

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

Run No. 2209
Date: Sunday 12th April 2026
Venue: The Tally Ho!
Location: Barkway
Beers/Cider: London Pride; Trelawney; Side Pocket for a Toad
Hare/s: Fliptop
Runners: 16
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 1
Hash Hounds: 2
Total: 19
Membership: Barking mad in Barkway



Exclusive:

Woman Shocked to discover she had been married to a Communist!

She told friend "I should have seen the Red Flags!

There's nothing worse than having a Cranberries song stuck in your heeeeeeeead, in your heeeeeeeead, in your head, in your head, in your head in your hea, hea, hea, head...

The morning began with a strange knocking sound, distinctive thuds of shoe soles against reinforced car tyre walls, as the Gooners within the Herts Pack all checked that none of their wheels were coming off?

Anyhow, back to today & another glorious sunny, but cool morning greeted the Hash. Everyone was pleased to see the return of Pepé le Pew, now on the mend after getting himself wedged in a lorry for an hour, where he told some that apparently, after seeing his psychotherapist, that he has been walking all wrong!

Then Pebbledash told Mr X a tale about visiting the North Middlesex Hospital, suddenly there was an outbreak of uncontrolled raucous laughter, which went on for quite some time, piquing the interest of others, this would be saved for the final Circle for everyone's enjoyment.

In the absence of our regular Hash Flash, Secret Squirrel stepped up to do the honours, & wow, we were lined up & had a snap taken of the Pack outside of the Pub, with the sign in too, well before the HGM had called things to order to welcome the Hash to this Trail!

With no faffing around, Fliptop, spoke in his guise as Hare, with plenty of time to explain that it wasn't a long Trail, that there would be short cuts & one really short, short cut, but a warning that the latter would miss out of the regroup & sweet stop! The Hare also added a few Red Herrings to his spiel, Golf Balls, Deer, Planes to be aware of amongst the wiff of 'Deja Poo'!

My Lil' was happy, for without any delays the Pack set off on time due north up the High Street, firstly over on the west side for just over 100 Yards, before being directed back over to the eastern side & on down Gas Lane.

Eastward the likes of Diamond Geezer, Waragi, Moss Key Toe, Mr X & TBT OBE trotted away as the day's FRBs, with FWB close behind them & the Knitting Circle of Paxo, Secret Squirrel, 3D, Slug with Sally, Karlo the Jack-All, My Lil', a little further back with the Hare & Teddy, while Pepé le Pew & Pebbledash doing as much of a walk as he could muster.

200 Yards down the narrow Gas Lane to reach two CHKs, one chalk on the tarmac drive & the other flour on the grass on the southeastern corner of the common beside Howletts Farm. While Waragi search the due north cut path through the wilder rough common, Diamond Geezer searched the northeastern mown path & he found the real Trail as Waragi turned back after finding a T!

After 230 Yards the Trail left the common via its north-eastern corner, from a CHK on another Farm Drive some admired, from a distance, the Lotus parked up in the farmyard to the east, while Diamond Geezer was spot on once more as he picked up the Trail, moving on through the next uncultivated field for 140 Yards to reach the outer southeastern corner of the tree-lined equestrian centre.

The longest stretch of Trail, so far, of 400 Yards along the gentle curve of the long tree-line to reach the next CHK. Again Waragi went wrong by searching off to the west, it was again Diamond Geezer who was correct as he headed a few degrees off of due east. Some wondered if Diamond had something slipped in his morning tea? With him now leading the way over toward a large hedge surrounding the grounds of Earls Wood Cottage.

Mr X slowed up, for he had now remembered that we needed some pictures of the day's Trail. While he took some pictures, TBT OBE also stopped as he tried to work out what a strange sound was emanating from his bumbag, he then realised that he had an incoming phone call from Mrs Teebs. He exasperatedly explained that he was out on the Hash Trail, having accepted a lift from Paxo "After Jeff had let him down!" [Several thousand miles across the Atlantic does that! – Ed]

Petrol lighter for sale



£20 without petrol
£180 with petrol

Anyhow, the other FRBs arrived at a CHK outside the front of Earl's Wood Cottage, again this caught out Waragi, Mr X & Moss Key Toe as they tried the various options over to the northern tip of Earl's Wood to the east, finding no Trail this delay allowed the rest to make up lost ground on them, only Diamond Geezer was on the correct Trail again as he searched the footpath option running west by northwest through the grounds of the Earl's Wood Cottage.

As they advanced through the garden to the north, the last of the pale white daffs were still hanging on in this slightly sheltered area, looking to the south through the yew hedge it soon became clear that the Earl's Wood Cottage was a much larger building than its name implied, looking like a small manor house than a game-keeper wee-type of abode.

As the Trail progressed to the west, once beyond the hedges & fencing, a southward glance & the Keenies could spot the Hare making his start to come around the 'cottage' grounds. 300 Yards on & the Trail passed through a tree-line, using a short & wide wooden bridge to advance up to the edge of the Sports Ground, where the local Football Team were busy playing a match.

Around the perimeter of the pitches the Trail went, passing up by the zip-wire ride & climbing frame, here TBT OBE stopped to explain what the Hash was about to a woman out with her kids, who were playing on the zip-wire. The Trail took to the Hash up a narrow back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] to emerge out behind the Barkway War-Memorial on the junction with the High Street, Cambridge Road & the Royston Road. Here a SSC [Short, Short Cut! – Ed] was chalked in the southern direction down the High Street & back to the On Inn.

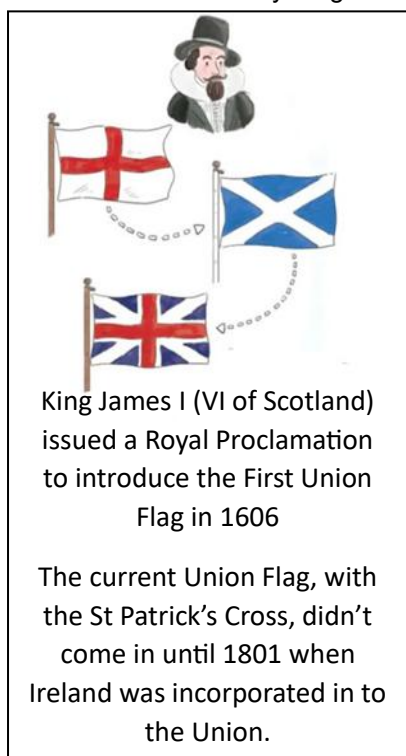
Moss Key Toe, Mr X & FWB all went wrong as they searched up the Cambridge Road toward a Bridleway that runs from just below the Village Hall & through the fields to the north of the village, a route used in the past but not this day. By the time these Keenies had realised that there was no Trail up toward the dominant metal structure of the Barkway Tower, located on the delightfully named Periwinkle Hill, Slug & Sally had now arrived at the War Memorial.

Soon 3D was on the High Street, she enquired on how short the Short Cut was & changed her mind to carry on with the Trail when it was explained it was a direct walk back to the Pub. Meanwhile, My Lil' had picked up Trail on the obvious option of the Royston Road & the rest followed on.

Jack-All, Paxo, Secret Squirrel also tagged along with 3D, Slug & Sally as the Trail moved on by the graveyard surrounded by railings to the north & W&M Motors to the south, then double arrows directed the Hash off of the bend in the road.

My Lil' was tempted to head over toward Rokey Wood some distance off in the west, but then Waragi came back to call "On!" & headed away again down to the south, the rest followed on some 200 Yards to pass through two remaining kissing gates of the three in a very short distance, Milf would have loved these Kissing Gates allowing the footpath to run through three very different sized enclosed areas.

After 340 Yards the Pack reached the Held CHK, where Diamond Geezer was found patiently waiting after getting so many choices correct on this Trail. A glance to the east & by one of the established trees in the graveyard for stone & flint St Mary Magdalene Church, Moss Key Toe was spotted scaring the squirrels!



The Pack regrouped as the Hare arrived with the sweets, these being red, white & blue bon-bons & other confectionary to fit in with the day's colour scheme for the anniversary of the adoption of the Union Flag in 1606. Diamond Geezer was amazed that he had found so many of the correct options on this Hash, Mr X wondered if this was down to the Barkway Transmitter sending out signals to guide him?

RAF Barkway, one of the smallest RAF Stations, was opened to host the larger Transmitter for the 'GEE Navigation System' developed by Robert Dippy [Sounds like a Hash name? – Ed]. The mast was completed in 1942, using a series of radio signals, the time delay could be used to accurately navigate an aircraft, especially at night, to a target without the use of bomb-aiming equipment.

It formed a chain of transmitter with RAFs Chicksands, Mildenhall, Lakenheath, Feltwell, Molesworth, Alconbury, Croughton. It was also used by the USAFE (United States Air Force Europe) notable at nearby Nuthampstead. In 2008 a Base-Jumper launched climbed the tower & successfully deployed his parachute! [We strongly recommend that none of you try this! – Ed] The site was sold in 2011 being surplus to M.O.D requirements with other navigation systems overtaking GEE.

Sweets were enjoyed & the respite was soon over as the Hash continued, a short cut down Church Lane to the High Street was offered up, but again no one took this. Now the Pack were heading north-westward along by the very long, tall, & no doubt high maintenance yew hedge surrounding & giving privacy to Manor Farm. Mr X led the way on the 350 Yards to the end of the field, Diamond Geezer caught up & passed him as the Trail entered the next field.

On junction of footpaths with a CHK by a ditch separating two of the large farm fields. Once away from the shelter of the Yew Hedge, the cool, freshy & bracing wind was now cutting over from the south. This CHK had a fallen footpath marker-post laid across it, partly covering up the floury remains & the Trail seemed to be lost, then Mr X called to Diamond Geezer, Moss Key Toe & Waragi to look out for scrapings in the earth where Trail Dust should be! Sure enough, along the sou-sou-east bridleway it was obvious that the Trail had been kicked out by some piss-weasel with nothing better to do.

Head-on in to the breeze & the pace slowed a bit for some of the Pack, but now aware of the scrapes of earth & faint powder remains indicated the Trail progressed for 280 Yards down to the remnants of another CHK, this being on the edge of Church Lane. Fliptop freshened up the Trail for any potential later comers as he swept his Trail.

The Pack crossed the Lane, continuing southward, up a short flight of steps in the hedgerow & into the open field higher than the lane, here Dust was seen to start with, but as the Keenies again headed into the wind & toward the centre of the field the Dust vanished again. The kicked-out Trail meant at the T-Junction with a west to east path some seemed confused, then Mr X pointed out the footpath marker sign over by a hedgerow to the north. Once Mr X made his way through the tractor tacks in the crop, he spotted Dust by the marker post & indicated to the rest to head over to the east.

Once back on Trail, the Hash were led out of the wind & through a secluded Tree-line path just above Ashgrove, here the first bluebells of the Hash Year were spotted before the Trail led out to the High Street, the On Inn was found just before the turn to the south & a final 400 yards totter back to the Tally Ho!

Pepé le Pew, Pebbledash & Sis were found inside the snug & warm Pub, but after the Trail it was very warm in there as they did have a lovely, real open log fire burning away, so Mr X went outside to sit under the awning on the decking & await the rest of the Pack to arrive back.

Everyone ended up sitting outside, though some claimed to feel the cold wind blowing up the hight street, as Moss Key Toe & Diamond Geezer sought out the sunny end, though neither could compete with Jack-All's tan he had built up from being out in New Zealand during their summer!

The Circle was called after Diamond Geezer & Moss Key Toe had set off home. With the Hash toast from Fliptop, it was then over to the RA. The Hare was rewarded for an excellent Trail that took the Keenies an hour to get around, probably as there was no faffing about delaying the start? Other Hits went to TBT OBE, for technology on the Trail, bemoaning no lift from Kylie & also complaining about only being charged for one pint when he had ordered & was served with two pints! When he went back into settle with the Landlord, he was told it didn't matter, but on buying another pint he was given a free bag of crisps by the Landlord, with a cheeky "Check the date on the packet!" as TBT OBE accepted the crisps.

Secret Squirrel was out for making Paxo's Audi look like a Scoobie (Subaru) with a large rear-spoiler after leaving his boot open when he drove off! Then Pebbledash was asked by the RA to tell the tale that had him, Pepé le Pew & herself in absolute stitches at the start of the Hash.

[Sorry if I get this slightly wrong! – Ed], It boils down to when Pepé le Pew was in the North Middlesex Hospital, where Pebbledash wore a 2-1-2 Maureen type of coat, which led to some of the nurses mistaking her for Pepé le Pews mother! Three separate times this happened, three times Pebbledash reiterated "I am older than him but not by that much!"

So, returning to the Hospital for Pepé le Pew to have a check-up this week, Pebbledash bumped in to a couple of old friends & their friend, later on one of Pebbledash's friends received a txt message from her friend saying it was nice that Pebbledash 'Took her Son to his hospital appointment!' Finally, Mr X had to award himself a Down-Down for 'Lost Property' after leaving his 1400 Run Gillette at 3D & Slugs!

Circle over, it was back into the Pub as the temperature had dropped, then Flying Solo arrived before setting off to run the Trail, which Fliptop had made sure was restored from the piss-weasel's destruction of the Trail. And we can report that Flying Solo managed to get around what she described as a 'Good Trail!'

It was also mentioned that a Herts Hasher has been captured in a picture featuring in the latest Pints of View, Herts CAMRA magazine, a free pint awaits the first to name said Hasher. Clue 1: They have a baldie heed!

Recreate your own Artemis splashdown with three Tunnocks teacakes and a Nespresso pod



Useless Fact

DEJA POO:
The feeling that
you've heard
this shit before.

Not to brag, but I think we nailed the worst rug option available

