

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

Run No. 2208
Date: Bank Holiday Monday 6th April 2026
Venue: Chez 3D et Slug
Location: Melbourn
Beers/Cider: GK Abbot; Bank's Amber; Ghost Ship
Hare/s: Slug & Port
Runners: 20
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 4
Hash Hounds: 2
Total: 26
Membership: Celebrating Éostre



My father said, "As one door closes,
another opens."

Beautiful man, terrible cabinet maker.

With Éostre being the Pagan Goddess of Spring, it was fitting that the weather today was fine, sunny & with just a slight breeze in the air. [Did the RA get any thinks? Nah! – Ed] So, it was fine & dandy as the Pack began to gather at Chez 3D et Slug, Moss Key Toe turned up & declared that it was fairly cold compared to his recent trip to Malaysia!

The time edged toward the hour, not only was My Lil' itching to get on with things, which could have been the infection that No Eye Deer said made him sound like he had an old woman's complaint! This week My Lil' was joined by DWSS who was desperate to get the opening Circle out of the way & on with the Trail, citing that people who are late should be banned for the Hash! Mr X asked No Eye Deer whether DWSS was a little 'Hangry' & not eaten yet. Seems that he hadn't had breakfast, since we would be piggin' out later on!

The opening Circle was dealt with, normal Herts Hash Markings, three Short Cuts & one of these would cut off a lot of the main Trail, so those taking it were advised to wait a long time at the Held CHK, or miss out on the sweets! Finally, a stressed DWSS could now make his way around on to New Road.

The rest of the Pack followed on as arrows marked the way, away to the southeast, with the Keenies of Flying Solo, Where's Wally? Mother & Moss Key Toe leading the way some 350 Yards to a Bar CHK, which then saw them scatter & start searching the five side streets on the way back, all to no avail.

Soon it dawned on the FRBs that the Knitting Circle had been given a tip-off by the Senior Hare, as Lemming, My Lil', Flanders, Pebbledash, Paxo &, a resplendent all in purple, Secret Squirrel, crossed over to the start of Clear Crescent on the eastern side of New Road, here fresh arrows directed the Hash to the southern end of the small, enclosed, rectangular Clear Crescent Playground.

The first CHK was located where the southern arm of the crescent as it reaches the right-angled corner junction of Fordham Way & Palmers Way, Mother was tempted by a further possible option on a grassy passageway but this isn't a right of way.

"On!" was called by Flying Solo off up Palmers Way to the nor-nor-west, but this would turn out to be a False call when she indicated, with arms outstretched, that she had reached a T!

After a trudge back, the FRBs now had to pass the Knitting Circle, who were advancing up Fordham Way to the northeast for 160 Yards to reach the next CHK, this by the Junction of Trigg Way. Heading off nor-nor-west, the Trail was picked up on this & lead the Hash by John Impey Way, named after a former Melbourn Councillor.

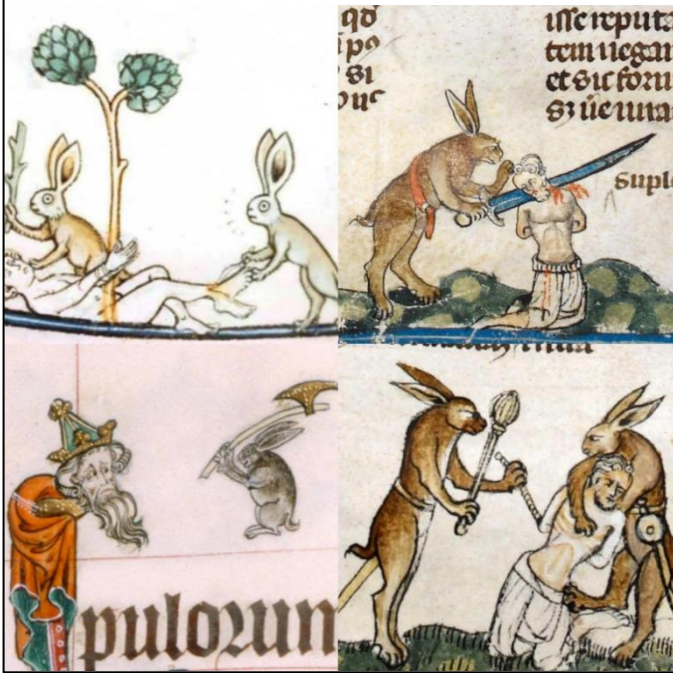
After 140 Yards the Trail reached a crossroads with Medcalfe Way, here was the first split in the Trail, with the Keenies being directed north-eastward on Medcalfe Way, with a Short Cut marked as continuing nor-nor-west on Orchard Way.

Things were going smoothly until reaching the dead-end of the road, here Where's Wally? disappeared off through a passage by the southern bungalows, while No Eye Deer carried on beside the eastern end of the square. As Flying Solo & Mr X caught up, they were stopped by calls of "On!" emanating from both directions!

**Parents, keep your kids on their toes by adding some
Wasabi Peas to the Chocolate Mini-eggs!**



In mediaeval days they knew all about devilish Hares!



Since they could see No Eye Deer to the east, Mr X & Flying Solo would make their way out behind the eastern homes to follow No Eye Deer out on to Bramley Avenue, leaving Where's Wally? to run a loop around via Hinkley Close & then on around Bramley Avenue.

The wide arching anti-clockwise urban road to reach the start of the bend in Russet Way, no CHK there, just double arrows to point the way around the shorter & gentler curved road that leads up to the Cambridge Road in the north.

A CHK was found on the southern side of the road, here Where's Wally? crossed to search the entrance to the Melbourn Science Park, while others with Flying Solo headed away to the north-east on the Cambridge Road.

Mr X had other ideas, crossing the road & then turning to search the Cambridge Road back toward the High Street & the centre of Melbourn, here craftily placed arrows by Devilish Hares were found, they were only obvious when you were right on top of them. So, Mr X called "On!" as he started the trot along to where the Cambridge Road now becomes the High Street.

The Senior Hare was found waiting, with Sally, at the junction with these two differently named sections of the same road meet The Moor that leads northward, Slug left Port to mark the loops of the Trail & Sheppard the Tail of the main Trail around. The CHK there had already been

marked by the time the FRBs arrived, for a limping My Lil', Flanders & Pebbledash of the very small Knitting Circle had already passed through, after taking the Short Cut earlier.

On by the old white stuccoed Corner House, a former Inn with a sign on the coaching entrance gates that says 'Beware of the Dog, the Cat is Shady too!' then the Pack would reach the second split in the Trail. This was marked as 'MSC' which confused FWB, until it was explained it was a Mega Short Cut continuing northward up the Moor [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed] by the Sports Ground. FWB, like the majority chose the longer option that turned off on to Moat Lane to head north-eastward below the small housing estate & above the back of the fenced off Science Park. Yes there is a moat still within the grounds of the Scientific Centre.



The main Trail would now pick up on a footpath to the side of the bend in the dead-end road, this would lead out into the neat & orderly Science Park. Here there were lots of 'Private Land' & not to allow dog-fouling signage, it was also where DWSS was picked up, wandering around aimlessly after he arrived there before the rest, after he had taken the earlier Short Cut on Orchard Road.

DWSS came back to where the Keenies were following the very obvious, large arrows to an old footpath that predates the Science Park, as Sludge, Tent Packer, TBT OBE & Underfelt all crossed to head off on the old route.

On the 160 Yards by the first section of the Guilden Brook, Underfelt noticed a locked metal box in the clear stream, he wondered if it should be reported? Mr X allayed any fears when he said that it was scientific contraption monitoring the water quality, for this field drainage ditch joins one of the streams that feed the River Mel, which is one of the Chalk Bed Rivers in the UK, of the 210 in the World - 160 are in England & there are 224 Streams. Mother would back up Mr X's fact on the water quality monitoring.

The Trail crossed over an earth covered culvert to Hash on the western side of the stream, carrying on for a further 190 Yards by the tree-lined waterway, to reach an elbow where the footpath follows the field's contours from nor-nor-east to nor-nor-west. Flying Solo, Where's Wally? & Moss Key Toe now led the main Pack.

It was 220 Yards before the Trail again crossed over the ditch again, to take to a north-eastward on the meandering main section of the Guilden Brook that turns northward toward the A10 by-pass. Sludge must have found this section particularly frustrating, for he could see the FRBs now heading westward, temptingly just a short distance in the lush green field opposite from where he was, if it wasn't for the obstacle of the deep watery ditch he would no doubt have Sludged cut across the crop?

Sludge, Underfelt, TBT OBE all had to continue for a further 190 Yards to a CHK by a small concrete bridge spanning the brook, here Port waited for Lemming, Secret Squirrel & Paxo to cross from one farm field to the west & the rest on the east. Mr X fell behind a little, for he remembered that our regular Hash-Flashers were away in Florida, taking far more impressive pictures of the Artemis II's launch vehicle's take off.

Mr X passed by the middle order, to turn westward as the Trail took to the 'straight as a die' footpath through the green crop field to the south-westward, a lovely trot under blue, cloudless skies. Buster was now allowed off the lead & he could be seen bouncing up in the crop to try & catch a get a view of Lemming, as he zoomed back & forth several times between Mother up with the Keenies & Lemming at the rear. You'd have thought Buster would have smelt Lemming, as Border ~~Terrorists~~ Terriers are bred to hunt small rodents, but Lemming was down-wind of Busters sense of smell.

After 400 Yards, a CHK was found by a north bound footpath to the A10, this Falsie up toward the by-pass had already been checked out by Flying Solo. Advancing another 125 Yards the Trail reached the tarmac end of the Moor, continuing a further 180 Yards above the St George's allotments to the south, before the Trail turned a few degrees off of due north.

It was at this elbow in 'The Moor' where the Knitting Circle had rejoined the Trail & after 100 Yards had come up the embankment to reach the busy A10. Care was needed to cross over to the Held CHK on the northern side, just within the crop field.

As the majority of the Hash regroup, as per the Senior Hare's instructions, My Lil', Pebbledash & Flanders could be seen way over in the distance to the northwest, now making their way along the edge of the River Mel. While the back of the Pack began to arrive at the regroup, Flying Solo had made herself as comfortable as a lounging Leopard up in the bough of a tree, where a bit of 'Technology on Trail' was occurring, & it wasn't Paxo!

Tent Packer was handed the unopened Allsorts by the Hare, getting first dibs at the Aniseed Buttons! Flying Solo came down from the comfortable bough for the sweets, while No Eye Deer question whether the Sweets were sour, or for DWSS? As glancing at the packet she misread the name a 'Moan' & not 'Moaam'! Interestingly, Moaom sweets were first sold over Easter 1931, before the creation of these chewy fruit flavoured sweets, Edmund Münster produced Liquorice sweets [No doubt Supertrouper would contest this? – Ed] from 1900. The name is a creation from "Mundet Allen Ohne Ausnahme" (They taste good to everyone, without exception, in German).

Time to move on & it just 30 Yards to cross over a short wooden footbridge over the Guilden Brook, as it makes its way from under the A10 to the River Mel. Here another Short Cut was offered up off to the west, but everyone continued north-westward for 140 Yards to reach a CHK.

A CHK was found not too far from the railway level crossing, as well as the infamous bridge for the River Mel that TBT OBE cracked his head open on, where the footpath passes underneath. This is the reason that Mr X was now wearing the saddle-bag of the First Aid Kit! Thankfully TBT OBE didn't make it that far for any action replays.

Where's Wally crossed the level crossing, but there was no Trail over there, even though "On!" sounded like it had been called from the north of the tracks. So, a turn back to see that the likes of FWB, Sludge, Underfelt, TBT OBE, Secret Squirrel, Paxo, DWSS, No Eye Deer, Lemming & Soggy Butt were all heading along by the River Mel on the same footpath that My Lil', Flanders & Pebbledash were espied ambling along from those waiting at the Held CHK.

Mother, Mr X, Flying Solo, Moss Key Toe & Where's Wally? now made their way by the main body of the Hash, thankfully the bone-dry path was wide enough to pass on the 400 Yards weaving in & out along the River Mel's course, before the route narrowed to go underneath the A10 to reach a CHK by a wooded section south of the by-pass.

From the CHK there were two options either side of the small, elongated patch of woodland, with Flying Solo searching the western, Millenium Orchard side, while Moss Key Toe searched to the east on the path of soft underfoot wood-chippings that stayed by the River Mel. Flying Solo was surprised as both Trails met up again at the southern tip of the wood.

The Trail was picked up by the waterway, then it moved out on to the edge of the 'Field of Dreams' as the local Melbourn FC's pitches are named. A 100 Yards along to the southern tree-line to nip through the end of the tree-line,

by the flying saucer of a sheltered seat Where's Wally? went to inspect.

Now out into Back Field, there were a few small kids out & about with their mum's on an 'Easter Egg Hunt', there were A4 posters with Letters posted on certain trees & furniture around the larger area of the Park. Mother, with Buster, FWB & Flying Solo posed for a picture by the Letter 'E egg stop' as Mr X again remembered that someone had to take some pictures, in the absence of our regular Hash-Flashes. He also took a picutre for DWSS of the King Charles III Coronation Bench

185 Yards around the edge of Back Field, Where's Wally? was spotted searching down by Mel on bend in river, but the Trail continued around the perimeter to run along the western edge, suddenly the Trail took to a south-westward enclosed passageway out to Station Road.

The FRBs only managed a few feet up toward the centre of town, where there was just a glimpse up the road at the bright red stable-like doors of the 'Old Fire Station' before crossing the road. All were taken off on to Dolphin Lane.

The Keenies finally caught up with Flanders & Pebbledash, but there was no sign of My Lil' on the pleasant 480 Yard trot on curved lane of desirable homes, where some of the locals were making the most of the fine weather, out trimming their hedges & bushes [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]



A CHK was located where dolphin Lane joins the High Street, opposite the Dolphin Pub, although it was open there was not time for a Beer Stop in the oldest of the two surviving village Pubs. [It opened in 1818! – Ed] Flying Solo was the only one to go off the wrong way, heading out of town to be called back by Mr X as marked the CHK to where Moss Key Toe, Where's Wally? & Soggy Butt were spotted disappearing off between two old thatched cottages.

Trail picked up again, now to the nor-nor-east until double arrows directed over to the almost hidden Meeting Lane, here the Pack began to bunch up again, with Secret Squirrel, Paxo, Sludge, Underfelt, TBT OBE, DWSS & Lemming all reaching the single-track very narrow old lane the others had disappeared down.

A Victorain chocolate box scene lay ahead, with more small cottages along the 145 Yards to come out through the two sections of the grave yard for the United Refund Church, beyond the railings was an Easter-egg Tree. Something that reminded Pebbledash of her Christmas Tree, which is decorated with souvenir items she & Pepé buy on their travels.

The Pack moved on, away from the Black Horse Pub, although it was open there was no time for a Beer Stop! For just a few yards up Orchard Road, the On Inn was found, then 160 Yards more the Trail turned on to New Road where it was an amble back to Chez 3D et Slug, where Sally & Buster still had the energy to chase each other, zooming around the garden, when he wasn't skinning the fur from off of the balls. [Tennis Balls! – Ed]

Alfresco dining would be the order of the afternoon, with 3D cooking several very nice Cassoulets, one was almost vegan for our Faketerian, while the others dishes were more traditional. It was a case of Women & Veggies First, a cue for TBT OBE to move the fastest he had all day & be one of the first into the Kitchen, this was followed by 'Weeping toes & old womens' infections' before, finally, the men, but there was no need to panic as there was plenty to go around, enough for seconds!

While dining, DWSS was on 'the windup' about Apollo Moon landings being fake, even though Chandrayaan-2, which is in a low-level orbit around the Moon, has captured images of Apollo 11 LM Landing stage of Tranquillity Base & other landing sights. Still, it made a change from Lemming going on about My Lil' wearing 'New Shoes' for another week, which if Lemming had been attending more times in the last month, he'd know that the foot-wear in question had been on several Hashes before, as were the flipflops he had now changed in to.

One round of food out of the way & it was time for the Easter-egg hunt to start, as Buster now patrolled 3D & Slug's back garden, cheekily taking ownership of the enclosed space, & barking at anything he could hear having the cheek to pass by on the other side of the fence!

Eggs gathered & the Circle was called, with the Hares of Slug & Port as Hares doing a sterling job, setting the Trail. Then there was Lemming, whose pooch now owns this back garden! There were no anniversaries, just an infection or two to get out of the way with My Lil' a softie, since he was driving! Flying Solo was called forward for being cat-like in the bough of the tree, Mr X joined her (If one RA drinks, all RAs Drink!) as well as his sorting out of the weather, which still wasn't as good as the Malaysian Weather Moss Key Toe had come back from, so he joined also them for a Down-Down.

Then we had Pebbledash, who, after Pepé le Pew decided to get himself wedged into a Lorry for an hour or more before they extracted him, had to quite literally push her wifely-duties to the limit, the *limit* being right up to the Wedding Ring as she applied Pepé's suppositories as he couldn't reach with his left arm! [A nice thought to leave you with! – Ed]

After the Down-Downs it was time for the Sweets, with Flander's Pavlova, No Eye Deer's Crumble; Mother's Fruit Cake [No, not Lemming! – Ed] as well as small cakes & a Cheeseboard, with a nice Cheddar, a Red (Cough!) Leicester & a great smoked Cheese Ketchup would have been proud to have sourced!

At one point, Mr X thought that he had won a bottle of Prosecco as it was handed to him, but it turned out that it was only passed along to him to uncork it!

Thankfully Slug went in to fetch the last bit of his home-made Blackberry Port, as well as a very nice home-made Sloe Gin, which really did compliment the Cheese & Biscuits, as the Cheeseboard would be brought outside
A great Day, Great Weather, Great Company & Great Food



Max

@

My mom and dad went to a sip and paint class and I think it went well.

