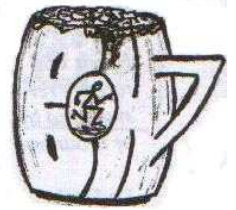


BRIGHTON AND HOVE, HAYWARDS HEATH, HORSHAM, HENFIELD, HAS SOCKS AND HURSTPIERPOINT HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

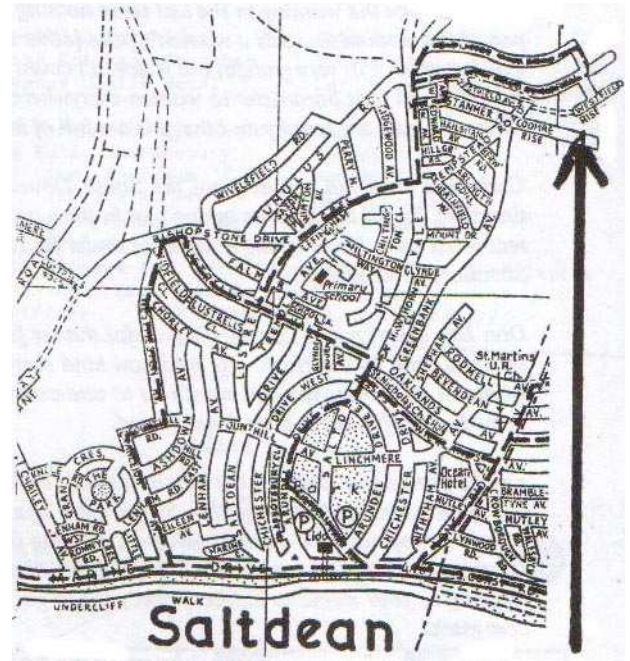


PARTY..PARTY..PARTY...PARTY

Nigel and Sarah Wilce have kindly invited everyone to their housewarming party and BBQ on Saturday July 10th (address below). Arrive 7.30 – 8 p.m. onwards with a bottle and special grub (i.e. trout, whole hog, anything not your average ho, hum run-of-the-mill barbecue fodder, which will be provided by our hosts). Please note parking is very limited as it is a cul-de-sac and Nigel would also be grateful if you could let him know your intentions in order that he can cater for everyone. Early arrivals may get to play on the bouncy castle!

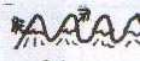


"We've been invited to a cave warming party."



TREVETH, 8, COOMBE RISE

BRIGHTON HASH SETS NEW RECORD IN SOUTH DOWNS RELAY RACE!



Congratulations are due to the 'A' team who this year, under virtually ideal running conditions, set a new record of 10 hours 24 minutes in the South Downs Relay on 19th June. This was an impressive improvement over last years best of 10 hours 29 minutes and followed on their victory in the 'handicap' aspect of the race.

Sadly the new course record was not to remain in the hands of the Hash for long and they had to accept 2nd place overall, as the Sussex Police team blew a further 24 minutes off the time when they arrived at Chilcomb Sports Centre 35 minutes later, having started at 9a.m., an hour later than the hash. Second in the handicap race was another Hash team, the 'B' squad who had to change their stand from vets team at the last minute when they were unable to replace Terry Smith who had to drop out this year. Replacement Joe Harden performed well despite his youth to help bring the team 2nd place in the B team category.

Honourable mention also goes to the Hash ladies who came in a close third place in the ladies category (possibly because they only did 80 miles according to their very smart vests!), and to the Sparrowfahrt B team which won that category and also had a number of hashers on board. It was perhaps inevitable that the hash banner would be flown so high with no less than 10 teams featuring, or fully made up of, hashers, those being the three BH7 teams already mentioned, two Riff-Raff squad, two Sparrowfahrt, two Henfield Joggers and PEP.

Although it contained several experienced South Downs runners, PEP was a brand new team consisting of hashers disappointed at not being able to compete as a proper hash team due to newly introduced limitations on the amount of teams allowed from each club. Somehow Don Elwick managed to persuade the organisers to allow the team, whose name derives from Pete Eastwoods Plants, to take part, but all was not to go well for the new club.

A wave of sympathy swept through the Brighton Hash for Don Elwick and his wife Lorna when, on the eve of the relay, it transpired that Lorna had suffered a brain haemorrhage. The latest news is that she has stabilized somewhat but the hopes of all are that she will make a speedy recovery. Don was able to put on a brave face and came out to support the hash and his own team, complete with emergency replacement, Ken Edwards, at Washington on the day of the race.

Minor mishap was to follow the PEP team throughout the day, particularly our sponsor Pete Eastwood who left his shoes on Ditchling Beacon after completing his first leg, the on his second stage in a pair of shoes borrowed from Ken missed a turn and lost about 5 minutes and a number of places, and finally on the way to the finish in his car the silencer fell off! Ken performed magnificently as Don's back-up recording a sub-30 minute 5 miler on his first stage, but having not had the opportunity to check the difficult and poorly marked Hampshire stage also missed a turn and ended up running 4 or 5 miles more than required coming in to HMS Mercury. Finally Simon Brown had a toe nail ripped off when running his final stage again losing time for the team.

Still all the hash teams made it eventually to the Chilcomb sports ground, even the Riff-Raff B squad who managed without Phil Muttonon his final stage when his knee went. It explains why they carried a ladder around on the roof of their transport all day! It was a proud moment when the two hash team prize winners collected their medals, and despite all the problems was a great day out.

Let's all look forward to next years event and hope for an even better day.

BH7 TRASH 6/93 ©BOUNCER

WORDS OF WISDOM – HA!

I always thought that BH7 came from Brighton and Hove, Haywards Heath and Horsham Hash House Harriers but a discussion in the pub recently revealed that we are in fact BH10 as per the front page. This was suggested by Ray Noakes but the order of the towns may be wrong. Any ideas or is our true i.d. lost in ancient hashtory?

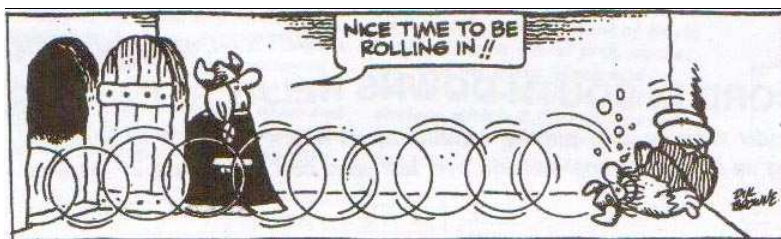
So far despite the warning in the last issue nothing has yet come from the pen of the women towards a women's page (other than a run review from Lin for which I'm very grateful but it doesn't count) so this time we feature an article on that barometer to women everywhere, the County of Essex, where the men are spunky and the girls are full of it!

Chris will have full results from the South Downs relay including split times etc. for all the hashers taking part in the next issue, once he has fully recovered from his amazing 30th place under fairly hot conditions in the 80 miler last weekend.

Don has asked me to convey his grateful thanks for the array of flowers sent to Lorna by the Hash. He said how kind everyone has been to keep Lorna in their thoughts and wants us to understand how much this has helped both of them in their time of need.

Finally provisional date for the much mooted (by Eddie at least) return of the Dieppe hash is Saturday 18th September. The cost is £10 a head departing approx. 7.30 from Newhaven, arriving French time 12.30 and returning 17.30 arriving back 20.30 UK time. Alternatives available but please give your name to Eddie if you wish to go, set a run or drive the beer truck.

ON ON!



Bird may have been sacrificed by cult

A BIRD was sacrificed by what police say may have been a satanic cult off the (Fayetteville) Central Business District Loop near railroad tracks early Monday, September 24th.

The bird was found lying in the middle of a circle drawn in powder on the right shoulder of the westbound loop about 7:40 a.m.

The bird's heart appeared to have been removed, according to the police.

Two plastic streamers were fastened to rocks, at the top and bottom of the circle. – Fayetteville Times, N. Carolina 1990

Carolina Trash Hashers reply:

TWO DOGS F and Stumpslayer were the hares for the Hash run on Sunday 23 Sep. We were on a bridge with a long view down the railroad tracks waiting for all the other runners to show up. On the bridge we put the normal circle with an X in it with flour marking a check point for the runners.

While we were killing time Stumpslayer found an old dead bird and stuck it in the circle. He also had a red and green streamer. Well Two Dogs F thought, like boats or aircraft (Right-Red-Return), we would put the ribbons down to mark we went to the right. We looked at it. Said it did look strange. But left it anyway.

In Tuesday's paper we found the above article.

(Silly wankers – Ed)

US President Slick Willie gets his VIH Hash Card

"SLICK WILLIE" ran with Little Rock HHH occasionally. He was once spotted on American Channel 7 dishing out presents to kids wearing a hash t-shirt.

Harrier International's Magic was quick to send him a complimentary World Hash Handbook (for his personal use and his G-men joggers) during their forthcoming travels. Also included were an HI magazine subscription for in-flight reading aboard *Air Force On*. And an individual Hash Card bearing his Hash-name "SLICK WILLIE" c/o the Washington Waffle House.

The Great British Beer Festival



3rd-7th August 1993
Olympia, London
Britain's
Biggest & Best

Tuesday-Thursday Evenings

5pm - 10.30pm

£3.00

Friday Evening

5pm - 10.30pm

£3.50

Wednesday - Friday Lunchtimes

11.30am - 3.00pm

£1.00

Saturday

11.30am - 10.00pm

£3.00

Doors shut 10pm weekday nights; 9.30pm Saturday

WHAT EXACTLY IS THE GREAT BRITISH BEER FESTIVAL?

Well, its a bit like the Munich Beer Festival but with a bigger variety of beers. Its a bit like a pub but its enormous. And its a bit like a carnival with games of skill, tombolas and craft stands. Add onto this live music and a family room and you have an event for everyone to have a good time.

Most people come for the beer and the beers come from all over the UK; from Orkney in the north to Guernsey in the south. With over 300 beers it will take a brave drinker to try them all! In addition there will be a fine selection of imported beers from countries such as Belgium, Czechoslovakia and plus some the USA!

But Britain's oldest drinks, cider and perry, will also be in abundance. If you have not tried perry here is your chance. Its made like cider but from pears not apples and tends to have a slightly rounder flavour, almost like a white wine.

To help it all go down there is a great variety of food, including English sausages, Mexican and jacket potatoes. Even vegans will find something to their taste.

But its not all eating and drinking. And the Festival hasn't forgotten the family with accompanied children allowed in free. To keep them occupied there is live entertainment every lunchtime and Friday evening.

So why not come along and soak up the atmosphere (as well as some of the beer) at the biggest beer festival in Britain.

FAMILY ROOM

Sponsored by Mitchells

Opens every session and until 9pm each evening. Children must be accompanied and it is regretted that they are not allowed to remain in the Main Halls due to licensing laws.

ENTERTAINMENT

Sponsored by Burion Ale

There is live entertainment every session including:

Wednesday Lunch: Chaminade String Quartet

(classical)

Wednesday Evening: Gordon Giltrap (folk)

Thursday is jazz day including the Bruce Boardman

Quartet (evening)

Friday Evening: Mad Jocks & Englishmen (comedy

and folk)

Saturday afternoon: Chaminade String Quartet

(classical)

Saturday Evening: Tranter's Folly (West Country

folk)

In addition, a breweriana auction takes place every session and on Saturday afternoon.

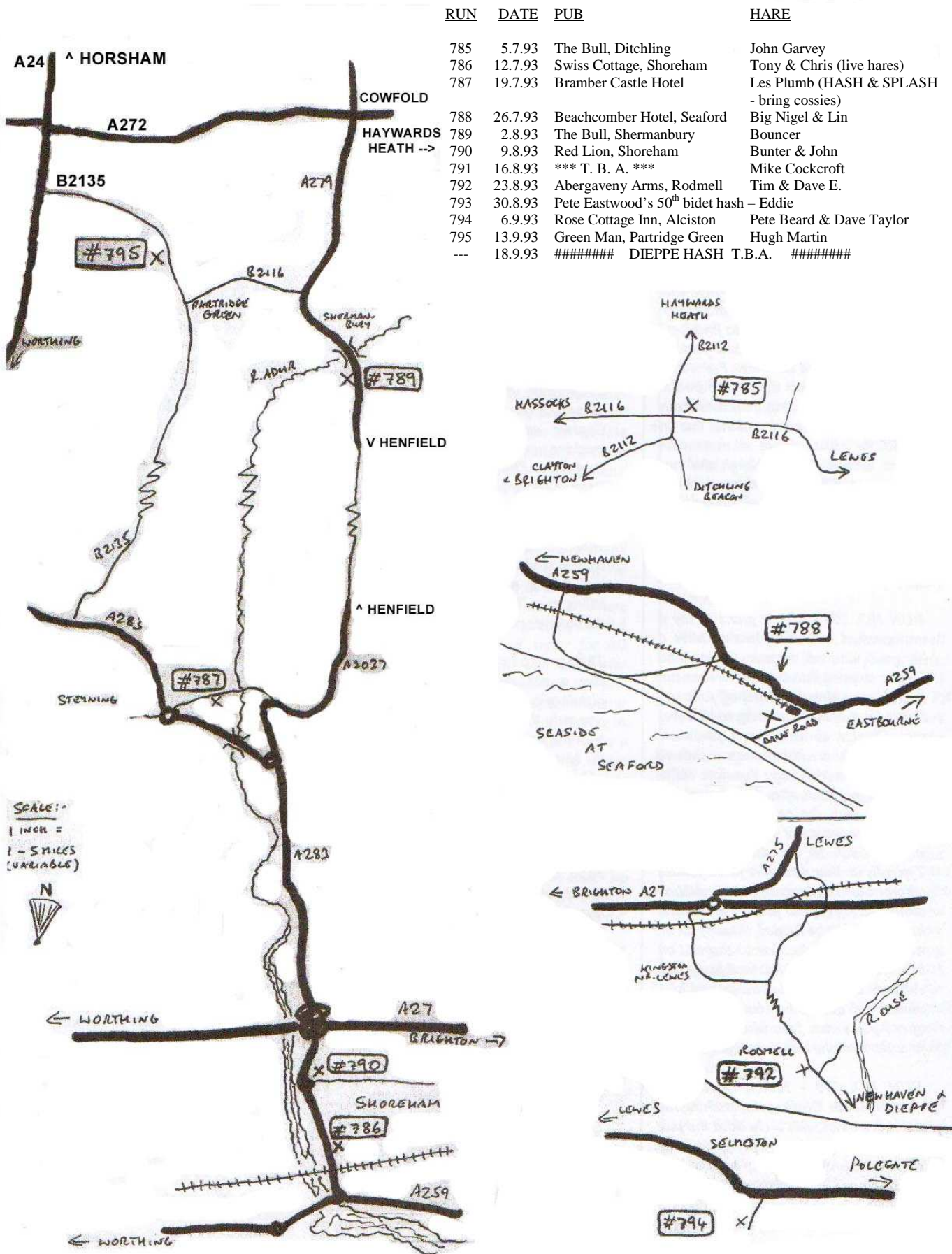
TRANSPORT

A special tube service running until after 11pm serves Olympia station for the duration of the Festival including Saturday. There is also a BR service from Clapham Junction. Olympia is well served by buses.

WHEELCHAIRS

For wheelchair access and group bookings please contact 0727 867201.

RECEDING HARELINE



RUN No. 777 – Hughs run from Warninglid followed just a week after the Ardingly run. Amazingly East Grinstead Hash were again in the same area as us, hashing from Bolney and coming to within 50 yards of our pub. What we need to know is who is the mole? After an interesting outwards run and a head on with some cows which Don did his best to scare off with his red hash vest, a group of four of us broke away because we were slower (?). we were successful in finding the trail for quite some time until Les Plumb sensed a short-cut and tried to take us back to the pub. Bouncer checked on failing to find anything as Les, Lin and Big Nigel thought better of it and turned back to find the right trail as the pack caught up. Bouncer then took the short-cut expecting to find Les et al and instead found a mixed pack of lost EGH3'ers and BH7'ers. From then on back to the pub there were bodies everywhere all heading enthusiastically up new footpaths convinced that this one **MUST** be right. What a mess with bodies everywhere. Although the two hashes use different marking methods (flour vs. chalk/bogroll) when you see bodies you follow them and as a result we had some pretty mixed up packs that night. This could take a long time to sort out psychologically!

RUN NO. 778 – Mike's plans to lay a trail clashed with his plans to have a hangover so messrs. Jiggins and Biggins stepped into the breach to ensure the run went ahead. We set off following Mikes large scale local map to discover that Chailey common was far more trodden than the map showed. Meticulous marking was therefore called for throughout but after three hours and a run in with the county council and some geese we cut it short and headed straight back for a beer. Typically a thunderstorm just minutes before the run managed to destroy almost all sign of our passing and so the hashers had to be herded virtually all the way round. The decision to shortcut on the laying of the trail was well justified as everyone arrived back at the pub within 5 minutes of each other (ex-scb'ers) just after 9 p.m., even Ivan who consistently failed to read the markings right.

RUN NO. 779 – Milton Street. Yet another South Downs relay training run. A live hare run with a check at the pub had everyone trying to psyche out the girls minds and heading up hill. Women are of course impossible to understand which is why the first half of the run wandered round fields of stinging nettles on the flat lower

ground, grown solely to make hashers lives more fulfilled, and painful. Eventually we did get up on to the Downs, but not the easy way, oh no. we had to climb sideways up a steep slippery slope where even the sheep have enough sense not to go. What have these creatures got to prove? On reaching the top there was a short run along to take in the view before heading down part of the SD way where Bouncer was in his element and had a clear view of the finish for his first stage on the relay day. He wasn't the only one called back by some smartarse claiming to have found the trail only to discover it was a false call, but eventually the trail was found into the pub for, after all, a relatively short but by no means easy run.

RUN NO. 780 – It was a very select group that met on Bank Holiday Monday 31st May at the Bridge Inn, Copsale and Oscar the Dog set a cracking pace as we set off on Bob the Dad's run. Phil was fetchingly attired as Batman proving that he was not the only one to wear his underpants over his Ron Hills! Don was particularly inspired not missing many checks until he encountered the bull or at least the black and yellow notice nailed to eth tree telling us to "beware of the bull". We did, the bull was nowhere to be seen.

The scenic bit came next, Bob and Lin saw a roe deer and Bob heard a nightingale. Lin not being such a romantic thought it was a thrush or at least a sparrow or blackbird. Then came the best bit. We set off down the best sort of hash path – loads of mud, thistles and on-on's. Batman Phil was doing a stirring task bringing up the rear and up-front Bob and Oscar were flying with the pack when the next on-on pointed back. Suddenly Batman was up front, the speed merchants (guess who) were bringing up the rear and all were in reverse!

A good straight on on home brought us back to civilisation, warm beer, cool food and intelligent conversation. Congratulations Bob on all achievements. What else can a man* aspire to? Being a good hare and a dad!

LIN

(* this had been pre-edited before even I got my hands on it with the comment "what about the others?" being inserted here. By whom I know not and what is meant by it remains, too, a mystery. Answers on a post card to hash trash, face down, somewhere in Sussex)

RUN NO. 781 - Brians leaving run was certainly a nevertobeforgottenoccaiosn.. hot air balloons filled our sights as we ran north of Newick and up to Fletching. The run had everything a hasher dreams of – mud, stingers (much to Bob W.'s chagrin as he spent most of the run rubbing Dock leaves on his sorebits), not none, not one, but two beer stops, plenty of excellent marks, and a barby at the end. Even Ivan was happy for a moment or two as he treated the rows of crops like the track at Crystal Palace. Back at the clubhouse at the rear of a pub there was a down-down for Brian but not before Bob Luck made sure he didn't stand out in New Zealand on his return, by presenting him with the latest in kiwi fashion – a kiwi suit complete with beak. Alison had a little bone-us in a strap-on pink foam item, which Brian wore with pride the rest of the night. Photos of Bri and his pinkdick are available for a small handling charge.

RUN NO. 782 – One week to go meant the SD way featured heavily again in the hash, this time up from Pyecombe with no hesitation at all! Despite an incident with an enraged bull, which due to being penned in was unable to fulfil it's lifes desire – namely Eddie, eventually we made it over Mill Road and down to Patcham where everyone went in different directions. The RSPCA seemed favourite. Wrong, but favourite. Next came a return up the Downs. Also wrong, but somehow Joe made it back! Rays SCB mark turned out to be the correct way for a long long long long run in on the new bypass footpath. Not surprisingly Rik had to admit to laying this by mountain bike but 1.5 miles is a bit silly along a motorway!

RUN NO. 783 – At the last minute the Preston Park run altered to start at the Clock Tower at Patcham with ON ON at the Black Lion, and partly thanks to Batman (see Run no. 780) Brett found himself hanging around in eth wrong place! Tony was on top form racing ahead at every check until we hit Stanmer Park where a re-group was called for those of us still stiff from Saturday (that actually turned up – only Nigel fro the A team there!) to catch up. Batman found eth trail on his mountain bike having twisted his knee on the SD way, but found it no advantage when the beer stop hove into view and he was heavily outrun on the down hill! A short sprint back, again won by Tony, then on to the pub, and the evening was rounded off nicely at the Elizabethan Tandoori.

HASHING THE ISLE OF WIGHT

On holiday there for a week I decided to give the Isle of Wight Hash a call and see if I could join the m for a run. Their Religious Adviser, John McGee, was very helpful but as their Trash had just run out didn't know where the next run was. I then called Chris and Pat the Grand Master and Grand Mistress who I eventually got in touch with on the Thursday night by which time a run had been arranged.

Come Sunday morning at 11 a.m. I turned up at the Fleming Arms, Binstead to be greeted like an old friend, and soon realised that far from being insular because of their island status, this was perhaps the most outgoing and welcoming hash I have yet encountered. A further pleasant surprise was to come when I discovered that a friend from my Essex Hash days (actually Bicester based but working in Basildon at the time) had also decided to run with the IOWH3 and finding they were without a hare volunteered for the task. A few words of wisdom about the trail from our RA and the visiting hare, Pat who was running with us following the Brighton Hash comatose (not quite live) hare method, and we were off. Immediate confusion ensued when those who weren't listening at the start led us merrily up a false trail (the Bicester method is up to three blobs of flour followed by a cross for a falsie) after the first check! A quick word here of the marking method – a check was signified by a circle of flour, on was after four marks have been found, and a false trail was a cross.

The trail led promptly across a golf course and down towards the beach before bearing away quickly. Pat explained that he was steering well clear of the ocean after getting a dunking the only previous time he'd hashed here, but it still seemed to upset our hosts. Out towards Quarr Abbey we were greeted by another confusing mark which seemed to be two checks side by side. Assuming this to be a regroup we hung around until the hare arrived and revealed that it was in fact a ladies check (the men have to wait until the trail is found). Pat's wife Pippa who was meant to be some sort of a guide to the markings bluffed her way out of this because Pat hadn't put on the "titty bits", to which Pat said it could have been a tourist check because of the wreck of the monastery. This inevitably led to a lot of silly expostulation on people in Foreign Legion hats checks, people called John checks, childrens checks (Pat and Pippa had brought their two youngsters

on the run both of whom must emanate from the Les Plumb school of shortcutting if their performance was anything to go by), and so on.

Once again there was a bit of confusion ahead when we found ourselves on the point of a triangle which seemed to have flour all the way round and a check at each corner, but the situation was saved when someone smelled water and promptly dived in! From there it was across a field and up a hill to another sneaky one from Pat which had us running downhill along a road to a check the trail from which started about 10 feet the other way from when we left the field! The entire pack then went completely wrong when they went across a field and had to come back for a slightly complicated on inn.

Back at the pub we were all treated to a home-made shandy on Chris and Pat in the car park followed by a photo session for the Hash Hack, before being hurried into the garden for the down-downs (the RA justified his short-cutting on the basis that he had another appointment). Stories roll around the hash scene quickly and so Pat was justly rewarded, not for the first time, for laying a trail in sugar when in Copenhagen recently! Pippa got a drink for not knowing the way, as did three virgins in all including the two children on lemonade. There were a couple of other sinners, the RA himself had a pint of water for his shortcutting and finally the visitor who disgraced himself by pouring the first mouthful down his windpipe and never being in a with a chance of not wearing the last quarter of his pint after that! After a quick clean-up there was lots of stories from the Eurohash in Madrid last week, and the Isle of Wight equivalent trip to Brittany. All in all an excellent run with a great crowd who I certainly hope to meet again at other hash events in the future, and will definitely look up whenever I'm on the Island. Thanks guys!

JOHN'S HOUSEWARMING HASH

John and Alex's housewarming was a party not to be missed, although unfortunately quite a few of us did – more fool them. Upon arriving on my throbbing member (sorry, monster!) I was ushered into the booze department to be shown the welcome array of Harvey's. After duly depositing the carryout in the fridge, we turned the living room into a public bar by getting the dartboard out. Apparently the neighbours are not always to keen on the thud, thud, thud through the party wall, but manage to get their own back

by playing symphonies on the grand piano. Eventually people started to turn up (I was a little early, just as well with the Harvey's on tap) and we had to abandon the darts and make polite-ish small talk. The evening passed very pleasantly, and ended with John myself and Brian from the Essex hooligans, sorry hash, putting the world to rights and drinking whiskey, until Brian collapsed unconscious. We left him snoring in the armchair and went to bed (not together!).

Bright and early on Sunday morning we crawled into our running gear, and tucked into a hearty breakfast – after all, one can't be expected to run 4 miles on an empty stomach. The hash was set by Essex rules – everyone runs except for Jan who waddles to the nearest pub and gets drunk. At the checks, false trails are marked by two parallel lines across the route, so there shouldn't be any confusion as to the correct trail. Luckily, Brian from Essex missed one, which cost him a down down later on. As we neared the boozer, Phil Mutton was ahead and had stopped to watch us catch up with a large grin on his face. We soon found out why – we had to go paddling through a small river. Everyone got across safely, although had the current been a little stronger, we could have lost Lyn's sylph like figure downstream,

Whilst sitting in the pub, a strange smell started to emanate from the floor. I tried to blame it on the dog, but in the end I had to confess – the previous Monday I'd ran through some cowshit, and hadn't cleaned my shoes. Going through the river had re-awakened the smell and boy, did it pong! After a few beers in true Essex tradition we adjourned to the garden for down downs. John copped one for setting the hash, Brian one for missing the false trail mark, and me for my shoes – still it's a free beer! Then it was on on back to John's house. John took us the wrong way about half-a-mile from the pub (Oh come on! Everyone knew where they were going, they didn't have to follow me! – John), which was so amusing we showed our appreciation by chucking him in a handy river. Once home, we were once again fed by a long-suffering Alex before taking our leave.

I'd like to say thank you to John and Alex for their wonderful hospitality, and for a good fun weekend. A few more hashes like that would be good during the summer, hint, hint!

P.s. I've washed the cowshit off my shoes!

BIG NIGEL

Ray is organizing a trip to the Running magazine's family fun day on August 30th at Crystal Palace Sports Centre. Entry form on the right and full details from Ray. This includes a free swim, but don't forget it's a hash night.

Erratum – Hastings half

Dave Jiggins was fifth hasher home in 405th place – time 1.30.09

WEST SUSSEX FUN RUN LEAGUE **LEWES 5 – 12TH APRIL 1993**

9TH	KEITH POMFRETT	29:01
51ST	SIMON RUSSELL	32:20
158TH	STEVE LEDWARD	37:23
193RD	RAY NOAKES	39:11
206TH	GRAHAM OSBOURNE	40:05
233RD	LOUIS TAUB	41:42
248TH	MIKE MORRIS	43:03
252ND	MARIE OSBOURNE	43:30
280TH	ROSEMARY NOAKES	45:43
285TH	MAX MAXWELL	46:32
326TH	JENNY TAYLOR	62:00

WINNERS:

JAMIE HERNON – HASTINGS AC	27:13
DIANNE HEPPLWHITE – ARENA 80	30:44

326 FINISHERS

JUNIOR RUN

7TH	AARON WELLS	14:32
12TH	WILLIAM PUNTNEY	15:26
39TH	TOM MAXWELL	18:04
45TH	BEN POMFRETT	18:44
47TH	ABIGAIL LEDWARD	18:54

76 FINISHERS

HEDGEHOPPERS FIVE – 16TH MAY 1993

4 TH	KEITH POMFRETT	31:41
18TH	SIMON RUSSELL	33:30
61 ST	NIGEL WILCE	37:02
96TH	RAY NOAKES	38:47
108TH	STEVE LEDWARD	39:34
110TH	LOUIS TAUB	39:44
113TH	ON-DON ELWICK	39:52
159TH	SARAH NOAKES	43:03
160TH	LIN MACCALLUM STEWART	43:04
174TH	EDDIE GRIFFITHS	44:01
197TH	J. ENGLAND	47:11
201ST	MAX MAXWELL	47:58
223RD	ROSEMARY NOAKES	50:27
227TH	PHIL MUTTON	52:29

TEAM POSITION:

5 TH	BRIGHTON HASH	67 POINTS
-----------------	---------------	-----------

WINNERS:

P.BAKER – PORTSLADE HEDGEHOPPERS	30:53
S. SILBERSTON – ARENA 80	37:25
PORTSLADE HEDGEHOPPERS	85 POINTS

251 FINISHERS

ENTRY FORM

This form can be photocopied for your family and friends to use.
ONLY ONE FORM PER ENTRANT **PLEASE**

SURNAME _____

FORENAMES _____

ADDRESS _____

POSTCODE _____

PHONE DAY _____ NIGHT _____

BATCH ENTRY

☐ Tick this box if entry form sent with others in one envelope

☐ Tick this box if address above is one to which all numbers and information should be sent

RACES

Age on day of event	Sex Male	Female
_____	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Please tick

Running Magazine 10K ☐ £5.95, minimum age 16 years

Sisters 5K ☐ £4.95, women only, minimum age 14 years

Starlight 3K Fun Run ☐ £3.95, 14 years and over

Starlight 3K Fun Run ☐ £2.95, under 14 years

SEND TO FAMILY FUN DAY, 67 GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON EC1V 7EN

I enclose

1 A cheque, payable to Family Fun Day for £ _____

2 A stamped addressed envelope 10"x 8"

3 My signed form

I declare that I am medically fit and enter at my own risk. The organisers (RUNNING Magazine and venue staff) will not be held responsible for any injury incurred during, or as a result of, the event, nor any property lost at the event.

Signed _____

(parent/guardian if under 18 years)

Tick if you would like a free copy of RUNNING Magazine ☐

Tick the appropriate box for your free T-shirt

S ☐ **M** ☐ **L** ☐ **XL** ☐

Your numbers and information will be sent in August

THE FOLLOWING WAS STOLEN FROM SINGAPORE HASH AND FEATURES A MAN WE ALL KNOW ON HIS FIRST SOLO FLIGHT!

RUN NO : 919
TIME : Monday, 11th June 1979
HARE : 5:45 P.M.
LOCATION : Robert Desmond LUCK
Off Upper Changi Road
MAP REFERENCE : New 139 A1
Old 88 C1
ON ON : Cameron Hotel Chicken Barbecue \$10/-



RUN 919

Flight FAR-Q-919 left the tarmac O.K. but very shortly thereafter the flight engineer shot his bolt and those on board went in all directions. Fortunately the paper I.L.S. (Instrument Landing System) had no deviation and a soft touch up was experienced by the paying passengers on arrival. The Engineer concerned had his pylon x-rayed for fatigue at debriefing and several cracks were detected in the immediate surrounding bodies.

VERDICT Engineer Hard ---- uck has been grounded as investigations revealed the fatigue extended to other pylons due to the excessive distance covered.

AN EXTRACT FROM BIG DADDY'S AIRFORCE TROUBLESHOOTING MANUAL

(Not as some would suggest, from "Bloody Awful" or "Funny Bum")

SUBJECT ALL JET ENGINES. ENGINE SHAKE TOO MUCH: HOW FIX, HOW FIND OUT, WHO BLAME, INFORMATION ON.

REF. : (A) Jet Engine Bulletin No. 199A

1. PURPOSE: For sake easier for read and savvy reference (a). Don't say whatsamatta when engine shake, when got Bulletin 118 or no, but only for list of things what make engine shake, sometimes.
2. APPLICATION: All engine that sneak by Government inspector at factory.
3. INSTRUCTIONS:
 - (a) If engine shake in sky and no shake on ground, get new flyboy shaking because no trust engine, this because Take Care Aircraft Officer poor salesman or about to detach.
 - (b) If many flyboys say engine shake too much, may be good idea ask, whatsamatta?
 - (c) Get ground boy sit in gunpowder chair and work kerosene handle. When engine turning and shake like hell, stop and check whatsamatta.
 - (d) Loose electric machine number one for make engine shake, tighten like devil.
 - (e) After whatsamatta check-up all outside small machines and no find, take off hot pipe and count buckets on fire wheel. If fire wheel lose buckets, because flyboy work kerosene handle too fast. If engine "kafloom-kafloom" too many times, hot-boy and fire wheel go to hell soon. If fire wheel good wind, go see whatsamatta air compressing wheel.
 - (f) Take-Care-Flying-Machine men all time lose tools in front air tunnel. make compressing wheel heap sick, also make engine shake.
 - (g) If engine still shake in sky, tell flyboy drive airplane straight so front air tunnel don't make "duck turbulence" (No savvy what kind bird that. Engineer got deep talk for something don't know nothing)
 - (h) Sometimes ball bearing lose marbles and engine shake like hell, This because Get-Ready-Flymen don't pre-oil bearings.
 - (i) If ground boy no find whatsamatta, then call electric man with black box. Man with black box tell whether fire wheel shake on front and shimmy. Black Box always tell truth whether flyboy or ground boy feel engine shake by seat or not.

HISTORICAL ESSEX.

The Cradle Of Life

EARLY CAVE PAINTING IN ESSEX



Recent archeological studies have found that the first imortal creatures crawled out the sea at Benfleet, and those which had developed rudimentary brain cells, promptly turned round and crawled back in again. The rest which stayed gathered up shells from the sand to make the first shell suits, put diamond studs in their dorsal fins, and set about propagating their species

in the sand dunes - a practice still celebrated to this day every Saturday night after closing time.

After about 2,000,000 years of procreating, during which time they developed arms, legs, and Nike trainers, the Essex tribe moved further north to Southend, and became cave dwellers, experimenting with early stone cladding and crap leaded windows.

A possible answer to the mystery of the disappearance of dinosaurs can be found in a recent excavation of the site of the Canvey Island Dinosaur - U - Like restaurant.

Evolution now progressed rapidly. The discovery of fire occurred when Trev Uggh tried flying to the 'big shiny thing in the sky' whilst wearing a cheap shell suit. The wheel was invented by Arthur Neanderthal (Quality Low Mileage Used Wheels At Reasonable Prices), as well as the development of basic tools; a stone wheel jack, socket set, and an early Black and Decker power drill for a set of shelves which 2,000,000 years later Gary is still promising to put up - "when he gets a minute."



Life in Essex progressed at a legnial pace for the next millennia, the abacus was inoented, clay tablets were used to chisel out early forms of writing (this was done at the same time as the rest of the country was inventing word processors and them really great sandwich-cum-waffle makers only £25 in the new Argos catalogue!) Early forms of painting were created, but quickly covered with layers of Artex.

The peace of the region was shattered by the invasion of the Vikings, who came ashore at Clacton, washed the dog shit off their sandals, bought some ice cream at the pier, and then set about pillaging the countryside and dragging off and ravaging the women. This had a cataclysmic effect on the community, as the women had never before been subject too such suave, cultured behaviour.

The age of reason soon arrived in Essex, the first University was founded at Burnham - On - Crouch giving degrees in car maintenance, and Joiny - uppy writing. Michelangelo was commissioned to paint the ceiling of Hornchurch Cathedral but in the words of the then Bishop of Essex, "He just done a load of naked old boilers wiv wings, so we covered it with Dulux apple-white soft sheen." The most famous local artist was, of course, John Constable, a part-time policeman, who painted The Haywain, a study of his mate Wayne, having driven his Es-cart XR3i into a pond, after having downed 12 pints of lager.

The industrial revolution saw the building of the Ford motor plant in Dagenham. Skilled workers were brought in from London to build the cars while Essex men made the furry dice, spoilers and go-faster stripes. Essex girls were employed to test



CONSTABLES FIRST ATTEMPT AT PAINTING



the nation cast aside their mini-skirts and thigh boots and developed a taste for long skirts and baggy T-shirts. Essex women decided to wait and see what happened next.

In the 80's, women throughout the nation cast aside the long skirts and baggy T-shirts and developed a taste designer suits and men's ties. Essex women had a Bacardi and...

In the 1990's, women throughout the nation cast aside

the springs in the back seats. The Classic Ford Model T was inspired by a secretary at the plant called Tina who wanted to be a model. Like the car, she was cheap, not much to look at, but could fit four men in, and was a reliable goer. During the war Essex girls joined the Land Army, where they were easily recognisable tottering about the countryside in white stiletto wellies, and lycra dresses, on the lookout for German paratroopers, whom they would turn over to the authorities, eventually.

In the 60's, women throughout the nation cast aside their bras and developed a taste for mini-skirts and thigh boots. Essex women breathed a sigh of relief At last they were fashionable. In the 1970's, women through out

their designer suits and men's ties and developed a taste for mini skirts and thigh boots. Essex women smiled knowingly...

So, welcome to Essex, a county where women are not afraid to be Essex Girls and men are not afraid to have stupid pudding bowl haircuts. A county with a sense of history but most of all, a sense of humour. As the great William Wordsworth wrote, having moved from the Lake District to Purfleet in his later years, "I wandered lonely as a cloud but then I met Shaz and Trace and Gazza and Bazza and we all went to the Daffodil's and Trout and got well-arsed!"

STOLEN FROM:
B&B M&V!