

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

Run No. 2222/23/24
Date: Friday 17th - Sunday 19th July 2026
Venue: The Dolphin Hotel
Location: St Ives
Beers/Cider: Lots in different venues
Hare/s: My Lil X
Runners: 18
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 4
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 23
Membership:



So, we reached the 2222 weekend, unfortunately Sis & Fliptop couldn't make the weekend due to unforeseen circumstances, & it also looked like one of the Hares wasn't going to be there either, with two Family illnesses, but in a last-minute upturn in health he managed to get away.

There were many early arrivals, as the Hares found out after they returned from setting the Trail, with a large group lounging out on the riverside terrace of the Dolphin Hotel, overlooking the picturesque Quayside in St Ives. Sadly, the hotel bar no longer does Real Ales, but ever able to adapt the majority went for Inches Cider on tap. Thankfully Pebbledash wasn't there as DWSS ordered just a meagre half an Inches! [Fnaar! Fnaar! - Ed] Even the Barmaid had a wry smirk on her face!

Rooms sorted & the Hares washed, time came around for the Hares to finish their pints & chalk the Pub Crawl Trail, before they became too comfortable & seized up. Mr X would mark the Trail in a series of different coloured chalks, which he explained he purchased, in good faith, from fIEbay as 'Jumbo Chalks', as used instead if plasterboard on the Hash. Well, they were normal sized coloured chalks but the packets were sellotaped together to make the parcel seem longer, unlike the thin & stubby contents.

Friday's Pub Crawl would head out early, being the 222 Trail, the Hares were both wearing Red tu-tus, most of the rest didn't brave such things, while others blamed whoever was supposed to buy a load from fIEaBay?

On their way out to the Seven Wives, as in the famous rhyme, the Hares passed by some local kids, expecting some sarky comments, they were surprised to hear "I like your tu-tu!" from two of the lads, they (wrongly) were expecting some kind of abuse.

It was a bit of a hike out, around one klick, & there were plenty of "Are we there yet?" comments along the way on this hot & sultry evening.

The Seven Wives was noisy & busy with a kids' party happening in the Pub's back garden, judging on the numbers of kids running loose they could have been the offspring of the Seven Wives? The rhyme also carries the argument over which St Ives was mentioned within, this St Ives in Cambridgeshire or the one way down in deepest, darkest Cornwall?

But disaster loomed, for upon entry to the bar the Hare spotted that both hand-pumps had their Ale-badges turned around, there was no Real Ale! [Surely the kids didn't drink all of the booze? - Ed] as DWSS was about to make the Pack laugh again as enjoy another half Inches of Cider.

Moss Key Toe quickly noticed that the kids' Tubz, sweet machine, had taken a hammering with a couple of sprogs scrabbling of the last few pots, something that wouldn't have happened on his watch! [No way José! -Ed]

While others enjoyed their cool refreshing Ciders, Moss Key Toe now pondered on the power of the square of the total number of Wives, Cats & Kits getting larger & larger. My Lil' & Mr X still couldn't get over that both hand-pump badges were turned around, they had Ales on their last reconnoitre!

There was a good turnout for the first Pub, but soon it was time to move on, the Trail was now marked in a different coloured chalk, with the out Trail being crossed out when it was encountered. Weaving our way up a series of back-passages, & around a nice

Exclusive:

Plastic Surgeon suspended for using Helium instead of Silicone during breast surgery!

Hospital Spokesman says "It all went tits up!"



AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES,
I MET A MAN WITH SEVEN
WIVES,

EACH WIFE HAD SEVEN
SACKS,

EACH SACK HAD SEVEN CATS,

EACH CAT HAD SEVEN KITS:

KITS, CATS, SACKS, AND
WIVES,

HOW MANY WERE THERE
GOING TO ST. IVES?

green space to emerge back out on to the edge of the Market Square, passing the statue of Oliver Cromwell (Warts an' all) over to the Swan & Angel, the local 'Spoons.

Here the Hash enjoyed the decent Ruby Mild & those using the facilities would clamber the creakiest staircase in the world, though some of the Hash did wonder if it was their knees making the noises & not the steps? To save Jen 'N' Tonic the climb up the 'creaky stairs', & after she admitted she left her RADAR key behind, luckily Mr X had one for his mum, to allow access to the bar-level loo. On the subject of Loos, on Sunday, after the Circle, Milf found a Treasure Hunt pamphlet & Herts Trash in the Ladies Loo! We can safely narrow out a couple of our Harriettes as to the Culprit!

Next Pub on the Crawl was the Golden Lion, the large hotel & preferred eating stop for Juices Flowing & Parson' Nose with others of the 'gastro cognisers' of the Herts Hash. Here they have one of the 'almost Local' Papworth Ales as a regular on offer, 'Off the Lip' was a good 'West Coast Pale' pint, ideal for a hot day, & at a reasonable price!

When the Pack moved on, there was another change of coloured chalk, progressing back over the Market Square just a short way to the Royal Oak. DWSS was in & out of here, as he had been told about the excellent local Chippie across the road. Or, perhaps it was 3D's comments about Slug recently having a gotten over a bout of Chicken ~~Hchings~~ Pox, that inspired DWSS to leave & head to the Chippie?

Anyhow, when No Eye Deer arrived at the Royal Oak a few minutes later, DWSS was ~~dobbed in~~, (Sorry) his whereabouts was divulged to No Eye Deer, who went over to catch DWSS in the act of ordering (low calorie) Saveloy & Chips, later on over the weekend there would be a few calls of "Oi! Oi! Saveloy!" at DWSS's expense. The "Oi! Oi! Saveloy!" shouts made it seem like the 'Danny Dyer Appreciation Society' were in town.

DWSS & No Eye Deer returned to the Royal Oak, for a drink to wash down their 'Chippie Dinner' & some wonder whether DWSS gave No Eye Deer a portion [Of chips! – Ed] & bite of his large, floppy saveloy?

Having already asked a girl at the Hotel Bar for the best cab company, Mr X now spotted the T&T Taxi office, she recommended, directly across the road from the Royal Oak, so he nipped over to prebook a Taxi to take Mrs Mallet, Jen 'N' Tonic, Flanders & Hot 'N' Spicee, as well as the all-important Prosecco, Gin & Tonic, with the picnic food to the end of Saturday's A to B Trail.

Taxi Mission completed, Mr X noticed the Hot & Spicey take away! Later, he managed to persuade Hot 'N'

Spicee out for a picture, then on their return the Landlady of the Royal Oak kindly offered to take a picture of the whole Pack outside of the take-away, of course Sally was the only one not to look at the camera, seemingly bored with the Hash antics!

Pints supped & it was a short walk around the block, behind DWSS's favourite Chippie to the Nelson's Head, or the Nelly's Head as the locals in Ivo know it! This was the penultimate Pub & things were slowing down a wee bit but the Pack had finished in here by 22:00Hrs, leaving an hour for the last Pub.

A move was made back

around toward the Dolphin, some broke off & headed back, as the Trail broke off on the northern side of the ancient bridge spanning the Great Ouse, arrows now led down along the 'River Port' Quayside & on to the olde worlde & narrow Wellington Walk, where halfway along sits the Oliver Cromwell Pub.

Inside the Oliver Cromwell, already waiting for the last of the Pack, were DWSS & No Eye Deer. And the Hash thought that they had sneaked away early from the Nellie's Head to go to bed! A decent pint of Ale was had as a 'Nighty Cap' before last orders were called & the Pack had to stagger all of 200 Yards back to the Dolphin Hotel.

Saturday morning & an excellent cooked Full English, complete with two types of Piri-Piri Hot Sauce to keep Mr X & Hot 'N' Spicee happy. The kitchen staff were very attenuative, especially when it came to the Gluten Free. Flanders forget her toasting-bags, to keep her bread away for any loose gluten bread crumbs in the toaster, they did go a bit over the top with bringing lots of extra gluten free items that were too much for Flanders to eat!

Meanwhile TBT OBE had his veggie sausages cooked separately, & while this was happening, he sneaked some of the real, proper bacon from the self-service breakfast! Well it was very nice bacon.

After Breakfast Mr X & No Eye Deer set off to Morrisons to pick up the picnic & alcoholic drinks, then a slight detour to the Ferryboat Inn to see if they could leave the bags there, but as Jaquie wasn't there, understandably they had to bring the food back, where Moss Key Toe answered the social media posted request for a Cool-bag or box for transporting the food to the boat pick-up point.

Seetsa, who works on reception was a star, in fact he was a Superstar, finding us ice for the cool-box & cool-bag for the sandwiches & snacks. Then after the Hash had set off, when the T&T taxi arrived, he insisted that none of the girls should carry the heavy boxes & bags, he loaded these up into the taxi's boot. Seetsa couldn't do enough for



the Hash. Milf would have a chat with him, for he is from Lesotho a landlocked, independent Country within South Africa, it's the largest of the three Sovereign conclave.

But before that the Trail was finally ready to start & the Chalk-talk began, there were short cuts & there was a Sweets Stop, normal for Herts Hash so far, then it came to the A to B bit, the ground was dry & there were sections to be careful on with undulating ground & the possibilities of HGV's being on one section of Trail,

Saturday's Trail would begin in earnest, with arrows directing the Hash out away from the Historic St Ives Bridge, but only a few yards to the first CHK. Here the likes of Diamond Geezer & Milf headed out under the end of the hotel on a footpath it built over, with a wide arch to pass through to the Hemingford Grey Meadows, it was a Falsie.



The others were herded southwest on the high lane, raised on a stone causeway, the UK's longest with fifty-five arches keeping it above the flood plain below, some were worried about the stone walls & narrow paths on each side that TBT OBE may have toppled off to the grass below. Thankfully he stayed upright & no wobbles or toppling at all.

The second CHK was found down at the end of the flood plains, here Sludge was amongst those heading westward once again toward Hemingford Meadows, it was down to DWSS to pick up the Trail in the opposite direction, for by the

start of a single row of terraced homes, off through an old iron kissing gate he found Dust on a high raised ridge of grass, this field being home to some very large, but thankfully very docile cows, in a section of meadow enclosed by the road, the Great Ouse & the back of the homes on the west.

Diamond Geezer & Milf caught up by the time the Trail had passed through a Kissing gate to pass under Harrison Way, the by-pass road out of St Ives, on the previous occasions My Lil' had been here he had stopped for a pee, however tis time he was camera -shy & didn't stop for a leak.

Once out the Trail would pass through a wooden gate, which had several CCTV Warning signs screwed to it. The Pack was led into the northern end of the Marina of Jones' Boat Yard, with access being gained via a very steep set of steps wooden steps, a high clamber to pass over the entrance to one of the mooring pools. Some thought that the structure wobbled as they came down the equally steep decent on the other side of the waterway.

The Trail would lead out of the main gates, & on to a CHK on Low Road. Trail was found by Milf, Diamond geezer, Parson's Nose & Moss Key Toe to the southeast on Low Road for about 170 Yards, then the Trail disappeared into the tree-line between the lane & the Marina. 170 Yards on to an elbow in the path, where it turns to the northeast for 140 yards to a corresponding opposite elbow, where CCTV signs were placed in very obvious places on the short section of wooden fence.

340 Yards on along the bank of the Great Ouse, on ground that was bone dry & had some rather large cracks formed that could be ankle-turning, as Mr X found out when doing one of the reconnoitres! My Lil' said Pebbledash would have been proud of the deep cracks if she was present this weekend.

There was a slight deviation to another wooden bridge, this one not as high as the first, crossing Lake Brook on its way to join a bend in the Great Ouse, once down on the level a CHK was found. Again Milf, Diamond Geezer, Parson's Nose led the Hash on down a long Falsie to the southwest, with the Trail sticking with the banks of the Great Ouse! A Short Cut took the back markers straight over the harvest grass & cut off the protrusion in to the bend in the river the dust ran around.



550 Yards by the rivers side, which is now lined with trees & another small wooden footbridge to reach a CHK by a path off to the south by the Hall Green Brook, this would be another Falsie that caught out the same hapless ones with Diamond Geezer! The Trail continued for another 150 Yards to the next riverside CHK.

My Lil' followed on behind half of the Pack, even 3D & Slug, with Sally followed on behind Diamond Geezer, Parson's Nose, Milf, Moss Key Toe, Tent

Packer, No Eye Deer, which gave them a false sense of security, for this was another long Falsie! Mr X wondered why they kept following Diamond Geezer?

The Trail finally left the edge of the Great Ouse, heading a few degrees west of due south, running 630 Yards between two large fields before hitting a hard-capped track of 'The Fen'. A CHK here was the first big Short Cut Option, with those wanted the shortest option heading away to the northeast, on the access road that turns nor-nor-east to run on the east side of Moore Lake

The longer Trail would be picked up on a south bound footpath running down the very northern tip of Fenstanton Village, this footpath would run along behind the playing fields of the local Schools. After a couple of opposing turns around a jutting out section of school playing fields, the Trail would cut diagonally across the public playing field, complete with equipment for the Fenstanton Outdoor Gym.

From the edge of a Housing estate, the Dust ran down through the course strip of land on the opposite side of the tree-line to the homes, another CHK was found after 170 Yards. A Falsie off to the north, while the real Trail passed through the edge of the long strip of woodland, leaving the homes of Headlands behind.

Crossing another footbridge over a ditch to head due east, 265 Yards over a crop field & on to a CHK by the corner of a large area of Glass-houses. A Falsie to the south of the green houses, while the Trail was found on the unlikely looking option of heading up the edge of the rear of the glass-houses.

500 Yards on & the Trail would lead on to a Bar CHK, well that was the Hares' plans to keep the Pack together but DWSS spoilt all of that [Bah! Humbug! - Ed] by calling Diamond Geezer, Milf, Parson's Nose & Moss Key Toe back before they reached the Bar CHK, when he saw My Lil' marked the way over a flimsy looking bit of plastic bridge in a ditch to enter the cooler woodland tree canopy surrounding Elney lake.

Like the Great Ouse, the lakes were home to a lot of Dragon flies, in their various forms & sub-species, but there were not the thousands of Common Blue Damselflies that the Hares encountered a few weeks earlier on a Reconnoitre. The scenery was greener around the lakes than the brown, dry grass & crop fields.

800 Yards in the shaded spit separating Elney Lake to the east & Moore Lake to the west, on the way there were a couple of hides & numerous benches to pass. Meanwhile, Mr X was hobbling back on the Short Cut, as he marked & led the way for Toni, who was also suffering with a leg issue. With them were Tent Packer, Paxo, Juices Flowing, Secret Squirrel, TBT OBE, Canny Cant, Slug, 3D, Sally & Kylie as they advance along the Track to the west of Moore Lake, then up to the Guide Busway.

Back on the Long Trail & the Keenies made it up & out on to the Guided Bus Way, on what was the former Cambridge to St Ives Railway Branch Line, something to keep Kylie happy.

Here a CHK offered three options, cut over to the concrete bus tracks, to a footpath to the north beside the Frayton Lagoon, or head away east by southeast on the Guided Bus Way, however there was a third option of a footpath back below the northwest bound section of Bus Way, another shaded tree-lined section

After 400 Yards on the longer Trail, care was needed as there were plenty of small, trip-hazard short stumps where the undergrowth had been removed to widen the footpath. This route would reach the end of the Fen Lane Track, where the Short Cut joined the Trail back toward St Ives.

520 Yards on toward the Market Town & then Trail crossed over the Great Ouse on the Cycleway/footpath beside the Guide Bus Way bridge, the concrete & tarmac route offered a good view of the river before running for another 460 Yards to reach the next CHK.



With three options, one down the Second Drove track to the sou-sou-west between two lagoons, carry on toward St Ives Park & Ride, or cross over the CGB as the other section of Second Drove cuts through the Cement works. The Knitting Circle weren't in sight to give the Keenies any clues!

The Trail now headed through the concrete & recycling centre, this was the least scenic section of the Trail, 280 Yards up to Meadow Lane, then a southwest turn but at least there were no HGV's out & about today to turn up billows of dust. On the reccie, the trucks were out & about, they even had a special tanker being driven around watering the floor to keep the dust down, perhaps this influenced Parson's Nose to stop & do his little bit of water there?

460 Yards to a CHK by a footpath into a wooded section separating the Cement works & the Skip hire depot, it was a false into the wood that caught out Toni, as the Trail carried on Meadow Lane to its end, turning southward by the Scout Centre. The track would weave its way around below an elongated lake to the north & the Great Ouse to the south.

Out into an area of wild grassy land that had been reaped since the last of the Hares' reconnoitre, though signs warned it was private & not to stray from the marked footpath there were clearly dog-walker routes around it! Having moved eastward through a u-shaped footpath in the bend of the river, the Trail would now head nor-nor-east up by the hedgerow to cross into another meadow, where more docile bovines were spotted down by the river end.

After 310 Yards the Trail passed through another hedgerow, & on to a CHK, here the Trail crossed through the Kissing Gate to the east & then on a diagonal Path through more reaped grass up to the Marley Brook.

Over the brook & through an old metal gate to hit a short, rough concrete & tarmac rising slope, the steepest section of Trail, albeit a matter of a few yards to reach a Held CHK by St John the Baptist Church & the Holy Well, that the Village of Holywell derives its name. Thankfully Pebbledash wasn't present at Holywell-cum-Needingham!

Here there was a chance to look at the enclosed well & read the inscription. The "well" is in fact a small stone structure built over a natural spring which emerges at this point. There are several other natural springs, or chalybeates, along Holywell Front; water seeps out under the gravel bank where it meets the underlying clay. A well dressing ceremony takes place each year in June, children from the local primary school are involved in making floral garlands & decorations for the well.

It is believed to have existed at the site for around two thousand years. This spring was considered in the past to have healing properties. Toni explored the hidden wild garden, where more spring water makes the ground slightly boggy underfoot.

Eventually the Pack regrouped, most looking slightly hot & sweaty, to reach the Sweet Stop, with Mr X having a large bag of just pink & blue Aniseed Buttons, that Diamond Geezer had generously given him before the start of the Trail, which saved a lot of hassle searching for the aforementioned buttons when the Allsorts arrived, there were also Jelly Babies & Wine Gums. 3D now said that she had an idea of where the Trail was heading, to the Old Ferryboat Inn.

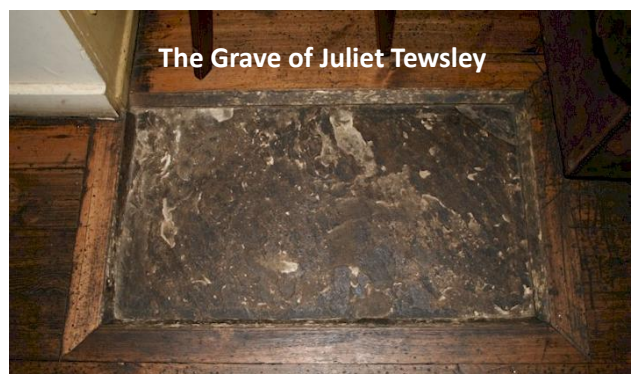
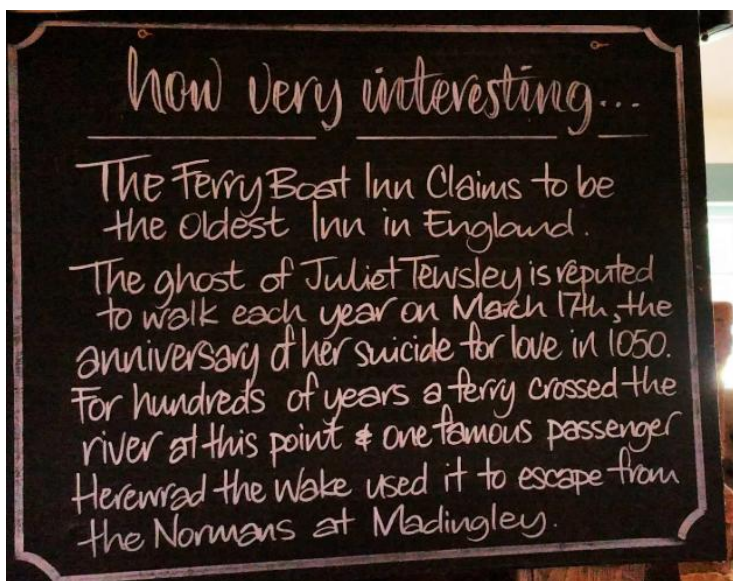
When the Trail resumed there were two choices, to head up around from the Church on Trail, or head down the narrow old lane on the Short Cut. On the 630 Yards Short Cut along Holywell Front, passing a quaint thatched complete with two thatched hounds on the apex of the roof! There was also a red post letterbox, with Yarn-bombed, kitted Noddy & Big Ears in their car on top of it.

The main Trail would not be that much further, as it ran around clockwise around on to Back Lane & then down to the On Inn, this also was a scenic route, with lovely gardens full of flowers in the Victorian Chocolate Box Village. Also, this route the Trail passed by the former Ferry Boat Inn, yes, the village once had two Ferry Boat Pubs, which must have been confusing?



Once at the On Inn, Diamond Geezer & Toni went around again on the Short Cut backwards to see the other impressive thatched roofed cottages, one had a hare, others had pheasants, as well as the very pretty flower gardens.

To the south was a large green meadow, but the Great Ouse bends back on a sharp turn to come up to a section of grassy common in front of



the Old Ferryboat Inn, a lovely old ancient black & white timbered building, so old that it claims to be the Oldest Pub in the UK. So, its up there with Ye Olde Fighting Cocks in St Albans, as well as Ye Olde Trippe to Jerusalem in Nottingham, The Bingley Arms, Yorkshire; The Royal standard,

Beaconsfield amongst many more Mr X said he has been in! The hand pulled Ferry [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] ceased operation in the 1930's.

The building is an eclectic mixture of rooms, with low oak beams for the tall ones to avoid a whack to their noggins, a case of 'Duck or Grouse'. The Old Ferry Boat Inn is also said to be haunted, local folklore is set around a jilted 17-year-old girl named Juliet Tewsley. After woodcutter Thomas Zaul rejected her affections, she hanged herself on March 17, 1050. She was buried near the river, as the Inn expanded it would become built over her grave. Today, a stone slab inside the bar marks her grave, Jaqui hasn't seen her ghost, but she has experienced a cold passage way in the heat of summer!

The Pub is now run by Jackie, who used to run the Dolphin in Melbourn, & so is a friend of 3D, Slug & Sally, so it was good for them to meet up, & Sally to have a treat from the on Bar jar of dog treats. With an excellent pint of Abbot, the hash took over one section of the large Pub Garden, the weather was perfect for it, slightly cloudy but still very warm. Mr X would ~~here~~ mention the first reconnoitre for the Saturday Trail & how it went wrong in the 38° heat as the Hares went a bit Doolally & gave up on it, having to go back a few weeks later when it was only 26°

The T&T Taxi arrived spot on time, dropping off Mrs Mallet, Hot 'N' Spicee, Jen 'N' Tonic & Flanders, more importantly it had the picnic food & the Booze! Though No Eye Deer had a concern that there was too much Booze?

After a couple of relaxing hours at the Old Ferryboat, & Mr X hag sliced up the limes & sourced the ice from Jackie, it was time for the Hash to assemble their picnic bags.

Everyone was suitably impressed with the self-service picnic set up, though a few did take a bit more but hey ho! It's the Hash. [Hey this guy had to organize 98 Buses for UK InterHash in Cardiff for Trails in Wales & England! – Ed] even Sally had her own picnic bag containing dog treats in it, something that 3D really appreciated.

Less impressive was the sight of a Hash Shirt & Pants hanging out to air in the Pub garden hedge, some thought Travellers had turned up, but the rogue clothing turned out to be Moss Key Toe's drying.

Dairy Free & Gluten Free & Veggies, then Varitarians, First, then the free-for all as brown paper bags were filled & glasses picked up for the river journey home. The Electric Boat Company's two twelve seaters arrived right on time, it was now that Mr X presented TBT OBE with a mock Sea Captain's Cap to wear on the trip back & TBT did wear the headgear.

Tent Packer jokingly assisted Mrs Mallet onboard, with a raised foot behind her back. While Mr X board his bao first, due to having a heavy bag of booze! Once everyone was on board, the boats cast off.

It Couldn't have spent a more idyllic way to idly head back to St Ives, as it was an A to B Trail, of 11.6 Kilometres for Diamond Geezer, which he pointed out to the Hares!

The journey back would be a far more relaxing affair, but first the Hash had to make up their paper picnic bags, selecting their sarnies & picky-bits set out on the outside tables before heading over the green space in front of the Pub, where they Hash would split into two groups, with a Hare on each boat as Alcohol servers.

Rosé Prosecco, & in flute glasses complete with raspberries & ice, or G&T's with slices of lime to compliment the picnic bags. However, when Mr X untwisted & removed the muselet on the first bottle of Prosecco the cork flew out with such force it cleared the boat & was last seen drifting down stream on the Great Ouse!

Having seen Mr X launch a Prosecco cork into the river, Moss Key Toe said "Hand me that, I know how to do it properly, as everyone else covered their eyed, & lucky they did, for as soon as he had un-twisted the wire muselet there was sudden pop & the caboodle shot up but at least it landed in the boat!

One of the Boats was named 'Meander' while Paxo & Teebs were on board the other named 'Whisper' or as one wit said "Careless Whisper, more like!" Back onboard the Whisper, Secret Squirrel was doing her best Titanic impression, others were happy that, our very own Uncle albert, TBT OBE was not in 'Captain Edward Smith Mode' as the ice was passed around for the drinks.

In the interest of some Hash Pictures, Kylie carefully put one of his sausage-rolls down, on the steps into the boat, it wasn't there for long, for as he took photos of some of the waterfowl, Sally spotted the unguarded sausage-roll, in she darted & said snack was gone in a flash, much to Kylies consternations.

The Skipper of Mr X's boat was very informative about the Great Ouse, as the electric boat almost silently moved up river. The Water quality impressed the Hash, but its way from perfect. The different types of bird life were mentioned, though the Skipper did mention that the Hash were far too noisy to have a chance of glimpsing a





Who else can now hear 'My Heart will go on'?

kingfisher! Perhaps Sally had spotted one, for a few times she looked as if she was ready to leap overboard, thankfully she didn't.

It was a splendid hour & 20 minutes, although there were no visible kingfishers, the following were 'twitched' or is it 'Birded'? Grebes, Herons, Swans, Egyptian Geese, Coots amongst the water fowl, to name a few. A great perspective to appreciate the river the Hash had run along from a completely different, lower angle, down by the reeds & the waterfowl, with crystal-clear sections where fish could be spotted.

The boats swapped the lead a couple of time prompting Mr X to shout out "The other boat sucks!" Then they vessels reached the guillotine lock at the Marina. Kylie clambered out & up the side of the lock wall to do a David Bailey & capture some

dynamic shots above the boats as the waters rose to the next level.

At the Lock TBT OBE & Paxo received a telling off from their Skipper, for they were at the bows & had decided to do a schoolboy thing of rocking the boat. Probably to the Hughs Corporation song? Baby!

Of course there is always one, & that one had to be sat by a large red button, a button that kills the electricity supply to the motors, can you guess who couldn't resist pressing the Big Red Knob? [Steady Pebbledash, Here's a clue, his Hash Name is an anagram of OBE TBT! – Ed]

Out of the lock & on by the edge of the Marina for a very wide section where the bridge is & the boats berthed at the Quayside, with many having thanked the Skippers & all of the rubbish was off-loaded.

Down-Downs were carried out in the meadow behind the Hotel, these would definitely be a punishment for everyone, being from the cans of Coors, at least it was still cool, as the Beer Master tried his best to knock the gas out if it, the crate of tinned beers unfortunately comes as part of the Morrisons Sandwich Deal, they sell, at a loss, 112 Tins for around £5!

Anyhow, the Circle slowly formed. The Down-Downs began with the

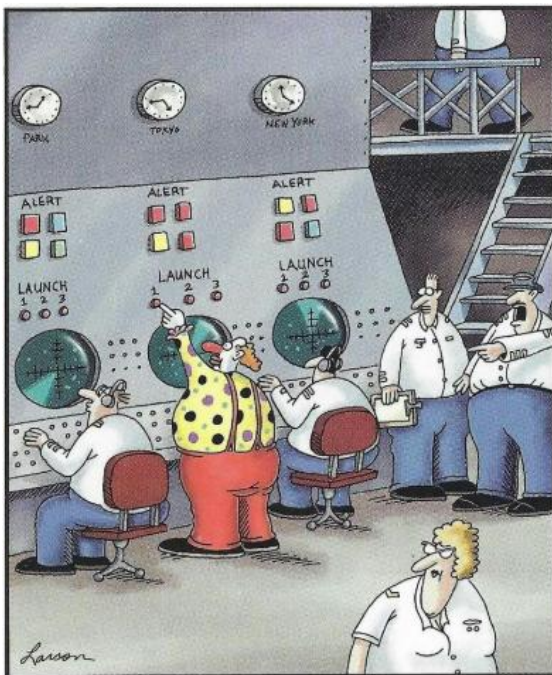


Hares being rewarded for the Days Trail, Picnic & River Boat Trip Home! Things moved on our 'Hash Commodore' as TBT OBE was rewarded for putting a stop to the boats engine by pressing the Big Red Button, to which he got a 'Stupid Hat song to accompany his Hit! Passing civilians were now amused & bemused at the sight & sound of the Hash Circle.

Hot 'N' Spicee was called out after claiming that she didn't need to sign the Hash Book, for she has a picture of herself outside of the Hot & Spicey Restaurant on Friday Night. She was followed by Diamond Geezer who managed to have a bottle of Prosecco stuck to one hand nearly all of the river trip! He was not alone as Secret Squirrel *pointed* out that Parson's Nose had similar Prosecco mits.

Being an al inclusive Hash, Moss Key Toe was caled forward as a representative of the Travelling Community, after drying his vest & pants out on the garden hedge of the Old Ferry Boat Inn! He was followed by Sally, who had to have a representative of her slack owners, who allowed her to blatantly steal Kylie sausage-roll, of course he would join 3D & Slug in the Circle for a Hit.

Sludge was out for going off for a Park Run early this morning, he deserved this for dragging dog-poop into the Circle on the bottom of his Hahs shoes! Back to the boat trip & the picnic, No Eye Deer was out for helping fetch the food & drink form Morrisons, even if our Hash Cash did think we had too much booze! She was joined by Toni for a last-minute Dairy Free request, which was



"Hev! What's that clown think he's doing?"

fulfilled by the Mismanagement!

Tent Packer for his mock kicking of Mrs Mallet on to one of the boats, as well as for the Haberdashery for the weekend. DWSS was out for being in the last Pub on Friday, then being seen on a very long walk out to wear of his hang-over. Paxo, was called out for having blindingly white bits at the end of his legs, wear the sun doesn't shine on the golf course.

The Circle was closed with a Hash rendition of 'Swing low sweet chariot!' Some popped back to the Oliver Cromwell for an Ale or two before coming back to get changed for Dinner, with the dining room to ourselves. The meals were good, especially the sweets that followed.

No disco after dinner, but Milf managed to get a large number of the Pack around one of the large tables, here they took part in the Hand slapping game. Supposedly, the participants take turn in slapping their now interlocked hands down in order, which can change direction at anytime by a double knock!

It ended up resembling something akin to a drunk seance, it may well have been, as due to alcohol consumption a few seemed to be in another world. The state some of the Hash were in, they may well have been trying to contact Oliver Reed & Peter O'Toole?

As the game progressed, Mr X had a few difficulties in knowing which was his hand & when to hit the table. Looking across the tale, the thought that Toni had large hands, hands that King Charles III would be proud of! The knocking on the table sounded like a game of West Indian Dominoes at times, thankfully the next game was introduced by Diamond Geezer & he had the table playing 'Bunnies' which was less noise, less bashing of the table, less bruised hands.

The evening ended with the England v France world cup third place game, many had drifted away as England went four nil up, not realising what lay ahead, in the end it was 6-4 to Engerrllaaand! [I did think of quoting some Henry V, but that would be churlish! Ed] The less said about Wales against South Africa in the Rugby the better as far as Diamond Geezer was concerned.

Sunday morning & some went to stretch their legs over the meadows after another excellent breakfast, one where Juices Flowing 'fessed up to a jolt that activated her smartwatch into dialling 999, thinking she could have bene involved in an accident.

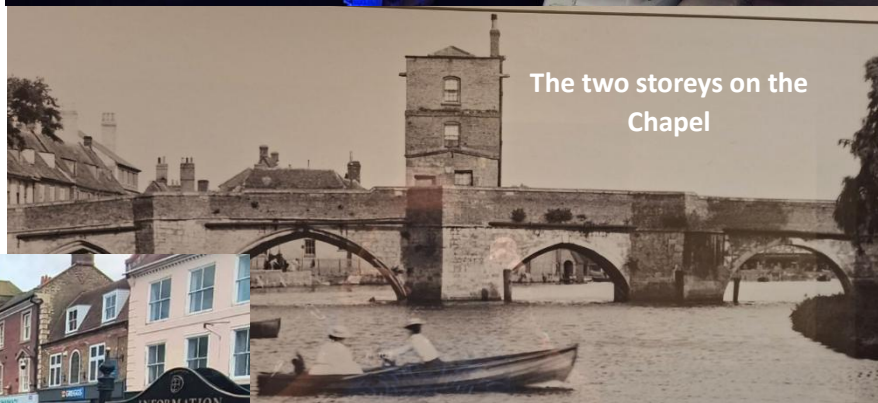
It soon came around to Circle up & there was a good-sized Pack, considering the Booze consumed over the last two days. The Pack circled up & the Hare explained what was to happen. Sunday's Trail was a mix of Herts Hash Markings for a short way around the back-streets from the Quayside.

When the Hare set this he followed Moss Key Toe most of the way around as he went in search of a newspaper! Anyhow, it was normal Herts Markings for the first leg, with one Held CHK, which was the sweet stop, from there on a Treasure Hunt would begin. The Pack set off, & it was a slow start as

they had been informed that the Bridge Chapel was open, & that it was worth a look into this small stone building set upon one side of the bridge. So, everyone popped in to have a look.

Aptly for the Hash, the Chapel was once a Pub of Ill-repute, called Little Hell! In 1425 the Stone Bridge was completed to replace an earlier wooden one, a year later in 1426 the Chapel was added, being dedicated to St Leger, making 600 years old this year. Oliver Cromwell blew up a part of the bridge, all to have a draw-bridge added to prevent Royalist Forces to cross the Great Ouse.

The Chapel closed after the dissolution of the Monasteries to become a



The two storeys on the Chapel



private residence, a Pub, a place where pigs were kept in the cellar at one time, it had two extra stories added but by the 1930's it was realised the building was pulling away from the rest of the bridge, so the decision was made to remove them & stabilize the bridge. It was made back into a Chapel, one of only four bridge Chapels to survive in the UK.

Lots of photos were taken, as well as heeding the warning of the tiny stone steps to the

'cellar' & the fact only five people at a time are allowed on the open floored platform, to prevent it breaking off of the wall!

The Pack would amble around to the Quayside, on a loop down by the Oliver Cromwell, then up from Wellington Street to the Ridings & Priory Road, with four CHKs thrown in before the Hash came around to Market Hill & over to the Statue of Oliver Cromwell, warts 'n' all!

With the Pack divided into various random teams, each were given a Treasure Hunt pamphlet & then off they went, with the RA's words of "It's not a competition, the Hash is non-competitive!" ringing in their ear, but these words of advice were soon discarded! I will not mention in any detail where the Treasure Trail went, or reveal Clues & answers, not to spoil it for anyone who wants to have a go in the future.

Some of the clues were easy, if you took some notice of the Friday Evening Pub Crawl route [How many did that, apart from the Hares? - Ed] the Bible Orchard was one stop.

Milf was now acting like a BSM ordering her 'orrible little group of Juices Flowing, Mr X, Moss Key Toe & Juices Flowing, who were behaving like a Concert Party, to move at the double, while Mr X kept, deludedly repeated "It's not a competition!" As she had her group marching across the green, yes, the very on the Pub Crawl had gone by to reach a clue by the Pavilion.

There was one clue stop that caught everyone out as the groups looked for a Theatre! TBT OBE tried to find the clue via his mobile phone, but thankfully it couldn't be answered as Mr X would have classed that as Cheating! [That kind of thing should be kept to the golf course! No Rough patches were flattened down for an advantage on this Hash! - Ed]

On retracing their steps, a long way toward the previous clue, the answer was pointed out & Milf began to say to her group "I told you it was there, I told you it was there!" [It's quite hard to jog along & read the pamphlet at the same time! - Ed]

Later on the RA would discover that there was some 'skulduggery' taking place on the Treasure Hunt, Slug who had Sally with him, walked her up to another group, earwigged what the answer to the Clue was, then reported back to his group when they arrived!

The Treasure Taril now headed back & went around the Hash Trail out at the start, a bit of familiar territory. The Hare had predicted that this maty happen, marking a '?' under a stone wall with a historic plaque on it.

The Trail ended back by Old Ironside's Statue, where the 'Luvly Boys! Luvly Boys 'n' Girls' of 'Team BSM Milf' were first to complete the Treasure Hunt [The RA confirmed this! - Ed] so it was a short walk over to the Swan & Angel, where the Circle would be held out in the rear terraced garden. [We will have to get her a 'Crown & Cluster' for her forearm, perhaps a tattooed version? - Ed]

Going into 'Spoons meant that 3D, Slug & Sally couldn't join the rest of the Pack, with 'Spoons no pooch policy, some said that they ought to have a no kids policy after a certain hour of the day. Kylie was the only one happy with this situation, just in

case he ordered any sausage based microwavable dishes from the kitchen, no sausage thief present, unless you count TBT OBE?

In 'Spoons the groups eagerly awaited No Eye Deer's confirmation of the Murderer & the weapon, but first it was worked out that we had walked about three miles in two hours! Finally, No Eye Der called the number on the Treasure Hunt to check the answers & then she announced to the Pack two completely different choices, the crowd erupted like an angry Argentinian Football Team & were vocally not very happy with, what was obviously, a very dry joke on all the rest of us. All teams had the correct answer, which placated the Hash.

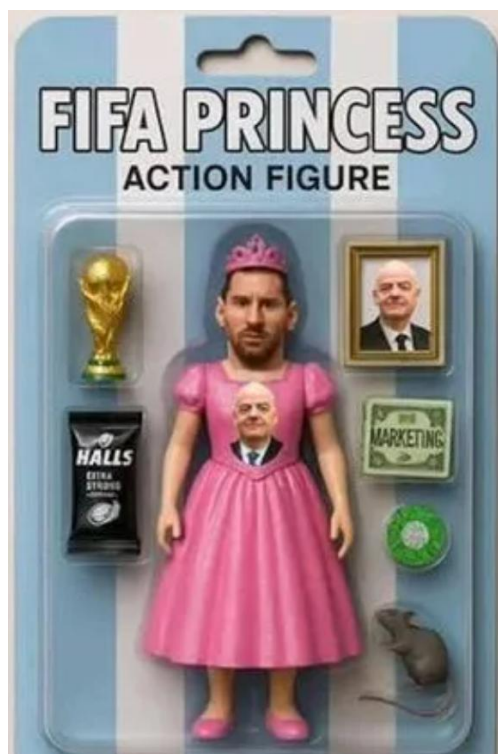
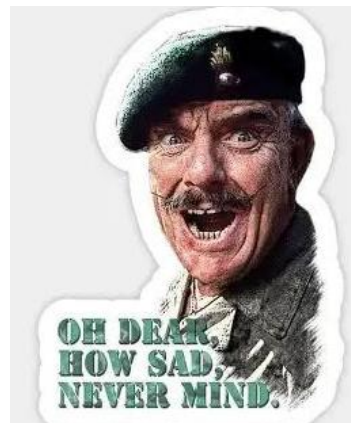
The final Circle was called saw the Hare, Mr X, being applauded for the work put in for the weekend, he was rewarded, along with No Eye Deer for sourcing the very enjoyable treasure hunt. [Next time, can No Eye Deer source a non-competitive version? - Ed]

No Eye Deer was concerned about the volume of the Pack, so the songs were kept really quiet, almost whisper. Other Kits were TBT OBE for failed use of technology on the Treasure Hunt. Milf & Diamond Geezer for both of the entertaining games around the table the previous

Cow and Hare Passage, what would Pebbledash say?



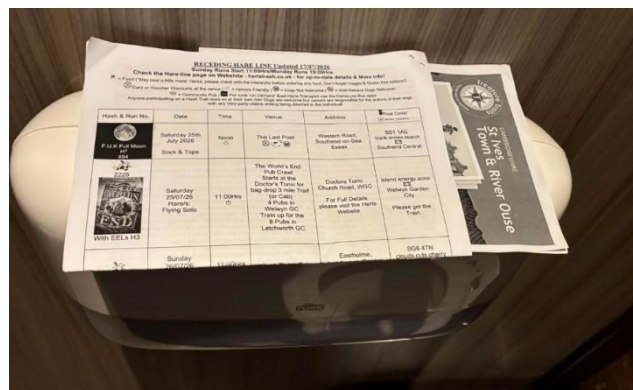
MILF SAYS 'DIDN'T FINISH FIRST ON THE ST IVES TREASURE HUNT'



evening, but Daimond Geezer for completing his 100th Herts Trail, for which he received his engraved tankard. Slug was lucky that he managed to dodge a Down-Down for Treasure Hunting Espionage.

Mr X finished by thanking all who turned up, for as he has said in the past on other Hash events, all the work & effort that goes in to organising a Hash Weekend doesn't mean anything without the right people turning up to make it special.

Later on, Milf would find an abandoned copy of the Trash & Treasure Hunts in the Ladies Loo! [Was there no toilet paper let? – Ed] Turns out it was a Secret Squirrel!



**ON MY WAY TO
THE GENDERLESS
BATHROOM TO
TAKE A SHE/IT.**

Even later on, & for some reason, known only to himself, Tent Packer found a Male Waxing & Grooming Parlour in St Ives, [Probably for his moustache? - Ed] & it was a real eye opener, well both eyes wide open if its web address (backsackandcrack.co.uk) is to be believed - It wasn't known if Tent Packer, paid a visit a visit himself, but on Monday the RA & Beer Master were seen lurking outside said premises.

Two of the Hash remained Sunday night to try out the local IVO Brewery Beers in the Bottle Shop

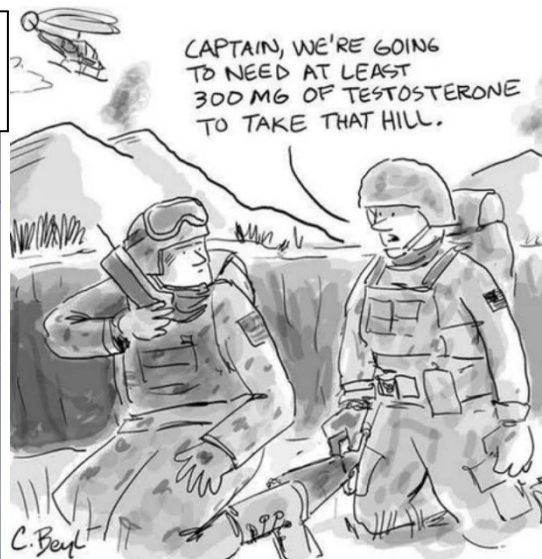
Before leaving, Mr X made sure that the Pilots of the boats, & especially Seetsa on hotel reception, received a tip! Seetsa was more than made up when handed his tip, which he thoroughly deserved, & the Electric Boat Company were reluctant take their tip, at first, but did so graciously after some persuasion.

St Ives was a very peasant place, well worth another visit.



BTW - THE ANSWER TO THE ST IVES RIDDLE IS ONE, NONE OF THE OTHERS ENCOUNTERED ON THE PERSON'S JOURNEY TO ST IVES, WERE ACTUALLY GOING ANYWHERE!

Two Satisfied Customers! Of BackSackandCrack are now feeling a smooth as Lemming's Head



I can't sleep in hot weather unless I'm completed naked but apparently that's 'gross and unhygienic' and now I've lost my 5 star Uber rating.