



*R-ns/trash #210 November 2014*

All r\*ns are on Mondays meet at 19.30 for 19.40 start unless stated.

All directions/ timings are approximate and start from Patcham roundabout A23/A27 junction unless stated).

DATE	#NO	ON ON	REF	HARES
3rd November 2014	1898	Beardsfield Nursery, Ditchling	333 172	Local Knowledge
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north, keep in left hand lane and filter on to A273 over Clayton Hill. 2nd right is B2112 into Ditchling. At mini-roundabout go straight ahead. PEP nursery is about 1 mile on right just past Garden Pride. <b>20 mins.</b>				
10th November 2014	1899	Frankland Arms, Washington	123 128	Young Les
<b>Directions:</b> A27 to Shoreham, A283 north past Steyning. Left into village and pub is on right. <b>Est 25 mins.</b>				
17th November 2014	1900	Windmill, Littleworth	194 205	Prince Crashpian & Trikerider
<b>Directions:</b> A23 north to A272. Right at T junction, stay on A272 through Cowfold then either first or second left. Pub on right approx 1.5 miles. <b>Est. 20 mins. 1900<sup>th</sup> r*n! Just in case you missed that, our 1900<sup>th</sup> r*n!</b>				
24th November 2014	1901	Mile Oak Tavern, Mile Oak	246 073	Bouncer
<b>Directions:</b> A27 west to Hangleton link. Left at 1 <sup>st</sup> roundabout then right at 2 <sup>nd</sup> (Fox Way). Follow round to the end then turn right. Pub is on left. <b>Est. 10 mins.</b>				
1st December 2014	1902	Lewes Arms, Lewes	410 104	Spreadsheet
<b>Directions:</b> A27 east to Lewes roundabout. Left up hill and straight on at traffic lights. Left after castle, then hard left up Mount Place past Lewes Arms. Car park at top of road on left. <b>Est. 15 mins. 20 mins. All welcome pop-up hash!</b>				

08/12/14 - TBA, Bogeyman  
15/12/14 - Hare & Hounds, Worthing - Pondweed  
22/12/14 - Hassocks Hotel - CHRISTMAS PARTY & AWARDS. BOOK NOW!  
29/12/14 - Mange Tout, Rodney? TBC  
06/01/15 - Eager hare required!

## HASTINGS HASH

10.66am (11.06) 2/11/14

### Laughing Fish, Isfield - Keeps It Up

***Bushsquatter & Cliffbangers big birthday celebration run!***

HENFIELD H3 #136

11.30am 16/11/14 (tbc)

Red Lion, Ashington - B\*ll\*cks & Split Pin

on

**CRAFT H3 #74 - Eager hare required!**

*Or 14/11/14 7pm Evening Star, Brighton*

**CRAFT H3 #75 - Henfield 12/12/14**

**Christmas hash/ crawl joint with H4**



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

**The Big Poppy Run** - On 12 October, young veteran Ben McBean started a run across London in the shape of a huge poppy, guided by a smartphone on the Vodafone network. Inspired to complete the gruelling 31 miles by the thought of wounded soldiers like himself, and those who never made it home, Ben now needs your help. Complete Ben's poppy by running the streets within its edges to raise money for The Royal British Legion.

**How do I get involved?** - It's easy. All you need is a running app. Once you've registered your app, any run you do from 29 October to 9 November will be added to the world's biggest poppy run. Grab some friends, or go solo and hit the streets. If running isn't your thing, you can show your support by simply donating to The Royal British Legion via JustTextGiving SMS service. Read more about how to donate below.

**Doubling your donations** - The Vodafone Foundation will match all donations pound for pound – up to £100,000 – to ensure your generous contribution goes even further.

**When can I run?** - You can register a run from 29 October through to 9 November 2014.

[illegible]

**Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> December 2014 - ANNUAL BH7 CHRISTMAS PARTY AND AWARDS NIGHT - BOOKING NOW - See Pat 'Ride-It-Baby' on Hash nights with deposit/ full amount and menu selection (*if I've remembered to attach it! Ed*) or e-mail her at [patmorfitt@talktalk.net](mailto:patmorfitt@talktalk.net).**

[illegible]

*Hi, I am the fundraising assistant for a charity called The Grace Eyre Foundation, which is based in Brighton & Hove, as well as West Sussex. We are a charity that supports people with learning disabilities to gain independence, obtain housing, find employment and join our activities.*

*We are looking for people who are interested in running the Brighton marathon but don't have places. We are struggling to recruit people to run the Brighton marathon for us, hence I thought that I might ask the Hash House Harriers. My dad used to run with the Saudia (Riyadh) Hash House Harriers so it is very nostalgic for me.*

*If there is anything that you can help me with or that I can do for the Hash House Harriers, please let me know.*

*I can send a poster detailing what we are trying to raise money for and more than happy to have a chat with people. Our website is: [www.grace-eyre.org](http://www.grace-eyre.org) if anyone would like to take a look.*

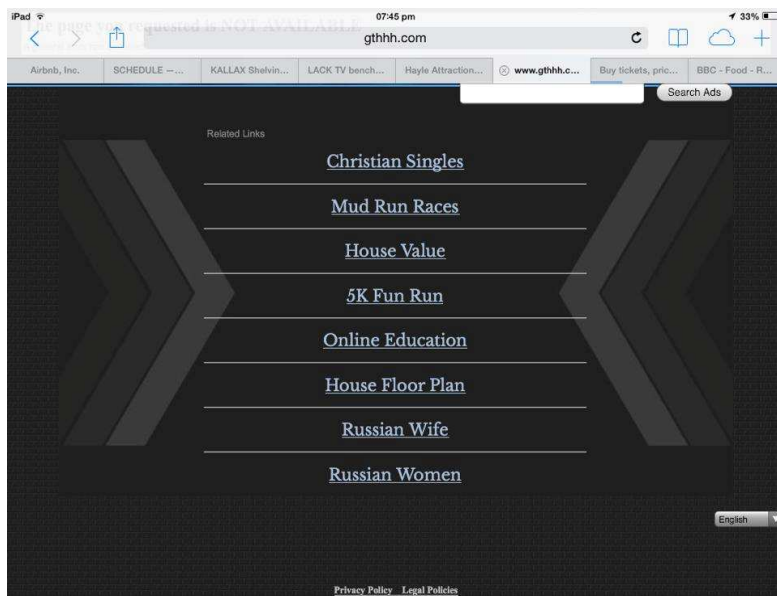
*Thank you for taking the time to read this and I look forward to hearing from you soon.*

*With kind regards,*

Catriona Souter [csouter@grace-eyre.org](mailto:csouter@grace-eyre.org)

[illegible]

*Found by Pip DB when using the Goto hash option on the website recently:*



We won't ask Louis why we were offering Russian wives but suffice to say that after many years as our webfart he has had to stand down due to work/family commitments. This role has now been taken over by Keeps It Up, who was previously uploading trail maps. Nothing much will be changing early doors, apart from a number of additional links being added for neighbouring hash chapters, but watch this space for future developments.

Our grateful thanks go to Louis for all the work he has put in over the years to keep us reasonably in touch with the modern World, and we hope you won't be a stranger!

For the moment Phil 'Chopper' Mutton will continue to upload weekly runs, and Bouncer will continue to upload the monthly Boggy Shoe trashes.

Good luck Brent!



I think my pumpkin really enjoys Halloween. Every Halloween weekend his face always lights up!

[illegible]

## KING ARTHUR AND THE UGLY OLD UGLY WITCH

One Halloween Young King Arthur was ambushed and imprisoned by the monarch of a neighbouring kingdom. The monarch could have killed him but was moved by Arthur's youth and ideals. So the monarch offered him his freedom, as long as he could answer a very difficult question. Arthur would have a year to figure out the answer and, if, after a year, he still had no answer, he would be put to death.

The question?...What do women really want? Such a question would perplex even the most knowledgeable man, and to young Arthur, it seemed an impossible query. But, since it was better than death, he accepted the monarch's proposition to have an answer by year's end.

He returned to his kingdom and began to poll everyone: the princess, the priests, the wise men and even the court jester. He spoke with everyone, but no one could give him a satisfactory answer. Many people advised him to consult the ugly old witch, for only she would have the answer. But the price would be high; as the witch was famous throughout the kingdom for the exorbitant prices she charged.

The following Halloween arrived and Arthur had no choice but to talk to the old woman. She agreed to answer the question, but he would have to agree to her price first. The ugly old witch wanted to marry Sir Lancelot, the most noble of the Knights of the Round Table and Arthur's closest friend! Young Arthur was horrified. She was hunchbacked and hideous, had only one tooth, smelled like sewage, made obscene noises, etc. He had never encountered

such a repugnant creature in all his life. He refused to force his friend to marry her and endure such a terrible burden; but Lancelot, learning of the proposal, spoke with Arthur. He said nothing was too big of a sacrifice compared to Arthur's life and the preservation of the Round Table.

Hence, a wedding was proclaimed and the witch answered Arthur's question thus:

What a woman really wants, she answered....is to be in charge of her own life.

Everyone in the kingdom instantly knew that the witch had uttered a great truth and that Arthur's life would be spared.

And so it was, the neighbouring monarch granted Arthur his freedom and Lancelot and the ugly old witch had a wonderful

wedding. The honeymoon hour approached and Lancelot, steeling himself for a horrific experience, entered the bedroom. But, what a sight awaited him. The most beautiful woman he had ever seen lay before him on the bed. The astounded Lancelot asked what had happened. The young beauty replied that since he had been so kind to her when she appeared ugly, she would

henceforth, be her horrible deformed self only half the time and the beautiful maiden the other half. Which would he prefer? Beautiful during the day....or night?

Lancelot pondered the predicament. During the day, a beautiful woman to show off to his friends, but at night, in the privacy of his castle, an ugly old witch? Or, would he prefer having a hideous woman during the day, but by night, a beautiful woman for him to enjoy wondrous intimate moments?

What would YOU do? What Lancelot chose is below.

BUT....make YOUR choice before you check below.

[illegible]

*During the interval here's a few of Lord Nelson's favourite Halloween jokes:*

Q: Whom does a ghost report an emergency to? A: The Ghost Guard!

Q: Why do skeletons sail alone? A: They have no-body to sail with!

Q: Where do spooks and ghosts like to sail? A: Lake Erie!

**on**

OKAY? Noble Lancelot said that he would allow HER to make

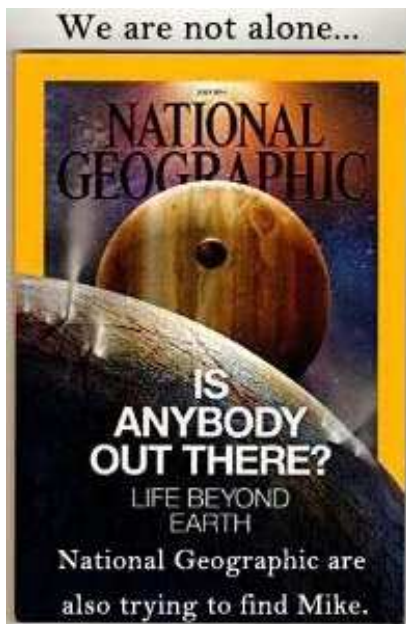
the choice herself. Upon hearing this, she announced that she would be beautiful all the time because he had respected her enough to let her be in charge of her own life.

*The moral is that it doesn't matter if your woman is pretty or ugly, smart or dumb, she's still a witch!*



## REHASHING — check out the website for actual r\*n routes!

**1893 Cuckmere Inn, Exceat Bridge** – *Don't you just hate it when you set a r\*n and no-one turns up?* Well that's not quite true as Black Stockings was asked by Eastbourne Council if the hash could include something in the walking festival, so after leading a 2 breweries stroll on Sunday she had to find a frantic few minutes to set trail for Monday. Sadly not a one turned up! Regular hashers on the other hand were there in numbers as we set off south towards the sea. At the first check the urge to go for a curry was high as a couple of walkers playing bangla music on their iPhone's wandered by. Despite enthusiasm for a river crossing with much of the pack heading east, trail went along the cliffs west before cutting back to the swingers barn. With one arrow and a bit of bog roll in the bush Bouncer broke the guideline "never check down" to get lost while the main pack cut across the golf course, back through the estate and fields for a nice early finish. Local Knowledge and St. Bernard had a laugh at the RA's expense as they managed to move him further down the pub and eventually outside, but undeterred he returned to award down downs to Nicola and Spreadsheet as hares (the latter for his pop-up hash when we went to the Moon). Don had slipped quietly away to avoid public humiliation for his solo (i.e. pop-up!) walk from the Mile Oak the previous week after failing to pick-up the venue change, and Bouncer got quizzed about the deferral by DP, Jenny living right by the pub. The latter was awarded for moaning on the trail and as previous weeks hare by Wiggy who also received for thrashing himself with nettles. And finally, Angel's observation about how good a hash we had from the Mange Tout (Belle tout) could not go unrewarded! RA then produced some comics Falling Madonna made featuring herself, hare and Red Slapper and somehow let fall into the wrong hands in Belgium, before asking if "Anybody was setting next weeks hash? Yes he is!" Another great hash!



**1894 Five Bells, Chailey** – *Don't you just hate it when you turn up for a r\*n and no-one's set it?* Just a few short weeks after the panic in Storrington, Pondweed discovered that Anybody was on holiday in Ireland and so "No he isn't" was in fact the correct answer to last weeks question, doh! Finding this out at 5.30pm and unable to break away, it fell to Angel and Bouncer to rush out and quickly set a live trail in unfamiliar territory west of the pub. Despite getting lost twice the end result was very satisfactory and it's just a shame that the pack got lost at the first check, picking up some of Bogeyman's marks from his Burgess Hill Runners hash in the summer, and missed the whole thing. So after the hash within the hash, came the hash within the hash within the hash as Spreadsheet (who else?) found a bit of chalk to set an eastern route getting everybody back at 9. In a double stitch, this pub does no food on Mondays (without notice) so folk ended up socialising nicely, discussing such subjects as numismatism, Prince Crashpians production Terra Nova about Scott of the Antarctic (apparently not a pantomime!) and mast years for trees when they stay dormant to enhance future fruit production! In a strange twist, Mudlark found the National Geographic reporting was more on the ball than perhaps even they realised! Another great hash, eventually!

*Hi, Mea culpa. Am now back from Ireland and within wifi range. I am so sorry about last Monday. Can only blame it on a senior moment i.e. I totally forgot. I hope you managed to arrange something. Mike*

**1895 White Hart, Henfield** – "I've found a whole load of paths we've never hashed." Well we've heard that mantra from Wiggy before but as we drove up to the hash and he revealed that he and Belcher had taken 3 hours, fighting through the undergrowth and finding the footpaths from the wrong end, to set trail it seemed reasonable to suck teeth and grumble about the weather since they'd set. The pre-hash vote in the pub favoured the shorter route even though the weather had eased so off we set. Malcolm had persuaded 3 of the pub girls to join us but at the first sight of mud 2 of them bottled out as we headed towards Swains Farm. Onwards to Woodmancote Place we found ourselves, out of force of habit I suspect, following Spreadsheet but he was off-piste so hare called us back. After the lane we headed on via Wick Place to Blackstone village to join Furners Lane for the mad thrash homewards, the short return at Wiggys instigation being enough to get us back by 9. In Belchers absence Wiggy was downing alone but was in no hurry so we moved swiftly on to the virgins, all of whom had gone, so postman Malc, and the landlord took the flack for not keeping their girls under control! On a more serious note, October 13<sup>th</sup> is the day to raise awareness of breast cancer, for some reason by the women not wearing bra's. Given the option of proving it or accepting the down down, all three remaining female runners – Bob's Crutch, Wildbush and Angel – went for the beer, although the latter nearly gave us all a scare! St. Bernard was returning after a knee op which should have him back to running before long, but it's important his drinking skills don't slip during his recovery, although, having observed where the beer came from (unable to get the landlords attention, the barman had just filled 2 pint glasses from the drip trays for the circle!), it was ironic that Charlie ended up with fresh beer for his down down. And finally, Who's Shout received a birthday beer, just as Wiggy finished his Guinness. Another great hash!



**1896 Jolly Jack Tanners, Staplefield** - A slight change from the usual Victory for this year's Trafalgar hash, meant the hares renaming the pub to enhance its naval credentials. The former being subject to a deep clean of the kitchen they had said we were welcome to come and drink beer, but the place was in complete darkness so even a suggested sip stop was out. On the face of it a fairly disappointing fancy dress display but as we gathered I realised that people had made the effort in ways more subtle than first realised with hare Navy Nigel back in his service top from 30 years earlier. Stripes were abundant, and there were a few captains caps (with special mention to Who's Shout for his newspaper Nelson!) around but Mike Anybody was the only one to embrace both prompting Bogeyman's observation that he should've brought the whole f\*ing yacht! As Cardinal played chicken with the cars racing by, Mudlark warned us about a dodgy road section (!), and not to r\*n right through the church. There was also a warning that someone had laid a flour trail out there (not EGH3, W&NK or Henfield so any ideas?) but our trail was in everything but, prompting Wiggy, who'd already made some remark about sucking a fisherman's friend when challenged about his lack of naval gear, to suggest seamen. Revolting boy. There was pretty much the usual start from Staplefield heading north on the lane, but soon we were heading into the back of Nymans for a lovely wooded r\*n which seemed to go interminably uphill. Pondweed confidently lead the pack on entirely the wrong route, as Knight Rider told co-hare Prof he'd work out which way it was after the pack had found it! Wiggy lost the plot coming into Handcross convinced we must've double-crossed the A23, as late arrival Lily the Pink caught us up just in time for the sip at Slow'em (down) church. Mudlark was insistent that anyone drinking the rum would be flogged, with good reason as some very interesting information had come his way - the tomb we were gathered at being that of one Catherine Matcham, none other than Lord Horatio Nelson's sister. As well as naming her own son after Nelson, she also looked after Lord Nelson's illegitimate daughter Horatia by Lady Emma Hamilton, when the mother died. After a rum toast to the Queen and Lord Nelson the return took us out the back of the churchyard, up a small road to go under the A23 at the new bridge, and over some fields for a dodgy sprint down the road home, a necessary evil apparently as having spent £12million on the new road they couldn't find £20k for an underpass to keep the footpath open!



In the pub Prof told how they'd spent an age trying to find the gravestone before giving up, deciding to just go for the most impressive memorial, which turned out to be the very one. If only they'd looked at the amount of images online! For the down downs Local Knowledge had provided a special tot, the last of the true navy rum, for Navy Nigel to dispense, in a bottle marked 'sample', but he took it like a cat that had got the cream, before the other hares, Prof and Knight Rider joined him for the Guinness and ale blend. We were then treated to a couple of poems about the loss of the navy's rum tot from our Cornish member, which led nicely into our Cornish visitor, Easy, and her Australian companion, Breathless, as guests downing to the Ozzie illegitimate tune. Winner of the fancy dress went to Ride-it-Baby who'd only found out on the way to the hash, so disappeared to the ladies and came out midriff exposed to announce her navel outfit! She downed with the Cardinal who, having found a female ear to bend, talked his way round the entire hash. Despite Peter Pansy's efforts to get the numpty mug to Lily the Pink it still hadn't reappeared so Anybody found himself being awarded a special navy numpty award of a ships wheel for worrying the heck out of us yesterday at the W&NK H3 r\*n when he disappeared early without saying anything. And, no, his Chailey cock-up has NOT been forgotten but will be dealt with later. Lily the Pinks recent absence was explained by him being knocked unconscious on the Downs Link, only realising when he checked his map app to find he hadn't moved for 4 weeks, but somehow RA let that one slip. Another Fantastic Hash!

## ODE TO THE TOT

In the days of Admiral Nelson  
Or it might have been before.  
The Navy got its heritage  
in customs and its law.

Now some of these were good things  
And some of these were not  
But they'll never find how to replace  
That little daily Tot.

It isn't served haphazard  
Like tea or even beer  
but with pencil book and water  
And other useless gear.

Jack dusty and his winger  
Perform the sacred rite  
They brew a swill called "Two and One"  
On which we have to fight.

With bottle jug and Fanny  
We muster at the shrine  
"Get into line you Sailors!  
That first Fanny's mine"

Then with murmured incantations  
Such as "seven one and two"  
The high priest and his acolyte  
Dispense the Holy Brew.

When the seas are breaking over  
And you feel you've had enough  
When the chef has dropped his tatties  
And his 'oppos' burnt the duff

When your locker's full of hogwash  
And your hammocks gone to rot  
There's nothing quite can touch it;  
YOUR DAILY LITTLE TOT.

## THE TOT SONG

In the Navy of the 70's  
the beginning of the rot  
the day they killed the Andrew  
was the day they stopped the Tot

Oh! They go to east of Suez  
Or west to Panama;  
When your belly's full of limers,  
You can't go very far.

The legend of the 'Rum Tub'  
Is still there to be seen.  
But the motto looks quite silly  
On the side of the gopher machine

You'll hear old sailors saying  
"It'll never be the same"  
And when they talk of bubbly  
They don't mean French champagne

Did Jack flinch at Trafalgar  
As he faced shot and shell?  
With a tot inside his belly  
Our jack would sail through Hell

At ten to twelve each forenoon  
Since the Andrew first began  
Jack drinks the blood of Nelson  
From Jutland to Japan

Their Lordships sip their Sherry  
And cry "more efficiency"  
But what works on paper  
Don't always work at sea

Now Jack's a humble sailor  
Who doesn't ask a lot;  
After Jutland and Trafalgar  
Who dares to stop his Tot?

He's always done his duty  
To Country and the Throne  
All he asks is fairness  
AND TO LEAVE HIS TOT ALONE!

## Tales from the rank..



### Stanley Holloway Monologues Gunner Joe by Marriott Edgar (1933)

I'll tell you a seafaring story,  
Of a lad who won honour and fame  
With Nelson at Battle, 'Trafalgar -  
Joe Moggeridge, that were his name

He were one of the crew of the Victory,  
His job when a battle begun  
Was to take cannon balls out of basket  
And shove 'em down front end of gun.

One day him and Nelson were boxing  
the compass, like sailor lads do,  
When Hardy comes up with a spyglass  
And pointing, says "'Ere, take a screw!"

They looked to where Hardy were  
pointing  
And saw lots of ships in a row.  
Joe says abrupt-like but respectful,  
"Horatio lad, yon's the foe."

"What say we attack 'em? says Nelson  
Says Joe "Nay lad not, today."  
And Hardy says, "Aye! well let's toss  
up."  
Horatio answers, "Okay."

They tossed - it were heads for  
attacking  
And tails for t'other way 'bout.  
Joe lent them his two-headed penny,  
So the answer was never in doubt.

When penny came down 'eadside  
upwards,  
They were in for a do it were plain,  
And Joe murmured, "Shiver my  
timbers,"  
And Nelson kissed Hardy again.

And then, taking flags out of locker,  
He strung out a message on high;  
'T were all about England and duty -  
Crew thought they was 'ung out to dry.

They got the guns ready for action,  
And that gave 'em trouble enough,  
They hadn't been fired all the Summer  
And touch holes were bunged up with  
fluff.

Joe's cannon weren't half a corker,  
The cannon balls went three foot round,  
They weren't no toy balloons neither,  
They weighed close on sixty five pound.

Joe, selecting two of the largest,  
Was going to load double for luck -  
When a hot shot came through the  
porthole  
And a gunpowder barrel got struck.

By gum! There weren't half an explosion,  
The gun crew was filled with alarm  
As out of the porthole went Joseph  
With a cannon ball under each arm.

At that moment up came the 'Boat-  
swine',  
He looked round and asked crew,  
"Where's Joe?"  
Gunner replied, " He's taken two cannon  
balls with him  
And gone for a breather outside."

"Do you think he'll be long?, said the  
'Boat-swine'.  
The gunner replied "If as how  
'E comes back as quick as 'e left us,  
'E should be here anytime now."

And all this time Joe, treading water,  
Was trying his hardest to float,  
'E shouted through turmoil of battle -  
"Tell someone to lower a boat."

'E'd come to the top for assistance,  
Then down to the bottom 'ed go;  
This up and down kind of existence  
Made everyone laugh, except Joe.

At last he could stand it no longer,  
And next time he came to the top  
'E said, "If you don't come and save me  
I'll let these here cannon balls drop."

It were Nelson at finish who saved him  
And he said Joe deserved a V.C.  
But seeing he hadn't one handy  
'E gave Joe an egg for his tea.

And after the battle was over,  
And vessel was safely in dock,  
The sailors all saved up their coupons  
And bought Joe a nice marble clock.

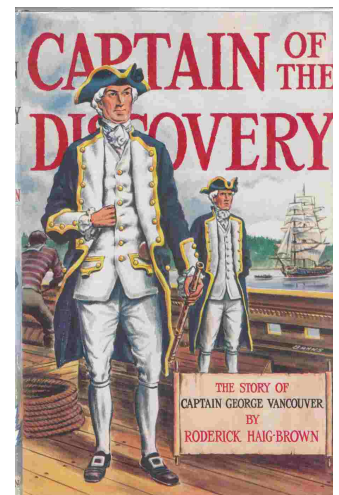
### NORFOLK WAS A HOTBED OF NAVAL TALENT AT THE END OF THE 18<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY:



"Kiss me Hardy."

**Vice Admiral Horatio LORD NELSON**  
Born 29 September 1758  
Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, England,  
Died 21 October 1805 (aged 47)  
British flag officer famous for his  
service in the Royal Navy, particularly  
during the Napoleonic Wars - Battle  
of Trafalgar, Cape Trafalgar, Spain

**GEORGE VANCOUVER**  
Born 22 June 1757  
King's Lynn, Norfolk, England  
Died 10 May 1798 (aged 40)  
Explored and charted North America's  
northwestern Pacific Coast regions





## *Talking of Vancouver (how's that for seamless?):*

Beautiful Butchart gardens, Victoria, Vancouver Island, British Columbia - how autumn should look:






We had planned to try the Eastbourne beer festival as a change from the usual October CRAFT of Old Ale at Welton's, but blew it on the tickets. Worthing a week later was plan B but only a few of us could make it. So whilst Angel disposed of the kids KIU, Wildbush & myself grabbed a cheeky abeeritif in the Buckingham Arms Shoreham before boarding the train to Worthing. It's only a short walk from the station to St. Pauls Centre where the beer festival was based, and I was pleasantly surprised on arrival by how roomy it was as well as how well staffed the bars were. Wasting no time in charging our glasses from the Cube bar I handed Angel a sheet of 50x10p tokens which she looked at in horror announcing that there was no way she was going to be able to drink that many beers! Not to be outdone, Wildbush countered with her insistence that APA meant Australian Pale Ale! I was mostly drinking the darker beers but we had to try the Mystery beer concluding it was probably Dark Star Hophead, before we took a look at the food. This was a bit of a let down but we all found something to soak up the beer as we settled in to spectating the Auction. More out of duty than a desire to win anything, my hand did go up once or twice at the start of bidding for certain items but I got the jitters when the auctioneer kept looking directly at me while raising bids! It turned out a bunch of girls behind us were bidding for laughs, but they ended up winning a book described as the original Camra 'Bible' for £12. Thinking I might cut their losses as Testiculator would probably enjoy it, I took a look inside cover! Commenting that it was strange there were no nurses there, Gabs promptly spent the last of our tokens lost to us for the rest of the evening until we went and joined the other party. All too soon hurriedly pooled the last of our tokens, before heading off for the train via the chippy. And

## Bouncer

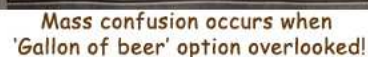
**TO BEER OR NOT TO BEER?** Is the idea of "running for beer" at odds with pursuit of a healthy lifestyle?

I'm just throwing this out there, but my body is not some clunky old jalopy into which I throw any old fuel that will keep the motor running. To me, that's what beer is. I'm no clunker, kids. And you're not either. We're Ferraris. Ferraris run on high quality fuel - not beer. When I started running (in order to lose weight, and get stronger) I learned the hard way that I could exercise like a maniac and still pack on the pounds if I ate (or drank) my way through calories. To me, the point of running is to do something good for myself that I love and can't get enough of. If I decide to run a race simply because there's beer at the end, I've missed the point of running in the first place. My first marathon bib included two drink tickets for beer, and I have to say that after slogging through 26.2 miles, the last thing I wanted was a beer. I wanted water. And a nap. And pasta. Not alcohol. I'm not a teetotaler, by any means, but this inexplicable link between running for brews seems counterintuitive to me. Aren't we supposed to be healthy people? Haven't you read all the studies about how runners can't just "run off" whatever they consume? Shouldn't we be consuming something that is inherently healthy at its core? I say we ditch the signs proclaiming we "will run for beer." and instead focus on what really drives us.

Some people run to be healthy, some run to relieve stress, and others run for achievement, fulfillment, and empowerment. Then there are those of us who run for beer. After all, beer and running go together like summertime and cookouts - like water and electrolyte powder - like Rocky Balboa and training montages - like beer and.... a second round of beer. Can anything chase a long, hot run like a cold glass of malt and hops? Beer is a cornerstone of the pre-race carbo-loading process, the sweet motivational nectar of mid-pack marathoners, and the proven recovery drink of partying champions. Moderate intake—loosely defined as one to two drinks per day—has been shown to offer health benefits like protecting bones, positively affecting cholesterol levels, and supplying valuable antioxidants, B vitamins, and minerals. To say nothing of the fact that running is a social activity for many of us, and beer—while absolutely not necessary to having a good time—fosters a sense of revelry and community. It's a celebration drink. It's a reward. It has something called flavonoids—heart-healthy compounds that counter cell damage and reduce heart disease and cancer risk. Are you really going to debate on the side of heart disease and cancer risk? Now I'm certainly not arguing that anyone take to the streets with a Camelbak full of hefeweizen or a fuel belt laden with lager, but beer in moderation - and on rare occasions, post-marathon excess - can certainly coexist with a healthy lifestyle. And if you've never experienced the positive, mood-altering effects of a "shower beer" after a tough workout, I urge you to experience one of life's simplest, most satisfying joys. Do I run just to "earn beers"? No, I run because I'm addicted to that floaty rush of endorphins that kicks in somewhere around mile five and makes me feel like I'm about to leave my body and turn into a being made of pure light and energy and love. But beer is a pretty nice bonus. After miles and miles of dedicated training, I can spare the calories for a responsible quantity of brews. So if you're not going to tear the tickets off your bib, I'll take them.



We tallied up your votes and found that most of you - 85% to be exact - say "to beer." 1,660 voted yes. 283 voted no.





*Congratulations to Sarah Russell on her 200<sup>th</sup> Parkrun! Here's a send-up:*

## The rules of PARK-RACE

If you've been tempted to join the PARK-RACE experience by recent news coverage of its tenth anniversary, then there are a few rules that you need to know about to make sure that you get the most from your visit.

(1) Barcodes are rare and highly collectable items which should be kept in a safe place. Don't run the risk of losing yours by bringing it with you to your PARK-RACE. Volunteers exist to serve you, and have nothing better to do with their weekends than pander to your every need. They will be only too happy to write your details down at the end of the race and to enter them manually on the results system. No barcode? No worries!

(2) It takes a village to raise a child, and PARK-RACE is that village. Want to go for a PB? Tired of hanging back waiting for your little cherub to stop and smell the roses? Give them a taste of independence and tell them you'll see them at the finish. What's the worst that can happen?



(3) Everyone loves a PB, so why not bring a pack of dogs along with you? If you feel like enhancing your time without the benefit of steroids, then strap two or three or four to your harness and let them boost your speed. Add to the fun by using the longest leads that you can find, so that racers without huskies can practise their plyometrics with a little rope jumping and slalom-style weaving.

(4) Your PB is all that matters, so run as though you own the park. If you're a slower runner, then make sure you start at the front so that you don't get caught up in any bottlenecks. If you're a speedier runner, then sharpen those elbows and knock all obstacles out of the way. Remember, the human body has amazing healing

powers, so if you knock a passer by, small child or fellow PARK-RACER out of the way, they'll bounce back soon enough.

(5) PARK-RACE is a race not a run and it certainly isn't a walk. Whether you're racing yourself or your nemesis, be sure to use all available racing tactics. Defend your position by running two abreast through the narrow sections so that no other racers can pass, and remember that racing continues past the line and into the finishing funnel. With luck, you can make a few extra places up with a little bit of nifty footwork between crossing the line and collecting your position token.



(6) If you have a pet pooch but don't want the hassle of stopping every time it smells something interesting, then let it off the lead and bring it to heel with the occasional call. Any PARK-RACER who isn't nimble enough to avoid your mutt's meanderings deserves to eat dirt and anyone who objects to your canine's playful behaviour clearly needs to take a chill pill.

(7) The numpties will probably get your time wrong. They will be grateful to be informed of your 1 second faster Garmin time.

(7.2) PARK-RACERS should also point out to the organisers that their garmin shows the course to be 20 meters long and ask if they could get that sorted out before next week.

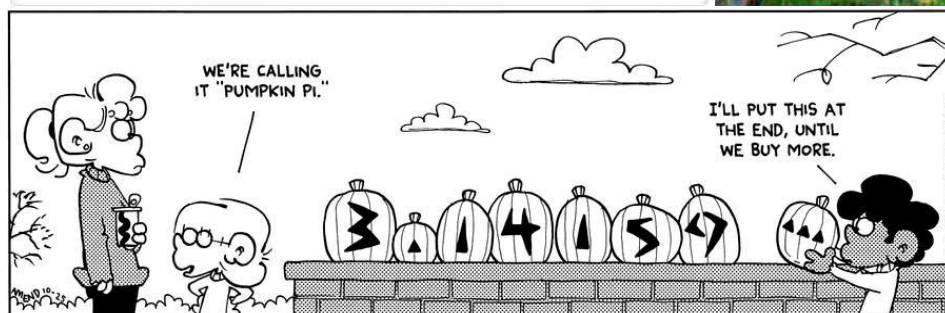
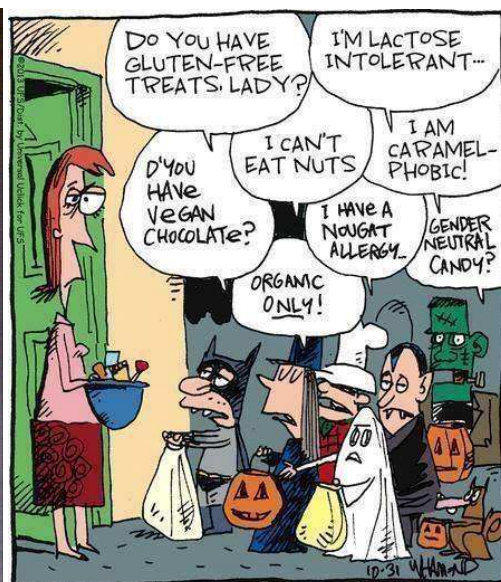
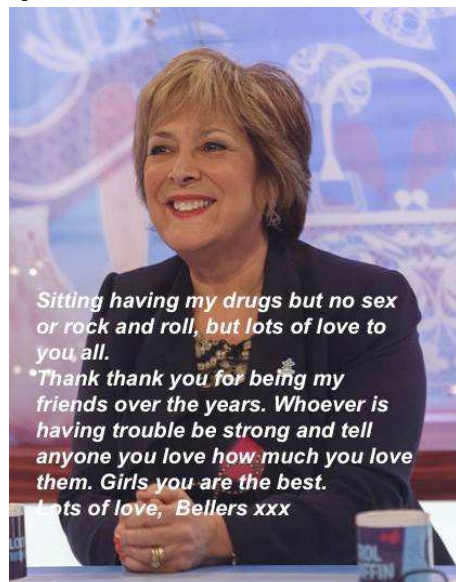
(8) On finishing PARK-RACE, you will be given a small commemorative plastic plaque with your finishing position on it. Take this home with you as a keepsake to add to your collection.

Remember that PARK-RACE is brought to you by a highly paid team of organisers, richly rewarded for ensuring every event runs to perfection.





## Random in the news and Halloween etc...



A milder strain of the Ebola Virus is the Tombola Virus. Symptoms may include feeling permanently dizzy and shouting out random numbers. UK airports have abandoned their Ebola screening program. The equipment to detect overheated, sweating, hunched up passengers has identified everyone arriving in on a Ryanair flight which is the norm. I took my kids to a firework display tonight.



"Dad, can we actually buy some next year?" asked the eldest as we stood looking at them behind the counter in Sainsbury's.



# 20 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT...

## HALLOWEEN

**W** OOOOOO! It's the spookiest night of the year. At full moon on October 31st, all the ghosties and gollies, long-legged beasties and things that go bump in the night rise from their graves to walk amongst the living. And if you hear a knock at your door, may the Lord have mercy on your soul, because chances are it's either a denizen of the netherworld, a flesh-hungry zombie or a teenager demanding a pound not to push dog dirt through your letterbox. But how much do you really know about this ancient pagan festival? When did it start? What's it all about? When's it going to fucking stop? It's time to bar your windows, pull your chair closer to the fire and prepare to have your blood chilled by twenty spine-tling facts about Halloween.

**1** The name "Halloween" is a corruption of the words "Hallowe'en", named after the better-than-nothing cheap sweets which are traditionally given out on October 31st.

**2** The practice of trick-or-treating is usually associated with children, but according to royal biographer Gyles Brandreth, the Queen's mum the Queen Mum used to enjoy the custom



**3** Halloween has been the subject of many top-rated movies, such as *Halloween*, *Halloween II*, *Halloween III* and *Halloween IV: The Klumpas*.

**4** It's not just on Earth that people enjoy Halloween... it has even been celebrated on the Moon! In 1969, Apollo spacemen Pete Conrad and Al Bean found themselves on the lunar surface as night fell on October 31st. Surprised by a knock on the door of their capsule, they opened it to find command module pilot Richard Gordon

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**8** Perhaps the most rubbish ghost of all is the Holy Ghost, which is the ghost of Our Lord Jesus Christ. It hasn't got its head under its arm, it doesn't drag a load of chains up the stairs and wiggle the knob on your bedroom door, and it doesn't lob tea-cups round in the kitchen. It doesn't even wander the dark corridors of a stately home, wailing in an ethereal voice whilst endlessly trying to wash blood from its hands. Instead of haunting something, the Holy Ghost dwells in people's hearts and sits at God's right hand, whatever the fuck that means.



**9** 58-year-old Drayton 'Tant' III is the USA's most prolific trick-or-treater. Every Halloween, Mr. Tant calls on every house in his hometown of Carbondale, Illinois. During a marathon 24-hour session, he knocks on an estimated 26,000 front doors, collects 750kg of Harbors, throws up to 520 dozen eggs at houses and pushes more than a ton of dog dirt through people's letterboxes.

**10** What could be more frightening than a ghost? The answer is... TWO ghosts! In fact, bodkins studying fear reactions at the



University of Copenhagen recently concluded that the scariest combination of spooks was two ghosts, a Dracula and three Franksteins.

**10 1/2** In second place was a four mummies and a Creature from the Black Lagoon.

**11** Rationing restrictions meant that trick-or-treaters were unable to obtain eggs for the duration of WWII. As a result, between 1939 and 1945, small boys were forced to throw powdered eggs at houses where the occupants had failed to hand over enough sweets or money. The real eggs were all shipped out to the soldiers at the front, so they could throw them on Halloween in a bid to boost morale.

**12** A householder in Leeds received one of the most terrifying trick-or-treat calls on Halloween in 1987. On answering a ring on her doorbell, Iris Dunnock found not a group of toddlers, half-heartedly dressed as witches, but a genuine ghost stood on her doorstep demanding a pound!

The spectre was the restless spirit of a trick-or-treater who had been killed at that very spot 100 years previously. Petrified Mrs Dunnock slammed the door in the spook's face. Moments later, he pushed a see-through dog-dirt through her letterbox.

**13** The custom of Halloween dates back to 1184, when Pope Lucius III issued a papal edict demanding a tithe from all members of the Catholic church. Monks in frightening masks were sent out



on October 31st each year, with orders to collect a handful of Harbors from each household. Any heretics who resisted their demands were summarily excommunicated from the church and had their bins knocked over.

**14** According to the British Association of Clothing Manufacturers, demand for clean underpants reaches a peak on November 1st. That's because an estimated 1 in 5 of the adult population has papped their trolleys the previous evening on account of all the ghosts and skeletons.

**15** On October 31st 1582, the old-fashioned Julian calendar was abandoned in favour of the Gregorian calendar. However, the mismatch between the two dating systems led to a shortfall of just over a week, and it was decided to repeat October 31st eight times on the trot before November 1st. The resulting festival of trick-or-treating led to hugely increased profits for Poundstretcher, as demand for Harbors soared.

**16** The most lavish treats ever bestowed on trick-or-treaters were given out on Halloween 1946 by American oil billionaire John Paul Getty. The generous tycoon filled a bowl with Koh-i-noor diamonds the size of hens' eggs, and encouraged local youngsters to dip into it when they called round

**17** French Palaeontologists working in the Lascaux Caves have

discovered what they believe to be the earliest evidence of trick-or-treating amongst hominids. Primitive wall paintings seem to show Neanderthal children in Frankenstein masks pushing dinosaur turds through the letterbox of an old Cro-Magnon lady's cave.

**18** In 1988, readers of the TV Times voted Halloween pumpkins the third most frightening ragged-mouthed, orange-faced thing, after Clyde the monkey out of *Every Which Way But Loose* and *Wish You Were Here* presenter Judith Chalmers.

**19** On Halloween 1984, Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi answered a knock at the door, expecting to find local youngsters trick-or-treating. Instead, she found two heavily-armed assassins who shot her dead and fled, after cheekily helping themselves to two handfuls of Harbors!

**20** The world's tiniest ghost is the restless spirit of the world's smallest man Calvin Philips, which is said to haunt a doll's house in Salem State Roy Museum, Massachusetts USA. Philips was tragically killed there on Halloween 1932, when he was crushed under a marble during a game of Ker-Plunk. As he floats up and down the 8" high stairs, dragging a chain made of paperclips, the miniature spectre emits "Woooo" which are so high-pitched that they can only be heard by bats.



## Giant Butt Plug In Paris Is Supposed To Be A Christmas Tree But Clearly Isn't

Don't snigger it's a Christmas tree. Seriously, it's by a renowned artist and it's called 'Tree'.

But yes, it totally looks like a butt plug.

The 24 foot, inflatable piece by Paul McCarthy has been installed in the Place Vendôme in Paris, usually more famous for its stunning 18th century architecture.

Yeah that's not ambiguous at all...

Needless to say the reaction has been a little mixed. The potential for perspective photos is staggering. Well by 'mixed' we mean no one believes it's a Christmas Tree.

[illegible]

## British Humour

- It has been announced that the police are going to be allowed to use water cannons on rioters. They are putting some Persil in to stop the coloureds running.
- Two Muslims have crashed a speedboat into the Thames barrier in London .... Police think it might be the start of Ram-a-dam.
- Riots in Bradford last month caused over a million pounds worth of improvements.
- Muslims have gone on the rampage in Liverpool, killing anyone who's English. Police fear the death toll could be as high as 3.
- Sat opposite an Indian lady on the train today, she shut her eyes and stopped breathing. I thought she was dead, until I saw the red spot on her forehead and realised she was just on standby.
- They've had to cancel the panto 'Jack & the Beanstalk' in Birmingham, Bristol, Oldham, Bradford, Burnley, Leicester , Luton and London . Apparently the giant couldn't smell any Englishmen.
- Years ago it was suggested that, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." But since all the doctors are now Muslim, I've found that a bacon sandwich works a treat!

*And of course, the usual dodgy joke round-up:*

- I went to an excellent spice tasting event today. We were having the best thyme of our lives.
- I went to the cemetery yesterday to lay some flowers on a grave. As I was standing there I noticed 4 grave diggers walking about with a coffin , 3 hours later and they're still walking about with it. I thought to myself , they've lost the plot!!
- I'm madly in love with the female chef from my local steakhouse. It's the way she makes me veal.
- My wife's just choked to death on some ink smudged paper whilst eating dinner. It was my signature dish.
- My grandfather could always determine the actual distance between two points in a map. He was a legend.
- I've just given a ten minute presentation about underwear to Stephen Hawking. It was a timed history of briefs.
- I've started up a self defence course, where the only weapons you're allowed to use are tea bags. I call it Ty-Fu.
- My mate bet me £100 that I couldn't do a Butterfly impression. I thought, that's got to be worth a little flutter
- My wife asked me, "What's worse, ignorance or apathy?" "I don't know and I don't care." I replied
- My friend just bought a 'chinchilla'. I've never felt the need to adjust the temperature of my chin, but each to their own I guess.
- My mum laughed at me when I said I was going to make a car out of spaghetti.... but you should have seen her face when I drove pasta!
- Me and my mates are in a band called Duvet. We're a covers band.
- Murdered someone with a polyhedron. Got sent to prism.
- My attempts at making ham soup are always, ad hoc.
- In case the country gets invaded and I have to quickly hide I have a big pop art painting on my wall that hides a secret panic room. I call it my handy war hole.
- My daughter asked me for a pet spider for her birthday, so I went to our local pet shop and they were £20!!! Blow this, I thought , I can get one cheaper off the web..
- L'Oreal camouflage paint. Because you're war fit.
- I've started my own cremation ashes storage business. Nice Little Urner.
- My virtual bees website is creating a great online buzz
- R.I.P Michael Stipe. Only 2 people know about his death. That's me 'n the coroner.
- She looks like a toaster, She walks like a toaster, She talks like a toaster, And I know why... She's a Breville in disguise.
- So, I hear reincarnation is making a comeback.
- Something tells me my posture might not be so great, I don't know. I just have a hunch.
- The Beach Boys are doing a series of concerts to raise money for African charities. They want to help Rwanda, help, help Rwanda.

