



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

Run No. 2190
Date: 7th December 2025
Venue: The Feathers
Location: Wadesmill
Beers/Cider: GK Rocking Rudolph, IPA & Abbot
Hare/s: TBT OBE
Runners: 12
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 2
Total: 14
Membership: Losing our Green Credentials!



A bright & sunny morn was ins store for those who made the effort to get to Wadesmill, however there was a slight chill on the breeze, but the day would remain dry. The RA, one of the early arrivals had a wander back to the car park entrance & spotted an odd looking CHK almost outside of the Pub, something that My Lil' would not approve of at the start of the Hash!

The Circle was called at the front of the Pub, making those gathered to trudge all the way around from the far end of the large car park, thoughtfully to allow those in the Hotel Section of the Feathers to make the most of a Sunday Lay-in.

TBT OBE looked on in puzzlement as Fliptop welcomed everyone to the correct Run number of 2190, as the penny dropped that the week before TBT OBE had got it wrong when he welcomed the Pack. Others looked a little jaded, with My Lil' & Mr X surviving the FUK Ful Moon Trail the day before & Daimond Geezer a Rugby Pub Crawl in St Albans, [Can't think of a better place for a Pub Crawl! – Ed]

Time to find out what was out there on the Trail, & TBT OBE's opening speech began with some 'bigging it up' of his own Trail, there were mention of Short Cuts & the all-important Sweets Stop Held CHK, the Hare then sadly mentioned that amongst the warning sign for Poaching, there would also be the carcass of a dead bird of prey on the Trail.

However, there was one down-point as the Hare admitted that the Trail was marked in Road Line spray-paint, leaving the Hash's normal healthy 'green credentials' in tatters. On the plus side, if anyone has missed this Trail they have good a few months to go around it before any of it finally gets worn away!

Off the Hash went, with some keener than others, all in good hope that they would not be deceived by Utility Works spray markings, instead of those of the Hash? The exception was My Lil' who hung back due to his abhorrence of a CHK being right at the start of the Trail.

Paxo was the only one to search up the Great Cambridge Road through Wadesmill, a former Turnpike, (The Old A10) to the north, while the likes of Mr X, Sludge, Diamond Geezer, 3D, Slug & Fliptop were all enticed away on Youngsbury Lane to the east by south-east, here "On!" was called & a reluctant My Lil' then tagged along, unfortunately a T was awaiting all of them at the dead-end of homes on Youngsberry Lane.

If Paxo was smug at finding the Trail heading up the main road, this wouldn't last long for he would lead those close on his heels up to a Bar CHK almost opposite the Thomas Clarkeson Anti-Slavery Monument, a small roadside obelisk at the spot where he experienced a 'Spiritual Revelation' on his essay he had read out earlier in Cambridge. *Anne liceat Invitos in Servitutum dare ("Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?")*

As it is usual to read these essays publicly in the senate-house soon after the prize is adjudged, I was called to Cambridge for this purpose. I went and performed my office. On returning however to London, the subject of it almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself in these intervals that the contents of my Essay could not be true. The more however I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wades Mill in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the roadside and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the Essay were true,



it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785

Encouraged by publication of Clarkson's essay, an informal committee was set up between small groups from the petitioning Quakers, Clarkson and others, with the goal of lobbying members of parliament (MPs). In May 1787, they formed the Committee for the Abolition of the Slave Trade

The Bar-CHK meant a return back down the hill to cross to the west side to the main drag through the Village, to where Sludge, Mr X & Slug were now searching off on the small side spur road away to the north, here the Trail was picked up on the newly laid section of tarmac.

The Hash made their way through the small area of building works, behind the hoardings & high wire fences are a series of new build, a row of stylish looking olde worlde designed Cottages under construction, just below the rising main road.

At the end of the spur the Pack found themselves on a footpath, emerging out at the bottom of the farm land on the rising hillside to the west, it was here that the dead bird of prey was found on the edge of the footpath. With no signs of being shot, most presumed that the magnificent raptor was probably poisoned to stop it from preying on the gamebirds in the area.

As the Trail began to head away along by the course of the River Bourne, away to the west, upon the plateau, a bunch of around 15 or so deer could be seen. The deer would hang about for some time, probably long enough for Kylie to catch a picture of them, even with his slow shutter speed?

Diamond Geezer & My Lil' took up the mantle of leading the Hash, it was easy going beside the pretty much dried up river & there was some debate as to whether this was the River Rib? It turns out that the dry water-course is a part of the River Bourne & not the larger Rib which flows to the east of Wadesmill, it was noticed that at one time it must have had quiet flow as the tree-lined course had a pretty deep cut after being eroded away over the years.

After 500 Yards the Trail would dip down a little, via set off steps down to a wooden footbridge over an arm of the Bourne that comes down from the western hill, then up another set of steps to continue northward toward Marshalls Farm, by now the Deer were out of sight as the Pack continued for a further 460 Yards on a wavier path to emerge out on to Marshall's Lane, just to the west of High Cross.

Sludge's face dropped on the way to this narrow lane, as he overheard the Hare say "Oops, I forgot to put in a Short Cut!" which led to Sludge's pace slow to a plod as the Trail came out on to the

When I heard they had found a cure for dyslexia, it was music to my arse.

tarmac. Here bright dots of white paint led a few feet to the start of steep blind S-bend. The Trail safely took the hash off on to a footpath, locally named as 'Jacobs Ladder' which was a hard climb up the steep Shiggy route for just under 100Yards through the wooded U-shaped wood sandwiched between the lane's curved route. Jacob's Ladder has been used for Centuries to describe a steep straight climb, often steps or stairs, derived from Jacob's Dream of a ladder leading to heaven.

Back to the Trail & after the weary climb, which for some cleared out a few cobwebs for those who were on the FUK Full Moon Trail in London, or been out on a Rugby Pub-crawl! Once up on the plateau they could catch their breath as they advanced along the level tarmac for 230 Yards in a west by northwest direction, reaching arrows directing the way in to the road-side Hedgerow to the sou-sou-west.

The Footpath would now enter the foot of an elongated L-Shaped wooded area, where some spotted the 'Dogs on Leads!' signs amongst the trees, [Was this to keep dogs away from poison bait? – Ed] The Tree-line gave some respite from the cold breeze for 170 Yards.

A CHK by a footpath off to the south had been destroyed but all was not lost as the FRBs carried straight on, ignoring the southern option, spray paint dots on trees were now picked up on the way north-westward on the edge of Furzeground Wood.

The Held CHK had also been destroyed as Diamond Geezer & My Lil' now pulled further away from the rest, they had taken to the still marked Long Trail & were well out of sight, as well as earshot. Mr X decided that he would take the SC Walkers option to the sou-sou-east out of the wood to the open fields full of winter crops.

To start with the Knitting Circle Trail did seem to disappear, but then then reappeared after 100 Yards or so. Milf, Paxo, Sludge, 3D, Slug, with Sally, & Harold Shipman Kylie would also take the Knitting Circle Version of the Trail, after they had unsuccessfully tried to call Mr X back for the Held CHK.

Meanwhile Diamond Geezer & My Lil' began to flounder a bit at the top corner of Furzeground Wood, for even the spray paint markings were no match on the wide tracks after a large agricultural vehicle had ploughed on through the Shiggy tracts which obliterated the Trail, thankfully they used

GOOD KING WENCESLAS SPOTTED IN PIZZA HUT

Witnesses say he ordered one that was **deep pan, crisp and even**

ONLY IN THE **DAILY Dafty**

By Mairi Allann Chief Editor FULL STORY PAGE 9

their common-sense on the lay of the land to take the long southwestern footpath, some 1,000 Yards down into Bourne Wood.

From a CHK at a crossroads of paths in the Bourne wood, beside the Chelsings Tributary, Daimond Geezer & My Lil' sussed that the eastern option out over a field to Lords Wood was the best choice & most direct way to get back toward Wadesmill.

On another mile of Hashing over farm land, passing below Chelsing Farm on the Hertfordshire Way, this mainly easterly route would have one southeastern leg before tuning north-eastward to join the track down from Rennesley Green Wood, the one the Knitting Circle Trail was on

Mr X realised that he had missed the regroup, he failed to hear the others behind calling him back, for he was keen to try a little trot as it was a nice steady descent down from the top of the ridge for the Knitting Circle's route, a pretty straight drop loosing 150 feet in altitude almost to the level of the River Rib.

The Knitting Circle option would cut through an outcrop of the small Rennesley Garden Wood, after 990 Yards the wide track would meet up with the Long Trail, on the way everyone could take in a splendid vista out over to the east of the valley.

The last leg of today's Hash was a 270 Yards down to Anchor Lane which brought the Pack in to the western arm of Wadesmill. A turn to the east would bring the Pack out behind what was the Anchor Pub, sadly no longer a Bar but some kind of sprawling residence.

This was the Hash Venue that Sparky failed to find many years ago, he phoned up Mr X as the Circle was about to start, Mr X asked him where he was? Sparky replied that he was on Anchor Lane, a he could see the road-sign by the last of the homes in Wadesmill. Mr X simply said keep driving another 300 yards & you'll see a large building with Anchor in large letters on it's frontage! [In fairness, Anchor lane is actually a mile & a half in length! - Ed]

On the 210 Yards back to the Cambridge Road, the On Inn was passed before crossing over to the Feathers, where Flanders was fund enjoying the warmth of the Bar.

The Pack relaxed in the Pub, here Milf fell for Mr X's joke about the recent Centenarian Dick Van Dyke, as the conversation had turned to his recent birthday, Mr X convinced her that when he started off, Dick Van Dyke's Agent had him change his name to make it in Hollywood as he didn't believe he could under his original name of Penis Van Lesbian!

Also mentioned was the time, many years ago on a Sunday we Hashed from the Feathers, Sis was late & sat in the Bar awaiting the Pack's return, where she witnessed an old local guy came in with the Sunday Times, which he kept upright, while watching the girls behind the Bar before his guard dropped, when the paper fell over revealing the Porn magazine he was reading behind the broadsheet!

The Circle was held before the food arrived, as well as 3D & Slug's departure home. Everyone agreed that it was a good Trail, with the weather being an added bonus. Paxo was out for having his Birthday, TBT OBE had already had his Down-Down & so that counted toward his Birthday Drink! Kylie for missing out on a free bus from Buntingford that morning [Though he'd have the last laugh as the 331 never turned up on time with Paxo, Mr X & My Lil' being given a lift from TBT OBE to Hertford, the 331 was over half an hour late! - Ed] as well as giving his bin men Chocolates that the Mice had nibbled on"!

Happy Birthday to Carol Voderman, as some parts of her become 64 today



**Just a reminder
that Royal Mail
have said the
16th of December
is the last posting
day if you want to
guarantee
delivery by Easter**