

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

Exclusive:

National Association of
retired boot makers reunion
ends in disappointment.

Organizers say it was a load
of old cobblers!

Run No. 2217

Date: Monday 8th June 2026

Venue: The Rump & Wade

Location: Stevenage (Old Town)

Beers/Cider: Tring Fanny Ebbs; Wainwrights

Hare/s: Mr X

Runners: 8

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 0

Total: 8

Membership: Saying no to the Bah Humbugs!



This week's Monday Trail looked to be the lowest turnout of the year, with only Soggy Butt & Where's Wally? present as Mr X, My Lil' & Moss Key Toe staggered a few doors up from the local 'Spoons! Mr X was still looking at the indignity of having the year's lowest Trail numbers, then Sludge & Fliptop exited the Rump & Wade, stating "It's a bit too posh in there for the Hash!" [Speak for yourself Fliptop! – Ed] as Mr X said he had already been in the Rump & Wade to check things out the weekend before, they were happy to have us in the up-market establishment.

With the earlier wet weather this day, the Hare had set the Trail only a few hours earlier, & looked a bit knackered after carrying a rucksack around on his back [Good practise for the Doko Challenge! – Ed] but Mr X was cheered up with most of the Hash wearing Christmas apparel, with Moss Key Toe going for the complete ensemble of Herts Christmas Wooley Hat & Scarf, it wasn't that warm out there this evening!

Eventually Diamond Geezer joined the Circle outside of the Rump & Wade, pleasing Mr X as a Pack of eight would beat the six who were present a couple of weeks earlier. Some questioned as to why the Hash were at the Rump & Wade, so, with the welcoming speech by Fliptop out of the way, the reason on being here was explained that Oliver Cromwell stayed at what is now the Cromwell Hotel, though Sludge said he couldn't remember this!

The fireplace is dated as 1667 in what was John Thurloe's Farmhouse, he was Cromwell's Secretary & Spy-Master General. But the Hash wearing of Christmas gear? The main reason as revealed as in 1664 Cromwell & the Puritan Parliament banned Christmas, as well as Easter, Whitsun & Saints Days!

Yes, Christmas was banned, no longer a Public Holiday, business & markets had to remain open, along with a whole host of things that led to merriment amongst the populus. Buildings were no longer dressed with rosemary, holly & ivy, the Christ Mass was banned, along with dancing, singing, drinking, exchanging of presents & stage plays. Feasts of roast beef, plum porridge, minced pies & special ales, went too! No doubt, Does What She Says' distant relations lapped all of this up, 'Cock-a-hoop' & jumping with joy at the news they were all arrested for celebrating the crackdown!

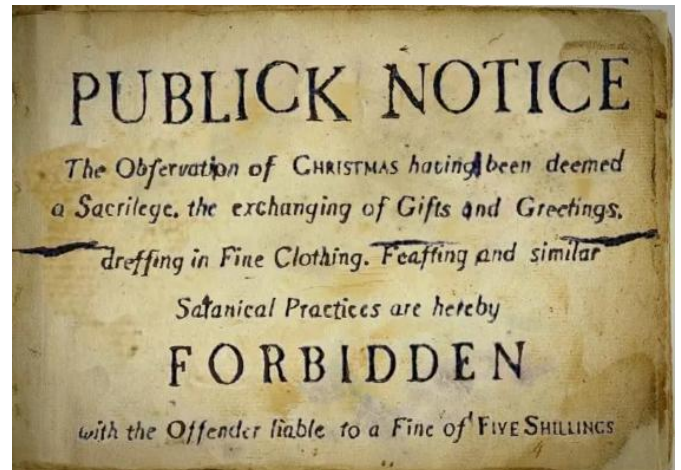
The Hare explained what the Hash could expect out there on the Trail, short cuts were mentioned, as well as a Held CHK for a regroup with some Festive Treats. So, without further ado the Hash were directed up to a Zebra Crossing over the High Street which is currently closed off for works further down.

The Hare had set the Trail so the start would cross over the High Street to the western side, then heading down the short Bell Lane & then nipping through the Mullberry Tree's car park to the edge of Primett Road Car Park, just in case the Hard of thinking thought that the Trail started from there.

The Trail headed westward, to a set of steps descending to one of the many cycle-footpaths that interlink various sections of Stevenage. Where's Wally? went wrong by searching to the south as My Lil' picked up Trail to the north. The Trail turned to the north west then to run under a subway in the corner of the Stevenage Gyrotory System & up to the dead-end of Orchard Way.

Double arrows pointed the way to a ginnel between the last two homes on the street, the Trail was picked up on this north-easterly back passage for 100 yards or so to emerge out on Orchard Crescent, here the Keenies were led around a clockwise loop, via one CHK & back on to Orchard Road, where Fliptop & Sludge had already passed by on an official Short Cut.

Up another, but shorter, back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] the Trail led out to a small green area, then down a short flight of steps to the cycle/footpath beside the Lytton Way, a CHK was found by the underpass. Two



options, head northward & go wrong like Fliptop, or take the north-eastward underpass back toward the Stevenage War Memorial green space at the end of the (Old Town) High Street.

Sludge called "On!" under the subway to the High Street & around on to start of 'The Avenue' footpath, as it turns from north to east, My Lil' & the other FRBs caught up, then suddenly Soggy Butt let out a groan as she spotted Where's Wally? disappearing behind the gyratory's tree-line to 'Scare the Squirrels'!

It wasn't far on the lower cycle/footpath until the Keenies found a Bar CHK just before entering Mille Spinny Park & they returned to the underpass to the northern side of the Lytton Way. Once on the northern side, the Trail would now turn around take to Franklin's Road, 570 Yard along the side road parallel to the noisy & busy main arterial Hitchin Road, then the Hash took to another cycle/footpath to descend down to a CHK by the underpass to the large hollow roundabout on the Martins Way, Gunnels Wood, & Hitchin Road junction.

Diamond Geezer searched & found the Falsie under the A1072 Martin Way Rondabout, he was called back to the south-side of Martins Way as My Lil', Moss Key Toe, Where's Wally? Soggy Butt, Sludge & Fliptop all carried on eastward, along the top of the rectangular green space with Millie Spinny Park at the opposite end.

140 Yards on & a CHK was found by the last underpass the Hash would have to use on this Trail, as the Dust was found heading northward to the cycle/footpath to the side of Burymead. The Trail avoided the housing estate, running 260 Yards up a narrow footpath running behind the houses to the west & the brambly fallow fields to the right, minding the slippery Shiggy near the end by the new garden fencing before emerging out on to Rectory Lane.

From the CHK across on the roadside footpath, now marked by My Lil' on Rectory Lane, the Trail turned to the east, leading 60 Yards around to reach the next CHK, right by the footpath that leads nor-nor-east up to where Skip lives, [The Hare had planned to pop in & see him but due to delays the time had vanished! – Ed] the Trail remained on the serpentine like Rectory Lane for a further 500 Yards.

A CHK across the almost blind bend, by the end of a footpath heading south-westward, this had just two options, take tree-lined 'The Avenue' footpath or search around toward St Nicholas Church? The Avenue won out & the Hash headed back toward Martins Way to cross high about the dual carriageway & come down the curly, spiral bridge to find that the Hare had already marked the CHK below the structure.

Diamond Geezer led the FRBs west by southwest along the dusky 'Avenue' with the tree canopy making it appear far gloomier than the darkening skies, for another crop of dark clouds were gathering. 350 Yards on & the Keenies would find the Hare waiting at the next CHK by a footpath off between the Barclay Academy & the Thomas Alyane School grounds.

Sludge & Fliptop had already headed off from the Short Cut & were back on Trail between the School playing fields, but the CHK was not marked until Diamond Geezer called "On!" up there, with My Lil' following on. The Hare waited for Where's Wally? & Soggy Butt, but forgot about Moss Key Toe, who had fallen foul of a Falsie out on the loop, but the rest of the Trail was clearly marked by the Hare.

145 Yards to the sou-sou-east along the tarmac footpath hedged-in on both sides, it was on this stretch when setting the Trail that the Hare stopped to talk to a couple out with their dog & child, explaining that the Dust was flour for a Hash Trail, to which the guy replied he had been meaning to join the Hash, so a card was handed over.

The footpath changed direction to the southwest, it also became uncapped with lots of Shiggy for 100 yards to the next CHK at the dead-end of Church Lane. The Keenies were soon up the south-eastern ginnel that after 90 Yards came out onto the Walkern Road, where there was no CHK, just arrows directing the Hash over to the next section of footpath & just 30 Yards up this was the next CHK.

Where's Wally? fell for searching to the southwestern adjoining alleyway, Soggy Butt called him back to continue the rest of the 190 Yards of fenced-in footpath to emerge out on to the corner of Basils Road & Letchmore Road. More double arrows would take the Hash over the Letchmore Road, away from the Dun Cow Pub to reach another jigger a few yards below the green at the Alleyns Road junction.

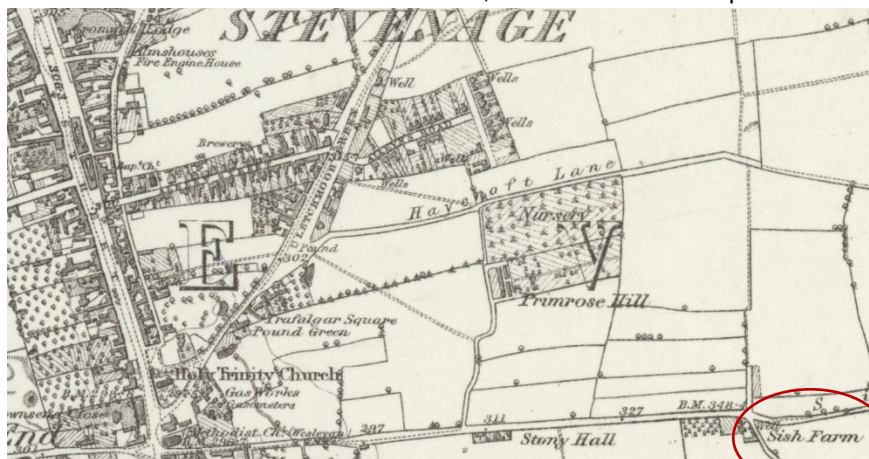
After 120 Yards to the southeast, an elbow in the footpath turned southward, a few more before the Hash came out onto Haycroft Road for a little bit of residential street running. Turning east to the start of Primrose Hill Road, the southbound trot led down this to a CHK over on the bend by a footpath that bisects the local Fairlands Schools' grounds.

This old, tree-lined path would lead 155 Yards to come out on to Sish Lane, here Soggy Butt wondered how this road derived its name? [Sish Lane get its name from Sish Farm, as marked on the 1884 Ordnance Survey Map! – Ed]

Once over the pedestrian crossing, the Trail turned back toward the old town



I want to play cricket for England. Will you take me to a nightclub so I can practise fighting?



High Street, but 140 Yards on & the Trail turned southward into the car park for the King George V playing fields, one of the 471 Memorial Park established instead of a Statue of the King, to be kept in perpetuity for Public recreational use.

The Trail would head from the slightly derelict looking Club House building, passing the overgrown tennis courts & kids play equipment to go westward over toward the tree-lined boundary for the Cricket Club, turning after the play area to move northwest into the Millenium Gardens & here the Held CHK was found. There were now a few spots of rain in the air, but thankfully the grey clouds quickly blew over, or perhaps not as the Hare's contingency plan was to pop in the Chequers if it was raining!

Here, each of the Pack could enjoy a couple of home-made mince pies, washed down with a Morelo Cherry Gin, the Hare had left his Sloe-Gin at home so substitute was needed! Moss Key Toe finally caught up to enjoy these Christmassy delights! Time to move on from the seemingly vandalized Millenium Monument, heading back to the east for a few yards & then north bound on a ginnel up to Sish Lane again, here the Taril crossed behind High Street Methodist Church to come around to the left & then quickly right to take to Church Lane where the wonderful smell of the Misy Turkish Restaurant's charcoal cooking could be smelt wafting in the air

After around 300 Yards behind the High Street, the On Inn was found by the Baker Street cut-through, this route was chosen due to the roadworks narrowing the high street pedestrian access down to almost single file for the time being. The Hash regrouped in the Rump & Wade, which derives its name from the Parliament that Cromwell Abolished as Lord Protector.

Drinks were bought, as the Hare placed Christmas Crackers on the table, one for each Hasher! Having pulled Crackers, & paper hats adorned their heads, the Hare said that as everyone had been pretty good on the Trail that there would be a Down-Down for the holder of the worst Christmas Cracker joke. The Pack took turns in reading out their jokes, & it was rather disappointing until as it came around to Soggy Butt who immediately exclaimed "I am going to get the Down-Down!" as she read out "What did the wet skeleton get when he sat by the fire?"

So, the Hare & Soggy Butt accepted their hits, one for setting the Trail & having a 'Bone Dry' answer! Yep, not very Christmassy! But a good Trail that all enjoyed, with the treats & fun stuff. Later Diamond Geezer came out with the best Joke of the evening, while Mr X told the most inappropriate one [Neither from a cracker! – Ed]

After Oliver Cromwell died in 1658, his son Richard, known as 'Tumble-down Dick' [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] or "Queen Dick", The Second Lord Protector failed to live up to his father's strength, he lost the support of the New Model Army.

Richard was never formally arrested, or deposed, he just faded away firstly in France & finally Cheshunt! His absence led to a High Council to ask Charles II (The Merry Monarch) to retake the throne, which he accepted & by 1660 we could all party & celebrate again, eat rich foods, mince pies, drink strong Christmas Ales, have Christmas & Easter Bank Holidays & not live like DWSS!



Obidiah Chesham turneth away paskie
merrymakers 1652

The Vindication of
CHRISTMAS
OR,
His Twelve Yeares Observations upon the
Times, concerning the lameatable Game called Sweep-
stake; acted by General Plunder, and Major General Tax;
With his Exhortation to the people; a description of that
oppressing Ringworm called Excise; and the manner how
our high and mighty Christmas-Ale that formerly would
knock down Hercules, & trip up the heels of a Giant, strook
into a deep Consumption with a blow from Westminster.

Printed at London for G. Horton, 1653:2

