



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



Run No.2008
6th November 2022
Venue: Fish & Eels (Or the Not eating? Bugger 'orf!)
Then the Star Hoddesdon
Location: Dobbs Weir
Beers/Cider 1: TT Landlord
Beers/Cider 2: A decent selection including two great Porters!
Hare/s: Where's Wally?
Runners: 9
Virgins: 2
Visitors: Essex H3 10
Newies: 0
Après: 2
Hash Hounds: 0
Total: 23
Membership: As popular as sand under your foreskin! [Yes, I've been watching SAS Rogue heroes! – Ed]



The Rain was pretty heavy overnight & into the morning, it was too much for the Hare's early morning foray to attempt to set the Trail & efforts were getting washed away as soon as he put the flour down. So, Where's Wally? elected to set a 'Live Trail' in parts, & on his return he was rudely made to jump when Milf sounded her hooter [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] as she drove by the Hare on his way to the car park!

As the Pack assembled in the car park across from the Fish & Eels, since the Pub car park charges & there is a limited stay time. Milf, Paxo, My Lil' & Mr X arrived, since there was no **TBT OBE** there was room in Milf's Car for the two whose 310 Bus didn't arrive that morning from Hertford, so they made the best of a bad situation & got the 724 as far as Ware & then had a quick Pint in the Waterside Inn until Milf picked them up.

Essex Hash began to arrive, firstly with Casey Jones & Blow Dry, then Heap O' & Aint Gone One, followed by Lunchbox & Sooty but for Vicky Vomit & Dr Doolittle there would be delays on the M25 that would prevent them arriving in time for the start. On the Herts side Hash Test Dummy & Dani arrived, along with Emily & Evie who had already been out on a r*n that morning to get to the venue via the River Lea Navigation towpath from the south!

Moss Key Toe then appeared, as did Tent Packer, who aptly sailed in by the marina in his ~~yacht~~ Mercedes Estate. Mr X was informed by Casey Jones & Heap O' that Herts Hash has been mentioned in dispatches in the latest edition of the 'On! On!' Magazine, it's the Where's Wally? Article about Trail worries! Mr X had a chat with Pulled out about The Green Bay Packers playing at Tottenham's Stadium, as Pulled Out follows the 'Cheese-heads', turns out that they lost after a rubbish second half!

With Tent Packer safely ~~moored~~ parked up, he joined the rest awaiting the minute hand to come around to the Hour, as well as admiring Milf's New Shoes, which she desperately tried to claim had been through the washing machine! [No one was buying that! – Ed]

Introductions from Heap O' Crap & then Paxo welcomed the Pack to Runs 1950 & 2008 for their respective Hashes, then the Hare was called forward to explain what the combined Pack could expect out there on this damp morning.

Where's Wally? spun a sorry tale that his planned Trail was changed due to A) One of the fields he was going to cross was now underwater, then B) his second attempt first thing this morning resulted in him having a one large ball of dough [Yet, although the dough had proved, he never baked it & offered the Pack any freshly made bread! – Ed]

So, it was now going to be an unusual combination of a guided section, some Trail, a short cut that should still be there, but most importantly a Drink & Sweet Stop!! Then without further ado the Hash were shown the way out of the car park, up the steps by the closed toilets, then a wait for the traffic lights to change on the narrow, one lane old pack-bridge.

After the mad dash, the Hare led the way on to the long narrow footbridge of Dobbs Weir, which uniquely is partly in Hertfordshire & also in Essex, since the County Boundary runs along this section of the River Lea Navigation & then on to the River Stort Navigation. Here the Hash would encounter the first of the water fowl that would be spotted around three quarters of the Trail.

AMAZINGLY WHERE'S WALLY? RECEIVED HIS PARCEL!



To the right of the narrow long bridge over the weirs was the Fish & Sling your Hooks, the Puib sits on the spit of land between the River Lea Navigation & the Flood Relief Channel [Which gives the scribe another chance to get the "We all get to that age!" joke in again! – Ed] To the left are the V-drop sluice gates which until 2003 were used by water-sports enthusiasts as a 'White-water' course after heavy rain, and you could see why this morning, but this was closed off for safety reasons due to repair.

Now days you can go & capsize in a large dingy further down the Lea Valley, at the Olympic Watersports Park, just like a group from Herts Hash did a few years ago & drink in the River Lea Water experience in more ways than one! Back to the Trail & the Pack would now be led on to the puddle-strewn east bound towpath along the side of the River Lea Navigation.

The River Lea was an important tributary to the Thames, the Battle of the River Lea (or Lee) marked the edge of the Danelaw to the east after King Alfred stopped the Viking Invasion to this point. In 1425 the first act of Parliament was granted for navigational improvement, to allow boats easier to transport grain from Hertfordshire, as well as Malt from Hertford & Ware until the 1950's.

Anyhow, back to today's Trail & the tow path followed the turn in the River Lea Navigation as it follows the large arcing bend around to the north, there were plenty of narrow-boats, lived-in floating homes moored up along the bankside, as well as a few hardy souls who were out fishing.

For some their pre-Trail Pint was taking its natural course through the body a bit quicker than expected, & once under the electricity pylons, at a spot by some scrubby woodland separating the towpath from the nearby industrial estate, there was a chance to stop out of sight & scare the squirrels.

The Trail would soon stretch out, with Casey Jones, Hash Test Dummy, Emily & Evie, Lunch Box, Small Prick Big Car, Milf, Tent Packer leading the way, then My Lil', Mr X, Dani & Moss Key Toe, with Sooty, Heap 'O, Aint Got One, Blow Dry & Pulled Out all bringing up the rear of the Hash.

As the Trail turned the bend, the three distinctive 58 Metre high metal chimneys of the Rye House Power Station came into view as the Trail moved up to Fieldes Lock, here a CHK was found & the Keenies of Lunchbox, Casey Jones, Milf, Big Car Small Prick, Tent Packer, then My Lil' & Mr X all crossed over the Navigation on Ratty's Lane. Then from the small island it was around & up on to the long footbridge over Fieldes Weir, by the expanse of water of Glen Faba.

It's at this point that the River Stort Navigation joins the Lea, this 14 mile arm marks the border between the counties as it runs up through Harlow (in Deepest Darkest Essex) Sawbridgeworth & finishing at Bishops Stortford, again this was used to transport grain & more importantly the Ale making ingredients from the Maltings.

Along the way there were a couple of old, dirty looking narrow boats that looked like they were closed up for winter. Care was needed to avoid tripping over the plank that was left out over the tow path to gain access & board one narrowboat. Mr X warned Milf to mind she didn't catch her New Shoes on the Plank!

Suddenly the Keenies ran on to a T & they would all have to turn back, but not before Milf had them take a picture of their Hash Shoes in a Circle, which included one of her New Shoes!! On the positive side they no longer going to run as far as Roydon, keeping the Hash safely away from Michael Barrymore's former Swimming Pool! Oh, & the light drizzle had stopped.

On the way back the Hare explained that this was a false & that there would be the 'Drink & Sweet Stop' back over the Fieldes Weir & the Lock & back into Hertfordshire. Blow Dry & Aint Got One were on their way up this long False as the Keenies returned & they too followed on, as the Hare shot off to fetch the drinks & sweets, as well as change the CHK to a Held one by the large blue Container on the closed off tarmac end of Ratty's Lane. Was the solitary open can of Birra Moretti there to indicate that this was the Drink Stop?

Anyhow, while others admired Milf's New Shoes, Mr X soon found himself attached to a bottle of Smirnoff Espresso Vodka & was soon dishing out this rather nice drink. Hash Test Dummy wasn't shy at coming forward for a shot or two, as he reiterated that he wasn't driving & could run back!

Sweets were now handed out, before the Hare explained that the Trail would split at this point, with the walkers supposed to carry on down Ratty's Lane & through the Industrial Area, while the rest would continue northward along the towpath on the Lea Navigation.

Down by the Rye House Power Station, here there were the visible remnants of the old days when it was coal fired, with the Keenies running by the large rectangular waterway sidings where coal barges would empty their cargo to fuel the generators, later it was converted to gas being fired.

Now days, in its current incarnation finished in 1994, it is a 'Combined Cycle Gas Turbine' – which in Plain English means it uses the exhaust for the first turbine is used to heat the two other two steam generators. The old Coal Station generated 128 Megawatts, whereas this smaller plant produces 250 Megawatts which is enough to supply power for 1 Million People, or nearly all of Hertfordshire.

The Trail continued around to the northwest & here the Pack could admire the carved wooden head artworks on top of one moored narrow boat, then carved totems & phallic looking uprights shafts of timber within the wooded area of Ayurveda to the west. Thankfully Pebbledash wasn't present this morning, otherwise she would have had a field day out there.

The Keenies continued along the towpath, as it turns & passes beneath the iron Railway bridge just beyond where the line from London Liverpool Street split to Harlow & beyond, or the branch around to Hertford East. On the opposite side of this wide section of the Lea Navigation the Rye House Go-Karting Track could be seen before the former Greyhound & Speedway Stadium. The Go-karting Track was where a young Lewis Hamilton started racing at

the circuit in 1988, aged 8, amazingly Ladbrokes took a bet when he was 9 year of age that he would win F1 Drivers Championship by the age of 25, the £100 bet at 150/1 netted the mystery punter £150,100!

The towpath came up to reach Rye Road, opposite Rye House Station & the remnants of the former Rye House, this would be the furthest part out of the Trail. The Pack were now going to turn to the west for a few yards, before Trail would pass through the first set of green painted kissing gates to take to the 'New River Path' & for regular readers will know [& for the benefit of any Essex Hashers reading this drivel – Ed] the New River is an artificial waterway all constructed by hand, beginning in 1604 & opened in 1617 to supply fresh drinking water to London, to this day it still supplies 8% (220 Million Litres a day) of the required fresh water to the smoke for Thames Water.

A nice trot now lay ahead as the Pack followed the right-hand, southwest turn, in the man-made course of the New River, as the Hash made their way along the grassy embankment of the canal like waterway, they would be running not far from the New River Brewery that sits on the Industrial Estate to the southeast. Their brews are named on a New River theme, their '5 inch drop' in honour of the engineering skill that the New River drops at a rate of 5 inches a mile for the 28 Miles of its length to keep it fresh from stagnation & flowing.

Better still, their Porter is named 'Blind Poet' & celebrates when Poet George Dyer was visiting Writer Charles Lamb, after spending sometime drinking with Lamb, Dyer set off in the wrong direction to go home but ended up in the New River & had to be rescued!

At the next bend in the New River, the Trail would come up on to the Essex Road, the main arterial road through the Industrial Estate, of course this was an ideal spot for a photo shot for the Essex Keenies. The Trail continued south-eastward to rise up & over the new high road-bridge that has replaced the old level crossing that used to slow the traffic up.

Once down to the roundabout the Trail would head southward toward the end of the Industrial area & then over the green space behind the roadside tree-line cutting off the bend in the lane. It was On Inn over to the west of the V-weirs at Dobbs Weir.

The FRBs found that the SCBs were already back, including Mr X, who was still nursing his ribs & took the potential trip-hazard of the plank across the tow-path as an omen to give up & take the short cut back to the safety of the Pub!

Vicky Vomit & Dr Doolittle were found ensconced within the 'Fish & Sling Your Hook' as the Pack settled in but it soon became clear that they weren't welcome, this is not the first time this has happened on a Herts Hash for here!

While drying off by the lovely warm, amber glowing real open fire, the Hash was told that the tables were all reserved from one o'clock, even though there were no 'Reserved sign' on them. Perhaps the Hare could have popped in & reserved a table or two the day before?

Evie believed that a lit candle indicated that he Table was reserved, so Mr X blew out the candle on their table in a rebellious act of defiance! The only other option given by the staff was too be sat outside! [Which Hashers of a certain age & less hair baulked at! – Ed]

It was a no brainer for the Herts contingent as they set off to eat in the Star, but before leaving it was agreed that there should be another joint R*n around these parts, but at a Hash Friendly venue! All of H⁴ set off, with the exception of the Hare, who although he has an aversion to 'Spoons Pubs, even ones of restored historic value with ancient beamed ceilings, wattle & daub walls & an original Elizabethan murals, Where's Wally? needed to contribute his 'crap prizes' to the infamous Essex H³ Hash Raffle.

After Essex had their Circle out in the cold & damp, which saw Where's Wally?, Heap O', Lunch Box & Big Car Small Prick out for Down-Downs, Pulled Out came along to see the Herts gang, then showed them a picture of the empty tables by the fire they were asked to vacate earlier, they were all empty & the time the picture was taken was gone 13:00Hrs! So, the 'Fish & Sling your hook' lost out on Nine Meals, whereas 'Spoons gained!

The RA held the Herts Circle for those gathered inside the warmth of the 'spoons, with no Hare for this week, last week's Hare of Mr X was awarded a Down-Down for the Dais de Muertos Trail in Hitchin, since they were put off to save the Hash some cash. Thankfully there were this week's Virgins of Evie? & Emily, along with Hash Test Dummy who made them come! Also Milf was drink hers out

for her new mug, with MILF on it (Mug I'd Like to Fill) [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] that Hash Test Dummy had sourced for her, Milf was mighty relieved that it was not her now water-logged New Shoes!



Malaysian Restaurant Discount selector in action!

