

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



HAM SHAG!!

**The New Kennet and Avon Hash House
Harriers Committee Now Consists Of:**

Grand Master: Snails Nuts

Joint Masters: Public Enemy and Spiderman

Religious Adviser: Pinky

Hash Cash: Fat Controller

Hare Razor: Spiderman

Edit Hare: Magnum PI

Hash Horn: Syphilis *(has anyone seen him since??)*

Hash Mimi: Warbler *(now gone to sunnier climes-Hampshire)*

Hash Haberdash; Soprano

Social Committee: The Cultural Attaches

NEWSFLASH - RE-ORGANISATION OF HASH COMMITTEE

Because Edit Hare (Magnum PI, for those unsure and have not received an ear-bashing for not doing a write-up) is severely under-employed, she has requested (nay... insisted) she take over the Duties of HASH MIMI (post now vacant), and RELIGIOUS ADVISER (Pinky unable to think whilst running and consider who needs reprimanding).

This should, naturally, require an Extra-ordinary meeting to confirm. But, as all members have rejected me this year as having any ability to undertake any Committee post whatsoever, all I can do is bring this matter to your attention, via the Ham Shag. And, *suggest* that Magnum is appointed forthwith (the Hash is usually unable to arrange such meetings described above), before she sees rescinds her request.

Regards,
Your inside informer – Perky.

The Hash has a Loyal Hash Force card for Bath Ales pubs

Thanks to Public Enemy's works Christmas dinner and the Haggis bash organised by Soprano we have £37.55 on the card. If you don't have your own card, borrow ours, if you are going to buy anything from Bath Ales pubs or shop.

Even L'Escargot could not have resisted down downs with that much cash.

If you want to borrow it ask Snail's Nuts

**RUN NUMBER 1106 – HADLEY ARMS, COMBE DOWN, BATH
HARE – TOREADOR**

Tip! For best effect read in your head in scouse accent. Ed

Scribe: Our Kid

It was cool and damp as we turned up at the Hadley Arms at Combe Down for Run Number 1106. The GM Snails Nuts got the Run number wrong three times and she's a mathematician. Know wunder kids in skool carnt (add-up) (count). We got off to a good start around the streets, then ON to the country which was very slippy. The Hare got it in the neck at the On Down of which he got one for taking us past a check. We went one way – the trail went the other way. Public Enemy was nearly up-ended at a Regroup and when we were given the go ahead, Le Caniveau went one way while bedraggled Stuart went the other tangling up a bemused Public in the dog lead. But quick feet got her out of trouble. A good run through to the finish. All changed and ON to the On-Down. What with the price of beer now(!) Toreador was given two On-Downs in one go so got a pint handed to him by Perky (the stand-in for his missus Pinky). When Toreador refused to On-Down a full pint (as he then explained (droaned on) to us all standing around freezing by then - he had already had a pint and wanted another but was driving home, so couldn't possibly have a third pint, so he was only going to On-Down half a pint (.....see what I mean!)). Anyway, when Toreador refused to drink all of it, Perky then took great joy in throwing most of the (by then much spoken about) pint of the precious stuff on the floor and all over Fruit Cake's new boots. Not content with chucking almost a full pint of beer away, Perky then chucked almost half a pint away of the next On-Down which he gave to Snails Nuts for something or other - then she too refused to drink all of it(!) – Déjà vu going on tonight – more of the precious stuff slopped on the floor and it was a crime. All in all a good Hash. Good turn out. Good Laugh.

To help fill up the Ham Shag due to lack of write ups (whinge whinge) Our Kid has penned the following...bless him...

Scouse Joke:

Three men are sitting in the maternity ward of a hospital waiting for the imminent birth of their respective children. One is a Scouser, one a Mancunian, and the other a West Indian. They are all very nervous and pacing the floor - as you do in these situations. All of a sudden the doctor bursts through the double doors saying "Gentlemen you won't believe this, but your wives have all had their babies within 5 minutes of each other."

The men are beside themselves with happiness and joy. The fathers are ecstatic and congratulate each other over and over.

"However we do have one slight problem," the doctor said. "In all the confusion we may have mixed the babies up getting them to the nursery and would be grateful if you could join us there to try and help identify them." With that the Scouser raced passed the doctor and bolted to the nursery. Once inside he picked up a dark skinned infant with dreadlocks saying "there's no doubt about it, this boy is mine!"

The doctor looked bewildered and said "Well sir of all the babies, I would have thought that maybe this child could be of West Indian descent."

"That's a maybe", said the Scouser, "but one of the other two is a Mancunian and I'm not taking the risk."

Extracts from a favourite song by Jimmy Ruffin – Always reminds me of the Hash: (Really? Ed)

Wonderful, I've got this feeling
So wonderful, there's no concealing
That it's wonderful to be loved by you
It's wonderful to be needed by you

Empty, is how life was for me
Until you took your love and filled it up
And then so suddenly my heart came alive
From the tenderness that you put inside
How you gave me love

And I accept the greatest joy a man can possess
Thank you for giving me, all this happiness

Cause it's wonderful to be loved by you
So wonderful baby, to be needed by you

Wonderful, I call this feeling
So wonderful, there's no concealing
That it's wonderful to be loved by you
It's wonderful to be needed by you

I'm a happy man baby, cause I'm loved by you
Makes me feel so good to be needed by you

It's wonderful to be loved by you

Sob! I have tears in my eyes, who's got a tissue....Ed

LONGS ARMS, SOUTH WRAXALL, NR BRADFORD-ON- AVON

RUN #1114

WEDNESDAY 11th JANUARY 2012

After several weeks of above average attendances (quite amazing considering December and January are notoriously poorly attended because of the cold weather), Pinkys run from this rather interesting village local, the second Wednesday into the new year, was rewarded with just 10 hardy souls. And it wasn't as if it was a particularly cold evening. Sometimes I think it is counter-productive to set winter runs in the middle of the beautiful Wiltshire countryside, when one can't see any of it, particularly as you have your eyes peeled to the ground checking the many obstacles that could lead to a week off work (at best) or a long hospital stay (at worst)!

Anyway, no worries here, as our experienced hare set about the first half of the trail completely on tarmac (albeit on country lanes around South and Lower Wraxall). Until we came to the main road, when the hare said don't go right as it's dangerous - all roads are dangerous, Pinky (especially at night!). We went left, then ventured into a couple of fields, fortunately not as much shiggy as Lightweights run from Chilcompton just before Christmas! Back onto a village lane or two and on-inn to the Longs Arms.

Not a bad trail really. I know we all hate the black stuff, but sometimes in the middle of winter, it make for easier hashing! The rising full moon from the east helped - quite a spectacular sight.

Back in the pub, our hare even gave us directions where we had been asked to sit! Myself and Le Caniveau (with Stuart) completely ignored this request and sat in a corridor! We got bored of each others company and sat with Spider and Toreador - we were tempted to move back! £3.30 for 6X though - I hope the Rattlebone this week is cheaper!

Previously from the Longs Arms :-

<u>Run Number</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Hare</u>	<u>No. of Runners</u>
41	29 April 1992	Alan Chamberlain	
159	15 June 1994	Alan Chamberlain	34
180	19 October 1994	Steve Holman	18
220	26 July 1995	Steve Holman	22
367	29 April 1998	Alan Chamberlain	12
538	30 May 2001	Colin Shorrock	17
691	10 March 2004	Paul Mountford	15
912	16 April 2008	Alan Chamberlain	13

As you can see from the above table, there have been 8 previous hashes from the Longs Arms, 6 of which were in the first 10 years of K&A existence with just 2 in the subsequent 10 years. The ninth run is just under 4 years since the last occasion, but not the longest gap! The usual seasonal spread is spring/early summer with just one run in the autumn (and none previously for the winter months), and the attendance of 10 was nearly half of the average 19 for this venue!

On On

The Fat Controller

1115, The Rattlebone Inn, Sherston, Wiltshire - Wednesday 18th January 2012.

On the Tuesday morning an email was sent to me (and a selection of other hashers) by Maggers!

From Maggers : Dear all, as an added incentive to my wonderful upcoming run at the Rattlebone Inn at Sherston this Wed I have ordered chips for all of us... Never let be said that I bribe hashers to attend my runs!

Maggers x

This generated the following conversation!

The Fat Controller : We just need the RA to do a few down-downs and we will have a cracking evening!

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Mini conversation between Chickpea and TFC

Chickpea : Who's the RA?

TFC : Pinky! Just shows how many hashes you have done since the AGPU! Are you out tomorrow?

Chickpea : I will be with chips! Yes I've been a bit tardy of late but I will be coming tomorrow (unless Bozena can't make a school meeting and I have to go in her place).

I saw the Wigan game last night. Terrible, reminded me how dire football can be.

TFC : With a few injuries and absentees, City are learning how to play (and win) ugly! Sign of a good team?

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From Perky : Especially as last week Maggers insisted on taking over as RA - there is a statement to be issued as, if when, at all, a Hash Mag is issued.

TFC : Hey Maggers,

I'm on the case for a write-up from last weeks run! I'm gonna do my bit to ensure there is no demise of our beloved magazine! What about the rest of you?

From Pinky : I've got a few targets lined up already Now all Magnum has to do is to fix the weather.

On on

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Stiff {To Chickpea and Le Caniveau} : I can drive tonight, see you at number 10, at 6:45 ?

which prompted a response from Le Caniveau (who has no scruples!) : I'll be going now she's promised chips.

Then finally, at 13:22 from Chickpea : Last Weds it was a meeting at school to discuss This week it's a meeting with year 11 parents to discuss Next Wednesday I'll be in Gran Canaria. Very poor effort I know - I should be back following that on weds 1st Feb.

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And then it dried up! I was most disappointed not to be joined in conversation by Gazza or L'escargot, or even Lightweight for that matter, but as none of them (or their respective partners) turned up at the Rattlebone, I suppose it was possible that they were all away as well, or school commitments! Which set me thinking, that perhaps we should insist on a "I'm sorry, but little Johnny can't come hashing tonight, because" email on the day of the hash (doesn't need to come from ones parents!) with a valid excuse. If we send them to Maggers, it should be enough to fill a couple of pages in the mag each month! Toreador had already said the previous week that he wouldn't be attending as it was too far out! Can't be more than 30 minutes from Bath, and it's not as though Ray would have been late home from work!

Knead yes Knead was making a rare appearance, having just returned from skiing in Switzerland (or France). So that was your excuse for last week, Knead, what about the previous 40 runs? Knead asked me if he actually hashed with

K&A in 2011 - well the answer is yes, just twice, at Luckington (down the road) and All Cannings - both of which happened to be Maggers runs! { Hey Chickpea, this was a 3 Paul run, or 33%. Just think, it could have been a 40% Paul run! }

So, on to the run. It was dark, so one couldn't see much, but not as foggy as it was on the top of Tog Hill. As soon as we set off, the local campanologists were practising, so it was impossible to hear any calling! Stuart went for a swim in the ford half way around, and was rewarded with a down-down (which of course he nominated Le Caniveau to drink on his behalf) - I don't think that Stuart was one of your lined-up targets, eh, Pinky?

Back in the Rattlebone, there was no sign of Harry or his mates, but three big bowls of chips arrived - with plenty of mayo and tomato sauce - a bowl of chips between three, if my maths is correct!

Stuart was making rather a noise outside the pub, so Pinky felt duty bound to take us outside (to keep him company) for some down-downs - well 2 to be precise. The RA promised, nay threatened, she had lined-up some 'targets'. Well, I've mentioned Stuart, so who was the other target? It was Maggers, (the Hare) - so that must have taken some thinking! I've forgotten the reason, but I don't think it was for being reckless with her inheritance! I'm assuming the other 6 targets must have all been on holiday (or in Gazza's case a touch of lumbago or sciatica!).

Now on the way home, I had the need of using some facilities, if you get my drift! The Fox and Hounds in Acton Turville had closed early, the doors to the Portcullis in Tormarton were locked, and although there was a light on in the Crown at Tolldown, there was no-one in! The door was open though, and I managed to have a quick half (at £1.75 !!!) before the owner was to close for the night - it was just 10 o'clock. A sign of the times.

Stats note : Only the second K&A hash from the Rattlebone - the last was set by Sleepy back in June 2002.

On On , [The Fat Controller](#)

Run no: 1119

From: Red Lion, Wellsway, Bath

Hare: Toreador

Scribe: Magnum PI

God, I find 'Sizzler' pubs depressing, even driving into the car park I could smell the stench of cheap fat (and I was the first hasher there!). Actually I worked out it was the first time for 25 years since I had been to the Red Lion, when I lived down the road, when a student at Newton Park, at no 138 Wellsway and used to frequent this hostelry. The Belvedere was closer but it was shit then, and Toreador says it is shit now. Some things never change.....

A small but select crowd of hashers were gathered at the car park entrance awaiting another of Toreador's well thought out runs, and as it turned out, it was too well thought out. As me and Public Enemy discussed mid-run, it was a run of such devilish deviousness that Toreador obviously planned it by thinking at every check 'Which way would Spiderman go?' and put the trail in the opposite direction. Running round in small circles does not adequately describe it. At times it felt like running next to a train that is slowly pulling away from you and therefore making you feel like you are moving backwards.

We started encouragingly to a piece of open land called The Tumps, which was the first of the chaotic checking out, that meant the pack were running round and round and round, till Toreador got cross and said 'it's this way!' just right of a 'T'. Well, there was dissension in the ranks at this- was it, or was it not, running through the 'T'? Scepticism abounded.

So on we went, through the woods, more trails not found, Toreador getting crosser, the pack getting more frustrated, even Spiderman was foxed. At some point we lost Le Caniveau and Stuey. Oh, we thought, he's gone off on one of his long cuts. No matter, we thought, he will turn up.

We ended up on the main road opposite the former Rose and Laurel pub at Rush Hill, still no sign of Le C + Stuey. Shame. It's over the road shouted the irate Hare, so off we trotted, passed Syphilis' house (no sign of them recently?) down to the open land at the back down to a large plantation of small trees. Round and fucking round we went. Blimey I was getting bored by this stage. We struggled up a steep hill to a regroup in a wood, puffing and panting. Here we met Le Caniveau, fending off rouge dogs from Stuey, who said ; 'Where have you been?'. As an aside, it is here I think we were very close to the Wansdyke – the famous 'Wodin's Ditch' a 5th century ditch, which runs in an east-west orientation from Maes Knoll in Somerset to the Savernake Forest in Wiltshire with the big ditch on the northern side, so the enemy was obviously from the north. Who was the enemy? The Saxons? Theories abound. It is thought they blocked the Fosse Way just south of Bath deliberately. I wonder why? Any theories gratefully received. It might just fill up a page of the next Ham Shag (I am desperate).

Then we could see the Wellsway on the horizon and knew this devious hash was due to end soon. Round the back of some council estate the trail went, but in the end me and Spiderman gave up and just ran back on the road, following the smell of burnt meat. Back in just over an hour, we took longer than Toreador envisaged, I feel, cos we were bugging about so much looking for flour. Were we baking cakes? No! We were on a Toreador trail....

No down downs (again!). Pub was pretty rubbish but Toreador bought us chips, so he redeemed himself. Sign of a guilty conscience perhaps??????