

WILMINGTON 10K (otherwise known as 'the where were the blokes' 10K)

On one of the windier days of the year (*bit of an understatement - Ed*), the four 'H's turned out a team of hardened nutters to take on the Kenyans of the Dartford area. The unusual thing about this team of hardened nutters was that it didn't contain one bloke. Thank heavens, therefore, for CRAIG, DURACELL's better half, who although not exactly an H4 member, is at least resident in Harvel, so that's close enough.

Virgin appearances by BEERTRIX and RUB-A-DUB accompanied DURACELL in the challenge to Sonia O'Sullivan and old Paula, who obviously can't have got over blistering good year, as she as usual, took a pasting from our girls.

The start was delayed by vandals, who had stupidly placed a tree across the road, about a half mile after the start, but luckily, Superman was alert to the situation and appeared just in time to save the situation. Anyway, 15 minutes late, they were off and straight into their stride. One step forward and two, back, in the breeze, ensured that the times were not the fastest ever, but what the hell, DURACELL pounded her way round to outstrip Sonia and Paula, followed closely home by BEERTRIX and RUB-A-DUB.

BEACH TALES...

Living by the sea has it's good and bad moments, it's great to run down that lovely sandy beach, especially when it's early morning or as the sun sets, when all those dreaded holiday makers are stuck in the traffic jams! It was on one of these occasions when I was out running with my faithful Jack Russell, (trained to kill), who runs a lot faster than me [what a surprise]!

Now, I 'd been off with lots of injuries (just for a change) and was on a long important run, trying to build my miles towards the French marathon, (another one of my silly ideas), I'd also had a few the night before, you know, carbo loading, so I was struggling a bit by mile 12, (I am getting to the point in a min) the beach was completely empty except for two fat ladies and some dogs in the distance, as they drew nearer I tried to distance myself as I was on a mission, couldn't they see that, but as usual they let their dogs run wild, the dogs tried to attack my faithful friend, so there i was, dog under my arm, knackered with these dogs snapping at my arm, the two fat ladies ignoring my situation, what would you do! I just lost it, swearing and shouting like an old fish wife (I'm not) at these women, who stood looking amazed at me, which just wind me up more, I 'd gone totally mad. When I eventually got to the sand dunes, managing to shake off the animals but still shouting abuse at them I fell in a heap, when I'd calmed down my memory suddenly kicked in I could hear the two fat ladies sayingthey're not our dogs, we're just out for a walk!!! I ran the back way home, hoping not to bump into any police who might be on the look out for a mad runner and her dog!!!

I tend to leave the dog at home these days, too much hassle !! WHITEWINO.

NOVEMBER HASH (9) - 2002

Another VIRGIN HARE (MOULDY) teamed up with the old hand, BLUEVEIN, to attract the biggest turnout in the history of Harvel Hashing (well, either that, or just that there's a lot of people with nothing better to do on a Sunday morning). The mildly inclement weather also obviously did little to stop the hardy hashers being there, primed, and ready to go.

New recruit BEERTRIX fought off her thoughts of staying indoors in the warm and was there, as was other newcomers, HARE FLICK, WHITEWINO and TAZ, They were joined by the return, after working abroad, of our very own HEAD GIRL.

Eventually, we were off, hashing our way down Happy Valley ! Well, we must all be nuts ! Visiting hashers, including CRYSTAL BALLS, WYLE-E-KOYOTE, MR PERFEKTIONIST and LADYCHAT, were there to splash their way through all the mud and puddles. They were joined by prospective new recruits, WENEYE and his better half, ACTION MAN, who were returning to hashing after a break of a few years.

Record numbers of HASHMUTTS were there to keep a little discipline in the ranks and keep the field of turkeys at bay. *(bet they don't know it's nearly Christmas - Ed)*. CHARLIE (WYLE-E-KOYOTE), LITTLE FLIRT (ALIBI's other half's mutt), BRANSTON and NELSON (DURACELL's personal minders) were all there thrashing their way through the undergrowth.

What a lovely run ! Bit of a lack of flour again, but I suppose we give the HARES the benefit of the doubt on that because of the weather (yeah, right !) The big 'J' that actually looked like a 'J', clearly marked the Jelly Baby stop, whereupon PERFEKTIONIST produced his usual supply, but we're getting the hang of this hashing nowadays, as was proved by the THREE BAGS produced by our very fine HARES !

Jelly Babied up to the ears, we were off again (had we passed the field of turkeys by now ?) and on and on, to the eventual BEERSTOP, manfully manned by MOULDY'S better half, SHAUN and there they were; the CHEESE and PINEAPPLE on sticks, as specially requested by FOZZIE, but no chicken vol ou vents. The Becks did go down well, though! *(Was Posh there?)*

IN IN and the DOWN DOWNS

HARES in first, followed by the VIRGINS.

SINNERS were numerous this time. Inappropriate hashing clothes brought BIDDY, HASHCASH, HONEYNUTS, TAZ and GADGE into the circle. These were followed by BUSHWACKER for failing to take adequate precautions to look after his valuables and probably others for other things.

A very fine time was had by all, in what was a very good hash, thanks to THE CHAIR and MOULDY.

IT WASN'T THE BEER TALKING!

MASH AWAY HASH - SOMETIME IN NOVEMBER, I can't remember when

Tuesday night down the Amazon various **elite club runners** were talking about the away Mash Hash on the following Sunday. I'll do it shouts Humpty, Mouldy and Iron Man, I'll drive shouts Golden Nuts, I've got a big one, referring to his oversized motor vehicle. (I'm sure there's a saying about men with big cars...)

Well Sunday comes and low and behold the four aforementioned **athletes** all turned up outside the village hall at the agree time! Off we all set in Golden Balls family minibus to Chislehurst Station. Fairly uneventful journey expect that our very own Sterling Moss was completely unaware of any speed limits imposed on British roads and was flashed by the camera on the A20 Sidcup bypass.

We arrived at the station in plenty of time to find no-one else there. We waited a while and were entertained by a chap on a moped who appeared to be doing something strange in the public phone box unaware of the four people looking at him from Golden Nut's mobile home.

Shortly before the allotted time various other hashers appeared and off we went 'running' down the streets of Chislehurst, through a park, etc. The sip stop, which was after the water jump, involved a plastic cup of froth each. The hash continued in the park and then to our disbelief the course took us into an underground river tunnel, which we proceeded along in single file as it was only about five feet tall and three foot wide. There was at least a foot of fast following water, which we had to wade through. The light at the end of the tunnel, which was over 100 feet long, was blocked from my view by Humpty's hair. (*Or was it Mouldy arse! - Ed*)

The course continued back on the road, passed a bus stop where the waiting bus thought that the people running towards him were after the bus, across a road where we had to push the button and wait for the green man (Not the pub). As per normal Iron Man was coming up the rear with Mouldy as they were the last two to get back to the start. Various down downs were performed with pints and packs of crisp were on hand to eat (*Not as good as cheese & pineapple - Ed*). We all went for a pint at a nearby pub which was not in walking distance, poor organisation if you ask me. However Mouldy asked Golden Nuts back to the station car park toilets where she said she had left her watch, yer right! After quick liquid refreshments it was all back to the Ammy in Golden Nut's coach for a debriefing section.

I prefer our country hashes!

Iron Man (AKA Hash Cash, The Chancellor, Squeaky, Snapper..)

The Top 10 Routes To Injury (when hashing !!!)

If you run (HASH) long enough or often enough, you will almost inevitably run (HASH) your way into a problem. Some, of course, are unavoidable, but the large majority are self inflicted - the result of poor judgment, over-enthusiasm or simple stupidity.

So arm yourself in advance: here are the 10 most common routes to injury.

Wearing new shoes on HASH day

This can add to your forthcoming hangover.

Wearing old shoes on HASH day

The problem here is that if they leak, you are likely to lose most of your beer, if you are called to drink out of them in the circle

Wearing the wrong HASH shoes

If you put your roller skates on, by mistake, instead of your HASH shoes, you may experience difficulty on the off road sections.

Ignoring flour

Likely to cause you serious embarrassment by earning you a DOWN DOWN.

Commencing HASHING without diagnosis

In most cases, it is best to seek medical advice prior to commencing hashing, as it is proven to turn you in to a seriously deranged person, due to the large amounts of drinking involved.

Not drinking enough prior to or during a HASH

Now this is a serious problem, which will almost certainly bring into question your suitability to hash

Not drinking enough (in the Ammy afterwards)

You will need to be of strong mental disposition, if this is the case, as you are likely to be called a lightweight.

Increasing HASHING too quickly

Definitely NOT to be recommended, unless you have a seriously large bank balance.

Not allowing yourself enough recovery time

All medical tests show that excessive HASHING will lead to continual headaches and subsequent memory loss !

An ignorance of HASHING

This one is obviously an old wives tale, as there can't be a person in the world who hasn't heard of hashing.

CHRISTMAS BASH AT THE DARTFORD GREEK TAVERNA

.....I think this 'thank you' mail, sent to HASHCASH aka IRONMAN, is a far better write-up of the night than old Ed could ever manage !

Thank you to one and all for the great night on Friday, thought you might like to know the following :

"Would it be possible to change my husband's hash name after his expertise at taking 40 minutes to walk an 8 minutes journey after being dropped off at 2am in the morning? We proceeded to walk down the A227, Paul trying to dodge the cars haring past, me trying to keep him out of the road, propelling him down the pavement, avoiding the puke and swearing that was issuing forth from my darling one's mouth. Finally after making it into Vigo Road and seeing the welcoming lights of home, I gave up staggering holding Paul up and left him in a ditch (after already dragging him out of two, numerous hedges, him knee high in mud from an unseen puddle, and him getting a smack in the face for the pleasure (something reminiscent of Fawlty Towers, perhaps I do resemble Cybil in some respects), carried on walking towards home, shouting abuse along the lines of embarrassment, fatigue and not coming within a mile of me for the foreseeable.

My bed, which would not be shared that night, was calling. After reaching home, I took one look back but he was nowhere in sight, not being so cold-hearted as to leave him to die from hypothermia by the side of the road, although the impulse was very strong, I turned around to look for him, to find him halfway back down the road, returning the way we had come, the air was blue by this stage and so are his bruises this morning, not entirely self-inflicted.

Well it is now 3 in the afternoon and he still has not surfaced, so how about that new name, I can't think of anything better than F***ing Drunk Tossler which is what he was called on numerous occasions last night, can anyone think of a better one, but today there is definitely nothing golden about his nuts.

Yours

Michelle

x

NEW CLUB RUNNING VESTS, HATS , TEE-SHIRTS, BOXER SHORTS.....

Well, we've now been kitted out with hash t-shirts and currently available woolly hats, thoughts turn to the new running season and new running vests. Our investigative Club buyer of stuff has sourced a manufacturer who can produce both mens' and ladies' vests in fluoro yellow. The suggestion is that we should buy new vests, with a 2003 design and include a vest in the 2003 annual club subscription.

If you have any views on this, please bash the ear of a committee member and remember to bring your cheque book to the AGM. (4th Feb)

If you wish to order hats or hash tee-shirts - Please speak to Fozzie or Iron Man.
There is a minimum order quantity before an order can be placed.

Hats (With club logo) -£5

Hash Tee Shirt - Plain -£12 (To club member) £15 to bloody outsiders

Hash Tee Shirt - With club name on back £14

Cash/Cheque required when ordered

2003 AGM

PLEASE NOTE (AND TRY TO F***ing REMEMBER) THAT THE AGM IS DUE TO TAKE PLACE ON TUESDAY, 4 FEBRUARY 2003, STARTING AT APPROXIMATELY 9.10PM IN HARVEL VILLAGE HALL.

Agenda to include:- Approval of 2002 Accounts, Election of Mis-Management, Subscriptions for 2003, The Harvel 5 2003, Club Budget for 2003, Marathon Update.

QUOTES - Following November's Hash in the A&T:-

"Let me try you again"

Fatnat trying to take a picture of Iron Man

"Does that leave a funny taste on your lips"

Fatnat again, talking to a cigar smoker

"If I was a bloke I'd want boys"

Iron Man, Pissed as per normal! *Did he mean Parent? - Ed*

"I aint going down in a Fiesta"

White Wino!

JANUARY 2003 HASH (10)

Well, what can I say? Our anniversary hash and a record turnout to boot! Yes, it was cold, with a fair bit of snow in places, but that didn't stop our dashing hare, FOZZIE, who set a 'testing' trail. 45 intrepid nutters, including some good chums of HHHH, UNCLE FESTER, CRYSTAL BALLS, MR PERFEKIONIST (MBE) and WYLE-E-COYOTE, WORDS FAIL ME (THE BRIGADIER TO US).

The trail was set and at 11.45am on the dot, they were off, new Harvel H3 woolly hats and t-shirts on display, in abundance.

Despite the moans about the lack of flour on the trail (that was bloody WORDS FAIL ME. Bastard! - Ed), the pack set off to the first checking point, where, not surprisingly, the pack managed to lose HAIRY KEN, who decided he knew better than the hare and followed his own trail. But our intrepid Captain, RABBLERouser, set off in a search and rescue mission and duly recovered him. RABBLERouser's reward was to be offered a short cut by the hare. Off he went across a particularly muddy field, accompanied by our new IRON MAN (HASH CASH to those who don't know). The following torrent of expletives suggested they weren't best pleased with this gesture!

Hacking and hashing away to the checking point down Chandler's Hill, where all of the pack found themselves on the wrong end of a 'falsy'.

Jelly Babies were warmly welcomed before the trail took the pack towards Dean Lane and the SIP STOP, which was hosted by CRAIG (DURACELL's better half) and Annie (her mate). Mulled wine, crisps, beer and fizzy pop were all on offer. What a spread! (no, not DURACELL!). Anyway, back on the trail and despite the complaints of false trails after the SIP STOP, the pack duly decided they'd find their own way home, by at least three different routes, none of which bore any resemblance to the trail, but what the hell, everyone was having a good time.

Back to the CIRCLE for the DOWN DOWNS and there were a good few of them! VIRGINS, including Amelia Appleby and her better half, Darren, Heather (daughter of BUSHWACKER), Skinty (better half of WHITEWINO), to name but a few.

Heather was called back, as was BREATHLESS SLUG, for impersonating other people. Heather's t-shirt was clearly marked 'BUSHWACKER', while BREATHLESS SLUG's t-shirt definitely belonged to Fiona, because it said so.

EYORE tried hard to hide his new shoes by changing them before the start of the circle, but to no avail, as he was given a shoe-ful of beer for his trouble.

Anyway, a good time was had by most and we look forward to the joint hash with our friends from the W&NK, on Sunday 19th January, ON ON at 11.30am, from the George, Trottiscliffe.

"CHOP A LEG OFF AND RUN FASTER"

So, what was the heading in the last issue of JOEY all about ?

This is the latest advice from one of our intrepid runners, who was recently beaten by a bloke with a prosthetic leg. Giving this some serious thought, as there had to be a good reason why a this bastard beat him, he came up with the answer and when you think about it, it's obvious ! Why do we get tired when we're running and slow down ? Easy. Because our muscles tire and therefore we run slower. Furthermore, why do we need oxygen ? Easy. Muscles need oxygen to function effectively. So, it become more obvious that if you only have one leg, instead of two, you have less muscles to get tired and you can run faster, for longer ! So, there you are! Chop one off!

SHOWER FACILITIES

We ain't having any ! If you want a shower, go home !

Seriously, there are facilities available at various places, eg Vigo Rugby Club, Larkfield Leisure Centre, Meopham Leisure Centre, Cygnet Leisure Centre and Deangate Ridge Track, therefore if you are desperately smelly, use one of them. *(Don't forget Duracells - Ed)*

"HOW ON EARTH DID I GET HOME?"

How many times have you woken up in the morning after a hard night drinking and thought "**How on earth did I get home?**" As hard as you try, you cannot piece together your return journey from the pub to your house. The answer to this puzzle is that you used the **BEER SCOOTER**.

A Beer Scooter is a mythical form of transport, owned and leased to the drunk by Bacchus the Roman god of wine. Bacchus has Branched out since the decrease in the worship of the Roman Pantheon and has bought a large batch of these magical devices.

How the Beer Scooter works:-

A person reaches a certain level of drunkenness and the 'slurring gland' begins to give off a pheromone. Bacchus or one of his many sub-contractors detects this pheromone and send down a winged Beer Scooter. The scooter scoops up the passenger and deposits them in their bedroom via a Trans-Dimensional Portal. On board heating allows the passenger to comfortably get home from the pub in sub-zero temperatures, wearing just a Hash Tee-Shirt.

Unforeseen Side Affects of Beer Scooters

1. As Trans-dimensional portals are not cheap to run, a large portion of the passenger's in-pocket cash is taken as payment. This answers the question after a night out '**How did I spend so much money?**'
2. Beer Scooter have a poor safety record and are thought to be responsible for over 90% of all UDIs (**Unidentified Drinking Injuries**)
3. An undocumented feature of the beer scooter is the destruction of time segments during the trip. The nature of Trans-Dimensional Portal dictates tat time will be lost, seemingly unaccounted for. This answers the question after a night out "**What the hell Happened?**" With good intentions, Bacchus opted for a the **REMIT** (Removal of Embarrassing Moments In Time) add on, that automatically removes, in descending order, those parts in time regretted most. Unfortunately one person's REMIT is not necessarily the REMIT of another and quite often, lost time is regained in discussions over a period of time.
4. **Beer Goggles** often cause the scooters navigation system to malfunction thus sending the passenger to the wrong bedroom, often with horrific consequences.
5. For the family man, Beer Scooters come equipped with flowers picked from other people's gardens and **Thump-A-Lot boots** (patent pending). These boots are designed in such a way that no matter how quietly you tiptoe up the stairs, you are sure to wake up your other half. Special anti-gravity springs ensure that you bump into every wall in the house and the **CTSGS** (Coffee Table Seeking Guidance System) explains the bruised shins.
6. The final add-on Bacchus saw fit to invest in for some scooters is **TAS (Tabacco Absorption System)**. This explains how one smoker, a recently reformed smoker or even non-smokers can apparently get through 260 Marlboro Lights in a single night.

Article by Al K Hoolick

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

JANUARY 2003

- 19th Joint HASH with the W&NK. ON ON 11.30am. The George, Trottiscliffe.
26th Canterbury 10M. 11am. Canterbury College, New Dover Road. £7.50/£8.50.

FEBRUARY 2003

- 2nd Adidas flora London Half Marathon. 12 Noon. Silverstone Race Circuit.
£15 advance entries only.
4th **AGM (don't f**king forget !)**
16th Kent AC 10. 10.30am Chislehurst and Sidcup Grammar School, Hurst Road, Sidcup.
£5/£6.
23rd Tunbridge Wells Half Marathon. 10am. £7/£10.

MARCH 2003

- 2nd Greenwich Meridian 10K. 9.30am. Greenwich Park. £7/£10.
2nd **HASH. (Hare: HUMPTY DUMPTY) ON ON 11.30am from the Amazon & Tiger.**
9th Mash Hash Bexley Railway station 11.00 am
16th Hastings Half Marathon. 10.30am. Sea road, Grosvenor Gdns, St Leonards. £11 Adv
23rd Paddock Wood Half Marathon. 11am. £7/£10.

MAY 2003

- 4th **HASH (Hare: GADGE) ON ON 11.30am from the Amazon & Tiger.**

JUNE 2003

- 7th **THE 5TH HARVEL 5**

TRAINING NIGHT

Usual training time is 7.00pm ish on Tuesdays and Thursdays depending on venue and 10.00am ish on Sundays, but its always worth a phone call to the RABBLERouser, to see what's happening.

There may be a race on, or even a hash !

WWW.HarvelH3.org

Still kept well up to date by the WebMaster, including pictures of the Christmas bash at the Dartford Greek Taverna. Pictures courtesy of SHAUN PHYALL and GADGE.

Searching the web for 'harvel' - HarvelH3.org is listed THIRD at both Google and Ask Jeeves and SECOND at Lycos (Harvel.net comes in 3rd & 9th) - *How very interesting stato!*
- Ed

TOKEN TOTTY

Token Totty always likes seeing her name in Joey or on the website, as there is no reference to Token Totty in this issue this paragraph has been added. So Token Totty's name now appears four times.

PREVIOUS JOEY QUOTE CORRECTION

Fatnat was quoted as needing 17", she has pointed out that she said she needs 19" ; I expect that extra 2" makes all the difference!

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