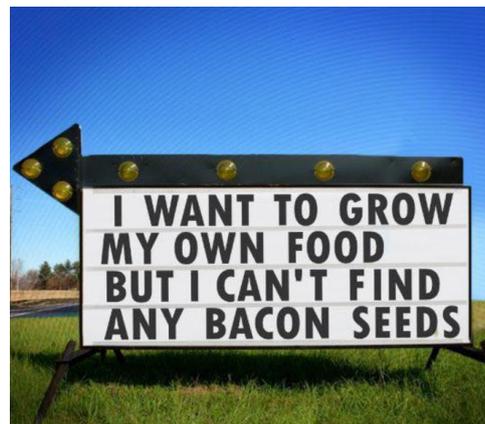


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertshash.co.uk

Run No. 1952
21st November 2021
Venue: The Cricketers
Beers: Tring Side Pocket; A watery Greede King Cover Version
Location: Weston
Hare/s: No Eye Deer
Runners: 11
Virgins: 0
Visitors: The Spanker Hash
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 11
Membership: Avoiding the Rat Poison!



With the Herts Hash House Hackers stuck miles away in a Lincolnshire Bunker or two, the numbers would be low, then a phone call to the Hare had the Opening Circle held up for an extra 10 minutes as Mr X & a hobbling My Lil' were walking through Weston park on their way from a bus to Great Ashby. This being a No Eye Deer Trail meant that these two would be walking over in the mizzle, but thanks to the RA's powers were waxing en route, which meant by the time he arrived the precipitation had ceased & the sky was clearing for a nice morning Hashing.

The delayed Circle finally got under way as Mr X welcomed everyone to the correct R*n number, then it was over to the Hare. No Eye Deer stepped forward to explain that it was a long Trail, then as the group gasp subsided it was replaced with a slight cheer as No Eye Deer then went on to mention Short Cuts [Hoorah! – Ed] though two of the Pack had already seen & approached the On Inn via the last Short Cut, on which the RA discovered a discarded green plastic milk bottle top [With a degradation life of 3,000 Years – Ed] that the Hare had lost from her Trail marking container near the end of the Trail.

The Trail began with the Pack running out northward on Damask Green Road, with Alfa Male & Max Factor leading the way, yes the Kids were back with Herts after a weekend spent in London. The Trail now took to the left hand fork of the triangle in the main road through the village, to pass by the Hearn Training area, which had a couple of Ambulances parked up in the rear & one had a silhouette of Sir Captain Tom Moore on it, something that the absent (due to work & not golf) Milf & Kylie would have appreciated.

To the right the Red Lion Pub could be seen, though it looks boarded up the Pub is actually open, but it's been a bit hit or miss over the last few years as to when you can imbibe there, allegedly it is open Friday evening, Saturday & for 6 hours on Sunday.

The first CHK would be found on the opposite side of the road from the Post Office Row road to the northeast, Mr X crossed to search this short road home to the Post Office & Convenience Store where he followed Max Factor, but they were soon called back as Lemming & Alfa Male had picked up Dust on a footpath heading away west by southwest above the small industrial estate.

After 80 Yards the tarmac path now ran behind some local council garages, then the back gardens of the homes beside these, there may have been no nettles along this stretch, but there were plenty of encroaching brambles to catch Hash legs, arms & shirts on.

It was a 210 Yards to the next CHK, which was located on the elbow on the tarmac path to the north-northeast, the other options were out on the footpaths into the paddocks to the west of Weston. Alfa Male & Lemming were quickly on to the Trail as they stuck with the tarmac as it led north by northeast, but some 200 Yards on & they would go wrong at the next CHK.

While Alfa Male & Lemming now chose to enter the paddock to the west, Mr X fared a bit better after finding a Bar CHK further along the tarmac route, Mother & Max Factor were the real benefactors as they saw Mr X coming back from the Bar CHK, then with no calling to the west, the only option left was to search the small housing estate to the east & there the arrows were found.

It was a complete turn of direction along the Snipe to the southwest, then there was an east by north-easterly turn on to Friars Road to run 150 Yards, emerging out on to the Hitchin Road again. There arrows pointed the way nor-nor-west, as Whatevershesays was found waiting, he was worried as the FRBs seemed to have been a long time getting to this point, Mr X explained that Lemming & Alpha had gone wrong to the west.

Mr X & Max Factor led the FRBs along for almost 300 Yards as the Trail followed the Hitchin Road & out of Weston. Off of the west bound bend & the Trail would now turn, crossing to the footpath in the hedgerow that leads a few degrees north off of due east, the FRBs made their way through the churned up grassy muddy patch in a small hedge-off area, then out to the larger paddock.

The FRBs could now see that Veronique & My Lil' were up ahead, pussyfooting through the deep Shiggy at the far end of the large paddock, some 150 yards away. Alfa Male & Lemming made up their earlier lost ground to

reach the top end of the field, where Veronique & My Lil' were now making their way back from a wide open entrance & its tract of deep Shiggy to the side paddock beside the outbuildings of Old Farm. Lemming & Alfa now headed out along the top of the field as the footpath heads westward but to no avail.

No Eye Deer called the Hash Keenies back to find the SCBs some 40 Yards down the Trail to see Waragi & Supertrouper were now making their way, with the Hare, through a gap into the drier grassy section of the paddock by Old Farm. My Lil' was now grumbling as he entered the enclosure that he had been in via the deep cattle churned Shiggy before, but failed to see Dust leading over to the elbow of Fore Street & Hatch Lane.

The Pack walked through this area as they're were a small flock of Swaledale sheep, that replied to Supertouper's bleating to them. The Hash were now all back together as the FRBs now followed the arrows up Ashanger Lane as it passes through Green End.

The Pack passed by Darnalls Hall Farm, which had sign pointing to the 'Weston Beef' vending machine, Mr X was standing in for Milf & took a picture of My Lil' & Whatevershesays as they hobbled & ambled by, he added that these two looked like they couldn't be (Japanese) Wagu Beef cakes, they may have been fed on beer, but it didn't look like they had been massaged into shape by the farmer.

The Next CHK was found at a sharp bend in the lane, here there were at least three footpath options, Lemming went wrong as he searched off onto the northbound track, the northwest bound path would also prove fruitless & it was down to Alfa Male & Mr X to now pick up the lead, but not until a faltering start, for the footpath has been diverted. Alfa came back from its original route that runs through a property on the end, it was Mr X who spotted the dust was on the outside of narrow rectangular wooden enclosure containing saplings.

Alfa made his way back out & the two now headed along to the southeast but slowed at the end of the garden as there was a gap in the hedgerow separating two fields. But Alfa spotted the Dust continuing south-eastward out in to the open verdant paddock, after 150 Yards Mr X & Lemming went wrong, as they failed to see that Alfa Male & Max Factor had taken a turn to the northeast.

Mr X would now be exposed to hearing about Lemmings recent surgery on a wound to the bottom of his calf, which Lemming though was going to need plastic surgery, but in the end he didn't as he had like a Sail Stich put in, none of which prevented Mr X getting in a "You should have gone for a two for one offer & had your face done at the same time!"

Having run around the sweeping corner of the field, the Dust soon dropped down into the next easterly field, however all of the Five Keenies had now taken their eyes off of the ball, or to be more precise the flour as they cut diagonally across the paddock to its eastern corner, there Alfa clambered up the embankment & was on a futile search for more Dust, Mr X took a photo as he said he was standing in for Milf. Then Lemming had a funny turn as he said "Don't mention Milf!" & his leg began to rise. [Are we sure he didn't have a skin graft? – Ed]

None had noticed that there was no CHK there in the corner, & instead the Trail just turned through 90° to head south-westward along the tree-lined edge of the enclosed lower field & then back out to the higher path. The SCBs were no longer in sight, with Whatevershesays having taken My Lil', Veronique, & surprisingly Supertrouper & Waragi had both tagged along with the SCBs!

The Trail would now make its way through a couple of side moves as the contour of the fields moves southward to come out by the old cottages & on to the narrow Maiden Lane, where the Keenies now caught up with the SCBs as they followed the southwestern direction of the lane for 150 Yards to where arrows pointed the way up the rising Church Lane.

A 200 Yards up the tree-lined avenue of a lane to reach the Held CHK, outside of the entrance to Holy Trinity Church, where Whatevershesays broke out the sweets, meanwhile Mr X pointed out the grave of Jack O'Legs, who, according to local legend, he is the Hertfordshire version of Robin Hood.

He robbed the rich & gave to the poor, A polemical poem attacking Cardinal Wolsey, 'Speak Parrot', by John Skelton, written c.1521, mentions that "The gibbett of Baldock was made for Jack Leg" - The practice described in the legend of capturing & locally executing a person caught in the act of stealing, called infangthief, is early mediaeval.

Things ended tragically for Jack after he robbed local bakers & gave flour to his friends, the Bakers got their revenge & ambushed him, Jack asked to be pointed in the direction of Weston, so he could shoot an arrow with his bow. Like in the Robin Hood tale, where the arrow landed, he wished to be buried. The bakers gave him his huge bow which nobody else could pull. He shot his arrow three miles, into the churchyard of Holy Trinity Church, Weston, which is where he was buried

Two stones, supposed to be 14 feet (4.3 m or Three Lemmings) apart, mark the head & respective foot of Jack's grave. The field on the site of the cave Jack lived in is called 'The Cave' & it neighbours 'Weston Wood'. The steep incline near Graveley is called "Jack's Hill" after him. Nathanael Salmon recorded the legend in his 1728 History of Hertfordshire.

Sweets were enjoyed, unless you are Waragi & ended up with a couple of Blackcurrant flavoured sweets in your packet of treats! [Out accursed Ribena! I hear her cry! – Ed] Ribena is named after part of the Latin Ribes Nigrum name for the plant, was developed in 1933, its popularity was boosted after U-Boat attacks decimated the UK's import of Oranges & the whole of the UK's Blackcurrant crop all went to it production.

Back to the Trail & the Pack were allowed to resume the search, with Mr X choosing to move westward through the Churchyard, at the end of which he picked up Dust, but his luck would soon be curtailed when he followed Dust on the most the north-westward footpath, he was stopped by a Bar CHK.

So, he went back to the Trail & then took to the next choice, the diagonal path over the enclosed field. Again the RA would fall foul as "On!" was called by Alfa Male on the back on the hedged-in path to the southwest. The RA now cut across the field to the five-bar gate that joined the bridleway the rest were jogging along, as he clambered the

metal gate he could hear cries of "Short Cutter!" but he explained that he could have sworn he saw Sludge heading that way! This didn't rub well with some as they knew Sludge was away with the Hackers.

Now, some may have thought that they were on the home stretch, as this route leads straight back to Weston, emerging out opposite the Red Lion, nope the Pack were called back again to find that Veronique, My Lil' Whatevershesays were now heading southward via a gate in the hedgerow, No Eye Deer tried to make out that the fallen leaves had covered the arrow that was there & the FRBs had overlooked this.

As Mr X ran off down the edge of the field he was vocal on his believed that the Hare was making the Trail up as she went along! [Sounds like last week's Trail! – Ed] anyhow, the Dust seemed to disappear again as the Trail came down to the eastern end of Top Plantation. While Waragi & Supertrouper started to run down along by the edge of the plantation, Alfa Male & Mr X spotted that there was dust up on the fence post, which was higher than Supertrouper & a few more of the Hash.

A change of direction up by the plantation, on the way Supertrouper then asked Mr X what was on his face, then after a quick touch of his cheek he realised that it was a shaving rash, so he explained that he had a shave earlier that morning so he didn't end up looking like Sludge, or a hairy old dog!

The Trail now changed direction to take to the path running along the outside of the north-western edge of the plantation, there was a slight rise in the route as the Pack had to pass through an old ornate medieval looking iron gate, to the north was the Weston Park House. Once up into Weston Park they would pass by a Dog-agility school that had some saying Fliptop & Sis should take Teddy there.

The Trail now headed away from the top of Park Wood on the tarmac drive that runs through the centre of the Weston park & is lined by an avenue of trees, a few hundred yards away on this & there was a Short Cut marked to the north, while the Trail of double arrows continued south-westward to the Damask Green Lane.

Most of the Pack would now start off on a long loop, while only a couple took advantage of the short cut, which was probably down to the fact they had walked a part of that already. For the Keenies the Trail crossed directly over the lane to take to a long farm track heading south-westward.

After 440 Yards there was a CHK by another farm track, this one heading a few degrees to the east of due north, which now lead up a T junction with another wide farm route, the Trail would head westward & then turn around a bend in the drive, to intercept the long footpath from How Wood [You like my finder in your ear? - Ed] over to the west to cross to Weston in the East.

For the SCBs, they would make their way to the north-eastern corner of the Park, behind the hidden Cricket Ground, at the kissing gate at the end of the Short Cut was a sign "Dogs on leads, rat poison!", which has been there for years, & the RA wondered if this would have an adverse effect on any civilians out there who may have thought that the Trail flour markings were the Rat poison? The Hare, who had seen this did go out of her way to explain to any dog walkers that Hash markings are no sinister than being plain flour!

Meanwhile on the final leg, Alfa Male & Max Factor would lead the way along the long 760 Yard north-east track through the crop fields to reach the cul-de-sac of Rowan Close, they were first to arrive back at the Pub from the western loop, Lemming & Mother were next, followed by Supertrouper & Waragi, then No Eye Deer with Veronique, who found My Lil' & Mr X in the Bar with Whatevershesays, as they fended off the 'Reserved Seats' (for the Hash) form a bunch of Ramblers, who were Rambling all over the end Bar!

The Circle took place after those who had ordered Pizzas had eaten. The Hare was awarded hers for a good Trail of just over an hour. Other Down-Downs were given to our visiting 'Spanker Hashers of Max Factor & Alfa Male, My Lil' Humbug



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