of being up there until late afternoon was that they could get to see the Remembrance Day parade & service from Edinburgh Castle & down the Royal Mile, something that Sir Pants (Late of this Parish) would have been involved with in the early 1990's.

On Parade outside St Helen's War Memorial on the High Street in Wheathampstead were TBT OBE, No Eye Deer, Whatevershesays, Paxo, Sludge, Milf, Kylie, as well as a welcome return of Sparky (& George). While those at the service in Wheathampstead awaited for the Chimes of Big Ben to be broadcast over the wireless, up in Auld Reekie (Edinburgh) Mr X & My Lil' listened to the skirl of the pipes as the military bands marched down The Royal Mile, then when the services Parade had stopped, the Edinburgh Castle Gun was fired to mark the start of two minutes silence, then fired again to signal its end.

"What's the difference between Edinburgh & Glasgow when you hear a gun go off? You know it's One o'clock in Edinburgh!" – Kevin Bridges

So, after the two minutes silence, while two went off to enjoy a couple of pints [Now that the Scotlandshire Drinking laws have changed from Gud Auld days of a crocked Mr X & Olymprick buying tinnies of Beer from old piss reeking tramp in camera blind-spots of Sterling to drink before the then 12:30Hrs opening – Ed]

Those down in Englandshire would welcome Sparky back to the Herts Hash after TBT OBE called the Pack back over to the Swan. Perhaps Sparky was hoping that TBT OBE would complete the Trails Sparky had set in the Past but the Pack had never completed all of on any of the three occasions from the Swan?

The Trail started with The Hash heading back down the High Street, but a left turning off on Church Street kept the Hash away from the service that was still continuing towards its finish, the Trail headed west by southwest to the junction with Old Rectory Gardens.

Luckily Pebbledash wasn't a this Trail, for the Trail had crossed over from outside Cunningtons Lighting Shop, now an arrow pointed the way just off of the bend in Old Rectory Gardens & then down the 'Private road' wouldn't be a TBT OBE Tail without a bit of trespassing, to head northward behind the western edge of the grounds of St Helen's.

It looked like the Pack would be heading to run alongside the 'Crinkle-Crankle Wall' a wavy, serpent like wall made of single bricks, the unique & fairly rare design these days uses the alternate curves to give the wall strength without the need to have stations of buttresses, but a change of direction would put a stop to that as the Hash would now be heading eastward along the footpath leading back to the High Street.

After 90 Yards the Trail turn by the local Chinese & then northward down the High Street, crossing over by the bridge over the river Lea, where there is a finger post sign in the water that shows the dictions of 13 Miles to Leagrave, the source of the Lea in Luton & in the opposite direction it is 29 Miles to London.

The Trail continued the 170 Yards to go beyond the ornate wooden Wheathampstead village sign to take to the side estate of Mount Road, the Trail weaved its way up to the western elbow in the dead-end to find the Trail would turn northward on an alleyway lined with young poplars as it moved 50 yards on between the homes to come out on to the elbow of Abbot John Mews (named after a Pub that Mr X used to frequent in days gone by).

Continuing a mere 30 yards further north on Old Waddling Lane, which was apt as Sparky followed TBT OBE to the steps that lead up an embankment. It would now be 'Happy, Happy, Joy, Joy' time for Kylie & Sludge as they entered the former Wheathampstead Railway Station, which with National Lottery funding, has been restored to its former glory.

Sludge too was in heaven on the old single platform of former LNER station, the single track line opened in 1860 which was the Hatfield (Later Welwyn Garden City when it was established in 1920) to Dunstable & Leighton Buzzard beyond, which closed in 1965 after the 'Beeching Report' showed that the passenger traffic was no longer financially viable, which is a shame as if it was still running it would be far easier to get to Luton Airport.

Sludge had to have his picture taken on the platform shelter, next to the wooden carving of George Bernard Shaw, for the Irish Dramatist used to catch the Train from here after cycling down from his home in nearby Ayot St Lawrence.

The Hare decided that it would be time for an early Sweet Stop while the Pack played on the Trains made of a line of carved tree-trunks, the real open wooden freight carriage painted with local GJW Titmus suppliers of Animal feeds & Equestrian Tack, & of course there was also an obligatory bright blue Thomas the Tank Engine.

It was soon time to burn off the calories from the sweets & the Hash descend down opposite set of steps for the former railway embankment to head back along the start of the Cory-Wright way & back down through the newer housing estate, however Whatevershesays was not so reassured as confusion reigned, even for the Scribe who went around two days later it was myriad of contradicting Hash sign!

Back & forth to find what the Americans describe as a 'Cluster-F*ck' of Arrows & T's all over the estate that just led into one dead-end & then another. Eventually, after the Hash almost doubled back to waddle away down the western end of Waddling Lane, a possible escape route seemed to lay ahead down toward the hoardings that hide the construction of even more residential homes, a left turn in front of which arrows were finally were found out on to the stony hard capped route behind the fenced off back of the gardens with their platform like sleepers, this is now a part of the 'Ayot Greenway' as it arcs parallel & above the course of the river Lea below to the south.

The Next CHK was chalked in yellow on a Tree where the two paths met but since it was not a 'My Lil' Trail', there would be no descent down for a water crossing in the Lea, it would be a long 680 Yards on the hard capped path as it rises to head away & around two quarters of a fenced-off field, then southward for the last few yards to drop down to on Sheepcote Lane. A Sheepcote being a place where sheep-dipping took place in olden days, hundreds of years before it contemporary Fosters Aussie Lager was available in cans in the UK.

A north turn would lead the Hash under the Cory-Wright Way by-pass, named after the former councillor the Trail would reach the next CHK at a crossroads where the Ayot Green Way of the Railway line comes in from the east & the Brocket Estate, options were east toward Waterend, northeast on the continuation of Sheepcote Lane by-way, or westward on what was the former Railway lines route until it was cut off by the Cory-wright Way.

A few feet to the east Kylie would find an information sign about the 'Lost Railway' & its History, sadly to his dismay he's discover that the wind-up talking part of the information board is no longer working. Back to the Trail, which now headed off toward the by-pass but for only as far as 75 Yards, since the route out to the by-pass is no longer encouraged as a pedestrian way to the now closed lay-by.

The way the Dust would take the Pack would be led was up along the western edge of a large triangular bit of woodland that has the remains of gravel pits that had a spur line into it to remove the workings by Train. 370 Yards to the opposite, western corner of the plantation to reach the Codicote Road, no messing around here & it was straight over the white gated driveway to what was Lamer House Farm, in later years this was the former Lamerwood Golf & Country Club's Club House.

It must have been a sad sight for the Herts Hash Hackers amongst the Pack, for the course laid out to USPGA Standards only lasted 13 Years & is now closed, though its good news for those who 'Don't want a good Hash spoilt!' to paraphrase Mark Twain's "Golf is a good walk spoilt!"

At the end of the avenue of trees along by the driveway's hazel hedge, the Trail took to the footpath that continues northward a short way to where a CHK was drawn on a post by a fork in this path. Two options, right to where the path changes direction to head eastward through to the plantations in the distance, or left on the northwest footpath over into the southern end of Lamer Park Wood?

The diagonal path over to Lamer Park Wood won out, as the Trail of the odd yellow arrow now led up to the long driveway for Lamer House, a CHK wouldn't slow the Keenies as the obvious choice was to continue north-westward through another triangular plantation, this one being an isosceles triangle, then out over the green space to reach another of the Lamer House Drives

On the second of the drives for the House, the Hash would turn westward to take this route out as it drops south-westward a short distance to come out on to Lamer Lane in the bottom end of Gustard Wood noted for its being a bluebell woods. The Hare chalked a yellow CHK on the information sign about the bluebells. After the earlier disappointment of one closed Golf Course, to cheer up the Hash House Hackers the Hare now set the Trail to lead through the Mid Herts Golf Course, starting off by the Club House, which now days is larger than it was on the 1922 Ordnance Survey Map with the adjacent Plough Pub mark as separately but would later be absorbed by the Golf Club.

It was a convoluted little bit for the Pack to make their way from through the Golf Club car park as it weaved its way west behind Home Farm & then a sharp turn to south by southwest away from Delaport, this would be a long, but at least downhill, trot through the farm fields to the west of the large outbuildings of GJW Titmus.

Founded in 1870 as a flour mill (George Timus served a 6 Year Apprenticeship at Lemsford Mill) the family business changed later to agricultural maters, the Lamer Lane Site boasts Hertfordshire's largest stockist of horse feed together with cat & dog foods, caged & wild bird foods, racing pigeon foods & sundries all available to the public at unbeatable cash & carry prices. The 2nd floor houses "Horseworld" with over 17,000 lines of equipment & clothes for the horse owner & country enthusiast.



At the end of the 900 Yards stretch to emerge back out on to the end of Lamer Lane before it reached the roundabout at the northern end of Wheathampstead. It was simply a case of crossing the mini roundabout on the end of the Cory Wright Way & the start of the Lower Luton Road, to head back up where the former railway bridge stood at the end of Station Road to reach the high street, opposite the Former Abbot John Pub & On Inn.



'E Company' of the Hertfordshire Regiment leaving Letchworth train station, Hertfordshire in August 1914

If you stood on a street corner at 9am and watched the spirits of the dead British World War 1 soldiers march by four abreast, the column would stretch 97 miles and would take 20 hours (or until 5am the next morning) to pass you.

The French dead would take an additional 51 hours and the German dead 59 hours.

Considering all the dead on the Western Front, this parade would last from 9am Thursday until 4pm Tuesday and would stretch over 386 miles.



