

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

Run No. 2047  
Date: 10th July 2023  
Venue: The Rye House  
Location: Rye House  
Beers/Cider Greede King IPA, Moorlands GK Golden Hen  
Hare/s: TBT OBE  
Runners: 11  
Virgins: 0  
Visitors: 0  
Newies: 0  
Après: 0  
Hash Hounds: 1  
Total: 12  
Membership: Waiting for TBT OBE to whistle & sing!



With the fore-warned closure of the narrow pack-bridge over the River Lea Navigation being taken on board by most of the Pack, just getting to the recommended parking on the industrial Plumpton Road was an effort, especially as the Post-code [Are you reading this Sparky? – Ed] led to My Lil's SatNav leading him on a merry drive around to the Fisherman's way estate at the back of the closed road!

With nowhere to park in this small estate. My Lil' summed it up as he drove back around through to the end of Hoddesdon & then right around on to Rye Road, he said that this start was a typical TBT OBE Trail before it had even gotten underway!! The bridge closure also prevented Tent Packer from mooring up on the River Lea Navigation.

On the subject of a typical TBT OBE Trail, as the Pack gathered outside the Rye House, the HGM had welcomed everyone to the Hash, then there were audible sounds of disappointment as TBT OBE stepped forward as Hare, the 'let down' being that some had thought that Where's Wally? had set this Trail after he had posted the information about the Bridge Closure!

With the welcomes over, TBT OBE's chalk-talk set about showing the Hash the day's Trail Markings, which he had already conveniently drawn out in chalk on a slab of concrete outside of the Pub. As the Hare continued there was a distinct wiff in the air, was the Hare's spiel or was it the nearby sewage works? Meanwhile Mr X stood back to take a few pictures, in the absence of our regular Hash Flashes.

Chalk-talk out of the way & the Hare drew an arrow to the northeast, up Rye Road in the direction of the large stinky old sewage works on the old toll road. Only a few feet in to the Trail & chaos soon reigned, since there were no obvious signs of any Trail to be found, not only that Ian had cycled down this route on his way to the Hash & he hadn't noticed any Trail Markings.



J.M.W Turner 1793 watercolour of Rye House Gatehouse

Suddenly after the Hare was heard to bellow "The Trail is up by the car park!" Dust was also found on the small wooden bridge to the remaining gatehouse of Rye House, but as this was inspected, Flour was also discovered up by the small Rye House car park. The RA didn't move too far as he realised that the Trail would just head off in to through the tree-line on a loop back out to the old, Red Brick Gatehouse.

Sure enough, the likes of Ian, Where's Wally?, Moss Key Toe, Fliptop & Tent Packer all disappeared, then emerged from out of the trees & bushes by the former moat, to come back over toward Mr X & Ketchup, then cross the wooden bridge by the remains of the former fortified Manor House.

The Gate House was where the road tolls were collected, large sections of the house's ornate 40 plus style of bricks were taken over the years, it fell into semi

dis-use over the years, partly due to it being the focal point of the failed 'Rye House Plot' when King Charles II & his Brother James (Duke of York & later James II) were to be ambushed on their way back from Newmarket Races in 1683, but a fire had cancelled the race meeting. It was once home to Catherine Parr, when her Father owned the building.

Back to the day's Trail & the Hare was now spotted way back up on the closed hump-backed bridge that spans the river Lea Navigation, where a freshly drawn CHK was found above the River Lea Navigation's tow-paths. There would soon be more confusion as both Mr X & Ketchup began searching to the northwest on the tow-path, then

suddenly changed direction to head south-eastward under the bridge, for they suspected the Hare was going to try & be too clever with this Trail?

Indeed the found dust under the bridge as they trotted along only to see Where's Wally? coming toward them & he too was calling "On!" after he had descended the opposite ramp from the Rye bridge. Then "On! On!" was called by Moss Key Toe, who had continued searching to the southeast on the dry & dusty tow-path. The Trail would now lead the Hash on along on the opposite bank of the navigation to the Rye House Stadium & Karting Track, the latter was in use as low down helmets [Steady Pebbledash! – Ed] of the drivers could be seen whizzing by, the smell of the distinctive karting fumes & distinctive high-pitch buzz of the engines could be heard as they drove around the Circuit.

The Trail headed away from the budding Lewis Hamiltons, as well as the 'Schatt Hardings' [Whoa Pebbledash! – Ed] Life Boat, the company make the 'World's Largest Life Boats, often used for Oil & Gas platforms. This orange vessel was moored up below the Karting track, as Ian, Moss Key Toe, Where's Wally? continued calling as they advanced on along 600Yards, following the serpentine contours of the Navigation before the Hash passed under the old rusty looking metal box-bridge that take the trains from Broxbourne Junction on toward Stanstead & Cambridge. No doubt the Hare Raiser would have loved to have seen this metal via-duct, but as is the norm he was absent today.

My Lil' & Paxo followed on behind Hot 'N' Spicee, Fliptop with Teddy, then Mr X as the RA tried to hunt down Tent Packer & all the Keenies up ahead. On the way the Hash would pass by the 'Private' Ayurveda Garden, a space filled with oddities, including several guitars hung up in the trees!

On the Navigation side there were many moored up houseboats, some being restored but most looking as if they had seen better days, as the Pack carried on for the next 340 Yard section around a wide clock-wise arc on the waterways course. Then one sad sight was spotted, of what Mr X called the SS Sparky was spotted, a semi floating wreck of a boat. Perhaps the last Skipper was Albert Trotter RN, or Commodore Teebs?

The Dust would now lead up to Fields Lock, where not only was the next CHK discovered by the end of Ratty's Lane, but a guy in a very well kept narrowboat in the 'Chamber' was operating the Lock-gate sluices to head up-stream, something that is always a sight to behold, it was a shame the Hare Raiser wasn't present to witness..... [That's enough Hare Raiser bashing! – Ed] the ratcheting of the gates closed & the lifting of the boat.

Where's Wally? & Ian crossed to the east side of the Lock, but went wrong to the southeast, they came back to make amends locationg the Trail up to the north east & over the footbridge spanning the 62 yard long Fields Weir, where the Pack

could enjoy the sound of the gushing water, Herts Hash now ventured over the border into Essex as the Dust took to the edge of the River Stort Navigation, which marks the boundary between Herts & Essex for some distance.

The Hash made their way along this section of the Stort Valley Way as the arcing route followed the edge of the former goods transportation waterway up into Essex, Harlow & Sawbridgeworth. More old were seen, houseboats moored along the Stort as the Keenies followed the wiggly route up to Lower Lock, here the FRBs would be caught out well true as the likes of Moss Key Toe, Ian, Tent Packer, Where's Wally? all took their eyes off of the Trail & failed to see the scrawny, white circle of chalk obscured by the metal post on the edge of the Lock ramp. They all continued along the Stort up toward Michael Barrymore's Swimming Pool in Roydon! [Calm down Pebbledash! – Ed]

Thankfully the other FRBs were called back from their way to Roydon, as Mr X had spotted the obscured CHK, for he slowed up a bit as he was pretty suspicious of the Hare's route planning! The rest of the Keenies returned safely, & after the Hare had pointed out the faint CHK to Tent Packer & Where's Wally? they looked far from impressed as they joined Mr X in searching the opposite side of the Lock Gates, it was pretty fruitless in amongst the bushes & nettles, which the RA reminded those around him "Don't sting this time of year!"

Ian emerged from the undergrowth & stated "At least I now know what a T looks like!" as he joined the other in following on behind Hot 'N' Spicee on the southern side of the Lock to take to the Trail that runs along the edge of Glen Faba lake, the large expanse of open water in the reserve, & the smaller enclosed Banjo lake to the west. All of this Nature Reserve was created by gravel extraction in the 1970's & 80's.

The Hash made their way from a CHK at the northern end of the man-made Glen Faba lake, some 57 acres of up to 30 feet deep water, in an area marked on the 1870 Ordinance Survey Map as farmland that is 'liable to Flooding'. The footpaths between the lakes existed on this old OS Map & the Trail ran southward on the long spite of land created for the footpaths between the lakes & the River Lea Navigation Flood-relief channel.

Of note on that Map to the east is a Greygoose Green, which no longer appears on the modern OS Maps. This Scribe wonders if there is a connection between Goose [Late of Herts Hash] & his surname?

A CHK was found by a gap in the long grass over to the main lake, but this only led on to the path running along the edge for access to the fishing pegs. So, the Trail continued southward to where a CHK was found by a footbridge over the flood relief channel to the west, & this had already been marked with an SC with arrow directing the Knitting Circle over the River Lea Navigation.



Always keep your bushes neat & trimmed!

In the opposite, eastward direction, the FRBs all headed away along the edge of Glen Faba, where the Trail would turn back southward to take them around 600 yards on the grassy strip of dry land along to the lake's southern tip, there the likes of Where's Wally?, Moss Key Toe, Tent Packer & Ian all found themselves crossing on the next bridge over the River Lea Navigation, of course they would all have to repeat the 600Yard's they had come down, but this time on the western side of the River Lea Navigation.

A non-stop trot along the tree-lined tarmac access road lay ahead for the FRBs back up to where the Knitting Circle had crossed over the Previous Access Bridge, but not before Mr X had pointed out the signage that stated "Weak Bridge – Only One Vehicle On Bridge!" which he called out as "Only One Hasher On Bridge!"

Both the Knitting Circle & Keenies would take to a further 200 Yard stagger around the swan-neck bend in the second spite of land, this one separating the Navigation from the River Lea & the staying with the original river's course. The Held CHK was found on a road bridge on the convergences of the various arms of the Lea, this over looked a small basin with a few established houseboats which had their own gardens up in the bankside.

It was here that Mr X said that if the Hash looked carefully enough, they could see Superman hiding in amongst the trees? Sure enough TBT OBE & Fliptop stopped staring into the distance & looked a little closer to home & eventually spotted the distinctive red & blue outfit of Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster DC Comics Character, there was some dodgy speculation as to what Superman was doing amongst the trees?

Here the FRBs found Hot 'N' Spicce, Mr X, Fliptop with Teddy, My Lil' & Paxo as this was the sweet stop, looking out over the boats & with the scenic backdrop of the local power station's three chimneys. The Hare said there was loads of old sweets that needed to be eaten, & he wasn't kidding! So, Mr X chose the unopened Jelly babies, checking the 'Sell by date' was fine, rather than sifting through the loose sweets that reminded him of one of Sparky's sweet stops! [We will leave that for you to dwell on! – Ed]

Hot 'N' Spicce mentioned that she didn't really fancy Hashing once Moss Key Toe had joined the Fold, but after her first couple of Trails she's now hooked, now she knows she can take any short cut she is offered, if she wants to, & she gets to see parts of Hertfordshire that can't be seen from the roadside.

Tent packer was the last FRB to reach the Sweet Stop. Sadly for the last one to reach the regroup, Tent Packer would be disappointed as there were no packets Allsorts, let alone his favourite Aniseed bobbly ones! Fliptop offered to break apart two of the partially unwrapped & misshapen boiled sweets that where stuck together, Tent Packer preferred a Jelly Baby. [Sparky would have loved the old sweets! – Ed]



Once suitably stocked up on sugar, & questions as to the stability of the bridge if a certain Hasher, who was present, was involved with its construction? It was time for him to move on & follow Fliptop with Teddy, Hot 'N' Spicce, Ketchup, Mr X & My Lil' as they began to head back toward the nearby Ratty's Lane at the southern end of Fields Lock. TBT OBE now marked 'On Inn' before this Lock.

While everyone else crossed over to head back Inn on the out Trail, [Yes it was a TBT OBE Trail! – Ed] Fliptop carried on toward the long metal footbridge over the weir, so Mr X didn't cross over & continued to round up the wayward Fliptop & call him back.

A stagger along the 1,000 Yards all the way back to the closed road bridge lay ahead, something that was pretty uneventful in repeating their outward footsteps in reverse. While everyone else managed to dodge the bullet, Mr X took one for the team, as he had to endure hearing TBT OBE vent his spleen on how the Country is going to the dogs [Which was ironic as they used to be a Greyhound Racing Stadium at Rye House 1958 -2006!]

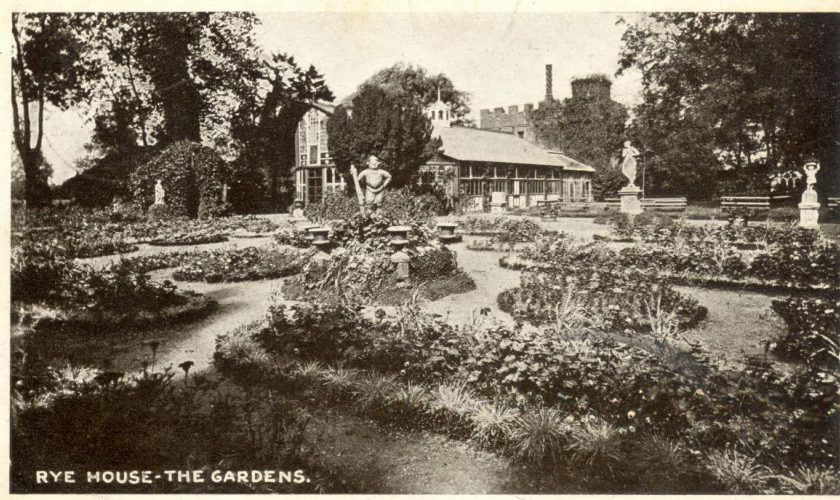
TBT OBE rambled on about recent media reports of a pupil stabbing a Teacher, sexual attacks & dodgy Plod, with the Police seemingly not doing very much about any of these. It's the same as allowing the mass closure of Railway Ticket Offices, what do people expect & what about the My Lil's & Sparky's in this world? Not sure why he was listening to this, Mr X decided that Hash Rules now applied 'Don't talk politics on the Hash!' [Though He should have demanded a bit of fact checking! – Ed]

Back to the Rye House, with the sight of a very different chimney coming in to view, this being the single tall red-brick 'barley-twist' chimney upon the gate house. The Rye House Pub, originally the Kings Arms, has also known as the Rye House Tavern, then the Rye House Hotel.

Popular with anglers at the time, when the Railway was built 1843 there was no Station at Rye House, however the resourceful Landlord, a Thomas Watson, came to an arrangement with the railway to sell tickets to the anglers & he would stop the Trains by waving a Red Flag.

Later Henry Teale bough the estate & the licensed Inn, he developed the ornate Gardens, which included a maze, & converted the Maltings in to a banqueting Hall, his greatest move was when he bought the Great Bed of Ware from the Saracens Head in Ware, for 100 Guineas, with some 25,000 visitors to see it on bank holidays.

By 1931 popularity had waned, the Great Bed had been sold to the Victoria & Albert Museum, while the gardens & the outbuildings of Rye House were all demolished, it is now just empty grassy lawns covered in goose guano.



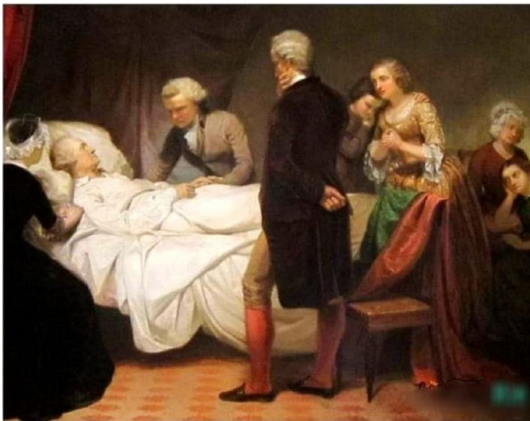
The Hare was one of the first to go to the Bar, while the rest were getting a change of clothes. TBT OBE was on his own in the Bar, when he was approached by a squiffy local who asked him if he could sing? TBT OBE said he doesn't sing, so the local then said "I want to hear you whistle, if you can't sing!" Mr X was half expecting TBT OBE to do his 'Trail party piece' & fall over, rather like Norman Wisdom used to, but TBT wasn't going to be anyone's performing Monkey.

With things feeling a bit uncomfortable, TBT OBE declined both options to entertain & moved away to join the others now at the Bar, before the Pack moved outside & temporarily away from the

local who wanted TBT OBE to serenade him.

The Circle was brief, mainly not to bring too much attention from the loud, augmentative local, the Hare was rewarded for a good [By his standards! – Ed] Trail, even though it had a strange start. The other Down-Downs went to Fliptop for wanting to do this [Cough! – Ed] fabulous Trail twice & going back toward the weir! Finally My Lil' was awarded the last Hit as he didn't have a drink to toast the Hash with, mind you he was recovering from a nasty bout of 'manflu' he caught off of Kylie!

Actual footage of a man with a cold.



36K

5.7K 14K

