

The magazine of Brighton Hash House Harriers (twinned with Bangkok Hash House Harriers) R-ns/trash #215 April 2015

Find us on facebook or at http://www.brightonhash.co.uk/

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

30th March 2015 1919 396 014 **Professor Pete** Smugglers Rest, Telscombe

Directions: From pier head east along A259. Pub is approx. 4.5 miles on right hand-side. Est 10 mins.

6th April 2015 1920 John Harvey Tavern, Lewes 422 103

Directions: Take A27 east to Lewes. Over 1st roundabout then left at 2nd through Cuilfail Tunnel. Left at next roundabout, then left again. After Dorset Arms turn right for public car park. Walk through to pub opposite brewery shop. Est. 15 mins.

13th April 2015 1921 Royal Oak, Wineham 236 206 Dirty Bitch

Directions: A23 north to B2117 for Hurstpierpoint, Left at t-junction and immediately right on B2118. Left just past Kings Head on B2116. Take 2nd right and pub on left 1.5 miles. Est. 20 mins.

Woodman Arms, Hammerpot 067 057

Directions: A27 west through Worthing. After going down the hill at Hammerpot, take u-turn at next break in the central reservation, and return east. Take next left at sign to get to the pub. Est. 25 mins.

IMPORTANT: Car park is being repaired so please double park (Hashers only - Lily the Pink!)

27th April 2015 1923 Yew Tree, Arlington 544 074 Red Slapper/Falling Madonna Directions: A27 east to Alfriston roundabout. Turn left then first right. Pub in centre of village about 1 mile. Est 25 mins.

#### 

### RECEDING HARELINE:

04/05/15 TBA Lily the Pink TBA 11/05/15 **Psychlepath** 

18/05/15 TBA Bouncer stroke Angel

25/05/15 TRA Hash Gomi 01/06/15 Cat & Canary, Henfield -

Prince Crashpian

08/06/15 Sergison Arms, Haywards Heath -

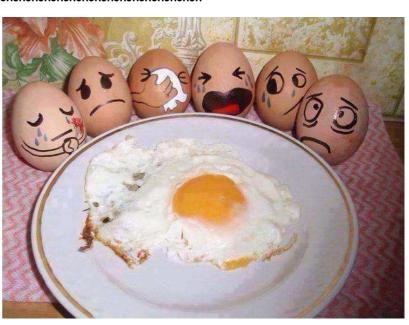
One Erection

15/06/15 TBA Pompette & Airman 22/06/15 TBA Aunty & Gotlost 29/06/15 Sportsman, Withdean - Pondweed

onononononononononononononononononon

UPCOMING CRAFT ACTIVITY

17th April The Tower, St. Leonards - Cliffbanger & Bushsquatter. P trail from Warrior Square station onononononononononononononononononon Thought for the day: Never go out with an RA. It's all me me me me me me me me...



# BH7 HASH EVENTS DIARY & NOTICES

**DIARY DATES:** 

20-21/06/15

Saturday 16/05/15 Brighton Hash South Downs Way Relay - teams of minimum of 6 setting off from Buriton about

8am and relaying back to Beachy Head using the patented Saddleshaft system. Lots of pubs enroute and a post-run hash party/ meal! Please advise Phil or Bouncer if you want to take part.

Saturday 6/6/15 South Downs Way 100 mile relay. BH7 submit two mixed teams to this actual running event - A

team and a vets team for over 40's. If interested, see Dave 'Spreadsheet' Evans for details.

2015 CRAFT Campout - Beer & music festival at the Bear PH, Burwash. Fat Controller #2 is

organising, but final details still awaited. Cancelled. Campout to be rearranged.

17-19/07/15 EuroHash 2015 Krakow, Poland - Visit: <a href="http://www.eurohash.org/">http://www.eurohash.org/</a>

28 - 31/08/15 **18th UK Nash Hash, Oxford H3** - Visit: http://nh2015.ukh3.org/nashhash/

#### 

## PROFS PLUG:

**Hash relay:** the most fun you can have on a Saturday in May. This is a Hash tradition going back over 15(?) years. Once a race, it has now evolved into relaxed, non-competitive, fun day out. Meet at Buriton Village pond for an 8am start; run (not race) in teams of 6+ along the South Downs Way to Eastbourne; post-run curry. It is possible to join an existing team, or form your own: alternatively just turn up at the start and we'll slot you in. You'll need to be in a carshare to allow for transport.

All enquiries to Phil Mutton.

#### 

Dark Star sponsored a team to run dressed as bottles in this years Brighton Half- Marathon – left to right: Steve Scott, Paul Prosser, Simon Ho, and Chris Mallinson. Not one of whom can I cajole into trying the hash although, if they're prepared to run dressed like this, I suspect that they'd be ideal material!

Meanwhile, I have a place for this years Brighton Full Marathon on Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> April. Unfortunately I won't now be able to take part following knee surgery, but as the organisers won't allow deferral without having to part with yet more dosh, I'm prepared to make a loss and sell it on to anyone willing to take part. No sensible offer refused!

The plan is to once again have a Brighton hash beer stop at the marathon, which will be in the same places as last year – around the bottom of Westbourne Gardens on New Church Road (14.5 miles ish); then opposite (17 miles ish) finishing up at Hove Lawns Bowls Club (23miles. Ish) If anyone is spectating any help would be appreciated. If you're running look out for us, you know it makes sense!

Bouncer



### 

## CRAZY GUYS ON BIKES - Dino & Suzy's cycle - Brighton to New Zealand...

5<sup>th</sup> March: We crossed onto the Asian continent over a year ago and have now cycled all the way to Singapore. It has been an amazing journey but we are ready for the next challenge. We will be waving goodbye to Asia from our ship bound for Freemantle this evening, it's a cruise so good job we have the tux and cocktail dress in the panniers, Australia here we come!



Interestingly (if you like that sort of thing), there has been no further update to the blog since they hit Australia, however, for the benefit of those not connected on facebook, Suzy has posted various pictures of kangaroos and barbecues, suggesting that although they're probably in the most technologically tuned in place now they're just having too good a time! Rumour is that they plan to follow the Munda Biddi trail from outside Perth to Albany, the longest cycling trail in the World, so we may have to wait until Albany for the next update.

Full blogs and pics available at:

http://www.crazyguyonabike.com/doc/?o=Sh&doc\_id=12976&v=nO

Which reminds me. I got in trouble with the police the other day for reporting a kangaroo loose in Preston Park. Turns out it was just a greyhound having a crap.



## 790 Australian Beach Bums Skinny Dip Their Way Into a New World Record:



A new world record for the largest simultaneous skinny-dip has been set, thanks to 790 Australians willing to bare all. "It was very nerve-racking in the lead-up, but then everyone started dropping their sarongs and strangely it felt so normal because if you weren't naked you were the odd one out," Heidi Anderson, a Perth Now columnist who participated in the mass skinny dip, said of the event. She added, "I had huge body image issues over the last few years and over the last three years I have been working on myself. This was the next step towards embracing who I am."

The new record, set in Perth, Australia, may have surpassed the previous record of 744 set in Gisborne, New Zealand, in 2013, pending confirmation from the Guinness World Records.

According to local media, the event did a lot more than just give bystanders a good show. The event also raised money for the Butterfly Foundation, an Australian national charity that helps those affected by eating disorders. "It is an inspiring event providing the opportunity to cast aside concerns of body image and celebrate everybody, no matter the size or shape," Lorna Marns, co-owner of a local restaurant that organized the event, told ABC.

Paralympic swimmer and event ambassador Jessica Smith additionally told ABC, that the event was a fantastic way to bring attention to the seriousness of body image issues. "Women and men of all ages are subconsciously and consciously pressured to conform to societal beauty and body ideals," she said adding, "The constant barrage of negatives messages and images that we are fed via the media has fundamentally resulted in generations of people who believe they aren't perfect and therefore should hate who they are and the way they look."

## 



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



Fox, Patching Once again we had a venue change, this time due to a clash with a guiz night at the Woodmans Arms, Hammerpot, and a landlord that panicked about his ability to cope. With that in mind it may well be worth keeping an eye open for the 20th April when we are once again scheduled there under Pondweeds guidance! Young Les had a cracking idea with his Mad March Hare Hatters run, but sadly the publicity was found wanting as well as hounds memory cells, meaning that only a handful wore silly hats. Never mind, there's always next year! And so to the hash. Or the 4 hashes: as the main pack ran off one way the walkers took Guys shorter route, Bouncer and Roaming Pussy headed down to the Worlds End for a pint before hitting the sip stop, and Wiggy, who having made his mind up to walk to the village and back, flew solo. The hash route went towards the Woodmans before heading up the lane and into Angmering Woods, over Patching Hill and up to Clapham church, then down to the duck pond for the mother of all sip stops! With the usual beer, lager (for Guy of course!), and lemonade YL had also emptied out his drinks cabinet to offer Gin, Rum, Whisky and Ouzo. There had to have been an occasion, and there was, as we drank Les's

health for his 70<sup>th</sup> birthday some months back but this was the first propertunity to hashmark it. Most excellent! Back in the bar, the hares were called forward to receive their rewards only for Young Les to announce that not only did Guy having nothing to do with the walkers trail, but also that he'd gone and the RA's efforts to get a special lager were to no avail. A few minutes earlier, St. Bernard had bought Wiggy a Guinness oblivious to the fact that Bouncer had already got him one. As St. B then offered to neck the spare, he got the lager instead which'll learn him. Best hat of the night other than the hares own went to Roaming Pussy and Bouncer was called for an epic fail with nothing but a daffodil stuck in his hood. St. Bernard was back in the circle next for money laundering - after Bogeyman and RP slipped away without paying last week, he produced a wad of cash and said "I've got this". And finally the trio of David's were awarded for St. David's Day - Bogeyman (not Welsh), Wiggy (half-Welsh), and Spreadsheet (proper Welsh). Another great hash!

New Sussex Hotel, Lancing It seems that if you want the NHS to do anything all you need to do is book a hash! After the cock-up 10 years ago when ET was born, I set a celebratory hash from the Beeding Hill car park with on in at the Red Lion. In the end he was 2 weeks late and so the NHS booked in to remove him on the very evening of the hash so Angel made me stay with her in the hospital. This time after booking my birthday run and curry, the NHS decided to finally sort my knee out reducing me to walking! After the other cock-up (clearly a Bouncer habit!) 2 years back when a previous birthday trail was marred by severe weather and only a select few made it for a trudge through the snow, and them more by chance than design, I decided to stick with a localish townish trail along the greensward and through the alleys before hitting Brooklands for an early return on the beach. On the way there was a 'dummy' up New Salts Farm road (had hoped to get to the new Amex training ground but the rail crossing has long been blocked-off), some fun and games in a park where Angel went for the flying fox only to find half a dozen other hashers jumping on her, and a brief interlude with the walkers at the Stanley Ale House. As usual Local Knowledge got lost after following an arrow which was actually from a check he'd missed by trying to scb. There had been some confusion in the pub when some who hadn't got the message about the £10 all you can eat curry down the road attempted to order food, but with a few of us heading there Lily the Pink got in quick with the circle. Myself and Angel were somewhat surprised by the strength of the down downs due to a misunderstanding by the barman who said "I know all about you drinkers" as he started to fill a 4 pint jug from the optics (mainly rum!) until Knightrider stopped him and said

beer! Pondweed and Knightrider were called for cheating but I've forgotten why, Local Knowledge for leading Bobs Crutch and Anybody astray (nominating St. Bernard), Bogeyman for sleeping on the beach and myself again for daring to have a birthday! Somehow Peter Pansy evaded a beer despite missing the hash to go canvassing in South Portslade (for the erection, as it's Brighton's own Chinatown claimed YT!). I would like to apologise for any embarrassment I may have caused in the curry house with my silly behaviour brought about by a wicked combination of rum, beer and pain-killers! Another great hash (well I enjoyed it)!



### 

I saw Arnold Schwarzenegger eating a chocolate egg. I said, "I bet I know what your favourite Christian festival is." He said, "You have to love Easter, baby."



Romans, Southwick Pat was going only slightly frantic as we turned up to find the 'oh so helpful' landlady of the previous day had forgotten to pass on the message to staff about us coming so they hadn't prepared themselves for all the food orders. Willing hasher acceptance for a 2 sitting tuck solved that and we mustered for the words of wisdom from which your scribes selected male hearing heard "sip stop". Wiggy was talking a good 'walking the whole trail' (If Charlie can...), but when it came to the crunch Prof and myself had already waited several times so selected a few discreet scb routes to keep in touch with the pack, only to find he'd gone charging past. Basic trail was townie to Kingston Lane, then pack went along Hill Farm Way and up Southwick Hill, where we intercepted. A quick loop had us meeting them again at the stile and then we were on our own at the back as they headed down Thunders Barrow, and back via Slonk Hill Farm. It soon became clear that the walkers were never going to make the sip so we took a gentle return via the rec in time for Wiggy coming through the other door to announce how much more than the whole hash he'd done by going the wrong way. In the circle Ride-it Baby discovered to her surprise that Pondweed had co-hared, mainly on the basis that he'd allowed the beer to be dispensed from his car but as driver he received blackcurrant whine. Next up were

the Mums (as the hash was nestling between Mothering Sunday and St. Patricks Day), Angel and Bobs Crutch, then stand-in Oirishman (as his muggle name is Moichael, and our real Paddy Moicheal Cyst Pit was absent) Anybody for getting overexcited at beating 'tail runner' Bouncer at the parkrun. Somehow swerving Local Knowledges car crash we then recalled RiB to do a proper wine DD courtesy of St. Bernard for her birthday, aah. Another great hash!

Plough, Pyecombe As usual we were promised a short dry flat r\*n from St. Bernard though niggling doubts have started to appear with Charlie, but at least we were again promised a sip stop, which Bouncer declared his intent to make bloody sure of having missed last week. A short tarmac stretch led to the first of the flat climbs with a nice level ascent to the edge of Wolstonbury. A really steep non-gradiented section via Wellcombe Bottom led to a killer, um, horizontal route to the top of Wolstonbury proper. Down the plane past the Chalk Pits trail then headed under the A23 for a calf-challenging even section to the sip. Appropriately enough we were offered Tawny or Amber ports for choice as St. Bernard waxed lyrical about the enormous Beech in front of us, apparently the tallest Ancient Woodland tree in the UK and the surviving one of a pair. From here it was a straightforward flat run in up and over Newtimber Hill to return on the out trail. Which makes it all the more surprising that Angel managed to break so many parts of her body in one hit falling over a branch that surely must've been there on the way out. Circling up Charlie dispensed with a resounding "yes!" as Pondweed confirmed the ascents and descents had in fact exceeded 1000 feet (see not level at all!), before Malibog received for getting so lost he mistook a travellers encampment at Jack and Jill as hash torches. Drinking with him after a quick vote on their respective misfortune was Anybody over Wiggy, the latter feeling miffed having not been informed of the Beachy Head hash, losing a contact lens, then reversing into Julia's car. Mike on the other hand, had turned up to the Beachy Head Jumpers H3 mad March hair run the day before and was seen setting off in a wig half an hour early. Thinking he was behind the pack he missed the entire trail, sip and apres. Shouldn't have picked a blonde wig Mike! His other misfortune easily trumped Wiggy when he had his credit card cloned while on holiday in South Africa, then left a bag with £4k of equipment including the camera with the holiday record on. Wildbush and Keeps It Up were welcomed back from their brief trip to Aus, which it turned out was nothing to do with a wedding, but Mr. Competitive's enthusiasm at being part of a record-breaking attempt on South Fremantle Beach on the World's largest skinny dip! Brent also got the blame for the 'spocking' of Canadian bank notes in the wake of Leonard Nimoys passing, and while on the subject of money for putting a A\$.5 cent piece in the mug. Knightrider had spotted a fake £1 coin for which Hash Gomi got the blame (never let the truth get in the way section), despite his protestations of not being an Australian (wasn't denying it see?), however RA ruled he was a bloody criminal so ought to be! Another great hash!



TREK' FANS TO STOP 'SPOCKING' THEIR FIVERS
Bank of Canada is pleading with Star Trek fans to stop "Spocking" its five dollar bills. Since Leonard Nimoy's death, Canadian folks have been "Spocking" the hell out of the five dollar bill that features a portrait of Canada's seventh prime minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Wilfrid now sports,

BANK OF CANADA URGES 'STAR

the signature Vulcan haircut and eyebrows and Spock's mantra "Live long and prosper."
reasons why it should not be done. Writing

on certain bills at least, pointy ears,

According to Bank of Canada it's not illegal to do this but: "...However, there are important reasons why it should not be done. Writing on a bank note may interfere with the security features and reduces its lifespan. Markings on a note may also prevent it from being accepted in a transaction. Furthermore, the Bank of Canada feels that writing and markings on bank notes are inappropriate as they are a symbol of our country and a source of national pride."

I say Spock the hell out of 'em if it ain't illegal. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's face wasn't that interesting, anyway. In fact, let's just make this a permanent improvement to the Canadian five dollar bill. *RIP Leonard 'Spock' Nimoy* 

## A feast for the Easter Bunny: German couple decorate their garden tree with 10,000 painted eggs

A German couple decorates their garden tree with 10,000 painted eggs.

German retirees Volker and Christa Kraft have decorated the tree in their back garden in Saalfeld for Easter for more than 40 years.



The tree now drips with more than 9,800 colourful Easter eggs, painted with pastoral scenes and religious icons.





Volker Kraft adds to the 9,800 Easter eggs hanging from the tree in the garden of the home he shares with his wife Christa.



Each egg must be painstakingly emptied of yolk and whites to ensure it will not go bad before they can be hand-painted and hung out for all to see. The easiest way is to pierce two holes in each end of the egg with a hat-pin, then blow out the contents through a straw. The better equipped can use a syringe pushed through just one hole to extract the gooey gubbins. But be cautious when handling raw eggs - they may carry salmonella.

The egg is a pagan symbol of rebirth, widely used in spring festivals before its adoption by early Christians as a symbol of the resurrection of Jesus. For followers of Christianity they are symbolic of Christ rising from his tomb two days after his death on the cross.

In ancient times, the Zoroastrians painted eggs for Nowrooz, their New Year celebration, which falls on the spring equinox. Sculptures in the ruins of Persepolis, their capital, show people carrying eggs to their king for the occasion 2,500 years ago.

# REHASHING the CRAFT ... and a Mad March Hangover Hair day out:

## SUSSEX BEER FESTIVAL BRIGHTON loses out to Wetherspoons, and a game played with an egg-shaped ball:

No point pretending, this was a bit of a disappointment. Advance tickets seemed hard to come by but somehow the hardy crew managed to all get themselves sorted. At £8 it seemed steep without any entertainment but it did cover us from midday until 10pm, unless the beer ran out first, however the tickets had clearly been altered by pen from £5, which would have been a much fairer price given what was on offer. The Sussex beer festival has been a regular on the CRAFT calendar for as long as we've been going but this year saw a venue change from the Hove Town Hall (after 23 years) to the Corn Exchange in Brighton. With easier trains, that made a joint with Slash (who joined us last year) a possibility, and Malibog was arriving early morning from Stockholm, so we opted for a Saturday meet, little realising just how tense the 6 nations rugby was to get. Early arrivals met at the Post & Telegraph Wetherspoons in North Street where Testiculator informed us that we wouldn't be getting the full benefit of our 'spoons 50p vouchers due to the price limitation and should have gone to the Bright Helm in West Street. Yes, the Spoons beer festival was also on which meant cheap beer at all their outlets, doh! Moving on to the venue, Testi's second priority was to sell on Ging Gangs ticket after she discovered "things to do" which is probably code for the England - France decider! The choice of beer was much reduced over previous years due to the smaller space and, I can't say we weren't warned, as Mark Halls going on Thursday pointed out "I've drunk all the good beers"! The beers having been tapped on Wednesday, and without cooler jackets, were well advanced, some being unpalatable. Myself and Little Bear found the best approach was to head for the higher ABV's, Sir Malibog was flipping high and low with corresponding quality, while Daffy and Testi both found the going difficult. We didn't see much of Angel after her first couple as she kept disappearing to terrify any lone male drinkers. LB tried the food but decided it was vastly overpriced so we used our armbands to stock up from Tesco's. Chatting to bar staff revealed that the Town Hall was being converted into smaller units, hence the move, however, they were being charged twice the price for the Corn Exchange, and had to go with the franchised food arrangements. At least they opened up the side to allow extra seating, another sacrifice over the Town Hall. To cap it all we missed a stormer of a game, with England flunking a last minute try to come runners-up in the 6 nations. Think it'll be the Wetherspoons beer festival next year! Another good CRAFT H3!

#### 

Somehow we crawled out of pits in time to make the trip to Eastbourne for the Jumpers hash #4, review below:

Hares were late, but Anybody was very early heading off over the hills in a blonde wig ne'er to be seen again. Hares forgot their wigs and the Brighton hashers forgot their Wiggy (which he nearly cried about when he realised he'd missed it). Everyone remembered jumpers. Some ran, some walked, some threw sawdust about a bit until we ended up at chez Boxturd where everybody (except Anybody - still awol) got a down down, some more than others, mainly of a worryingly daffodil coloured egg nog concoction, but also some from a kettle with a very interesting secret ingredient. A charge for the cheesies (Roaming Pussy's trademark cheesy feet) followed before we settled in the pub garden to enjoy the lovely spring sounds of Bushsquatter complaining about the size of the soup, and Bouncer mullering the kids. Um.. chips. The kids chips. And jelly babies. A chill descended and we all went home. Another great Beachy Head Jumpers hash!



L to R: Gooey, Bouncer, Bushsquatter, Muppet, Sir Malibog, Angel, Roaming Pussy, Bogeyman, Gascock, Split Pin. Out of shot: Anybody (early), Cliffbanger (taking photo), Misses Box and Butler de ... (late), E.T. (shy).

## Hidden treat: The Easter Island heads also have BODIES

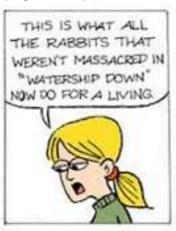
Yes! A number of the island heads are turned on their sides without a clue of a substructure. The heads are protected from tampering by the Chilean government. Fortunately, someone must have probed the earth under a standing figure. FANCY THAT NOBODY THOUGHT TO DIG AROUND THEM BEFORE NOW!!!!! This is absolutely incredible. Here we've been thinking for all these years that they were just heads. They are going to be absolutely huge when they are completely excavated. It all just adds to the mystery of these amazing sculptures. Maybe now they can get more information about them seeing as they have writings on them.



#### 

- Did you know: It is illegal for hens to lay eggs before 8 am and after 4 pm in Norfolk, Virginia.
- A boiled egg in the morning is hard to beat.
- An egg and some bacon into a bar. The bartender stops them and says "sorry, we don't serve breakfast in here."
- I like going into McDonalds and ordering an Egg McMuffin and a McChicken, just to see which one comes first.
- Q. How do Easter bunnies stay healthy? A: Eggsercise
- I signed up to a training program that promised to turn me into a soldier in one week... Ended up with egg on my face.

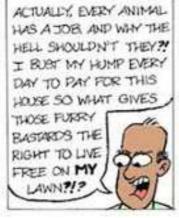


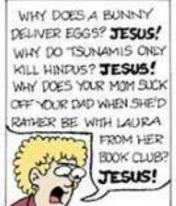














# Didn't need any egging on to think of this months theme!



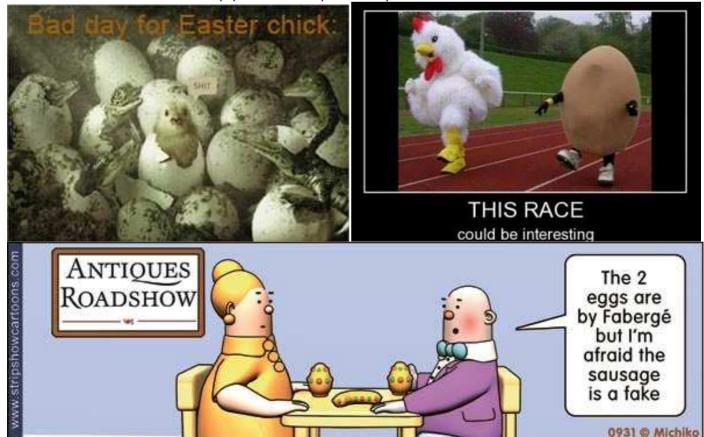


### KAYLEEN'S EASTER BROWNIES for MUM's

Remove teddy bear from oven and preheat oven to 375. Melt 1 cup margarine in saucepan. Remove teddy bear from oven and tell Jr. "no, no." Add margarine to 2 cups sugar. Take shortening can away from Jr. and clean cupboards. Measure 1/3 cup cocoa. Take shortening can away from Jr. again and bathe cat. Apply antiseptic and bandages to scratches sustained while removing shortening from cat's tail. Assemble 4 eggs, 2 tsp. vanilla, and 1-1/2 cups sifted flour. Take smouldering teddy bear from oven and open all doors and windows for ventilation. Take telephone away from Billy and assure party on the line the call was a mistake. Call operator and attempt to have direct dialled call removed from bill. Measure 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup nuts and beat all ingredients well. Let cat out of refrigerator.

Pour mixture into well-greased 9x13-inch pan. Bake 25 minutes. Rescue cat and take razor away from Billy. Explain to kids that you have no idea if shaved cats will sunburn. Throw cat outside while there's still time and he's still able to run away.

FROSTING Mix the following in saucepan: 1 cup sugar. 1 oz unsweetened chocolate, 1/4 cup margarine, Take the darn teddy bear out of the @#\$% broiler and throw it away -- far away. Answer the door and meekly explain to nice policeman that you didn't know Jr. had slipped out of the house and was heading for the street. Put Jr. in playpen. Add 1/3 cup milk, dash of salt, and boil, stirring constantly for 2 minutes. Answer door and apologise to neighbour for Billy having stuck a garden hose in man's front door mail slot. Promise to pay for ruined carpet. Tie Billy to clothesline. Remove burned brownies from oven.



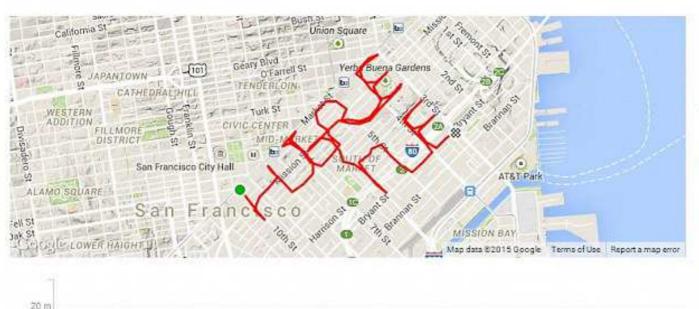
## Garmin art part 5 (continued from last issue)- the colonies... Daily Mail 26/2/15

The craze has also become popular in San Francisco, with cyclists and runners both using the app to map out shapes and messages to potential employers and to loved ones.

Dan Miller, of San Francisco, recently hit the pavement in the city's SOMA neighbourhood just before applying to Strava for a job. Using the firm's app he spelled out 'hire me'.

8.1 mi 1:15:42 9:22/mi 1,111 Distance Moving Time Avg Pace Calories

RUN January 26, 2015



'Hire me': Dan Miller ran a convoluted eight miles in San Francisco's SOMA neighbourhood to spell the words 'hire me' in the hope of snagged a job with the company whose app allows him to track the route.

## RUNNING AND CYCLING TRACKING APPS - HOW THEY WORK

Strava, MapMyRide and various other so-called 'cyclist apps' work on a very similar basis. Their point? To allow riders to record their activity on a range of compatible GPS devices, including iPhone, Android, some fitness watches and Google Glass. The kind of data they can record include the distance and where the cyclist has been on a detailed mappinpointing exactly where the rider has been from start to end. Calories burned, duration, speed, elevation and pace are also among the features it can track. Some even give suggested routes, uploaded by other users. Cyclists can then browse, analyse and compare their efforts with previous ones as well as other users and challenge themselves to do better. Their results can also be shared with friends and ranked on a leaderboard.



Work of art: One Strava user created this turkey during a ride around San Francisco

Romance: Cyclist Murphy Mack rode 18 miles around the streets of San Francisco to spell out his love for girlfriend

In the news – the month in pictures...







A chicken farmer went to a local bar, sat next to a woman and ordered a glass of champagne. The woman perked up and said 'What a coincidence. I just ordered champagne too!'

'It's a special day for me. I am celebrating.' said the farmer. 'What a coincidence! I'm also celebrating' said the woman.'

'What are you celebrating?' said the farmer as they clinked.

'My husband and I have been trying to have a child and today my Gynaecologist told me that I am pregnant!'

'What a coincidence!' said the man. 'I'm a chicken farmer and for years all my hens were infertile, but today they are all laying fertilized eggs.

'That's great!' she said, 'What changed?'

'I used a different cock,' he replied.

The woman smiled, winked, clinked his glass and said, 'What a coincidence!'

### Little Johnny & the Eggs

One day at the end of class, little Johnny's teacher asks the class to go home and think of a story to be concluded with the moral of that story. The following day the teacher asks for the first volunteer to tell their story.

Little Suzy raises her hand. "My dad owns a farm and every Sunday we load the chicken eggs on the truck and drive into town to sell them at the market. Well, one Sunday we hit a big bump and all the eggs flew out of the basket and onto the road." When the teacher asked for the moral of the story, Suzy replied, "Don't keep all your eggs in one basket."

Little Lucy went next. "My dad owns a farm too. Every weekend we take the chicken eggs and put them in the incubator. Last weekend only eight of the 12 eggs hatched"; Again, the teacher asked for the moral of the story. Lucy replied, "Don't count your chickens before they hatch."

Next up was little Johnny. "My uncle Paul fought in the Vietnam War, and his plane was shot down over enemy territory. He jumped out before it crashed but could only take a case of beer, a machine gun and a machete. On the way down, he drank the case of beer. Then he landed right in the middle of 100 Vietnamese soldiers. He shot 70 with his machine gun, but then he ran out of bullets! So he pulled out his machete and killed 20 more. Then the blade on his machete broke, so he killed the last ten with his bare hands." The teacher looked a little shocked. After clearing her throat, she asked what possible moral there could be to this story. "Well," Johnny replied, "Don't f\*ck with Uncle Paul when he's been drinking."



- What did the egg say to the boiling water? "How can you expect me to get hard so fast? I just got laid a minute ago."
- What doesn't belong in this list: meat, eggs, blowjob? You can beat eggs, or your meat, but you can't beat a blowjob.

Ed came home drunk one night, slid into bed beside his sleeping wife, and fell into a deep slumber. He awoke before the Pearly Gates, where St. Peter said, 'You died in your sleep, Ed.' Ed was stunned. 'I'm dead? No, I can't be! I've got too much to live for. Send me back! St. Peter said, 'I'm sorry, but there's only one way you can go back, and that is as a chicken.' Ed was



devastated, but begged St. Peter to send him to a farm near his home. The next thing he knew, he was covered with feathers, clucking and pecking the ground. A rooster strolled past. 'So, you're the new hen, huh? How's your first day here?' 'Not bad,' replied Ed the hen, 'but I have this strange feeling inside. Like I'm gonna explode!' 'You're ovulating,' explained the rooster. 'Don't tell me you've never laid an egg before?' 'Never,' said Ed. 'Well, just relax and let it happen,' says the rooster. 'It's no big deal.' He did, and a few uncomfortable seconds later, out popped an egg! He was overcome with emotion as he experienced motherhood. He soon laid another egg -- his joy was overwhelming.. As he was about to lay his third egg, he felt a smack on the back of his head, and heard..... "Ed, wake up! You've crapped the

Getting OLD just ain't what they said it would be!