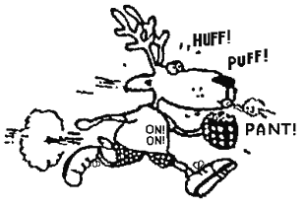


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk

2nd Lt ASI Gispert
Founder of the
Hash House Harriers

Run No. 2083
Date: 10th February 2024
Venue: The Brockley Barge/ Brockley Brewery
Location: Brockley
Beers/Cider: Black Squirrel Arabica Stout, America Pale Ale, Abbot
Hare/s: Mr X
Runners: 45
Virgins: 0
Visitors: LH3 & SLASH
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 45
Membership: Gispert memorial Trail

It was the first of a 'Double-Header' weekend [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] as Mr X was setting the 'Gispert Memorial Trail' on this Saturday, the actual day of our founders demise would be the Sunday but the seemingly perennial engineering works would put pay to the idea of holding it on the day itself.

There were still issue for most trying to reach Brockley, with parts of the Overground being closed & nothing coming in from the Essex side of the Liz Line. All of which meant the Hare had to raise himself from his pit early this morning, with a journey starting under dark, fast moving clouds north in the north. In contrast it was bright when he emerged on the south side of Old Father Thames, yet he couldn't sense any of Crystal Balls' far sweeter air that he alleges you can breathe in the south!

Anyhow, the Hare had a couple of unexpected issues setting the Trail & was held up for at least a whole pint's worth of supping back at the Brockley Barge! Arriving back at the Barge, the Hare found Kylie was one of the earlier arrivals in the Bar, he was there along with Testiculator & Freshly Spewed who were both having breakfast.

Other early birds included Stiff Meat, Runs 2 Eat, K4, Fat Bastard & Beetroot. Parson's Nose, Juices Flowing, Zingalong, F#ing Noisy & Flying Solo [Who we shall claim as being Herts so they can get their names in the book! – Ed] would join as the time passed Noon, but there was no rush as the Hare was handed another Pint by Beetroot, which was handy, as for some reason Mr X had lost the ability to the word Arabica. All that kept coming out of his mouth was a load of old "Arararararah!" & more pints didn't help.

Mr X called for those who wanted to store their bags, to head to where they could be stowed away in the Cellar, soon a long queue had formed, so the Hare waited before bellowing out a Five Minute warning & he set about finishing his pint.

The Circle was formed outside of the Barge, where the gathered Pack could listen to Mr X's Chalk-talk, where he explained that it was a relaxed Hash, with a long Trail & a shorted version, both of which would run by a Brewery which was worth a visit, & they would be showing the Rugby in there on a big screen.

Herts Markings were mentioned for the day's Trail setting, as well as there being two important stops, the first being Gispert's Birth Place, the second being a regroup & stop at the Family Memorial. It was also added that there was Shiggy out there on Trail, which drew a few non-believing comments with the Trail set in these urban parts of London, the Hare added that if anyone thought they could get away with a street run for 'breaking-in' New Shoes would be rather disappointed.

Zingalong would later try & point out that his Trainers were certainly not 'new' as they had holes in, but Mr X added that those Hash Boots would be classed as 'New' compared to Sparky's Hash footwear. Then without further ado the Pack were sent off over the adjacent Pelican Crossing.

From the outset the Knitting Circle, as recommend, would be following the Hare who was all resplendent in a very nice, day-glo Orange 2017 UK Nash Hash Hare Shirt. It was also nice to see some of the Pack had taken the time to dig out Gispert Memorial Hash T-shirts to wear.

The Keenies went off, away from the Kiting Circle, heading up the High Street to turn eastward on Cranfield Road, then just a couple of yards to find the First Real CHK of the Trail. Arrows were quickly picked up down Harefield Mews to head southward & join the Knitting Circle as they headed eastward on Harefield Road.

Some 220 Yards up the Victorian street, care was needed to avoid the lumpy, uneven undulating tarmac footpath caused by the roots of the large established trees lining the route, at the next crossroads the FRBs were led over to the eastern side & then up Wickam Road to the northeast. A turn by the blue hoardings of the road works also

had the Keenies passing the delightful sight of a dog poop bag left on top of the four foot high brick wall, at the start of the south-eastern section of Cranfield Road.

Again the Hare had been crafty, for the Trail turned yet again, now the Keenies were being led down Garsington Mews, a very narrow back street that started off as an old strip of tarmac & ended up as a Shiggy tract at the barred end, the metal bar had the Keenies ducking under this restriction to the Mews. Again the Knitting Circle of Scrumpy, Madcow, Thunderthighs, Reach Around, Proxy, Call Girl & Giving Head were ambling along where the Keeis came out, to the continuing Harefield Road to reach the BP CHK, located by the Red Pillar Box on the road junction.

The arrow on the CHK pointed to No 80 Breakspeare Road, the Birthplace of ASI Gispert in 1904. Time the visitors, & others who haven't Hashed these parts before, to have their photo taken with the distinctive Blue Door in the background, Flying Solo & Zingalong were among those who had to be called back to have a look at our Founder's Birthplace.

When the Trail resumed it would be south-westward along Breakspeare Road, as the road of eclectic looking houses turned to the further westward. The Reason for the strange range of styles of the homes, from the original, large Victorian properties like No.80 to 1950's & 60's newer builds that don't match is that this area small SE4 AREA of London was hit by 17 V1 (Doodlebug) Flying Bombs that you could hear flying in, & the later 5 V2 Rockets, which you didn't know anything about until it exploded, as they were intercontinental Ballistic Missiles. 92 People lost their lives; Details of the Attack that hit Breakspeare Road copied from the ARP Log

Type	PostCode	Oldborough	Area	Positioning	Date	Time	Published text	Deaths
V1	SE4	Lewisham	Brockley	Junction Breakspeare Road/Harefield Road NE quadrant	06/07/1944	14:34	It is reported that "1-77 & 79 Breakspere Road Severely damage 88-130/81-91/60-86/61-79/93-147 Breakspeare Road Damaged 29-59/42-58 Breakspeare Road slight damaged St Peter Church Hall 87-97Cranfield Road slight damaged 37-63/63-82 Wickham Road slightly damaged 40-110 25-79 Tressillian Road Slightly damaged 2-16-1-13 Tressillian Crescent Slightly damaged 1-11 /2-16 Drake Road Slightly damaged	8

The Pack were led out around by the front of St Andrews Church on the B128, with its distinctive tall Spire of a landmark that could be seen for quite a few miles, even to this day. Having run by the front of a few of the local shops, the likes of Flying Solo & Zingalong were led down one side street for a couple of yards to find the Trail running behind the next set of Shops, which includes Sid's Plumbing, a Bathroom & Plumbing Store that has an old bathtub outside with Sid James' distinctive craggy face on it.

The Pack would make their way through over behind a block of flats & then out to the Brockley Cemetery Gates, to take to the path running along the Cemetery's western edge. Mr X pointed out to those around him, one of the many interesting graves & monuments, this one being for Claude who was a member of the Kent Cycling Corp, yes in World War I some wen to battle on Bicycles, which today seems rather Blackadderesque.

Still being a 'working Cemetery', the Pack respectfully passed by three recent burials, as well as the funeral wreaths, there was more colour as the lots of crocuses were dotted about the grassy bits between the graves. The Trail reach the Catholic section of the Brockley Cemetery, to moved over to the Gispert Family Memorial.

Mr X explained that here Rest G's Parents but sadly there are only memorials on either side dedicate to 2nd Lt. ASI Gispert & his Brothers, with Modesto being KIA when HMS Monitor was sunk off of the Coast of Palestine in 1917

Mr X also alluded to the fact if it wasn't for G, none of us would have met each other, & later an American couple [Sorry, names passed this Scribe by at the moment of writing, but neither had 'Arabica' in the Hash Handle! – Ed] wouldn't be in the relationships they now are, married with kids if it wasn't for the Hash

Stiff Meat was asked to replace the old & worn Royal British Legion Wreath & present the new replacement one, something he announced he was honoured to do, as someone who has Served it meant a lot to him.

Mr X distrusted shot cups & opened bottle of Jura Scotch to toast G, hopefully most received a shot, as he explained a little of G's history, especially as there were a few overseas visitors here today.

Fat Bastard's Photo's were almost spoilt by the sight of Mr X's Texas State Flag shorts beginning to invade the edge of one shot of the Family Memorial! A small duck was also left by Freshly Spewed, then Runs 2 Eat took a photo of Patrick Hasher sitting on the Memorial [Before someone gets on their high horse about disrespect of having a Whiskey Bottle & a green Toy Monkey on the memorial, Mr X is the one who spent hours cleaning the monument in previous years, & will have to go back again since now covid is over the pollution has started to tarnish the stone. – Ed]

Sadly for him, Rambo arrived as the Circle had paid their minutes silent respects, then toasting 'G' with a shot of Jura Whisky, Mr X said that he could always sniff at the odour of the fumes left in the bottle?

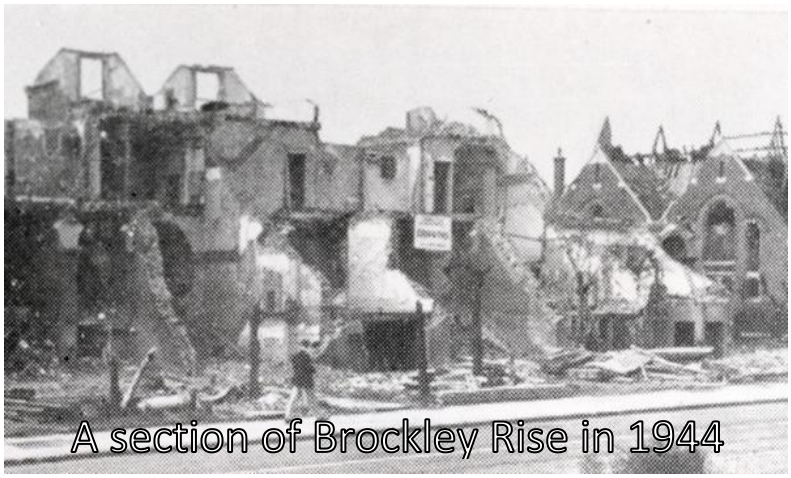
The Trail would resume through the southern, wooded end of the Cemetery as took to the rough tarmac paths, then moving on via a desire-line Shiggy section through to the Ladywell Cemetery. Once two distinctive burial grounds, opening within a month of each other in 1858, they turned out to be so popular for internments that in 1948 the dividing wall was removed for the two to became the one Brockley & Ladywell Cemetery.

There would be several sets of War Graves to view along the way, 195 can be found in the Brockley side & 244 in the Ladywell end, on the way to the Ladywell Gatehouse the Hash would pass by one of the larges stone slabs ever seen in a graveyard, Arthur Roler MD's family plot being the size of a King Sized bed! As Kylie exclaimed "All those descending names look like the opening credits to Star Wars IV - A New Hope!" & it did.

Out of the ornate Grade II listed gatehouse & the pack now found themselves almost doubling back, with the arrows leading down Brockley Grove to the west, only 60 Yards to cross over to find a CHK on the southern edge of the road. The Trail would be picked up by the Keenies, further westward, where by the corner of the School playground, an arrow showed the Keenies the way southward down Amyruth Road on a loop that would lead westward on Chudleigh Road & follow it as it turns north-westward through the Victorian Streets back to Brockley Rise.

Over the railway line to a CHK where the Keenies had already hit the correct choice of the due-south drop down Crofton Park Road, at the bottom of the vale of urban homes, near to a small shopping precinct, was the next CHK. Arrows & flour on the trees were found, once beyond a cut-through, in the distance at the end of Sevenoaks road the swiftest of the FRBs could be seen just disappearing though to the B128 again, but this time heading southward.

The Trail crossed the busy main road via the crossing almost opposite the Brockley Jack Pub & Theatre, originally the Crooked Billet, then the Castle, it was frequented by Highway Men, & one was the notorious Dick Turpin, who must have supped in more Pubs than Prince (LH3 Hasher) but it is Jack Cade, leader of the 1450 Kentish uprising, from whom it derives its current name.


A section of Brockley Rise in 1944

Once over the road a CHK was found, Trail as found up the dead-end Cypress Gardens, a small estate of new builds that has a fenced-in footpath at the end, yes the Pack were going to be taken up the back-passage, not once but twice [Thought I'd put that in so Pebbledash can get her monies worth of giggles! – Ed] as the Trail was found on this north-west route, out to Buckthorne Road & on to a CHK there.

The Trail was located once again at the end of the second back-passage, to pass by a small fenced-in Buckthorne Cuttings Nature Reserve, taking to the wide footbridge spanning the Railway to be led on to another CHK by a gate, with a distinctive green finger footpath sign, pointing the way in to the Honor Oak Cemetery.

Another Cemetery to Hash through for the Keenies, via the fenced-in tarmac footpath that runs through to the Honor Oak Recreation Ground, turning west, then southwest to emerge out on to the main drive at the tip of the

playing field. Arrows led the likes Not Out, Mouthwash, Woof! Woof! Woof!, Noisy Fucker, Flying Solo, Parson's Nose, Zingalong, K4, to a mere few, even Kylie would continue around with Juices Flowing, Call Girl,

On through to the centre of the Camberwell New Cemetery & then from southwest to northwest via an anticlockwise move around one quarter of the circular drive that circles the Chapel in the well-kept Cemetery.

Meanwhile the Knitting Circle had been diverted before the Cemetery & on to marked Trail on St Norberts Road, Stiff Meat was in need of a stop due to his Bladder being full, as he kept mentioning on his way to the Brewery for some relief, he was no alone.

Back with the longer Trail: Having left the graveyard behind, the Keenies would reach Brenchley Gardens, the Trail would weave its way around the back streets to the east of Peckham Rye, once through a couple of CHKs put into slow the Pack, just slightly, this northward trot would eventually lead on a CHK where the Brockley Footpath heads north-westward along the edge of the Nunhead Cemetery. However, on the way through this little bit of Peckham Rye, Caboose had to break off to the Ivy House, for a Pit-stop & he discovered they do a great range of Ales, mainly all local ones toboot.

Embarking on the longest single stretch of Trail, 540 Yards in total, the Keenies would run this rising footpath beside the Cemetery red-brick wall it was some climb, steep at one point to reach an apex, opposite a viewing pint to admire St Pauls from within the Cemetery to the east, on the western side was the large grassy area of the covered Nunhead Reservoir. At least there was a downhill trot from the crest of the hill, though some care was needed as the way was rather rough, some bits had groups of old tarmac, other bits where bricks but all a bit uneven.

The Hare now set the Trail to lead up from the CHK at the end of the footpath & up Linden Grove, running north-eastward by the high brick wall of the Nunhead Cemetery, a slightly boring old trot to start with before reaching the ornate railings, with stone bastions that make up a very grand entrance to this Cemetery.

Arrows led into this graveyard, which has many marked footpaths within & in a contrast to the previous two cemeteries this one is densely wooded with well-established broadleaf trees. Even the 'Friends of Nunhead Cemetery describe it as having a 'Gothic Gloom'! Perhaps that is why there was a sign that stated there would be Filming taking place there?

The Trail was picked up on a clockwise route around the outer edge of the cemetery on a nice wide Shiggy path, those of the Hash with eagle-eyes spotted the signs informing the General Public that some of the Headstones & Monuments are in a precarious state & libel to topple over!

The Trail moved on by a new, arced 'Screen wall' carved with the names of the War Dead, there was also a simple Wooden Cross at the back, which resembled the ones used to mark graves before headstones were carved & set up. *Nunhead Cemetery has 592 War Graves, 266 British, with the majority being Commonwealth Soldiers group in area for Australian, Canadian & South Africans who served in the World Wars, many of whom died of their wounds received in action, or disease later on. There is one Belgium Soldier.*

Sadly the Servicemen's grave sites were desecrated in the 1970s, even the Cross of Sacrifice was demolished, worse was the bronze plaques inscribed with their names stolen. The site of the graves was cleaned up by FONC volunteers & the new Screen Wall monument erected on the site, with help from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission & Southwark Council.

Even the Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's Bronze Scout, paying homage, memorial to the nine Boy Scouts who died, was destroyed. On 4th August 1912, the Scouts drowned in a tragic accident at Leysdown, when their boat was overturned. Eight were from the 2nd Walworth Scout troop & one from the Training Ship 'Arethusa'. A new memorial has since been installed on the remaining base, thanks to Friends of Nunhead Cemetery.

Back to the Trail. Now, the warnings of wobbly headstones wouldn't normally bother the Hash, but when Mr X had set a CHK on the eastern side of the grounds, he soon found that his planned route further southward would come to a halt as the wide path was flooded to around 6 inches deep.

Not prepare to go deep into those 6 inches [Calm down Pebbledash! – Ed] he looked at the sides, but there was no way to get around the water hazard as the headstones were crammed into the dense undergrowth, not only that was an issue, but a couple of the large, family monuments were leaning a little too far forward.

So, back tracking away from the obstacle, the Hare had to rest the Trail. Now Flying Solo, Woof! Woof! Woof!, Noisy F#cker, Parson's Nose, headed through the centre of the Cemetery, where this wide track had plastic hexagonal parking mesh to keep those moving on to keep dry on the slight rise to the main centre path of the park. Here there were more spruced up War Graves, these being

The southbound wavy path would now lead out of the southern gates of the Cemetery, turning north-eastward up Limesford Road, just a mere 130 Yards from the CHK by the Brockley Footpath. At the end of the road, the Trail turned by the Waverley Arms Pub, to head down Ivydale Road on a long trot back by the terraced homes & one had something to catch Kylie's attention, perhaps getting him aroused or thinking of creating a similar one with some topiary on his own hedge at home? 'What is it?' I hear you ask Dear Reader, well, it was a privet hedge in a front garden that was cut in the shape of Thomas the Tank Engine, complete with Thomas's Face, if not a somewhat grey, grumpy looking one.

Away from the privet Train, & signals outside of one home, the Trail reached a CHK at the slit in Ivydale Road, with the Arrows leading straight down & onto Brockley Way, turning around by the top of the Honor Oak Cemetery, just yards from the out Trail. Hidden behind lampposts & other bits of street furniture, just out of sight of any Keenies searching from the CHK by the Footpath in to the Cemetery.

The Trail would come around on to the start of St Norbert Way both the Trail & the Knitting Circle went & on reaching the estate large red-brick blocks of apartments, the Trail would lead through the Chelwood Walk from one side to the other, running behind the School of the same name, then a slight kink to lead on by the Health Centre, beyond which it took the Pack over the Howson Road Footbridge.

Now over the Railway for the one last time, the Trail would turn northward on Howson Road, the arrows wouldn't deviate from the urban back-street, after 520 Yards the Pack would reach the Brockley Brewery, with a ? marked outside. Here, near the end of the almost 6 miles for some of the Keenies, they could join the Knitting Circle to enjoy a couple of Ales in the Brewery – especially the Stout, while the Scotland Game was being played out on the big screen in there.

The Pack would slowly able the few yards to return to the Brockley Barge, for the likes of Flying Solo for well-deserved food after completing this longer than normal Mr X Trail (For the Keenies) Back at the On In & Kylie was impressed that Parson's Nose was going around collecting Subs, via elastictrickery with a card scanner, he pondered on whether No Eye Deer would chose to go along this tech route?

Down-Downs, there would be quite a few [No to mention already consumed Ales blurring the scene! – Ed] So, after the Hare was rewarded for a Trail with a bit of everything for everyone, even if he did say after three cemeteries it was a "Dead Boring Trail!":

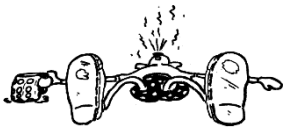
Reach Around for some trumped up Mad Cow Charge, seems there was a precedence for City Hashers to be called forward by Mad Cow, Blood Stained Clothing was out someone to do with him being so Smartly dressed & shouldering a Man-bag by this point! All of which had Mr X calling out "A Haandbaaag!" in the style of Lady Bracknell in the Importance of being Ernest.

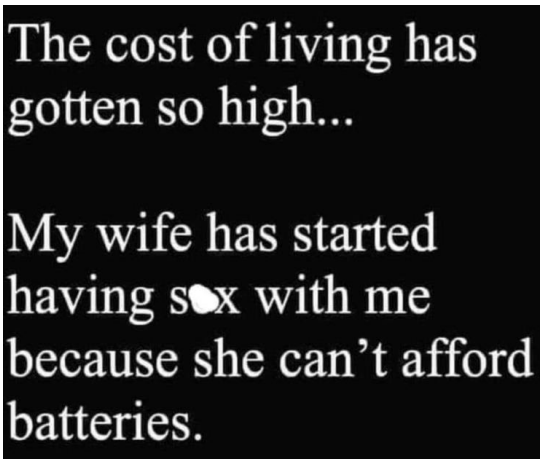
Others who received Down-Downs were Testuclator; Thunderthighs; Zingalong; Beetroot [Not sure what for, but I be they deserved it? – Ed]

Then Mad Cow, Mr X & Caboose were summoned forth, for some trumpeted up charge? Juices Flowing was out for apparently moaning that she was not mentioned in the previous Herts Trail write up, but Parson's Nose had his name recorded by the scribe several times!

With a few Ales left on the table it came around to those who are 'Follically challenged Hashers of Pyles, Mad Cow, Zingalong, Beetroot & Mr X to be awarded another Down-Down [The latter has a Full head of Hair, it's just cut right down! – Ed]

In the end it was a great day, with Hashers coming from far & wide to enjoy the day & pay their respects. Afterward there was a quick chance to meet ever accommodating Cesar, who runs the Pub & Graciously allowed the framed version of the Gipsert & Hash Story to be placed on one of the Pub Walls a couple of years before Covid Lock-down.





The Manger of the local branch of Ikea is retiring,
So we sent him a cake……