

Herts  
 Hash  
 House  
 Harriers  
**Herts official Website: [hertsHash.co.uk](http://hertsHash.co.uk)**

Run No. 2213  
 Date: Sunday 10<sup>th</sup> May 2026  
 Venue: The Cricketers  
 Location: Redbourn  
 Beers/Cider: Breakspear Best, Lantern Ale  
 Hare/s: Parson's Nose  
 Runners: 15  
 Virgins: 0  
 Visitors: 1  
 Newies: 0  
 Après: 1  
 Hash Hounds: 1  
 Total: 18  
 Membership: On a blackthorn winter Trail!



**Exclusive:**

**Bertie Basset Impersonator  
 caught on CCTV stealing from  
 a sweet shop!**

**Police say it takes Allsorts!**

**I did my first stand-up gig at an old  
 people's home last night. They didn't get  
 my jokes, but they still pissed themselves  
 anyway!**

Now we are in to May you'd expect the weather to be a tad warmer than this morning's grey, blackthorn winter of overcast & with a bitterly cold wind from the north. But we haven't got beyond the feasts of the 'Ice Saints' of St. Mamertus, St. Pancras, & St. Servatius, named so because their feast days fall on the days of 11, 12, 13<sup>th</sup> May respectively, after which medieval farmers would wait to pass before sowing more delicate of crops.

An early start for those who were using Public Transport, with the RA popping in to the Waterend Barn (St Albans' Spoons) in a break between services. Having had breakfast, the RA dodged the area normally frequented by the Tyskie & Bucky Drinkers, he crossed the road to the bus stop where he found some more ragamuffin like characters there & among them was Moss Key Toe. The two boarded the 321 Bus, then had a cuppa in Harpenden before cadging a lift over with Mrs Mallet & Tent Packer from Harpenden.

Meanwhile Not Out was on his way up via Train to be Picked up by Juices Flowing, all while Parson's Nose was still out setting the Trail this morning. The Pack began to arrive, with My Lil' getting his car out again due to the bus being way too early for him.

After most had parked up out behind the Pub, there was a call from the Landlord to request the Hash didn't swamp the car park. So, when Slug & 3D managed to squeeze their Volvo up the very narrow passage like section of Church Lane, they were directed to park up by the end of the Common, all in order to leave some space for regular diners at the Hollybush.

The Circle was called out the front of the beautiful black & white timbered 15<sup>th</sup> Century Pub, just as the Clock at St Mary's chimed the hour. Paxo conducted the honours of the welcome, due to the absence of the HGM & GM both absent this morning, one probably 'Sick with worry' about the Gooners' Match later that day against West Ham, while the other was just off sick. Some debated if the latest malady could be hantavirus? But, fear not dear reader, the Gooners won & as hantavirus is transferred by close contact with rodents & Lemming not having Hashed in a couple of weeks, it was dismissed.

This week's visitor of Not Out was introduced to the Herts Pack, in case he strayed from the righteous path & needed rounding up the Hash knew what he looked like, then Parson's Nose was called forward to explain what was out there to be encountered

A Trail of around 5 miles, with a couple of Short Cut opportunities, a sweet stop were mentioned first, then there was a long list of the menagerie of animals to be aware of, including Horses, Sheep, Goats, Birds both normal & waterfowl. This was followed by road crossings where care was needed, three river crossings before finally getting to Golfers & a lot of Balls!

The Pack were now let loose in the northeastern direction up the Olde Worlde quaint cottage lined Church End, away from St Mary's Church, heading toward the bottom of West Common. My Lil' & Not Out led the way across the Flamsteadbury Lane to take to the nor-nor-eastward path within the avenue of trees that separate two sections of the West Common, passing by the Redbourn Cricket Club, which is one of the oldest Cricket Clubs in the Country, with a game being recorded being played on the Common way back in 1666, while the current club was officially formed in 1823!

After 320 Yards the wide tarmac path changed tack by around 20 degrees to the east, as the avenue of trees comes up to Lybury Lane, continuing north-eastward on the Old Dairy Farm section of Common. At a split in the path & the Keenies of My Lil', Not Out,

**Sir David is now officially too old to play  
 with Lego!**



Diamond Geezer & Toni turned on to the north-eastward arm up to Lamb Lane, before turning almost due south on the Common.

The triangle of paths allowed a short, but handy, Short Cut for the slightly jaded Mr X & the following Knitting Circle of Paxo, Milf, Kylie, Juices Flowing to keep in touch with the Keenies, before they disappeared down a 175 Yards of walled in back-passage. [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] to emerge out on to the High Street & a CHK with three options, up or down the High Street or over to off-set Waterend Lane?

The Hare had caught up with the front of the Pack as the narrow Watened Lane was found to be the correct choice, the FRBs advanced down another olde worlde back street, which after 100 Yards turned from northeast to southeast, where it came on to a CHK by a back-passage away to the northeast.

The opposite option of continuing southeast had Trail on it, for those just a few paces behind the leading FRBs, a very kindly Lady out walking her pooch said "If you are looking for arrows, then they are down there!" as she pointed down toward ford in the River Ver. The Hare was quick to get in "Please don't tell them where they should be going!" as the FRBs took to the raised walk-boards beside the Ver & kept their Hash boots dry.

Once over the Ford, the lane became uncapped & took a serpentine, weaving route for 80 Yards, then it headed up beside the grounds of a Garden Centre & on toward the Ver Meadow Caravan Site. On a previous Trail in these parts, the Hash were approached by a Romany Character who was searching for his lost horse, no such encounters with any travellers this time.

The Trail crossed the Nicky Way Line, the former Hemel Hempstead to Harpenden railway & came up to the edge of the A5183 By-pass. Some had a wait for a break in the traffic on this busy route, care was still needed when a gap did appear & the Hash scuttled across to the eastern side, onto a footpath that started with some steps in the wooded hedgerow embankment.





Out of the trees & a 320 Yard climb up the hillside on a dry, dusty, rising cracked footpath, this would slow even the most ardent of the Keenies to reach the plateau & a CHK by the hedgerow, where the footpath marker post indicated there were two official ways to choose from. One was north-eastward toward Redbourn Lane as it heads into Harpenden, the other was to pass through the Hedgerow & over toward the back of Harpenden Golf Club.

With Golfers being mentioned in the Hare's Chalk Talk, the Golf Course option won out, sure enough this Hare didn't use this as a Red Herring & the Trail was picked up around the back of the elongated wood marking the boundary of the southern fairways, then after 230 Yards the dog-leg of the woodland changed to east by southeast for a further 220 Yards where on the outer corner an 'S' was found, which confused Not Out, who was marking the Trail for the Hare on the longer loops.

Mr X caught up, now he had some wind in his sails, after an initial struggle to get going after the 8 mile Hash with London H3 the day before, & the subsequent long visit he led to the Sunshine Brewery, the latter having more of a toll. He noticed a small gap in the hedgerow, where Dust was found on the inside edge of the Golf Course.

240 Yards along the footpath, then it turned from northeast to southeast into a section of woodland that started to take the Pack away from the Golf Course, leaving out by a paddock with some Fuzzocks within, Mr X now said that the Hare didn't mention Donkeys in his Chalk-talk. The next paddock the Hash passed through was home to some ewes & their young lambs before hearing the crowing of a large black cock [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] who was vocally marking his territory before the passing Hash came out on to Hammonds Lane.

To the south the Dust led, between the various units on either side of Hammonds' End Farm, here there were a set of stone pillars that represent various sedimentary layers of rock formation, each looking like they were man-made & for educational purposes. Mr X would now tell Not Out that Hertfordshire is famed for its unique Pudding Stone, formed by glacial weight pressing down on an old river bed, it looks rather like a concrete mix with lots of pebbles set in it.

 Japanese Taste  
Sponsored ·   

🌟 Super strong hold that stays restyled-ready throughout your day.

Cock Grease XXtra Hard Hair Pomade delivers exceptional shine and grip even for the toughest hair textures. The refreshing pineapple scent lifts your spirits as the formula holds firm yet allows you to restyle whenever the mood strikes. Japanese quality engineering for your hair's most commanding day.

🌟 Pomade that commands attention and obeys your style... See more



The lane would bend to the sou-sou-west & then disappeared into the tree-line & then through the 'Muddy Mice' a small site of a kids' educational play area, with various small toys & sensory items. Some took more time with the toys than others, Paxo becoming very attached to the watering-can!

Having passed through the play area, the Trail came out on to a farm track where 3D, Slug & Sally were leaving the Short Cut joined in, the joint Trail now headed sou-sou-west to the southernmost tip of the Golf Course & then down beside the western edge of Hammondsend Wood. On the western point of the woodland a Held CHK was found, as well as some cold FRBs with Toni trying to shelter from the cold wind.

The Hare arrived, with packets of sweets to take the shivering Pack off of the cold breeze. After initial disappointment with the Liquorice Allsorts apparently seemed to have no aniseed buttons within, yet after some manipulation of the packet, & not 'fingering' as the Hare described it, Mr X found the solitary Aniseed Button well before Tent Packer arrived at the regroup.

The Knitting Circle of Juices Flowing, Milf arrived, without Paxo, or Captain Slow (Kylie) who also had set off around the longer option & had probably stopped at the 9<sup>th</sup> Fairway to have a sandwich, as Kylie always does when he is out Hacking?

A trio of Ladies out walking were offered some sweets by the Hare as they passed by, which one accepted when Liquorice was mentioned. The Hare then allowed the Keenies to continue, which had them heading into Hammondsend Wood, while 3D, Slug & Sally took the Short Cut option of heading south-westward over down the ridge.

My Lil', Diamond Geezer, Toni, Moss Key Toe & Mr X all now picked their way along a desire-line within the wood, it was noticeable that the Trail here had been kicked out, but enough Dust was left to be able to follow the way around the trees & over roots to emerge out of the eastern edge.

In the farmland the Trail turned southwest & would head back below the wood to the farm track, where the Hare was spotted ambling down to the southeast. The Keenies caught up & passed Parson's Nose to turn south-westward at a bend in the farm track on the nice gentle decent,

Some were almost thrown off of the scent by a craftily placed blob of flour by a gap in the left-hand hedgerow for a westbound footpath. With a slight hiccup out of the way for Toni, Diamond Geezer & My Lil', they were soon back on track to complete 300 Yards down to the Redbournbury Fishery lakes.

Here the Trail would turn with the drive to the Fishery, from the corner in Beesonend Lane, where it arrives at a CHK at another ford in the Ver. As My Lil' picked up the Trail on the long series of wooden duck-boards where the crystal-clear chalk-stream river divides to form a Millstream, & after his late start, Des Res caught up with the Tail of the Keenies of Moss Key Toe & Mr X.



The Trail passed over more duckboards on another Ford in the main section of the Ver, before taking a short tarmac trot, where some took their eyes off of the Trail & ran by the kissing gate to the footpath through the edge of the Farmyard.

Back on the correct Trail, the RA spotted Diamond Geezer & Toni straddling a fence to save going back a few yards, after they chose the wrong side of the hedgerow to search, perhaps it was their taking advantage of the double set of Kissing Gates earlier that clouded their judgement as the Pack came up by the still working

Redbournbury Water Mill & bakery.

The Trail had now turned, encouraging those who knew that they were now heading back toward Rebound, albeit on a 750 Yards of footpath on the opposite side of the wide meadows to the west of the Reboundbury Fisheries. No options to turn off on these flood-plains for the Ver, the Hash plodded on until the Trail reached the St Albans/Redbourn Road, where arrows directed the Hash over the busy road, then back a few yards to pick one of the two footpaths by Dolittle Mill House cottages.

The Trail would now run northwest, once the Hash had avoided a loose looking drain-cover, the Pack would move on behind the coral-fenced paddocks still on the west of the Ver, it was more dry & hard footpath underfoot, again with cracked ground for over 800 Yards to lead back through the edge of a rape-seed crop to the B487 by-pass road. As before there was a wait for a break in the traffic to safely cross to find a CHK on the Nickey Way.

A Short Cut was marked to the west, while the main Trail would take a loop that started a few steps to the north & then around to the north, taking the Nickey Way around via the High Street Bridge to come down & up the High Street to the Fish Street Farm side of the larger Park Estate, with the loop coming back through 'The Park' to reach Chequers Lane, where the Trails would join again on the Nickey Way at that road junction.

On the last leg of the Trail, Diamond Geezer would explain to Toni that this old Railway route runs from Harpenden, through Redbourn & come out into Hemel just below the Midland Hotel Pub. This was followed by a chat about Rugby with Mr X,





who was hoping Sarries would move up the table by a place, but Leicester Tiggers out played Northampton in the earlier Match on Saturday.

The Pack would pass by a large group of on-coming Ramblers, then a bench with an obvious View Point Symbol chalked upon it, though the view was just one of the Trees & undergrowth on the bank separating the former Railway & the By-pass road.

700 yards on the Nicky Way & the Trail would finally leave via a narrow alleyway between two of the homes to the north of the old Railway line, emerging out on to the Hemel Hempstead Road almost directly opposite the gated entrance to St Mary's Church, here it was a simple case of passing by the Church, with its distinctive 'Clunch Work' [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] ends & on out of the old wooden gates to find the On Inn at the dead-end of Church Lane, just feet from the Hollybush Pub. 'Clunch work' is the Chequerboard design of alternative squares of stone & flint.

The Pack settled in to the Pub, finding space at 'Reserved Tables' then having to move a couple of times to tables as they were vacated between the reservation times. It was a fun merry-go-round of moving as an endless stream of

Sunday Lunches were served. Moss Key Toe & Mr X had to move again, when the sign the barmaid set out on the table they were at was now Reserved for a local who had the word 'Big' before his first name!

The food was good, as Mrs Mallett & Tent Packer often dine there, Kylie would later recommend the Horse-radish sauce. With the Trail being around 5 miles, Diamond Geezer & Toni had to set off before the Circle was called. Tent Packer & Mrs Mallett had their meals arrive just as the Pack stepped out for the Circle outside, before the rest of the main meals came out.

The Hare was rewarded for an excellent Trail, which as the RA pointed out was far shorter than the LH<sup>3</sup> one the day before that Mr X, Parson's Nose, Juices Flowing & Not Out had completed, as well as how well he had done to complete that & set today's Trail & then go around it again!

Not Out was welcomed with his Down-Down for his first Herts Hash Trail, aptly passing one of the oldest Cricket Clubs in the Country. Slug was called out, taking a Hit for 3D (who was dinner waiting), who is now a qualified Swimming instructor, perhaps an excuse for Mr X to get out his Disney Princess Armbands? Moss Key Toe for doing his stretching exercises at the bus stop & an old guy came up to him as he thought Moss Key Toe had collapsed!

My Lil' was going to be awarded the Hit for the funniest comment of the day, but as he was driving it went to the subject of his witty quip, so Kylie was called out for his upcoming partaking in a Charity Nightwalk, which My Lil' said knowing Kylie would be more of a 'Sleepwalk' & to the shock of the onlooking Circle Kylie put away his Down-Down the quickest time anyone has seen him do so, his food must have been on its way?



Last Herts Christmas Weekend's Saturday Beer Stop in Rutland, well done to Jamie and Louby - who were presented with their Pub of the Year certificate by chairman Kevin Thompson last night to a crowded pub enjoying complimentary pork pies, scotch eggs, excellent ales and tunes from our very own Silver Fox, Eddie Markey. Congratulations to the team at The Railway once again!

Some incredibly British vandalism. 🤔

