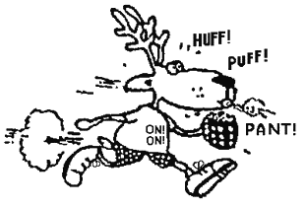


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers
Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk

Run No. 2174
Date: 8th September 2025
Venue: The Rose & Crown
Location: Sandridge
Beers/Cider: TT Landlord & Boltmaker
Hare/s: My Lil'/Diamond Geezer
Runners: 19
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 1
Après: 2
Hash Hounds: 3
Total: 24
Membership: Dodging the dusk!

The RA was late on Parade this week, arriving after the welcoming Circle had happened, with Fliptop carrying out the honours. The days' Hares were Diamond Geezer & My Lil', two Hares I hear you ask & not a couple? Well, Diamond Geezer was the original Hare, but his son had a freak cycling accident, which left him having emergency surgery way down in deepest, darkest Brissle [That's Bristol for any non-west country Folk! - Ed] So, it was looking like Diamond Geezer was going to be away for the Trail, My Lil' stepped in, as the Hash does, & so it came around there would an amalgamation of the two of them setting it this afternoon.

The Pack set off from out of the Pub's rear car park, hitting the street & a little way on Home Lane the first CHK was found, it would be almost beside this where the RA parked up, with the Pub's car park being filled by the Hash. As Mr X readied himself in an attempt to catch up, ironically chasing down Ketchup & even Zingalong, who where both early this week, he was greeted by Hayleigh & Bakari who asked the RA if he was with the Hash. Hayleigh said she is living Watford Way, "Moss Key Toe territory!" replied Mr X, as Moss Key Toe & Hot 'N' Spicee live that way.

Mr X said to Hayleigh that he was with the Hash & was about to set off from the already marked CHK, over to the side road of St Leonards Court & then Giles Close The Hash markings would lead on up a few back-passages linking these small cul-de-sacs, eventually emerging out into the grounds of St Leonard's Church.

From the CHK at the western end of the Churchyard the Trail, near to the Queens Head, was marked to the northeast through the ornate Lychgate, as old as it looks, it was actually built as a memorial to commemorate the Village's fallen in World War 1.

Along the footpath that leads between the old headstones to the north-eastern end of the walled graveyard. Having squeezed through the top of narrow restriction, the Trail would lead on out on to an old, dark tree-line footpath running form the High Street in the west to the driveway by the Salvation Army home in the east, emerging out on to Langley Grove.

The two later comers would now hear some chatting, was it the tail-end of the Hash? Nope! It was a group of young women out for a jog. Potential new blood, but no time to hand out a Hash Card as no calling of "On! On! could be heard up ahead, nor anyone in sight on the 300Yard trot over the barren harvested field toward new plantation section Heartwood forest in the distance.

A further 270 Yards on & Hayleigh, Bakari & Mr X reached the edge of the new & established woods, where Mr X explained that to the left the younger trees are a new section of the Heartwood Forest, a project that the National Trust started a few years ago to bring back woodland to Hertfordshire.

After few more yards a CHK was found, this was marked to turn the late comers off of the main track & lead into the woodland, Diamond Geezer had worried a week earlier about the nights drawing in & had decided to make sure that the darkness of the woodland was tackled before the sun had set, keeping the Hash away from encountering any Trolls, as we all know that they turn to stone in daylight & don't come out until dusk.

It was along the twisting, tuning trail on a 640 Yard long desire line through the broadleaf trees, where Des Res caught up with the other two, yes Des Res was keeping up his recorded of being the last. The Trail would now hug the wavy hedge-row

separating two harvested crop fields, undulating up & down in an easterly direction toward Simonshyde Great Wood. [Definitely a spooky place in the dark, especially after a couple of suicides a few years ago! – Ed]

The Knitting Circle finally came in to view, where Lobby Lobster was spotted, with one pooch, they were up by a narrow gap in the hawthorn hedgerow. On the other side of the hedge was Mark E Mark, who was with another pooch, Mark E Mark seemed to be preoccupied with scaring the Squirrels.

Also with the Knitting Circle was Zingalong, who Des Res started to chat about his upcoming October Trail. Mr X walked along with them. TBT OBE was also there, he exclaimed "Where have you come from?" Then Mr X spotted Lemming, so he gave some friendly advice to Hayleigh not to believe a anything that comes out of Lemmings mouth.

The Trail didn't get as far as the edge of the Great Wood, for a few more yards on to find the turn to the south at another narrow break in the foliage of the hedgerow near to the small copse of Harlow Dell Spring wood, Milf took some action shots of the Hash emerging through the hedge, with Parsons Nose pulling faces as he popped out. Juices flowing being far more refined as she made her appearance. Now the whole of the Pack bunched up, as they headed to the Held CHK at the end of the long rectangular paddock & corralled end area of Fair Fold Farm, here there was the sweet stop.

Time to catch up, with a few not realising Hayleigh was with the Hash, must have bene her faded Hash shirt. Bakari received a to of attention, being a Rhodesian Ridgeback, with her distinctive ridge of raised hair along her back. Many asked Diamond Geezer about his Son's health, thankfully after his second operation he seems to be a lot better

It was a shame Tent Packer was absent, for among the choice of sweets were Allsorts & for the second week on the trot there were plenty of Aniseed Buttons. Mr X wouldn't have been surprised that Tent Packer may have complained about the lack of these Aniseed bobbly beauties?

Zingalong was another to be surprised at Mr X's appearance, which was a little odd considering they were walking beside each other only a field back. The dusk was coming in as the sweets were enjoyed, with the exception of Zingalong as the sweets contained animal products. [Percy Pig may give the game away! - Ed] so the Hash moved on & the Trail was marked up to the from the Farm buildings & cottages at by the Farm.

At the Y junction on the Woodcock Hill & Nashes Farm lanes, the Trail would split in to the long Trail & a short Trail which stuck with Woodcock Hill lane for a little longer, there wasn't much traffic on this lonely rural lane up Woodcock Hill, another advantage when the Knitting Circle hit the gloom under the tree canopy stretch was that some had torches with them to alert a motorcyclist coming up the rear [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed], who sensibly dropped his speed right down to a crawl.

While My Lil' kept an eye on Milf, Juices Flowing, Sludge, Lobby Lobster, Mark E Mark with their pooches on the short cut, Diamond Geezer was keeping watchful eye on those like Mother, Moss Key Toe, Parsons Nose & who all who had elected to carry on with the longer Trail down toward Nashes Farm. Hayleigh had also opted to take Bakari on the longer choice, following on behind Parsons Nose as they trotted away down the sooth-western section of Nashes Farm lane before branching off of the tarmac to another crop field, this footpath running all the way back up to head westward behind the securely fenced off Home Office Scientific Buildings, with its prominent Ariel situated at the top of Woodcock Hill.

In 1939 with the outbreak of the first Second World War, it was constructed by the GPO (General Post Office) as a secret Wireless Intercept Station at the top of Woodcock Hill, being the first of a group of stations dedicated to Diplomatic Radio Interception. Radio operators would listening to the wireless traffic between Germany, Italy, Tokyo and other 'unfriendly' embassies around the world. Messages intercepted at Sandridge were sent to Bletchley Park for decryption.

Milf, Juices Flowing & Sludge had to be called back as they had walked down beyond the footpath off of the tarmac, since they were jabbering away they missed the finger post footpath sign indicating that the footpath runs above the lane, up on the embankment of the raised field from beside the cottage, this was where the Long Trail would join the Knitting Circle.

The Trail gently lost height as it moved down back toward Sandridge, heading toward St Leonards Church with its distinctive squat, Square tower, before it disappeared temporarily out of sight as Trail headed down to House Lane, one of the main routes in to the village blessed with three decent Pubs. [Not many villages can say that these days! – Ed]

The Pack just touched House Lane as there were plenty of Trail markings to direct everyone up on to St Leonards Crescent as the Hares had other ideas & one final loop. Having reached a short back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] the Trail turned northward & then quickly a westward one for one last dark & gloomy section of the

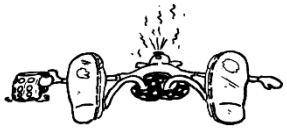
tonight. The old tree lined footpath would lead out into the St Leonards Play Area, enclosed by homes on all sides.

Mr X told of a Wedding he attended at St Leonards, when the Groom had invited his work colleagues, included a girl who really used to fancy the Groom. When it came to the 'Does anyone have reasonable doubt as to why this couple can be should be legally married?' there was the usual silence that was suddenly broken by a "Don't you f*cking dare!" aimed at the girl at the back. Sludge, who was once a Registrar, said that it does really happen & it causes all sorts of problems & delays.

One Hare decided that some of the Knitting Circle hadn't done enough as they wandered back to the edge of the Churchyard, only to find they were on a triangular loop & had gone well beyond the short alleyway that he had taken to head through one last, short footpath back to House Lane. For Mr X this was a good On Inn as it was right by his car! Most arrived back before the daylight was gone, something the Diamond Geezer was conscious of the previous week that he reconnoitred the Trail no less then three times, but experience in setting Trails will grow.

The Pack settled in to the Pub, with one end reserved for Mike. Lemming tried to pass Mother off as his Sister to Hayleigh, who had by now sussed that Mr X was right about anything that comes out of Lemmings Mouth. The Circle was called before food came out, though some moaned that they were comfy seated in the Bar that had an open fire on when the Hash arrived back, it was their body-heat [Steady Pebbledash!- Ed]

First the Hares were rewarded for a good Trail; then we had some anniversaries with Lobby Lobster reaching 200 Herts Hash Trails, also Paxo was on 1111, while we had Hayleigh our Newbie, who has Hashed with High Wickham Hash.



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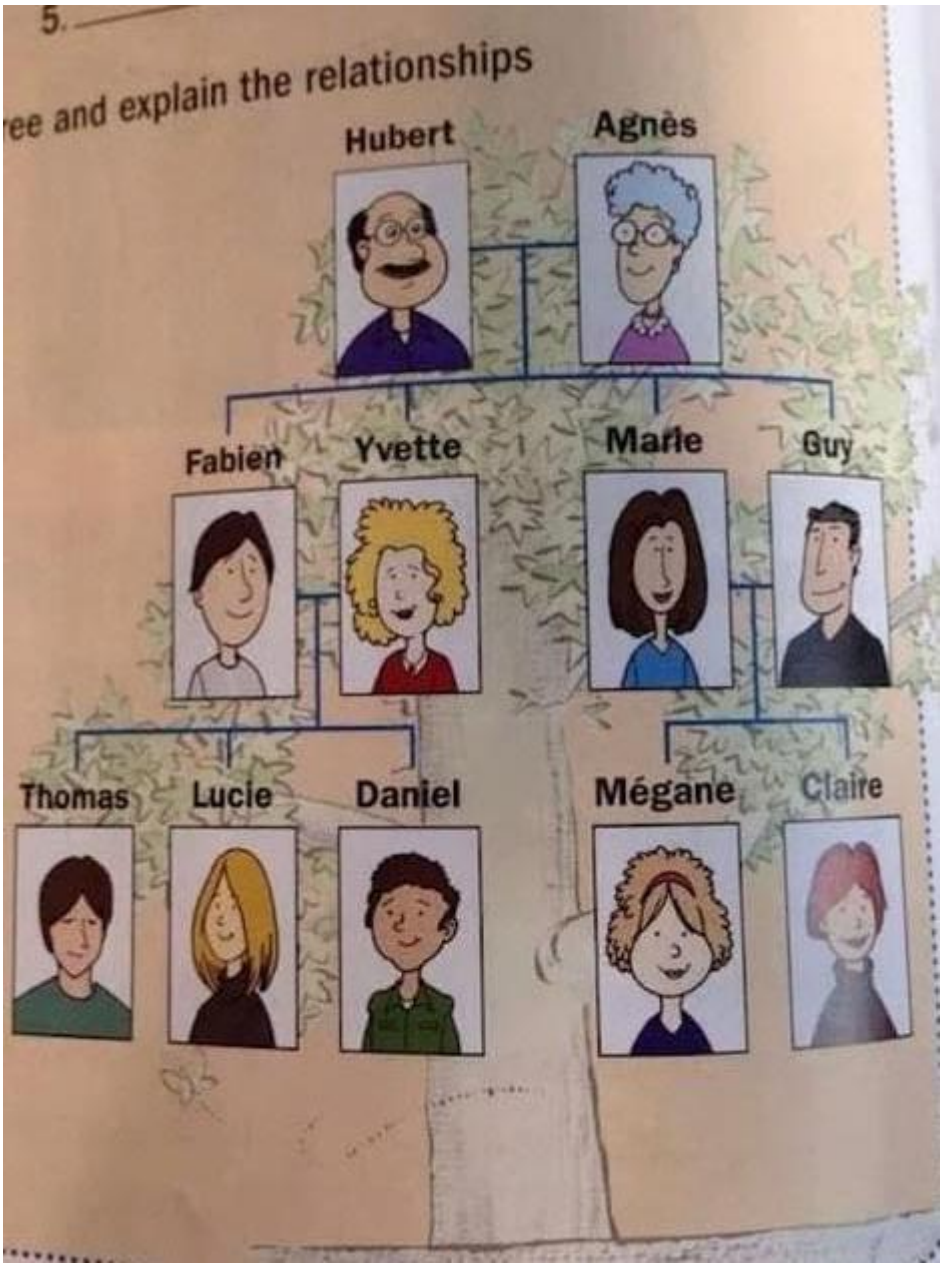

Battenberg anyone?

When you're kinky, but on a budget