

OFFICAL ORAGISM OF THE STOCKHOLM HASH

HASH TRASH

WHY DO MEN CALL WOMEN "BIRDS"? BECAUSE THEY PICK UP WORMS

VOL 02

WELCOME TO THE LEAP YEAR TRASH

FEB 2008



CHAIRMAN CLEVER DICK'S
GREAT LEAP YEAR FORWARD
29 02 2008



QUOTATION FROM CHAIRMAN DICK
~ NEVER LET THE TRUTH GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY ~





The Hares Apparent

STOCKHOLM ABSOLUT HASH

ALL RUNS START AT 2.00PM OR 14.00 HOURS UNLESS

Run # 531 March 08 @ 3pm

Where: Älta

Hare: ESSO - How: Buss from Gulmarsplan

Run # 532 March 22 (Easter) @ 3pm - SIGN UP

Run # 533 April 05 @ 3pm

Where: Karmstolsvägen 22, Gubbängen

Hares: Flöoater & Junior Turd

Run # 534 April 19 @ 3pm

Where: TBA

Hare: Duty Free & Sonia

Run # 535 May 03 (Ascension weekend) @ 3pm

Where: TBA

Hare: Big Brother & Marmites 100 year a

Run # 536 May 17 @ 3pm

Where: TBA

Hare: Clark Kent & Floater

Run # 537 May 31 @ 3pm - SIGN UP

Run # 538 June 14 @ 3pm TBA

Where: Mälärhöjden

Hares: Simply Blonde, Silly Bear & Just Elsa

Run # 539 June 28 @ 3pm

Where: Midgård Gräsö (by bus from KTH)

Hare: Pippi LongCocking!

Run # 540 July 5 @ 3pm

Where: TBA

Hare: Muki & Magic Mukita Mushroom!

Run # 541 July 26 @ 3pm

Where: TBA

Hare: Ditch Bitch & Big Mouth & The Brothers



STOCKHOLM UNDERGROUND HASH

ALL RUNS START AT 6.30 PM OR 1830 HOURS UNLESS

Run # 701 March 05 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm

Where: Skanstull

Hare: Two Swedes Kummin'

Run # 702 - 12th March - 2008 @ 6.30pm

Where: TBA - Hares: Laid Bird

Run # 703 March 19 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm -

Where: TBA - Hare: Jungle Dick George

Run # 704 - 26th March - 2008 @ 6.30pm

Where: TBA - Obs: Cat Woman's 13th Barfday Run

Hares: MaliBog & Cat Woman

Run # 705 April 02 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm

Where: TBA - Hares: Just Andrew

Run # 706 April 09 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm

Where: Mörby Centrum

Hares: Horney Tail & John Cleese

Run # 707 April 16 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm

Where: Spånga

Hares: Silly Con Feet

Run # 708 OBS Thursday April 24 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm

Where: A2B Run from Inverness (Danderyd)

Pre-lube to Inverness Hash Weekend (see below)

Hare: MaliBog



Céad Fáilte Inbhir Nis H3

Welcome to Inverness H3

Scandi - Jock Weak End

25th - 27th of April 2008 in Stockholm!

<http://www.invernessh3.se/>

STOCKHOLM HASH HISTORY

Back in the dark ages of pre-civilization (1987 - a whole different century man) a somewhat courageous and enthusiastic bunch of individuals, thought that it might be a really fabulous idea to start a hash in Stockholm.

Oh for the foolish notions of those who mean to do well. Still at the end of the day we are all only human and can be given over to moments of weakness and falliability.

So what happened to the visionary lions? How did their venture go I hear you cry? The poor sods was quite successful and unleashed a previously unknown terror upon this Nordic land. Hashers.

Since that fell day in 1987 confused members of the common masses have been hearing strange cries in the mist On On, Are you, Checking, On Back, Bollocks I dropped the beer!

A few of the more curious and couargeous ones have taken it upon themselves to hunt out the creators of these strange caterwauls, sometimes with pitchforks and chants of "Burn the Witch," only to discover that (what we laughably refer to as) sane and normal people are involved.

Finding that this menace to their peaceful society was none other than nominally harmless fun they cast off their doubts and donned their latest pair of sweat shop Nikes and a scrotchy old T-shirt and the hunt was on.

Recruitment continued and the Stockholm Hash flourished in this harsh and unforgiving Viking land. Fresh blood is always sought so cast off your couch and seek enlightenment through the trials of Hashing.

Call us if ye dare!.....OnOnMaliBog



Circle March 14th in your diaries - it's Einstein's birthday, and he would have been 129 this year.

Few people remember that the Nobel Prize winner married his cousin, Elsa Lowenthal, after his first marriage dissolved in 1919. He stated that he was attracted to Elsa because she was well endowed, and postulated that if you are attracted to women with large breasts, the attraction is stronger if there is a genetic

connection. This came to be known as Einstein's Theory of Relative Titty

POLICE GET A GRIP ON SERIAL MASTURBATOR

Police near the southern Swedish town of Sävsjö answered to a rather unusual call on a Wednesday night.

A woman had notified police after she discovered a man masturbating in a stairwell.

Police arrived on the scene to apprehend the naked man, placing him in their patrol car. But the man continued with his manual labour from the cruiser's back seat, TV4 reports. During the roughly 40 minute drive back to the station in the neighboring town of Nässjö, the man continued to feel his way around, prompting police to check their records for other cases of incessant self-gratification.

Police soon discovered that the man was known to authorities in the region for holding his own in different churches and other public places.

--onon--

THEY GROW THEM BIG IN TEXAS

A Texan is drinking in a New York bar, when he gets a call on his cell phone. He hangs up, grinning from ear to ear, and orders a round of drinks for everybody in the bar because, he announces, his wife has just produced a baby boy weighing 15 pounds.

Nobody can believe that any new baby can weigh in at 15 pounds, but the Texan just shrugs, "That's about average down home, folks. Like I said, "My boy's a typical Texas baby boy." Congratulations showered him from all around, and many exclamations of "WOW!" were heard. One woman actually faints due to sympathy pains.

Two weeks later, he returns to the bar. The bartender says, "Say, you're the father of that typical Texas baby that weighed 15 pounds at birth, aren't you? Everybody's been makin' bets about how big he'd be in two weeks. We were gonna call you. So... How much does he weigh now?"

The proud father answers, "11 pounds." The bartender is puzzled, and concerned. "What happened? He weighed 15 pounds the day he was born!"

The Texas father takes a slow swig from his long-neck Lone Star beer, wipes his lips on his shirt sleeve, leans into the bartender and proudly says, "Had him circumcised."

A STRAIGHT A PLUS

Members of a college class were told they had to write a short story in as few words as possible; the instructions were that the story had to contain the following three things:

Religion - Sexuality - Mystery

Below is the only A+ story from the entire class.

"Good God, I'm pregnant! I wonder who did it."

--onon--

MORAL DILEMMA

You are driving down the road in your car on a wild, stormy night, when you pass by a bus stop and you see three people waiting for the bus:

1. An old lady who looks as if she is about to die.
2. An old friend who once saved your life.
3. The perfect partner you have been dreaming about.

Which one would you choose to offer a ride to, knowing that there could only be one passenger in your car? This is a moral/ethical dilemma that was once actually used as part of a job application.

You could pick up the old lady, because she is going to die, and thus you should save her first. Or you could take the old friend because he once saved your life, and this would be the perfect chance pay him back. However you may never be able to find your perfect mate again.

The candidate who was hired (out of 200 applicants) had no trouble coming up with his answer. He simply answered: "I would give the car keys to my old friend and let him take the lady to the hospital. I would stay behind and wait for the bus with the partner of my dreams."

The correct answer is to run the old lady over and put her out of her misery, have sex with the perfect partner on the bonnet of the car, then drive off with the old friend for a few pints.

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

Are you lonesome tonight?

Is the hash out of sight?

Are you sorry you strayed from the trail?

Does your throat get real dry

Underneath the hot sky

When you think of the beer do you wail?

Do the sores on your feet seem to blister and pus?

Do you gaze down the road and you wish for a bus?

Are your legs filled with pain?

Will you shortcut again?

Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?

A tour bus driver is driving with a bus load of pensioners down a highway when he is tapped on his shoulder by a little old lady. She offers him a handful of peanuts, which he gratefully munches up.

After a few minutes, she taps him on his shoulder again and gives him another handful of peanuts. She repeats this gesture about five more times.

When she is about to hand him another batch, he asks the little old lady, "Aren't you having any of the peanuts?"

She replies, "We can't chew 'em because we have no teeth."

The puzzled driver asked, "Why do you buy them then?"

The old lady replied, "We just love the chocolate around them."

THE HASH AT CHRISTMAS: A TRILOGY: PART 4. THE FOOL MOON & RUSSIAN APRES HASH. HARE & HOST: MALIBOG & REDHORSE

This all started out when Muci and Jungle Dick George suggested having a training run before the Christmas food intake. One thing led to another and it soon developed into a full fledged Full Moon Run. It was suggested we meet on Friday at the Casa MaliBog for a quick runners trail and that is what we got. The pack came for this pre-xmas trail with no fear of rain or hail as the weather looked bright and sunny if a little chilly. The hare called us together and said it was flat, dry and not very muddy. So being the trusting souls we are, we set off in the right direction up the steps across Jahannes park towards Barnhusbron but not before the first of three checks had the pack meandering in a loop and up more steps. A long false out along Kungsholmstrand received the attention of most of the pack, except Termite who taken the wrong turning at the previous check and MaliBog who stayed back for guidance. Meeting up with the rest we headed towards west along the waters edge with but a slight detour and a well placed check for confusion. The course in general followed a clockwise direction if you allow for the fact that the clock was probably wrong and running backwards with the pack remaining roughly together and after a long fast jaunt we came to Karlbergs Bridge whereas

the trail turned on the return leg passing Karlberg Slott under the railway bridge to the 3rd and final check after a manic lunging uphill toil. The trail soon found us passing a Christmas market but we didn't stop to buy anything as we discovered they weren't selling beer. From hence it was thro' some winding trails in the Sabbatsberg hospital grounds followed by a almost straight line for home. Except for half the pack missing a left turn and almost picking up the out trail again. But they were hailed back in the nick of time. After 55 min we were back at start and according to Big Brother's GPS 9 to 10 k in length including check backs.. As wanted, the trail was quick and fast and the hounds, Marmite, Muki, Bugs Bunnie, Jungle Dick George, Tripple Nipple and the aforementioned worked up a good thirst as was the meaning. Makita Magic Mushroom joined us at the Casa where Red Horse had put on some finger fodder, blue cheeses, patés, salamis with hard breads and biscuits. There was beer and MaliBog's Whisky Mac to devour and after a quick shower we made our way to the Russian Fortress where we met Clever Dick, Tone Deaf and Sofa for more après in the form of Chilli and Pepper Vodka served by Duty Free, Sonia and the Russian senioritasOnOn

DO YOU THINK HE'D FANCY MUKI AND JUNIOR TURD?

Before I start with this month's story I'd like to reassure my regular readers, if either of them are reading this, that in this month's Hash Trash there will not be as much as a single dirty sexist smutty joke. Because this month I'm pleased to announce The Stockholm League of Temperance and Chastity have asked to join us on the Hash. They have all got totally pure minds and would not dream of reading anything smutty into any innocent remarks I may write. Now the other night I was laying in bed, feeling at a loose end. I'm sorry I'll rephrase that.

Anyway this week we're all a bit exited because one of our Stockholm Hashers has just got into the Guinness Book of Records. Earlier in the week he set up a new world record for the longest a Hasher has gone without a drink.

Twenty-seven metres.

To be honest I'm feeling a bit drained myself but before I stop for a beer I'd like to relate a story about three Stockholm Hashers who were hiking through a forest when they came upon a large, raging violent river. Needing to get on the other side, the 1st Stockholm Hasher man prayed, "God, please give me the strength to cross the river."

Poof! God gave him big arms and strong legs and he was able to swim across in about 2 hours, having almost drowned twice.

After witnessing that, the second hasher prayed, "God, please give me strength and the tools to cross the river".

Poof! God gave him a rowing boat and strong arms and strong legs and he was able to row across in about an hour after almost capsizing once.

Seeing what happened to the first two hashers, the third hashman prayed, "God, please give me the strength, the tools and the intelligence to cross this river."

Poof! He was turned into a woman. She checked the map, hiked one hundred yards up stream and walked across the bridge!

However that is really by the way and nothing to do with the incident I set out to tell you about. Which occurred the other night at our local Hash Pub.

I was having a quiet beer when suddenly out of the blue a chap walked in carrying a crocodile! I kid you not!

And as I watched he went up to the bar and said 'Excuse me, do you serve Scotsmen in this hostelry?'

The barman said 'Certainly.'

He said, 'Well give me a pint of beer and two Scotsmen for the crocodile'.

Well the barman, not wanting to cause a scene pulled a pint of beer and handed over two Scotsmen who were sitting in the corner, whereupon the crocodile promptly ate them up. Fifteen minutes go by and the chap came and ordered again. 'Pint of beer and two Scotsmen for the crocodile.' So once again the barman gave him a beer, called over two Scotsmen who were in the other bar wringing out their beer mats into a glass and again the crocodile gobbled them up.

Well this went on for another hour or so until finally the chap came back again a said, 'Same again, pint of beer and two Scotsmen for the crocodile.'

The barman said, 'Look, I'm very sorry but we're clean out of Scotsmen. We've got none left, he's eaten them all up. And then to my horror his eyes travelled up the bar to where two Stockholm Hashers were drinking and said, 'I tell you what, though, we haven't got any Scotsmen, but do you think he'd fancy Muki and Junior Turd?'

The chap said 'Ssshhh! For Christ's sake, whatever you do, don't start him on the shorts.'MaliBog

THE FUN AND GAMES PAGE

Ethel is a bit of a demon in her wheelchair and loves to charge around the nursing home, taking corners on one wheel and getting up to maximum speed on the long corridors. Because the poor woman is a few sandwiches short of a picnic the other residents tolerate her and some actually join in.

One day Ethel was speeding up one corridor when a door opened and a man stepped out, arm outstretched; "Stop", he said in a firm voice. "Have you a licence for that thing?" Ethel fished around in the handbag on her lap and pulled out a Kit-Kat wrapper which she held up to him. "Okay", he said and she went on her way.

Taking the corner near the TV lounge on one wheel, another man stepped out in front of her and shouted, "Stop! Have you a valid tax disc for your vehicle, madam?" Ethel dug into her handbag again and pulled out a beer-mat which she held up to him and he allowed her to carry on.

Going down the final corridor before the front door, a third man stepped out in front of her. This one was stark naked and holding a sizeable erection in his hand. "Oh no", said Ethel, "Not the breathalyser again!"

--onon--

A married couple are driving along a motorway doing a steady forty miles per hour. The wife is behind the wheel and her husband suddenly looks across at her and, speaking in a clear voice, says, "I know we've been married for twenty years, but I want a divorce."

The wife says nothing, keeps looking at the road ahead but slowly increases her speed to 45mph. The husband speaks again: "I don't want you to try and talk me out of it," he says, "because I've been having an affair with your best friend, and she's a far better lover than you are."

Again the wife stays quiet, but grips the steering wheel more tightly and slowly increases the speed to 55mph. He pushes his luck: "I want the house," he says insistently. Up to 60mph: "I want the car, too," he continues, 65 mph; "and", he says, "I'll have the bank accounts, all the credit cards and the boat!" The car slowly starts veering towards a massive concrete bridge. This makes him nervous, so he asks her: "Isn't there anything you want?"

The wife at last replies-in a quiet and controlled voice. "No, I've got everything I need," she says.

"Oh, really," he inquires, "so, what have you got?" Just before they slam into the bridge at 65 mph, the wife turns to him and smiles. "The airbag."

There was a tradesman, a painter called Wayne, who was very interested in making a penny where he could, so he often would thin down paint to make it go a wee bit further.

As it happened, he got away with this for some time, but eventually the Baptist Church decided to do a big restoration job on the painting of one of their biggest buildings.

Wayne put in a bid, and because his price was so low, he got the job. He set to work erecting the trestles and setting up the planks, and buying the paint and, yes, I am sorry to say, thinning it down with turpentine.

Well, Wayne was up on the scaffolding, painting away, the job nearly completed when suddenly there was a horrendous clap of thunder, and the sky opened, the rain poured down, washing the thinned paint from all the church and knocking Wayne clear off the scaffold to land on the lawn among the gravestones, surrounded by telltale puddles of the

thinned and useless paint.

Wayne was no fool. He knew this was a judgment from the Almighty, so he got on his knees and cried: "Oh, God! Forgive me! What should I do?"

And from the thunder sky, a mighty voice spoke... "Repaint! Repaint! And thin no more!"

--onon--

A young boy went up to his father and asked, "What's the difference between potentially and realistically?"

The father ponders for a moment and then answered "Go ask your mother if she would sleep with Robert Redford for a million quid and also ask your sister if she would sleep with Brad Pitt for a million quid, then come back and tell me what you learned."

"So the boy went to his mother and asked "Mum would you sleep with Robert Redford for a million quid?"

The mother replied, "Definitely, I wouldn't pass an opportunity like that."

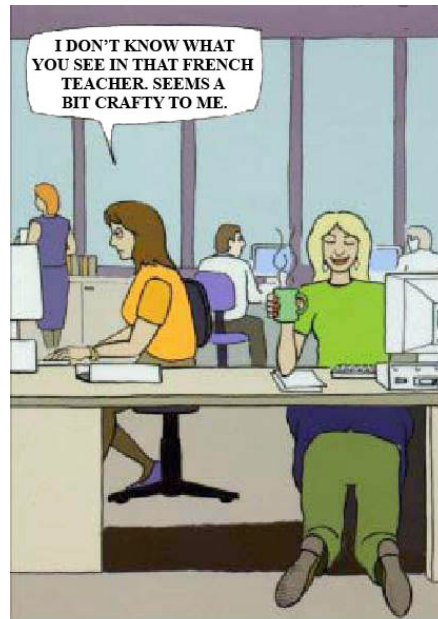
The boy then went to his older sister and asked "Would you sleep with Brad Pitt for a million quid?"

The girl replied "Oh gosh, I would just love to do that, I would be nuts to pass up that opportunity."

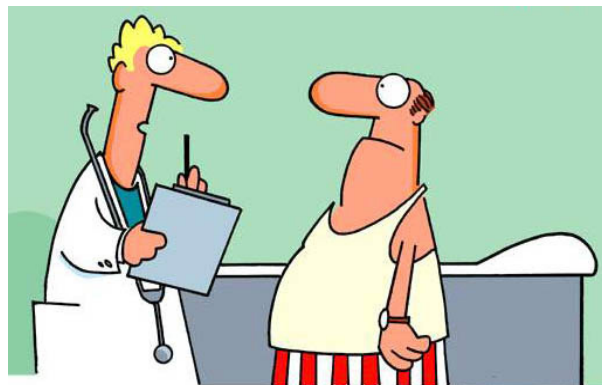
The boy then thought about it for a few days, and went back to his father.

His father asked him "Did you find the difference between potentially and realistically?"

The boy replied, "Yes, potentially we're sitting on 2 million quid, but realistically we're living with two tarts".



THE CUNNING LINGUIST



"What fits your busy schedule better, exercising one hour a day or being dead 24 hours a day?"

THE SUSSEX COUNTRYSIDE HIT BY ANGRY HOWLING MOBS

A letter from Mrs. Ann Zytynski...

I have just had the misfortune of your "run" crossing my land. Imagine – you are sitting in your garden amongst 25 acres of fields and woodland on peaceful, balmy summer's evening. From out of nowhere a mob appears screaming and shouting at the tops of their voices. They spread themselves across your fields – a field containing a flock of sheep, next to a field where horses are grazing.

As a consequence of their extreme shouting and balling, your members scared the proverbial out of my horses and sheep and a lady and her dogs peacefully walking along the public footpath and angering us sitting in our peaceful surroundings. One of my horses is now lame as a consequence of having been spooked by your mob; an injury which could prove to be costly. Why should we have to put up with this on our own land? When your members were confronted, there was no apology or understanding of the situation – just a comment as to whether we had ever been on a hunt? Not helpful or relevant.

I wonder whether you have ever considered the effect your "game" has on livestock, landowners and those unfortunate enough to encounter you en route, or are you, as I suspect, completely disinterested in anyone else but yourselves?

I can find no reason why there has to be such ridiculous shouting which completely ruins the integrity of a quiet, rural landscape and destroys the enjoyment of a beautiful summer's evening. If 99.99% of the time it is quiet and peaceful and then suddenly what sounds like an angry mob turns up en masse in your fields, it is hardly surprising that livestock will be frightened out of their lives.

By all means carry out your "sport" but if you intend to run

across private land you should have the courtesy of contacting the landowners first and ensuring that you will not be scaring livestock. Please be advised that a public footpath is 5 foot in width (whether fenced or not) – your "members" were spread out across the field, shouting at the tops of their voices en route. In this instance they paid no heed to, nor did they check, whether there was any livestock in the fields before the shouting and hollering commenced from out of the blue. For your information fields usually equal livestock!! There is no reason why your sport should take place at the expense of other people's enjoyment.

Perhaps you should stop for a moment and attempt to view things from outside of your "club". I have no wish to spoil your enjoyment but please do not think you have the god-given right to have it at the expense of everyone's peace and quiet and animals' well-being. I cannot be the first landowner which your club members have upset.

I would appreciate the courtesy of your comments provided they are constructive. Should you not see fit to furnish some form of apology and an assurance that such an incident will not happen in the future, I may feel obliged to take the matter further. Indeed it may be duty to forewarn people that the EGHHH are on the way in readiness for your future runs, as listed on your website. I employ a PR company to handle my company's business who would be more than pleased to write a suitable press release for local newspapers within the area of each run.

"LOCK UP YOUR ANIMALS AND DON YOUR EAR DEFENDERS – EGHHH ARE OUT TO ENJOY THEMSELVES AT YOUR COST".

.....Ann Zytynski

Dear Mrs Zytynski,

I believe I was the sole recipient of your e-mail complaining about East Grinstead Hash House Harriers, therefore I must offer the excuse of my absence abroad for your not receiving a reply sooner.

First of all let me apologize for any discomfiture that our run caused you on the evening of June 12th. We do not set out to be disagreeable, but the very nature of our pursuit requires that we alert fellow runners when we discover the previously marked trail, and although you characterize this as screaming, shouting, bawling ("balling"?) and hollering, it is nothing more than the average human voice calling "On, On".

To someone expecting complete silence, this will of course be disturbing; but the disturbance is not violent or alarming and we pass quickly. When we meet objections from people, it is usually sufficient for us to explain the sporting nature of our presence to mollify objectors. I do not know what transpired in the conversations you had with our members, but I imagine in the heat of exertion whoever spoke to you had no time to be as decorous as you expected. You certainly should have been able to work out quickly you were not being confronted by "an angry mob".

Animals, I aver, have no such powers of deduction, and since we are acutely conscious of being in the countryside, we moderate our calls to suit the circumstances when we are

near livestock. If horses are in sight, we make as little noise as possible. This is common sense, and we apply it; but we cannot always spot animals at a distance, behind hedges, etc, so we rely on the sound of our gradual approach to avoid startling them. Since we run exclusively on public footpaths, most of the livestock we encounter are in any case familiar with the passage of humans. If, as you say, some of our runners had strayed onto your private land, then I must apologize for this transgression – it sometimes happens that the footpath is not clearly marked or not a straight line and they go looking for it.

We have had only a handful of complaints in the 25 years of the club's existence. Most people accept that our fleeting impact on the tranquillity of the countryside is not sufficiently bothersome to warrant writing about, if indeed they regard our group as any sort of nuisance at all. I note the suggestions you make about how we should prepare for our runs, but I shall have to demur over their adoption, as they are hardly practical. I think instead both parties should take a more philosophical approach to how we contend in our different ways for enjoyment of the open spaces and just accept Sartre's observation that "Hell is other people".

Yours sincerely,

Ian O'Donovan

(Grand Master of East Grinstead Hash House Harriers)

THE HASH AT CHRISTMAS; A TRILOGY: PART 5. THE BOXING DAY UNDERGROUND HASH. HARES & HOSTS - THE MITES

It's a bit like asking the queen what is the price of underpants in Marks and Spencers. She knows what underpants are – she knows what Marks and Spencers is but the vital link between the two is missing.

So with Termite. He knows what the hash is. He knows where we start and he knows where we finish but the vital bit in between is a mystery to him. So how can a man for whom hashing is an exercise in isolated cerebral activity (and who could guess what he thinks about whilst he jogs alone) have the knowledge and experience to set a good run or even to know what a good trail should be? For a good trail this was.

The answer, I guess is only known to Marmite. She is Termite's link with us mortal hashers. She is his sensory antennae. She is his broadband connection to that small part of the universe which is not contained within his head.

There was however a slight problem at the start, this being an Underground Run which usually starts at 6.30 but as it was Boxing Day was changed to a 3 pm Start. But the info on the Home Page still recommended one to be there at 1830 Hours. As it happened everyone thankfully received the new start-time. (We presume) So it was that after more than 20 minutes standing in the cold the Hares finally arrived with excuses about being lost or whatever, we were just happy to get on our way trying to find any traces of flour.

Our hare was masterful in his presentation of the vital chalk talk (all lies of course) information before we set out. There was to be flour and chalk, there was to be a drink stop, there was shiggy, there was to be wild Rabbits and Elks to beware. So off thro' the car-park on a lovely cold afternoon with superb views of the back side of Huddinge Centrum and the promise of yet another great run. The trail crossed a road and led into an area with a check, easily cracked as it had a simple break to the left. We rumbled onto the next check, through a loop and at the end onto another whereas we met the walkers. An unpromising trail straight through the check found flour which disappeared without reason and brought

us back to the check where miraculously further flour had appeared, leading us through the weeds and rough tracks into a field of shiggy. Again the trail disappeared without a check but the magnificent scenery of a muddy field more than compensated and typical SH3 muted calling eventually gathered us up and directed us back on track. Along a road the trail went off left into another wooded area, wound around a bit and came out. The back markers and those of a less energetic disposition predicted this ploy (or had been informed beforehand) and ploughed on to where the trail went right in the direction of 'Beer Stop Near'. The trail chopped and changed to confuse and we even noted a bit of subtlety in the flour placement on occasions. Eventually we came over the brow of a hill to see the walkers already at the Drink Stop



BEWARE OF THE ELK

Up to this point Termite had been ever present with his bag of flour making sense of the insensible and creating clarity from confusion. From the beer stop the trail was the responsibility of (co-hare) Tone Deaf who was so anxious to avoid any cock-ups and post hash whinging he actually directed us through the first check. From there it was a pleasant and relatively straight forward

slog back to The Casa Mite with a distinct improvement in the standard of marking.

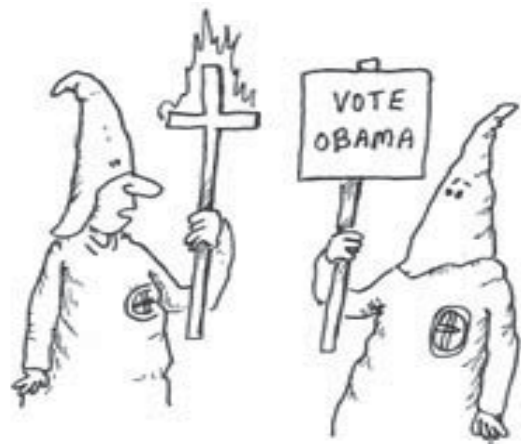
This gave the some of us the opportunity to stretch our legs, which we duly did, crossing by a neat sports ground and stacking well to arrive at the beer in a well closed pack. There should have been chores waiting for us as we were being much too energetic on such a lovely afternoon. The On-Home is nothing more than one can expect from a Mite Family Run. 'BLOODY EXCELLENT'.

Good food was on the table washed down with bottles of Uncle Mite's Vintage Hooch, cold beers and a Hot Bastu, a bit of singing and a bit of dancing all added to a very enjoyable Boxing Day Run and Après.

However, after many attempts we Brits were unable to explain the meaning of Boxing Day to our Swedish Hosts, so we just gave up and had annuver beer.....MaliBog



"He loves the sight of his own voice"



"Boy, you must really hate Hillary Clinton"

THE



END

OF THE ABSOLUT TRASH

YOUNG LIVES CUT SHORT - THE 50th ANNIVERSARY OF THE MAN UNITED AIR CRASH



The ill-fated team line up on the pitch before the start of their match with Red Star in Belgrade - February 1958.

With no premonition of the disaster about to happen, their only worry is the final score.

Eight players were killed, Geoff Bent, David Pegg, Mark Jones, Eddie Coleman Tommy Taylor, Billy Whelan, Roger Byrne and Duncan Edwards as were the co-pilot and several respected sports journalists.

Johnny Berry and Jackie Blanchflower were to recover but were unable to resume their playing careers.

Sport people like us - Least We Forget



Croeso i St Dafydd Dydd Hash

CELEBRATE ST DAVID'S DAY WITH A LEEK ON THE RUN

Termite ab Hashboyo invites you all to West Aros on the 1st March
Start 3 pm at Vallby Friluftsmuseum



--onon--

Now that Catherine Zeta-Jones-Douglas has become firmly established in Hollywood, and Charlotte Church is a well-known celebrity slapper in the UK, the Welsh film industry is to receive additional funding to step up production. They are going to remake many well known films, but this time with a Welsh flavour.

The following are planned for release this year...

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER WYE
 TREFFOREST GUMP
 CWMANDO
 THE LOST BOYOS
 AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN POWYS
 HUW DARES GWYNETH
 DAI HARD
 THE WIZARD OF OSWESTRY
 COOL HAND LOOK-YOU
 SHEEPLESS IN SEATTLE
 THE EAGLE HAS LLANDUDNO
 THE MAGNIFICENT SEVERN
 HAVERFORDWEST WAS WON
 AUSTIN POWYS
 THE MAGIC RHONDDABOUT
 INDEPENDENCE DAI

LAWRENCE OF LLANDYBIE
 WELSH CONNECTION
 WELSH CONNECTION II
 9½ LEEKS
 SEVERN BRIDES FROM SEVERN SISTERS
 A BEAUTIFUL MIND-YOU
 THE WELSH PATIENT
 THE KING AND MAIR
 THE SHEEPSHAG REDEMPTION
 BREAKFAST AT TAFFYNYS
 LOOK YOU BACK IN BANGOR
 EVANS CAN WAIT
 A FISHGUARD CALLED RHONDDA
 WHERE EAGLES ABERDARE
 DIAL M FOR MERTHYR
 MAD MAX BOYCE

AND OF COURSE THE BLOCKBOYOBUSTER

THELLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCHWYRNDROBWLILLANTYSILIOGOGOCHTHATTIMEFORGOT