

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

Run No. 2206
Date: Sunday 22nd March 2026
Venue: The Lytton Arms
Location: (Old) Knebworth
Beers/Cider: Tring Side Pocket: Oakhams Citra; Osset White Rat
Hare/s: Mr X
Runners Plodders: 10
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 2
Total: 12
Membership: Plodding along



EXCLUSIVE:

A lorry Load of Brillo Pads were stolen over night!

Police are currently scouring the area!



Desperate Social Media requests from the Hare were sent out early Saturday evening, for on his way back from Mr Nuisance's Funeral in Edinburgh, the Hare suddenly found himself stranded on a Train at York, after cable thefts had stopped all trains passing between Newark & Grantham! Things were serious, the announcement that LNER were offering to pay for overnight accommodation in York & free travel in the morning meant the Hare was not going anywhere for quite some time.

As the hours went by, switching between many alternative options as he could think of on the National Rail App, the Hare was looking at being in York overnight, but decided to give it one more hour on the Train, he also glanced at the Hash social media for updates. NOT ONE of the 189 members on the Herts Facebook group offered to step-in & set the Sunday Trail!

Once, around 40 LNER Staff members from other services boarded his Train in York, the Hare knew he was heading home, but it would be a painfully slow one back to Stevenage, for the section between Doncaster & Newark would be one train at a time, travelling at a very reduced speed under the direction of the signaller in his office. Then a Taxi from Stevenage back to WGC.

So, with only four hours sleep under his belt, & still no offers from any other Hashers to step in as a replacement Hare, Mr X lethargically set off to Knebworth, with a bag of flour, very heavy legs & a sore foot from running around Auld Reekie for a couple of days! Another one walking painfully up to (Old) Knebworth, with Mr X, was My Lil' who said that the Hare Raiser should have sorted out another Hare? Kylie did send out more Social Media requestS, but these too fell on deaf ears, with no replies?

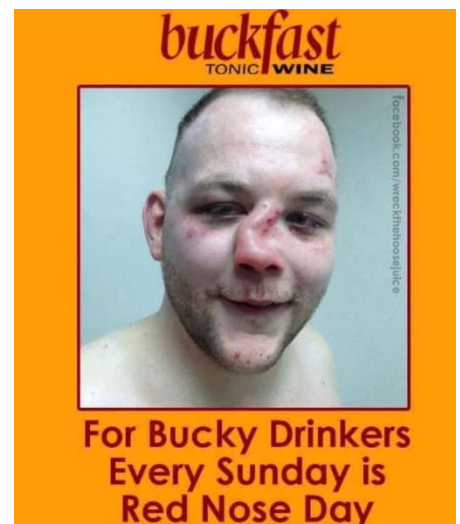
Leaving his bag with My Lil', the Hare limped away, leaving a bit of plasterboard & some flour for the CHKs to be marked. Mr X set the first CHK by the bench opposite the front of the Pub, just to annoy My Lil', then the Hare headed away down Park Lane, south-westward toward Slip End Lane, passing this & leading down to the first CHK at the wee green triangle at Nup End Green.

Of the options from here, the Trail would head southward, down to the Nup End Business Centre, where the Trail would pass down through the small industrial estate, taking a right-angle turn to the northeast, along the dense barrier of fir trees at the back of the estate, arrows directed the way to a gap in the thick wall of bushy trees, here a footpath was found that runs sou-sou-east between wooden fenced-in pony paddocks.

As the Hare now started jogging along to buy himself some time & distance on the Pack, they would begin to assemble at the Pub. The Hare was unaware that despite this being a sunny day, one of the warmer ones this year, the turnout was the lowest in ages. He needn't had bothered contacting the Pub to check it was Okay for the Hash to visit the Lytton Arms, or sending out requests for the Hash to double park to save space for regular diners, & to get your food orders in early, was another waste of his time,

At least after setting off the Pack of Kylie, Milf, Emerson with Baby, My Lil', Tent Packer, 3D, & Slug with Sally all managed to get around through the Nup End Business Centre & down the footpath behind to the CHK by Sally Deard's Lane at Hogsorton, from where the Trail all most headed back on its self, on a track to the northeast, leading away from the many stables here to the larger grazing areas behind these to the northeast.

The Trail would arrive at a CHK where the footpath splits by the marker post, with one arm of the footpath heading north-eastward to Slip Lane, the other was almost due east to the same narrow old county lane, further along on its wide arcing route. The east bound option along the edge of the field won out & Dust led on to the Lane, just beyond the pond that



Sally had a paddle in, arrows directed the Hash over the narrow tarmac a little way down the lane to a CHK in the opposite fields.

The Knitting Circle, without any R*nners to help them, now began to flounder when it came to finding the Trail Dust, while they should have picked up dust on the edge of the field, as it runs above Slip Lane that makes its way to the south. The Knitting Circle blindly stumbled & bumbled forward on the main path that crosses the large crop of broad beans for 170 Yards, the only Dust that they would discover that way was the T that the Hare had just laid almost in front of Tent Packer!

Mr X was coming to the end of completing the setting of the Trail, he didn't expect to meet the Pack at this point, nor this late in the day! My Lil', who is still recovering from a tow-nail removal, was marking the Trail. He bemoaned that there were no Runners, not even Tent Packer, as the Hare explained that they had missed the correct route.

Mr X tried to pointed out where the Knitting Circle were supposed to go, handing over a map in a futile attempt to try & get the Hash back on track. Milf ask if there was a sweet stop? Mr X said that there was a regroup, at a Held CHK, as he pointed over toward the Park Wood in the distance east, but he didn't have any sweets! Thankfully for the Hash, at least Milf had read his morning communication about lack of confectionary & brought some with her for the regroup.

The Knitting Circle were warned that the Hare had encountered lots of cyclists, a few horse riders & a large group of Ramblers out while setting the Trail, the Ramblers had a better pace than the Hash this morning! Then the Hare was asked if he was going to go around again, the simple answer was "No!" he was dead on his feet & was going to finish the Short Cut he was marking back to the Lytton Arms, even with pleads of "The Pubs not open yet!" were not going to change his mind, Beer & a sleep was a far more appealing. Tent Packer said that he had done well to get this far around setting the Trail!

Off the Knitting Circle wandered, taking a wide southbound footpath to New Wood, where they could pick up Trail, but as for how much Trail they would follow the Hare wouldn't know, nor care for as he left the to their own devices with the Map! With My Lil' in charge of the Map & having encountered the Hare around twenty to the hour, it was highly unlikely that the Pack did go up via Rabley Heath?

While the Hare sat outside the Lytton Arms, enjoying his quickly grabbed breakfast of a dark chocolate kit-kat, washed down with a bottle of water from the previous day's delayed Train, the rest made their way through the spring-time woodland, no doubt cutting through between the broadleaf trees to the east.

Once on the eastern side of New Wood, Trail was found on the long, almost dead straight drive to the southern end of Homewood section of the greater Park Wood, heading northward they would one pass a kink in the route by the start of this second woodland & around a third of the way down the wide drive they would all arrive at the Held CHK, & Milf's Sweet Stop. It was also at this point that the found the Short Cut which had been marked, & set by the Hare.

The Hare wasn't sure if anyone would follow the rest of the Trail, on his walk down back to the railway Pub, then the Station, Mr X would see that the CHK out on Park Lane was not marked, indicating that the 'bone hard' choice of footpaths running across the broad-bean fields was the favoured option, especially as some had booked food for afterwards, or so they had thought! He now wished that he had taken LNER up on the offer to stay overnight in York overnight, instead of not letting the Hash down & leaving them to join the Ramblers.

The Hare bought a pint as soon as the minute had had ticked on to the twelve. He then went to sit in the back garden, where he had a vantage point to look out over the crop fields & the On Inn, scanning the approaching Hash to the back of the Pub.

It was here that Des Res suddenly appeared, the Hare asked if he had been around the Trail? "Not yet! I got lost & ended up in Hitchin" Was the answer! Des Res then contemplated going around later on, before deciding that he would head off to do some of the Trail now!

Off Des Res went, going the opposite way around, heading out into the bean field just as some of the Pack could be seen coming through the broad bean crop on to the Short Cut, where it hits a sharp turn on the path that leads directly back to the small passageway by the outer corner of the Pub grounds.

The Hash all sat out the back of the Pub, enjoying the Sunny Day, the good weather inspired Milf to post on the Herts Facebook Page about the Sun being out. Mr X was surprised as TBT OBE replied that he too could see the Sun from his out of his home. Mr X thought that all of the Herts Hash social media outlets were broken!



TBT OBE's view of the Sun

Before the Circle was called, Milf was informed by the manager that her prebooked Table had dropped off of the Pub's System, even after she entered her credit-card details to secure a table some four days earlier, in the end they decided to eat elsewhere as it would take too long for an order to now go through. Milf's disappointment was compounded by the fact that Des Res's delicious looking Sunday Roast came out of the kitchen & the homely roast smell filled the air, just as the Circle was called, did he book in advance? Nope, he just rocked up at the Bar & ordered his lunch, then out it came very quickly!

There were only two Down-Downs, the Hare & Des Res for being a really late arrival. Des Res went back to his Sunday Lunch, finishing all but the Yorkshire Pudding, which Kylie grabbed [Sparky would have been proud! – Ed] so it didn't go to waste, he had dipped this in the home-made Horse Radish Sauce, Kylie's face went bright red as he was hit in the back of the nose by the Horse Radish!

Then it was time to recall some good times at the Lytton, as Des Res mentioned the infamous Oliver Reed popping into the Lytton Arms, on his lunch hour from filming at Knebworth House where he bought everyone a Pint as Oliver Reed necked SIX Pints before going back to filming, Mr X seemed to think that the film was a remake of 'The Fall of the house of Usher'?



I got a call from a scammer yesterday.

Me: "Hello."

Scammer: (thick, heavy accent) "Hello. This is Tom Smith from Microsoft Support. We are seeing a lot of virus activity coming from your device."

Me: "Oh no. My device? Are you sure?"

Scammer: "Oh yes, Madam. We have many reports."

Me: "Oh, jeez. How can I fix it?"

Scammer: "It's okay, Madam. We can help you right now. Are you in front of your device?"

Me: "Yes. I was just about to use it. I'm glad you called."

Scammer: "Good, Madam. Please push the Start button."

Me: "I think it's already on."

Scammer: "Okay, Madam. Now click on Control Panel."

Me: "I don't see that."

Scammer: "Do you see a bunch of information above the Start button?"

Me: "Yes."

Scammer: "That is your Control Panel."

Me: "Wow. I didn't realize it had a name."

Scammer: "Yes, Madam. Now press Internet Options."

Me: "I don't see any Internet options. I don't think I bought that feature. This is just a cheap one."

Scammer: "All devices have Internet, Madam. Press the Start button again."

Me: "Okay. Same as before."

Scammer: "That's fine, Madam. We will restart your device. Please turn it off."

Me: "Um... I don't know how. I've never turned it off. It kind of just stays on."

Scammer: "There must be an off button. How do you stop it when it's running?"

Me: "I usually press the big button."

Scammer: "Okay, Madam. Press that button."

Me: "Okay."

Scammer: "Is your device off?"

Me: "No. The door popped open."

Scammer: "Door? Is there a disc inside?"

Me: "No. There's a burrito."

Scammer: "Why is there a burrito in your computer?"

Me: "Computer? I thought you said this was microwave support."



A YouTuber hired 20 bald guys to turn their heads into a "Will you marry me?" sign to help his subscriber propose to his girlfriend.

