



Herts  
Hash  
House  
Harriers  
**Herts official Website: [hertsHash.co.uk](http://hertsHash.co.uk)**

Hang in there fellas, only a few more weeks until Christmas.

Run No. 2189  
Date: ember 2025  
Venue: The White Horse  
Location: London Colney  
Beers/Cider: Cold & Fizzy  
Hare/s: Moss Key Toe  
Runners: 10  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 1  
Total: 11  
Membership: Lamenting Lemming's Absence!



The morning began with a steady stream of Social Media posts apologising messages from those who were not going to be turning out, a sizable section of the 'Gourmet Hashers' were included. My Lil' & Mr X were early arrivals & as the minutes passed by My Lil' reckoned it would be lucky if we reached double figures, then their conversation was interrupted by a local, who was out in his shorts & walking to a nearby shop.

The civilian stopped to ask these two what they were doing? "We're here for a Run!" replied Mr X, then the local proceeded to tell them that "You can't catch the local Chickens, as they have three legs!" before moving on, leaving a confused couple of Hashers behind, perhaps the breed originate on the Isle of Mann?

Just before the Hare joined them in sheltering under the Pubs front eaves, Mr X wondered if next year on the run up to Christmas we should try a Saturday Trail, as we had a couple of years ago & the Pack totalled 24? Anyhow, more slowly arrived as the mizzle began to dry up, then there was a surprise when a small car came around into the car park. It was the Lemming-mobile & it appeared that there was only one occupant, & that was Mother.

Mother came around to the front & confirmed that Lemming was at home, with Buster, as they thought that it was going to tip down. Others were happy that Mother was now going to go one Herts Run ahead & surpassing Lemming's total. [Opening that 'can of worms' just before the Christmas Weekend! – Ed]

TBT OBE called the Circle together, welcoming the small Pack to Herts Hash R'n number 2190, which was one more than it should have been, but things were running late. The Hare was called forward to explain what lay out there in London Colney, starting with the Trail was set the day before but was it was still in reasonable nick as Moss Key Toe had a crafty peek earlier this morning before going for a coffee.

Moss Key Toe added that due to the logistics regarding the lay of the land, with London Colney being wedged-in between the A414 & the M25 there would be one section where the Trail would use opposite sides of the road for both the Out & the Inn Trails. Then the Hare would mention the Hash would encounter some chickens on the Trail, but didn't elaborate on the number of legs each one had.

Without further ado the Hash set off away sou-sou-east, beyond the busy Islamic Centre. It was a matter of feet to reach the First CHK by the corner of White Horse Lane, where Mr X & My Lil' headed away up to the northeast where they found Trail but were called back to the High Street as Parson's Nose, Mother, TBT OBE also had called "On! On!"

Arriving back on the high Streets they could now see that Paxo, Juices Flowing, 3D & Slug, with Sally, were all turning back toward White Horse Lane, so some familiar ground was rerun as My Lil' & Mr X led the way up White Horse Lane, crossing to the southern side of the road & on to a CHK by the Morris Playing Fields & the Hatfield Athletic FC Club, which was busy with several footie games in progress.

No Hash Markings were found on the driveway into the Sports Grounds, instead it would be picked up back out on White Horse Lane, maybe some of the Trail had been parked over by the footballer's cars parked up all over the wide green verge?

The Pack were forced to step out into the lane, & the traffic due to the inconsiderate parking for 139 Yards to where a footpath fingerpost sign could be seen pointing the way to the sou-sou-east in the tree-line running down the northeast edge of the Sports Ground.

Starting by the fenced-in 'Splash Park', the footpath would enter the Park some 160 Yards down to the eastern corner, where the Dust was spotted on the avenue of trees heading down toward the tennis courts, but after 140 Yards the Trail turned off on a footpath, this runs on an L-shape around two sides of the local allotments to emerge out on to a cul-de-sac, then on to the High Street for the second time of the day.

Parsons Nose, Mother & My Lil' were all up ahead & had found the CHK by the small green triangular space by the dead-end Riverside that runs up to St Peter's Church, with Mother & Parsons Nose heading over the seven arched 'Telford bridge'\* spanning the River Colne on the Barnet Road at the end of the High Street, while My Lil' had

No matter how old you are, an empty Christmas paper wrapping tube is still fun to bonk someone on the head with 🤪

crossed over to head down Waterside & search down by the Green Dragon Pub, all were wrong. \*The grade 2 listed bridge was not built by Thomas Telford, just constructed in the same style as his ones!

Mr X & Juices Flowing had caught up & were quickly off down by

St Peter's Church to the footpath running beside the River Colne, with My Lil', Parsons Nose & Mother all passing them, after cutting over the green & the RA noticed Mother seemed to have an extra spring in her step as she encouraged him to "Get a move on!"

The riverside path would head away around the back of the industrial estate, then the larger lotic pond that the Barnet Angling Society have the fishing rights to. Moving upstream to pass under the wide bridge supporting the A1081 above. Des Res would now catch the Pack, after his earlier than normal late start. A couple of options were found once on the eastern side of the dual carriageway connecting the North Orbital A414 & the M25.

The Dust was picked up heading a further 280 Yards at Bowmans Green Farm, passing by the large area for free-range pig, but the porcines were hunkered down in the sties after the overnight drizzle, before the Dust led up to a cross roads of tracks to the west of the Willows Farm Activity Centre, a large area that was busy with Christmas Themed rides on the hillside to the east.

Still on the west of the Colne, a large green John Deere pulled in to the coral area by the track, hitched to the rear of the tractor was a large trailer, all decorated in Christmas lights & tinsel with a lot of families enjoying the ride. On the way over the crossroad of tracks, Mr X called attention to the Christmas Tree in one corner by the gates & the fact it looked like it had been covered in Trail Flour, though it may have been some kind of artificial snow, we may never know if it was a careless Hare or a festive feature?

Parsons Nose pointed out that the next blob of Flour was actually found in a rotted out hollow in the top of the gate post! The Keenies now headed over to the east was the large expanse of the various out-door pens, there were plenty of Santas dotted about the complex, some inflatable, others more solid & some workers dressed up, there were plenty of civilians enjoying their morning, Mr X also spotted a 'Finish' sign, unfortunately this did not signify the end of today's Hash Trail!

The Keenies pulled away from Paxo, 3D, Slug & Sally on the wide track of the 'Watling Chase Timerland Trail' as it runs along the eastern side of the first of the series of the Three Willows Lakes. Starting by the medium of the three, the Trail would advance nor-nor-east, there was a CHK by the 370Yard mark where a spit of land divides the medium body of water from the longer, largest of the trio.

Thankfully no one ventured off the main drag, as there were plenty of 'DANGER Deep Water' warning signs on the fenced off sections of the two larger lakes, these having been created after a lot of gravel extraction from years ago. On the way by the largest lake, Parsons Nose did break off to go in to where the saplings are planted, to carry out some Wombling, as he recovered a seemingly abandoned brown bucket. He would carry this around the rest of the Trail, like a Handbag. [What would Lady Augusta Bracknell have said? – Ed]

After three quarters of a mile the FRBs would reach the northern top of the Alban Lakes, here in the car park by the Reception & Fishing bait stores was the Held CHK, Unfortunately for Mother, she had gone beyond this & found the Trail over to the west, while My Lil' came back from a Falsie to the east but he was stopped by the approaching Hare, for this was the Sweet Stop Held CHK, a fresh Held CHK being set on the area the old, & now missing one was.

The Keenies enjoyed the sweets before setting off after Mother, who was probably still on a natural adrenalin rush & keen as mustard to get that extra Herts Run under her belt, Mr X had said he that he would be messaging Lemming when he got back to the Pub.

Before 3D, Paxo, Slug & Sally had reached the regroup, the Keenies were allowed to move on as the clouds were again gathering above. Around to the west by the smallest, & the busiest of the lakes, having far more fishermen at the pegs around it. [Must be easier fishing? – Ed]

The Trail would turn due south with the drive, as it made its way through the wooded side of the Lakes, then a change to due west had the Trail taking to a footpath running over the fields by a wooded outcrop of Blount Spring. The weather was now begging to turn as a light precipitation was in the air, but nothing too strong as Pack made their way round to head southward & on to a CHK by the northern tip of Coppice Wood.

Mother was found waiting outside of Coppice Wood, now in the company of My Lil' both he & Mother disappeared in to the wood, picking up Trail on the desire line through the centre of the elongated plantation, however, Parson Nose, Juices Flowing & Mr X were ushered by the Hare to take to the official footpath going around the outside of the Coppice wood, where they picked up the Trail.

Mr X looked back along the Trail, where he could see TBT OBE & Des Res, as he did so, he saw TBT OBE slide along on the gentle drop in the contour of the fields & it was like something from Ski Sunday! In TBT OBE's defence there was now a stronger drizzle in the air, thankfully TBT OBE managed to stay in the vertical, unlike on Friday when he tripped over.

Mother & My Lil' missed the T within the wood, or deliberately didn't go back to get back on Trail as they could hear & spot those on the outside of the wood through the odd gap along

What date in December is it acceptable to start slipping a little bit of baileys into your mid-morning coffee? Asking for a friend.



the way to the southern tip. On the outside of the wood & looking over in the misty distance the Hash could see the Arsenal Training Ground & after losing the day before were the Team were probably out there going through their training?

The Trail had to come down a little way in the open from the Copice Wood, if Milf had been there she would have been disappointed to see that the metal Kissing Gate, for the footpath, was now all overgrown & been absorbed in to the Hedgerow! A simple step to the side to join a farm track, the Trail cut back on this up to White Horse Lane.

A small Short Cut was put in before the lane, which confused Juices Flowing who tried to call the Keenies back from the Trail. The Short Cut led directly through a small triangular piece of wood to come out on the end of the bend in the lane the FRBs had run. The Hash were now on the final leg of the Trail, crossing over the A1081 before coming back down White Horse Lane, but this time on the northern side & away from the 'Out Trail' by the Morris Playing Fields & Hatfield Athletic Football Club Sports Grounds.

There was one small diversion on White Horse Lane, as the Trail turned off to the right, heading north on one arm of Morris Way, then turning west on the longest of the three branches of Morris Way, passing a NO NO NNI on the 270 Yards to the side entrance to the White Horse Car Park.

A slightly disappointing entrance to the Bar for some, as they soon discovered that the Pub doesn't have any Real Ale! The Hare had reserved tables, thankfully there were now enough eating Sunday Roasts to save the Hare any embarrassment with a lack of Gourmet Hashers present today. The food looked extremely good, with TBT OBE really enjoying his vegetarian roast Chicken. [Was it one of the local three-legged veggie Chickens? – Ed]

The Circle was going to be put off, for Mr X & My Lil' wanted to get back to St Albans to try the Titanic Cherry Porter Reserve in the Mermaid, then the Salem Black Fruit Porter in the Watered Barn, but Mother offered them a lift over so they didn't need to dash to catch the bus. The Circle was back on, & some may say with fairer & more meaningful awards than FIFA hand out!

The Hare was rewarded for a great Trail, which everyone enjoyed, though the Hare did say it would have been better on a brighter day. TBT OBE was out for his Ski Sunday effort; Mother was given her Hit to celebrate going one ahead of Lemming [Mr X did send a Social Media Message to Lemming! – Ed] Mr X joined the last hit for the fact the rain started right at the very end of the Trail [The RA's still not 100% fit yet! – ED]

Dear Reader- You'd be glad to know that My Lil' & Mr X both successfully managed to have a couple of each of the Beers, with both agreeing that the latter, the Salem Dark Fruit Porter being their 'Beer of the Year!'



Toaster. never taken out of the box  
E5 · SA46 0

MESSAGE

