

NEW RECRUITS

Antony Kershaw - Nickname 'SHAGGY'

One of the more cerebral members of the club, even if he is still a piss artist !

MAY HASH - Hare by LITTLE PRINCESS and TOKEN TOTTY

A slight cock-up in timing by HEAD GIRL (she was too overhung to get up - ED) unfortunately meant she was unable to man the sip stop as arranged, but never mind, a knight in shining armour (well, a Matt in a cleanish Nissan) stepped in at the last minute and laid on a very professional spread under a very splendid sun shade. Thanks Matt !

As for the run, well, it was very good and well supported by nearly 50 hashers. The hares did a fine job in managing to seek out a new route, this time taking in Meopham Green, where Jelly Babies were scoffed. Of course, even on this day, which was warm and sunny, they managed to find some mud and water which didn't, of course go unnoticed by some of the more sensible and mature hashers who passed through without even a thought of kicking mud and water up everyone else.

QUOTE

"I'm not going down there again" - Padge
(at the celebratory hash for WIZARD's birthday)

Sevenoaks 7 - May 2004

A small but finely tuned team of H4 athletes put themselves in the frame for this one.

.....pity I can't remember who they were !

.....and SHAGGY gets straight into his stride !!!.....

Hyde Park Chronicles - Capital FM Feetbeat - 23rd May 2004

Hyde park lies parched in the heat and the Serpentine shimmers under a haze as the sun blazes down over the sea of white shirts that stretches as far as I can see ahead. The golden spire of the Albert Memorial glints painfully in the sun behind us. Elbows nudge for space and feet squash toes as everyone searches for a small piece of tarmac to call their own. We wait. Sweat trickles down over brows. Still we wait. Far ahead we see the timer begin. It counts up slowly. We still haven't moved. Suddenly we shuffle forward a few steps then grind to a halt again. The timer keeps ticking, mocking us all. I can smell the breakfast on the breath of the people around me as we crush closer together.

The timer reaches double figures, laughing at all those poor idiots like me near the back. Again we shuffle forward and stop, repeating the dance until suddenly I have crossed the start line and I can see a whole metre of bare tarmac ahead. I start to run towards it but a sea of black Lycra that covers a small continent blocks my way. I dodge to the right to pass it only to find myself behind another small country in lime green. I skip to the left; elbowing my way past the group that seem to be jogging backwards although they face the front. My feet manage to run ten steps ahead but another group quickly congregates and bars the path. I jump onto a kerb and narrowly avoid the bollard that suddenly looms when yet another wide load moves quickly to the side in an attempt to trick me. Spectators lining the route look disappointed and lower their cameras. 'Keep to the left,' booms a voice as the race marshal tries to have me and other desperate people crumpled in the mass of flesh.

I'm back on the tarmac, looking down for each step to make sure there is roadway underneath it, but my view is obscured by yet more wobbling lycra. I run sideways and run down the grass verge. Other people have the same idea. It's no better. The 1K sign suddenly comes into view. The lard mountains are labouring now, gaps are starting to appear between them. The ratio has changed - there are more forward steps than sideways ones. I may even get around in less than a day.

We head down Park Lane, and I wonder why it's uphill if we are going down it. 2K passes and there is more space as the mob thins a little more. I weave from left to right, and a pattern emerges: ten steps of tarmac, eight steps of grass, back to tarmac and run sideways for five steps. I think I have this worked out now.

The 3K sign comes into view and everyone around me starts clapping. The front running bastards are already returning. They smugly glide past on the right hand side of the road, in the clear open space that lies to the right of the cones that line the route. The desperate see their chance. As soon as the first few have past us we dodge through the cones and run past the congestion until another marshal blocks our path and we skip back to the left hand side. As soon as we pass each marshal, we head back out, weaving in and out of the cones until we manage to reach the 4K mark.

We head around the chicane that pretends to lead us to the Serpentine, but simply loops to add some distance to the anguish of many, and the ground suddenly turns to gravel. People slide around and the pace drops as the gravel leads us through a narrow path up a hill. I'm back on the grass now as a mass of people slow to a walking crawl. A right hand bend leads us back in the direction we came from and the naïve think this is the halfway mark, but as they head back onto the straight there is no sign of the 5K marker. We run on and it's only another few minutes until everyone around me starts to veer across the road to the right as if hidden magnets are pulling them to the side. It's the 5K mark and the water point. Sweaty hands grasp for the lukewarm bottles, but I elbow my way to the right to ignore the lure of a rest and keep going. This is the first real opportunity to run straight and I'm not going to waste it.

We run down the banks of the Serpentine and head back north, passing the bewildered old people feeding the ducks and wondering what is going on. Families picnic on the grass under the sun and point out the running fools to their young children.

The 6K mark slowly comes and goes and the scenery hasn't changed; seas of wobbling Lycra and bemused onlookers. The road ends abruptly and is replaced by dirt. Dust clouds swirl around us, dancing to the symphony of laboured grunting and panting. Grit glints in the sunlight before my eyes as the path narrows dangerously and I find myself edging precariously along the metal safety rails as I try to get past yet more Lycra.

Then suddenly it is cooler. There are trees lining the route and we are running in the shade. I realise I have never loved trees so much as I do at this point. This feels good. A few minutes respite then abruptly we are back in the sun and we all lumber forwards seeking the 7K sign that should be shimmering somewhere ahead. Minutes tick by but it doesn't seem to appear. I keep looking up but someone seems to have hidden it. I'm starting to think I must be getting very tired because this kilometre seems far too bloody long. Am I fading? Then a white blob appears in the distance and I gratefully run towards it. 8K it says. 8K? What the fuck happened to 7K? Bastards.

'Come on, keep going,' encourages an Australian marshal's voice to everyone. 'You're all doing well. Not far to go,' he beams. I wonder idly how far his megaphone would go up his complacent, grinning arse. I'm sure I'm not alone in this thought.

We reach the bottom of Park Lane, and as we turn along Knightsbridge the 9K sign on the corner fills us with relief until we see the hill that leads to the end. That is not fair. They are taking the piss. We come all this way around a dusty, hot, crowded road to be greeted by a bloody hill for the last kilometre. This is sponsored by BUPA. Are they trying to kill us? Do they sponsor heart attacks? You can visibly see people sag around you as they catch sight of the last 1K and sea of humanity that is labouring upwards. For some of the Lycra lemmings it may as well be a ladder to the moon. For some, the despair is too much and they simply start to walk.

I manage to reach the top of the hill and a wonderful vision fills the horizon. As monuments go it may not be the most spectacular, but that lump of scaffold covered in white cloth, with the grinning clock is truly lovely as it glimmers in the sun. What makes it even better is that the last 300 metres is downhill! I race towards it, using up every last ounce of energy and reserve I have (which isn't much) but somehow I manage to cross the line at a sprint. The clock smiles and says 1 hour and 6 minutes have elapsed since the first runners set off. I smile. Fuck me, it's still Sunday.

.....SHAGGY

NOTE PLEASE NOTE PLEASE NOTE PLEASE NOTE PLEASE NOTE PLEASE

HARVEL FETE - Sat 10th July - Harvel Village Fete 2pm -
(Maggot racing by Harvel H3!)

Quote

"Yes, I know I'm mad!" - Fozzie

(to a herd of cows, as he was running up swearing hill)

TUESDAY NIGHT SUMMER TRAINING

7.30PM OUTSIDE HARVEL VILLAGE HALL

(SEE CONTACT PAGE FOR DETAILS)

To all of you who like a little measure.

...the trials and tribulations of WIZARD's efforts to re-measure the Harvel 5 course

You might be aware that we have had a few problems measuring the H5 this year.

So last weekend Iron man, Gadge with his measuring bike and I (Wizard) with my Pedometer (measuring wheel) re-measured the H5 from start to Finish to confirm my first measurements were correct.

It didn't!!!!!!

Gadge's gadget bike measured **40 meters** less per mile than Wizards wheel Ooo F***.

But after a while (about 2½ hrs) and many orange and yellow dorbs on the road, it was agreed the wheel seemed more consistent and probably more accurate, besides the fact Gadge's gadget bike would have had the start near the Greyhound kennels and Iron man didn't want that!! so he cast the deciding vote.

I have to say I wasn't very happy about this, even if everybody else was happy with my measurement, I really didn't know who was right or even if anybody's measurements were right.

So off poor Wizard went to calibrate his wheel at the Dartford 400meter track, that must be right.

Nothing is easy is it?

- Went round the track in the centre of the lane = 401.72M. S**t.
- Went round the track at the inside of the lane= 398.65M B***oks.
- Go to 100meter (no bloody bends to confuse me)= 100.00M Yes!!!!

That only leaves Gadge's gadget bike, it just didn't make sense Gadge's gadget not working properly. Another sleepless night and then I remembered Gadge saying as we **pushed** his bike round the course that the bike had been calibrated depending on the precise type and size of tyre the **Cyclist** was using.

Approx Diameter of tyre 66cm
Circumference = $\pi * D$ 207.37cm
Bike wheel rotations per mile $160934 / 207.37 =$ 776.07rp mile

But if gadge had sat on his bike instead of pushing it:-

Approx Compression of tyre and overall diameter of wheel approx 1.5cm
Approx Diameter of tyre 64.5cm
Circumference = $\pi * D$ 201.87cm
Bike wheel rotations per mile $160934 / 201.87 =$ 797.21 rp mile
 $797.21 - 776.07 = 21.14$ (missing rev's)
(missing rev's) * (tyre circumference) = $21.14 * 201.87 = 42.67$ Meters

The morale of this story is:- Don't push it Gadge !!!

I wonder how fast we could run the H5 if "Alcopops" sat on the measuring bike.

THE HARVEL 5 - 2004

The usual early start to the day, marking out the course, preparing the green and the hall. The big bonus this year was that there was no marquee to erect, just two gazebo's with more poles than Poland. Nevertheless, with HAIRY and BIDDY erecting their scaffold (no wonder FATNAT spent the whole morning over there talking to them! - Ed), IRONMAN, ROCKY, GOLDENNUTS, HUMPTY, PADGE, PITCH, WIZ, DURACELL and the W.I. to name but a few, there to help, the job was done in no time.

Two Battalions of 2 Para were in attendance to keep the motorists in order, as were the Kent Constabulary and those wonderful people from St John Ambulance.

Annie brought the local Riding Club's burger van (don't even think about the burgers-Ed) along and raised money for charity. Tony the ice cream man had a good day and has already booked us in for next year. The lovely people at Sweatshop, Dartford were there and brought numerous bits and pieces for spot prizes.

Gravesham Council's best attempts to fuck the start up came to nothing, as the runners filed past the strategically placed roadworks.

Anyway, 2pm on the dot and the race was on with a record 500+ runners.

Quickly into his stride was PITCH, followed swiftly by POPEYE (or was it the other way round? - Ed) Whatever, 25 minutes later, the first runner back came storming round the final bend, to beat old POPEYE in a dip finish. What a race!

MR ANGRY, accompanied by his team of helpers were there and ready, in place at the water station, for the surge of runners that was about to hit them.

The Marshals were all in top form, cheering the runners on, whilst keeping some semblance of organisation on the route.

At the finish, DURACELL had landed herself with the job of congratulating the finishers, while BREEZERBABE and her better half Matt, handed the medals out.

BIDDY's daughter Kelly and TADGE had got the job of giving out the spot prizes and decided the best course of action was to give them to anyone she fancied!

Cockney George and his helpers were heroic in their duties of water issue.

For the ladies, the threat of OLIVE OYL and FATNAT contending for first place and the newly purchased ladies' winner shield, obviously put off not just the Kenyan women, but also old Paula, who decided she had better stick to the European Championships 10,000m. This event is now accepted to take 2nd place to the Harvel 5. The very fit FATNAT (try saying that in the Ammy after a couple of hours - Ed) just managed to shake off the threat of OLIVE OYL, with all other H4 runners producing good performances.

What a great day and thanks to everyone involved making the day such a success.

NANDRALONE

Here I am, middle of June, training hard (well, hardish) for the North Downs Run and I want to find something that contains nandralone (allegedly, it's a performance enhancing naturally occurring substance which top athletes get banned two for, if its found to be artificially introduced into their body. Now, I go into a sports shop and ask them for something containing nandralone and they look at me as though I'm some kind of idiot ! (First person I hear making the obvious comment will get a clump!) I tell them: "It's ok, I'm never likely to be tested, so it's fine. Just give me something with it in and can they? No! They haven't got a clue.....What's all that about then ?

FOZZIE

CIRCUIT TRAINING

Don't forget there's circuit training (run by FOZZIE)
in the Harvel Village all on Tues & Thur (except 2nd Thur of each month)
starting at 8pm, £3.50 per session

NORTH DOWNS RUN - 2004

Bloody run doesn't get any easier. Even with yet another change of course, how is it that they manage to make the whole 30k go uphill?? Still, on the positive side, we got a goody bag, including a very wearable t-shirt instead of another poxy slate coaster.

PITCH was far too good for the joggy people of Kent, smashing them to pieces in a scintillating time of 2 hours 43 minutes. A soberer than usual FOZZIE ran him a very close second, losing out in a dip finish, to cross the line in 2 hours 53 minutes.

Hats off to all the marshals (and there's a lot of them !), especially the good folk of Harvel H3, including IRONMAN, MR ANGRY, EM,TADGE, DURACELL, LITTLE MADAM, Nigel and Hazel, to name but a few, who did a sterling job in operating the Carlsberg water station.

'Wow that's a big one!' - BREEZERBABE to GADGE
(referring to the cross bar on his bike, or so she says - Ed)

'Is that the Dutch playing or is it Holland?' BANZAI to BIDDY

"Do you want to borrow my strap-on?" - GADGE to BREEZERBABE
(regarding his 'head' light)

Forthcoming Events.....

JULY

- Sat 10 Thanet 10K. 2.30pm. Eastern Esplanade, Margate. £6/£8
- 11 Cliffe Woods 10K. 11am. Bradley House, View Rd, Cliffe Woods. £6/£8
Orpington 10K. 11am. Darrick Wood School, Lovibonds Avenue. Multi-terrain. £5/£6.
- 18 Dartford Half Marathon. 9am. Central Park, Dartford. £10/£11
Folkestone Race For Life 5K. 11am. The Leas, Folkestone. £8.50 (adv entries only)
Contact Tel: 0870 513 4314. PO Box 50, Crawley, East Sussex, RH10 9WA.
- 25th Dinosaur 10K. Deal Tri. 10am. Walmer Sea Scout Hut, Deal Seafront. Limit 400.
Part of the Deal Regatta and Carnival Week. Momento to all finishers. £7/£9.
- Wed 28 Joydens Wood Series 5K. 7.15pm. 176-178 Summerhouse Drive, Dartford. £4/£5.

AUGUST

- 2nd HARVEL HANDICAP 11.30am. Harvel Village Hall.

SEPTEMBER

- 5th Kent Coastal Marathon/Half Marathon. Both starts 9.30am. Thanet Roadrunners.
Palm Bay, Margate. Half-£8/£10, Marathon-£10/£12. T-Shirt.
- 5th Shorne Wood 5. 10am. Shorne Wood Country Park. Istead & Ifield Harriers. £6/£7.
- 19th Eridge Park 10M. 10.30am. Sham Farm, Eridge. T/Wells Harriers. £6/£7.
Faversham 10K. No more details.
Larkfield 10K. No more details.
- 26th Quicksand 15. 8.30am. Marine Sands, Margate. Thanet Roadrunners. £8/£10.
Boughton 10K. 11.30am. Boughton Village Hall, Boughton Under Blean. £5/£7.
Cancer Research UK 10K. Leeds Castle.

OCTOBER

- 3rd Sittingbourne 10M. No more details.
- 24th Maidstone Half Marathon. 9.30am. Valley Park Community School. £8/£10.
- 31st Wilmington 10K. 11.00am. Wilmington School for boys, Common Lane. £7/£9.
Barns Green Half Marathon. 11am. £8/£12

AMAZON & TIGER (Club Sponsor)

Opening hours are now:-

Monday 12 Noon to 11pm
Tuesday to Thursday 12 Noon to 3pm and 6pm to 11pm
Friday & Saturday 12 Noon to 11pm
Sunday 12 Noon to 10.30 pm

Dulwich 5k - June 2004

Shaggy achieves a new club record in 26 Mins 55 Seconds. IronMan the only other club runner (actually running for JAGS AC - that must be worth a few hash forfeits) achieves a PB (well he's never run a 5k before!) in 31 mins 41 seconds. However IronMan had arranged for a beer to be ready for him outside the Crown & Greyhound which was on the course, 1.5 km before the end, which he downed in one to a round of applause from the pub punters and the steward.

SWEATSHOP

Newham Court Shopping Village, Bearsted Road, Maidstone, Kent, ME14 5LH 01622 735 520

Don't forget that H4 club members can get a 10% discount (5% if you pay by credit card. Doesn't apply to sale items) at Sweatshop. You need to show you club membership card, if you haven't got one of these ask IronMan and he will supply.

CLUB MEETINGS

Quarterly as follow:-

August
November
February 2005
May

The meetings are on the first Tuesday of the month in the Harvel Village at 9.10pm. Liquid refreshments will be provided.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS

If you haven't paid you won't be reading this!

**INTRODUCING THE H4 HANDICAP RACE
TO BE HELD ON SUNDAY, 1ST AUGUST AT 11.30 AM.**

The Handicap Race will take place over the Harvel 5 course, and will be run bi-monthly on the 1st Sunday of the month i.e. the months between Hashes

A handicap race enables all abilities of runner to 'race' against one another with the slowest having as much chance in coming first as the fastest.

What a 'handicap' means is that the slower runners have a head start over the faster runners, which should see everybody finishing the race roughly together. Based on times achieved during the last Harvel 5 (or estimated times if not run before) runners are 'handicapped' depending on how fast they completed the course, i.e. Hareflick would start first (as he was the slowest) and Popeye would go last (as he was the fastest).

The first person to finish scores 30 points, the second 29, third 28 and so on. Any runner improving on their recorded handicap personal best, is awarded an additional 5 points.

Sounds complicated, but in practice, it's easy and really good fun. Better still, everyone gets to benefit as the slower runners have at least as good a chance of winning, if not better. Why is this? Because there is more scope for the slower runners to improve than the faster runners, who themselves will benefit from taking part as their personal best times should also improve, but maybe not by enough to win the handicap.

A shield will be purchased and awarded to the winner annually.

The idea of the race is to include the whole club, no matter what your ability, where everyone has an equal opportunity in coming first.

All you have to do is turn up on the day and run, all the times will be worked out for you.

For further details please see website www.harvelh3.org or contact; Popeye, Iron Man or Fozzie.

Popeye

CLUB MERCHANDISE

There is a stock of running vests (£10), polo shirts (£7) and hats (£5)
See Fozzie or IronMan to order.

WINOS WANDERINGS!!!

Firstly i like to point out in the last write up in the joey i said the best part of the tough guy was showering with the guys, can i make it clear i meant all the hundreds of other tough guys not our hashers who quickly retreated to the other barn when i arrived!! who can blame them.

Well done to Harvel 5 day , sorry i missed such a good day, but i had to spread the word of hashing, in Egypt, again. This time we were on the Nile, cruising, Luxor and Cairo, it's a hard job but someone's got to do it! Suffering from a groin injury...i know what your thinking but it was caused by Pilates, probably brought on through the circuits, 13 mile run in the wind and rain, (great British weather), and the swimming, i must really pace myself... anyway getting back to the story, have you heard of the runners who run with the irons and ironing boards well i decided to better that, my hash name being White Wino cause i'm partial to a drop or two of white wine i'm going to run with a fine bottle of wine, a full one too, its a real challenge!!! so there i was sailing along the Nile, while docked one early morning, armed with my old tart (bottle of wine) my groin injury, the temperature boiling, i'm gently jogging along the river, now along this stretch an awful lot of boats moor up for the evening, outside each docking sits a young, randy, good-looking Egyptian (nice) male guard, so one has to look good, fit, you know the score girls...oh dear why don't i listen to my knowledgeable osteopath, rest for four weeks please Ms Burchfield, yea rite! I'm boiling, my groin injury is soooo painful, i forgot my water and only have a small bottle of wine, which even i didn't fancy at 6am, 25degrees, i'm so losing it! to top it all there's a young, randy, good-looking Egyptian male guard every couple of yards watching me, cheering me on, no way could i stop or even turn round and go back to the safety of the boat, so being a brave hasher i kept running....mmm i've never run so fast as i did on the way back, (ok i know that's not hard for me). So what can i say, after that i made sure i spent the rest of my time in Egypt, ... relaxing, ... drinking wine, ... and just having a good time!!!!, spreading the word of course! Now the groin is recovering nicely, the old tart was drunk on the flight home!.... If anyone's got any ideas how i can comfortably run with a bottle of wine, real or plastic, send me an email, as i've got the Loch Ness marathon in Oct and Tough Guy next Jan, with the bottle!!! help!! Taz is as we speak hashing in Tunisia, look forward to hearing all about that!!

Stop Press

Iron Man is the new Guru of the horse racing world.

He stuns everyone on his racing debut at Lingfield Park with comments such as

- "is a Mare a boy or a girl horse"
- "What's a Filly"
- "What's the difference between a Colt and a Gelding"

But he surpasses himself with the comment that 'its amazing that all the horses in the Derby Trials weigh exactly the same at 8st 8lb'.

All these excruciating comments were made in the paddock, in full hearing range of all the other proper punters.

When Duracell had explained the different sex's and types of horses and of course that 8st 8lb was the weight the horse was carrying, Iron Man was beginning to get the hang of it.

Until the ladies race when again mouth was working before brain had engaged " I recon the lady Jockey's need to go on a diet they all weigh 10st 8lb. It's probably because they are amateurs. It was at this point that 'handicaps' were explained.

Iron Man was also concerned about the lady jockeys ability to get the horses into the 'boxes' or (starting stalls) but Wizard reassured him that they didn't have to reverse into them so they should be ok.

After that he quickly got the hang of betting and winning and was found to be loitering in the control offices of the Tote with Duracell's sister, picking up tips. His accountancy skills were also evident as he kept full records of his and Wizard's winning's and losses.

A great day was had by all (ie Little Madam, Duracell, Wizard and of course Iron Man) despite the wet weather, with hot tips coming from Fozzie and Bidy via text messages. Still Duracell kept them on their toes by trotting between the parade ring, the Tote, the Bookies (or 'the men' as referred to by Iron Man) and the course.

Wizard pointed out that there was another way to go racing..... and that was to stay in the bar and watch it on T.V. But Duracell would have none of it especially as she bets such vast sums of money with the Bookies - a max of £1 each way and never 'on the nose'.

Despite their aching feet and complaints that they hadn't had a drink all day, Iron Man and Wizard gave the Bookies a roasting. You never know, Iron Man could be the next presenter on Channel 4's Morning Line. Watch out John McCruick!!!!

Duracell

CONTACT HHHH...

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Club Sponsor:- The Amazon & Tiger Public House, Harvel, 01474 814705
(Thanks for all the sandwiches etc)

H4 GOLF DAY

FRIDAY 23RD JULY 2004

SEE IRONMAN FOR
MORE INFORMATION

HOW NOT TO ENTER THE H5

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------|
| ▪ Name | Hairy Ken |
| ▪ Club | Cricket (As per his entry form) |
| ▪ Sex | Yes Please (As per his entry form) |
| ▪ Club Vest | No |
| ▪ Number on Vest | No |
| ▪ Recorded in Results | No |
| ▪ Fucked up Results | Yes |