

Herts
Hash
House
Harriers

Herts official Website:
hertsHash.co.uk

**Exclusive: Local Convent Girl
asks Mother Superior for
Black & White Fabric:**

**Is told: "Okay, but don't make
a habit out of it!"**

Run No. 2234

Date: Sunday 20th September 2026

Venue: The Piggeries

Location: Tring

Beers/Cider: Tring Full range of Ales

(But not the 6.5% Smoked Porter Lemming promised)

Hare/s: Mother & Lemming

Runners: 15

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 0

Total: 14

Membership: Living like pigs at the Piggeries!



I went to the bakers and
bought a tiger bread but he
didn't want it as he only eats
gazelles and stuff.

After a convoluted journey for two, which had one grumbling from the outset of the later than normal start, things didn't improve at the starting point car park, as My Lil' declared that starting from a CHK was "Bad Haring!" in his opinion.

The numbers looked like they would possibly be on the low side, with only My Lil', Mr X, Hot 'N' Spicee & Moss Key Toe there early, but a few minutes before noon & there was an influx of Hashers as the Hares walked up, they were followed by Juices Flowing & Parson's Nose. No Buster on the Trail, for he went around with Mother & Lemming when they set the Trail earlier, he was at home taking it easy like spoiled pooch!

Angelai arrived with this week's virgin, Mari from Japan & she received a surprise with a welcoming "こんにちは" 'Konnichiwa! from Mr X! With no HGM, GM, Hash Hen present today, Mr.X welcomed the Pack to the correct run number, then it was over to the Hares for the low-down on what was out there for the Hash to experience? A long Trail of over 5 miles, & a shorter 4 miles were the order of the day, a sweet stop was mentioned, the said confectionary was from M&S & the Trail flour was purchased from Waitrose, as Lemming made sure the Hoi Palloi knew they were in a quality town as he promoted Tring [Can anyone hear a phone ringing? – Ed] as if it was the greatest place to live? [Was Lemming getting a back-hander from the local Council/Tourist Board? – Ed]

Lemming teased some of the lads by stating that the Brewery had a 6.5% Smokey Porter on the day before, then a partly salivating Pack were let loose. My Lil' was straight up a short back-passage [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] that he had previously explored well before the Hares arrived that morning. After 60 Yards the Pack were into the unusually named Spider Park, it was around another 100 Yards to the north a CHK was found a little way across from the fenced-in kids play area.

Happy Feet, Mr X, My Lil' & Moss Key Toe all went wrong, with a Falsie being found further to the north, then another T was found off to the west of the play-area, in the end it was after a climb up the grassy bank to the northwest & onto Faversham Close, where arrows would lead along the pavement to the north.

On the suburban street Parson's Nose questioned Mother whether the Trail would run through Mill Park? Mother said "It may, or may not!" which left Parson's Nose still unsure.

The Pack would soon break in to two distinct groups, with Happy Feet & My Lil' leading the way followed by Mr X, Moss Key Toe & Parson's Nose, then, Milf, Doormatt & Juices Flowing, all being kept an eye on by Mother, further back Lemming was bringing up the rear [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] as he looked after the Knitting Circle of Hot 'N' Spicee, Kylie, Mae Lee, Mari (our virgin Hasher) & Angelai, the latter dropping back from her usual Front Running.

The next CHK was found 190 Yards on, at the junction with Silk Mill Lane & Betty's Lane. My Lil' fell afoul of a Falsie continuing northward, for the rest it was off down Betty's Lane for a short way to the west, then arrows led up Drummond Ride. [Was this named after Bulldog Drummond? – Ed] Anyhow, after around 240 Yards to another CHK found where the street joined Nathaniel Walk.

Some were hesitant in searching from this CHK, for the Hash were really being shown how posh Tring is [Get that phone someone! – Ed], for the Trail was picked up a short way into the small & according to Mother a 'very exclusive estate' of Eggleton Drive, the Trail quickly disappeared though the hedge before the good people of Eggleton Drive could call the Police over the revolting peasants upon their doorstep!

The Trail would enter the elongated woodland surrounding the long fenced-in lake, starting by turning to the west, this desire line path would run clockwise to come around to the north-eastward. It would appear that the local Tring-a-lings [Is that really the collective name for the local residents? – Ed] are too posh to pick-up, as there were a few random dogs' eggs littering the way around pond. All of which the absent Buster got the blame for, though Mother protested these were nothing to with either Buster, as she had bagged up the poop.



It was on the 350 Yard wooded section that the Keenies would now realise that the Hares were as cunning as a fox, as Happy Feet & My Lil' found a Bar CHK beyond a set of steps to the north. Having returned, they would climb the few steps after the other Keenies & make their way through the Lakeside Estate.

The Trail arrived at the edge of the Icknield Way, here there were double arrows & a solitary letter 'P' which puzzled some. Parson's Nose asked Mother what it meant? Mother said that it was "Lemming's idea to put down a 'P' for 'Petrol' as you know how dumb Herts Hashers can be?" Mr X said that if that was the case, then the SODOFF Hash would have to be stuck at the roadside for ages at an 'RA' stop, waiting for a Responsible Adult to hold their hands & assist them safely cross the road, rather like a Lollipop Lady or Man!

Once safely over said road, the Trail took to a footpath heading north-westward along the edge of Tring Corinthians Football Club to the left, after nearly 200 Yards the Trail left the Football club with its ringing phone, now run out on the open farm fields, where a CHK was found by a fenced-in footpath to the west.

Happy Feet & My Lil' discovered the fenced-in path to be False, & another Falsie was discovered by Mr X off to the east, this left Parson's Nose to head north-westward & pick up the real Trail as it began to drop away into the verdant valley, which only a few weeks earlier was as brown as an HMRC Tax envelope! Turning nor-nor-east the Hash came down to a CHK by a gate out to the edge of the ~~Bendover~~ Wendover Arm of the Grand Union Canal.

My Lil' went wrong, while Happy Feet, Parson's Nose & Moss Key Toe fared far better, once through the Kissing Gate they were soon heading westward along the canal's edge for over 400 Yards, there was one tempting crossing point to the tow-path on the northern side of the waterway, but this was marked as 'Out of bounds!'

The Hash passed by a very short, somewhat stubby little narrowboat, which looked like it had had a large section cut off, some said that it must be Lemming's boat, but Mother said that it would be too big for him!

The Trail led up to the 'Little Tring Road, here another 'P' was found as there was no footpath heading northward a short way up by Little Tring Farm, where arrows ushered the Hash away to the east. [Somebody answer that damn phone! – Ed]

Onwards the Trail went, eastwardly to enter a section of woodland that surrounds parts of the Tringford Reservoir, a CHK was located in the southwestern corner of the trees, again the crafty Hares caught out all the Keenies with Falsies to the east, eventually they cottoned on to the fact that it was a long Trail & that the lengthy northern path would be the correct one.

The Keenies going back & forth to find Trail caught the attention of a young couple out walking with their baby in a papoose, they would be passed several times before everyone was back on track. It was on the next section that Mr X & Milf got talking to a dog walker, after they like to make dog-walkers aware of the Trail Flour being harmless plain flour [They didn't mention that it was from Waitrose? – Ed] but the lady said she knew it was a Hash Trail, she also mentioned that she had Hashed with Port Au Prince out in the Bahamas, so a card was handed over just in case she fancied a little outing with H⁴?

The footpath led by a Hide in the wood, but when a sneaky peak was taken within, all that could be seen out of the observation window was the sight of an area just overgrown with reeds & not much else. However, there was some wildlife around & the warm sunny day had brought out flutterbys, dragon & damselflies, as well as a variety of waterfowl as the Trail now took to the Tringford Reservoir.

The Trail left the trees & came around the northern end of the body of water, leading up to the Tringford Road, where the third 'P' of the day was found, along with double arrows directing the way off of an almost blind bend, after a dash over the road the Hash would find a split in the Trail, with the Keenies taking on an 870 Yard trot on the crushed rock path running around two sides of the larger Startop's Reservoir, taking them around by Startop's End, but safely away from the Pub.

The shorter version would take to the alternative crushed rock path that runs up between the Startops Reservoir & the Marsworth Reservoir, Mother, Milf & Mr X all took this slightly shorter option. Ahead they could clearly see Happy Feet, My Lil', Moss Key Toe & Parson's Nose all coming around back to where both Trails join & head north-eastward at the top of the Marsworth Reservoir. The 'Tring Summit' of the Grand Union Canal was completed in

1797, it sits 390 feet above sea level. However, the series of feeder Reservoirs were soon constructed due to the excessive traffic on the Wendover Arms draining the main Grand Union Canal.

There were few opportunities to take the Hash off of the path on this section as the Trail left the reservoirs & took to the Grand Union Canal, as the waterway takes a serpentine course weaving slightly north & then south on its eastbound way for 800 Yards, passing by a couple of Locks that were in use, raising two consecutive narrowboats, moving away from Lock No.45, the Hash were heading toward this larger lock & here was the Held CHK near to the Lock-keepers cottage.

The regroup sweet stop offerings were M&S Black & Red Jellies, M&S Marshmallows, but the other bag was Lidl's Allsorts,

I was on a train today, when a mother & toddler boarded my carriage. Once the Train started to move the child called out "Choo-choo!" with great delight.

I didn't have the heart to tell him that the train was being pulled by a diesel/electric unit & did not make that sound..... but I did anyway!

J Brown, Puckeridge

the sad excuse of the latter packet only contained one aniseed button & Mr X was lucky enough go bag that beauty after Mother had handed him the packet to open. Mr X then questioned Mother as to why they didn't have any Percy pig sweets, since the Après Trail was at the Piggeries Brewery? Mother promised to try harder next time!

Having enjoyed the sweets while sitting on one of the Lockgate balance beams, it was soon time to move on for the FRBs. At the Wendover Junction Lock 45, over the Pack-bridge a Long Trail was marked further along the canal towpath, so off went Happy Feet, My Lil' & Moss Key Toe said that the canal would lead all the way back to his home, thankfully no one was going that far except in his van, for a T, which must have been Lemming's evil device that stopped them some way up the canal.

Meanwhile, Mr X had hobbled off around under the bridge on the shorter ~~Bendover~~ Wendover arm, he had one aching knee & now a twinge in an ankle after pounding the reservoirs' paths of crushed rock. He moved to one side as he heard the patter of running feet behind him, then was surprised to see it was Happy Feet & My Lil' passing him by, these two grumbled about Lemming's nasty Trail plays!

It would be 1100 Yards on the Wendover Arm to reach the Tringford Road, here the Hash would find the last 'P' of the Trail as the Trail crossed the narrow lane right by a small Pack-bridge over the canal arm. The Wendover Arms is being restored, hopefully to allow navigational traffic to reach the town once again.

The Trail was now heading home by way of the New Mill, in northern end of Tring, [That phone's off again! – Ed] there were more CHks to be dealt with & Mr X went wrong as he trotted down to the roundabout at the end of the Tringford Road, where it meets the Icknield Way. When the Trail ran out, he turned back only to see that the T had parked over by a car left on the pavement, so he indicated to Moss Key Toe to take the back-passage that Mr X was lured beyond.

The Bushell Warf Ginnel would lead out to the back of a small older established section of what was once the wharf on the Wendover Arm of the Grand Union Canal, from the days when the inland waterways were used to shift goods around the UK, before the coming of the Railways. On to a CHk when Bushell Wharf reached Longbridge Close.

Mr X would now mark the CHks for those behind, as Moss Key Toe picked up the Trail, these two were pretty well behind Happy Feet & My Lil' who had been marking the CHks earlier with the use of sticks like 'boy scout arrows' but now on tarmac & paving slabs they didn't have any chalk, unlike Mr X.

The Trail cut through the small housing estate & out on to the Icknield Way, crossing at the Pedestrian Crossing & then taking to a nearby tarmac footpath cutting through behind the back-to-back rear gardens. This route rose up slightly as it gained grass verges on either side, as it progressed southward. One slight hiatus came when the Trail reached some works going on, the footpath was closed due to repairs to a collapsed brick wall on the left, some weren't sure where the Trail continued straight on or take to the short, fenced jigger off to the right?

Mr X marked more obvious arrows to direct the Packs beyond the temporary, red, plastic safety fencing by the wrecked brickwork, once passed the works the footpath continued to its 400 Yards end when it descends on to Silk Mill Road. Parson's Nose now got his wish to go through Silk Mill Park, well almost, as the Trail crossed the road & then headed up on a path that rose up above the elongated Silk Mill Park below to the east. After almost 600 Yards the Trail came back down to the On Inn just as the path led into Spider Park once more.

The Hash now made their way back through the park to the back of the Forge car park, Mr X & My Lil' were happy that Miif was up with the Keenies, so they could collect their bags & then walk up to the Brewery, via cutting through old Cattle Market & then up through Pound Meadow to the Piggeries Brewery, only to be disappointed that the 6.5% Smoked Porter had all been drunk by the Brewery Members the day before at a meeting!

If My Lil' & Mr X were disappointed, then Hot 'N' Spicee was even more so, as she arrived back at the Forge car park to find that Moss Key Toe had moved his van up the road to the Tring Brewery car park. In Moss Key Toe's defence, he did know that Hot 'N' Spicee did have a map of the Trail & the Brewery was also marked on it, plus after a long five mile Trail, & four for the Knitting Circle, some were now feeling anxious at getting close to their two-hour expiry time on their parking tickets & keen to move on to the Piggeries!

The Brewery set up is really good, with not only an inside Bar for not so warm weather, there was an old Isle of Wight open-top Bus out in the courtyard, this has been converted into a Bar & seating on top, all of which to excited Kylie. Everyone made it back to the Piggeries & Moss Key Toe was soon at the Bar ordering appeasing drinks for Hot 'N' Spicee!

Sadly, Angelai had to head off early, she was off to Cornwall later that day, so didn't get to celebrate her 10th Herts Trail, our Virgin Mari also left before the Circle, for she had a lift from Angelai & missed out on her welcoming Down-Down. In a way it was better for them as they wouldn't witness the state some of the rest would get into, with such a selection of fine Ales available. The Piggeries began to see very apt with the Hash there.

Two of Mr X's favourites Ales were available, Teakettle Stout & the (In)famous Death or Glory! Something to savour, while the Hash waited for Juices Flowing to arrive back, allegedly Juices had popped home for a shower, do her hair & generally pamper herself!!



Vegetarian 'felt sick' after £8 bikini she ordered online arrives in Nando's bag

www.manchestereveningnews.co.uk

Facebook has taught me two things:

Firstly; there are some incredible people out there!

Secondly; they are greatly outnumbered!

SHOPKEEPERS. When selling booze, say to your customers "It's Friday, it's 5 to 5..." and if they reply "and it's Crackerjack" you don't have to check ID.

Pat Pending e-mail

with his muzzle, then he had a drink from the bowl end! Don't panic dear reader, the whole thing was thoroughly washed by the RA before Lemming had his Down-Down, along with Mother as Hares for a Great Trail.

There was only one other Hit this week, which went to Juices Flowing for still wearing her dirty Hash gear! The Pack would get back to the drinking & most switched to the 'Big Boy's' drink of Death or Glory, Tring's premier offering that at 7.2% is a cut above most. Of course, a couple of pints of that would take their toll as the Hash degenerated in the usual childish nonsense, with Leming being the ring-leader!!!

The only sense on offer was from Parson's Nose informing the Hash about how the Dunsley Farm area was sold by Lord Rothschild, a part of 'Land Fit For Heroes' in 1919 after the First World War. This also fitted in with when a lady came around with leaflets about locally produced apples.

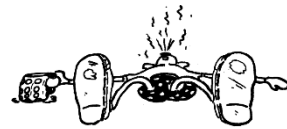
Former soldier & Rothschild head gardener E.A. Jeacocks was one who acquired a two-acre plot, with a timber-framed bungalow on Cow Lane in 1921 to establish a fruit orchard & tree nursery. Known as 'Jeacocks Orchard', it remains a rare, intact survivor of this ambitious social experiment in Hertfordshire with many different & sometimes unique types of apples growing there. Of course, the Hash, being the Hash, Mr X asked if they do any Wassailing? & it seems that they do!

Great day was had by all, with great weather, Ales & company, so much so that after a couple more in the Snorben's Spoons, the RA fell over trying to catch the bus home!

So, it came a surprise when Juices Flowing did arrive & someone cried out "The Dirty Cow hasn't changed!" as it was pointed out that she still had the same clothes on as she did the Trail in. What happened to the Pampering? It turns out that the pampering shower etc. didn't happen as there was a Tennis Match on TV that took precedence! [She still looked a bit of a glamor-puss though! – Ed]

The Circle was finally called & Lemming's protests about having his Down-Down out of Buster's water bottle did had a little sympathy from the RA, as he allowed Lemming to drink from the bottle section, & not the bowl part, as Lemming had explained that Buster had gone in to a cow pat, through the crust & to the soft core

These covers really seal in the flavor.



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