

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

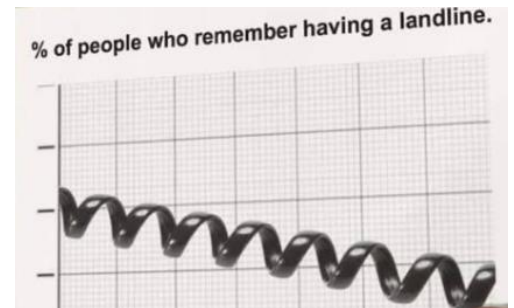
Run No. 2211
Date: Monday 27th April 2026
Venue: The Old Fox
Location: Bricket Wood
Beers/Cider: TT L&lord; Hogoblin Ruby (£3 a pint) & Tring Side Pocket
Hare/s: Zingalong & Des Res
Runners: 11 (+1 @ 72 Hours)
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 13
Membership: Still on Monday Blues?



Exclusive:

Man struck by falling stack of Toilet Rolls in Supermarket!

Doctor's say he got away with Soft Tissue Damage!



With many of the regulars still away this week the numbers were going to be low on a Monday night. Due to unforeseen circumstances, the RA & regular scribe couldn't get the bus over, nor the Train or even drive! Not even for a couple of days, but eventually he did make it to complete the Trail & take some photos, since no one else could be arsed bothered to record the Trail

On the plus side, if you caught the bus to Garston Park, you'd have an advantage in picking up Trail to the north of the Pirate Ship climbing Frame & other kids' playground equipment fenced-in within the Park! But more of that later on.

So, the small Pack of Mark E Mark, Ketchup, My Lil', Tent Packer, FWB, Angelai, KP, Mother & Lemming gathered outside the Old Fox. There was no 'Little Buster' this week, he had been left at home alone, with just the TV on for company, however, Lemming had a camera set up in the house so they could keep an eye on their pooch, making sure that Buster didn't chew his fluffy pink slippers! [Lemming's Crocs were safe! – Ed]

Once the welcoming Circle was out of the way, the Hares could get down to the business of what lay ahead for them out on the Trail. He said that the full trail would be just over 5 miles, & there were two 'short cut' options, reducing it to about 3 miles if both short cuts were taken. What wasn't mentioned, & what wasn't known at the start, was that some piss-weasel(s) had been around destroying the Trail.

Things began with the Hash setting off on a footpath almost, but not quite, directly across from the Pub, the fingerpost marked toward Munden Hall in the southeast of the larger Bricket Wood. The Hares were diligent with remarking of the Trail, highlighting trip-hazards of exposed roots in case TBT OBE put in an appearance, thankfully he didn't turn out as the First Aid Kit being with Mr X was not on duty today.

It was a 300 Yard start on a wide firebreak path separating the southern tip of the Old Bricket Wood & the Munden Spring Wood to the west, then Munden Spring Wood & Peartree Wood to the east. A CHK was found just inside the southern edge of the wood; there was a desire-line path option off to the west within the wood. My Lil' was the first to arrive & chose this option.

My Lil' must have gone quite a way before realising it was a falsie, since all the others had already found the correct trail on the alternative option, which was to carry on sou-sou-east on the main footpath as it runs along the edge of the fence separating two larger hay fields. This 270 Yard 'straight as a die' trot down to the kissing gate emerged onto the tarmac drive to Munden House, where an arrow was found on the asphalt pointing east by northeast.

My Lil, Mother, Mark E Mark & Ketchup followed the Trail some 200 Yards further along into the estate grounds to reach a cattle grid. Those less sure on their feet could sidestep this & use a kissing gate at the side. Just a few feet beyond the gates & cattlegrid, a Held CHK was found.

The rest of the Pack were slow to arrive here, so someone, who will remain anonymous, decided to check it out prematurely before the rest arrived, with Mark E Mark carrying on along the drive to Munden House, & the other three taking the diagonal footpath to the right.

The Hare had intended to mark the CHK when everyone was there, but as it turned out, it was only Mark E Mark who went the wrong way. The Keenies of My Lil', Mother & Ketchup were soon down the large, dry grassy slope to the River Colne & on to the footbridge with metal steps up & down on either side of the wide section of the river. When Mr X got to this point, he couldn't take any photos, for two girls were picnicking by the river, & due to the nice weather they were both wearing bikinis!



Once on the southern side of the Colne, the Trail crossed a crop field that was ploughed & ready for harrowing & after 185 Yards the trail crossed over a shallow dry & dusty depression, which looked more like an uncrossable lake when Zingalong recce'd the Trail two months earlier after several weeks of incessant rain. Fortunately, the weeks preceding the trail had been dry, so there was little sign of water anywhere on the paths.

Once up to the level again, those who looked back could read a sign that stated 'FOOTPATH CLOSED. BRIDGE HAS BEEN REMOVED. PLEASE USE ALTERNATIVE ROUTE.' No doubt this was for 'elf & safety' reasons, though no alternative route was suggested. The long, dry ditch-like excavation was the remains of some of the Fishponds that fed the Monks when this area was a part of long-gone Aldenham Abbey.

Thirty metres further on, a CHK was found at the crossroads of footpaths, options were off to the east into small West Wood, or to the west, or carry on south-eastward along the top, furthest end of the Aldenham Golf Club toward Wall Hall. This time, the Trail didn't head to Wall Hall as it did many moons ago; instead it was picked up on the westerly track that turns gently to the southwest over 500 Yards with the fairways to the left, here the tree-line had some extra work on the golf course boundary, with recently cut logs added to the sections of laid hedge.

The Trail stuck with the tree-line, leaving the edge of the fairways as it entered the edge of Bingham's Wood. Over to the north of this was an old large barn structure, which is actually a disguised pumping station. After 340 Yards the FRBs would reach the second Held CHK of the Trail, after a slight incurrence into the wood. Once KP, Angelai, FWB, Des Res & Lemming had caught up, Zingalong marked the CHK into the woods to the South- East, where the Trail followed a rough vehicle track going uphill through Bingham's Wood, towards the edge of the golf course once again.

It was from this point for the next mile or so that all the large arrows, CHKS & alternative routes for Runners or Walkers had been virtually obliterated (by the above-mentioned piss-weasels), leaving the FRBs looking very confused. [Or was it the accidental inhaling of the exotic smoke drifting through the air that confused the Pack? – Ed]

Wherever this had occurred, the Hare proceeded to re-lay the relevant markings to enlighten the early arrivals of My Lil', Lemming, Ketchup & Mark E Mark as soon as possible, as they were pointing at the ground wondering where the **** the trail should go? & so it was that the first of these disappearing markings was to take the Pack left & immediately right, across a track that ran from Otterspool Lane, over the golf course north-east towards LSE Logistics & Wall Hall Drive.

After less than 100 Yards, the trail took a right turn along a path going sou-sou-west with another part of the golf course to the left & a field to the right, until a CHK was reached just inside Berrygrove Wood. Here, the choices were for the Walkers (or Knitting Circle) to turn slightly right, & the FRBs to turn left to follow a loop of approximately three quarters of a mile around the Wood, eventually rejoining the point where the walkers would emerge.

However, the Hare announced here that if the Knitting Circle wanted to do just one short cut, it would be more interesting, & shorter, if they were to follow the main Trail from this point, picking up the second short cut later on. As a result, there were no takers for this short cut, so we all trotted off (or walked) around the runners' trail which involved a great deal of care to avoid the large number of tree roots & undulations in the narrow path until it reached a T junction with a larger path.

This was the furthest point away from the Old Fox that the Trail would reach, & upon turning left, the 2-mile point would be passed. The Pack were rather spread out by now, with Des Res & the Harriets - Mother, FWB, Angelai & KP dropping behind a little, while Ketchup, Mark E Mark & My Lil' accelerated ahead, with Zingalong, Tent Packer & Lemming close behind them.

Before long, a larger vehicle track was reached & a CHK gave the options of going left towards the Aldenham Road, or right towards Otterspool Lane. As time was pressing on, the Hare marked the CHK to the right.

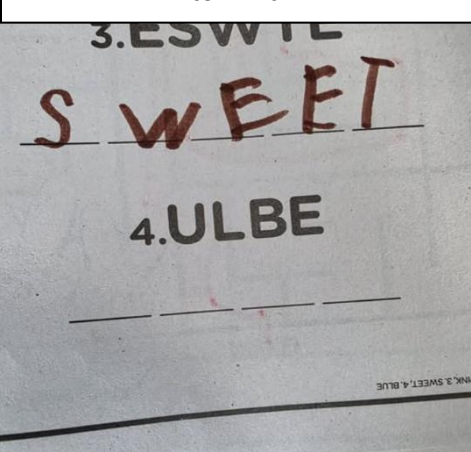
This track ran roughly parallel with the M1 Motorway & after a few hundred yards, the monotonous rumble of traffic got louder & louder, as the track got closer, until it dropped down a hill to join Otterspool Lane alongside the M1.

An interesting mystery that appeared halfway along the track was that the FRBs, who were slightly ahead of Zingalong, pointed to a very large arrow laid in flour pointing to the right directly into a brambly area of the woods where there was no sign of a path. Zingalong was as puzzled as they were, especially as it was exactly like some of the arrows that had been obliterated earlier on. Those 'piss-weasels' must have enjoyed sabotaging the Trail, but goodness knows how, or why, they went to the trouble of finding some fresh flour to place this other arrow!

Anyway, back to Otterspool Lane, where the Trail continued along the small tarmac private road leading to Otterspool Farm & a few other residences before forking slightly left to reach a point that was barely 20 yards away from, & within sight of the second Held CHK mentioned earlier.



Word Jumble: First word that comes to mind



Turning left, in a northerly direction, the Trail went beside a large concrete block, over a long footbridge across the River Colne & then along a long stretch of duckboards to the footpath running up along the western bank of the Colne, with some nice views out over the various sections of wetland & on this meadow between the main Colne & the smaller Bucknalls Brook section.

Sticking with the meandering, serpentine river's course for 425 Yards before breaking away at a potential Ox-bow that has some reinforcement work carried out on the banks, the Trail continued over a bridge, with a dry water course below. Underfoot, the hard dry ground had more cracks in it than a bull Elephant's scrotum! (Careful there, Pebbledash).

The Trail would cross the gently rising grass slope to reach the long driveway to Munden House, where a CHK was found. The Keenies soon found the correct trail heading north, away from the driveway & onto a small grassy path leading to a more distinct path running from east to west.

When Mr X went around the Trail, he suddenly realised that he had one Down-Down for next time he's at the Hash, for as he had crossed the meadows & reached a gate to the drive, the said gate had been left ajar, yes, Lemming had left the gate open, even with the large sign asking walkers to Please Close it! It was like the Spirit of Sparky was there with the Hash.

Along the footpath of the now disused section of uncapped drive within the treeline that heads westward, more ~~TBT OBE~~ Trip tree roots were thoughtfully marked with flour to alert the Hash to potential trip hazards, before the Trail turned northward up almost by the edge of the M1 for around 600 Yards to reach a split in the Trail, the choices being 'R' for Runners, to the west, passing under the nearby M1, or head northeast on the 'SC' Short Cut option up School Lane.

At first, nobody wanted to choose the longer Trail as they were feeling the urge to return to the Pub which they knew was only a short distance up the path on the SC option. However, at the last moment, FWB chose to go with Zingalong down under the M1, where they would emerge onto Falcon Way, passing by the bottom of this small housing estate wedged between the M1 & the Abbey Flyer branch line.

Under the very narrow & traffic light-controlled bridge as Garston Lane passes under the railway. They would then be led up Codicote Drive, through a 1930s estate on the edge of Garston, & then left into Gaddesden Crescent where an arrow led them across the road into the southern tip of Garston Park.

As the only two hashers to follow the runners' loop were Zingalong & FWB, they decided to miss out the next section & cut directly across to the slope leading uphill to the CHK on a bench** (see below), particularly as daylight was fading rapidly. (Although nobody took it, the Trail turned west in Garston Park, then north passing the outdoor Gym, with exercise equipment, the Skate Park & the fenced-in Kid's play area with its Ship like climbing frame.

Another change of direction would have the Keenies head due east along the top of the park, skirting below the back of the homes on Coates Way, then the Trail would drop down to the end of a strip of woodland in the shallow valley. Here the Hares had added in a crafty loop, taking the southward path from Coates Dell on a tarmac path within the wood before coming out to turn eastward & up a brown & dry grassy slope to find a CHK chalked on to a single plank bench.

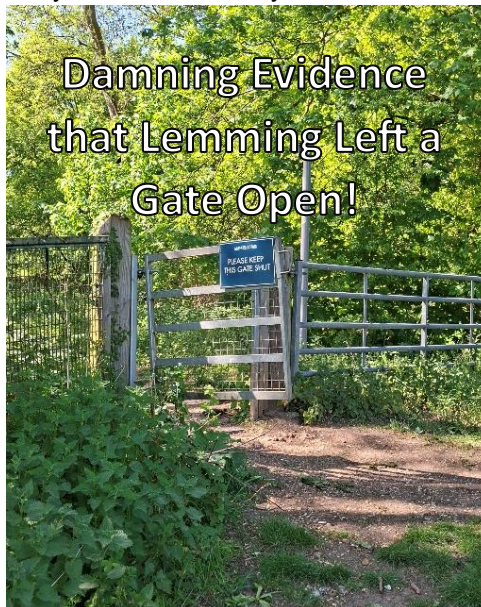
The Trail would almost head back to Coates Dell, but broke away to the northeast through a larger section of Woodland & to come up on to a grey gritty path that would drop down & under the M1, then after passing the 'Art is not a game' graffitied width restrictor, a 50 Yard climb up in the western side of Munchetts Wood to find a CHK with three options by a footbridge over the Abbey Flyer Line.

By the time Zingalong & FWB reached this footbridge, they had to rely on the torch on their phones to pick their way along the rest of the trail, which, only a month or so earlier, was almost impassable without wellies.

Those with some local knowledge may have known that they were not far from the On Inn, & once over the single-track railway, another CHK was found in the corner of the eastern section of Munchetts Wood. The sou-sou-western choice into the edge of the Coldharbour Plantation would be where the Trail was picked up, passing along a deep rutted footpath that weaved in & out of a tree-line, with wild grassy areas to the right by the M1 & the new plantation being planted to the left.

The name Coldharbour is believed to have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon 'Cald Herbergh' which was a refuge, or an area of shelter that was used by Drovers to safely stop with their cattle or sheep overnight. Having moved close to the eastern side of the M1, the footpath turned south-eastward to move away

through the plantation & by the On Inn at the side of the Old Fox. By the time Zingalong arrived back at the Pub, the rest were well settled with their drinks, so it wasn't long before Down Downs were quietly awarded to the Hares of Zingalong & Des Res, who was a great help with laying the Trail & making sure that nobody got lost before reaching the On Inn.



At last, some appreciation of the weekly Trash!

