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Bloody rioting in Chorley now ffs 😞



Run No. 2110  
Date: 12th August 2025  
Venue: The Chequers  
Location: Redbourn  
Beers/Cider: Greede King IPA/Aspalls  
Hare/s: Diamond Geezer & Simona  
Runners: 13  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 0  
Total: 13  
Membership: Avanti! Avanti!



The hottest day of the year, so far, which meant it would be a sweaty time for the Hash this evening, though a cooler breeze made things a tad more bearable, as the Hash arrived in the shady car park behind the Pub. Parked up here was the familiar campervan of Friar Tuck & Smart Arse, as these two were back over from Amethus in Cyprus to pay H<sup>4</sup> their annual visit. Some would say that they must have brought the weather over with them?

The Senior Hare, with Simona, drove in to the car park then as quickly as he arrived he spun his car around & headed back out to the main road? So, the gathering Pack were left in the lurch as to what would happen next? Anyhow, the lull in proceedings allowed Paxo to present the RA with TBT OBE's "Permission to be excused" slip, this week for being "hot & sweaty" stating that he wasn't allowed out to play today. He wasn't alone is shirking from the heat.

The Hares returned & decamped, allowing Paxo to call the Circle in the rear car park, just before the hour to My Lil's relief. So, Diamond Geezer & Simona missed out on Tent Packer having issues with his steering knob [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed], as Friar Tuck assisted with screwing Tent Packer's knob up tight, though this did lead to a small deposit on the car's carpet [Pebbledash! – Ed] as the spring washer pinged off & dropped to the floor, to be found hidden under the fluffy detritus of some crisps & chips.

After his fall a few weeks ago, Tent Packer has his still swollen arm in a sling & didn't need a 'Sick-note' as he's made of far sterner stuff. He was determined to go around & also to make sure that the Haberdashery was up to date, also Mrs Mallet was watching Heartbeat at home.

Diamond Geezer & Simona arrived back, soon it was time for the 'Chalk-talk', with Diamond Geezer explaining what lay out there, that the Trail was marked in Blue Chalk, & flour when off of the pavements & tarmac paths, he also added that there were a couple of Short Cuts, one short one & one larger one, both of which could be selected from the Held CHK/Sweet Stop.

I decided to install an ensuite in the main bedroom.

The Mrs is gonna be thrilled!



Before the Pack set off, Diamond Geezer explained that Simona would be the back Hare to sweep up any stray Hashers, then the Pack were direct out on to the dead-end section of narrow, tarmac Chequer Lane beside the Pub. After the traffic cones set out to prevent access, the tree-lined lane would narrow in width with lots of encroaching nettles & of course it would bring a "They don't sting this time of year!" from Mr X as he followed the Keenies due west for the 200 Yards where the likes of Sex Tourist, Naughty Ways, Friar Tuck, Flying Solo & the Senior Hare who had already crossed the B487 By-pass via the traffic island.

Safely over to the northern side & the first CHK of the Trail was discovered a short way on the eastern side of Chequers Lane, right by the two section of the Nickey Line, the former Harpenden & Hemel Hempstead Railway Line, closed in 1979 it is now a section of the Oxford to Welwyn Garden City Cycle Way.

Sadly before the Second World War the Nickey Line became victim of the rivalry between Midland Railway & LNWR (London North Western Railway) who failed to serve the Rail Passengers, with LMS preferring to run a Bus Service. In 1946 its regular Harpenden Service passengers numbered just Six School Children, so passenger services were removed in 1947! Well before the notorious Beeching axe was swung.

There were three options from here, north-eastward on one section of the former railway line, head west by northwest on Chequers Lane into Redbourn, or take the west by southwest arm of the line? The correct option was the west by southwestern arm of the old railway, passing between the two wooden fences on the very slight incline to the level the line takes, in places.

Blue arrows led the way along the shaded tree-lined former railway, after 330 yards the Keenies reached a CHK by a gap in the southern tree-line, but no one ventured over the by-ass road to the footpath out over the fields to the south of Redbourn.

Sex Tourist went wrong as he carried on, keeping with the flat section of former railway & had to be called back by Naughty Ways as Flying Solo found the Trail on the northbound footpath between a couple of the large homes out on to a small green section of The Common to the west of Chequer Lane.

Arrows pointed to the Keenies on to the west by south-westerly (Old) residential Hemel Hempstead Road,



Sex Tourist caught up on this stretch, only to go wrong at the next CHK point by the narrow northward Church End lane but this too would be a Falsie. The Trail continued as the road moved to a south-westerly direction.

Mr X had other issues, for the Hares never warned about the Trail being like Jurassic Park, as he would have a close encounter with a Tyrannosaurus Rex while he was crossing the road, but fear not he escaped without harm! Then there were the confusing Utilities workings spray painted in a similar shade of Blue to that of the Trail chalk!

After some 150 Yards the Trail would now move northward into the grounds of 12th Century St Mary's Church, where Mr X pointed out to Diamond Geezer the eastern end of the picturesque Church has the distinctive Chequerboard 'Clunch' work. 'Clunch' is predominately an East Anglian building style using Limestone blocks with alternate squares filled with flint, not normally found this far west.

On the way up through the avenue of trees across the churchyard, the Senior Hare was concerned that the Knitting

Circle could be too far behind, however he was reassured as Mr X said that before he started running to catch up, he had seen No Eye Deer not too far behind, as she too was breaking away from the My Lil', Paxo, Milf, Kylie & Smart Arse, who were being ably 'swept up' by Simona.

Out of the old wooden gates at the end of the Churchyard & on to Church End, from the elbow in Churchend the Trail continued being scenic as it led on through the olde worlde section of Redbourn village, passing the quaint cottages & the Hollybush Pub, where the Pack Hashed from a few years ago when Tent Packer had set a Trail from there.

Today's Trail would veer slightly away from the Church End road, leading up through the start of another the avenue of trees that run north-easterly over the large common. A CHK was discovered at the end of the West Common, the Keenies weren't too far away as they fell for the falsies on Chequers Lane & the alternative nor-nor-west bound Flamsteadbury Lane.

The Harriettes would pick up the Dust as it continued across the Flamsteadbury Lane & up the longer section of the avenue of trees toward the North Common.

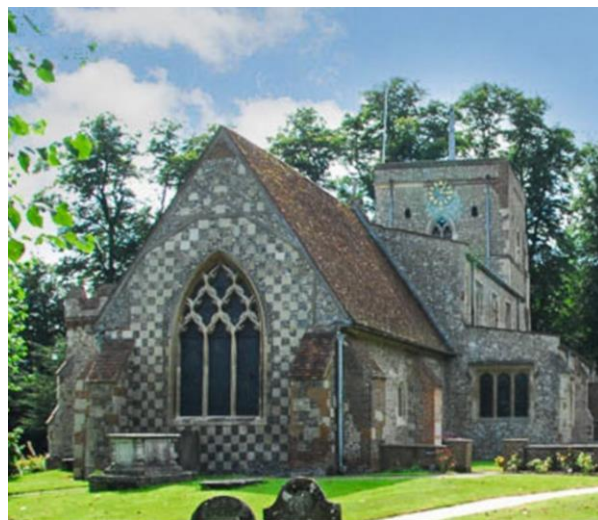
There was a turn by the Cricket Club, the oldest in Hertfordshire, with matches being recorded as far back as 1666. [We Believe Sparky was in the outfield that day! – Ed] There was some effort by Mr X to trot on along by the front of the Cricket Pavilion, as there was a chance to impress the members of the club who finishing the evening's practise at the nets, as the Trail led over to North Common road & the next CHK.

The Keenies were slowed up again, before the Trail was picked up nor-nor-eastward up the North Common Road, it was enough of a delay that when the Hare & Mr X looked back they could see No Eye Deer was rapidly catching up with them, & further back the rest were coming in to view in the Churchyard.

A change of direction lay ahead as Hash markings headed northward up Lords Meadow for 300 yards or more to come out to a CHK on Crouch Hall Lane, again the Keenies were kept occupied as there was a Falsie to the northwest & another to the southeast at the T-Junction, it took the FRBs a while to suss that the Trail was craftily set on the small dead-end side road of Crouch Hall Gardens, found just a few yards down Crouch Hall Lane to the southeast.

Having regrouped, the Keenies were going to find that after the Trail led up the 'dead-end' of the uncapped Crouch Hall Gardens, the Dust would lead on to a single step up in the short tree-line & then down on to Betterstool Meadows, Sex Tourist was about to discover that the Hares had more trickery in store for him.

After 140 Yards there was a CHK, at which Sex Tourist carried on in vain, while Flying Solo was found hanging around on the CHK until "On!" was called from the narrow north east ginnel to dead-end of Asygarth Road.





Having been taken up the Nordic back-passage [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed] which has an alternative spelling for the name of the dwelling place of the Norse Gods, there would be a 170 Yard Trot up to the Dunstable Road, here the Hash was turned from northeast to southeast, heading back toward the centre of Redbourn High Street.

Right on the bend by the Fire Station, sorry girls no Firemen to look at, where the Dunstable Road turns eastward at the end of the High Street, here the Trail would split in two, with the Keenies taking a loop a short way down the High Street, then through to Crown Street to head back up to Harpenden Lane.

Flying Solo was quick enough around the loop to return on to the Harpenden Lane just ahead of Mr X & No Eye Deer as they came to the LT & SC options, they followed where the SC was marked up to the northeast on the Harpenden Lane & behind in Flying Solo's wake.

Naughty Ways, Friar Tuck & Sex Tourist emerged out on to the Harpenden Lane, just as Mr X, the Hare & No Eye Deer were making their way along this for 310 Yards, a road with houses only on the south-eastern side of the road, on the north-western side were farm fields behind the hedgerow.

Double Arrows pointed the way over to the start of a farm track to the North, here the Held CHK & Sweet Stop was found. Diamond Geezer used technology on the Trail, which was allowed as he was keeping tabs on Simona, while when answered the phone was only just a few minutes behind. They arrived to find that there were plenty of quality sweets & that not all of the aniseed buttons had gone, which cheered up Tent packer & My Lil'.

The acres of golden wheat were still awaiting to be harvested, the RA said it was unlike his Friday 13th Reconnoitre over the weekend, where the fields in Somerset had been combined & there was plenty of old dust blowing about.

Here the Pack would split in two again, for a longer loop the Keenies set off to the north, out through the golden farm fields, changing direction to northeast to finish the 600 Yards to the edge of the A5183, where care was need to cross, as the Hare had warned at the Chalk-talk. The Trail would meander its way over the contrasting green grassy meadow the River Ver flows through, then the Trail would begin to turn clock-wise by New Cottages at the southern end of Redbourn Golf Club.

The FRBs would be taken over to the Nicky Way & led southward along the wide track as it runs by the western edge of Knott Wood at the bottom of the Rothampstead Estate, it would be a long 900 Yards down the old Railway before reaching Redbourn Lane.

Crossing on the junction below the roundabout on the By-pass, the Keenies would take to the continuation of the Nickey Way, where Simona had already swept the Knitting Circle through, a group that had now grown by two as No Eye Deer & Mr X had joined Paxo, Tent Packer, My Lil' & Kylie on the walk. The RA's excuse was that he had tried to break-in a new pair of 'Dress Shoes' last week & had ended up with blisters!

Anyhow, away from Mr X's old 'Plates of Meat' & the Keenies would follow the former railway line for 460 Yards, but unlike the Knitting Circle they would not be approached by a Romany Traveller & his son, who were asking if they had seen "A Pony, a small horse?" as theirs' had gone missing from the adjacent Travellers' Site. They hadn't seen any equines, tall or short at all.

## Now I get it.



Lane.

Those who were eating all managed to get back with minutes to spare, unlike the previous week when people were back in the dark. It was a well set Trail with the Keenies only being a little way behind the Knitting Circle, though they all look a little hot & bothered, especially the Hare as he ran the last loop with a back-pack on. The returnees found Ketchup sitting with Smart Arse & Milf, he claimed that he had ran the shorter Trail but no one in the Knitting Circle spotted him, perhaps he rode a pony around?

Once Kylie finally slowly chewed his food, the final Circle could be called, with Diamond Geezer & Simona rewarded for a great Trail, exceptional for one Hare's First go at setting a Trail. Other Down-Downs went to Friar Tuck & Smartarse for bring the weather from Cyprus with them! The final Down-Down went to the RA himself, he received a lot of barracking as he recited a Ronnie Corbettesque, long tale about hob-nobbing with the High Sheriff of Somerset over the weekend!

