

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

Run No. 2159
Date: Monday 9th June 2025
Venue: Three Horseshoes
Location: Smallford
Beers/Cider: Doooombar; Ghost Ship
Hare/s: My Lil'
Runners: 13
Virgins: 0
Visitors: 0
Newies: 1
Après: 0
Hash Hounds: 1
Total: 15
Membership: Band of Brothers (& Sisters)



Hang in there guys
Father's Day is coming



An overcast evening awaited the arriving Pack. This week saw the return of Spare Rib, who had brought along Sex Toy from Hogtown H³ (Toronto, Canada) & Thanks for the Mammories from Orlando H³ Florida in the US of A, on their latest trip.

The numbers were slightly low, but some of the usual 'Monday faces' were not so tickety-boo, like Lobby Lobster who was recovering from catching the new strain of Covid!

Moss Key Toe was back after his trip to Malaysia to sort out family issues, which he didn't have time to Hash on this visit, he was rather overly dressed for the slightly muggy evening that was chilly compared to the balmy heat of Malaysia. Then 3D arrived, with Slug & Sally, & she went one better with the warm clothing & looked as if she was about to go out 'on the Piste' [Not on the piss like most Hashers? – Ed]

The Hare arrived & once Paxo had called the Circle together, announced the correct R*n number after a little prompting, My Lil' was called forward to explain what was out there, though Mamms was perplexed as to why Herts use a T to turn the Hash back & not an X as they do over the Pond for a False Trail? There was mention of a Sweet stop (Candy stop), Short Cuts & then we received the not so unexpected bombshell of it being a long Trail! [The Hare's reputation for setting long Trails may have also been a contributing factor for the low turnout? – Ed]

The Pack were off, avoiding getting trapped behind the curved wrought-iron fencing to prevent locals from staggering out of the Pub & in to the road, after a few yards double arrows would direct the way over to the footpath that runs beside the eastern edge of Notcutts Garden Centre, a family company who Sparky's related to.

Mr X led the way down the shaded tree-lined path, running north by northwest between the Garden Centre grounds on the west & the former de Havilland Airfield beyond the trees & hedges to the east.

The first CHK would be found after 240 Yards when the footpath with dim shaded sections emerged into an open area, from here Mr X would go wrong by carrying straight on, he would also lure Moss Key Toe, Tent Packer & Ketchup that way. Back to the CHK & the knitting Circle were on their way eastward, out on to the end of the former airfield.

220 Yards to the northeast over the green open space a CHK was found, when Moss Key Toe & Mr X reached this point, Mamms & Tent Packer had continued further north-eastward, this was after the Hare had marked that way as the Long Trail & the option off to the northwest as the Short Cut.

Mamms & Tent Packer now stopped, they were about to turn back to join Sex Toy, Paxo, Sparerib, Milf, Slug, 3D with Sally & a late arriving Des Res on the Shorter Option, then they saw Moss Key Toe & Mr X continuing running toward them.

The Keenies & the Knitting Circle alike, as Mr X informed them, were now making their way over the former airfield that was used as a film set for the village of 'Ramelle' in the film Saving Private Ryan, where they finally meet the title character of Ryan. The prefabricated village was constructed, parts of which were later used in 'Band of Brothers' TV mini-series. The most exciting time was when the Mustangs flew over for the bombing sequence.

The longer route came up to the far bend on firm hard-capped track, this was the old route for access to the end of the runway by Fire Tenders & the like. Here Kylie moved off to take a picture of the information sign, explaining that this round section was



the Runway Rest & pictures of some of the icon British Aircraft that would have flown just feet above your head back in the day, after taking off from the 2 Kilometre Runway, which has long since been removed.

The airfield and aircraft factory was opened by the de Havilland Company in 1930. Mr X father worked at the plant. In 1960, it was taken over by Hawker Siddeley before merging into British Aerospace. When BAE closed the facility in 1993, the site was developed as housing – though Hatfield's aerospace history is recorded in the names of local streets, such as Mosquito Way, Tiger Moth Way and The Runway.

Back on Trail, around 350 Yards to the northeast, the Keenies found arrows pointing them back down to the southwest, along a line of trees to reach a now marked CHK by a path off to the northwest. Just as they started off after the Knitting Circle, who had already passed by, they were stopped for a photo of Moss Key Toe standing beside by the information sign that had a de Havilland Mosquito.



Mamms couldn't believe that Britain's first purpose built fighter-bomber was mainly constructed of wood! Yes, the Mossie, or Wooden Wonder's use of Alaska Pine, Canadian Spruce & balsa allowed the twin Rolls Royce Merlin engine aircraft to reach an airspeed of 380 MPH, later versions surpassed 400 MPH. 3,326 were constructed at de Havilland's Hatfield Plant alone. Over 1,000 were constructed in Canada as the RAF couldn't get enough of them.

A further 450 Yards to the northwest & the FRBs now caught up with the tail of the Knitting Circle on the start of a 270 Yard straight as a die trot up the footpath, as it runs through an avenue of trees to come out on to the wide, dusty old Track for the local gravel extraction works.

Kylie was particularly interested the long, covered rubber conveyer-belt that the Pack crossed over via a metal footbridge with warning signs adorning the rails.

The Trail now took to a dog-leg footpath that would head from northwest to due west as it came out at the bottom of the small Industrial Estate at Beech Farm, here the Dust turned to Hash arrows as the Pack progressed along the driveway out to Coopers Green

lane. Mamms & Moss Key Toe fell for the Bar CHK out on the edge of Coopers Green Lane & came back, this benefitted Tent Packer & Mr X as they were a few yards behind.

Mr X now hung back to mark the Trail off into a small wooded section, though the rest weren't too far behind as Sparerib & the Hare came into sight. A fresh arrow marked on the tarmac & he continued south-westward but Mr X had some catching up to do as the Trail reverted to Dust. It now led out into the edge of a fallow field & then through to a crop field, but less than 100 Yards the Keenies were diverted away by a large old tree-stump.

Care was taken crossing Coopers Green lane as the FRBs followed Dust up the drive to Oak Farm, then on to a footpath to the right-hand side taking them up by the paddock of Alpacas, which Mamms was surprised to see & Mr X explained that Llamas & Alpacas are quiet bug business in England now.

The Dust had the Keenies move on along the edge of the farmland to the northeast of the Farm house. The Trail left one enclosed field & then began to rise on the long, straight footpath running up the open ridge of larger crop fields around 430 Yards before the route started to level out.

To the North the distinctive Aerial of the old MOD station could be seen on the top of Woodcock Hill, Mr X looked back toward Hatfield to see if he could see the sister tower back at Stanborough, but there was too much of a heat haze for this. Instead the Keenies were now watching their steps & not admiring the verdant views, for the footpath became narrower with encroaching grasses on the last 220 Yards to reach Nashes Farm Lane.

While the FRBs were on a very long loop, the Knitting Circle had carried on along the edge of the field back down on the level by Coopers Green Lane, where in the southwestern corner they would cross over the roundabout at the point where Oakland's Lane & Sandpit Lane meet Coopers Green Lane. There they would cross over to reach the south-bound track up into the grounds of Oaklands Agricultural College.

Back with the Keenies & the Trail kept to a footpath that runs around the outside of Nashes Farm & its various outbuildings, this anti-clockwise (counter clockwise for those for over the pond) would now begin to drop as it moved from nor-nor-west through to northwest & eventually to the southwest, dropping down on to House Lane.

Straight over the lane & the Trail passed through the wooded edge of the Jersey Farm Open Space, heading southward, parallel to House Lane, here Mr X's local Knowledge kicked in as the FRBs emerged for the next small section of wood.

The FRBs reached a CHK at the end of Richmond Walk, Mamms was extra cautious of approaching traffic while crossing the roundabout, especial as one Audi proved to be a typical German Car driver who didn't use her indicators (Turn Signal for those across the Pond!)

The small group listened to Mr X's instruction to follow Dust along the edge of House Lane. Sure enough Trail was found & they all cruised through the next couple of CHKs on the 760 Yards along the edge of the housing estate to the west. On the way there was a bit of ornithological bird spotting, with a Red Kite a little way off in the skies, not to mention some crows & rooks, before finally reaching the roundabout the Knitting Circle had been previously crossed by.

As Mr X predicted, the Trail would now enter the grounds of the Agricultural College. The CHK just beyond the five bar gate had already been marked but there was no sight of the Knitting Circle on the straight, wide, stony drive up to the College campus, or, as the Keenies now became aware, Ketchup either!

On the way up to the College there were various livestock to see, goats, more alpacas, sheep & cattle, with a very large shaggy brown coated Highland Coo in the various paddocks. Mr X was surprised at the new college classroom buildings, as these weren't there last time Herts Hashed through here, well before Covid locked us down.

Through the main campus grounds, passing the old established educational buildings & then around to the drive way out, on the way a robin landed on the fencing, Mr X made Mamms laugh as he said the Robin was looking a "Bit Tatty!" as his red-breasted plumage showed the signs of territorial scrapping.

Having left the gates at the College entrance, arrows directed the way over the Hatfield Road, now it dawned on Mr X that the Hare was going to take the Pack down the old St Albans to Hatfield Railway, which would no doubt excite Kylie. Sure enough the Trail led down Colney Heath Lane as far as the old road bridge over the former train-line, then a turn to the east would take them on to the 'Albans Way' a cycle walking route.

The FRBs were now running low on steam as they tackled the 1.1 Mile tree-lined stretch on the level, former track-bed of the branch line. Along the way there was some excitement as an off-road bike whizzed by, leaving a distinctive fishy two-stroke wiff in the air behind it, apart from this, a lone civilian jogger & a cyclist, there was little else on the Albans Way.

Mr X said that he reckoned the sweet stop was at the old Smallford Junction Station, which was out of sight for most of the mile, Moss Key Toe was not so convinced at Mr X's predictions, also he said that there shouldn't be any curves on the railway line, yet there are slight moves off of a dead straight line keeping the ormer station out of view.

Suddenly a few figures that resembled Hashers could be seen far up ahead, they were looking at an information sign, then they moved on. Finally Mr X & Moss Key Toe saw a Day-glo Orange Hare's Shirt, they just managed to catch up with Paxo, Kylie, Slug & Sally as the last of the Knitting Circle were leaving the Sweet Stop.

The Hare groaned & grumbled as he was called back to the restored single Platform for Smallford Junction as a demand for sweets was met. Though when he arrived with Mamms, Tent Packer would be as disappointed, as much as Mr X, that there were no Aniseed buttons in the remains of the Allsorts!

The Hare now asked the FRBs if Ketchup was with them, the answer was in the negative & so it was a mystery as to where he had gone, as his distinctive red top hadn't been seen for at least three-quarters of the Trail.

The final leg of the Trail would lead under the road bridge, then a short way up beside Station Road to turn off on to Wilkins Green Lane, not too far before taking to a footpath, squeezed in beside the housing estate. The On Inn was found as the footpath crossed the end of the dead-end arm of Springfield Road, another deep breath was need to get beyond the four upright concrete pillars & the last section of the enclose part of the footpath.

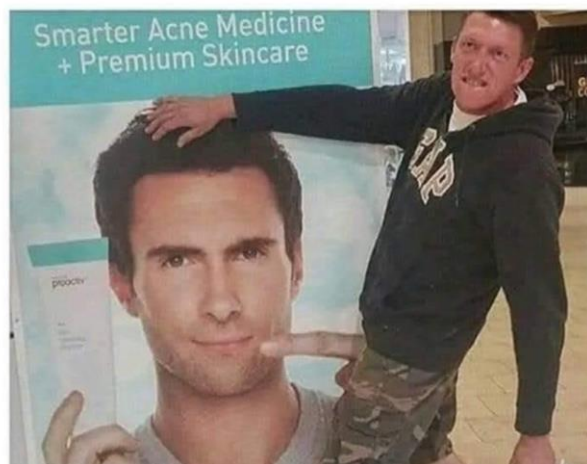
This KFC closed down and turned into a New Mexican restaurant. Instead of replacing the windows they added a sombrero and mustache



the previous book [He's only really reached 20 Trails! – Ed] After the Circle stood down it was back to the bar for some more laughs & reminiscing, as well as plans for Future Hash events!

Me: I'm going to behave at the mall today.

Also me:



One final walk to wind-down on the now humid evening, headed along the edge of a crop field to reach a gap in the hedge, just yards before the Hatfield Road, here the FRBs ducked through the hedge & entered the Pub's garden. Up to the Bar & Ketchup was found supping at a Pint, it wouldn't be until after the Circle that the RA learnt that Ketchup got lost & short cut back, so he wasn't miles ahead of the FRBs!

After food, where Mamms especially was enjoying some British Sticky Toffee Pudding, the main subjects of conversation moved away for how long the long Trail was [The Hare wasn't lying when he said in his 'chalk talk' that it was a long one! – Ed] talk had moved on to the Hare's new phone & the fact he now has a camera on this model, though any txt message emoji's still come out as rectangles! [It's a modern museum piece! – Ed]

The Circle was called, with the Pack eventually moving outside. Paxo 'Toasted the Hash' & then the RA took over. The Hare was rewarded for an excellent, if not longer than expected for a Monday, Trail. Moss Key Toe & 3D were out for wearing thermal artic wear, on a day the Keenies really did get up a sweat in the sultry conditions!

Sex Toy & Mamms were out as 'a returnee' & first time Herts Hash, while Spare Rib joined them for making them come & also reaching (a dubious) 69 Runs written in the Hash Book, according to

