

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

Exclusive:

Woman tries therapy over
Speed-bump phobia

She said she's slowly getting
over them

Run No. 2230

Date: Monday 24th August 2026

Venue: The Admiral Byng

Location: Potters Bar

Beers/Cider: A Full Range of the Twickenham Brewery, GK Abbot & IPA

Hare/s: My Lil'

Runners: 18

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 0

Total: 18

Membership: Moonlight beholds us, it goes with our hair!



**I rang the Weak Bladder Helpline to discuss
my problem. It's 1p a minute.**

At last, the temperature had cooled down, back to the average for the time of year & perhaps time to celebrate with a pre-Trail Ale? But the very early arrivals realised that there was a long way to go yet, & being a My Lil' Trail every experienced Herts Hasher knew it would be just that, a long way to go! So, now in 'Sensible mode' [Cough! – Ed] the Hare, & Mr X, decided to swap from Ales to the 'Spoons 'unlimited coffee' offer as they awaited the arrival of the rest of today's Pack.

Unfortunately for the two early-birds, Lemming was amongst the next batch of arriving Hashers & he was cock-a-bloody-hoop to see these two drinking coffee, just as the empty cups were pushed away & My Lil' said "They were already there!" in a desperate attempt to salvage reputations that Lemming was now pooh-poohing, starting with a "How the mighty have fallen!"

Hot 'N' Spicee & Moss Key Toe were also early, then Paxo, Pebbledash, Milf & Kylie arrived, but no TBT OBE this week as he was suffering from croup. General arrived in plenty of time for the second week running, along with Ketchup. Lobby Lobster & Mark E Mark were absent this week from the 'Hertford Crew', they were no doubt away, having now reached their 20th Anniversary of 'Annoying Each Other!' Probably on their "Having an adventure before dementia!" Travels, as the sticker on their Campervan says! They certainly know how to live, especially after they both survived crossing the dual carriageway high fence, normally reserved for long legged p*ssheads & Students who stand on the armco-barrier after the Hash in Hatfield

General must have some kind of an effect on Ketchup's normal late timings? Because of his early arrival, Ketchup too got in a quip about the consumption of pre-Trail coffee. [No doubt in revenge for Ketchup being caught drinking Corona & Lime! – Ed]

Angelai, KP & Me Leen also made this their second Hash in as many weeks & soon a Pack of 17 were called outside by Paxo, away from any further ground-bean scrutiny! Kylie nipped over to the traffic Island outside of the Admiral Byng to take the obligatory Hash photo, then a guy out for a cigarette said he would take one with Kylie in it. Clearly, after seeing the Pack in fine fettle, the guy could see that it wasn't worth his while trying to do a runner with Kylie's phone!

The welcome from Paxo out of the way & the Hare was called forward, of course accompanied with the normal crescendo of booing from the Circle, he stated that it was a long Trail (Again) there were short cuts & there was a sweet stop. Without further ado the Hash were directed out over Darkes Lane to the northeast, things were made easier by a 'Chelsea Tactor' pulling up to allow the Pack to cross safely via the traffic island.

Arrows led the way a mere 75 Yards up to Billy Lows Lane, where the Hash were led around on this to the east, with markings on the northern pavement that after 100 Yards would peel off on to Mount Grace Road. Mother & Mr X were soon away up the nor-nor-eastern arm of this urban street, 140 Yards to the elbow in the road, where a CHK was found by a small green triangle of grass.

Mother took to searching the back-passage up by the grounds of the United Reform Church, while Mr X searched a further 60 Yards to the east & picked up the Taril on the ginnel leading almost due south, with panelled fencing separating the long rear, back-to-back gardens. Halfway along the back-passage, a kink in it [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] changed the direction to southeast before the Pack emerged out on to Billy Lows Lane for the second time.

Mr X went wrong as he searched southward from the mini roundabout, where he found a T at the end of Park Drive, he returned to see that the Hare, General, Moss Key Toe, Tent Packer & Sludge all taking advantage of the RA's first failed search. The Pace slowed a wee bit, for there was a rise in Billy Lows Lane for around 350 Yards until reaching the northwestern corner of the Park Field Open Space. Billy Lows was believed to have been a Highwayman who is buried in St Giles, South Mimms.

For a reason on his way up to the Park, & only he knew why, Lemming had to be on the opposite, right-hand side of the road for most of the way, before he joined the rest on the left-hand side. Now he too could then enjoy the



two huge statues of a couple of Great Danes in one front garden, these brought some hilarity to the Pack for they were both wearing sun hats & sunglasses, then more childish giggling as it was noticed the male of the two dogs had his todger had been painted a bright red!

A CHK was found at the corner of the Park, with Sludge leading the way southward on the hard-capped footpath, as Mr X, Tent Packer, Angelai, Moss Key Toe & General all headed along after Sludge, the Hare marked a short cut straight up to the end of Billy Lows Lane, a choice that Ketchup, Lemming, Milf, Kylie, Hot 'N' Spicee, KP, Me Leen & Paxo all took advantage of.

Sludge followed the Trail almost to the Byng Drive entrance to the Park, but was turned eastward over the dry brown grass to the Parkfield Totem, a wooden carving of an old Oak trunk that has figures depicting life in Potters Bar over the centuries, as well as a large blob of Trail Dust. But, then the Trail ran dry, now Chalk markings, no Dust, nothing to lead the Keenies anywhere. Mr X searched off in to the wooded area & the section of a permanent Orienteering route but nothing was found, Sludge chose the option away to the south but still no joy.

With no visible Trail, the Keenies now cut their losses & cut back over the wooded edge of the park to head northward & back to Billy Lows Lane where they would eventually find some Dust on the opposite side of

the road from the Short Cut Trail, it was all very odd as the FRBs were still none the wiser if they were back on the longer option? After 180 Yards the Trail now reached a set of double arrows which directed the Hash over the A1000 Hatfield Road.

Safely over to turn a few degrees west of due north on the old Great North Road, it wasn't far up the eastern edge before the Trail passed through a kissing-gate, by which was a sign warning that cattle were at loose for conservation reasons. Into Morven Park, run by the National Trust, & now the tail of the Knitting Circle were in sight on the nor-nor-eastern track worn in to the longer dead brown grass.

Mother would now begin to make up the lost ground on the Knitting Circle as they passed through a gap in the tree-line with a long wooden duck-board. The FRBs would now started pegging back [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] the rest of the Knitting Circle as the Trail moved over to the northeast.

It was on this stretch that the Pack would encounter the rare breed cattle, however the RA wasn't pleased when Paxo shouted out "On! On!" once he & Kylie were just beyond the bovines, but the rest of the Pack were still back with the cows & their calves. Mr X now had memories of Sparky waving his arms & shooing cows, with their calves, in Standon, thankfully no incidents took place back then either.

The Trail would now enter the eastern edge of a block of woodland to the east of Little Heath Primary School, the Keenies now caught up with Milf & Pebbledash beyond the next Kissing-Gate, on the other side of which a CHK was found in the inside corner of the wood. Mr X would now hit a rich vein of form as he chose to search north-eastward, leaving others to fall for the Falsie to the west.

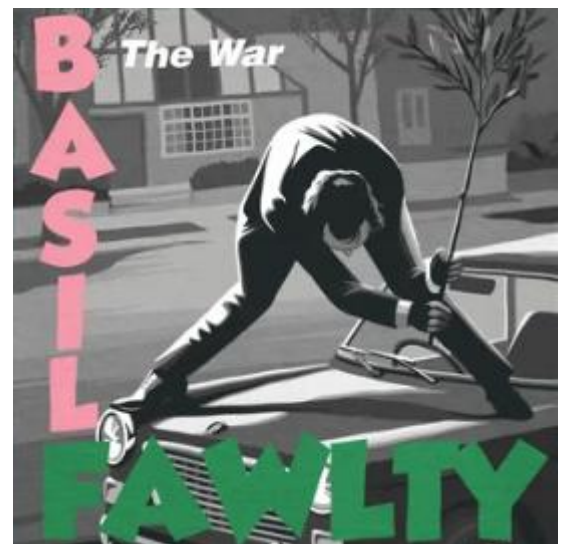
135 Yards to the northeastern corner of the wood & another CHK, here Mr X chose to correctly ignore the southwestern path deeper into the trees, instead the Trail was now picked up on the footpath running to the west of Northaw Place, a large old house & associated outbuildings.

The next CHK was located at the bottom south-eastern corner of the large broadleaf Leggatts Wood. Another correct choice by the RA as he chose the northwest option that runs by the brook at the bottom of the woodland, this would be one of the longest stretches of the day.

The route was dry & underfoot the footpath had tree roots as well as large cracks in it, these weren't the only obstacles as after the woodland was left behind, some of the trees in the tree-lined brook had suffered & fallen over the route. The Hare had placed blobs of flour on low branches, though Mother & Lemming were safe for now, as the Trail reached 440 Yards & changed tack by a few degrees the first of two fallen trees was encountered & everyone had to duck under the bough.

Having climbed through the bows of the tree, the Pack would encounter planks that strewn out seemingly willy-nilly, but in normal times these were used as duckboards to keep feet out of the usually boggy ground by the brook, with no need to balance on any of the planks there was one last fallen tree to negotiate, with shimmy to one side to squeeze by & return to unhindered running.

Mother & General were following on in Mr X's wake, for he was feeling the stimulating effects of the earlier caffeine & was running well, meanwhile Moss Key Toe was making up lost ground after falling for a couple of Falsies. After 700 Yards the Trail emerged out on the edge of the Great North Road once again, here arrows directed the way over to the western side, then to make headway to the north for a further 280 Yards to reach Swanley Bar Lane, with a lonely cottage at the site of a former local Turnpike Bar on the Great North Road, turnpikes were used to collect taxes to pay for the upkeep of the road.



Upsetting news for Kylie!

HOME | ENTERTAINMENT

Thomas the Tank Engine – The beloved blue locomotive of children's TV fame, has been reportedly kidnapped



290 16 23



Over a thousand Yards without a CHK, but at least the Trail was now leading away from the noise & fumes of the A1000 Great North Road, the westward bound lane would gently rise as it covered a further 500 yards up into Swanley Bar hamlet, finally the Keenies reached a CHK by the side road of Swanley Crescent. Mr X carried straight on & picked up Trail leading on to the next CHK, a mere 130 Yards further on, this located by the small green over from the Folly Arch.

To the west of the smaller section of green is a larger one, this being home to the Folly, a tall castleated red-brick arch was thought to have been built around 1740 for Sir Jeremy Sambrooke of Gobins, the Park that sit to the north, though it may be earlier in construction.

A little earlier Mr X thought he had found the Trail on Hawkshead Lane, but had come back to take a picture of the Folly with a very spectacular sun-set behind it. Mr X's streak of good fortune ran out as he returned to his search on Hawkshead Lane & fell for the Falsie around to the sou-sou-west on Hawkshead Lane. Mother caught up with Mr X, & said that he was really going for it today? He claimed it was the caffine spurring him on? Mother now went back with a piece of platerboard to mark the Trail from the previous CHK!

However, when Mother returned & she followed on after Mr X's calling of "On!" she then saw he was indicating it was a Falsie. Back to the CHK, General & Sludge were soon on the scene, as was

the Hare, who corrected Mothers markings as the rest followed on.

By now Moss Key Toe had caught up after his prevoius 'goings astray' & even with his throbbing knee, he decided that he would follow Mother off on a footapth to the nor-nor-west, just after the Folly. These two would later be followed that way by a late arriving Zingalong, as he was caught out after also faltering back in Morvan Park.

Meanwhile, Mr X & Sludge had avoided the long option & searched off to the west on Hawkshead Lane toward the Royal Vetinerary College's Boltons Park Farm, there was no Trail found, nor any T to stop them progressing westward & Mr X was not for turning, for he knew that the only possible route for Mother, Moss Key Toe & Zingalong was a mile & a half! Thankfully the Hare followd on behind them.

Back with the FRBs, firstly they headed down to Gobions wood to the north, then the Keenies followed its weaving way westward, touching upon 'Deep Bottom' [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] before moving along down by the Ray Brook, a menadering route out to Blue Bridge Road. Over the road beside the 'Blue bridge' to enter a reaped crop field beside the railway line, the Trail would run up beside the mainline before coming up to Hakwshead Lane, where they would turn eastward back toward Boltons Park Farm.

Dust was found some 150 Yards beyond the farm buildings, where the Long Trail would turn southward, beside a semi-enclosed field of large bovines. At least the Hare had been laying fresh Dust for the Knitting Circle behind.

A down-hill trot trough another paddock to reach a crop field, then the Trail moved over to take to a footpath within the tree-line, only a few yards in & at a kink in the foothpath the Held CHK was found, here Mr X & Sludge debated whether to stay for the sweets or just plough on with the Trail, for by now the Sun was setting. Mr X then said at least Mother & Moss Key Toe would have the light of an almost Full Moon for the last section of Trail!

Since the Hare was not too far behind them, Sludge & the RA awaited the sweets, only to be disappointed that there was only one Aniseed Button in the Packet! Tent Packer & General were next on the scene as the sweets were passed around, & just before a disappointed Mr X set off with Sludge to get back before the Sun Set. The Hare blurted out that the GM hadn't said anyone could advance, Sludge claimed (Unfounded) that the RA had sanctioned the continuation of the Trail, perhaps they set off in search of the missing Aniseed Buttons?

Looking toward the east a glorious Waxing Gibious Moon could be clearly be seen in the clear sky, indicating an upcoming Full Moon for Friday. The next section of Trail followed the outside of a sheep field, then after a couple of turns with the tree-line the Hash came out to a CHK point on an east-west footpath witnin another tree-line. To the west the path would lead out on to what was the former Potters Bar Golf Course, to the east the footpath would emerge out on to the corner of Mountway & Manor Way. Mr X was only going one way & that was not toward the golf course, he found Dust out amongst the desireable detached houses on Manor Way, the Sun was now setting fast.

TODAY'S 9 to 5:
DEDICATED TO DOLLY PARTON



A southwestward down hill trot through the quiet residential backstreet, after 100 Yards the Trail crossed the roundabout to head gently down hill for a further 140 Yards to join the Avenue, which, after a turn to the southeast runs all the way back to Darkes Lane, where three-quarters of the way along it the On Inn was found.

Having turned the corner, it was a short trot down to the Admiral Byng, where at the Bar, Mr X was to discover that the Staff had issues with Ketchup, suddenly discharging in the Bar [Whoa there Pebbledash, not our Ketchup but the Heinz variety! – Ed] as random bottles of the sauce where exploding their contents out. Surely a Down-Down for the excited ketchup later?



Admiral John Byng built & owned the nearby Wrotham Park (1704 – 14 March 1757) After joining the navy at the age of thirteen, he participated at the Battle of Cape Passaro in 1718. He built up a 30 year Naval career reputation & recieved promotion to vice-admiral in 1747. He also served as Commodore-Governor of Newfoundland Colony in 1742, Commander-in-Chief, Leith, 1745 to 1746, he was a member of Parliament from 1751 until his death.

He was executed by firing squad on board his Flag-ship HMS Monach, after a draconian & unpopular Court-martial for a percieved failure to relvieve the Garisson at Minorca with an under-equipped fleet. His execution would lead to a change in 'The Articles of War' being the last Officer of class to be executed as an example!

The Knitting Circle weren't that far behind, with Lemming, Pebbledash, Milf, KP, Angelai, Hot 'N' Spicee, Me Leen, Paxo & Kylie all sensibly taking the short cut way back up by the Vetinerary Farm Section. The Pack managed to bag one corner of the Pub, well almost, with one table seperating Moss Key Toe & the Girls for a bit.

Lemming bought the currently absent Mother a Pint & a packet of crisps, placing them near to where the Hare was stiing, strategically with a wooden panel protecting him from being slapped. Mr X checked the sell-by date on the crisps to see if they would still be in date by the time Mother had

returned from the Long Trail.

Mother & Moss Key Toe made it back in the twilight, they had Zingalong with them, as Lemming ~~stiring~~ questioned Mother on what she thought of the Long Trail option & being out for an hour and a half? The Hare received that 'look' & an under the breath comment of Mother enjoying it, to a degree. We will have to see if only Mr X gets a lift next time Mother & Lemming offer one to him & My Lil' doesn't?

With the Hash coming back as darkness settled, Ketchup now had a thought that it would be pitch black in a couple of weeks for his proposed venue for the 'End of Season Pig-out' Trail, so there were a few suggestions & the Hareline was later later that night

A lot of the small plate deals came out as well as Hot 'N' Spicee's home made Chilli Sauce, the exception being Paxo who has now broken with his 'Mates' in their former little 'small plates clique' & ordered himself a Curry.

Hot 'N' Spicee suggested a decent Hash name for Angelai, & other have though of one for KP, so stay tuned as some reach 10 Herts Hash Trails to get a bumbag & a Hash & a possibly a unique Hash

So, it took a while before the Circle was called for the Down-Downs. The Hare was rewarded for the Trail(s); others on the list were Mother, Moss Key Toe & Zingalong who were the 'Full Mooners', taking the long Trail & coming home under the light of the almost Full Moon!

Tent Packer & Ketchup were out for some suspicious activities going on in the gents between the two, [As long as it wasn't the Golden Rivet!! ' Ed] with Ketchup also being named in the premature ketchup expulsions within the Pub! Of course Lemming would receive his Hit for, well, just being Lemming.

There were that many bowls of Chicken Wings on the 'Three small plate deal' that the table finished up with bowls making it look like the aftermath in Bernard Matthews' slaughter house havung finished the pressed-out Chicken Dinosaurs. Our poor old vegan, Zingalong had to endure eating his chips, with chip-shop curry gravy, as bowl after bowl of chicken bones & fried skin remnants piled up on the table he was sat at.



A CONDOM filled with expanding foam makes a tasty alternative to a vegan sausage
Barry Biskits, Chodbury-on-sea



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