



HAM SHAG

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Run 1688, 4.1.23; The King William Inn, Tunley. (Hare – Lightweight)

Delayed scribe's input: -

Before we go any further, I'd like to know why the good citizens of Tunley decided against dedicating their pub to a specific King William! Our first King William, was of course William the Conqueror (1066-1087), also known as William the Bastard. On his death his second surviving son, William Rufus became King William II (William the Red – apparently, he had red hair - or William the Gay King) and reigned from 1087 to 1100. He died from being shot by an arrow (possibly murdered) whilst hunting in the New Forest. We had to wait 589 years for the next King William, William III (or William of Orange, because, yes you guessed it he was born in Holland – not because he was a ginger – silent g's here). He died of pneumonia in Kensington Palace in 1702 aged 51. Our fourth King William – of which generally pubs seem to be named after – reigned from 1830 to 1837. He succeeded his older brother George IV, and on his death he was succeeded by not one of his (between 10 and 12) illegitimate children but by his niece Victoria. If things go according to plan we should have a King William V in the not too distant future.

You may ask why I've decided against writing about the events of 4th January in the environs of Tunley in the county of Somerset (as was)? The good reason is that I realised it was a mistake on volunteering to Perky to scribe the events of said evening. And when did I realise this, you are asking. The very next day when I was trying to remember all of the great banter, one liners, general piss-take and winding-up that was flowing along with the Gem (if I remember), and, as usual, a good nights sleep had erased it all.

I did remember that Lightweights trail was by far the best Wednesday hash of 2023 (or it may have been the worst Wednesday hash of 2023!!). There you go, I can't even remember which it was now. It was slippery and muddy (as Stiff will probably back me up here, as he landed on his arse as we slid down one of several hills).

Tunley was my first hash since the end of September, and I'd forgotten what it was like hashing in the dark on cold and wet winter nights up to your ankles in cow shit trying to negotiate dodgy stiles and other obstacles. Hey-ho, warm and sunny hash nights are just around the corner!

Returning to King Williams, there were several in Sicily in the 12th Century and many in Holland and Germany (and even in Bimbia - Cameroon) in the 18th and 19th centuries. Perhaps the first landlord of the pub in Tunley had connections in Bimbia!!

On On, The Fat Controller.

Run 1690, 18.1.23; Hollybush, Bridgegate (Hare – Spider)

A cold run – it is January. A start similar to the recent previous one from the Hollybush: across the common towards the White Hart. Then up towards ??; then left towards??; then across towards ?? – where LSiW argued with a low branch and cried like a baby; then clockwise towards??; then finally the ON INN. However, a pleasant ON INN with several Down-Downs: particularly for the invalid.

Run 1691, 25.1.23; Country Inn, Neston (Hare – L'Escargot)

NOTE OF INTEREST. We ran across the Eastern portal of Box tunnel, but no one noticed – except Perky. For those that have not heard before (several times from me). IK Brunel designed the tunnel for the sun to shine directly through the portal and down the tunnel at sunrise on his birthday. I have stood on the portal and seen the sun align. **SEE APPENDICKS**

Scribed by Snail's NutsThe last time we ran from here was the first one after everything opened up after lockdown. We were "Eating Out To Help Out" No food this time and although it was a winter run, the light pollution from Corsham MOD was nearly enough for us to forgo our torches.

The pub as usual was welcoming and friendly although there was a brief moment when we thought we had found another pub without any beer, however, like all good pubs they had another barrel. This was saved for the more discernible hashers. Everyone let their hair down in the pub, especially Rapunzel who made an appearance, late and in shorts and a vest.

Scribed by: Rapunzel....."Rumour has it this run has a start, but this scribe was not available to see it. Rumour also has it that this run had checks, but these rumours seem unsubstantiated.

The final rumour was that this run had a finish, but as a field full of hashers stuck behind a long stone wall, lights fanning out hopefully in every direction can attest, this rumour has been entirely disproven.

I did however observe one hasher who had no such problem, took a beeline straight to the pub and with the nimble grace of a young Max Whitlock gaily vaulted the wall to ensure he was first to the bar. I shall not reveal the identity of said hasher, but he "used to be a gymnast".

It was a joy to be back on the trail, if somewhat embarrassing as the passing of time meant forgetting how to do a down-down... See you next time the Hash comes through the village!

Run 1692, 1.2.23; Hadley Arms, Bath (Hares – Shrimp & Baguette)
Another "songful" run - **SEE APPENDICKS**

Run 1693, 8.2.23; The Church, Stanton Prior Bath (Hare – Le Caniveau)
No report of the run itself, only discontent at K&A permitting the RA & The Hare to be "One & The Same". This has been known to happen several times before and suggests "insider dealings". I am therefore suggesting the matter be discussed with some Urgency at the next Committee Meeting.

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Letters to The Edit Hare

Dear Eddie Hair,

With reference to the final article in the Issue 4 publication I would like mention that, at the appropriate point in a hash run, I place a small amount of flour on my glasses. I am then able to follow the trail directly back to the pub. I am usually accompanied by up to three other hashers confident that the correct trail is being followed. What happens to the rest of the pack I really don't know and care even less.

Les Corgi

Questions to Uncle Perky

Why don't you just f*** off?

Uncle Perky's answer

I will not be carrying on with this particular item in the Magazine.

***** But, to complete the series, we have an input from a specialist on Les Cargo's problem of horse meat. It can be found in the **APPENDICKS – NEXT ISSUE**

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No IT's submitted

HASHERS HELP HERE (H3)

Organised by K&A H3 – H3

Continuing the funding scheme to help people who are without

We have one particular Hasher who insists on crying out with apparent pain every few runs. First – crawling through barbed wire (Cross House, Doynton). Second - falling over on muddy ground (Swan, Swineford). Third – not looking forward when running – into a tree branch (Hollybush, Bridgeyate). I suggest we provide said runner with a large First Aid Kit to be carried on all future runs. Which should include a folding stretcher.

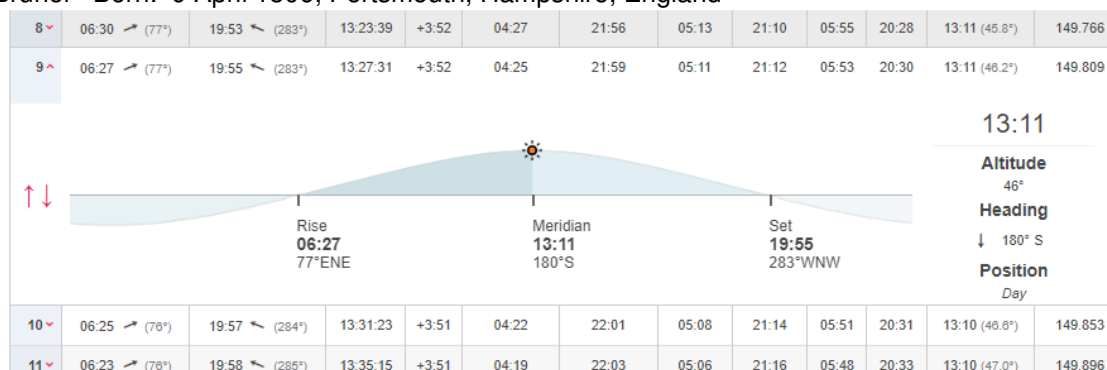
If you think of any other deserving needs, please send suggestions to the Edit Hare for consideration.

APPENDICKS

Run 1691, 25.1.23; Country Inn, Neston (Hare – L'Escargot)

Sun alignment

IK Brunel - Born: 9 April 1806; Portsmouth, Hampshire, England



The vertical alignment is upward to the East (approx 1:100 gradient) and so the sun will shine down.

Run 1692, 1.2.23; Hadley Arms, Bath (Hares – Shrimp & Baquette)

To the tune of A Little Arrows – Leapy Lee/Lightweight

There's a hare a hare or two
 Marking arrows something new!
 And they're aiming them at someone
 But the question is at who?
 Is it me or is it you
 It's hard to tell, I see your frown
 But you know it when you see one
 'Cause they're all over Combe Down
 There they are
 White markings all over the grass
 Little arrows pointing on for me
 and for you, whilst you slip down on your arse!
 You're falling in mud again
 Falling in shiggy again.
 Little arrows on the pavements
 Little arrows with some flair
 You're really quite incensed
 Those little arrows everywhere

A pair of little arrows on a footpath that could be a good match
 No real substitute for checks
 Little arrows lead us to the last Tommy Harry Patch
 Every now and then.
 On on on the pain.
 Some folks run the trail and others cut it short
 But ain't nothing we can do
 In the depths of Monkton Combe now – abort, abort, abort
 But the arrows go straight through.
 So you see there's no escape
 So why not face it and admit
 That we'll follow those little arrows
 Though they smart a little bit.
 Here they come pouring out of the blue (San Pellegrino bottle).