

THE ALL NEW
KENNET AND AVON HASH HOUSE
HARRIERS



HAM SHAG!!

***MISSION STATEMENT FROM THE EDIT HARE:
'Bringing you the usual hash bollocks - that you
wrote!'***

Message from the new Edit Hare, Magnum PI:

' Yes, fellow hashers, I am really excited about bringing you the latest in write ups, and any other crap you want to send me for inclusion in the ALL NEW Ham Shag! Also, by popular demand- The Hole of Shame remains!! In a change from the previous Edit Hare (who we won't mention) I will only publish the Ham Shag when you give me enough rubbish to put in it. The choice is yours- no write ups, no HAM SHAG! I look forward to being of loyal service to the hash and I hope you all enjoy this first edition and if not please recycle it so you can have the pleasure of wiping your arse on it in the not to distant future.'

Maggers xxx



Run No.1041 From the Bladuds Head Larkhall
Write up entitled: *Not content with locking his keys in his car, Miners thought it safer to drop them out on his trail.*
Words by Lightweight, Tune 'Hello' by Lionel Ritchie.

I've hashed alone with beer inside my mind
And in my dreams I've taken sips a thousand times
I sometimes park right outside the pub door
Hello? It's my keys I'm looking for?

I can't see them in the ignition
I can't see them in the mire,
They're all I've ever wanted, (and) my eyes are open wider
'Cause you know just what to say
And you know just what to do
And I want to tell you so much, "Oh poo" ...

I long to see the sunlight on my trail,
Will we beat the light? I bet we'll fail.
Sometimes I feel my flour will overflow
But hey, I'm Welsh, I've just got to let you know

'Cause I wonder are we on?
And I wonder what's English for R.U.?
Are my car keys feeling lonely, or is someone laughing too?
Tell me how to set a decent trail?
For I haven't got a clue
But let me start by saying,
Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch

Hello? it's still those keys I'm looking for?
There's a rumour they're down the cop shop,
I've got a smashin' mop-top
Should a buy a bargain trade-in?
Mrs Thomas may just wade-in
I'll really never have a clue - boyo
But let me end by saying - dim parkio!
ONON!



K&A Run 1049 from the Pear Tree Inn, Whitley

Words by Warbler

Whitley confused the hash in general. First of all, I was late cos I thought Whitley was closer to Bath – it wasn't and as a result I missed Perky's briefing as GM before handing over to himself as the hare. To find out what went on, I asked Snails Nuts in the pub afterwards and was told that L'escargot flashed. Just as well I missed it, really! I probably also missed some robust comments on the mysterious appearance of two, yes, TWO, visitors. Old Leggie must have forgotten what day it was as he is a rare sighting on a Wednesday and some big tall bloke called Spermgargler who must have only just forgiven the hash for whatever it was that meant he hasn't turned up for over ten years. The old 'n' bold seemed pleased to see him, even more so later at it turned out.

Anyway, the pack was just leaving as I pulled into the car park, so for once I wasn't too far behind. The trail was well marked and it didn't take long to catch up, thanks to a handy regroup. We went through some fields and woods and things and then there was an opportunity to catch up again at another regroup. After not very many more paths and fields and woods and things, there was another regroup. After yet another regroup, the pack was well and truly together! Some time around then, the hare called the pack to attention (at a regroup) and pointed out that the trail didn't go where he wanted it to go and, in fact it didn't go anywhere because he'd lost the plot a bit while he was setting the run and Farmer Giles was driving his tractor all over whatever trail he had laid. Luckily, this is where our mysterious stranger stepped in and confessed to knowing the area and there was a path out of the field we were in, a gap in the hedge and a way round to where the hare wanted to be. Hooray! The muttering stopped briefly and the pack made its way onwards... to another regroup or three, before we made it safely back to the pub in a smidge over the hour.

The après was down to its usual standard. The beer was described as 'average', the food, although nice, was a bit 'foodie' and TFC wasn't there to collect the cash. The highlight of the conversation was a snippet I picked up. Who would think you would hear the words "Lightweight" and "bright" in the same sentence? Right, I didn't either and even when the word "cheap" was added to the description it took a few moments to realise that Soprano was just describing her new best buy torch! (with free batteries! No, four!) The RA dragged the pack outside to dispense justice to Perky for this week, Magnum PI for last week and Spermgargler for the last ten years!

On! On!

Pub - mainly the Biddestone Inn, Biddestone, but also the White Horse, Biddestone

**Run number – who cares?
of October**

Hare – Pinky

Date - some Wednesday at the end

Scribe – Le Caniveau

The reason why Wiltshire isn't a Royal county, unlike Royal Berkshire and Royal Berkshire and the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea (which isn't a county but is 'Royal') is down to a little known historical event that, by a trick of coincidence, occurred in the self-same area of West Wiltshire on this very day in 1383, which also happened to be a Wednesday. The seldom-discussed Tesco's Finest Wiltshire Ham Revolt started when the local serf leader, a certain Fram Perkinson offered an under-filled ham sandwich to be shared amongst a pack of peasants as scant reward for bringing in a bumper harvest of turnips and beets to feed the pigs that were later to be turned into Finest Wiltshire Ham and sold at the local supermarket, or the nearest equivalent there was to a supermarket in 1383. Actually, the first supermarket was opened by J.W. Sainsbury in 1929, so the actual place of sale in 1383 probably bore very little resemblance to modern day supermarkets; it is more likely that it would have been sold at a charcuterie that resembles those in the back corners of rural Poland, a country renowned for its cured meat products but one that has hardly progressed since the dark ages until it became a world cup venue attracting hoards of nationalist hooligans in the summer of 1939, but I digress and I'm sure you would rather I kept to the point. Anyway, this certain Fram Perkinson led a pack of undernourished malcontents out into the fields of Wiltshire on a dark October night, promising them some sport - a term usually used euphemistically for various fun and frolics through the ages. The French enjoy it the most; le Coq Sportif as they say across the channel, but it has been a part of country-folk life everywhere since... well, since there were both countries and folk I guess.

So, I want you to picture the scene: a pack of ragamuffins and ne'er-do-wells with little in their bellies standing out in the evening taking instructions on the sport, including the feast that awaited them when they returned, and the tests and trials they would have to overcome. They were soon to start heading across the fields, their dogs at heel, shouting and calling as they found their way by the light of the moon and what little luminescence they could extract from the lanterns in their hands. But, unbeknown to them all, was the fact that at the same time the Lord Fat Controller of Thirlmere and his armies were retreating from a bloody defeat at the battle of Somer Field where they had been beaten singlehandedly by Baron Lawrenson of Hookykneed who was fighting at the behest of King Henry VII as he moved onto the next place to conquer in the alphabet – Wiltshire - having just 'done' Wales. It was barely two minutes of a degree on the sundial, a luminous one of course, so that it could be read at night, that separated the two groups, and were it not for this lack of synchronicity, the outcome would have been very different and today we would be talking of Royal Wiltshire.

With the pack of peasants out in the fields, the Lord Fat Controller came a cropper for the second time, suffering a severe and debilitating leg wound,

and he had to take refuge in the nearest hostelry, which was the White Horse, named after the famous white horse of Biddestone. Meanwhile Baron Lawrenson was also looking for a place to rest with his supporters, and chose the same inn. But instead of continuing any hostilities (they had fought the battle of Scrab Bell up the road at Monkton Farleigh barely two or three or eight years earlier), the two men joined in socializing and drinking the best ale, and eating all the ham and pork in the village; an outcome that so incensed King Henry VII that he choose to bestow Royal status on neighbouring Berkshire rather than Wiltshire. So there you are. Meanwhile the pack of peasants returned bedraggled and bemused to the other pub in the village, and had to make do with cloudy beer, and mere chippings of potatoes supplied by Fram Perkinson. And they were the most sullen and cheerless group that you could expect to meet on a Wednesday night. And they say history never repeats itself!

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	9	Clem	1
Stiff	50	Iron Maiden	17		
Fat Controller	47	OTHERS		Hurry Up	2
Le Caniveau	28	Soprano	6	Syphilis	1
Stuart	22	Sleepy	4	PP	1
Chickpea	17	Magnum	0	Gazza	2
Toreador	15	Perky	5		
Spiderman	10	Wet Wipe	2	THE REST	0
Warbler	16	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!!!



Visitors corner.... No. 1: The Isle of Wight H3!

Run no. 1344, 31st October 2010, from Newchurch Village car park, Hare – Magnum PI, Scribe- Magnum PI

Since all 3 weather websites I use predicted heavy rain on Sat night I decided to set the run first thing Sunday morning. Unfortunately the forecasts were completely wrong and there was no rain but fortunately the clocks went back I had an extra hour in bed. Actually I woke up really early and debated with myself for some time about whether to do any flour on or the usual 3 blobs. Any flour on won. I said debated dirty minded people.

So off I went to set my hash and in the Field of Hope I recognised some Golden Retrievers and then there was a call of 'on on' from Bergerac no less, yomping his long-legged way across the grass towards me. 'That's a good place to put a check' he said pointing to a gap in the plantation and yomped off.

Fast forward 2 hours and I ambled back to the car park to be abused by Fracas and co for my floury running trousers. Anyway, good turn out for one of my runs (better than K&AH3- I hold the record for the lowest turn out on a run =8) and Bergerac got the Smelly Grey for really, really enjoying wearing a dress at Geri and Hooker's party the night before and ripping Bendover's tights.

Off the pack went noisily through the church yard down to the Field of Hope, down to the woods- the pack did my loop round the plantation and I was at the back, but what's this? Bergerac running past me shouting 'Sneaky!' Hang on! He got lost? He saw me setting the sodding trail!

The long way through the woods and down to the cycle-path to the soggy riverside path to Alverston. There the pack struggled a bit but with some sign language to Poor Sod they found the trail up round the back of Alverston to Kern. At the regroup short/long trail interchange, Hooker was witnessed rubbing out the 'S', naughty man. Off up the hill the long runners went, ha ha I thought, that will test them, meanwhile I went off with the short runners (witnessing the dumping of Numpty in the mud by Geyser) to meet the long run trail backwards where I met Geri pretending to be a long runner and Fagin looking confused and attempting to run the long run trail backwards. This is where I got the first of my compliments for the run, from Baldrick, who said 'Well done, well backmarked'. This is new I thought, don't usually get compliments...not from the K&AH3 lot....

I met the long runners at Knighton and got the second, third and fourth compliments on the run. They liked my long trek up to the Down's road and back again. I told them to check left down the road but P-Rick failed to hear and went gaily uphill. Down past the waterworks to meet the short trail, past the quarry and the Christmas tree plantation back to the cycle path, where I

received yet another compliment on my run from Rainmaker and Whippie for backmarking.

Back at the Pointer Inn and we were all squished into the front bar, full marks to Rainmaker for putting the hour back on my digital watch and no marks for Fagin for making water bombs with beer and minus marks for Numpty for throwing them at P-Rick. Down downs went to Linda for her new shoes, Bergerac for enjoying wearing women's clothing, P-rick for a million runs or something, Bergerac for getting lost on the part of my trail he witnessed being laid, one for the worst step-mother, Maggot, one for the hare and another one for Bergerac for, I forget, I wasn't taking notes.

And as I was leaving the pub- another compliment, from Five Bar for such good backmarking, he didn't even need to use his map! If only the K&AH3 appreciated me as much.....

As I didn't receive Snail's Nuts write up on Shy Tarse's run from the Old Crown at Kelston (Run no. 1051) in time I have included my very own Haiku poem about the run, as follows:

**On a drizzly night
Up, up to Kelston Round Hill
That was no surprise**