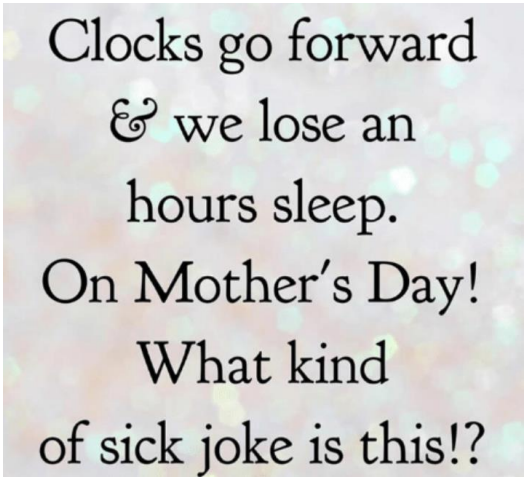
Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk



Run No. 2148
Date: Sunday 30th March 2025
Venue: The Queens Head
Location: Allens Green
Beers/Cider: Dark Star; Slack Ma Girdle
Hare/s: Mr X
Runners: 11
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 12
Membership: Basking in Sunshine!

Being Mother's Day the turnout was expected to be low. For those who did make the effort to attend this morning, they were greeted by clear skies, but the warmth of the sun was counteracted by the cool northerly winds on any open, exposed sections, but it was definitely T-shirt weather for some.

The Hare was a few minutes late arriving, having been picked up by TBT OBE with a car full being unwillingly exposed to his views on current politics! Perhaps TBT should go over the Hash ethics of everyone being equal, with no mention of Work, Race, Religion or Politics on the Hash?

Anyhow, once Hash cars were parked up behind each other to save space for regular Pub goers, TBT OBE welcomed the Hash, while in the background Doeswhatshesays was impatiently going on about getting the show on the road as it was now five past the hour! DWSS seemingly had taken up My Lil's mantle of prompt starts, as he began tapping his watch & continued commenting on the time as the Hare went through his 'Chalk-talk' which slowed Mr X up.

It was normal Herts Markings, there would be equines, Short Cuts & a held CHK, plus a warning of some gas powered bird scarers that sounded like shot-guns going off right by one of the footpaths utilized on the Trail! Finally the Trail would get underway around ten past the hour. DWSS's desire to get on with things was further compounded as Milf wanted a picture of the Hash outside of the Pub, since Kylie wasn't present it wasn't the usual hold up & faffing around.

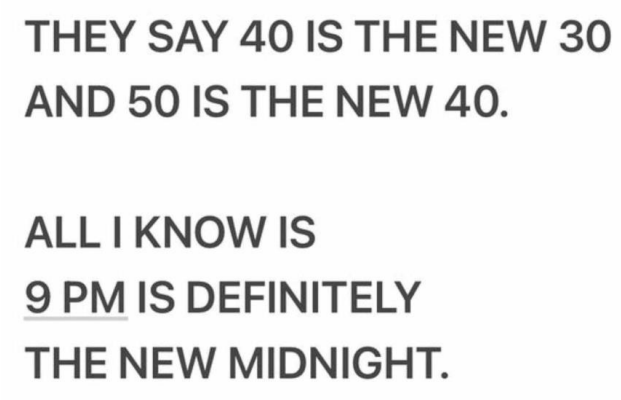
Off the Pack went, taking to the footpath just a few yards up from the Pub entrance. Through the metal gate & the Pack now headed north-westward on a bone dry, hard underfoot footpath that hugs the edge of the field, turning briefly northward around the end of the large garden of a property, with a noisy Doberman barking at the passing Hash.

Moss Key Toe led the way as the footpath ran on to a wooden footbridge spanning the ditch separating the farm fields, once over the wooden boards, TBT OBE seemed to be puzzled as to which way to turn even though there were double arrows on the last boards.

The direction was correctly noted by Moss Key Toe, My Lil' & No Eye Deer, so TBT OBE followed on with the Hare away nor-nor-east & then around the outside of the corner of the hedged off Hylands Nursery to reach a CHK on the single track tarmac Sacombes Ash lane.

No Eye Deer went wrong here, while Moss Key Toe & My Lil' picked up the Trail heading away in a north-westerly direction up to the wooded bend at Sacombs Ash, following the lane turned through a 90 degree turn to run a few degrees east of due north. The arrows would take the Pack by the large 'barn conversion' of a Home, the open barn doors revealing large panoramic French windows. Then the tarmac ended & the way became an uncapped farm track, here the next CHK was found.

Moss Key Toe was now ahead of the rest & had fallen for the Falsie down the tree-lined route of Brook Lane ,away west by northwest, he was on his way back by the time My Lil', TBT OBE & No Eye Deer arrived at the CHK, so the only other option was to continue straight up the track that TBT OBE moaned was "Very long!" even though the Hare pointed out that here was a footpath marker post about 400 Yards away in the distance.



Over the open, exposed crop fields the blustery wind could now be felt on the way to the CHK around the aforementioned marker post. Moss Key Toe was quickly out over the dusty, dry footpath of the harrowed crop field to the west, now the wind could be felt at its strongest as the Hash ran head on into the gusts on the 400 yard, straight as a die footpath over to Fiddler's Brook.

Meanwhile the Hare had sent Milf, Waragi, Supertrouper, DWSS, 3D with Sally & a subdued Paxo, who had been up to Matlock & back the day before & followed this up by living it up in the Punch House in Ware, on the official short cut down the tree-lined Brook Lane from the previous CHK, this would be a sheltered route for the Knitting Circle. Mr X then ran on to catch the FRBs up, especially after they had all crossed the small wooden footbridge over Fiddlers Brook, & were fruitlessly searching the west of the watery ditch, none of them thought to search on the eastern side.

They eventually cottoned on as the Hare marked the CHK sou-sou-west to follow the serpentine contour of the brook, passing by a fallen footpath marker post by where a lost footbridge used to be for another footpath heading over to the western side of the brook. No crossing here & the Trail ran slightly more than the 400 Yards back to reach the tree-line at the southern end of the field.

The Keenies were now someway behind the Knitting Circle on Brook Lane, who had passed through the CHK some 380 Yards up the wide tree-lined by-way separating the patchwork of farm fields. Moss Key Toe finally went wrong as he searched out on the due north path toward Green Tye, it was down to No Eye Deer to follow on further advancing on Brook Lane in the wake of the Knitting Circle.

Another 200 or so Yards & the FRBs would come out in to the open & could now see the Knitting Circle out by Bucklers Hall Farm, where the two False Options had been dismissed. It was DWSS who had found the Trail on the slightly rising south bound farm track, which would turn to the southwest at an elbow in its route.

As the Keenies caught up with the Tail of the Knitting Circle on a slightly elevated plateau, this was another section exposed to the strong breeze on the way down to South-end, however the Pack were soon back into another long section of wooded shelter.

The Keeneis would see DWSS going wrong on a permissive or dog walking route heading away behind Perry Green. The Trail would carry on along the farm track, as it makes its way through the deeply rutted section, with a little Shiggy in the bottom to be encountered today, there was also debris from the thorny hedges lying about after being hacked off by a large flail.

The Hare told of when setting the Trail he encountered a woman who was out walking two dogs, the black lab was her friends, but Buster is an older pooch who had done enough walking in his opinion & he just stood there for a while, before heading back to his home, with the woman chase & calling after him.

The Track would come out to a CHK on the edge of the T-Junction with the Perry Green Road & the lane off to South-end. Before the Hare would follow the FRBs, after Moss Key Toe had picked up Trail straight on down to South-end, he marked a Short Cut to take the Knitting Circle off down the Dead-end signed lane toward Old Park, which runs behind St Elizabeth's School & Home.

It was at this point that My Lil' had finished with his running for the day, he was no doubt in shock having found a five pound note on the Trail & this was soon in his tight grasp, so along with Paxo, DWSS, Waragi, Milf, Super Trouper, 3D & Sally he took to the Short Cut option.

Moss Key Toe, TBT OBE & No Eye Deer headed down the South-end Lane to pass by the new buildings going up behind the hoardings beside St Elizabeth's Home & School, opened in 1903 it is the home specialising in people with complex issues like epilepsy.

A CHK was found outside of the main gates, where Moss Key Toe ran on further toward South-end, but the Hare marked the Trail into the centre, to follow the footpath all the way from the west to the east side of the various accommodation & schooling units dotted about the estate, leaving by way of a stile, or at the side of this where the Hare pointed out the potential trip hazard of the collapsed wire fencing.

Over a fallow field, that was as hard as concrete underfoot, to reach the lane to Old Park. Again the Knitting Circle had advanced well ahead of the Keenies, here the CHK had been kicked through by them as they followed on behind, on another hedged-in, & sheltered tree-lined footpath, this one running to the northeast, before turning at a wooden footbridge.

The direction now changed to head due east along the edge of a crop field, this was the spot where the bird scarers the Hare mentioned in his chalk-talk were located. Fortunately they didn't go off as the Pack went by. The route would follow the freshly cleared out section of drainage ditch, not that much water could be seen in the bottom.

Coming to the end of the field, a sign was spotted stating 'Rodent poison, keep dogs on leads!' which just happens to be by the wooded area where there were pheasant feeders. There would be more of these signs as the Trail progressed in to the second half.

The Trail would head up some steps in an embankment to a higher level crop field, the others options on the track below were marked as 'Private land' then from behind him the Hare could hear TBT OBE calling out "Are you?" Now, some of the Trail had become a bit worn in open places due to the wind over the last few days, but with plenty of flour put down it remained pretty visible. So TBT OBE's losing the Trail was a surprise as there was markings leading up to the steps, a clear blob of Dust on the footpath marker post & arrows on the steps themselves.

The 400 Yard footpath headed south-eastward down to a dividing hedgerow about half way, this separated between the crop fields to the south & the equestrian paddocks to the north, with the Hash running down the southern side of the hedge. The Dust led on by a huge pile of Horse manure & then out over the Fiddlers Brook where a Held CHK was found, here the Knitting Circle were patiently waiting for the Hare & the Sweets to arrive.

There was some disappointment for Milf with the Liquorice Allsorts, for Mr X had grabbed the single aniseed button within! Not that this would worry No Eye Deer, who isn't keen on them, nor Super Trouper who doesn't think that Liquorice Allsorts are even sweets! Apparently Liquorice is horrible.

Here there would be another Short Cut made available, with the Knitting Circle being offered the option to head north-eastward a short way on the hedged-in footpath & then out to the right on the lane from Warrens Farm & back into Allens Green, on the way the Knitting Circle would pass by the field of Alpacas.

As for the Keenies, they would have an extra loop, which was very scenic as they headed away southbound for a further 340 Yards to find a CHK by a new metal footbridge for a footpath coming in for the west, opposite this was a set of three steps leading up to another field raised by about five feet, on the first step was a CHK, that looked a little worse for wear.

As the Trail moved on east by southeast behind the wide 300 Yards of tree-line, more 'Vermin Poison' signage could be seen, then as Moss Key Toe led the way, he stopped to look at the blue plastic Pheasant feeders in amongst the woodland, so it would seem a bit daft to feed game birds & place poison down that they could get too?

The Trail came up to a gritty farm track, turning right for a few yards & then left to continue east by southeast on a rock hard, deep rutted track, created by large farm vehicles with deep treaded tyres, this was definitely not running ground on the way to a CHK by a meeting of a couple of footpaths in the corner.

Moss Key Toe went wrong as he searched southward, meanwhile Mr X & No Eye Deer cut off the corner to pick up the Dust heading northward along the outside of Allensgreen Wood, there were plenty of signs marking the various routes into the wood as 'Private', again it was full of the blue tubs of pheasant feeders.

Moss Key Toe was called back, as TBT OBE kicked the CHK through for the Hare, & they follow on up to opposite corner of the field, turning left & then right in quick succession to cross one last wooden footbridge by the local duck pond. There was a bench next to the duck pond, there was also a dog water bowl & a tennis ball for any passing pooches to enjoy.

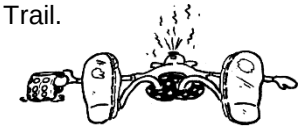
The Trail crossed a small enclosed fallow field & came out opposite the former Chapel, now a two bedroom private residence that is up for sale, all very picturesque with its flint walls & small white wooden bell-tower on the roof. The On Inn was found on the road here & from this it was simple case of healing northward up Blounts Lane, passing the old red telephone kiosk that is now a book exchange, the word MILF & an arrow pointing toward this enticed Milf to browse at what was on offer in there.

The Keenies arrived back to find that the rest of the Pack were settled in, Mr X asked My Lil' if he had got him a Beer in & the answer like the previous weeks was "No, Paxo got these in!" Unfortunately some of the superb Ales available the day before, & sampled by the Hare, had all been finished off, as Pub had an 80th Birthday on Saturday as well as a visit from a full Mini-bus of thirsty CAMRA Members!

The Circle was held before those eating had their food orders being brought out. TBT OBE did a strange toast to the Hash, then the RA asked those gathered what they thought of the Trail, everyone agreed that it was a good Trail, made even better by the glorious weather.

So, Mr X had his Down-Down, after which he then resumed his RAing duties. Other Hits: it looked as if My Lil' was going to get one for finding a Fiver, but the RA decided that as he had spent any of it on buying him a drink when he got back, then it was a No!

DWSS was on the RA's list for his watch tapping & commenting on getting the Trail started, in the end the 4.3 mile long Trail took an hour & 10 minutes to get around. TBT OBE was called out for his spouting his political views, to those who didn't want to know, on the way in, but as he was driving the Hit was passed over to Paxo who was in need of hair of the Dog! Moss Key Toe was awarded his engraved tankard for completing his 100th Herts Hash Trail.



Carpe diem = Seize the day.

Imodium = Don't sneeze today.