

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

Run No. 2191

Date: 14th December 2025

Venue: The Doctor's Tonic

Location: Welwyn Garden City

Beers/Cider: IPA; Abbot & Abbot Reserve

Hare/s: My Lil'

Runners: 10

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

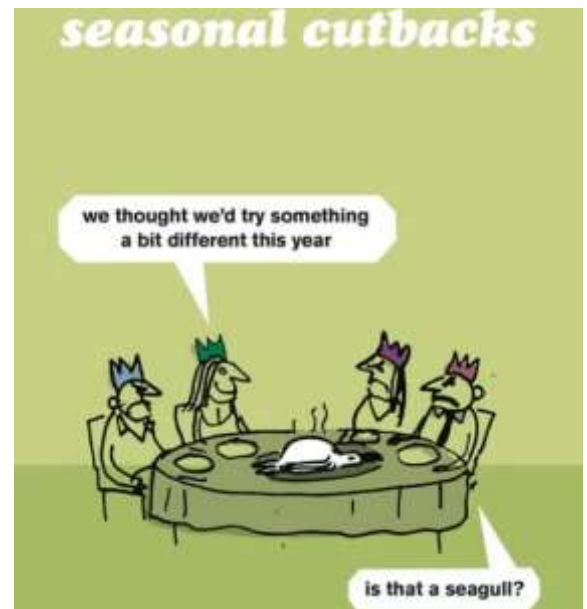
Newbies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 1

Total: 11

Membership: Some Very Crisp Batter & Iced Coffee on the shortest day of the year!



Before the Hash there was some confusion Social Media posts as to parking costs in the car park outside of the Pub, mainly as its run by a Private Company that charges, the issue was cleared up when Mr X arrived to see that the tariffs only apply Monday to Saturday, so he posted the good news on the Herts Facebook Page. Would anyone notice?

Mother & Lemming strolled up, then Juices Flowing & Parsons Nose Paxo, followed by Paxo & Jules, when all of the found out the car park was free, as confirmed by one of the Bar Staff, there was some moving of cars to bring them closer to the On Inn. In their defence, neither the Scribe or the Hare ever drive to this venue, they walk there.

A low turnout again on the lead up to Christmas, some had Family things to do, others were gearing up to the big day in other ways, while others were afflicted with an incapacity to use Social Media or a mobile phone to enquire about a possible lift. Perhaps this malady was set off by a bit of Cyberchondria?

Anyhow, time came around for Paxo to open the welcoming Circle to the correct Run Number, then the Hare was called forward to fill the Pack in on what lay out there on the streets of the World's Second Garden City? Short Cuts were mentioned, a cheer went up, as well as a Held CHK that no one should miss!

Then without further ado off they went to the eastern end of Church Road, Kylie's interest was pricked [Steady Pebbledash! - Ed] as he spotted the old single decker red bus in the nursery school's car park. Arrows turned the Hash to sou-sou-west as they came around on to the start of Long Croft Lane, around 200 Yards along this to reach the First CHK of the day, there was none of that having a CHK right outside of the Pub nonsense from this Hare, Oh No!

Here the Hare marked the first split in today's Trail, with an SC being marked in the direction of Longcroft, or the Trail that turning to the west on to Parkfields. Jules innocently enquired from Paxo what the SC meant, was it Santa Claus? As she, Paxo, Juices Flowing, Milf, Kylie & the Hare continued on Longcroft, leaving Parsons Nose, Mother, Mr X & Lemming to head westward on Parkfields, with Buster slowing Mother up as he kept stopping to look back for Lemming.

Of the Keenies went on the connecting side street of contrasting 90° turns, first to the right, then to the left to emerge out on to Parkway after 250 Yards, the Garden City's centre piece green boulevard. Mr X already knew that there would be a turn to the next left, to head sou-sou-west on Parkway, for he had spotted some of the one-sided arrows on his walk to the venue.

250 Yards on to pass by St Bonaventure's Catholic Church & then another left to enter Birdcroft, on the opposite junction of the wide green Parkway is a Pillar-box topper celebrating Hannah Botterman, Helena Rowland & Zoe Harrison who all have played for Welwyn RUFC & were in the Red Roses World Cup winning team.

After running the length 190 Yards of Birdcroft, Parsons Nose rejoined the rest of the Pack on Longcroft Lane to continue for a further 390 Yards to its end at the turning on to Rooks Hill, away to the west. He would find a CHK there, before picking up the Trail around to the east on a footpath a short way up to end of Osborn Way.

Meanwhile behind the Knitting Circle & Parsons Nose, Mother was still being hampered still with Buster, even with Lemming shooing him along, he still had to keep looking back, she would have more



issues with the stubborn pooch when Mr X & Lemming broke off on the marked Short Cut through the small cul-de-sac of Rooks Close, off to the east.

I don't have an advent calendar so I'm just opening cupboard doors and eating what's in there.

Cutting through the passage in the bottom corner to Osborn Way, Lemming & Mr X now came out ahead of Buster & Mother, Lemming now said "It's not often you see a Sausage Dog with Border?" to Mr X, who wasn't biting. Buster suddenly made an effort when Mother pointed Lemming out to him as they crossed the end of Osborn Way to head eastward over the Twentieth Mile Bridge.

For those who haven't partaken in the World's End Pub Crawl, then you would not have had the pleasure, that some have had, of Junior informing those in the Taxi that the Bridge derives its name from the fact it is exactly 20 Miles from Kings Cross on the mainline from London to Edinburgh.

Anyhow, out of the boxed in footpath to the eastern side of the railway line, here the Trail would cross via the two double lanes, with the second set being on the adjacent new road-bridge over the Railway, here Kylie would get excited as a Locomotive passed beneath.

Once over the twin sets of lights to the south, the Trail would leave the crossing, then after a few feet up to the east a split was found on the edge of Cassie's Field, or Woodhall Open Space that was formally known as 'Spud's Field, an area that in the 1980's was continually being dug up for old bottles as it was an old dump for refuse off of the Railway, now days there is a lot of signage forbidding digging, or a hefty fine.

Mother took Buster on the anti-clockwise longer Trail, around a loop to the western edge of the trees, while Lemming & Mr X both took the shorter option over the 'Traveller Trap' spanned a wooden footbridge over the watery ditch, all of which built a few years ago to prevent the regular pitching of Caravan on Chequers field.

Buster was excited to see Leeming coming into view as the Short Cut & Loop both met in the southeastern corner of the green space as the Trail now took to the southbound Chequers. Mother tried to get ahead of these two but again Buster was slowing up her efforts to catch up with Milf, Kylie, Juices Flowing, Jules, Paxo, the Hare & Parsons Nose all way ahead, way up by the end of the first row of houses lining one side of the wide green Chequers.

A moment of inspiration came to Mr X, after hearing about the future banning of Lure or Trail Hunting, why not tie a pair of Lemming's unwashed pants to an FRBs, say Diamond Geezer, Parsons Nose or Moss Key Toe, so that Buster can pick up the scent & chase that, instead of always stopping to look behind him!

With the rest out of sight, the back three at the rear of the Pack followed the arrows into Burrowfields Industrial Estate to the west, a short way into the busy estate as the Trail passed by a local Undertakers to take to Southfield, moving on by a couple of garages to turn in to what appeared to be a small dead-end. The Trail markings had been parked upon by a small red car, right where the Trail disappears through a gap in the fence to enter Porter Taylor Wood.

The Trail headed south through the litter strewn start of the strip of woodland, the meandering path passed by a real rough bit where a couple of drug addicts have set up camp, with an open fire outside of the tarpaulin home, surrounded by a sea of trash. Thankfully the litter decreased as the Trail advance on the path through the plantation on a south by southwest path, that eventually leads out to the roundabout by Chequersfield.

A CHK was found on the southern side of the entrance. This point would be another opportunity for a Short Cut, with Parsons Nose, Mother & Buster being the only ones to continue southward into the Creswick Plantation to the south, this Loop would run along the western side of the woodland where it butts up to the back edge of the eastern side of Eddington Crescent.

The longer option would turn to the northeast, along the bottom of the wood & then out to Chequers, to head northward on the main road to the roundabout which the Knitting Circle had already passed beneath, here the Trail took to Howlands, leading up to the Hares home, where he had set up a table with Mulled Cider & Stollen Cake. All of which was much appreciated, though Lemming was on the Alcohol-Free version as he was getting over a hangover from the previous days cycling, where he & his friends did a tour of all of the Pubs in Tring!

Mother & Buster arrived before Parson Nose, which was odd, for he was ahead of Mother well in advance, anyhow, everyone enjoyed lashings of Mulled Cider & Stollen cake, not to mention a photo opportunity with Mother & the next-door neighbour's dachshund ornaments.

Time t resume the Trail, if at a somewhat slower pace after all of the hot toddies! A few yards up Howlands & by the bus stop, where Mr X asked if they were getting the bus back to town? The answer was in the negative as the Trail turned in to the short, but 'controversial' Leyton Street.

Back when the new builds were being constructed on the former grounds of Howard School, they ended up naming the short connecting road as Leyton Street, the Welwyn ~~Grimes~~ Times local paper was full of complaints from the Historic societies, concerning that in the original concept of the Garden City that all the roads would have names that reflecting a more country life, crofts, fields, orchards, lane, instead of Street which they associated with large urban Cities.

Mother & Parsons Nose were still up for a r*n as they would take the Loop off to the west on Chambers

Our village Christmas lights are designed by the local primary kids and they are the single best thing about the festive season.



Grove, this would come up Lawrence Hall End & then back around to the east on Purdham Road to meet up with the Knitting Circle on Sir John Newsom Way, Mother & Parsons Nose then broke off again as the Knitting Circle cut diagonally across the green space in the north of Kenyon Place.

The Pace didn't improve as the Pack made their way out up Great Lea. On to Woodhall Lane to pass by Our Lady's Catholic School, here Mr X went on beyond a couple of arrows directing the way over the road, this was in order to get a picture by the Christmas Yarn-bombed Pillar-box. On top were some gonks wearing pointed hats & Mr X wanted make his bah-humbug hat to stand up all erect [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] like the gonks', he was joined by Paxo who had a slight issue getting his erect, [Hat that is Pebbledash! – Ed]

Pictures taken & it was time to move on, with Paxo wishing for some blue pills for Christmas, as the Pack crossed the road to start down Barnfield Road, after a left turn in to Furzeffield, the Hash arrived at a CHK. Here Mr X fell for the crafty false off in to a small enclosed green space behind the homes. Surprisingly this is one part of his home town that the RA doesn't know as well, as he trudged back to find the rest were already making their way to the northwest on Howell Road & on to a CHK by a back-passage leading out to a green triangular open area behind the terraced homes.

Here Mr X found a rack made in to the word 'Laundry', which he placed in the footpath's hedgerow, another photo opportunity occurred as Parsons Nose caught up & hung his Santa hat on one hook, with others following suit to fill all the pegs up with seasonal headwear.

The Hare was anxious to get on with thing, not to mess around with discarded laundry hangers, but his hopes of a quick exit from the green space were again dashed as a rotten old discarded dog-toy was kicked back toward Buster, who was rapidly discouraged from grabbing the soft plaything. [No! We are not back to Paxo! – Ed]

By now the Mulled Cider was having its effect as Mother & Parsons Nose had also slowed up as the Trail now moved on to the top right of the Y-shared footpaths in the triangular green, though Mr X had to be called back from the opposite arm out of the footpath on to Pondcroft, where his mum used to live when she was a girl.

Once the Pack had come out on to Mill Green Road, the Trail would turn northward, only for a few yards before crossing over to take to Duncan Close, soon to be led through a myriad of cut-throughs, ginnels & back-passages, all linking the various dead-end arms of Etheldred Close & Oaktree Garth, where the Keenies of Parsons Nose, Mother & now Mr X would find the Hare leading the Knitting Circle on carty Short Cuts out through various gaps in fences & hedges to come out right by them.

The Trail would eventually make its way over to the east, on to Ludwick Way to resume a northward stagger once again. It would be a 350Yard that ended in a slight down hill trot to reach the final CHK of the Trail, this being by Ravenfield Road.

The Long Trail would head north-eastward on a loop for the two Keenies, this would turn after 100 Yards to turn north-westward to run on the access road behind the Welwyn Garden City Sea Cadets & Rock Apes Centre, & its neighbouring Welwyn Thalian's Theatre.

The loop came back down the third side of the small triangular area of 1930's bungalows with their distinctive terracotta Dutch tiled roofs, to head southward on Peartree Lane, here they would meet the Knitting Circle who had just carried on for Ludwick Way to cross over Peartree Lane to start up Hyde Way.

The next section of Trail being through the small remaining section of the original Industrial area, with little single-story units dating back to when the Second Garden City was constructed in the 1920's. The Hare now put in a 'View Point' by the Norton Gym, named after the nearby former Norton Abrasives site it once occupied, for beside it in the driveway was a Locomotive to get Kylie excited.

Later in the Pub, Kylie would declare that he would only except it being called a Locomotive or an Engine! Pictures taken of the 'Train at Norton' Engine & the Hash then headed off to the end of Hyde Way, the over the pedestrian crossing on Broadwater Road.

The final leg was to advance down the dead-end of the western section of Hyde Way, where it passes by the ruined carbuncle of the remains of what is left of the partially demolished Shredded Wheat Factory. Leaving the now crumbling dirty off-white grain silos behind to climb the old iron steps up to the railway footbridge, Parsons Nose now stopped here to finally time his shoelace, using the steps to save on bending down too far.

Over the old lattice-work footbridge, crossing over the Kings Cross Line for the last time, [For those in the know, they were now exactly 21.5 Miles from Kings Cross! – Ed] then in to the Howard Centre at the Station Ticket Office Level, before a descending the escalator to the ground level. Unbelievably the Hare would receive some critique later, that the Trail wasn't marked on the shiny polished tiles of the shopping centre!

While some made their way directly back down Featherne Road to the Doctors Tonic, others stopped to have their pictures taken on some of the many oversized Christmas Decorations dotted around the Town Centre, as well as the large Menorah to celebrate Hanukkah. Even though only 105 Years old, Welwyn Garden City took in many Jewish refugees escaping Europe in the late 1930's.





After the photos, some were delayed further with a bit of Shopping. Juices Flowing was one who took a while browsing the shops, resulting in the Coffee Parsons Nose had bought her ended up as an iced flat white. Milf moaned that there was nothing worth buying in the Charity Shops, probably as the RA had been around them all the day before for his Herts Christmas Weekend Secret Satan Santa Pressies?

Back in the Pub & there were comments on Kylie looking like Dr Harold Shipman & now a similarity to Doctor Frederic Pechier, who was found guilty in France this week of murdering his patients! The subject was soon changed to what you can & can't call a Train engine!

The Circle was called before eating commenced, with the Hare being awarded his Down-Down for setting a rather good & somewhat dry Trail. Lemming was awarded a very wishy-washy Down-Down for his comments about Sausage-dog walking a Border!

Finally, there was Kylie, who's resemblance to another murdering Doctor! Though in fairness, the French Murderer looks more like Hoggy! [Who as we all now is the Best RA ever! – Ed] Then after the Circle Parson Nose could tackle his very well done & crispy battered fish. Sadly, the Abbot Reserve didn't last that long once the Hash got stuck in to it.



Dick van Dyke (100) is now officially too old to play with Lego!



Another Kylie Looky-likey, or Hoggy?



I always thought I was a lover not a fighter, but then I went to Asda to do the Christmas food shop and it turns out, I'll take you all on.