

THE ALL NEW
**KENNET AND AVON HASH HOUSE
HARRIERS**



HAM SHAG!!

Message from the Edit Hare, Magnum PI:

‘Welcome to the 3rd, yes 3rd, edition of the ALL NEW HAM SHAG! I am pleased to announce a bumper edition with lots of interesting and informative write ups/ complete bollocks (delete as appropriate). This copy also includes an historic write up from the Fat Controller, who was most upset it never got included before with that other edit hare. And a further 2 write ups from TFC. Also, due to popular demand I have faithfully updated the Hole of Shame stats, so if you notice any discrepancies you want changed, write it on the back of a £20 note, give it to me and I’ll make sure they get updated. Looking forward to receiving more lovely write ups from you gorgeous people....’



Maggers xxx

Run # 1028 - The Old Smoking Dog, Malmesbury - Wednesday 2nd.
June 2010

Hare : The Fat Controller.

A lovely June evening – one of the best we've had this year, but Malmesbury seemed to be a bit too far for most of the Bath Contingent of Kennet and Avon Hash tonight. No *Gaza* and *Public Enemy*, no *Pinky* and *Perky*, no *Toreador* or *Miners boot*, no *L'Escargot* and *Snails Balls* and no *Syph* or *Hurry-up*. Also missing regulars were *Maggers*, *Spider* and *Lightweight* and not only was 60% of the paid-up members missing but also most of the potential checkers!!!!

Not to worry, as 4 Kiwi visitors and *Le Caniveau* back from China with *Flora* swelled the numbers to a respectable 15. Not the most enthusiastic (as in running) – the hot evening helped on that front, but most enjoyed a pleasant amble which started out at a modest pace (walking) by the impressive Abbey and through the local nature reserve.

One of the Kiwi harriettes, *Sierra Hornie* was front running early on and got lost by the Bowls club never to be seen again on the trail! By now we had done 3 checks and *Puki* was also never to be seen until we were back in the pub, his place on the trail taken by *Soprano* who had arrived late – apparently shopping in Morrisons.

Heading eastwards out of Malmesbury along the River Avon towards the sewage works and the hamlet of Lea on what seemed like largely new territory. *Clem* and *Knead* had now broken into some serious hashing and at the furthest point of the trail were convinced that a sharp right-hander on the same side of the river bank looked favourite. Wrong! Along with Kiwis *Masterbaker* and *Toyboy*, these 4 and *Soprano* were the only members of the pack doing any proper checking (no surprises that the trail was going to take longer than the normal hour). No whingeing from the hare tonight – unlike the previous week at Bathampton!

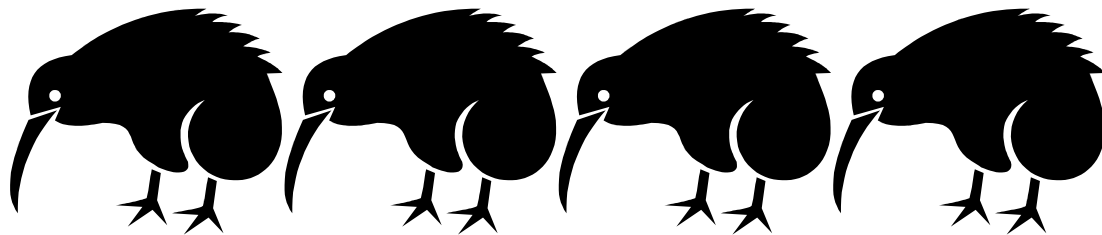
After a regroup and a couple of pleasant meadows saw the trail hit a main road by the River Avon again, where an old Mill had been converted into some spraucy apartments with some modern 4 storey town houses. Here the pack split into 2, with the usual suspects, *Stiff*, *Le Caniveau* and the Kiwis sticking to the road, and *Knead* and *Clem* leading the rest of the pack, including *Chickpea*, *Shy Tarse* and *Warbler*, across the road through some more fields back towards Malmesbury. The short-cutters could still not be convinced to re-join the pack, when spotted later as the trail made a detour to the south of the Saxon Hilltop town, back across the river floodplain and up some back alleys to the pub. Just under 90 minutes for the hash which wasn't bad considering.

The Fat Controller who had been GM, Hare and Hash Cash also did the RA duties for the night awarding down-downs to *Knead*, *Le Caniveau*, *Toyboy* and *Wendy* – the 2 Kiwis putting the local hashers to shame!

I've done every other job tonight, so I might as well write the bloody write-up as well!

On On

The Fat Controller



Run 1066
February 2011
Hare: Gazza
Caniveau

Cross Guns, Avoncliff

16th

Scribe: le

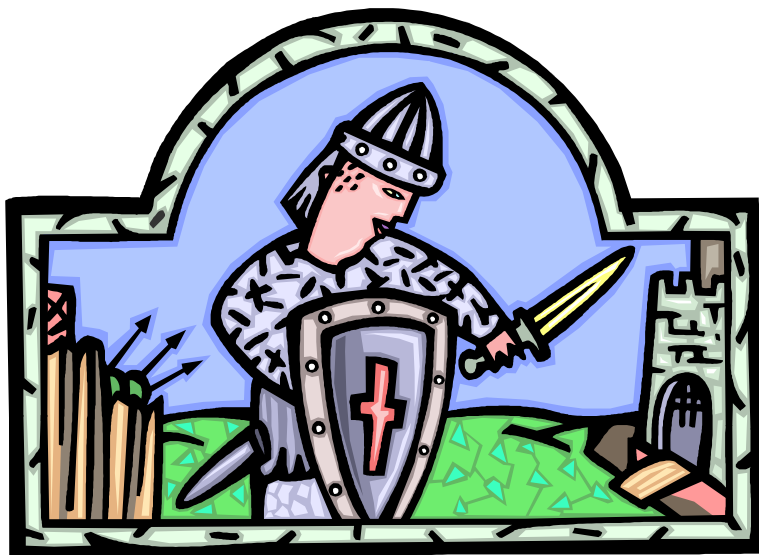
1066 is, as every scholar knows, a number long associated with a key event in British history. And fittingly run 1066 for Kennet and Avon was to be a “battle-themed” run matching the events on that hill above Hastings, in a place later called Battle (must have been an early effort by the hasher who later christened Wolfie and Cloughie in the Bristol hash) when William, Duke of Normandy, got an away goals victory over Harold, a rag-and-bone man who would eventually return to make light comedies for the BBC some 900 years later (and still get out-done by an old bloke called William).

When I was a scholar, it always seemed strange that the Tudor Kings of England were also Kings of parts of France; whereas the reality was that they were really Kings of bits of France (like Normandy), and as a result of great-grandfather William’s invasion, also reigned over quite a big bit of Britain “on the side”. One of William’s first acts was to set up the fore-runner of the Inland Revenue, with the first set of tax returns being collected together and published as the Domesday book. In fact, he did so well out of English taxes that he quite forgot he was King of bits of France, a situation that led to

peaceful indifference until Ted Heath managed to lay an extra burden on the British taxpaying public by taking us into the Common market (and how common it is too - they are now letting anyone in, even the Poles!). Mind you, back in early Tudor times the working folk also had to give a tenth of their output to the church as a tithe, handing it over to a collector known as a decimator (how apt), who would put it on a shelf in his tithe barn. Back then, the peasants and artisans might have thought this was well worth it to help

pay for a good crusade or two, but eventually it was considered an unnecessary super tax, particularly around Park Lane and Mayfair, and was eventually replaced by the harvest festival where each Autumn you give a few cans of Tesco value beans to the church instead.

So having set the historical context of this “battle-themed” run, let’s now get down to the cut and thrust of the run itself. Stiff and I first had to battle our way through the road closure and diversion at Combe Down, which meant that we were a little behind the front line when it came to the time to go into action. But soon we were ready to charge ahead. A few stray arrows kept us on the straight and narrow, and soon we were under and over the Avoncliff aquaduct. Stiff got the next check right, and we started climbing the hill hoping to catch the rowdy hoards ahead of us. There would have been a fine view back over the Avon valley had it not been pitch black at night. Stiff got the next check right too, and we crossed the track and headed down a walled path, careful to avoid the unmounted cavalry horses in the next field. Stiff got the next check wrong, but we still headed down the hill until we can to a T on the road. This was a beacon to head ever onwards, and one T soon led to another as we dropped down the track to the canal. We were now the vanguard, leading the pack to their destination and victory. To help us on our way, Stiff got the next check right even though it hadn’t been kicked out this time. Soon we had won our way into lounge of the Cross Guns and got our just deserts, a lovely brace of foaming Golden Bolts from the Box Steam brewery.



King's Arms: First of a month of King's Arms venues in March 2011
(Wednesday 2nd March)

Location: Didmarton

Hur: Spiderman

Scribe: Perky

T'was now that Gazza took over the lead for the next 7 checks – leaving M with neck bent back looking into the abyss. However, he lost the lead when the knitting circle was in full swing. I was backing G-up and asked M & PE if they were definitely on as G & I had come to a “T”. Oh yes, ON ON was the knitting circle reply just as the Hare pronounced BACK. Here (as GM) I had to reprimand them yet again, saying they were lying to us. Oh, no, was the response from PE, we were just not concentrating. Enough said.

A quick regroup and then off with G climbing an open gate in his urge to get a head - back - at that the Arms. And so we sure-footed on, on the last leg of the Arms run: onto the main road & the main artery to the Arms. Here it was too much for FC & Stiff to miss out getting into the Hole of Shame (**NOTE THIS M**), and they refused to do the full run. Here was a dog's leg back to the Arms. And, the ON INN.

Executive Summary

A good run on level ground in an area not often run in. However, we are not able to provide a Toreador grading as he was one of the 38,654,121. Could also have done with M being absent to give the others a chance of finding a check. Although, as she is no longer and heir to a fortune, but actually has a fortune we all got chips. Good for Maggers.

Run #1070 - Kings Arms, All Cannings (the other side of Devizes – more like the other side of the world!!)

Wednesday 16th March 2011 – Hare : Maggers PI

For me tonight's run represented a round trip of 71 miles (from East Bristol) which took over 65 minutes each way! I'm not surprised that Stiff never made it from Horfield! My little joke about having to take a half days flexi (so I could ensure I got to the hash on time) was taken seriously by Warbler (I never had you being that gullible, Warbs!). As it was, I left work late, had to nip in to Sainsburys for a few bits and pieces, and by the time I had changed and had a cup of tea, when I left at 6:55 I knew I was never gonna make the start!

I thought my luck was in when I passed the pack crossing the road and down onto the canal, that I could quickly park-up in the village and catch-up. Unfortunately, my bodily functions alerted me otherwise, so a quick pit-stop in the pub (accompanied by a quick half) put paid to plan 'B'! So I decided to walk up to the canal, back again with a quick tour of the village. The local campanologists were practicing tonight, and along with the local boy racers, meant that All Cannings was not the sleepy little canal-side village I had envisaged.

I think that I needed to ease myself in gently after a week in the sun (in effect 2 weeks hash inactivity) and along with a cold, I reckon I did just enough.

In addition, I hadn't had a pint (of proper ale) since Friday the 4th, so I was really looking forward to sampling Wadworths 125 year anniversary stout (and I have to say what an excellent pint it was too!! - even had Spiderman eulogising later in the evening).

The consensus back in the pub was that the run (not hash) was flat, up one side of the canal and down the other and probably best done at night. Good job the pub was a 'find', Maggers! *[I am pleased to see this write up had a compliment in it! Ed]*

'The Fat Controller'

Run # 1055 - The Bridge Inn, Shortwood - Wednesday 1st
December 2010

Hare : 'Spiderman'.

The Bridge is one of those pubs that hasn't really seen in the 21st Century - in fact a lot of it probably hasn't changed since the end of the 19th Century! Ideally, the pub would like to be stuck in the 1980's selling keg Courage Best to the Shortwood locals who would prefer not to venture outside to have a fag! What the pub hasn't been able to capture is the wealth of potential custom from nearby Emersons Green who would prefer a Gastro pub (selling over-priced nouvelle cuisine) or a chips and peas menu with a kiddies play area (inside and out!). So perhaps we should be grateful that along side the traditional cider the pub offers one or 2 real ales and don't seem to mind the local hashes descending on them once or twice a year.

Another bitterly cold evening, which attracted the majority of the regulars, set off on one of Spiders trails in a westerly direction towards Emersons Green. I was at the back of the pack with Stiff and as we headed up some rough old track and across a playing field, we spotted some torches ahead of us. So we carried on to the entrance of the playing field, where unsurprisingly we were not only off trail, but the torches had disappeared as well. Trying to be a bit resourceful, Stiff and I thought we would head off the pack, but unfortunately we were well ensconced in the myriad of roads that make up the previously twice-mentioned E. Green, and soon found ourselves in Mangotsfield. Well, what were we going to do now? Retrace our steps and find we are well behind the pack, or ask our way back to Shortwood. So we nipped into the nearest open public place, which happened to be the Salutation Inn (it would have been churlish not to have a beer), where the bar-person gave us directions. On passing the Red Lion, I needed a pee, so we quickly nipped in for one, before heading back to Shortwood.

All in all, an excellent trail spider, and the beer in the Bridge passed muster as well.

This area of the write-up intentionally left blank for you to draw / doodle whatever takes your fancy!

On On

The Fat Controller

HOLE OF SHAME (those not doing a full run)

<u>Hound</u>	<u>Runs wimped out of</u>	<u>Hound</u>	<u>Runs wimped out of</u>	<u>Hound</u>	<u>Runs wimped out of</u>
		Lightning	345	Clem	1
Stiff	288	Iron Maiden	17		
Fat Controller	308	OTHERS		Hurry Up	2
Le Caniveau	75	Soprano	6	Syphilis	1
Stuart	22	Sleepy	4	PP	1
Chickpea	66	Magnum	0	Gazza	8
Toreador	15	Perky	5		
Spiderman	10	Wet Wipe	2	THE REST	0
Warbler	103	Pinky	3	Date from	21.3.07
Kneed	11	Public Enemy	2	To	8.9.10

<u>Date</u>	<u>Run</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Shamed Hounds</u>
3/11/2010	1051	Old Crown Kelston	Shy Tarse- for getting lost on his own trail!!!
23/3/11	1071	The Globe, Newton St Loe	Shy Tarse- for making the Edit Hare climb over a 6ft wall!

**Send all e-mail write ups (especially if you actually completed the run) to the Edit Hare at:
sarah.tucker@southglos.gov.uk**