

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

Exclusive:

Woman with phobia of lifts
disappears!

She took steps to avoid them!

Run No. 2229

Date: Monday 17th August 2026

Venue: The Attimore (Toad) Hall

Location: Welwyn Garden City

Beers/Cider: Sharpes' Solar Waves, Dooooombar; UBU Purity

Hare/s: Mr X

Runners: 17

Virgins: 0

Visitors: 0

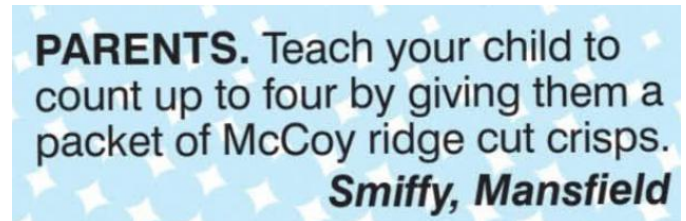
Newies: 0

Après: 0

Hash Hounds: 1

Total: 18

Membership: Dummys around a dummy airfield!



So, another week of hot weather, another week of bone-dry brown fields, & being still in the school holidays the turnout was pretty good, perhaps it was the reappearance of the legend (in his own lunchtime) who is the General, that may have just brought a few more inquisitive ones out tonight? [We will never know! – Ed]

Car registrations were tapped into the tablets in the Pub, Kylie just managing to do his without falling beyond the time limitations, while Des Res was the last to input the info. Safe from any fines [Fingers crossed!- Ed], the Circle was called outside the front of ~~Toad~~ Attimore Hall. Welcomes from Fliptop out of the way & then the Hare was called forward to explain what the Hash would or could encounter out there tonight.

A sweet stop, normal Herts Hash Markings & Short Cuts, for those who stuck with the Hare, were the order of the day. Photos were taken by Kylie of the Pack outside of ~~Toad~~ Attimore Hall, then off the Hash went on to the Ridgeway, where a few feet from the entrance to the adjacent Shamrock Club was a the First CHK of the Trail. On the way out, Mark E Mark mockingly said to General "Don't try & keep up with me!"

A tempting back-passageway was spotted across the Ridgeway, but Trail had already been spotted by My Lil' on his walk down from the Bus Stop to the south. Further down the Ridgeway for 170 Yards to reach double arrows directing the Pack away through the tapering end of some woodland, to cut eastward over an old lane & into the small Langstone Ley estate, with its little cul-de-sacs that sit behind the local Morrisons Store.

The evening was a sultry & muggy one, so it was no surprise that My Lil', Where's Wally?, Moss Key Toe & Angelai were the only ones who were up for taking on the task of running & searching the Trail. Arrows would take the Hash off a backstreet mini roundabout, on the way they passed by well used lamppost with P-MAIL chalked by it, before turning to emerge out on to Black Fan Road.

Heading down toward the afore mentioned Supermarket but more double arrows had the Pack cross before the roundabout to the supermarket & take to Panshanger Drive, heading eastward for 130 Yards, then crossing, via a traffic island, to the opposite side of the road. Here arrows directed the Hash on to a footpath hidden by a tall dense hedge.

A few feet behind which was a CHK by a footpath off to the north. Dust was found on the footpath that was parallel, yet almost hidden by multiplexing box, the Trail led behind the Tree-line & bushes separating it from Panshanger Drive, though My Lil' chose to ignore this route & carried on along the roadside rather than the shady & cooler tree-line option by the grounds of the local Primary School.

170 Yards on & out in to the open where the next CHK was found further to the east, just a few feet away from the roundabout where Moors Walk heads away to the nor-nor-east. But it was off to the southeast for the Hash, as My Lil' was straight over & on a footpath over Panshanger Drive, to lead through back-to-back homes with plenty of interesting cut-throughs.

A CHK around 160 Yards, only slowed up Moss Key Toe & Where's Wally? as My Lil' had continued for a further 140 Yards until the alleyway comes out on to Sylvian Way, where once across the road, a CHK was found by the start of another of Panshanger's many back-passages.

The FRBs would be taken a further 160 Yards to a set of arrows at an acute angle which had them cut back up through Daleswood toward its top end, but then it peeled off to



the right to a seemingly dead-end, which actual had a small cut-through for locals to nip over to a local bus shelter on Panshanger Drive.

The Knitting Circle ambled up Panshanger Drive, having missed out on the loop, they were heading toward the Bus Shelter as My Lil' popped out of the trees & shrubs to head north-eastward up Sylvian Way. Having found the Craftily placed arrows behind the Bus Shelter My Lil' led the way up to the entrance to the Football Club House on Moneyhole Lane Park, where a CHK waited. Some wondered how the area derived its name, the lane itself is an ancient one & one possible answer was that a hoard of coins were found here?

My Lil' utilized his local knowledge as he set off on a footpath, which was not so obvious to start with, over on the opposite side of the low wooden coral fencing. Milf was on the scene to take some pictures of some of the Pack 'getting their legs over' as the Trail was picked up on a track in the wooded strip that heads north-eastward. To the right the open expanse of brown space that is home to the Soccer Pitches & to the left fenced-off backs of the local homes.

A CHK some 200 Yards along in the shade was to meant to be a mere decoy, but some piss-weasel had kicked out the Trail that was not upon the trees for a short section, not that My Lil' would have fallen for this as the Trail continued to the northeastern corner of the woodland that surrounds Moneyhole Lane Park. On the way a large, impressive bracket fungi was spotted on the base of one tree.

Naturally, there had to be a CHK in the northwestern corner, beside one of the entrances from the housing estate to the park, this CHK had remained intact as it was positioned in between the rugged roots of a broadleaf tree. My Lil' & Where's Wally? had already set off on the 340 Yards along the northern wooded edge of the sports ground to find the next CHK in the northeastern corner of the park's wood.

The Keenies would head off away the north for a few yards & then head eastward into Henry Wood on a loop. Meanwhile the Hare marked the Shorter Option over on to 'Green Lane' another old track leading southward through the trees for 250 Yards before turning to the west

Tent Packer had to be called back from heading foolishly toward the longer option, he was soon back on the earthen track with Milf, General, Fliptop, Paxo, Slug with Sally, Mark E Mark, Ketchup, Soggy Butt, Hot 'N' Spicee & Des Res all following on as the Hare set down the fresh flour, with the brown sports ground now on the left.

Back with the FRBs, they would change tact from easterly trot to the heart of Henry Wood, now they were on a south-westerly direction for around 190 Yards before turning due south & down into Birchall Wood, here Dust led then along the eastern edge of the long rectangle of the wood.

A CHK was found after 200 Yards, where the Trail was soon picked up on the adjacent desire-line path over to the west. It would be some 320 Yards to finally turn westward inside the very bottom of the wood, after 70 Yards to emerge from the wood & out on to footpath of a track over the tinder-dry stubble of recently reaped fields. The fire risk conditions have reached a point where even the MOD have cancelled all 'Live Fire' training & Mr X's Tank Driving has now been called off!

After 460 Yards the Keenies would now head into the tree-line that Green Lane runs through, the CHK here was now marked as the Knitting Circle had already passed through southward on a long trot. It was along here that the conversation with the Knitting Circle came around to the fact that there are 8 weeks of Hash Trails still out there, not having any rain to wash them out, the only reason parts of the World's End Pub Crawl had gone is just due to the Footfall wearing the arrows away.

Des Res now 'fessed up that he joined the World's End Pub Crawl in Letchworth, initially only to do one or two Pubs, but completed Six, which led to him walking to reach the Wilbury & finish the World's End. And yes, he did make it home Ok that night.

The route underfoot had now from concrete like earth to a real rough concrete one, which led to some asking if this was the old railway line to Hertford, but it wasn't. Mr X would explain that the concrete road was a Jeep's width, & pointed out the bunker like structure that remains to the east in Blackthorn wood, the only other indication that an Air base was once here, a fake one at that to start with.

During World War II, the fields that make up the park area were used as a Decoy Factory in 1940, after the Air Ministry allowed the de Havilland aircraft company to construct a fake "decoy" factory on the site to lure enemy bombers away from the actual de Havilland factory, which was located about 6 miles away in Hatfield.

Originally named the Holwell Hyde Reserve Landing Ground, it was used for flying training, officially becoming known as RAF Panshanger in 1943. The civilian Aerodrome followed but sadly that closed a few years ago to become more housing. On the good news front, for the Herts Hackers, the Panshnager Golf Course has now been saved from becoming housing due to residnets rejection of the council plans!

The Pack passed by Rolls Wood to the west, with Blackthorn wood still on the east to arrive back on to Black Fan Road, which is named after the long-gone Blackfan Farm. Once they were safely across Black Fan Road, the Hare did have one last little, annoying, trick left, but as Where's Wally?, My Lil', Moss Key Toe & Angelai were still behind the Knitting Circle the Hare had a change of heart & altered the markings, saving the Keenies from going





A Dummy Hawker Hurricane at Panshanger

around a loop in the remnants of Howick Wood. The whole of the Pack were now sent off down the Cycleway/footpath to the northwest.

A boring stretch was now undertaken beside the main arterial road would lay ahead, but General had other things on his mind to keep him from thinking about that, for he needed to nip back on the quickest possible route to the Pub, to carry-out some urgent 'paper-work'! Off he scuttled along Black Fan Road, later admitting that he arrived just in time at the Attimore Hall.

Eventually the cycleway/footpath's monotony was broken when metal railings scooped up most of the Pack to divert them away from the road, taking them into a park area, however, Hot 'N' Spicee & Lobby Lobster failed to see the arrows here &

carried on along Black Fan Road, until Mr X called them back in via another entrance in the road-side hedge.

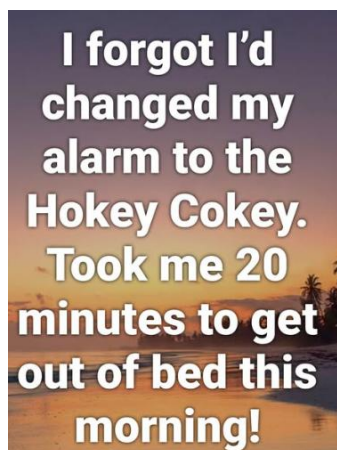
The Held CHK was located in the end of the first section of park. The Hare made sure that the Allsorts had aniseed buttons, buying an Original Bassets packet & a Morrisons finest for the Pack to judge for themselves in a not so blind-tasting. He added that most of the packets he had picked up had burst seams at the back, resulting in a lot of Allsorts scattered on the shop floor! Ironically, both packets had plenty of aniseed buttons in!

Suitably rewarded with sweets, the Pack were sent off to the northwest with My Lil' marking the Trail into the next section of park, while Mr X waited for Paxo & Kylie for their sweets, as well as Moss Key Toe & Angelai. The Hare asked if the last two had got lost on the longer Trail loop through Birchall Wood? Moss Key Toe explained that there was plenty of Dust & the Trail was easy to find, but he had aggravated his knee so had to slow up.

On by the swings in the next section of the park & on to the last CHK of the day, a token effort if that, that My Lili' had been instructed by the Hare to mark through so the Trail was picked up into the woodland, the same wood encountered at the start of the Trail.

YOU KNOW when you're sitting on the loo and realise that there's no toilet paper, so you have to do that silly, trousers-down waddle to go and get some. Well, I'm nearly at Tesco's now, and I've had some very strange looks.

B Cholmondeley-Warner, email



The Trail followed the tarmac path half way in, then arrows took the Pack off through the leaf littered desire-line, leading northward to find the On Inn chalked on two bollards before the dead-end lane the Pack crossed at the start. The tail of the Pack were back at the Pub in an hour & ten minutes, plenty of time to order grub.

The Hash settled in, outside & not taking advantage of the conservatory that had been reserved for them. It was still very muggy & outside just seemed a bit more pleasant. Now the Hash grappled with downloading the EmberInns App. My Lil' looked on, perplexed, at a sudden rush of downloads for Real Ales at £3.50 on a special offer using the App, a discount far more than the CAMRA membership card offer!

Mr X had issues with the QR Code being scanned, this turned out to be a crack in his screen-saver right across the square, causing the scanner to fail. This was rectified & he went outside to find that Mark E Mark had mastered the app, with a round of drinks being delivered direct to the table!

It was a relaxed Circle, due to the food coming out before the Kitchen closes at 21:00Hrs. Fliptop raised the toast to the Hash, then awarded Mr X with his Down-Down for setting a good Trail, having downed his pint, Mr X then turned to his RA-ing duties.

The other Hits wet to Des Res, who was presented with his engraved Herts Hash Tankard for completing 100 Herts Hashes; Mark E Mark was out for his mastery of tech & the EmberInns App; General was going to be awarded his for having to 'Trot off' before 'Trotting off' on Trail, but as he was driving the half of lager was handed to his 'Co-pilot' of Ketchup, who would struggle with this half. Mark E Mark chime din with a "You only had a half, I had a whole pint!" So, Ketchup was awarded the second half of lager for the previous week's change from Real Ale to Corona!

