



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

Run No. 2197
Date: Sunday 18th January 2026
Venue: The White Hart
Location: Puckeridge
Beers/Cider: Mac's AK, Country, IPA
Hare/s: Kylie & Milf
Runners: 18
Virgins: 2
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 1
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 22
Membership: Avoiding the Monks



This week saw Ryde & Tablewhine come along for a Herts Trail, for they were 'Cat Sitting' in Ware, they boarded the same bus as My Lil' & Mr X to arrive at the White Hart with plenty of time to go before the Circle was called, though there was no rush as that would take some time to come around.

Time was taken to see how Soggy Butt was getting on, after her episode up at the Hert Christmas Weekend, seems she is doing well & was up to take on the shorter options today with Where's Wally? On hand. Talking of illness, Paxo arrived in his car, forgoing the Bus this week as he had the lurgy. He would wrestle his yellow sledge through his steering wheel before joining the Pack.

While on that subject of lurgy, some enquired as to the whereabouts of TBT OBE? The Hares claimed that he was on a mission to purchase some crackers for the après Trail Cheese, which would be at the Defibrillator & CPR session.

Ryde & Tablewhine busied themselves pre-circle, chatted to those they haven't seen in a while. Two Virgins, in the guise of Corina & Botty, arrived & they claimed they knew a Herts Hasher called "Fudge Packer"! [Lucky that Pebbledash wasn't there! – Ed] as this was soon translated that they were referring to Tent Packer, who had just arrived.

The childish giggling finally subsided as My Lil' began his usual 'a tapping at his watch' as signal for the HGM to call the Circle together, but you wouldn't have known over the cackling going on in one large segment of the Circle!

A welcome to the Hash was announced, it was noticed that neither Corina nor Botty were introduced to the Circle, just in case they got lost On Trail, instead it was straight over to the Hare to explain what was out there.

Another 10 minutes went by as Kylie (Senior Hare) was challenged to explain the Herts Markings, maybe to help our Virgins, or our visitors from London, but mainly for Sludge's benefit. Finally, the Keenies were allowed to get on with things, making their way out through the garden furniture on the patio to emerge on to the old section of narrow lane

Mr X was surprised that My Lil' must have overcome his aversion to a CHK right outside of a Pub, for just a few feet on the other side of the remains of the connecting lane to Station Road was the first CHK of the Trail, the circle of flour being by the end of hedge, here there were four options to search. One along the edge of the ploughed field running behind the back of the High Street Homes, the high Street itself, the section of old Lane, or the opposite edge of the field.

Mr X & My Lil' found the Dust on the outside of the north-easterly running tree-line for the lane, a nice flat start around the ploughed field, turning around 120 Degrees to head almost due south, then halfway along the western side the trail crossed over through a wide gap in the hedgerow to the adjacent field & up toward the rising wooded ridge, there the second CHK of the Trail was found.

While My Lil' searched the outside of the eastern wooded ridge, Mr X searched the inside of the tree-line below the embankment, both found Dust & both called "On!" in the same northerly direction. Parsons Nose caught up with these Mr X & My Lil', as did Ryde & Tablewhine, as they reached a CHK some 160 Yards in the tree-line.

I FANCY having a bit of rabbit for my tea tonight. Could anyone tell me if it's cheaper from a butcher's or a pet shop?

**J. Picklay
Worcester**

The east by southeast choice rising up the wooded ridge was the favoured option, which proved correct as a steepish climb lay ahead along the edge of the tree-line protecting the open fields on the right, behind which was quite a drop in to the narrow gorge cut out by the stream in the bottom. The Trail was found by Mr X on the desire line within the tree-line, while My Lil' & Tablewhine were happy to stay on the field side of the trees, which saved them from dealing with whipping twigs to dodge, as well as deep holes burrowed out by something larger than waascauwee wabbits.

The Next CHK was found after the path had levelled out on the top of the ridge, no one searched the open footpath back over toward Puckeridge Village in the south, instead the Keenies all looked around in the woodland running down the south-eastern side of the ridge, where there were a multitude of options through the scrubby areas. "On!" was called on the main path running just within the northern edge of the wood, in places the Shiggy required a bit of care for those with less grip on their Hash boots.

At the bottom, northeastern corner, of the wood a CHK was found. From here Ryde & Table would searched almost due south inside the eastern edge of the wood, while Mr X chose the parallel outer path that drops beside the river Rib, leaving Parsons Nose to Check it out away to the north.

The Two southern options both met up at a point before the rising path emerged out on to the edge of the open field, it was here that Mr X explained to Corina & Botty that it was a loop to occupy the FRBs, all while the Knitting Circle were now further up the real Trail, where Parsons Nose had gone off to the north. Our Virgins found this highly amusing that the Hare had been crafty enough to outwit some of the most experienced of the Hash!

No Eye Deer, DWSS, Juices Flowing, Milf, Sludge, Paxo, Where's Wally?, Soggy Butt & now TBT OBE were all following on behind Parsons Nose, Fudge Tent Packer, My Lil', Ryde & Tablewhine on the 340 Yards along the bottom of the crop field, with the river Rib to the right, this was once a section of the 'Bunt' as the locals called the Buntingford Branch-line railway.

Much to Kylie's distress, the area had not developed enough along the branch line for it to be viable, so a relative of the Herts RA had in axed in the 1960's. *In 1961 a film was shot on the branch: West Mill station was used to film Postman's Knock. The late, great Spike Milligan played a naive country postman who unwittingly foils an attempted train robbery.*

Along another 140 Yards to the north, Mr X questioned TBT OBE whether he had the Crackers? TBT feigned any knowledge of any "Crackers? What Crackers?" to which the RA replied that it must be the way TBT OBE was walking! Later on in the Trail, Botty would be captured on video doing something akin to what you'd expect to from the Ministry of Silly Walks! The evidential video was posted as Botty 'Mincing' [Whoa there Pebbledash! – Ed]

The next CHK was found by the sluices on the Rib, just before the old Watercress beds, with options to head further northward to Station Road, or take an easterly option on the cobbled driveway to Gatesbury, the old mill was established in 1656, the House from the 17th Century, the rest of the former hamlet once there is all now lost to the past.

The Trail was picked up to the east, waking over the prominent cobbles, Mr X now caught up with Milf, where they chatted about her most recent visit to see Sparky, who seems happy in his Care-home. They followed on as the Trail led out through a gate, heading south-eastward into the soft underfoot fields to the east of Gatesbury.

The going was fairly level, for the moment, as the Hash headed along the top of the field before reaching a farm track to the south, where on a large flat old stone was marked in chalk with 'Short Cut' further eastward, or 'Long Trail' to the due south. Milf called out to No Eye Deer & Juices Flowing as they headed up to the south, behind Ryde, Tablewhine, Fudge Tent Packer, My Lil' & Parsons Nose, but these two were happy to continue with the longer option.

Milf & Mr X would also have to head uphill, as the Shorter option cuts straight across to the next CHK, located at the end of the 670 Yards around three sides of the rectangular loop on the outer western edge of Darney Wood.

From the CHK, all of the Hash would head north-eastward on the farm track that leads up to & then through the centre of the Warren Farm. Care was needed as everyone pussy-footed their way through the farmyard, where the resident cattle had really made the Shiggy more of a wiffy old slurry.

Just outside of the farm, on Horse Cross Lane the Held CHK was found, where My Lil' was moaning as to where everyone else had been, he was fed up of waiting for the rest of the FRBs to arrive. Importantly Milf was now at the front as she handed out the sweets.

The Keenies seemed to be gathered at the Held CHK for quite a while before ~~Captain Slow~~ Kylie arrived, with DWSS, Soggy Butt & Where's Wally? All arriving around the same time as the senior Hare, there were soon questions of where the Virgins were?

The Senior Hare said he would go back to look for them as the rest were allowed to continue with the Trail, heading down Horse Cross to the northwest on the lane as they lost the 100 feet in altitude on the 300 Yards down by the two 'Oldfield cottages' on the left, before reaching the ford in the narrow lane.

Interestingly Horse Cross is supposed to be a haunted area, where every five years you may be lucky (or unlucky enough) to spot five Monks walking in punishment for eating brown trout, that was forbidden, & as a result giving them the food poisoning that killed them all.

Parsons Nose mentioned the Cottages were no doubt farmer workers abodes, which led Mr X to talk about that all of the doors in Bramfield, near Hertford, had to be painted blue to indicate that they are Estate Workers tied-homes, they are still a distinct blue colour to this day.

Having avoided the large puddles covering the bottom of the vale, which regularly floods, the Trail would now head uphill once again, regaining the 300 feet in height that was lost earlier, something that slowed down even the keenest of Hashers. With the long respite at the Held CHK make some of the older Hashers feel stiff [& We aren't talking about blue pills kind of stiff! – Ed]

Having complete the 670 Yards on the narrow tarmac lane, My Lil', Parsons Nose & Mr X would turn off to the left, taking to southwest bound footpath along the edge of the farmland, with Ryde & Tablewhine in tow. After a further 400 Yards the footpath changed tack to head northwest over the field that rises a wee bit before dropping gently down toward the south of Braughing.

On a long straight trot by the hedgerow separating the fields, Mr X geed up the rest by pointing to his watch & calling out the Hare's Chalk-talk of "Food is ready from twelve!" knowing it was actually gone midday by this point in the Trail!

After around 700 Yards the farm track became a made up, solid gritty one through the small clump of woodland, passing by Chalk Lodge, then crossing over the river Rib before coming out on to Station Road

Arrows directed the way across to the footpath side of the road, this being the western side by the small area of units, one of which is Mustang Maniac where Porky Pie probably has his gas-guzzling Pen*s extension serviced? The Arrows would lead down over Ford Bridge, spanning the Rib by Wickhams, then on by the site of the restored Braughing Railway Station, now a Private residence, which Mr X pointed out

On the way Mr X was reminded of the Braughing Wheelbarrow Race, yes, he's got an idea for the 2026 event! [Volunteers would be appreciated! – Ed] It was 770 Yards on Station Road before arrows pointed the way over to the dead-end of the old Station Road, cutting out the corner. This last section saw the Pack making their way against Short Cut Markings for the Out Trail.

The Pack were pretty well strung out, with some still coming in around half past the hour, with a flustered looking Sludge along with Fliptop. Fliptop's delay in getting back was due to an off lead Teddy disappearing out of sight in a field further back on the route. [waascauwee wabbits, or a lost ball? – Ed]

Earlybirds back, Ryde asked Mr X & My Lil' which was the best Mac's Beer to choose from, the answer was Strong Hart (the Christmas Ale is one of the RA's favourites) but that wasn't on offer, instead he explained that it didn't matter as they all have the same effect. AK used be described by Dennis Ruttledge (McMullen's former PR Man) as Hertfordshire's Champagne, where as those who grew up drinking on a regular basis would associate it with being Hertfordshire's laxative, as it keeps you regular. My Lil' added the old "If the bottom has fallen out of your world? Then drink Mac's & let the world fall out of your bottom!"

The Ales were good, & made a change as H4 don't Hash from many Mac's Pubs these days, many reasons, the lack of range of Ales, Mac's closing rural Pubs that don't make enough money for them these days [Like the RA's local & one-time second home! – Ed].

However, it was of more concern that our Virgins were not back yet, nor was Paxo, even after Soggy Butt & Where's Wally? Were back, so Mr X called Paxo to discover that they were all just coming by Braughing Station, all of which was a relief to the Hare, who didn't want to go out searching for anyone as his Sunday Roast was on its way, & nothing gets in the way of Kylie & his food?

With Sunday Roasts regularly emerging from the kitchen & only 40 Minutes before the next Bus back to Hertford was due, the Circle was postponed until the following week as the RA had rather a lot on, since his Desktop had given up the ghost & was short on time after trying to update the Hash website, emails, farcebook on his own.

Our Virgins said that they enjoyed themselves, loving the concept of the Hash. Botty would also mention that he had meet Herts Hash before, on Mr X's 1500th Trail down in Kent a couple of years ago.

The Scribe apologised for the lack of Hareline on the paper Trash, due to not having a Desktop to plug a printer in to prevented the final page being printed. When this will return to normal is all in the lap of the tech Gods! All of which has left him exhausted [Too tired to give a shit! – Ed]

After the gorging dining, the remaining Hash went around to Chez Milf et Kylie for the CPR & Defibrillation work, doing their best 100-120 compressions per minute, recommended song to do this to is the Bee Gees 'Staying Alive

Final questions of the day were: Did TBT OBE get the crackers around there for the Cheese? Did anyone comment on the ding in the front wing of Milf's car, see across for an option to cover this up

Son, my best advice is to find a girl with an embarrassing tattoo and marry her. She knows how to make bad decisions and stick with them.

Three years ago my Hoomum threw my favourite ball and it went into some overgrown brambles well I tell you no joking everytime I went past those dastardly brambles summer and winter I searched and searched but could not find my lovely green ball but guess what today I found it my lovely green ball 🟢 I am joyous yes it was dirty and Hoomum had to wash it in a puddle but I got my ball YEAH



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