

Herts
Hash
House
Harriers

Herts official Website:
hertshash.co.uk

Exclusive:

Man's fed-up wife wraps him in bubble-wrap

Man says "Now the rest of my family are having a pop!"

Run No.2239
Date: Sunday 25th October 2026
Venue: The Three Hammers
Location: Chiswell Green
Beers/Cider: Reverand James: Dark Star Hophead:
Hare/s: Des Res
Runners: 22
Virgins: 3
Visitors: 0
Newies: 0
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 25
Membership: Three times Hammered!



Scouser's set the clocks back

So, having put the clocks back, & enjoying an extra hour in bed, the woke to find four winds were blowing at a fair old rate of knots as the Hash gathered at the Pub, at least all the drivers were aware that they had to register their Car Registration numbers behind the Bar, or else the Hare would have to pick up the fines! [Cough! - Ed]

Anyhow, a bright but blustery morning greeted the Herts Hash as they gathered for the Circle. However, the sunny car park was considered not the best photographic place by Kylie, yes, we all had move over, side stepping like cold penguins, to the frost trap of a gazebo.

Snaps of shivering Hashers were taken & then TBT OBE called the circle to order, announcing the correct Trail Number, then he couldn't resist questioning the advertised Pubs address as being 210 & not 310 Watford Road on the Herts webshite! A pointless exercise as all those who turned out had the savvy Hashers had found the location with ease! [Happens to be very easy when you utilise what3words! - Ed]

In fact, the Frontpage of the website was corrected earlier in the week, via coding direct the Server, while the Webmaster was supposed on a break away from the Hash! No Eye Deer was soon in to calm the waters & telling the Webmaster not to rise to the antagonising!

So, the Hare was called forward to explain about usual Herts Hash markings, a sweet stop, then there would also be a split with a Long Trail of 4 Miles, a short of 3, & a possible even shorter short! There was a mention of falling branches to avoid, which sounded sensible on this blustery but sunny day.

Off the Hash went, Mr X had already spotted arrows pointing the way down Chiswell Green Lane & it wasn't far until the FRBs reached the first CHK by the junction with the residential Stanley Avenue away to the north. This was a CHK that the Hare hoped was not too close to the Pub for My Lil's likings? He seemed Ok with it as he carried on along the Chiswell Green Lane.

Mr X would go wrong as he searched the first back-passage of the day, [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] the only thing he found along the way out to the cul-de-sac of Woodlea, were some locals wrestling with a blown over fence panel on their property!

Back to Chiswell Green Lane & the Pack headed further westward, arriving at a CHK by a footpath off to the north. Meanwhile Tent Packer went wrong by continuing as the lane becomes a rural, narrow rustic affair beyond the black wooden barn like structure, My Lil' was soon on to Dust on the footpath by the pine trees. Moss Key Toe & Mr X followed on behind him.

After crunching over cobnut husks underfoot, the contents of which had been squirrelled away, the Trail emerged out from the sheltered path & onto the southern spur of The Croft, here the Hash were led up Cherry Hill, to a CHK opposite a fenced-in Cherry Hill Play Area to the west, where a couple of hardy kids were playing on the climbing frame!

My Lil' picked up Dust on the footpath leading westward along the bottom of the playing field, access to the footpath was through a gate that had a lost key on one post & an abandoned cap on the other. A long fenced in path lay ahead as it led into the first section of plantation, the ground underfoot was surprisingly dry & no doubt the wind had dried it out from the previous rain.

A path off to the left was a possible site for a CHK, but this stretch would remain unbroken for 600 Yards until the FRBs came out on to a bend in Furzebushes Lane [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] Here, My Lil's so far successful checking now went wrong as be fell for a Falsie away to the southwest, Mr X, Moss Key Toe & Tent Packer all followed on behind him.

My Lil' came back, so the others turned too. No Eye Deer arrived at the CHK & searched the other option & was soon on Trail on the narrow rustic Furzebushes Lane, on the way the Pack passed by small spots of fly tipped waste before completing 330 Yards to come around to Ragged Hall Lane.

Sinister Charity Shop Find of the Day



At the T-junction the Trail crossed straight over the tarmac & into another section of forestry plantation. It was here that Mr X noticed a couple of phallic looking mushrooms, or were they fungi? Mr X stopped to take a picture, seems he was not alone in this, as Parson's Nose also snapped the fungi.

Shame Pebbledash wasn't present to see these. [I am sure the Hash would have appreciated her comments, especially after coming up Furzebushes Lane? - Ed]

No CHK here as the Keenies embarked on another 400 Yard long section, heading north bound, finally turning to the east when it hit a footpath running along, above the southern embankment of the A414 Below.

After 335 Yards, the Keenies of My Lil', Moss Key Tor, No Eye Deer, Mr X, Tent Packer & Parson's Nose would arrive at the first Held CHK of the day, located in the north-eastern corner of Park Wood, near to a footbridge over the motorway, as well as a Cell Mast! Angeli, Slug with Sally, Juices Flowing, TBT OBE & Underlay would soon follow on.

It took an age for the Hare to reach the Held CHK, as Slug offered around his idea of treats, Juices Flowing was not enamoured at the idea of eating one of Sally's dog snacks! Though Mr X was tempted & admitted that he has eaten dog biscuits in the past! No Eye Deer was kind of impressed as she said that they should be fit for human consumption? Mr X did admit that he did have a nice shine to his ~~coat~~ hair, but was tempted to cock his leg at lampposts. My Lil' reckoned that he licked his own backside afterwards!!

Milf, with Cody & his buggy had arrived & even our Captain Slow of Kylie had to wait as Hot 'N' Spicee with Mai Lee coming in just before Des Res. On the bonus side, & after some rustling about in the undergrowth, the Hare retrieved the goodies & Tent Packer was first to the Allsorts, which did have plenty of Aniseed Buttons in the bag, to go with the Jelly Babies & Sours!

Here there was the first split in the Trail, with a southbound Walkers option, or the Long Trail northward over the motorway, via a narrow footbridge high above the main road.

It seems the majority took the longer option, hats were held on to passing over the footbridge exposed to the wind, the Hash turned briefly westward by bench carved from a large Oak trunk behind a small clump of trees, after an opposing, almost right-angled turn they would run down the seeded crop field which was hampered by the head-on & then side winds.

On the 470 Yards down to the St Stephens end of St Albans, the RA heard a "Gotcha!" From behind him, just as a stone hit him in the back of his leg, it turned out to be Parson's Nose who had kicked up the said rock & set it off on its trajectory to the RA! He would later claim it was like the bolder scene in Indiana Jones & the Temple of Doom!

The Trail would now take to a 65 Yard fended-in ginnel, then exit on the relatively sheltered housing estate via Jerome Drive, crossing the small green at the southern end & then headed north-eastward up to Westfields. The Long Trail now negotiated the road-works where red barriers closed section for utilities excavations, then a turn to the north heading up Alban Avenue to reach the T-junction on the right for the start of St Stephens Avenue, which the Trail took too for a few more yards before entering St Stephens Park, a green playing field area that is enclosed by the back of the homes on King Harry Lane along it northern edge, where there is no exit.

The Keenies took a 420 Yard trot through the grassy rectangular park, sticking with the southern end & away from the play equipment, taking to an almost hidden snicket to head southward back out on to St Stephens Avenue again but no for long, as from the CHK My Lil' picked up the Trail down the cul-de-sac opposite, over the round green at the circular end of was a fenced-in snicket to run down.

The dog-leg alleyway would turn from southwest to sou-sou-west on its 190 Yard length out on to Midway, another straight over the road to continue on down another ginnel for a further 100 Yards between more fenced-off back gardens before emerging on to Allendale.



The Trail would now drop down & around on to the gravel track heading eastward in a wooded gully that would rise up to come out through the 1st St Albans Scout Hut car park to come up on to the western side of the Watford Road, a turn to the right would have the Hash heading back up to Chiswell Green.

Having passed over the A414 below, the Trail would pass by the welcome to St Albans brick pillar, which had a few of the bricks knocked off & lying nearby. The Trail crossed over to the eastern side of the Watford Road & after 320 Yards there was a regroup with a second Held CHK.

Milf, Cody, Kylie, Hit 'N' Spicee, Mae Lee, Slug & Sally were all found waiting a little way off of the main road on the way in to St Julian's Park. With it only being around 820 Yards back along the main road to the Pub, Moss Key Toe was not for hanging around & seizing up, so he led a small break-away group straight back along the Watford Road.

For those who stuck with continuing with the rest of the Trail, the arrows pointed the way eastward for 460 Yards through the park & over toward the western edge of St Julians Wood, where the capped asphalt path would turn to the southwest. My Lil' lost sight of the Trail, but he did know from pervious Trails around here that he could make his way back to the On Inn.

The path would have a few kinks in it as it moved between the perimeter of the Killgrew Primary School to the west & the Green Wood Park to the east, where there are several sports fields, which My Lil' ran by on his way around without seeing any more markings. Presumable this was the correct route back Inn?

The footpath would, after some 900 Yards turn south-westward once more & emerged out on to Tippendale Lane, where those with the knowledge would turn north-westward to come out by the small shopping parade off the roundabout opposite the Three Hammers.

Des Res had reserved Tables for 15 in the Pub, but some civilians had not seen the single A5 sheet that said Des Oakly had reserved all four tables up in the raise area of the Bar. On the plus side, most of the Pack already had the EmberInns App on their phones, this saving money on Pints, as well as discounted meals!



National resilience warning sees Northerners advised to stockpile at least three days worth of gravy



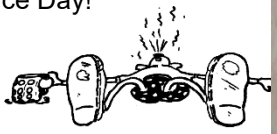
Hertfordshire on edge as Waitrose shoppers hoard quinoa, activated almonds and £6 jars of kimchi

The couple at one table had already ordered food, soon they were surrounded by the Pack as they amassed. Once they had finished their meals, the couple did move on to another table further down the bar. Hash food orders were soon coming out, so once there was a lull & most had eaten, the Circle was called inside.

The Hare was rewarded for an excellent Trail, with some nice off road woodland Trail, as well as urban & park running. Angeli was presented with her decca-Trail (10 Run) Herts Bum-bag & a Down-Down to go with it, though she achieved this a couple of weeks earlier!

TBT OBE was called forward for abusing the RA, with his commenting on the Address being wrong on the Webs~~h~~ite, which was only partly true, he was joined by Parson's Nose for rolling the boulder down the hill that hit the RA's ankle, & of course Mr X joined them as he only updated via direct coding on the Frontpage of the Webs~~h~~ite but not on the Hareline. [For any techies out there, our server was successfully patched over the recent PHP issues! For non-techy Hashers Don't Panic! – Ed]

Tent Packer was out for bragging to everyone about a wine, he discovered on holiday that shared a name with one of our own Hashers, but didn't bring one bottle back! Moss Key Toe had the last Down-Down for moaning about the RAF Poppy brooches not having a Mosquito option available when he bought his latest one for Remembrance Day!



Lego makes a Lemming Character!



