

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

Exclusive:

Transvestite escape from
Police Custody!

Police say he may be a broad!

Run No. 2215
Date: Monday 25th May 2026
Venue: The Woodman
Location: Nuthampstead
Beers/Cider: Ghost Ship, Adnams
Hare/s: Milf & Kylie
Runners: 20
Virgins: 1
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 0 (Far too hot for pooches)
Total: 18
Membership: Baked



Despite the unexpected hot weather and what turned out to be a new record for May, twenty Hashers braved the elements. All had heeded the advice from the Hare and had come equipped with sunhats, sunscreen and water.

The weather was a complete contrast to the previous week, when six went around wearing sweatshirts and zipped-up coats!

The Hash Circled up promptly at 11am and the Run Number was announced by Fliptop, followed by the Hares then giving information that there would be shortcuts, and a Held Check.

It was noted that this was the same location as last week's Trail 2214, Hared by TBT OBE, but as so few had turned up that week, it was decided to rehash the same venue this week for all to enjoy. [Was it the lack of Hashers last week the reason TBT OBE was absent today, or did he have Junior's Heat Stroke (which he normally finds in a bottle)? – Ed]

One of the striking things about Nuthampstead are the memorials outside of, & around, the Pub that includes a dummy bomb, as well as a Museum dedicated to the former USAF Airbase (Station 131) that operated nearby from RAF Nuthampstead 1942-1945, starting with 55th Fighter Group with P38H Lightnings, the fighters were replaced with 398th (Heavy) Bomber Group in April 1944, who flew B-17 (Flying Fortress) in 195 Combat Missions, the group lost 58 B17's

The nearby Airfield was constructed using rubble from the blitzed areas of East London & Coventry or the foundations, local farmers still occasionally turn up bricks still bearing fragments of their original wallpaper or paintwork, even wall-light switches, after RAF 54th Maintenance Unit left in 1959, the airfield closed, the concrete hard stands were broken up for use in the construction of sections the M1.



Back to today's Trail, Milf had brought along Richard, a Virgin, to the Hash who seemed very keen to take part in his first Trail. After the normal faffing for photos of the Pub and monuments had been taken the group were instructed to turn right out of the pub (the opposite direction to last week), which prompted comments that it was the same Trail but in reverse.

The Hares remained tight lipped, but if it was a reversal of the previous week's Trail then this would give Slug, 3D & Paxo a distinct advantage, well it would have been an advantage if they were running up at the front of the pack!

Most of the group opted to walk, so there were only a few mad ones like Port, My Lil', Flying Solo, Toni and Diamond Geezer who were brave enough to jog to start with. The first Falsie was found to the west on Bell Lane shortly followed by another one to the east on Park Farm Lane, where the Pack were quickly halted on hearing a call of "On! On".

As most of the Pack, including Paxo, Secret Squirrel, 3D, Jen 'n' Tonic & Lobby Lobster, were not paying attention, they continued Northwards up the lane, only to be called back to resume the correct, almost hidden footpath squeezed in by the end of a fence & the Hedgerow at the corner of the restored and mostly repurposed as accommodation of the Barns at Bulls Farm, with a genuine 'Letters' Only' King George V red post-box set in the wall. [King George V didn't need a reginal number on his Royal cipher as he was the first King George under the Postal Service set up under Queen Victoria. - Ed]



Along the way Milf was caught talking about the driverless car they had hired in America which prompted a comment from one of the group (to remain anonymous for the moment) about not needing to get hitched if he had a driverless car!! Competition entries on a postcard to guess the guilty party!! ☺

The Trail passed through a kissing gate to the west, this had a very obvious 'Beware of the Bull' sign upon it, this small enclosure was littered with cow-pats as the Pack passed near to the old Moat by Caylers Farm. Having gone diagonally across the Bull's enclosure the Hash were now met by a false sense of security at what appeared to be a fenced-in path beyond the hedgerow gap, it was a mere few feet

Entering this field in particular, the Hash had to be on their toes, encountering what was home to some huge, intimidating white beasts that created these landmines. The Charolais cattle suddenly seemed to get a bit frisky as the Pack crossed their territory, soon it wasn't a time to stop to tie your shoelaces up, for a bit of mounting went on by the gate out of the enclosure, much to Lobby Lobster's worry.

Lobby's relief came as the Trail reached small elongated wooded patch. Milf would have been happy as she approached the second 'kissing gate' on the start of this Trail, though Milf knew this from last week's (Reversed) Trail and that by now the previous week's Homer Simpson-like slobbery saliva was now baked on to the swinging metal structures.

Over wooden footbridge in the hedgerow ditch and on to a Check, the Long Trail would head northward, with a Shorter Option straight on westward. Another CHK was found at the end of the elongated wooded strip, here the choices were north-eastward up to Morrice Green but the Keenies would head north-westward along the hedgerow to reach a CHK at a cross roads of paths in the northern tip of the enclosed field, with options to the north-east, south to Bell Farm or northwest over to Earl's Wood in the distance.

As several fields were crossed, there was very little shade now, but plenty of pheasants dotted about could be heard calling, the majority of them are fed from lots of big blue hoppers all over Earl's Wood.

A short cut was offered, most of the Pack, including 3D, Slug without Sally, No Eye Deer, Fliptop without Teddy, Tent Packer and our newbie Richard sensibly opted to take this, with only Flying Solo and Diamond Geezer continuing on the long route which would circumnavigate the Nuthampsteadbury area in an anticlockwise direction to Bury Farm.

The Short Cut ran to the rear of the Bell Lane Industrial Estate, where the previous Week's Trail came up through, but this week it would be different as the Trail passed by Bury Farm with a much appreciated Held Check somewhere nearby. The Hares had spoken to the owner of the property adjacent to the Held Check on Bury Lane to let them know that the Hash would be passing by.

The home owners had very kindly left out a big bottle of water for the Hash to replenish our supplies. As a thank you, Milf left them our leftover sweets next to the water bottle, which may or may not be appreciated, but I'm sure the squirrels and pheasants will enjoy the sweet treats.

The Trail continued by heading a short way down to Bell Lane, then turned away from the centre of the Hamlet to the east, this westerly trot would soon turn sou-sou-east over a concrete section to take to a farm track. The Trail headed out on several long stretches between the unspoilt undulating green vista of wheat fields.

Still no shade as the Trail ran along the wide, orange coloured, pesticide sprayed footpaths between the fields of some not very tall wheat. Sadly, for Milf there were no more Kissing gates in the ridge of crop fields to the south of Bell Lane, just wooden footpath marker posts & a ditch to cross via another wooden footbridge, all before turning at an elbow as the wide farm Track now headed south-eastward.

The Trail come down the shallow ridge to reach the edge of the Anstey Lane, but the Hares kept the Pack off of the tarmac by following the local dog-walkers route of a set-aside strip on the crop side of the narrow lane, weaving its way eastward to eventually reach the longest written 'On On Inn' hidden behind the small bit of hedgerow, before hopping off of the grassy green verge to enter the southern end of Nuthampstead.

Despite the heat, no one really complained (must be a first) but the few short cuts were welcomed. The Pack all made it back, all of the Pack were in one piece by 12.15pm after a relatively short but scenic trail.

There may not have been any complaints about the Trail, but My Lil' would have grumbled about the choice of Ale only being one, and that one Ghost Ship sending a shiver down his spine!

The Pack found tables outside by the large marquee, which were mainly in the shade and our food order was put back a bit so that the Down-Downs could be done before we had all eaten.

In the absence of the RA, and after Kylie had finished faffing to ready his camera, Flying Solo was “revealed” as *Secret Acting RA* and did a marvellous job of making a couple of pints stretch to a number of Down Downs. This was greatly approved by Hash Cash.

Down downs awarded to:-

- The Hares, for a great trail,
- Richard welcomed as a Virgin.
- No Eye Deer for using technology in the circle. (Please Note, without this technology to track the Trail, these words would be even more of a work of fiction). [Strange as the Stand-in RA was wearing cooling fans around her neck? – Ed]
- Lobby for being paralysed crossing the cow field. To be honest, most of the group were a little nervous as one cow tried to mount the other right by the gate we needed to pass through.
- Mark E Mark for paying his subs with shrapnel (at least he paid this week!)
- Fliptop for questioning the “Secret” RA
- Tent Packer for trying to sort out winter wear gloves on this hottest of days.

Some questioned why this week’s Hares had rehashed most of the previous week’s Trail? Was it because TBT OBE’s one was short & scenic? Were the Hares just being Lazy? Or perhaps, just perhaps, it was the range of delicious home-made cakes available in the restaurant that enticed one Hare to set a second consecutive Nuthampstead Trail in as many week’s?

Food was served shortly after and everyone agreed it had been a lovely day.

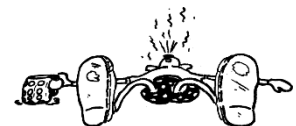
If anyone wants to read about Herts Has Trail No.2214, then read this report backwards, just without most of the Hash who were here today.



The museum is worth a visit, advertised as being open on the second and last Sunday of the month from April 12 through October 25, 2026.

On Saturday May 23rd, in conjunction with the Biennial 398th BG & 55th FG they held a Memorial Service.

Museum hours are: 10:00 AM - 4:00 PM.



The guy had no biceps, no pecs, nothing. Yet she loved him anyway. Back in the day people were simpler.

