



Herts
Hash
House
Harriers

Herts official Website:
hertsHash.co.uk

**Exclusive: Local Woman
furious at carpenter who was
commissioned to build a
double bed.**

**She told us “He’s done a
bunk!”**

Run No. 2232

Date: Sunday 6th September 2026

Venue: The Creative Juices Brewery

Location: Maple Cross

Beers/Cider: 20 Craft Beers, plus cans in the

fridges! Hare/s: Moss Key Toe

Runners: 23

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 1

Total: 24

Membership: Wearing Big Girl Pants!



The early arrivals found Hot ‘N’ Spicee & the Hare in deep conversation with Sue from the Woodland Trust, as they explained to her what the Hash Markings were, only plain flour so this would help allay any fears that had popped-up about the Trail markings being anything of a nefarious nature, especially before any ‘key-board warriors’ get in on the Social Media Act.

A decent turnout for a little bit of Hertfordshire that is a fair way for many to get to, some questioned if the venue was actually in Herts? Oh, ye of little faith! As the RA confirmed that the venue was confined within our own boundaries, in a section of our county that’s rather like a protruding tab of a jigsaw puzzle piece.

Another factor for the good turnout was no doubt that the weather was nice, warm & sunny, seems that Moss Key Toe has been relieved of his wet weather crown? [Has that honour been passed back to No Eye Deer? – Ed]

Lemming arrived & it was soon established that he still has a ‘bee in his bonnet’ about My Lil’ & Mr X being caught drinking coffee at the Potters Bar Spoons a couple of weeks ago, so, again he quizzed them at the stop-off en route once he caught wind that they had popped in the Watford Spoons for a brekkie after an early start to catch the first of two buses.



The early-birds had time to have a pre-Trail mooch around, discovering that a lot of things go on at Woodoaks Farm than just the Creative Juices Brewery & the sperate Tea Shack, there had been early morning ‘Yoga in Nature’ having already taken place. Zumba, pop-up Bake House, Growing Wild Club & a Theatre with on-going productions in the ‘Black Barn’ to mention just a few of the activities here. Sensibly, there were ‘Risk of Fire!’ warning signs around the farm due to the recent heat-waves.

Waragi & Supertrooper arrived, with them spotting the posters about the Black Barn Theatre, the current production being ‘Big Girl Pants’ [With a tag line of up to the nipples! – Ed] something Mr X would capture a picture of Lemming next to as the Hash finally got around to circling up once Captain Slow made it from the car park.

Poetically Juice Flowing was present to be snapped with the rest of the Hash under the Creative Juices Brewery mural up on one wall. Then it was down to Moss Key Toe to explain what the Pack would encounter out on the Trail, this would take place over by an information board with a local map on it, here he explained that the out Trail would cross the M25 at some point & that the same bridge would be used for the Inn Trail.

It was normal Herts Markings & that there would be Short Cuts & a Sweet Stop, then before the Pack set off Moss Key Toe mentioned that everyone should keep an eye out for a Stag on the Trail, luckily No Eye Deer was present this morning, so that should be no problem at all?

My Lil’ was not as upset as he usually is at starting from a CHK by the brewery & he was up with Parson’s Nose, Happy Feet, Waragi & No Eye Deer as they led the way northward & then turned off to the west by the Black Barn theatre, which was going to be a Falsie & allow Mr X, Zingalong, Parson’s Nose &

Mother with Buster to pick up the correct Trail a further 170 Yards northward, passing by several piles of organic compost on the right at the Woodoaks Compost Club.

The Trail would stick with the hard capped farm track to the north for 380 Yards to reach a split in the Track in the open fields, the northern continuation was marked with 'Long Trail' & the west by northwestern Track having Short Cut marked on it.

Happy Feet, My Lil' & No Eye Deer caught up with others as they too took to the longer option, continuing a few degrees to the east of due north & after 200 Yards they reached a CHK by an underpass through the A405 North Orbital Denham Way embankment.

Some asked if we had ever Hashed in this area before, Mr X did explain that we have but not for a very long time, one time was over 20 Years ago for My Lil's Birthday one March, the other probably around 15 Years ago but mainly to the north of the M25, so, for most this was new Hash Territory for them.

Mr X would go wrong by searching under the North Orbital, he would come back & mark the CHK up to the northwest on a rising concrete path running through the wooded strip hemmed-in by the motorway slip roads for Junction 17 on the M25 to the north.

Mother had to do a lot of encouraging to get Buster to run along, for he was looking for Lemming but Lemming had gone off on the Short Cut option. On the way Mother commented on Buster's behaviour, but some of this was misconstrued by Mr X, as he knows that Lemming was nick-named Buster as a kid, so when Mother said that one Buster has been known to roll in Fox-poo, in a Reggie Perrin-esque flash-back, Mr X immediately had a thought of Lemming rolling around in some filbert's dung!

Laughing on the 430 Yards around in an anti-clockwise direction by the M25, Mother & Mr X picked up the Short Cut where the Knitting Circle would take a left into Ladywalk Wood. 190 Yards in the shade of the larger wood to come around to the southwest, then at a fork in the now uncapped footpath the Hash were lured over to the M25 & the bridge spanning the bus lanes of traffic below.

Hash arrows pointing north-westward could be seen on the right-hand side, with the On Inn & arrows in the opposite direction on the left-hand side. Once over the M25 more arrows directed the way to the north by northeast. Mr X just caught a glimpse of the Tail of the first section of the Knitting Circle, but they were way up head on the dead straight concrete track, parallel to the M25.

It was a rising concrete path for most of the 500 Yards, with a short, steepish drop down to the end of Long Lane on the northwestern side of Junction 17, here Mr X was hoping that the Trail would head up Long Lane for he knew along this lies the 'Land of Liberty, Peace & Plenty' a CAMRA winning Real Ale Pub at Heronsgate, a venue Herts have Hashed from in the past, but way before Covid.

Mr X would be disappointed as the Trail crossed over the end of Long Lane & headed up hill again to the northeast, with the M25 seemingly dropping away on the right. Parson's Nose had now eased up running, for he was having some shoulder pain, something he inexplicitly caught him out the day before on the London Hash! Meanwhile, Mr X was taking it easy, his slowing up was due to having been to the Crooked Billet Beer-festival in Ware the day before, an achy knee & the humid weather.

The next CHK was found after some 311 Yards, where the land had levelled out. Lemming & Doormat were spotted up 'On Trail' to the Northeast, he was clearly on his mobile & calling Mother to tell her he would hold back on this warm morning, as Lemming had Busters Water & Treats with him. When he caught up with Lemming, Mr X informed him that Mother & Buster were not too far behind him. When they met up, Buster could have a drink, then could do some 'zoomies' as he ran back & forth between Lemming at the back & Mother way ahead of him.

After 200 yards on a grey, solid footpath of crushed reclaimed concrete over the flat dry farm fields, a CHK was found, but there was no turning from the northwestern, main route for another 700 Yards to reach a CHK at a junction where a footpath comes up from Long Lane back to the sou-sou-west. This was the ideal point for Doormat to nip off & scare the Squirrels now the Pack were off of the most exposed & unshaded section of the Trail.

The main section of the Knitting Circle were finally caught by Happy Feet & My Lil' as the Trail made its way along the bottom of a rectangular wood before turning northward & emerge out on to Stag Lane at the southern end of Chorelywood. A little bit of road running was now undertaken to take the Pack around the bend in the lane to run around by the local Primary School, at the corner of which the Pack found a CHK.

After several extensive stretches the Pack were now really stretched out, up ahead were Happy Feet, My Lil', Waragi, Juices Flowing, Zingalong, Milf, Supertrooper, Parson's Nose & Doormat with the Hare, a little way behind them were No Eye Deer & Tent Packer.

At the opposite end of the Pack were Paxo & Secret Squirrel, they were way back after issues with Secret Squirrel's Audi's roof not closing properly [Perhaps there was an issue with Paxo's finger being on it? But I wouldn't worry as long as Secret Squirrels ejector seat was still functional? – Ed], they also had Captain Faff (Kylie) with them, as well as Angelai, DWSS & a late arriving Des Res.

Ahead of them a trot along the urban section of Stag Lane, a strange new Hash marking was spotted, did we have to take a sideways steps & carry on? But it didn't put the Pack off of the south-westward stretch 300 Yards to the junction with Long Lane, here the Stag Pub sits. Now



free of being tied to Mac's it's had a refresh & more importantly for Mr X it was now open. Mr X was now going to drop off from No Eye Deer, Parson's Nose, Doormat & Tent Packer, for Mr X asked the barman sitting outside if he could have a "Hair of the dog!" he explained as the humid conditions, plus the Beerfest were taking their toll on him.

Quickly refreshed, the RA now had a bit of a spring in his step as he trotted away to try & catch up with some of those he had broke off from earlier. Little did the RA know, but others would also pop in to the Stag after him.

On with the Trail as the way was marked to take to the southwestern wide track running beside the Pub, this would lead the Hash along by the local allotments in the 'Swillet' area of Chorleywood. By these Allotments Mr X was barked at by a locals pooch out for his constitutional walk, as he explained to the owner what the flour blobs were for.

After 240 Yards the track would reach an area beyond the hedges of criss-crossing footpaths over the open hillside, here No Eye Deer & Tent Packer had seemed to have gone wrong at the CHK behind the hedge, but there were soon back on track as the Trail was picked up by Mr X, he marked Hash arrows on the fence posts for those behind, then he called "On!" away to the south.

The Hash were now on the 'Old Shire Lane Circular Walk' as it turns to head away on a 930Yard long stretch gently rising & dropping, as well as moving in & out as it hugged the bottom contour of the wooded area to the back of the large properties off of Nottingham Road, situated away on the northeast.

Mother's Hashing was temporarily halted after a Muntjac darted out in front of Buster & his terrier instinct kicked in! But they wee no way the back of the Pack. At last, the first section of the Knitting Circle & the FRBs were found just by the Kissing gate by the edge of Bottom Wood to the southwest.

Strangely this is also known as 'No Dragon Wood'. There may not have been any dragons, there were also no aniseed buttons in the Allsorts by the time Mr X & Tent Packer arrived at the Sweet Stop. Mr X & My Lil' explained that this area had been Hashed by Herts before, many years back.

The last, separate section of the Knitting Circle still hadn't arrived, for they had a late start with Secret Squirrels convertible hood playing up. This second Knitting Circle group of Paxo, Secret Squirrel, Kylie, Angelai, Des Res & DWSS had all been slightly diverted, for they too popped into the Stag for a little light-refreshment.

Back at the Sweet Stop & Supertooper was still adamant that Liquorice is not a sweet, fortunately the Hare had Wine-gums to compliment the Allsorts, yet some pondered on the thought that there's no wine in wine-gums? Anyhow, the Hare allowed the rest to move on, for he wondered if the other section of the Knitting Circle had met up with Hot 'N' Spicee & Mae Lee on a short route that had not crossed over the M25?

So, 600 Yards more to come back to the bridge over the M25, on they way there was a rather nice head-on breeze to cool the Hash down as they covered the open grassland & reached the crossing point & the On Inn. The Trail hadn't finished yet, now back in Ladywalk Wood the Pack had to descend a rough stony old track to the south, turning south-eastward around hallway through the wood on the 800Yards to come back through the T by the Black Barn.

The Hash settled into the Brewery, where there was such a large choice of drinks on tap. Mother, Lemming & Buster came in, & for some reason Mr X was asked to hold Buster's lead, then the Border ~~Terrorist~~ Terrier started growling as he spotted some shaggy red hair through the barstool, he thought that the Highland Coo (Cow) footstool was the muntjac that crossed his path earlier.

Once a Beer or two had been drunk, the last section of the Knitting Circle arrived back, so the Hash could now move over to the Creative Juices Brewery's 'Hop Garden' across the farm drive, here large umbrellas were opened up at the tables, though it was a bit of a struggle with them against the strong cool breeze.

Here the Hash had a very enjoyable picnic out in the pleasant afternoon, with almost everyone contributing by bring something along, thankfully for some, Zingalong wasn't one & so there wasn't much in the way of vegan food on offer! However, he did try a couple of the vegan beers, which he claimed were very nice.

Supertooper wasn't keen on Mr X's offer of the Mini-cheddars as they were of the Red Leicester variety, Mr X said that they wouldn't be real Cheddars to Supertrooper? [All that after he had to choke back mentioning the name Leicester when buying them! – Ed]

Suddenly the carefree afternoon was broken as some uproar broke out at one of the tables, with claims of Hashers breaking one of the *Cardinal* 'Hash Rules' [There are no rules, except what the RA makes up! – Ed] as shouts of "They're talking politics" could be clearly heard! As this all happened outside, & in a drinking environment, those at the top of Mismanagement were totally unaware of what was being discussed right next to them! [They were probably thinking of slurping oysters back & guzzling Black Velvet, which is apparently now known as a 'Grifter' in Spoons? – Ed]

Once satisfied with food & drink, especially Mae Lee's homemade spicy biscuits, the Circle was called for the Down-Downs. The Hare was rewarded for a good Trail on such a nice sunny day that everyone enjoyed; Lemming was awarded his hit for the RA think that he rolls in Fox poo! Paxo was called out for placing his finger on Secret Squirrel's retractable hood! & probably stopping it from closing? [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

While clearing up the picnic waste, it was discovered that Buster had left his dog-water bottle behind, after Mother & Lemming had taken him home, seems that's Lemmings one Down-Down sorted for next time. A great day was had by all & I am sure we will be back at sometime in the future.



Old Salty Marine
@BamaSaltyMarine

X.com

My 15yr old granddaughter still hasn't emptied the dishwasher.

I asked her to do it four hours ago.

Now she's freaking out because she can't find her phone...

Which is on silent in the dishwasher.

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