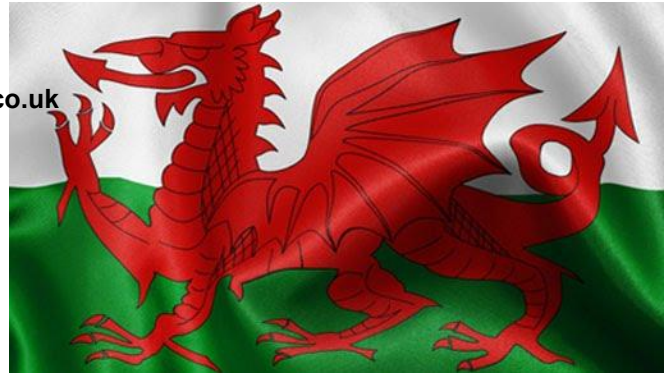


Herts
Hash
House
Harriers

Herts official Website: hertsHash.co.uk



Dydd Gŵyl Dewi hapus

I asked a child what they would give up for lent, they replied "trying" and I couldn't agree more.

Run No. 2203

Date: Sunday 1st March 2026

Venue: The Prince of Wales

Location: Green Tye

Beers/Cider: GK Abbot; TT Landlord; Prince of Wales (GK IPA)

Hare/s: Mr X

Runners: 9

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 5

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 3

Total: 17

Membership: With a welcome in the Hillside



The Circle was late being called to order, with the Pub car park being small & already having some (Non-Hash) cars parked up within, so some had to move their vehicles & park along the edge of the road, the time was now heading toward 10 past the hour before Fliptop carried out the welcome to a pack wearing a variety of Welshery, National Flags, four UK InterHash Cardiff T-shirts, Cardiff FC Scarfs & some suspiciously fresh looking picked Lent Lillies! [Daffodils! – Ed]

This week Dr Doolittle, Chikki, Vicky Vomit, Too Tuf & Compressed Fart were joining the Herts' St David's Day Trail, as Vicky Vomit normally does the Saints Day with the 'All Saints Day Hash', it was good to see them turn out & boost the lower-than-average Herts Numbers. Sadly, there was one less this week as Lobby Lobster was refused to be allowed on the Lynx Bus, for you can't pay cash or by card at Pick-up point, you can only book online, which Mr X tried to do on the Lynx App but it was too late by then, so Lobby remained back in Hertford.

The Hare was called forward, greeting the Pack with a cheerful "Bore Da!" [Good Day in Welsh! – Ed] It was usual Herts Hash markings, there were short cuts for those who stuck with the Hare, the Pack would be exposed to some *Culture* & he didn't mean the yoghurt in their fridges, finally there would be some *Welsh Treats* to be had out on the Trail & afterwards.

The Pack would set off around along the road toward Warren Farm away in the northeast, passing beyond the small red post-box & village noticeboard to find the first CHK opposite the green, it was by a footpath running off beside the east of Green Tye Farm.

It was at this point that Dr Doolittle, Chikki, Kylie & (not so) Too Tuf, with Sidney, heeded the Hares earlier words about the going being had work on the Shiggy tracts that are normally the local footpaths, the Hare admitted he struggled a bit the day before & was now wearing Hash Boots that are like the old Mudclaw 3,000's! Kylie had a dodgy shoulder, which put him off, while Chikki & Too Tuf didn't have a change of gear for after the Trail & their subsequent Train journey back to Nottingham.

My Lil' picked up the Trail on the footpath leading on by Green Tye Farm, with a stream of water flowing along down the valley, in a north-westerly direction for 560 Yards to the next CHK by wooden footbridge on the corner of the treeline, separating the east & west fields.

Jules had picked up on the 'Culture' the Hare had commented on earlier, correctly deducing that the trail would come around through Henry Moore's old Home, for she worked there at one time. Jules also added that she is amazed at the Mr X's memory when it comes to the cobbling together of the weakly run reports.

Milf asked if the Hare if needed anything to be carried, for he was going around with a rucksack on his back, but he said he had it packed in order for the Welsh Treat Stop, then the conversation changed to the smell wafting upon the breeze? There is large bio-digester under the huge dome to their left, on the Farm, to which Mr X added that there was a smell of human waste drifting in the air the day before.

The Pack now met a woman out with two dogs, but she asked the Hash if one of the Collies, which was off of the lead, belonged to the Hash, as it was a bit 'nasty'? It was explained that the dog was nothing to do with the Hash & the whole encounter seemed a little odd.

My Lil' & Tent Packer both fell for a Falise though the treeline footpath to the southwest. My Lil' came back, moaning the two T's on the Falsie were a bit faint, Milf disagreed when she passed them & could clearly see them. My Lil' now picked up the real Trail further along to the northwest by the tree-line for 230m Yards, Tent Packer began to have reservations on this longer option & decided to take the Short Cut with the Hare.

Slug, with Sally, were the only other ones to follow My Lil' down via the babbling brook to the back of the homes on the dead-end Dane Bridge

Welsh Door Bell



Lane spur, & out over a driveway bridge to a CHK on the Danesbridge Road. A few yards along the old lane to the southwest & the Trail now took to a wooden footbridge in the tree-line to head southward.

Meanwhile the Hare, with Tent Packer, Milf, Jules, Compressed Fart, Vicky Vomit, Canny Cant, Fliptop & Teddy had taken the short cut below the farm, it was along here that the distinctive wiff of human waste could be smelt, seems the wind had changed since Saturday.

Heading up a short steep slope, were My Lil' & Slug heading back toward Green Tye already? Nope, the FRBs would spot the Knitting Circle some 360 Yards in front of them, as they made their way from behind the reservoir & down the Grudd's Farm Track. Tent Packer, Jules & Milf already turning off to the southwest toward the centre of the crop field.

Mr X was slowed up by two women out walking, who had lost their way from Much Hadham. So, he told them the directions back & that if they followed the Hash Trail for about a mile they would come out to one of the Fords near the back of Much Hadham, which they decided was a better option for them.

The next footpath was an odd one, heading 130Yards to the southwest, then taking a 90 degree turn to the northwest, after 220 Yards the Pack entered the eastern end of Daneswood, this area of Hertfordshire has lots of Danish related names, obviously Dane End & Danesbridge, as it lies in the Danegeld area, before the Battle of the River Lea put pay to the Dane Law & the Norse Rule.

The Trail dropped steeply down through the edge of the broadleaf woodland, things became slightly easier on this drier pebbled route, then it would head west by southwest along the bottom of the wooded ridge where the carpet of green shoots of bluebells could be seen to the left, a nice section to Hash along with Shiggy that could be avoided if need be.

The Dust led out of the wood, into a paddock where a few little Daffs were blooming to herald this First Day of Spring. Then after a short turn on a wooden footbridge, the Trail came out on to the Danebridge Road once again, leading further along to the Hadham Cross Road.

The Hash side stepped the first Ford in this area via the wooden duckboard to the left which kept Hash boots out of the overflowing water. Red 'Road Closure' signs indicated how much water has been flowing down the Lane from the Ford over the last month.

Here the Keenies were supposed to have a wee jaunt off on a little loop down by the Ford & then back through a short footpath in the field to the west, but with the lane entirely flooded for about 100 Yards or more the day before, the Hare abandoned this idea [Which was nice of him to keep Hash Feet Dry, for now! – Ed]

However, he could have used it as although the water was still flowing at a fair rate of knots, the water levels had dropped slightly & there was now partial access if you kept tight to the left-hand side wall, but the Trail continued off from the Ford to the southwest on Stansted Hill Road. The Hare now marked 'Much Hadham' with an arrow to hopefully get the two civilians back on track?

A CHK was found on the elbow in the lane, where Tent Packer & Jules were found hanging around on the CHK, the Hare told them not to stand on the CHK & "Check it out, don't be embarrassed!" When Trail was picked up again, the Hash would follow the rising tarmac lane a few yards to a footpath that runs westward into the end of Sidehill Wood,

Again this was proper woodland Hashing as the route stuck with the western, bottom edge of the broadleaf woodland, with another green carpet of bluebells to the left & signs warning of fines if the bluebells were disturbed. The River Ash flows a bit further to the west, some noticed the great big white 'Culver House' in Much Hadham to the west, as the Trail advanced for 760 Yards to reach a CHK with a crossroads of footpaths.

After earlier avoiding the flooded lane from the ford, the Hash may have had a false sense of security, that the Hare was going to try & keep Hash Boots as dry as possible, Ha! No way! Some may have been mistaken that the River Ash had moved its course, for once out of the woodland the footpath became flooded, there was some pussy-footing to avoid the flooded kissing gate in the fence, but this was a waste of time as the next 50 Yards was a quagmire of deep & cold water covered Shiggy.

Three choices from the CHK on the boggy crossroad of paths, with Tent Packer heading westward toward the Pumping Station, while My Lil' carried on southward toward Mill Wood, both were wrong as the Real Trail was up the steep rising slope to the east. Milf & Jules would now benefit as the Hare marked the CHK right before them.

Tent Packer would now question the Hare as to what 'Treats' would be available at the Held CHK, "Welsh Allsorts?" he enquired & Mr X replied it was better than that, they would have something "Far more Welsher than Welsh Allsorts!"

The eastern clamber up the ridge was on a short stretch of drier ground, for the time being, as the Shiggy



returned on the farmland track heading eastward over toward Chase Farm, located up by Perry Green. It was on this exposed stretch that the mizzle began in earnest, as Mr X said it had to happen on St David's Day to have some proper Welsh Weather. Though my Lil' & Tent Packer said this wasn't the clear weather forecast they saw earlier that morning, Mr X said they ought to claim their TV license back for false information.

The long footpath's direction was now east by southeast for 350 Yards, where at the T-Junction with another farm track a patch of scraped earth was the remains of what was a CHK under the solitary Oak tree, yep some piss-weasel had kicked out the CHK.

With only two options, search nor-nor-east toward the Cemetery, or southward toward the land of the Henry Moore Foundation. The Hare was happy to see My Lil' go wrong toward the Cemetery, while Tent Packer picked up the Trail, for it was still clinging to the line of trees on the 180Yard footpath to the south & this led on to another T junction.

Here another CHK had been kicked out, which the Hare reinstated, as My Lil' & Tent Packer summed up which of the two choices to take? They started off on a short option to an elbow in the west, but were called back to head southeasterly down by Chase Farm & Hoglands beyond.

The farm track to the Farmyard was most probably the driest part of the Trail, with the exception of the few short bits of tarmac, being semi hard capped as the Hash passed by the barns & stables, where Milf was impressed with the lambing going on in there.

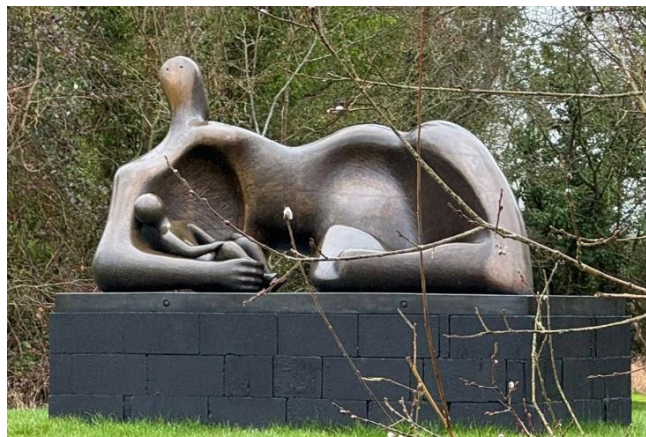
Just approaching the lambing barns & Hash was the woman the Pack met on the way out, she came walking by, strangely the nasty dog she described it, was now being walked on a lead by her as they were near the lambing area!

The Pack got to advance by a few more blooming Daffodils, as the Hare was keen to have the Hash exposed to some culture, the Trail now progressed along the footpath running through to Hoglands,

It was also the first opportunity to spot some of the many art installations over to the right. Henry Moore lived here & produced some of his most famous works, though My Lil' was unimpressed, saying "Its all a bit weird this abstract stuff!"

Out of the enclosed green paddock by the barns, to pass through the next wooden kissing gate, this one had CCTV signage, along with a 'Dogs on Patrol' sign attached, was it Paw Patrol?

As the Hash pass by the locked-up studios, but some of the large artworks were still accessible for



Jules to explain about some of the statues to Compressed Fart, pictures were taken next to the bronzes.

The Trail would emerge out into Perry Green, were two Held CHKs were found on the green, near to the Hoops Pub. We have keep meaning to set a Trail from the Hoops but it's been closed on & off since Covid & the renovated by the Henry Moore Trust, who took it over from McMullen's many years ago, should be finished this year.

My Lil' was seen to wander over to the old red Telephone Box, which is now home to a defibrillator, it looked like he was going to take shelter in there? He'd have to brave it like the rest of the Hash as it was time for some delicious Welsh Cakes & Welsh Whisky, & to keep up the Welsh theme packets of Anglesey Sea Salt Crisps.

There was one funny sight & as Mr X explained, when he bought the Penderyn Whisky, it was £58 in Tesco, reduced to £38 with a club card, & once he scanned his vouchers in it cost a whopping £2! However, once the self-service checkout assistant had cleared that Mr X was over 18 years of age, Mr X moved on & heard a beeping noise, so he stopped to see who was going to get stopped for Shoplifting! Nothing happened, so he walked out the front of Hatfield Tesco & an alarm sounded again, so he stopped a second time to see who was going to get pinched? Again, nothing happened, so he went down the Horse & Gloom to watch the Wales v Scotland's 6 Nations game.

On the Saturday Morning he was packing his bags to find the best way to carry all of the Welsh Treats, opening the box of Whisky he found it still had the security tag on it! Of course, this was left on for the Drink Stop, where someone said it was rather like those traditional black 'Het Gymreig' Welsh Women's hats.

For those who didn't want a Whisky there was some Tiny Rebel Beer, from Newport. The Hare said that he did try to source some Brains Beer to drink at the Held CHK, but thought that 'Brains' would be wasted on the Hash. Especially those where 'Strong is the Stupid in this one?'

Compressed Fart & Vicky Vomit arrived, here Vicky Vomit would lay out his Welsh Dragon Flag, enjoyed a shot & then had all those gathered to sing his All Saints Hash song, which is to the tune of 'Bread of Heaven'. The Pack enjoyed the (Addictive) Welsh cakes & the very smooth Penderyn 'Gold' Welsh Whisky, in fact for some several shots of the Penderyn as it was that smooth!

Y Ddraig Goch, the Welsh Red Dragon Flag on the white & green background stems for the Tudor Times, white & green were the Tudor colours, with the Red Dragon was used by Henry VII as his Standard at the Battle of Bosworth in 1485 when he defeated Richard III & took the English Throne. It was only recognised as the Welsh National Flag in 1959, the Flag of St David is a Yellow cross on a Black Field, is flown on St David's Day





Suitable ~~tipsy~~ refreshed, it was time to move on from the green via a gap in the corner behind the Hoops Pub, it seems that the Whisky had taken its toll on addled Hash Brains, as all the Pack took to the duckboards to the southeast, while the Trail actually runs up to the east.

The Hare called back the wayward flock as the footpath made its way on the outside of the farm land behind, the route was not a straight one as it moved out & then back along the side of the very much full flowing drainage ditch, the Dust led along the contour for 410 Yards to reach a CHK by Bucklers Hall Farm

Four options to choose from here, the sou-sou-east one was ignored as the view over the flat fields looked a little too far to go, which was correct, this narrowed down to pass through the Farmyard to the west, then there was the

eastward choice of Brook Lane & that was the one that the Trail was found on start of.

The Keenies were supposed to have to headed eastward for 225 Yards, toward the distant Sacombs Ash, then turn northward back toward Green Tye, but the Hare was kind as no one felt like running after the regroup & Whisky! So, the now enlarged Knitting Circle ambled on to stick with the meandering path along the edge of the field & the Fiddler's Brook. Here Jules talked about seeing great Tom Jones, seems she a bit of a fan, & to give his his due he still has his voice!

Arriving first at the top of the triangular block of paths, the Hare marked the final CHK of the day, with a split on the footpath, the nor-nor west option was the one to lead out of the wooded area, passing the 'On Inn' at the start of the Tarmac & up by the single line of homes on the left as the lane the comes out right beside the Prince of Wales, Hertfordshire's very own Welsh Embassy.

The Hash arrived back to find Kylie slumped in his chair, in a somewhat uncomfortable pose, with him were Jen 'N' Tonic, Dr Doolittle, Chikki, Too Tuf & Sidney. Once inside & feet dried off, Mr X would change in to his UK InterHash Cardiff Committee top from 2004, then got out the remaining Welsh Cakes, Canny Cant made it back just in time to try some of these. With a lack of regular H4 Hashers, there was plenty of Bara Brith to go around.

The Welsh cakes would be complimented with some Bara Brith, which means 'Speckled Cake' made with fruit soaked in dark tea & spices overnight. This went down well, thought Too Tuf was wondering what has happened on the Hash as it was homemade cake, Hashers making cakes? [Perhaps Too Tuf will have to have a conversation with Olymprick, Hasher & formally proprietor of Thaine's Bakeries in Aberdeen! – Ed]

Anyhow the Pack enjoyed this Treat with a couple of pints before the Circle was called. My Lil' was unimpressed with the lyrics as the Hare was rewarded for the St David's Day Trail to a rousing rendition of:

Guide me now thy great RA
Hasher in this barren land
I am dry and I am thirsty
Refresh me with thy powerful Ale

Drink it Down-Down
Drink it Down-Down
Drink it down forever more.....
Drink it down for ever more!

(To the tune of Bread of Heaven)

My Lil' choked on the word 'Great' in the line, saying it didn't apply to our RA [Everyone knows Hoggy is the best RA, ever! – Ed]

Also receiving a Down-Down were Vicky Vomit for his rendition of the 'All Saints Hash' Song; Too Tuf & Chikki for travelling the furthest today, which heard Chikki moan about being up against a World Down-Down Champion, who necked TWO litres of Brains Ale in 6 seconds! [Yes, its true folks some of us witnessed the feat, fittingly in Cardiff! – Ed] which he proved by instantly dispatching the half!

We will keep the Hash updated as to Sparky's funeral arrangements, most likely to be at the end of March.

After the Circle, some of the Hash made their move to go home & it was as the rest went back into the Prince of Wales that they noticed that Fliptop had left behind the slice of Bara Brith he had wrapped up for Sis! Luckily, Milf saved Fliptop's bacon, as she was in Royston the following day to drop this off, where Sis could enjoy her little slice of Wales!

My wife asked me if I was having an affair with a girl from Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch?

I said 'How can you say such a thing?'



Roisin Donagh
@DonaghRoisin

Just been down to Tesco getting a sandwich and some crisps and the lad at the checkout asked if I wanted to go for a drink. I told him I had a boyfriend but I was flattered but I couldn't. He said "no, it's part of the meal deal". You will never catch me in tesco ever again.

