

Herts
Hash
House
Harriers

Herts official Website:
hertshash.co.uk

Run No.2237

Date: Sunday 10th October 2026

Venue: The Half Moon

Location: Hitchin

Beers/Cider: Thornbridge (Ginger tasting) Green Hopped Ale;

Hare/s: My Lil'

Runners: 20

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

Newies: 0

Après: 3

Hash Hounds: 2

Total: 25

Membership: Conquering conkerling!



Exclusive:

Local Man went missing after celebrating winning Pub Scrabble tournament!

Wife tells Police: "When he finally turned up, it looked like he had spent the night on the tiles!"

Just a friendly reminder, from TBT OBE, that it only takes this much gel to kill off flu germs this winter!



Time for the annual Conker Contest Trail had come around once again, with the Hare & Conker organiser arriving this morning with a slight worry that the Pack may be low in numbers, with people away & some crocked like Paxo, or having a bad case of the 'streaming TBT's' like Tent Packer, he wasn't sure that the number would reach 16, the ideal number for the contest rounds.

However, My Lil' needn't have worried as by 11:00Hrs the number had surpassed that, this week saw Tom & Corrina come up from Kent for their second Herts Hash, also back was Cou-Cou. Meanwhile, Lemming was being teased as the Hare said that the day before he was on a 6.6 Porter, something to look forward to après Trail. [Sadly, it had all gone! – Ed]

TBT OBE, who wasn't on the 'Sick list' this week, called the Circle together, once Toni & No Eye Deer had returned from the Market Place loo. Welcoming speech out of the way & the Hare was called forward, receiving a few usual boos for his cause, would these calls be taken back by the end of the Trail?

The Hare said that it was a short Trail, there would be short cuts & a sweet stop, normal Hash markings were indicated before the Pack were sent over the end of Park Street & on to Bridge Street. The Trail began by taking the Hash by the old building that still has the large black lettering signage painted on its grey frontage indicating it was once a 'Book & Print' shop.

The Trail advanced north-westward, where one of the ancient buildings had its wooden wattle & daub upper floor overhangs the street below, taller members of the Hash had to side step to the right in order not to crown themselves on the protruding oak beams!

After 135 Yards the Trail led by the entrance to the Hitchin Priory, where both Where's Wally? & Mr X spotted out the corner of their eyes what they thought was a CHK, but it turned out to be the metal rim for a round sunken floodlight!

Where's Wally? would later comment that he was at the Hitchin Priory, with Diamond Geezer & Toni, to see the Human League, amongst other bands during the Hitchin Live event, on the day when it hammered it down, resulting in the concert being called off! He, Toni & Diamond Geezer weren't the only Herts Hashers there, Mark E Mark & Lobby Lobster also attended, claiming that the rain was so heavy that all of the portaloos were filled with people taking shelter. It was so heavy that the event had safety warnings to "Keep clear of any metal work!" So far, there has been no refunds!

The Trail continued along what was now Tilehouse Street, on the jog along Where's Wally? said that Mr X could be his 'Pacemaker' for the Trail? [Where's Wally? wouldn't have wanted to be Mr X's Pacemaker back at the Bar later! – Ed] as they completed another 145 Yards to reach a CHK by the corner of the Old Charlton Road, Mr X confessed that he would try keeping up the pace to rid his body of the previous day's rugby swally. Where's Wally? would later admit also to running the Trail to flush out the excesses of the day before spent at a Rave!

Where's Wally? went wrong by carrying on up Tilehouse Street, while Mr X found the Trail as he ran down by Kitchen Gardens Court to the west of the Priory Grounds. 190 Yards on & Mr X reached the next CHK, located just before the A602 Parkway Road, he instinctively took to the passageway to the underpass, where he found another CHK on the western side of this busy main road.

Mr X would now go wrong as he searched down toward the Charlton Road, finding a T before reaching the corner, so he turned back to find Where's Wally?, Diamond Geezer, Toni, Moss Key Toe, TBT OBE & No Eye Deer were all head of him & cutting through Girton Court, where an elderly resident peered out of her 2nd floor flat window after hearing the Hash calls of "On!" Then the Pack was led out on to Meadow Way to cut over Russell's Slip, a long alleyway running away to the southwest.

Around 200 Yards on a narrow tarmac back passage, with house fronts to the right & wooden fenced off rear gardens on the left, the Trail then came out on to the rectangular green space, after a further 63 Yards on the eastern edge of the grassy space to reach Hawthorn Close road, once down the flight of five concrete steps, double arrows were discovered directing the way down the short, southward entrance to reach Willow Lane.

Here Mr X, Mother & Buster, No Eye Deer, Cou-Cou, Slug with Sally, Corrina & Tom, finally Lemming were all held up by a long queue of traffic when they reached Willow Lane, an old narrow route that was now at a gridlock with cars heading into Hitchin. Eventually, after some patience, they all crossed to the side to run into the oncoming traffic coming out of Hitchin, it was just for a short way to turn the corner to the Charlton Road, heading southward between the recently ploughed crop fields of Kennel Farm on the west & Priory Park, rising beyond the trees at the edge of the lush, green meadows of the Hiz to the east.

The Pack made their way down some 470 Yards to the small hamlet of Charlton, to find a CHK by the Windmill Pub. Here a woman was sitting at the bench by the ford in the River Hiz, it was a chance to grab a picture with the two Alpacas with here, with Toni & Diamond Geezer were first to do a bit of 'petting' of Dylan & his friend before moving on.

The Alpacas have several long names, just like pedigree pooches, Mr X asked if Dylan was Welsh, mistaking him for a Llama, for the Welsh language loves a LI (Double L) [With your tongue behind your top front teeth you make a soft 'thla' sound! Give it a go, you'll soon be on to pronouncing

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwilllantysiliogogoch -Ed] The Keeper didn't seem to get the joke! The



Alpacas are used to people as they are used s therapy animals, not so keen on dogs we were told.

Sally took no notice of the Alpacas as Slug followed on as "On!" was called from over the ford on the old Brick Kiln Lane to the east, passing by the rare-breed piggery as the narrow old lane turn southward & began to rise up the hillside of Hitchin Hill, but not for long for the Keenies as the Dust led up a set of steep steps cut into the embankment. It was a bit of a clamber up the recently restored stairs, which would have been easier if the wobbly old wooden hand-rail had also seen some work.

Having clambered up the steps & on to a parallel path to the lane below the hedgerow, Mr X & Moss Key Toe could see 3D up ahead at the opposite corner of the

field littered with uniform lines of short stump of what were maize stalks, the ones up near the footpath looking like a line of boundary makers.

3D was jogging away to the south, by another of the field's hedgerows, Slug appeared with Sally in the corner of the field after taking the short cut via Brick Kiln Lane, the Hare was with them & he was surprised to see 3D coming back toward them. 3D was turned back after not searching far enough on what was going to be the first of the longest Stretches of the Trail.

Buster & Sally were now both off of their leads, running back & forth on the 590 Yards along the old stony farm track, the trail turning with a slight dog's leg near its end as it approaches Maydencroft Lane. Double arrows direct the Hash straight over narrow tarmac & into the next hedge-rowed Track between two crop fields. The westerly field was being plough by a large red agricultural unit.

After 390 Yards the Track left the hedgerow to emerge out into the open, at a spot where two other footpaths joined the main southbound track. Where's Wally? went wrong as he searched the northwest bound arm of the slightly staggered Y shaped junction, He was soon called back as Diamond Geezer & Toni picked up the double arrows a few feet down on the northeast bound arm.

Another long section was embarked upon, over the recently harrowed field for 230 Yards to reach the outer edge of the hedgerow for a green enclosed paddock. 60 Yards on & the footpath passed though one hedgerow & continued nor-nor-east along the edge of a smaller enclosed paddock to come out on to Maydencroft Lane, opposite Maydencroft Manor & the Farmyard.

A turn to the southeast would lead for around 200 yards on the sedate & pretty quiet rural lane that had quite a few civilians out & about walking on this fine, warm day. So, Mr X made sure that all dog-walkers the Hash met en route were informed that the white powder they would encounter was just plain flour.

Where's Wally? continued on beyond a set of double arrows directing the Hash off of the tarmac & on to another tree-lined footpath, this none being to the north. Diamond Geezer & Toni called Where's Wally? Back as Moss Key Toe & Mr X set about this footpath, but the latter stopped & turned back as he could hear now Mother's calls of "Buster, come back!" away in the distance behind him.

The calls stopped, so Mr X continued as Lemming & Mother rounded up Buster, who had taken off after spotting a cyclist's helmet bobbing along behind the roadside hedgerow to give chase! [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] With pooches now under control & no cyclist offended, Mother would leave Lemming to take Buster off on a short cut so she could continue running. Mr X also noticed that Corrina, Tom, Kylie, Soggy Butt & Slug had all nearly caught up with him.

Sludge, who had a late start trying to find a parking spot as he couldn't park directly outside of the Half Moon, had now passed the Tail of the Pack as the Trail now took to the third long stretch of the day, on the tree-lined path, passing through an old wooden gate that seems permanently open at a slight deviation in the northward route, the



as some of those at the rear who didn't take the short cuts the Hare had put in on Maydencroft Lane. Kylie was not too far behind the FRBs, but No Eye Deer & Cou-Cou would arrive at an empty Held CHK after taking the longer options, no Hash & no sweets to greet them, something No Eye Deer would comment on when she got back to the Pub.

Where's Wally? Toni, Diamond Geezer, 3D, Mother, Mr X & Moss Key Toe all set off on the loop, down Brick Kiln Lane to the southeast for 300 Yards to its end, where it joined the main Gosmore Road, here a quick turn to due north & back toward Centre of Hitchin, would see the Keenies advance some 120 Yards before peeling off to the west, entering the desirable Priory Way estate.

On the way back toward the other end of the limited passageway the short cut from the Held CHK was on, a flagging Moss Key Toe told Mr X that he was endeavouring to complete his Charadee 'Channel Swim' where over a month he has to swim the same number of miles as you would if you swam the English Channel for real.

The Trail was now on the home leg, passing over the green on Priory way & out of the northern back passage between two homes to the crop fields on Hitchin Hill. The Trail cut over to the northeast to enter the long pine plantation beside the Gosmore Road, it was very familiar ground for most regular Herts Hashers as the desire line amongst the pines headed northward.

After 230 Yards it reached the high narrow footbridge spanning the A602 Park Way below, moving on behind the Three Moorhens Pub & then down by Priory end, with the Priory ground's red brick wall on the left, to find the On Inn before coming down on to Park Street again.

The Pack settled in under the Pub Garden awning, as Milf came back with Cody in his buggy, after doing a bit of shopping for 'Suprise treats'. They weren't the only ones to have perused the Hitchin Markets, as Tom & Corrina had a few purchases on one table, including a very nice 'Green Man' carving, a "Sounds Gay to be, I am in" sign & a pocket Railway book! [Kylie Porn! – Ed]

Flying Solo & her Girls arrived, which was timely in boosting the numbers for Conkers Contest even more. One would partake in the contest, while the other was absorbed in reading her book.

The Conker Contest got under way outside on the gloriously sunny afternoon, with numbers being drawn for the Hare's Cap, with corresponding raffle tickets playing each other. No one answered when Mr X jokingly called out "Number sixty-nine?" [If only the absent Pebbledash was there! – Ed]

This year's competition seemed to go quicker than on previous occasions, perhaps the dry weather this year had affected the horse-chestnuts? Anyhow, the teams were whittled down in fairly quick succession, leaving some like Tom with bruised knuckles, arms & legs. There was some consolation for the losers of each round, picking up their nut themed chocolate Bars, the winner getting a huge dark-chocolate hazelnut bar!

The final was eventually played out between Kylie & TBT OBE, with Kylie coming out victorious, did the flash of the small pocket Train guide inspire Kylie's Swing? A new named to be added to the list of Herts Conker Champions. Mother would point this out to Lemming later on in the Pub, that Lemming was sitting with three former champions & he was the only one there not to have won the Conker Champion title, Mr X also added that Mother is still one Herts Trail ahead of Lemming on the R*n numbers.

With the conkers over quicker than the norm, the Circle was called. The Hare was rewarded for a great Trail, of just over an hour for the runners, with the RA defending the earlier morning booing of this hare just down to 'Tradition'!!

Where's Wally? was out for going the 'extra Mile' by missing double arrows on the tarmac toward Gosmore! Flying Solo was out for wearing a heated Gillet, as she was feeling cold on this sunny day, which had flashing red-lights on it, rather akin to Darth Vader's life support!

TBT OBE was called out for not showing enough respect at Sloppy's Graveside a couple of weeks earlier, when he stuck his tongue out at the photo. Lemming was call forward for Buster chasing a cyclist, which led him to moan "Why is he my dog when he does something wrong?"

Finally, the new Conker Champ was crowned with a garland of Conkers & presented with the Herts Hash House Harriers Conker Champion Tankard, out of which his Ale tasted a lot sweeter!

footpath weaved from left to right on a 710 Yards to finally emerge out on to Brick Kiln Lane, where a Held CHK was found there, behind the homes on Priory Way.

Mr X & Sludge were happy to find that there was more than one aniseed button in the packet of Lidl's Allsorts as the front of the Hash began to regroup. The Hare only allowing them to resume the Trail once Slug was at the Held CHK, Mr X said that he wasn't too far behind him & as 3D was about to call Slug, he would suddenly appear in front of her, as if out of nowhere like the Shop-Keeper in Mr Benn, 3D would soon put her mobile away as Slug & Sally reached the Held CHK & proved Mr X correct.

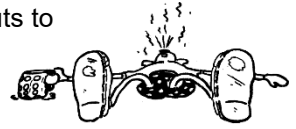
The three long tracts of footpaths made sure that the Pack were pretty stretched out, this was compounded

**Woman who asks
"Is it cold or is it
me?" told it's
definitely her**





There were comments on Buster new look, having had his coat stripped, how he looked so handsome without the extra fur, then some wag said "Imagine Kylie going to the groomers?" where the reply would be "Sorry Milf! Are you having a giraffe!" Then it soon became clear that Lemming was in need of being driven home by Mother, & the 6.65 Ale wasn't on, for Lemming concluded that in next year's competition he would enter his own coconuts to stand a chance!



A Rotherham man says he has been left embarrassed and humiliated after a drunken bet outside a town centre tattoo parlour left him with less than he bargained for.

Mick Dixon, 22, from East Dene has often joked about the size of his manhood, and as he passed The Inkredible Tattoo Studio on Wellgate with a group of mates last Saturday afternoon, he bragged that he could "have the name of that famous Welsh railway station tattooed down the length of it."

Everyone laughed, and best mate, Dave Short, bet him £200 that he couldn't. Mick took the bet and went in to Inkredible Ink to ask tattooist, Nathan Ball, if it could be done. After looking at what he'd got to work with, Nathan said he could do it. Mick takes up the story:

"I dropped me kecks and laid on the couch. It was sodding painful I can tell you – like, well like someone sticking needles in your knob – but half an hour later, Nathan said he'd finished and put some light bandage over my todger to mop up the blood. I paid him and met up with my mates in The Effingham Arms. It was still smarting and I didn't want to get it out, but Dave was having a right go saying I hadn't got it done, so I decided to lob it out there and then to show him. They were all pissing 'emselfs and at first I thought it was because I'd got me old lad out in the pub. But it wasn't that"

When Mick looked down, he was devastated by the sight that greeted him. "I know I should have been more specific" he told us "but I didn't know how to say it. I asked Nathan for 'that famous Welsh railway station' and he seemed to know what I meant. How many famous Welsh railway stations are there?"

Tattooist Nathan Ball was unapologetic when we caught up with him. "It's the only Welsh railway station I know." he said "I used to go there on my holidays as a kid. If he wanted something else, he should have said so, but to be honest, I was running out of space with Rhyl."

To add insult to injury, best mate Dave is refusing to pay out on the bet and Mick's girlfriend has taken to calling him Stubby. "I'll never live it down," said a clearly still embarrassed Mick "People keep pretending to cough and shout 'Rhyl' at me in the street. It's a living nightmare."