

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

Remember when Walkers did this.....you'll be lucky to find a f**king crisp inside a packet these days 😏😏

Run No. 2107
Date: 21st July 2025
Venue: The Red Lion
Location: Preston
Beers/Cider: Brewsters; Oakham Citra; Tring Sidepocket; London Pride
Hare/s: Top Down & Floater
Runners: 19 H⁴ + 22 H⁵
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 2
Newies: 0
Après: 4
Hash Hounds: 3
Total: 50
Membership: Blasts from the Past!!



For some on this week's Hash this would seem like a throwback with a lot of old faces popping up, 'blasts from the Past' including a Saturday encounter with No Showman at Fergie's Full Moon 80th Birthday, then on Sunday the rumours that General was moving back from New Zealand were proved to be correct as he arrived, to add to the ever-growing Pack.

It seems that the Hare & Hounds Hash were taken unaware that Herts would be joining them, as a Parasite R*n, as Mr X explained to them that the H⁴ Hare Raiser hadn't managed to find/cadjoule anyone to fill the date on our Hareline & as H⁵ were at the Red Lion it was decided that we would join the Bedfordshire Hash. He would be proved wrong after he added that we would short on numbers, as a few were away with Cubs, School Holidays & our very own 'Uncle Albert' was out Capsizing sailboats, but 18 others managed to dispel this.

H⁵ were, like Herts, also missing a lot of their Hierarchy, but they do have a plethora of RAs to fall back on. It was let slip, that today's Hares of Top Down & Floater were relatively new & that this was their first solo laying of a Trail! It would soon become obvious that the two Hares didn't expect to have so many attendees for their first Trail attempt.

So, it would eventually come around to the Circle being called, which to My Lil's annoyance was late by several minutes past the hour, which even Des Res was there on time for! While Mr X knew that it was Herts Hash's 2107 Trail to be announced, H⁵ floundered a wee bit as there searched to find out what their grand total was. Hash Markings were explained & then there was a welcome back for General from Wellington Hash, in New Zealand, by Mr X. He also wondered if General was here for a Rhino Hunt & to chuck his victim in a canal lock?

Mr X followed up on more introductions, these being of Ma Bouche & Goldfish all the way from Brazil, via San Clue, Brussels & Paris Hashes were he has met Ma Bouche in the past. The appearance of Goldfish & Ma Bouche answered the Agatha Christie like 'cryptic questions' Mr X had been receiving for a couple of days from Naughty Ways about a 'Mystery Guest Harriette' who was staying with them & she wanted to meet up with him!

Without further ado the large pack were ushered out of the car park, with the Hares' words of there not being any beer stop ringing in their ears, apparently the Pub that would be passed on Trail was being renovated? On to the village green, complete with an old tile-roofed village pump [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] where Slug's progress was soon stopped in its tracks as he spotted General, he & 3D are another of the few Herts stalwarts who go back to the days before the Split!

The Keenies would now head off to each of the three points of the triangular Green directly outside of the Red Lion, which was the first Pub in the UK to become a 'Community owned Pub', way back in 1983 after Whitbread wanted to change it into a large Steakhouse after the Landlord had passed away. We can all thank those who took a chance & saved the splendid old Pub.

"On!" was finally called by Thunderballs from down the narrow dead-end, flaccid windsock shape of the back lane of The Green, taking to the footpath beyond the old cottages to lead 150 Yards down an enclosed dog-leg route to the southwest. It was here, right from the start that the first 'Fish-hook' was found & soon the FRBs of Depth Charge, Sex Tourist, Diamond Geezer & Naughty Ways who just over-taken the walkers, were now heading back by them to find the back of the Pack, all of them recalling the Hares spiel that they had originally planned for just a couple of FRBs to be turned back by the 'Fish-hooks', since they were not expecting so many & now the number 2 would mean all of the Keenies!

The Knitting Circle of 3D, Slug, My Lil', Bangers, Lady P, Sludge, Catch It, Forking Dickchair, a still hobbling Zingalong, General & a slightly jaded Mr X were soon out on to the Next CHK, found on Back Lane, which would in days of Yore would have been the end of the burgage plots, which were long strips of land rented out by a tenure to the local Lord, or land owner.

The Keenies were soon back as the Trail was picked up south by southeast to run by the local Primary School, which had a slightly old straw Olaf sitting outside the gate, yes, it was a naked version of the snowman from



Frozen [I apologise to all of you Hashers with Kids, who now can hear the theme of 'Let it go' as an earworm! Thankfully this Scribe have never seen the Film! – Ed] Never ones for to miss a photo opportunity, both Tent Packer & Milf got in on the act with Olaf in the middle.

As the Pack advanced down Back Lane, the Pack would pass by the new builds to the south of the village, pretty impressive they are too, with a lot of very large detached homes that obviously aren't for 'Social Housing', a subject that would be later discussed with Count Roadkill.

Another Fish-hook was found by the FRBs as they headed down to the end in the lane at Cunnells Green [Thankfully there was no Pebbledash this week to read anything in to this name! – Ed], then from a CHK on the bend the Trail would head off down the wooded farm track, lined with broadleaf trees as it leads toward Preston Hills Farm. For the second week on the trot, Juice's Flowing disappeared in to the undergrowth & soon something was definitely flowing again!

On the opposite side of the 'squatting-bush' [Sure that's not a Hash name? – Ed] that dust was blowing through from the tractor going about raking up the cut wheat, thankfully no one seemed to stop due to hay-fever.

Only 100 Yards or so & the Hash would be turned off through the treeline on the right of the Lane, here the Dust would lead a few more yards into the wheat field where a Held CHK was found by the large clumps of nettles [But as regular readers & Hashers know, as the RA states that they don't sting this time of year! – Ed] This stop was, however, near enough to the watery ditch for some of the Hash Pooches to go for a dip.

With the Pack regrouped, the Trail resumed up along the hedge separating the wheat fields, the footpath stuck with the bottom of the Northern hillside field, along the way it was noticed that the ears of wheat were still a little green, so, too much moisture to harvest yet & no combine-harvesters to obliterate the Trail. However, it was the ideal terrain for Sally & the other pooches to dash up & down off the lead.

The footpath would move from west by southwest to south-westerly to cover the 680 Yards from Preston Hill Farm Lane to a gap in the hedgerow, there was another fish-hook along the way to keep the Keenies occupied, though Diamond Geezer was slightly perplexed why he was running to the back again so soon?

Meanwhile the Knitting Circle started off on the diagonal path, changing by another 10 degrees or so to the south, to cross through another wheat field. The FRBs now making their way back by the Knitting Circle had to call out for the walkers to step to one side on the very narrow footpath through the stalks of wheat.

300 Yards on to reach Frogmore Bottom Lane, here there would be another Regroup by a roadside CHK, the gathering pack now had to split on either side as calls of "Bike!" went up, then a guy cycled by at a fair rate of knots through the Pack.

Time to move on & both Hares had already made their way up the opposite, western embankment, which led to calls for Top Down to mark the tarmac but she was up in the field & placed an arrow there! Any late comers would now have to rely on the fact there was an obvious green footpath sign pointing the way.

The Trail progressed up the hillside, over to Whitehall Farm for about 500 yards to emerge out on to Taylor's Hill Road. A short way around from the CHK & the Dust was located on Whitehall Lane, not too far up here the tarmac turns to an uncapped farm track, rising up through a small section of woodland before reaching a split in the Trail.

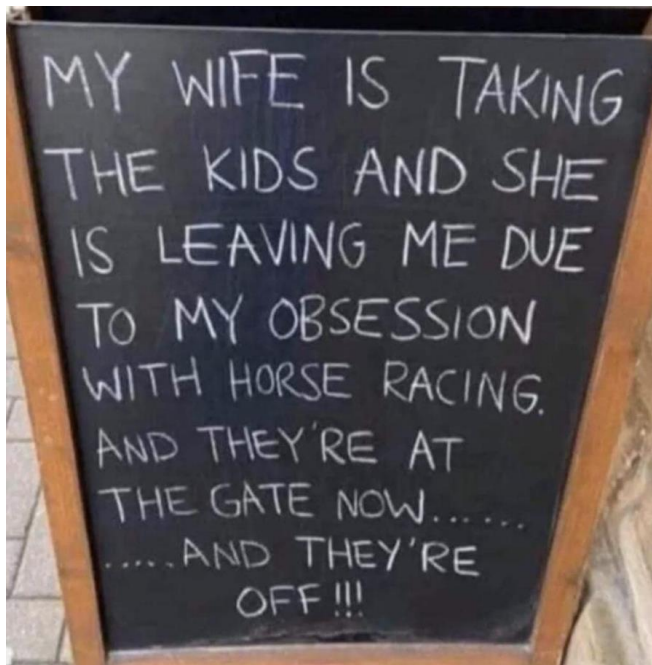
The Runners now headed away to the northwest, passing through Ley Green, our visitors of Ma Bouche & Goldfish opted for the longer option, along with Naughty Ways, Sex Tourist, Diamond Geezer, Depth Charge, Tent Packer, Rapid, & Moss Key Toe (to mention a few) as they made their way through a cattle field & then out really close to the Plough at Kings Walden, which like the Red Lion has been saved from becoming something other than a Pub, shame the *Grand Reopening* isn't until the 24th August! After this the Keenies would make their way around to Cox Green [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] & over to Dead Woman's Lane.

Meanwhile the General joined the Major (Who he'd outrank), Clap Trap, Jammers, 3D, Slug, Calamity, Lady P, Ole King Cole, My Lil', Goodhead, Sludge & Bangers (Just to name a few) amongst the Knitting Circle who took to the northern split, bring up the rear [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] was Zingalong, who was out for the second week on the trot & this week was not wearing his chunky plastic orthopaedic boot after fracturing his fibula, for which he received a Down-Down the week before as it was a new boot on the Hash!

Both routes would make their way up & around on to Dead Woman's Lane, allegedly named after plague victims, it may have connections to the nearby Wain Wood, which once was the Hamlet of Welei, but it would be abandoned after failed

when your extra long arm comes in handy for protecting your friends modesty.





harvests & then in 1348-9 the Plague arrived, the few survivors moved on & the buildings collapsed, foundation remains can still be found where the woodland has claimed the Hamlet back. There are also rumours of strange religious practises occurring there, but we will leave anything akin to that for the RAs at the end of the Trail.

There would be another Held CHK on the wider, hedged-in track of Dead Woman's Lane, while most obeyed the regroup, there were a couple of exceptions. Once again the Pack had to be parted like the red sea, as now a group of mountain bikers rode through up toward the Tatmore Hills, the last of the strung out peloton mentioned that there was one last cyclist to come along & this had Count Roadkill wandering off 'in pretence' of searching for the lost biker.

When the Cyclist did ride through, he was clapped & cheered by the large group of Hashers already gathered at the sides, just like it was the Tour de France. Even though Count Roadkill had disappeared around the bend, his lure was far too great for Sludge & he too followed on, as did Mr X & My Lil', it was like something from the Pied Piper!

Anyhow, they would follow the Count, who, ironically was wearing his Pied-Top, with the legend of 'Follow the

Count!' on the back. He was soon completely out of sight as the rest of the breakaway group reached a CHK, by where a footpath that peels off the southbound track, to head away through a hedgerow & off to the east.

The Count's Pink & Pale Blue outfit could be seen half way along the northern edge of this wheat field. Mr X pointed out an orange crane in the distance & reckoned it was to do with the New Builds in Preston? Sludge pooh-poohed this, as the footpath dropped down a little then rose up behind Pond Farm, after nearly 600 Yards the Trail came out on to Butchers Lane, in Preston. Mr X now felt vilified.

Arrows pointed the Hash away from the way Church Lane & where they wanted to be, but they stuck with the Trail as it headed northward for a matter of feet, then over on to the footpath that is signposted to the Kids Playground, passing beside by more shuttered off New Builds, these being of Castle Field. Mr X said that he didn't think much of the climbing frame, as he pointed to the wooden structure at the rear of one new homes' back-garden.

Passing through the small enclosed park & upon seeing the kids play area, Count Roadkill came out with a prophesy when he saw the low wooden beams & then a sign saying that the park play furniture was 'Only suitable for Children under 6 years of age!' [Physical & not mental age! – Ed] Yes, we all know the Hash far too well, for as each group arrived they just had to have a go at traverse their way across the low set beams! 6 Year Olds would have more sense!

Some said that there would be a prize for getting around the play-items without touching the floor, for Count Roadkill, Sludge & Mr X there was another alternative Prize, to get to the Bar before the rest of the Hash!

While the Trail would head out on the footpath east by northeast to Chequers Lane, some took an alternative 'Count & Sludge route' down south from the Preston Playground, this would lead them out through the grounds of St Martin's Churchyard, with a low, tiled roof on the old wooden lychgate on to Church Lane, which had the Count ducking his head while Sludge didn't need to.

The breakaways turned eastward to finish the few yards back to the Green & straight into the front door of the Red Lion & sup a well-earned Ale, which for some was Hair of the Dog after a few too many Jamesons' at Fergie's 80th! It wasn't long before this group were charged with cries of 'Short Cutting' by the FRBs, Mr X just assumed that this was because Sludge was next to him at the Bar.

Circle finally called, after there was a sudden foreboding feeling, something wasn't right & the word went around to see if all of the back were back? Flanders, Hot 'N' Spicee & Mr s Malted were accounted for, on the H⁴ side, then H⁵ did their head count, still it seemed someone or more were absent? It was finally worked out that Zingalong was not to be found, so Mr X got on the his phone to call Zingalong in case his wonky leg had given way & he was lying in a ditch? But the call wasn't answered & it went on to Call Fowarding & then to a voice message!

Eventually Zingalong was found, complete with drink in hand, so panic over, well at least until after the Circle when it was realised that Des Res wasn't present, but it was soon established that he had gone straight home after the Hash! Then there were further delays with some kind of kafuffle within the thick hedge, this all turned to screaming when one of the civilian children became stuck!

The Down-Downs were placed upon within a kids 4x4 truck, somewhat different as the Circle formed.

The H⁵ Down-Downs were awarded first, & the Hares were called forward for their reward for setting the Trail, one of whom received a Decca Run Mug.

Bangers was summoned forth for it being his actual birthday (90 years young) & the cheers continued as it was announced he completed his '150 miles' during on this Hash Trail, monies going to three charities (MacMillan, Prostate Cancer & RNLI with over £3000 raised).

In no particular order, Hits went to: Calamity for step counting as well as not having a Screwdriver (Vodka & Orange) on the H⁵ Hash before? Clap Trap was awarded the H⁵ Plunger after hitting the deck on the rough tumble knitting Circle route!

Forking managed to half-inch one Down-own off of an Herts guest, also out Major along with Touch up for chatting about stuff, OKC for locking Abettin's car keys in Abettin's car, Thunderballs, Goodhead & Jammers for various other misdemeanours.

Mr X was called out for letting slip a wee belch, while on Trail [If that was the case then he would be out for a hit every week, as its par for the course for him! - Ed] Then from Herts we had General out for his return, there were our visiting Guests of Ma Bouche & Goldfish, then there was Zingalong who didn't answer an emergency call from Mr X to see if he was still upright & on both pins? Finally Count Roadkill, with Mr X, for the De'ath shouts & the fact that someone put the Shakespeare £2 in to the Herts coffers, the one with Yorick's Skull on it!

After the Circle & the Herts Gourmet Hash went in to eat, leaving others to talk about Hashes gone by with our guests. The subject of local Hitchin Pubs came around, which prompted Mr X to tell Naughty Ways, Sex Tourist, Ma Bouche & Goldfish a tale of woe about those who have scoffed at the Herts Hash reputation in the Albert!

Then, just like the 'Shop-Keeper' in Mr Benn Porky Pie appeared, as if out of nowhere! This threw a spanner in My Lil's plans, as he was expecting to go home for Sunday Lunch, all scuppered by more long lost Hashers in the guise of Porky & ARP with kids Aoifa & Aiden [Why wasn't he named Albert? - Ed]

So the chat went on to Milf's upcoming Hip-op, which a lot longer than My Lil' expected, now that we had one survivor of the infamous Albert in our company & he was put on display & pointed out to Naughty Ways. Another round was had, curtesy of Porky Pie, & Milf was in no hurry to leave as she wanted to catch up with these four. A pleasant delay, unlike Abettin, who had been locked out of his car, having to wait until the Roadside Recovery Service had arrived. My Lil' finally had his lift home to find burnt offerings that even the dog turn her nose up at!

