

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

Waitrose car park now has a space specifically for charging your cat 🐱



Run No. 2170
 Date: 11th August 2025
 Venue: Bridgewater Arms
 Location: Little Gaddesden
 Beers/Cider: GK IPA, Abbot, London's Glory, Tring Bolt & Barrel
 Hare/s: Parsons Nose
 Runners:9
 Virgins: 0
 Visitors: 0
 Newies: 0
 Après: 0
 Hash Hounds: 0
 Total: 9
 Membership: Eight with one very late!



Even after a request was put out, unfortunately there was an offer from TBT OBE to write some wordz, but he hadn't finished them & a lack of communication led to the old Scribe cobbling this together. So, after some dental root removal preventing Mr X from driving, & My Lil,' bemoaning it was too far to drive too [Have you seen the price of petrol! - Ed] the Scribe set off days later, safe in the knowledge that there had been no, or little rain over days between to wash the remaining Trail out, all to keep up the Herts Tradition of having a weakly, weekly Run Report.

With no chatter on the Herts Hash Facebook or Whatsthat groups, those who drove over must have adhered to Juices Flowing's post to enter their car registrations behind the Bar. Things began from a CHK outside of the Pub, no wonder My Lil' didn't want to head over to Little Gaddesden! The likes of Juices Flowing, Milf, TBT OBE & Lemming followed on behind Parsons Nose, Moss Key Toe & Mother heading off down the footpath at the end of the Pub car park, directly across from the Bridgewater Arms itself.

No False Trail this time around as the footpath began to gently descend 160 Yards to the first CHK on Ringshall Drive, on the way down there was a post with a green box on it, this was marked 'Dog Gloves' [I never knew dogs wore gloves? – Ed] but the contents of poo-bags weren't needed as there was no Buster today.

Possibly three options here, two along the 'Private Drive' but it was straight on as the footpath continued through the roadside shrubbery to drop down by a few cottages, the way became shuttered in with wooden panels as the Trail continued south-west, mainly due to the homes on either side being rather exclusive to say the least.

It was just a matter of 120 Yards to reach another CHK, this one was found on the driveway from the exclusive homes which heads southeast within the woodland running to the east of Ashridge Golf Club. The Trail would advance through the shade of the wooded National Trust area of Witchcraft Bottom.

Another change of tack came at the next CHK, the Pack now climbed back up through the trees to Ringshall Drive again, crossing over to an old metal kissing-gate, here the Trail turned from north to southeast & the footpath suddenly narrowed as it headed through the encroaching bramble briar patch, there were a good crop of Blackberrys on the scratchy bramble runners, no doubt TBT OBE did a bit of foraging here.

The Trail that seemingly was now running parallel, just 50 Yards below the main Nettleden Road through the long old Village of Little Gaddesden when the Trail left the scratchy brambles & entered an elongated open area, with signs on the gate warning that livestock often roam free within.

No sign of any animals within, & judging by the very dry, crusty old cowpats, bovines haven't been in there for a while. After 400 Yards there was a fork in the desire line worn in the grazing grass, here Moss Key Toe came across a CHK that was circled around one such dry old cowpat. [Nice! – Ed]

The Trail would now disappear on the lower path at the wishbone of the two options, through a gap in the brambles & treeline to a Kissing-gate, looking ahead lay the vista of a drop in to the valley & high up on the opposite side is the Cathedral like Ashridge College.

It was a steep grassy descent, where Mother & Lemming had the advantage of having a lower centre of gravity [Short arses! – Nob-Ed] Safely down & the Trail would turn to the southeast in the level bottom of the 'Golden Valley' for 400 yards, as it headed south-eastward in the bottom of the grassy vale with woodland on either ridge.

Eventually there had to be a climb back up at some point & where east to west track came down for the west wooded 'The Rookery' ridge by the College, to cross the Golden Valley of Ashridge Park, then rise up the opposite eastern 'Cromer Wood, this was via a stony old track that would lead to a level section amongst the tees.



A CHK was found on a wide track running parallel to the Nettleden road. The obvious option would easily fool Moss Key Toe & Mother into heading back down along by the black metal fencing & they were captured in a snap going wrong, but the wily old Hare had set the Trail back a few yards to the main road, where the Trail headed through Home Farm, weaving its way through the farmyard with some old out-buildings, passing by an old bath on one side.

After a few twists & turns through by the stables the Pack picked up the dusty old bridleway which lay ahead. The Dust led north-eastward between the fences off farm fields, sheep in to the right & golden brown arable land to the left. After 190 Yards the bridle way took a 90° turn to almost due north, then after a further 125 Yard back there was a counter 90°turn to followed the penned-in path for 380 Yards until it reaches Hudnall Wood on an area once known as Edlesborough!

Within the shade of the trees the path curved around to lead out on to the St Margarets Road & across the fresh strip of tarmac to the Sweet Stop & Held CHK was found, an H4 Chalked on the bench under the two Trees indicated this was a respite.

When the Trail resumed For the FRBs the Trail would head away north-eastward, over the green open space before heading into the wooded running for 800 Yards or more toward its eastern tip by Hudnall Corner. Up to the Hudnall Road, care was needed from crossing one break in the Hedgerow treeline to the opposite one, then an acute turn to the west looked better, a sense of heading toward the home must come over Mother & Moss Key Toe.

Meanwhile Juices Flowing would take Lemming, Milf & TBT OBE on the Knitting Circle, presumably they made their way around by the small car park to the dead-end section of the St Margaret's lane into Hudnall Common Pentation, to each a point where both Trails would meet by the dead-end at Meadows Cottage.

Milf would enjoy the last section of Trail, for once down the hazel hedged-in footpath beside the farm buildings there was a kissing gate, in fact there would be a run of six of them on the last leg of the Trail. The next one was after the electric-fenced footpath beside the stables & paddocks by Pips Barn.

A CHK being found out in the corner of more arable land, here it had three options, one toward the distinctive squat Square tower of St Peter & St Paul, Little Gaddesden Church, or northeast toward Ravensdale Wood, or the almost westerly path through the remains of the harvested wheat field on the Chiltern Way.

Crunchy stubble & wheat ears littered the correct, 750 Yard option on the Chiltern Way route through the remnants of the wheat field, avoiding the Church & the scene on the last Trail along these parts, when Mr X encountered a mad woman, who was complaining about people using the local footpaths. Mr X was very happy to be kept away from the scene of crime.

Another Kissing gate gave access to the very field the woman moaned about, no sheep within this time but at least there was a chance to see the four fingerpost sign to indicate the Hash were in the right last time as the Footpaths are clearly indicated.

The next wooden kissing gate to be seen has fallen in to disuse, located between the two stone bridge like objects, possible for a water culvert, as it looks like the current lay out of the field has been altered, with the smaller enclosures being removed at some point in the past, which may explain the right of way issue with Missus Angry?

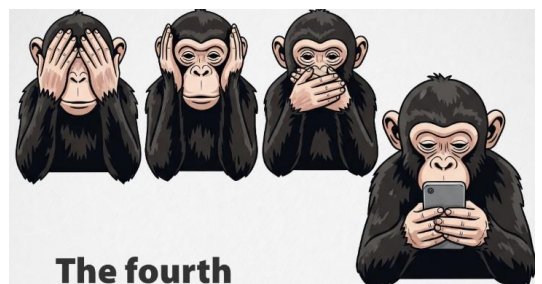
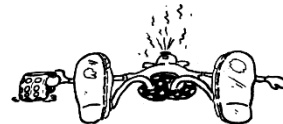
Over the single track lane to the Church & Church Farm, exiting one metal Kissing-gate then going directly through the other to take a diagonal, nor-nor-east footpath through an L-shaped enclosed field, tuning t run behind the bungalows & homes on Church Road.

A long gravel path led by some equine paddocks on the left, at the end to the right was Pub garden of the Bridgewater Arms, complete with kids slide. Then it was On Inn for a deserved Pint or two, in what was once the Brownlow Arms, after an excellent Trail of just over an hour's running. Des Res would put in a later appearance

The Hare was Suitable rewarded for an excellent Trail, while Moss Key Toe dodged a bullet when he finally removed his hat in the Bar, after running in 26 degree plus sunny weather, he revealed his new Ginger locks of hair, dyed for his Daughter's Wedding. [Which may have been Hot 'N' Spicee's 's idea? – Ed] Any way it gave everyone a laugh

The RA would enquired about Ken, the old local guy who tripped over before the Hash began last time we ran from here, Milf had to stay behind to patch him up. The Landlord had some sad news that Ken passed away from a heart attack in his sleep, he was a real character

Would you mind wearing your Bikini? I need Hubby to mow our Lawn!



The fourth monkey has emerged. He sees no one, hears no one, and speaks to no one.