

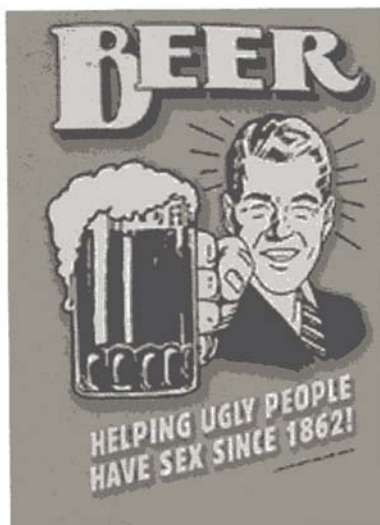
Volume 3, Issue 1

January 2002

WWW.HarvelH3.org

"Joey"

**A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO ALL OUR READERS!**



STOP PRESS STOP PRESS STOP PRESS

HHHH First ever hash run held on
Sunday 6th January 2002 - As planned!

Report in next issue, but details are on the website

**NEXT CLUB HASH
SUNDAY 3RD MARCH 2002**

This Month.....

Chairman's Jottings - As per normal The Chair comes up with the goods!

Christmas Bash at Bar-K - Report

HHHH take part in first Hash

Disastrous news for beer drinkers - Full report inside

London Marathon - Update

The much awaited MIG story (Courtesy of Gadge 1)

Club News and information

THE DRINKING CLUB WITH A RUNNING PROBLEM

HHHH NEWS

CHAIRMAN'S JOTTINGS

Hello, and Happy New Year to all our members. I suppose I ought to start with a review of 2001 but as I really cannot remember much about what happened, I won't bother! That's not quite true. There are two things that stand out. (at my age I'm lucky if anything stands out!)

One was our Christmas Bash at Borough Green. Our thanks to the "Pagies" (Martin and Yvonne) for organising this. It was very well attended and particularly nice to see "El Presidenti" there. (Perhaps we should re-name him "The French President") Which reminds me of a snippet of conversation I overheard when someone said to him "I didn't know your wife was French". To which he replied "She's not - my wife's Irish and ran off with a Scotsman so I went to France to get as far away from her as I could". Nice to see he's still got his sense of humour.

The other thing I remember was the first "Hash Event" that some of went on. It was organised by the **Westerham & North Kent (W&NK!)** Hash House Harriers. I think it is fair to say it exceeded all our expectations. They really made us feel welcome and showed us what is really meant by a "drinking club with a running problem". The run was enjoyable and had a "beer stop" half way round but it was the ritual at the end which helped make it such a fun do. The "down down" as it is called, is where all the runners gather in a circle and find reasons to call each other out to pay a forfeit. This consists of gulping down beer while the rest of the group chant a "prayer". When all the beer has gone you adjourn to the nearest pub and carry on drinking.

We enjoyed it so much we organised our own Hash on 6 January 2002. Although it was our "virgin" Harsh, we had a number of guest hashers from as far afield as Folkestone, Maidstone, Farningham and, of course, Westerham And North Kent. It was also good to see some of our own local non HHHH people there. I think the highlight was after the "down down" when a visiting couple produced a portable shower from their car and proceeded to have a hot shower in the car park of "the Ammie"

For any of our members who have not yet tried a Hash, I can really recommend it. Bring your non-running friends with you because it can be enjoyed by anyone, whatever their standard. It is not a race and there are no winners and losers**** Two girls on our Hash even brought their dogs with them!

Happy, Hashing from

"The Chair"

**** PS. My wife said she thinks we are all a bunch of losers!

New Recruits.....

None, but we've got the W&NKERS and London HHH as buds, now.

CHRISTMAS BASH - 2001

The bash at Bar K, Borough Green. Friday, 14th December, lived up to all expectations. 20 out of the expected 24 turned up, including 'El Presidenti' Dave Nash and his better bit, Claudette. (The two plus two who decided not to come, without notification were not missed.) Lots of fine wine (sorry, whining) and conversation, including "when are we going to eat, I'm starving", "these potatoes are like bullets", "I wish they had 'neuked' Osama bin Laden and not my dinner", "have they run out of wine then?", "my puddings' cold", you get the picture.

Everyone was impeccably behaved, (at least everyone tells me they were) until the introduction of the festive Port bought it's usual casualty, who was to be found wandering around aimlessly for the rest of the evening, being ably supported by those nearest to him, at any given moment, who had to hold him up. I have purposefully avoided the name of person concerned, to save any embarrassment to his wife, 'Spin Dry' Lynne.

The Club marathon place was auspiciously raffled by a joint effort of the Chair and the Chancellor. Between them, they devised a dubious scheme, in which anyone who had either been rejected already or had not yet heard either way (have you lost the will to live yet, I have. - Ed), would be put into the velvet bag (kindly loaned by the FA for the evening). Well, you can imagine, the sight of Padge, Tiger Church, Dibley and Jurassic Grassick, all trying to fight their way out of this bag, first, was something to be seen, to be believed. I jest, of course, Dibley wasn't there.

Anyway, the final outcome was :

Padge was drawn out first,
followed by Tony the Tiger
and Jurassic Grassick.

Is anyone any the wiser ????

Kevin 'Snapper' Barry was busy all evening capturing the atmosphere on film with pictures of the night, trouble was, by the time Bidy was 'performing' 'Snapper' had lost control of his variable focus. All pix are now available on the website.

A big vote of thanks goes to Padge, for organizing a memorable evening.

HHHH TAKE PART IN A HASH!

Yes, it's true! The club has now participated in its first ever hash. Organised by the London Hash House Harriers and the Westerham & North Kent Hash House Harriers (bit close to home for my liking - Ed), the Secretary received a call in November, asking whether we would like to join in. We were only given a few days' notice, so whilst as many regular runners as possible, were contacted, if you weren't aware, the management apologises profusely!

"We'd read about your club," the LHHH representative said, "and although we thought you sounded more like a running club (think he's got the wrong club? - Ed), than a traditional Hash club, we thought you may like to join in". We turned out a reasonable team, Bidy, Padge, Sven Goran Herrington, Cathy 'Token Totty' Herrington, Fossie and Gadge 1. (Tiger Church made some limp wristed excuse about polishing the Church bus and Dibley was, as usual, busy singing his own version of the hash songs, while building our shower block. Hairy Ken was under starters orders to get on with his conservatory, so that it is finished before the end of the summer, don't know which summer).

We met up with 'Boggers' (the guy who contacted us), who introduced us to Charlatan, Featherlite, Lunchbox, Layby, Snowflake, Powderpuff, Chipmunk, Scud, you get the picture.

This event was nothing like we expected and Fozzie compared to a cross between fox hunting and Morris dancing. Boggers (famous for having been arrested by the police in London for laying a trail around Grosvenor Square, with flour, which was mistaken for anthrax), had already been out that morning and laid the trail we were to follow. 30+ runners set out across the fields, following blobs of flour, some of which were false trails and others were the actual route. The quicker runners went ahead to identify the false trails and returned to the 'CHECKING POINT' (a place where false trails usually started, to meet up with the slower runners. There are young people, old people, people with dogs, people with absolutely no intention of running a single step of the way and some good runners. One guy, thinking his was on the Crystal Maze, played his harmonica, all the way round. The one thing they all had in common was a fanatical love of this event. Every one is expected to join in the terminology, so when running past a flour blob on the trail, you shout 'ON ON' Other shouts were 'CHECKING', 'ARE YOU?' (Am I what? Never figured out what they were on about - Ed) and others. Half way round and there's a car with a boot full of beer and soft drinks! Result! You don't get that at the Tunbridge Wells Half Marathon. Replenished, and happy to stay there a while and drink a few more, we didn't, but continued on to the end, where we have a 'DOWN DOWN'. The good thing about this type of run is that the faster runners and slower runners, all finish pretty much together.

The 'DOWN DOWN' is a coming together of all the runners, where the organizers hold what amounts to a kangaroo court. One, (a bloke who had his picture in the Mail on Sunday, that day), goes about welcoming us 'virgin' hashers into the 'circle'. This requires us to each drink a mug of beer down in one, while the group sing a hash version of four and twenty virgins. After this, others are picked out for various indiscretions noted by the organizers on the way round and they also have to drink the forfeit 'Down Down', down in one go.

After this, it's into the pub to socialize and find out more about this crazy bunch. One or two of us purchased Westerham And North Kent (this doesn't abbreviate to WESANORK, however much you hope it might do) T-shirts. These are seriously dodgy and not to be worn in the presence of minors, or people of a nervous disposition.

We're going to be hashing ourselves from now on, no doubt about it, once we've learnt the words to the songs !

By the time this issue of Joey is issued, we will probably already have held the first of our own (planned for 6 January) and hopefully, all members knew about it and most took part. As I write now, plans are in full swing and the next issue will include the gorey details.

***** DISASTROUS NEWS FOR BEER DRINKERS*****

Yesterday scientists announced to the world the alarming results of a recent analysis that found the presence of female hormones in beer. This comes as a cruel blow to all men. It is advised that if you are male between the ages of 18 and 85 you may need to seek medical assistance to assess your beer consumption.

WARNING: Drinking beer eventually turns men into women.

THE TEST: 100 men were fed 8 pints of beer each within a 1 hour period

THE RESULT: 100% of the men

- 1 Gained weight
- 2 Talked excessively without making sense
- 3 Became overly emotional
- 4 Couldn't drive
- 5 Failed to think rationally
- 6 Argued over nothing
- 7 Had to sit down while urinating
8. Refused to apologise when wrong

.....No further testing is planned.

HHHH Website

Thanks to a lot of hard endeavour by our beloved Chancellor, Kevin Barry, we now have established ourselves as a 21 century club by having our very own website !

Members (and the general riff-raff public) will be able to follow the exploits of this eventful little club on the web. Currently, it contains pages on :

Mismanagement (the blokes who run the club)

Harvel 5

Club Info

Next Hash

Other H3 Clubs

The Rabble (you lot who just run, read and w&nk)

Hashtory

5HQ

About Harvel (be interesting to see what slander The Chancellor comes up with !)

Loads of pictures, recently recovered from a local blackmailer

For anyone who hasn't found it yet, you can get to at : www.harvelh3.org

Following numerous requests (well, one at Bar-K, when he was probably pissed, anyway), I give below a possible alternative club anthem, to be sung at any opportunity, to the tune of 'Doe, a deer' :

Doe, the stuff that buys me beer

Reg, the Guy who serves me beer

Me, the bloke who drinks the beer

Far, a long way to get beer

So, I'll have another beer

Reg, I'll have another beer

Tea, no thanks, I'm drinking beer

That'll bring us back to Doe, o - o - o.....

....and so on, until you're bored !

We are becoming a hi-tech outfit ! Gadge 1 (now famous for having his 'beer in a jar of rocks' story printed in the latest Vigo Journal) has hit upon the idea of communication around the route of the Harvel 5, next year, by satellite telephone. Approaches have already been made to the Foreign Office to see if anyone can put us in touch with al-Qaida, as it's rumoured they may have a few they are not using at present and we may be able to pick 'em up cheap !

If anyone else has been doing anything significant, insignificant, exciting dull or boring, please let Ed know, as he could do with some new material.

Club Meetings

Club Meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month in Harvel Village Hall. Usual start time is 9pm to 9.15pm, depending on how long it takes the local fitness instructor to clear the hall. There are some serious bits and pieces that have to be discussed in amongst the drivel.

Forthcoming Events.....

JANUARY 2002

20th Dartford 10 Mile Road Race (Dartford Road Runners - Les Witton Memorial)

FEBRUARY 2002

17th Dover Mercury Half Marathon (Deal Tri)

24th Tunbridge Wells Half Marathon (Tunbridge Wells Harriers) 10am. £10 o/t/d !

MARCH 2002

24th Paddock Wood Half Marathon (Paddock Wood AC)

10th Reading Half Marathon (Reading Council !)

17th Bath Half Marathon (Armitage Shanks)

APRIL 2002

14th Flora London Marathon (1 club entry available to qualifying members)

MAY 2002

Sevenoaks Seven (Sevenoaks AC)

JUNE 2002

1st HARVEL 5

North Downs Run (Hills R Us)

FLORA LONDON MARATHON - Sunday 14 April 2002

Confirmed acceptances - Hairy Ken (probable winner, he's a Turkish Kenyan), Fozzie and Slim Grassick.

Club Place - (I don't know if I can be arsed) Padge

Unlucky, unless Dibley can pull a few strings - Tony 'The Tiger' Church, Jurassic Grassick, Katie Grassick, Pope Grassick II, Sven Goran Grassick, Osama bin Grassick and Dibley.

Confirmed reports from undisclosed sources, suggest that one of our younger members has taken to sleep walking and ending up in bed with.....whoever !! In his defence, he does tend to only do this after an evening's carbo-loading in the Amazon and Tiger, on a Tuesday evening but nonetheless, it sets a worrying trend.

If anyone else discovers this lost soul wandering around their house, unexpectedly and trying to get into bed with them, please return him to Mr and Mrs Padget, 3 The Coach Drive, Vigo.

JOY RIDE in a MIG 29 FIGHTER PLANE

(Don't knock it, we've waited a long time for this ! - Ed)

I didn't get the nickname, *Gadge 1*, for having a few of the usual boys' toys, although I am prone to 'must have it today as I might be dead tomorrow' syndrome!

Over the years I must be getting harder and harder to buy for as a husband and father, as my family always try and outdo themselves for gift experiences to send my adrenaline soaring. Which leads me nicely into explaining why soaring is an apt word.

A few Xmas'es ago I opened a cracker at the traditional drunken Xmas dinner, to find details of 'an experience of a lifetime' a micro-light flight for 1 hour. This indeed was an experience being squeezed into a basket bolted onto a hang-glider with a 500cc engine as a backpack!

After this, how on earth could they surpass their gift.....well, the following Xmas, I opened a present to find the following,



No not a squadron of jets, but a picture with full details on the rear, of a Boeing Delphin Aero L29, (in HHHH terms a MIG FIGHTER plane!) Capable of over 500mph and pulling 6.5 g, (the maximum allowed before you have to wear a gravity suit to stop you passing out during manoeuvres)!

Knowing Mel and the surprises I have had previously, I thought, where the hell will I park this, but then having read the enclosed documents, they explained I was to go fly in one! Wow!!!

I arranged a date during the summer and the whole family headed down to Manston Airbase in Kent for the experience.

Upon arrival, two pilots wearing the obligatory flying gear of sunglasses, flight suit, (bearing badges galore) and flight helmets with all kinds of wires hanging from them met us. They looked like they were off the *Top Gun* set. After introductions and signing my life into their hands, they handed me a cheap version of a flying suit, (a green boiler suit with built in pampers and plenty of pockets for air sickness bags). After putting them on and having visited the gents for the umpteenth time, I was briefed on what to expect.

"We will brief you once in the plane about emergency procedures, but once airborne we can either go for a leisurely flight along the coast, or we can have some fun!" I opted for the fun, believing why bother flying in a MIG unless you experience what it can do. I mean to say we can fly up the coast any day can't we? They did also mention that most people are sick due to the G-forces, so be sure to carry plenty of bags in case. This parting comment to the great amusement of the family.

We proceeded outside and around the back of the building and my knees started trembling upon the sight of the MIG. It wasn't a big as I expected, but they do say it's not the size, it's how you use it that counts, and in this case I think the saying was spot on.

I listened intently to the instructions of where to step and climb into the rear seat of the MIG. Once in, I was strapped into the seat by what seemed 10 harnesses, but one of which had a parachute attached. The wires from my 'Top Gun' flying helmet were attached and a very serious briefing commenced. I was told, Do not pull, or touch any of the RED levers unless the pilot commands "EJECT, EJECT, EJECT!" at which point the pilot spoke over the headset communications and said, "And you won't hear the 3rd 'EJECT', as I would have already ejected on the 1st!" and laughed!

I tried to gulp, but my mouth had dried and I was sweating profusely. The pilot then explained what all the controls in front of me were for. I expected a highly sophisticated cockpit, full of computer gadgetry, but it was stark metal with Russian wording on all the dials and levers, and tick-a-tape stuck next to them, in English.



I was told not to touch the foot rudders, or the joy-stick, or the thruster, by my left hand, and when we start *'having fun'*, to not grab the red levers, either side of me as I would be ejected out of the cockpit. Now things started to get a bit serious!

"Right before we get going, have you got the sickness bags?"

'Yep'

"Ready to go?"

'Yep'

"OK hang on, and if you feel sick, just say so & I will straighten us up and put us the right way up so it makes it easier to hit the bag, otherwise your cockpit will be awfully messy!"

The individual canopies above us closed automatically and then he started pre-takeoff procedures and checks.

Finally the signal was given to start the engine, and boy, when this fired up the whole jet shook and I can't describe in words the feelings going through me, but I'll try... fear, excitement, oh sh*t, what the f*ck am I doing here?

We started taxiing out onto the runway, and he said "do you fancy a run & break?"

'Run & break, sure!' (What the f*ck is a run & break?), I thought.

I didn't have to wait long to find out. As soon as he said, "here we go", & hit the thruster, we were airborne. He maintained a height of 20 feet above the runway and approximately 200 mph, until we had reached the end and then pulled the thruster to maximum and at the same time pulled the

joystick back, so we were heading vertically up. I nearly passed out and couldn't move my body. I was being crushed against my seat.

I felt huge relief when, within seconds, we had reached 5000 feet and he levelled off and for a brief moment we were weightless.

He laughed and said "so how did you like that?"

'Great!' I said, the fear having gone and the exhilaration having set in.

I asked how he was able to concentrate and stay focussed with all the G's on his body and he explained that this he was used to flying F16's and that this MIG 29, was more like a Skoda to a Ferrari. He said, "This is just for weekend fun! To avoid feeling sick, or passing out, just imagine you're sitting on the toilet and you're straining, without crapping yourself. What this does is stops the blood from leaving your head and therefore, prevents blackout". I tried it a few times, but in the State I was, it was dangerous not to make use of the in-built pampers.

We proceeded to fly for a further 5 minutes where he briefed me more on the controls and showed me what each would do and how sensitive they were. We then reached the sea just over the Thames estuary and he radioed in to request "Aerial combat maneuvers?"

The request was granted and he said, "right, Now we start the real fun. Remember, just shout if you feel sick and remember where your bags are".

Having experienced the 'Run & Break', I thought Oh dear this is it, I'm going to embarrass myself and pass out, and/or be sick. I looked down; to ensure I could grab something without pulling any red levers, & found the edges of my seat would suffice, just in time. He pushed the joystick forward & we headed straight down towards the sea.

I could see a small toy oil tanker, but within seconds it looked as big as it really was...massive! We were heading straight for it. He laughed and said, "this will scare them". 'Boll**ks to them', I thought, 'what about me'? Suddenly and without any warning he pulled the stick back and hard right, I strained as hard as I could, gripped everything, and just kept repeating in my head, 'please don't be sick...please don't be sick'. It felt as if my body, from the head down, was being compressed and forced through the bottom of my seat. My eyes were rolling in my head & he was whooping, "yee-ha" and laughing, asking if I was all right? I don't know how he was conscious, let alone talking to me, sounding as if he was your regular flight captain mid-way through flight telling you were you were and what speed you were doing!

I was able to mutter that I was OK, so he continued skywards again, and went into a continuous air-display, of dives, barrel rolls, inverted flight etc. It seemed like an eternity & I didn't have a clue, which way up we were, but was proud I hadn't been sick and was now getting use to the feeling. We could have been inside out for all I knew, as that is exactly how I felt!

Suddenly it was calm, and serene, my eyes stopped rolling and I was able to focus on the instruments in front of me & he said, "what do you think of that view?"

I looked out of the cockpit as if I was looking down at the ground but I couldn't see anything...'What view?'

"Look up" he said.

'Wow!' We were flying upside down and as I looked directly up from my seat, I was looking down at the toy oil tanker again.

He turned us the correct way up and said, "how do you fancy flying it yourself?"

"Do I? Yes of course!"

Having been trying to follow the instruments, he said just keep the wings on the horizon i.e. the fake aircraft on the dial with a blue top and brown bottom denoting ground and earth. So basically flying straight.

"Do not touch anything except the joystick I will do the rest. Are you ready?"

'Yes'.

"You have control"

Oh sh*t! It is ultra, ultra sensitive. The slightest movement of your hand moves the wings. For 5 minutes he guided me through manoeuvres, up, down, round, back on to our heading etc.

"I have controls. How did you like that"

Speechless.....'FANTASTIC!'

We headed back to the airfield and landed. Everything now became sedate compared to the last half an hour, and we came to a halt next to the hanger where the family was waiting. I thanked the pilot and said 'where can I get me one of these?'

As soon as the canopy was raised from the cockpit the kids were shouting out, "Dad have you been sick, Dad have you been sick?" This seemed to be all they were worried about. I confirmed I hadn't and with trembling knees, climbed down from the MIG. I thanked the pilot and helpers and was inundated with questions by the family. Mel mentioning that she would probably like a go too!

Little did she know, that when I re-booked for another go a few weeks later and I was sitting being briefed prior to the flight, when they said "OK come on let's get ready", I just sat looking at her and she said, "go on hurry up!"

The pilot then said, "I was talking to you Mel".

Upon which, everyone who had been in on the plot started laughing, as it dawned upon her that we weren't joking and it was her who was going up in the MIG.

I have video footage if anyone want's to see the experience, as I'm not sure if the MIG and 'fun' is still available, as I heard on a radio news report of a MIG crashing during an air display this summer.

I wonder what's next.....?

Training Night

You can join up with the others every Tuesday. Contact Padge for venue details. Next Spring, our new training HQ, Harvel Cricket Club, will be operational, with brand new shower facilities available to blokes and ladies. Usual training time is 7.00pm for a 7.15pm start.

TIP

Don't give Gadge any more ideas of extreme things to have a go at. Printing this lot nearly cost our Chancellor his lunch break.

Yes, I know we've got the article now, but I've become very attached to this little box and it's staying here !

Suggestions for what else could go in here on a post card, please.

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If anyone else has been doing anything significant, insignificant, exciting dull or boring, please let 'Ed' know, as he could do with some new material.