

OFFICAL ORAGISM OF THE STOCKHOLM HASH

# HASHTRASH

OUR MOTTO: WHY LET THE TRUTH GET IN THE WAY OF A GOOD STORY

VOL 01

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR TRASH

JAN 2008

## STILL A CLEVER DICK AFTER 200 ABSOLUT HASH RUNS



DIDN'T HE DO WELL

**THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:**

**BEFORE YOU SEE THE LIGHT, YOU NEED TO SEE THE DARK.  
BEFORE YOU SEE THE BEAUTY, YOU NEED TO SEE THE UGLY.  
WARNING: HASHING IN THE DARK MAY MAKE YOU UGLY.**





# The Hares Apparent

## STOCKHOLM ABSOLUT HASH

ALL RUNS START AT 2.00PM OR 14.00 HOURS UNLESS

Run # 529 - February 09 - 2008 @ 2pm  
How: Bus 177 from Brommaplan to Lovö Edeby at 13:40.  
Follow trail 1 km.  
Note: Hole-In-The-Ice Hash!  
Hare: Hornytail & John Cleese  
(john.cleese@kungshatt.se)

Run # 530 - February 23 - 2008 @ 2pm  
Where: TBA  
Hare: Ditch Bitch & Little Brother

Run # 531 March 08 @ 3pm - SIGN UP  
Run # 532 March 22 (Easter) @ 3pm - SIGN UP  
Run # 533 April 05 @ 3pm TBA - SIGN UP  
Run # 534 April 19 @ 3pm TBA - SIGN UP

Run # 535 May 03 (Ascension weekend) @ 3pm  
Where: TBA  
Hare: Big Brother & Marmites 100 year anniversary

Run # 536 May 17 @ 3pm - SIGN UP  
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: TBA  
Hare: Pippi LongCocking!

Run # 540 July 5 @ 3pm  
Where: TBA  
Hare: Muki & Magic Mukita Mushroom!



## STOCKHOLM UNDERGROUND HASH

ALL RUNS START AT 6.30 PM OR 1830 HOURS UNLESS

Run # 696 January 30 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm  
Where: Bagarmossen  
Hare: King Zebra (Gunnar.Marstrom at Tietoenator.com)

Run # 697 February 06 - 2008 @ 6,30  
Where: Farsta Strand- Note: hASH Wednesday  
Hare: S.O. (mats.strandberg at banverket.se)

Run # 698 February 13 - 2008 @ 6,30  
Where: TBA  
Hare: Marmite (the.mites at telia.com)

Run # 699 February 20 - 2008 @ 6,30  
Where: TBA  
Hare: Termite (the.mites at telia.com)

Run # 700 Special Run February 27 - 2008 @ 6,30  
Hare: MaliBog Hosts Misman

Run # 701 March 05 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm  
Where: TBA Hare: Two Swedes Cumming

Run # 702 March 05 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm - SIGN UP  
Run # 703 March 05 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm - SIGN UP

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 - SIGN UP  
Run # 706 April 09 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm - SIGN UP  
Run # 707 April 16 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm - SIGN UP  
Run # 708 OBS April 24 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm - MaliBog  
Run # 709 April 30 - 2008 @ 6,30 pm - FLOATER



**H**APPY NEW YEAR and welcome to another high quality edition of the Stockholm Hash Trash!

Well I have to say I am impressed! An excellent Christmas hash evening was pulled together by The Bigs with Jungle Dick George managing proceedings in the capacity of RA dishing out down-downs to several sinners and a surprised visit from a drunken Scots Santa giving out DVDs to all. More on the Christmas Bash in this newsletter.

The Combined Stockholm Hashes prides itself on the quality of their Beer Stops with at least one on every run with the occasional Vodka or Whisky Stop thrown in. We also pride ourselves with our history of athleticism with many of us entering the several organized runs (from 5 ks up to Marathons) both here in Stockholm and further afield but as arthritism becomes the vogue, the medicinal qualities of mid-run fluids override the likelihood of a stitch ensuing.

As usual at this time of year all the hares seem to have gone into hiding. In conversation with the hare razors I hear there are still a number of blank spaces to be filled. Here are some

number-crunchings, which may help put things in perspective. There are perhaps 20/25 regular hashers from which the numbers may be drawn on any one Saturday, Wednesday or Full Moon. Given that majority of the trails are set with one Hare, that makes say 20/25 hares. Of that number approximately 1/3rd are rare to occasional hares. On that basis a fair input of trails would mean you should consider setting about once every 3 months. Something to think about!

Don't forget the 2nd LEAP YEAR HASH on the 29th Feb. Hare Clever Dick starting at Lillegatan Solna @ TBA.

We are also hosting the Inverness Hash here in Stockholm over the weekend 25/27 April with flown in Haggis!

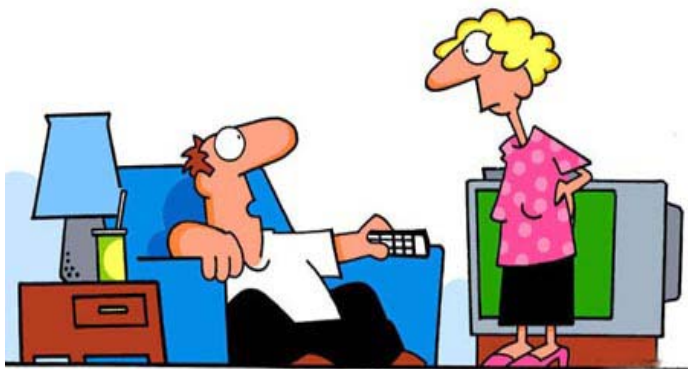
Preceded by a warn-up St George's Day Underground Run on the Thursday. (moved forward from Wednesday)

In August we look forward to a Mediýval Hash in the walled city of Visby on the Island of Gotland hosted by Horney Tail and John Cleese.....

Be there or be Square.....OnOnMaliBog



Many years ago a young girl called Monica came home from school and with a smile on her face and told her mother. "Frank Brown showed me his willy today!" Before the mother could raise a concern, little Monica went on to say, "It reminded me of a peanut" Relaxing with a hidden smile, Monica's Mom asked, "Really small was it?" Monica replied, "No... salty!"



"My doctor told me to start my exercise program very gradually. Today I drove past a store that sells sweat pants."

A bloke goes into the Job Centre in Liverpool and sees a card advertising for a Gynaecologist's Assistant. Interested he goes to learn more. 'Can you give me some more details about this?' he asks the guy behind the desk. The Job Centre guy sifts through his files and replies, 'Uh - yes here it is... OK, the job entails you getting patients ready for the gynaecologist. You have to help them out of their underwear, lie them down and wash their nether regions. Then apply shaving foam and shave off all their pubic hair then rub in soothing oils so they're ready for the gynaecologist's examination. There's an annual salary of £45,000 but I'm afraid you'll have to go to Oxford.' Oh why, is that where the job's based?' 'No - that's where the end of the queue is'

**Sean Connery** was interviewed by Michael Parkinson, and bragged that despite being 72 years of age, he could still have sex 3 times a night.

Cilla Black, who was also a guest, looked intrigued.

After the show, Cilla says, 'Sean, if I'm not being too forward, I'd love to have sex with yer. Lets go back to my ouse, we could have a lorra fun.

So they went back to her place and got comfortable. After a couple of drinks they went off to bed and had an hour of mad passionate sex together.

Afterwards, Sean says, 'If you think that was good, let me shleep for half an hour, and we can have better shex.

But while I'm shleeping, hold my balls in your left hand and ma willie in your right hand'.

Cilla looks a bit perplexed, but says 'Okay'.

He sleeps for half an hour, awakens, and they have even better sex than before.

Then Sean says, 'Cilla, that was wonderful. But if you let me shleep for an hour, we can have the besht shex yet. You'll have to.....'

'I know Sean. Yer want me to 'old onto yer bat 'n balls again. No problem hun'. Cilla complies with the routine.

The results this time are absolutely mind blowing.

Once it's all over, they have a drink, Sean lights a cigarette and Cilla asks

'Sean, tell me, dis 'oldin yer balls in one hand and yer willie in de other - does it really stimulate yer that much?'

Sean replies, 'No, not at all Cilla, but the last time I shlept with a scouser, the bitch stole ma wallet !'

### **MORE ABOUT ORGANS**

Miss Beatrice, the church organist, was in her eighties and had never been married.

She was admired for her sweetness and kindness to all.

One afternoon the pastor came to call on her and she showed him into her quaint sitting room.

She invited him to have a seat while she prepared tea.

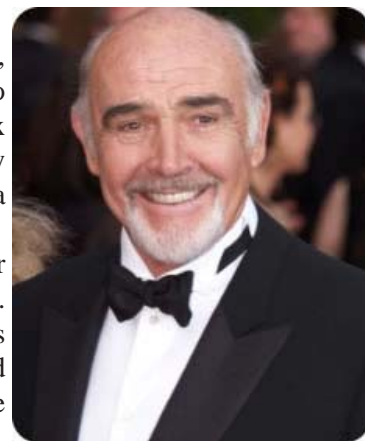
As he sat facing her old Hammond organ the young minister noticed a cut-glass bowl sitting on top of it.

The bowl was filled with water, and in the water floated, of all things, a condom! When she returned with tea and scones, they began to chat.

The pastor tried to stifle his curiosity about the bowl of water and its strange floater, but soon it got the better of him and he could no longer resist. 'Miss Beatrice' he said, 'I wonder if you would tell me about this?' pointing to the bowl.

'Oh yes' she replied, 'Isn't it wonderful?' I was walking in through the park a few months ago and I found this little package on the ground.

The directions said to place it on the organ, keep it wet and that it would prevent the spread of disease. Do you know I haven't had the flu all winter'



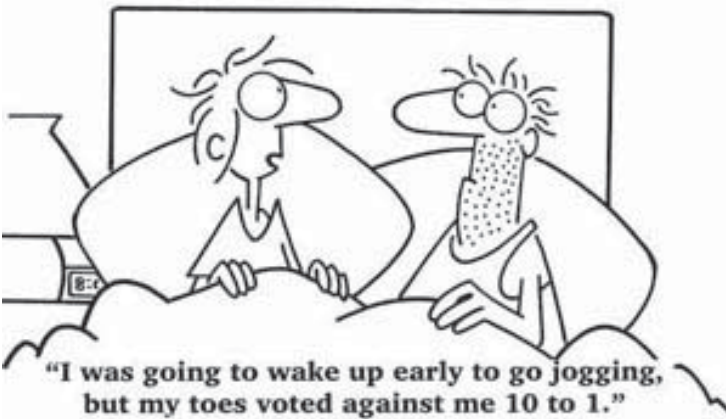
# THE YEAR'S BEST [actual] HEADLINES OF 2007

Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says  
[No, really?]  
Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers  
[Now that's taking things a bit far!]  
Is There a Ring of Debris around Uranus?  
[Not if I wipe thoroughly!]  
Miners Refuse to Work after Death  
[No-good-for-nothing' lazy so-and-so!]  
Crack Found on Governor's Daughter  
[Imagine that!]  
War Dims Hope for Peace  
[I can see where it might have that effect!]  
Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over  
[What a guy!]  
Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant  
[See if that works any better than a fair trial!]  
If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last Awhile  
[You think?]



New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group  
[Weren't they fat enough?!]  
Enfield Couple Slain; Police Suspect Homicide  
[They may be on to something!]  
Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges  
[There's something stronger than duct tape?]  
Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures  
[Who would have thought!]  
Kids Make Nutritious Snacks  
[Taste like chicken?]  
Hospitals are Sued by 7 Foot Doctors  
[Boy, are they tall!]  
Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half  
[Chainsaw Massacre all over again!]  
Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft  
[That's what he gets for eating those beans!]  
Man Struck By Lightning: Faces Battery Charge  
[He probably IS the battery charge!]

And the winner is....Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead



## THE HASH AT CHRISTMAS; A TRILOGY: PART 1. THE OVERLAND/UNDERGROUND HASH. UPPLANDS-VÄSBY. THE LUCIA HASH: HARES JOHN CLEESE AND HORNY TAIL

Quite a cold night as we dismounted the pendletåg at Uplands Väsby and made the short walk to the pub Magasinet. We were greeted by Santa Cleese in full costume with lanteen and Horny Tail as a beautiful Lucia. most of the pack had some sort festive headgear, Father Christmas hat or tinsel in their hair. Just as we were going off, Obelix arrived with two French friends, they struggled to get changed and catch us as ran off towards Uplands-Väsby Centrum. Once inside the Centre we followed tiny blue arrows to the middle of the building, where there was a check and a rather confused security guard. Hey you lot you can't run in here! Hey you you can't bring that dog in here! We continued to ignore him as we ran around checking for the trail and a way out. Just Minna being a bit blind had been on the right trail before turning back after missing all the arrows. Finally we were on and ran out of the centre, much to the relief of the disconcerted security guard. Another check when we came out, held us up for a bit. Then we were zig zagging

through a housing estate, passing the walkers several times. We kept together pretty well, apart from Malibog and Clever Dick who lead a few of the pack astray! Suddenly we ran across a open area into some trees, and there we saw this Christmas tree decked out in Christmas lights looking fantastic. From it's branches hung bottles of Christmas beer and must. What an unexpected pleasure and what a clever idea. Our Hares certainly go the whole hog to make their runs a little different and something to remember! We waited for the stragglers and even saved them some beer. We then ran through a heavily wooded area back to the pub. Termite did the down downs as Santa Cleese the RA, couldn't really do it himself. The two French virgins arrived during the ceremony and Obelix finally caught us up when we were just about to go into the warm pub. Once again John Cleese and Horny Tail didn't fail to amaze us with their inventiveness on a trail that we will remember for a long time.....Termite

## <<FORWARD UNTO THE OLYMPDICKS>>

Used condoms are being recycled into hair bands in southern China, threatening to spread sexually transmittable diseases they were originally meant to prevent, state media reported Tuesday.

In the latest example of potentially harmful Chinese-made products, rubber hair bands have been found in local markets and beauty salons in Dongguan and Guangzhou cities in southern Guangdong province, China Daily newspaper said. "These cheap and colourful rubber bands and hair ties sell well ... threatening the health of local people," it said.

Despite being recycled, the hair bands could still contain bacteria and viruses, it said. "People could be infected with

AIDS, (genital) warts or other diseases if they hold the rubber bands or strings in their mouths while waving their hair into plaits or buns," the paper quoted a local dermatologist who gave only his surname, Dong, as saying. A bag of ten of the recycled bands sells for just 25 fen (three cents), much cheaper than others on the market, accounting for their popularity, the paper said.

A government official was quoted as saying recycling condoms was illegal. China's manufacturing industry has been repeatedly tarnished this year by a string of scandals involving shoddy or dangerous goods made for both domestic and foreign markets.

## THE HASH AT CHRISTMAS: A TRILOGY: PART 2 THE ANNUAL STOCKHOLM HASH CHRISTMAS PARTY

Our new RA. had fucked up. Well he is very new to the job, but there was the hare, Big Brother, out for 3½ hours Friday evening. Laying a fantastic trail. He falls into an exhausted but happy sleep, and what does he see when he looks out of his bedroom window Saturday morning?????????????.....Three centimetres of snow laying over his trail. Poor Big Brother, out he went again to re-lay the trail, cursing Jungle George as he went. But if the truth be known, he was the only one cursing the RA. Because as we converged on Täby from our own snow free parts of Stockholm, we were all really glad.

Look snow, how lovely, perfect for the Christmas party.

Well done Jungle George!!!

As usual it did take us sometime to get started. What with people missing the train. Still it gave us the chance to look at a few of the costumes that people had come up for with the theme of 007, James Bond. Some of us were making an effort now and the others were saving their costumes for later. Big Mouth and Marmite made two rather seductive Bond Girls. John Cleese was an excellent villain in Scaramanga, the man with the Golden Gun. Malibog had come as Odd Job or was it job lot. And Termite had really gone over board by painting his finger gold and coming as Goldfinger.

If it wasn't hard enough to run in costumes the Big's had come up with a James Bond quiz to be answered on the way!

After our chalk talk we set off at a sedate trot, after all it was a bit slippery. It was nice to see our founder member, Nosslo again. A pity he can't learn where to park his car at the start of a hash!

The pack kept well together, with stops for checks and questions! The countryside looked nice with it's light covering of snow.

We came down to Stora Värtan, not yet frozen, and after running through a boat park we came to the first drink stop. Just an ordinary Martini, well shaken as it had been in Big Brother's backpack. Here we met up with the walkers and

those late ones going around in the car! We waited for King Zebra to catch us up, but he never appeared. And even the hare back-tracking couldn't find him.

Off we went again finding a few bits of woodland to get lost in. In spite of all the white snow, it was starting to get dark and cold.

We caught up with the walkers again at the second drink stop. Nice hot glögg to warm us up.

From here on the marks deteriorated and as darkness set in our poor limbs tired after running through all that snow, some us took the shortest way back to the Big's abode.

Once inside Jungle George lead us through Down Downs for his first time. Not bad. Lots of down downs, to name a few, The hare and hostess of course, Triple Nipple and Sugar Kane for turning up late.

Zebra for getting lost. Jungle George for the fantastic or terrible weather, depending on your own view. Go On, Go On for leaving us and returning to Ireland. Plus Marmite, Big Mouth and John Cleese for their great costumes on the run.

For those who wanted to, the sauna was hot, there we could see Scaramanga's third nipple, but how ever hard we looked we couldn't see Triple Nipple's.

Big Mouth had cooked her usual mouth watering food, Flygande Jakob, my favourite. Big Brother came out with a great big tray filled with proper 007 dry Martini's, shaken not stirred. Blimey were they strong.

The winner of James Bond quiz was Termite with 16/20. Know all!

By now everybody had changed into their Bond character costumes.

It was around now that we had an unexpected visit from a Scots Father Christmas, who downed a bottle of Bell's whisky as he gave out Christmas presents.

Jungle George acted as DJ as the party got underway and the dancing began. Malibog and King Zebra fell asleep on the sofa, but the rest of us danced the night away.

*What a way to start Christmas!.....Termite*



## CALL ME A TAXI

One dismal rainy night, a taxi driver spots an arm waving from the shadows of an alley. Even before he rolls to a stop at the curb, a figure leaps into the cab and slams the door. Checking his mirrors as he pulls away, the cabbie is startled to see a dripping wet, naked woman sitting in the back seat.

"Err, where to?" he stammers.

"The station," She answers .

"You got it," he nods, taking another long glance in the mirror.

Looking up, the woman catches him staring. "Just what the hell are you looking at, driver?"

The driver coughs politely. "Well, I'd just noticed that you were completely naked." "So?"

"I was just wondering how you'll pay your fare."

Nodding slowly, the woman spreads her legs and puts her feet up on the front seat headrests. She smiles at the driver.

"Does this answer your question?"

"Bloody hell," cries the cabbie, still staring in the mirror.....

"GOT ANYTHING SMALLER?"

## THE MAID ASKED FOR A RAISE

Many years ago a maid asked for a raise in her salary

The lady of the house was very upset about this and asked: "Now Maria, why do you want an increase?"

Maria: "Well Madam, there are three reasons why I want an increase.

The first is that I iron better than you."

Lady of the house: "Who said you iron better than me?"

Maria: "The Master said so."

Lady of the house: "Oh."

Maria: "The second reason is that I am a better cook than you."

Lady of the house: "Nonsense, who said you were a better cook than I am?"

Maria: "The Master did."

Lady of the house: "Oh."

Maria: "My third reason is that I am a better lover than you."

Lady of the house (very upset now):

"Did the Master say so as well?"

Maria: "No Madam, the gardener did."

SHE GOT THE PAY RAISE..!



**Santa's sexual harassment trial takes a dramatic change for the worse**

## THE HASH AT CHRISTMAS: A TRILOGY: PART 3. THE UNDERGROUND HASH: 19th DECEMBER. HARES: JUST MINNA and JUST IAN

It was the night before Christmas. It was cold and dark and the streets of Östermalm were deserted. Scrooge buttoned his great-coat to his chin and increased his pace against the biting wind. Suddenly there came a hideous cry of "ON ON". And out of the mist came the figure of a running man, dressed in a Father Christmas hat.

"Merry Christmas, Mr Scrooge". The man called. "Bah!" replied Scrooge, "Humbug!"

OK it wasn't the night before Christmas, but it was the last hash!

We all met at the Londoner on Karlavägen, and most of us did wear some type of Christmas attire and we were filled with the festive feeling.

Tonight, we had two virgin hares. Just Minna and Just Ian. They explained that it was quite a long trail. But there were two drink stops! This drew a great cheer. The trail was marked with colour flour and there was also a sing stop, and a split for Chickens and Eagles.

Off we ran along Karlavägen, missing the turn in the trail as we ran.

Ian called us back and off we went again. Right over Valhallavägen, tonight was Obelix's last hash before returning to France. It was very nearly true as he ran right

over the road, looking completely the wrong way. He however survived to join us in the park where we paused at the song stop to sing a carol.

This was a fast trail, which was all well and good as it was

a bit Brass Monkey's out there.

Down on Tegeluddsvägen we made the split, with us Eagles flying over the railway bridge for a loop in Värtahamnen.

The drink stop overlooked Ladugårdsgärdet. Here we drack a very welcomed cup of glögg and nibbled at a ginger biscuit. Malibog finally caught us up after he decided whether he was a chicken or an eagle.

We still had a bit to go, so we didn't waste our time hanging around, but continued on to the next drink stop that was

christmas beer in the grounds of the Historiska Museet. Unfortunately the walkers missed the beer stop, but we weren't complaining.

We had to drag them out of the warm pub when we got back, as the RA wanted to get down down's over quickly so that we all could get into the warmth for a cold drink and something to eat.

A good run for two virgins, let's hope they keep it up next year.....Hope you had a Merry Xmas "Oh Bah Humbug!" And a Happy New Year to all our readers! .....Termite



# HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYBODY

Welcome to the year that remembers the 50th anniversary of the Man United Munich air crash and the 40th anniversary assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. The past year has again been memorable as well as forgetful and we at the Stockholm Trash have covered it all. Special thanks again to the Bigs for organizing the Anul Absolut Christmas Hash and the Many Mites for organizing the Underground Boxing Day Hash.

This year has also seen the birth of a new Hash Kennel in Stockholm. The Bike Hash (Bash) was started by Termite in August followed by a September and a November Bash. We look forward to many more in the spring sans ice.

Once again our monthly publications have continued to distress Hashers the world over who eagerly look forward to every edition.

Testimonials and marks of respect continue to cascade in from our readers after every issue which only proves we must be doing something right.

Among the thousands of messages we receive many of them in ox-carts early in the morning moving in a dense phalanx indistinguishable from the garbage & refuse wagons touring the streets of Stockholm; we have selected the following to represent the broad sentiment of our readers and so being we would like to take this opportunity again to publish those tributes we consider to be the finest from each month.

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## THE VERY BEST OF THE YEAR 007 MONTHLY APPRECIATIONS

### JANUARY TRASH:

The telephone directory is, because of its rigorous selection and repression, a work of art compared to the wastepaper basket. And this Trash is the wastepaper basket!...*Spurm*

### FEBRUARY TRASH:

Fricassée of dead dog.....*Treefeller CH3*

### MARCH TRASH:

The authors of this edition of the Stockholm Trash are beyond psychiatric help I haven't really the foggiest idea about what this trash is trying to say. Apparently they intend to be funny, possibly even satire but it is really not funny on any intellectual level. They have several devices, all bad, which they work constantly. This, as you may imagine, constitutes a continual and unmitigated bore..*Gong, LUH3*

### APRIL TRASH:

A louse on the locks of literature. Under close scrutany this Trash reminds me of the blobs of living jelly or plankton brought up by deep-see dredging; it is a kind of protoplasmic writing lacking higher organization..... *Pinguin, PekingH3*

### MAY TRASH:

We regret to say that our united opinion is entirely against this month's edition of the Stockholm Trash as we do not think it would be suitable for the Hashing community at large. It is quite boring, rather old fashioned, not very funny and in our opinion not deserving the reputation which it seems to enjoy.....*MissMan LAH3*

### JUNE TRASH:

This month's Trash is the product of a diseased mind. A weak diffusive weltering ineffectual newsletter. It is obsessed with sex and sadism. I have no doubt that it will be ostracized by all except the most degenerate coteries of the Hashing world.....*Hash Pope, Vatican H3*

### JULY TRASH:

This Trash should convey solace by being put to the most ignominious use to which paper can be applied....*Kim Hg3*

### AUGUST TRASH:

My God, what a clumsy *olla putrida* this Trash is! Nothing but old fags and cabbage stumps of quotations added with old jokes by Termite stewed in the juice of deliberate journalistic dirty-mindedness.....*ShootShit KLH3*

### SEPTEMBER TRASH:

This Trash should be, and probably has been, read to a psychoanalyst. It is overwhelmingly nauseating, even to an enlightened Freudian. It is a totally perverse publication all round. I am most disturbed at the thought that the authors have published this rubbish. I can see no possible cause that could be served by its publication, I recommend that it be buried under a stone for a thousand years.....*Bouncer BH7*

### OCTOBER TRASH:

This month's Trash is like a leviathan retrieving peddles. It is a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea which has got into the corner of its den.....*Kalbo, Kimbe H3*

### NOVEMBER TRASH:

The authors of this Trash must have learned their writing style from bad translations of de Sade and movies by Steven Spielberg.....*The Guru M&MH3*

### DECEMBER TRASH:

Dear Hashers! For those of you interested in saving the environment. How about cancelling the Hash Trash? Why waste paper on something that is mainly used to soak up beer with? OnOn to a climat neutral Hash. And dear Malibug - there must be better forum for your political views than the Stockholm hash.....*Pucko SH3*

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## THE BEAST OF THE BEST

We now come to nominating the best critical assessment of the year, which was no mean undertaking.

After a myriad of sleepless nights and restless days we at the Hash Trash determined who was to accept the prestigious 'JOSEF (burn the books) GOEBBELS' award for the 'If I don't like it ban it' approach.

And the decision came down to Stockholm's very own barrel of fun Pucko for her unvarying constructive criticism

of the Trash and accompanying E-mail messages through the years. A well know hasher who continues her complaining for the same reason a hen goes on laying eggs.

The Stockholm Hash would be a lot less significant if this gentlewoman, who has all the tenderness and restraint of a newly caged cobra, were not to be with us.

Keep up the good work Pucko, we all look forward to your intellectual displeasure in the following months, nay years.

# THE



# END

## THE JILTED WIFE'S REVENGE

Her husband left her for a younger woman and owing to pre-nuptials had to leave the house. She spent the first day packing her belongings into boxes, crates and suitcases. On the second day, she had the movers come and collect her things. On the third day, she sat down for the last time at their beautiful dining room table by candlelight, put on some soft background music, and feasted on a pound of shrimp, a jar of caviar, and a bottle of Chardonnay. When she had finished, she went into each and every room and deposited a few half-eaten shrimp shells dipped in caviar, into the hollow of the curtain rods. She then cleaned up the kitchen and left.

When the husband returned with his new girlfriend, all was bliss for the first few days. Then slowly, the house began to smell. They tried everything, cleaning, mopping, and airing the place out. Vents were checked for dead rodents, and carpets were steam cleaned. Air fresheners were hung everywhere. Exterminators were brought in to set off gas canisters, during which they had to move out for a few days, and in the end they even paid to replace the expensive wool carpeting.

Nothing worked. People stopped coming over to visit. Repairmen refused to work in the house and the maid quit. Finally, they could not take the stench any longer and decided to move.

A month later, even though they had cut their price in half, they could not find a buyer for their stinky house. Word got out, and eventually, even the local realtors refused to return their calls. Finally, they had to borrow a huge sum of money from the bank to purchase a new place. The ex-wife called the man, and asked how things were going. He told her the saga of the rotting house. She listened politely, and said that she missed her old home terribly, and would be willing to reduce her divorce settlement in exchange for getting the house back.

Knowing his ex-wife had no idea how bad the smell was, he agreed on price that was about 1/10th of what the house had been worth, but only if she were to sign the papers that very day. She agreed, and within the hour his lawyers delivered the paperwork.

A week later the man and his girlfriend stood smiling as they watched the moving company pack everything to take to their new home, including the curtain rods.



## POLK COUNTY FLORIDA SHERIFF GRADY JUDD

Some 'dirtbag' in Polk County Florida who got pulled over in a routine traffic stop ended up 'executing' the deputy who stopped him. The deputy was shot eight times, including once behind his right ear at close range. Another deputy was wounded and a police dog killed. A statewide manhunt ensued. The low-life was found hiding in a wooded area with his gun. SWAT team officers fired and hit the guy 68 times.

Now here's the kicker:

Naturally, the media asked why they shot the man 68 times?

Polk County Sheriff Grady Judd, told the Orlando Sentinel 'That's all the bullets we had !!'

(Talk about an all-time classic answer !!!)

One day a baby Ape asked it's mother  
"Why a we so ugly?"



The mother smiled and said.  
"Thank good we look like this."

You should see the Hasher reading this Trash".

The Circle Is In The Hash Religion The Counterpart Of The Sanctuary,  
That Surrounds The Beer, Which Is, In The Hash, The Sacrosanct Equivalent Of The Altar.