

Herts  
 Hash  
 House  
 Harriers  
**Herts official Website: [hertsHash.co.uk](http://hertsHash.co.uk)**

Run No. 2210  
 Date: Monday 20<sup>th</sup> April 2026  
 Venue: The Chequers  
 Location: Wareside  
 Beers/Cider: Otter; Theakston's Best  
 Hare/s: Paxo  
 Runners: 11  
 Virgins: 0  
 Visitors: 0  
 Newies: 0  
 Après: 0  
 Hash Hounds: 3  
 Total:14  
 Membership: Suffering from Monday Blues



**Exclusive:**

Lemming still has a comb  
 he's kept for 40 Years!  
 He told Mother "I just  
 can't seem to part with it!"

**My girlfriend tried to get me to have sex on  
 the bonnet of her Honda Civic, but if I'm  
 going to have sex, it'll be on my own  
 Accord.**

All sorts of shenanigans kept the webmaster on his toes during the week, as the Hare discovered that parking was now going to be an issue due to an event at the Village Hall. In the absence of the Hare Raiser, the Web Master had to email & post on the Facebook page to the Hash that parking spaces were now down to the small Pub car park or the local School wherever that was?

Perhaps all of the messaging put some off? As only a small Pack gathered at the old black & white timbered Pub. The early arrivals of My Lil' & Mr X caught the Lynx Bus over to find the Hare standing outside the Pub, which is covered in scaffolding, they only had a few minutes to wait until the Barmaid arrived to open up at 18:00Hrs.

Time for a quick pint before the rest arrived & the Circle was called, then just as Fliptop was going through the motions [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Mark E Mark & Lobby Lobster arrived in their campervan, they were soon on their way out due to the last remaining space being deemed too small to park up in, even though Tent Packer managed to moor up his barge.

With no Hash Flashes about for another couple of weeks, TBT OBE took it upon himself to do the pre-Trail faffing about in taking the opening pictures of the Hash outside of the Chequers, failing dismally as there is no name at the rear of the Pub, the only Pub name in sight was that of the former Red Lion set in the upper floor wall of the now home, an old building that almost backs on to the Chequers car park.

Fliptop got the welcome out of the way as it had gone the hour. This week's Hare was very twitchy, was it eagerness to get on with the Trail? Or was it that there was no mobile signal at the Chequers & he had to go 'mobile-phone cold turkey' for over an hour? Probably a combination of both!

The Pack heard the low-down on what was to be encountered out on Trail. Short Cuts being mentioned received the usual cheer from the Pack, it being a 'Short Trail' also had a rousing welcome, then the low & the boos came when it was mentioned that there would be no Sweet Stop! Of other interest was an encounter with Alpacas!

While Mark E Mark & Lobby cruised around looking for a parking space, the Pack set off & immediately found a CHK by the north by north-west footpath running away from almost beside the former Red Lion, this was favourite option for My Lil', Secret Squirrel, TBT OBE, Where's Wally & Soggy Butt to head toward the Nimney Bourne & Holy Trinity Church. However, Mr X & Tent Packer were not so convinced as they searched up the steeply rising Scholars Hill, a narrow single-track lane, where Mr X found Dust & he called "On!"

The Pace was slow as the Trail advanced some 270 Yards up the hill, passing some nice olde worlde cottages on the way to the plateau, where a large worn patch to the side of the lane opposite one of the afore mentioned cottages, Mr X thought that Mark E Mark could have easily have parked up there.

The next CHK was found at a split in Scholars Hill Lane, only two options from here, stick with the tarmac lane or head off on to the drive to Cooks Farm where after 140 Yards Mr X arrived at the next CHK with three options. One was away to the downhill path of the delightfully named off-road Hogstrough Lane running within the tree-line, heading toward where Secret Squirrel, Where's Wally?, Soggy Butt, & My Lil' had first set off along by the Nimney Bourne.

As seen on Mile 4 of the Boston Marathon



Mr X & Where's Wally? Didn't consider Hogstrough Lane & carried on toward some 230 Yards to the farm buildings but no Dust was found on this northeastern route, where a guy was walking his 'Racing Snake' [It's a Dachshund! – Ed] So, they did an about turn to see that My Lil', TBT OBE, Secret Squirrel & Tent Packer were back at the CHK & now descending the Hogstrough Lane.

Soggy Butt was turned around & she too headed off down toward the Nimney Bourne in the valley as the Hare stopped & came back up from Hogstrough Lane, claiming that he had forgotten to mark the CHK for Mark E Mark & Lobby Lobster! It was a 235 Yards below the level of the fields on either side to reach two wooden footbridges over the Nimney Bourne, one heading southwest to the footpath searched at the very start, the other bridge heading northwest to Babbs Green where the Old Fox used to be.

As Mr X arrived at the footbridges & he found My Lil' coming back on the Wareside bridge, while Secret Squirrel returned over the Babbs Green one, then Mr X pointed out the small, slightly wonky T's chalked on the uprights of both bridges, to be fair they may have been construed as being crap chalk arrows!

A trudge up the hill again lay ahead, eventually the slog brought the caught out lost sheep on to the plateau, here the Hare was found coming back from the south-eastern section of the Hogstrough Lane, the proper Trail took to this section that runs along the bottom of one field that was home to the Alpacas, which were according to the signage 'Not to be fed!' then finally emerge out on to a short spur of tarmac that joins Scholars Hill Lane beside the Alms Houses on Helham Green.

Back to the main Scholars lane & this took a large arcing turn of 330 Yards, passing New Blenheim Cottages, with the last section being a nice & easy downhill trot to Wareside Lodge, one of the wrought iron gated entrances to Blakesware. With no entry to the old House possible, double arrows directed the Hash on along the old B1004, as it heads eastward toward Widford.

Up ahead of the Keenies were Lobby Lobster, Mark E Mark & Fliptop with their pack of pooches, as well as the Hare. The Keenies would slowly make up lost ground on the dog-walkers as they completed the 540 yards to reach the sharp bend in the B1004 by Widford Lodge, another route in to Blakesware, again this was unaccessible to the public.

Care was needed here as the Hash had to pick their way by the remains of the smashed-up brick wall, that the armco barrier doesn't protect from out-of-control boy-racers, stepping between the bricks behind the red ringway barriers &\* the remains of the brickwork wall, below which on a sharp drop sits the Coal-yard, the company there still sells solid fuels on the end of what was the end of Widford Station on the 'Bunt' as the Buntingford Branch-line was affectionally known.

The vigilant Pack crossed to the footpath off of the elbow in the sharp S-bend, With all parking issues at venue, Mr X caught Lynx bus over to save on car parking, & to have a couple of Ales, but he & My Lil' still required a lift back to Ware or Hertford & recalling he owed Lobby Lobster £6, as he passed by her he craftily said that he had left the cash on the Bar in Hertford Spoons in a cheeky attempt to cadge a lift back with her & Mark E Mark.

The footpath led up to the wooded bank to the crop fields that lay to the south of the former railway line. This was the start of another long stretch on hard underfoot conditions, leading some 550 Yards on what would have been the route of the branch-line to the southwest. A CHK was found just over a wooden footbridge in a hedgerow ditch.

Where's Wally? My Lil' & Soggy Butt were now well ahead of the rest of the Hash as they chose the correct option of the two, sticking by the edge of the green hillside to climb up to the southwest, there was an obvious excavation by a large animal, the burrow being far too large to be that of a Lemming.

Yes, My Lil' is back to FRBing, having recovered from his ingrowing toenail, amongst other maladies. The Keenies were soon over the crown of the ridge & the Trail dropped back down to the level of the River Ash, it was a lovely panorama from the top of the hill to look south-westward over the valley on such a nice sunny evening.

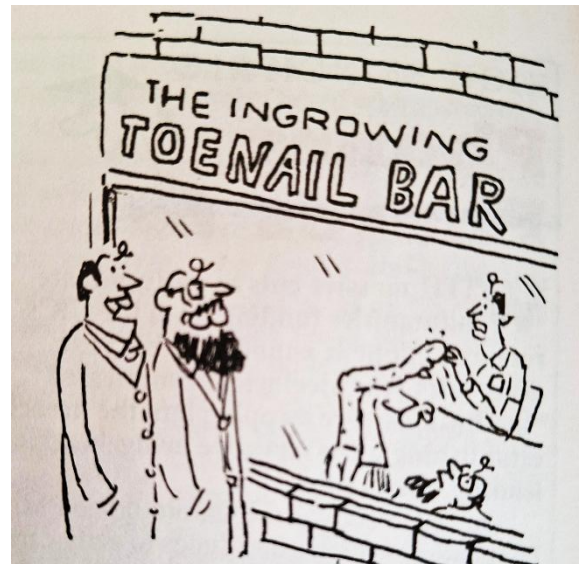
185 Yards down the grassy section to reach the next CHK, situated by the River Ash, here the Trail was rapidly picked up to the northwest option of the three footpaths, the others were to head south of the River Ash, or due south toward the Hoghams Plantation.

The Trail would cross over the dry dusty track of what was the old Branch-line & take to the footpath that hugs the riverbank of the Ash. The route soon rose high above the water & would weave in & out, north-westward, westward & north-westward again several times above the serpentine course of the Ash below.

Around 200 Yards more along the river's course to where the Hash would reach a wooden footbridge spanning the river Ash, at this point it was quite a drop to the water, at the other end of the bridge everyone was surprised to see 'On Inn' chalked on the wooden rails supported by the balustrades! [Careful Pebbledash! – Ed]

The Trail would follow the Ash for a final 250 Yards, crossing by the bone-dry ford, then the Trail broke away to head back up to the B1004 & emerge by what was the 'Temprance Hall' in Wareside, thankfully the building has since been repurposed as a private house.

Reaching this point & the Hash realised that it really was a short Trail, so short that everyone was back by ten to the hour! This left Mark E Mark thinking that he spent more time trying to get parked up than he did out on Trail? The Scribe said that at least it would be a short write up, saving time & paper.



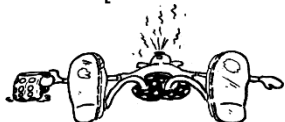
Well, My Lil', they've cornered the market!

Back in the Pub & thinking he had fallen on hard times, Mark E Mark was offered to have a Pint bought for him after being seen walking around in the Bar with the Pub's 'dog water bowl' turns out the water wasn't actually for him!

With food ordered before the Hash set off, Down-Downs were dealt with pretty quickly, once Deputy Hash Cash had collect the shrapnel & the Hash Beer the Ales for the Circle. So, the Hare was rewarded for a short but sweet(less) Trail! One anniversary this week as Lobby Lobster received her blingy pink 200<sup>th</sup> Run cap, she actually achieved her 200th a couple of weeks back.

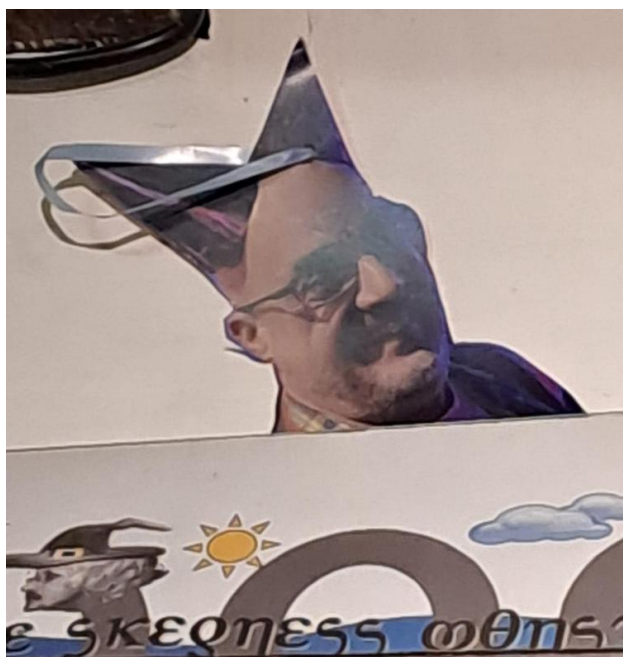
Also up for a Down-Down was Mark E Mark for being reduced to having to drink dog-water! Where's Wally? Received his for admitting that he did his own Fish-hook, once he realised it was going to be that short a Trail, which put the wind up those who were running toward him. No soon as the Circle was finished than the delicious food came out, which went down well at a different type of hog's trough as the nose-bagging began!

Secret Squirrel let slip that she hands the ~~weekly~~ weekly Trash over to her mum, for her to read [Her mum must have some good taste? – Ed], when she wasn't showing the RA a picture in one of the smaller side bars of what she believed was him? [Handsome chap! – Ed]



**EVER** wondered who it is making those smells in the next cubical next to you? Simply whistle a catchy tune such as the *A-Team* theme and wait for the smelly bastard to reveal himself back in the office with the tune stuck in his head for the rest of the day.

*Irish Chris Northwich*

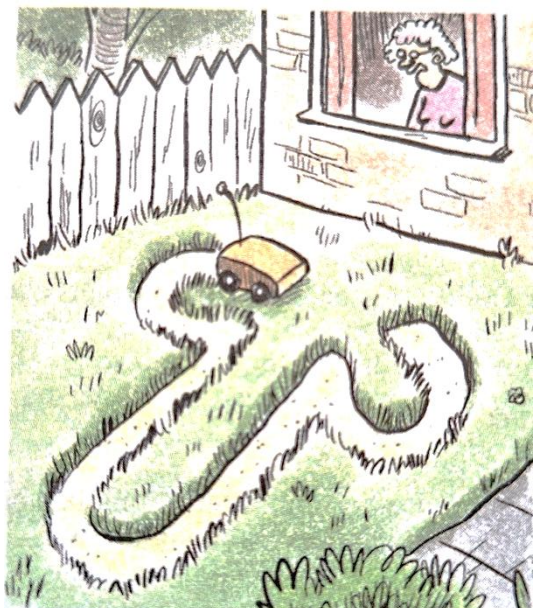


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Oh, Sludge, I think Pebbledash has hacked your robot lawn-mover