

Herts
Hash
House
Harriers

Herts official Website:
hertshash.co.uk

Exclusive:

**Girl claims her Dad's Sister is
an angry French baker!**

**Reporter told "She a Cross
Aunt!"**

Run No. 2236

Date: Sunday 4th October 2026

Venue: The Neekalash Bridgehouse

Location: Ware

Beers/Cider: Reverent James, GK IPA

Hare/s: Paxo

Runners: 9

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 0

Total: 9

Membership: Not going for an Indian!



"You're up early."

Bold of you to assume

I've slept.

During a busy week for the webmaster, he had a phone call for the Hare to say that the Indian restaurant no longer has a Sunday 'All you can eat Buffet!' [Perhaps they knew that the Hash were going to be there? – Ed] So, emails were sent out, Hash social-media accounts alerted to the change, then..... Another call came in to say that there was an option for a set menu, emails, all the Herts Hash social-media & website was updated *again* to say that there it was all back on again at the Indian!! [So much for having some tech free time away! – Ed]

The numbers were looking to be on the low side, with a group of the Hash being away in Suffolk, Secret Squirrel was absent for a Family Barbecue, it was the right day for it! [Can't believe the ~~gannets~~ Hash weren't invited? – Ed] Others, had more serious ~~excuses~~ reasons to be absent, for they were in quarantine due to having had their jabs, probably after contracting a rare & very embarrassing case Tardive Dyskinesia developed the weekend before?

To start with there were just two, then the Hare came in over the Ware Station Level Crossing, as he finished setting the Trail that morning. Numbers were boosted from three to four as Fliptop arrived & parked up, having paid his parking fees, Fliptop questioned Paxo & My Lil' on whether their bowel movements had been Ok after the Scout Hut Quiz? [Too much information! – Ed] as the other two came up with a prognosis that "It must have been something to do with the peanuts?"

Pebbledash & Alex then walked down Amwell Road, this brought the grand total up to grand total of six! Waiting for the hour to come around, Pebbledash decided to take a seat on the low brick wall, which looked a bit precarious in having to wedge in between the ornamental & deterrent black, metal balls dotted along the top of the brickwork & somehow, she managed to squeeze in!

Alex wondered how often the Hash get low numbers or Hash cancelled? The answer was "It depends on whether Hashers are away & no, no Herts Hash has been cancelled, apart from Covid Lockdown, though we almost missed one when Paxo didn't want to 'Live Hare when a handful turned out in the torrential rain one time, but he did reluctantly set the Trail when the Pack complained!

Time came around to 11:00Hrs & Fliptop called the Pack to Circle up, then after the welcome the Hare was called forward. Normal Herts Hash markings, there were Short Cuts, roads to be careful of, Fisher-folk not to be knocked into the water & a regroup were all mentioned before the Hash could set off from the CHK beside the car park entrance. So, it was not a good start for My Lil'?

Anyhow, Alex & Pebbledash, like Mr X & My Lil', already knew the Trail was up Amwell End, since they had already seen Pink Arrows running nor-nor-east by the artisan shops, it was bustling with civilians out enjoying coffees, pastries & other delights out on the street on this warm & sunny morning.

The Trail would lead 135 Yards up to the southern side of the River Lea Navigation, the Trail didn't cross over the Bridge, as arrows directed the Hash away to the west, down behind the brightly painted bench seats on a ramp to the towpath below, running beside the picturesque section of the River Lea Navigation.

A 330 Yard trot along the cooler tree-shaded towpath was slowed in places, with families out walking kids & dogs, as well as some fisher-folk, to be avoided. On the way there was also a

**Meanwhile in the LAS Rest Area: To
whoever keeps stealing my doughnuts,
your day of reckoning is nigh!**

Will Kylie be off work next week?



chance to view some quaint summer-house like buildings on the opposite bank, some of which have bay-windows over hanging the water. My Lil' was first to the CHK by a footbridge spanning the navigation to Ware Town Quay, My Lil' carried on along the footpath while Mr X & Alex crossed over to the Ware Town Quay at the back of Burgage Lane.

Mr X now entered Fletcher's Lea, but took his eye off of the markings as he lost the Trail on his way to the islands in the Lea, where a few more 'fisher-folk' lurked by the bank of the water, he was called back as the Hare arrived with Fliptop, Pebbledash & the returning My Lil', to all head northward from Fletcher's Lea & out through the Priory grounds by the Ware Museum & onto the High Street, where another CHK awaited them.

Mr X crossed over the High Street to search beyond the town War Memorial & St Mary the Virgins Church grounds, he was called back again, as My Lil' had rapidly picked up the Trail down Priory Street, running the bend to trot along above the Priory Gardens, with its many Sports buildings & the Ware Lido.

The Trail advanced in a westerly direction on the serpentine road, passing by what was once the Mill Stream Pub, which back in the day it was a quaint little local's Bar that sadly went well before the latest Mac's sell-off! About 350 Yards on Priory Street, My Lil' found a Bar CHK, so it was an about-turn for him to see the Hare marking the Trail up the first back-passage of the day! [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed]

The ginnel of Buryfield Terrace runs from the former Mill Stream Pub for 240Yards, passing between the GSK car park on the east & the huge grey factory units to the west, before emerging out on to Park Road, where a CHK was found. This was quickly dealt with by My Lil' as he soon picked up the Trail to the west on his first attempt to find Dust. It would be over another 200 Yards to reach the next CHK, by the Crossroads with Harris Lane to the south & Fanshaw Crescent to the north.

My Lil' would now go wrong, again, as he found a long Falsie down Harris Lane, toward the River Lea Navigation, Mr X & Alex would now make good on My Lil's mistake from the CHK as they saw him coming back toward them. Mr X now searched further to the west & picked up the Trail running along above the next section of

Drug Company Research Labs, after 400 Yards a CHK was discovered by the Wengeo Lane footpath crossroads with Park Road.

My Lil' soon passed by Alex & Mr X, as the latter had stopped to take some 'Hash photo's' as he realised Milf & Kylie were away & wasn't sure if anyone else was for the Herts Facebook page, thankfully Paxo was taking snaps at the rear! My Lil' was now heading southward once more, lured toward the Lea Navigation on the Wengeo Lane footpath.

As the way headed between the Drug Company Grounds to the east & car park to the west, a sign about not letting pooches foul the path was spotted by a set of bollards, of which the end bollard had a huge pile of pooch-poop beside it! Surely someone must have bene aware of this?

Again, My Lil' had gone wrong, indicating with only one outstretched arm that he had found a Bar-CHK, so Mr X went back

to the area of woodland above the car park, where he found the Trail leading south-westward on a desire-line path through the gathering leaf-litter that would gentle curve up near the end, to reach the old section of Park Road & a CHK on the quiet lane.

My Lil's luck was well & truly back in as his first choice was away further west toward the A10, it was the correct option as the lane led over the bridge crossing the A10 below, & possibly the Hash had reached the furthest point out of the Trail?

The Pack would now head southward, running down the gentle slope of a stony footpath beside the wooded strip on the western side of the noisy A10 for 200 Yards, then taking a side path on the left to cut down through a small, fallow triangular bit of land, the Trail had finally reached the River Lea Navigation once again.

Once under the concrete behemoth of A10 Fly-over high above, after avoiding the tramp's mattress, Alex wasn't sure that it was a Public Footpath as the Trail entered the gate at the bottom end of the Allenbury & County Hall Sports Ground, the sign read "Private Sports Pitches" signage to deter kids from unofficially playing on them. Alex asked Mr X "Am I doing well in keeping up the pace?" Mr X replied that Alex was, especially as he was still only a short way off of My Lil' who was spearheading the Hash.

An Adult game of Soccer was in progress as the Hash passed along the bottom of the green space to move on behind the Tennis courts, then the Trail passed out on to the southern end of the Wengeo Lane footpath. No CHK here, just arrows beyond the gate, taking the Pack over the arched wooden footbridge spanning the River Lea Navigation. On the south bank & it was a turn on to the long eastward ramp & come back on to the tow-path.

Again, no CHK on the level, the Dust continued to take the Keenies east by northeast for around 300 Yards, before the tree-lined tow-path turned to the southeast & down by Ware Lock (No.2). Here Mr X explained to Alex that the Hash is his pressure valve, especially when he was working, a chance to get out in the country & let off steam

Back to the Trail & around another 200 yards before there were any options to turn off the tow-path, but no CHK, instead My Lil' followed Dust along the tow path for another 240 Yards, before the Trail turned all most back upon its self, craftily taking to another footpath running behind the patch of woodland separating the two paths, the Dust being out of sight from the waterside tow-path, it was here that My Lil' would meet up with Where's Wally?

My Lil' would finally peel off to the sou-sou-west & ahead of him were Mr X & Alex as they had already crossed some 190 Yards of the horse paddock, with a solitary equine in it. The Hash walked this bit as not to scare the nag, before taking the small footbridge over manifold ditch.





After the few steps up to railway level crossing, care was need to cross the double tracks, then down a few more steps, it was on the white handrail that the Hash could read of a medial complaint that 'Archie Morris has a tiny penis!'

Now down on to the Kings Meads, the footpath was damp under foot, with plenty of wet green foliage on the path, as the Trail weaved is way around the more

solid bits of ground, to head south-westward between reeds, rushes, mares' tails & other plants that thrive in a more aquatic life.

After 300 Yards the meandering route finally came up a few feet onto drier ground, by the New River Sluice at the source of this water-supply to London. As regular readers know, this opened in 1613, the 28 mile long man-made water supply keeps the water fresh by flowing at a slow rate, all by the fact it drops by 5 inches per mile to keep it fresh.

The Held CHK was found here on the new River, by the White outbuilding, & it took a while for Fliptop, then Paxo & Pebbledash to catch up, arriving to calls of "Where are the sweets, we're hungry!" Here the Hash could hear that Soggy Butt was unlikely to get this far on the Trail, for she had been snared-up in the local Charity Shops, which led to the RA enquiring if she had purchased her £5 Christmas Party Secret Santa gift?

Plenty of sweets to go around before the Trail resumed along the northern side of the New River, for 390 Yards on a slightly uneven grassy path, Where's Wally? had to stop to 'Scare the Squirrels' by a red plastic works barrier beside the waterway.

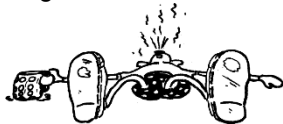
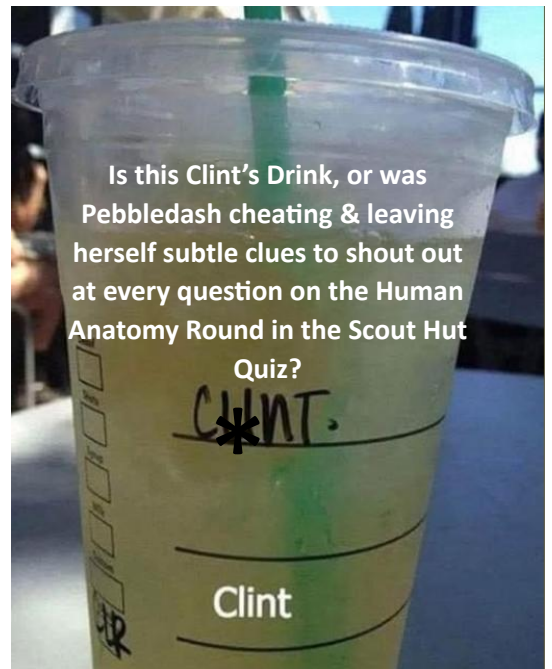
Having topped up the water level that still supplies 10% of London's drinking water, with more than a five inch drop, [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Where's Wally? had to climb a few steps to the entrance of the other phallic object in the area, the brick chimney of the old Pumping Station. He was soon down to the next section along by the New River, soon passing Mr X & gaining on My Lil', after another 620 Yards of soft underfoot Trail the Hash came out by the Level Crossing & the On Inn.

The Hash would retire to the Waterside Inn, where Soggy Butt joined the Keenies & showed off a little black dress she had bought, though those around her wondered if it would be a bit too long for Where's Wally? & the hem may need taking up a few inches!

A bit of talk came around to the previous night's charity Scout hut Quiz, especially the anatomical round, shame TBT OBE wasn't there, for he must have amassed a great knowledge of ailments? If some of the chatter was to be believed, if you don't know the correct answer to anatomy questions in the Scout Hut Quiz, then just blurt out the same cursive word as a guess for each one!

Then, there was the revelation that the Herts Team came last, wining the 'wooden-spoon' prize of packets of Smarties, some of which went missing, yet, Pebbledash spotted a couple of discarded Smarties tubes on her way back home in Ware.

It was decided that the Hash, being low on numbers wouldn't head to the Indian. Then before the Circle was called Des Res arrived, after he had a late start. The Circle was called inside, with no anniversaries & not too much seen in the way of misdemeanours, the Hits went to the Hare for an excellent & tricky Trail [For those who thought that they'd knew better! – Ed], the other Hits went to Soggy Butt for Charity Shopping & Where's Wally? for 'Scaring the Squirrels' & being late as the one clock, of the many in his home, that is looked at the most just happened to be the one with dud batteries & not telling the correct time!





This is too good not to add to the weekly Trash
A furious row has broken out between a local tattoo artist and his client after what started out as a routine inking session, left both of them requiring emergency hospital treatment.

Vintage film fan and part time plus size model Tracey Munter (23), had visited the Ink It Good Tattoo Emporium on Wellgate last week to have the finishing touches applied to a double buttock representation of the chariot race scene from the iconic 1959 film, Ben Hur. Tattooist Jason Burns takes up the story.

“It was a big job in more ways than one.” He told us “I’d just lit a roll up and was finishing off a centurion’s helmet. It’s delicate, close-up work. Next thing is, I sense a slight ripple in the buttock cleavage area just around Charlton Heston’s whip, and a hissing sound – more of a whoosh than a rasp – and before I know what’s happening, there’s a flame shooting from her arse to my fag and my beards gone up like an Aussie bush fire.”

Jason says he rushed to the studio sink to quell the flames, only to turn round and see Tracey frantically fanning her buttock area with a damp towel. The flames had travelled down the gas cloud and set fire to her thong which was smoking like a cheap firework.

“To be honest”, said Jason, “I didn’t even realise she was wearing one. You’d need a sodding mining licence and a torch to find out for sure. She could have had a complete wardrobe in there and I’d have been none the wiser.”

Jason and Tracey were taken to Rotherham District Hospital accident and emergency department where they were treated for minor burns and shock. Both are adamant that the other is to blame.

“I’m furious” said Jason, “I’ve got a face like a mange-ridden dog and my left eyebrows not there anymore. I don’t know about Ben Hur – Gone With The Wind’s more like it. You don’t just let rip in someone’s face like that. It’s dangerous.”

But Tracey remains both angry and unrepentant;

“I’m still in agony,” she said, “and Charlton Heston looks more like Sidney bloody Poitier now. Jason shouldn’t have had a fag on the go and there’s no way I’d guff on purpose. He’d had me on all fours for nearly an hour. I can only put up with that for so long before nature takes its course. My Kev knows that. I give him my five second warning and I’d have done the same for Jason, but I didn’t get chance – it just crept out.”

Ted Walters from the South Yorkshire Fire and Rescue service wasn’t surprised when we told him what had happened **“People just don’t appreciate the dangers. “He told us, “We get called out to more flatulence ignition incidents than kitchen fires these days, now people have moved over to oven chips. We have a slogan ‘Flame ‘n fart – keep ‘em apart’. Anyone engaging in an arse inking scenario would do well to bear that in mind in future.**