

OFFICAL ORGASIM OF THE STOCKHOLM HASH

HASH TRASH

THE ONLY SWEDISH RAG THE SWEDISH CENSORS CAN'T RABBIT

VOL 03

THE MAD MARCH HARES MARCH AGAIN IN MARCH

MAR 007

IT'S BEEN A VERY BUSY MONTH FOR THE STOCKHOLM HASH
WITH EIGHT RUNS IN MARCH



The Mad March Hares

ABSOLUT # 505
Saturday 10th March
Anti-Climax @ Alvik

WEST AROS (WAGH3) 1st ANNIVERSAY
Saturday 17th March
Mad Swede & Double Decker @ Västerås

ABSOLUT # 506
Saturday 24th March
Little Brother & Ditch Bitch @ Vårby

UNDERGROUND # 652
Wednesday 28th March
Big Brother @ Djurgården

UNDERGROUND # 649
Wednesday 7th March
Anti-Climax & Clever Dick @ Tranneberg

UNDERGROUND # 650
Wednesday 14th March
Muci @ Bergshammra

UNDERGROUND # 651
Wednesday 21st March
ESSO @ Huvudsta

FULL MOOM BERSERKERS # 79
Saturday 31st March
Marmite & Termite
A2B Vårby Gård - Sergeltorp





Gisbertus Optime Maxime Conserva Numerum Omnium Hashium



The Hares Apparent

ABSOLUT HASH

UNDERGROUND HASH

Run # 507 - 7th Apr @ 3 pm Where: TBA

Hare: Sign up!

Note: Easter Eve and the International day of the Roma (which is really on the 8th)

Run # 508 - 21st Apr @ 3pm Where: TBA

Hare: King Zebra (Gunnar.Marstrom@Tietoenator.com)

Run # 509 - 5th May @ 3pm Where: TBA

Hares: Big Brother & Big Mouth

Run # 510 - 19th May @ 3pm Where: TBA

Hare: Sign up!

Note: Same weekend as Ascension day

Run # 511 - 2 June @ 3pm Where: TBA

Hares: Simply Blonde & Silly Bear

Run # 512 - 16th June @ 3pm Where: TBA

Hare: Clark Kent

Run # 513 - 30th June @ 3pm Where: TBA

Hares: We Need You To Hare

Run # 514 - 14th July @ 3pm Where: TBA

Hare: Floater (floater@hash.st)

Note: Bastille Day, Décade III, Sextidi de Messidor de l'Année CCXV de la Revolution.

Allons enfants de la Patrie! Mort aux rois!



STOCKHOLM FULL MOON HASH

RUN # 80 - 2RD MAY @ 6.30 PM

(COMBINED UNDERGROUND RUN # 657)

---oOo---

STOCKHOLM LEAP-YEAR HASH

Run # 2 February 29 2008 -

Hare Clever Dick @ The House of the Rising Dick

Less than a Year To Go - Can We Hold Out That Long?

Can the Hare hold out that long????



Run # 653- 4th Apr @ 6.30pm Where: TBA

Hare: Floater "The Flying Scotsman" Flemmingatan!

Run # 654- 11th Apr @ 6.30pm Where: Mörby

Hare: John Cleese

Run # 655- 18th Apr @ 6.30pm Where: TBA

Hare: Sign up!

Run # 656 - 25th Apr @ 6.30pm Where: TBA

Hare: Sign up!

Run # 657 - 2nd May @ 6.30pm Where: TBA

Hare: Floater (floater@hash.st)

Note: Combined Full Moon # 79 Run extra loop

Run # 665 - 27th June @ 6.30pm Where: TBA

Hares: The Incredible Flying MaliBog Brothers

Run # 671 - 8th Aug @ 6.30pm Where: TBA

Hare: Floater!

Run # 673 - 22nd Aug @ 6.30pm Where: TBA

Hare: MaliBog's Barfday Run

---oOo---

ADVICE FOR LADIES

SEEKING THAT SPECIAL HASHMAN

HOW TO GET A BOYFRIEND



WEAR SLUTTY CLOTHES



LAUGH AT HIS JOKES



PUT OUT ON FIRST DATE

MAE WEST



APT QUOTATIONS FROM A REAL LADY

I've been in Who's Who, and I know what's what, but it's the first time I ever made a dictionary. (Letter to the RAF early in 1940 after having a life jacket named after her.)

Let's forget about the six feet and talk about the seven inches.

It's not what I do but the way I do it. It's not what I say, but the way I say it.

Love conquers all things - except poverty and a toothache.

Marriage is a great institution, but I'm not ready for an institution yet.

A hard man is good to find.

A man has one hundred dollars and you leave him with two dollars, that's subtraction.

Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me.

When women go wrong, men go right after them.

It's better to be looked over than overlooked.

Im the girl who lost her reputation and never missed it.

Why don't you come up sometime, and see me?

It's not the men in my life that counts, it's the life in my men.

When I'm good, I'm very good, but when I'm bad, I'm better.

I've been things and seen places.

I used to be Snow White.....but I drifted.

Between two evils, I always pick the one I've never tried before.

My life is like an open book. All too often open on the wrong page.

Give a man a free hand and he'll try and put it all over you.

Any time you got nothin' to do and lots of time to do it, come on up.

Friend "Goodness what beautiful diamonds".

Mae "Goodness had nothing to do with it dearie."

HASHER VISITS THE ANULIST

"Well," replies the Hasher, "truth be known, I'm just bored with sex' the same hole night after night after night. I guess I'm hankering' for a bit of variety."

The doctor replied, "Well, if you want variety, why don't you just, you know, turn her over every now and again?"

Hasher says, "What? And have a house full of kids?"

---oOo---

There Are Over 11,000 Male Urologists In The Uk.

But Now A Few Women Have Entered The Field.

A Hasher goes to one of the female urologist for an exam. The female doctor says, "I am going to check your prostate today, but this new procedure is a little different from what you are probably used to. I want you to lie on your right side, bend your knees, then while I check your prostate, take a deep breath and say 99."

The Hasher obeys and says, "99!!!"

The doctor says, "Great. Now turn over on your left side and again, while I repeat the check, take a deep breath and say 99."

Again, the Hasher says, "99."

The doctor said, "Very good. Now then, I want you to lie on your back with your knees raised slightly. I am going to check your prostate with this hand, and with the other hand I am going to hold on to your penis.

Now take a deep breath and say 99."

The Hasher says, "One...two.. .three... "

---oOo---

A man is talking to God.

The man: "God, how long is a million years?"

God: "To me, it's about a minute."

The man: "God, how much is a million dollars?"

God: "To me it's a penny."

The man: "God, may I have a penny?"

God: "Wait a minute."

---oOo---

GWONNA BE A BEAR

IN THIS LIFE I'M A WOMAN.

In my next life, I'd like to come back as a bear. When you're a bear you get to hibernate. You do nothing but sleep for six months. I could deal with that.

Before you hibernate, you're supposed to eat yourself stupid. I could deal with that too.

When you're a girl bear, you birth your children (who are the size of walnuts) while you are sleeping and wake to partially

grown cute, cuddly cubs. I could definitely deal with that.

If you're a mama bear, everyone knows you mean business. You swat anyone who bothers your cubs. If your cubs get out of hand, you swat them too.

That I could really deal with.....

If you're a bear, your mate EXPECTS you to wake up growling. He Expects that you will have hairy legs and excess body fat.

YUP, GWONNA BE A BEAR!!!!



DOWN ON THE FARM

A little boy comes down to breakfast. Since they live on a farm, his mother asks if he had done his chores.

"Not yet," said the little boy. His mother tells him he can't have any breakfast until he does his chores.

Well, he's a little ticked off, so he goes to feed the chickens, and kicks a chicken. He goes to feed the cows, and he kicks a cow. He goes to feed the pigs, and he kicks a pig. He goes back in for breakfast and his mother gives him a bowl of dry cereal.

"How come I don't get any eggs and bacon? Why don't I have milk in my cereal?" he asks.

"Well," his mother says, "I saw you kick the chicken, so you don't get any eggs for a week. I saw you kick the pig, so you don't get any bacon, for a week either. I also saw you kick the cow, so, for a week you aren't getting any milk." Just then, his father comes down for breakfast and kicks the pussycat as he's walking into the kitchen.

The little boy looks up at his mother with a smile, and says, "Are You Going To Tell Him, Or Should I?"

---oOo---

WHO'D BE A DENTIST?

A little boy goes shopping with his mother and is waiting right outside of the ladies dressing room for his Mum to come out.

While waiting the little boy gets bored and just when his Mum comes walking out, she sees her son sliding his hand up a mannequin's skirt.

"Get your hand out of there!" she shouts. "Don't you know that women have teeth down there?"

The little boy quickly snatches his hand away and thanks his lucky stars he didn't get bitten. For the next ten years, this little boy grows up believing all women have teeth between their legs. When he's 16, he gets a girlfriend. One night, while her parents are out of town, she invites him over for a little action.

After an hour of making out and grinding on the sofa, she says, "You know, you could go a little further if you want." "What do you mean?" he asks.

"Well, why don't you put your hand down there?" she says, pointing to her crotch.

"HELL NO!" he cries, "you've got teeth down there!"

"Don't be ridiculous," she responds, "there's no such thing as teeth down there!"

"Yes there are," he says, "my Mum told me so."

"No there aren't," she insists. "Here, look for yourself."

With that, she pulls down her pants and gives him a little peek. "No I'm sorry" he says. "My Mum already told me that ALL women have teeth down there."

"Oh for crying out loud!" she cries. She whips off her panties, throws her legs behind her head and says, "LOOK, I DON'T have any teeth down there."

The boy takes a good long look and replies, "Well, after seeing the condition of those gums, I'm not surprised!"

THE GREAT HELMSMAN

Tony Blair started jogging near his home in Chequers. Every day, he'd jog past a hooker standing on the same street corner. He learned to brace himself as he approached her for what was almost certain to follow.

"Fifty pounds!" she'd shout from the curb.

"No! Five pounds!" Tony would fire back.

This ritual between Tony and the hooker became a daily occurrence.

He'd run by and she'd yell, "Fifty pounds!"

He'd yell back, "Five pounds!"

One day, Cherie decided that she wanted to accompany her husband on his jog.

As the jogging couple neared the working woman's street corner, Tony realised she'd bark her £50 offer and Cherie would wonder what he'd really been doing on all his past outings. He figured he'd better have a darnn good explanation for the 'Boss'

As they jogged into the turn that would take them past the corner, Tony became even more apprehensive than usual.

Sure enough, there was the hooker.

Tony tried to avoid the prostitute's eyes as she watched the pair jog past.

Then, from the street corner, the hooker yelled,

"SEE WHAT YOU GET FOR A FIVER!!!"

---oOo---

Prime Minister Tony Blair was visiting a primary school and he visited one of the classes. They were in the middle of a discussion related to words and their meanings.

The teacher asked the Prime Minister if he would like to lead the discussion on the word "tragedy".

So the illustrious leader asked the class for an example of a "tragedy".

One little boy stood up and offered: "If my best friend, who lives on a farm, is playing in the field and a tractor runs over him and kills him. That would be a 'tragedy'."

"No," said Blair, "that would be an accident."

A little girl raised her hand: "If a school bus carrying fifty children drove over a cliff, killing everyone inside, that would be a tragedy."

"I'm afraid not," explained the Prime Minister "That's what we would call a great loss."

The room went silent. No other children volunteered. Tony searched the room. "Isn't there someone here who can give me an example of tragedy?"

Finally, at the back of the room, little Johnny raised his hand... In a quiet voice he said: "If the aeroplane carrying you and Mrs Blair was struck by a "friendly fire" missile and blown to smithereens, that would be a tragedy."

"Fantastic!" exclaimed Tony Blair. "That's right."

And can you tell me why that would be a tragedy?"

"Well," says Johnny, "It has to be a tragedy, because it certainly wouldn't be a great loss and it probably wouldn't be a fucking accident either."



THE WAG HASH CELEBRATES IT'S FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Not a bad turnout! The guests out-numbered the hosts. With most of the Guests coming from Stockholm, we also had the GM, RA, On Sec, Hare Razor and Hash Cash of the Kalmar Hash.....VD Viking. And Minus 10 from Ludvika.

Our host and hostess dealt out a goodies bag to everybody before we set off, in which we had all the food and drinks for the 11 stops, one for each Wag hash so far, which we were going to have on the trail. This was a cunning plan on the hare's part that he didn't need the extra work putting out the stops before hand.

Well off we went and confusion reigned supreme right at the start, as nobody expected a stop in the first 100 metres. We dug out No.1 from our bags, a Västerås gurka. Not everybody's cup of tea by the looks on several faces, especially Red Horse's! Off we went again, a strange sight was seen, Floater running. It wasn't to last of course.

The stops came thick and fast. As per usual, Mad Swede had laid a winding trail, which let the walkers arrive at the stops before the puffing pack. As usual Termite disappeared, but only for one stop, and arrived at the head of the pack at the next one. We had a Historic stop, where the hare showed us a ten-metre stretch of cycle path. Where on a previous Wag hash, Sugar Kane, was actually seen running. The only time in Västerås! Must have been to a drinks stop.

After the fourth stop Malibog grew tired of the trail and took Red Horse on a Romantic trail of his own, missing out all the stops until they caught us up on the tenth. John Cleese also disappeared on his own trail. After he hadn't turned up for three stops, Yvonne started to get worried.

Picture this if you will. John Cleese, running along the trail calling "On On", to himself, when he suddenly sees Malibog and Red Horse, with only eyes for each other, running towards him. Which way to run, the majority had it and John Cleese did a quick about turn, and all three set about catching the pack up. With John Cleese lost, Road Runner and Muki continued to lead the pack around the twisting trail. That was when Muki was running on trail and not past it!

So after nearly two hours, with the last stop being at Viksängs Centrum the site of the start of the very first Wag hash. We arrived back where we started.

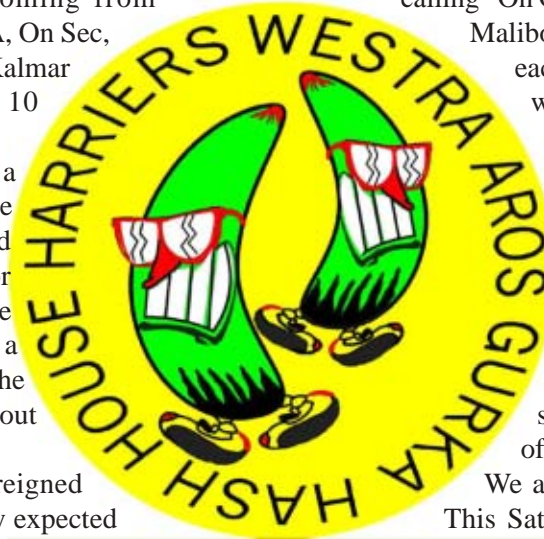
This Saturday was also Patrick's Day, hence the abundance of green clothing. Junior Turd looked the part in his leprechaun hat. Of course we know that St. Patrick was born in Wales in the 3rd Century, but that didn't really excuse Malibog and Red Horse wearing t-shirts with both a red dragon and a union flag on it.

There was plenty of strong beer at the on home. That refreshed our weary bodies. The Saint led Down Downs. The hares of course, plenty of FRB's and those getting lost. And a naming, Road Runner's better half, Maria, being christened Bloody Mary. And didn't she take it well. Then it was time for a sauna and more beer. And of course Mad Swede's food.

So once again on our trip to Västerås, we ran on an excellent trail with masses of stops. Had plenty of entertainment and Good Company and superb food.

Thanks again Double Decker and Mad Swede. And the rest of the Wag Hash.

And Happy Birthday Västerås.....*Termite*



DADDY LONG LEGS

A father watched his young daughter playing in the garden. He smiled as he reflected on how sweet and pure his little girl was. Tears formed in his eyes as he thought about her seeing the wonders of nature through such innocent eyes. Suddenly she just stopped and stared at the ground.

He went over to her to see what work of God had captured her attention. He noticed she was looking at two spiders mating.

"Daddy, what are those two spiders doing?" she asked.

"They're mating," her father replied.

"What do you call the spider on top?" she asked.

"That's a Daddy Longlegs," her father answered.

"So, the other one is a Mommy Longlegs?" the little girl asked. As his heart soared with the joy of such a cute and innocent question he replied "No dear Both of them are Daddy Longlegs."

The little girl, looking a little puzzled, thought for a moment, then took her foot and stomped them flat.

"Well, we're not having any of that gay shit in our garden." she said.

HAIR

My neighbor found out her dog could hardly hear so she took it to the veterinarian. He found the problem was hair in its ears and cleaned both ears and the dog could hear fine. The veterinarian told the lady if she wanted to keep this from recurring, she could go to the store for Nair hair remover and rub it in its ears once a month.

The lady goes to the drugstore and gets some Nair. At the register, the druggist tells her "If you're going to use this under your arms, don't use deodorant for a few days."

The lady responds: "I'm not using it under my arms."

The druggist says: "If you're using it on your legs, don't shave for a couple of days."

The lady answers: "I'm not using it on my legs either, and if you must know, I'm using it on my schnauzer."

The druggist says: "Stay off your bicycle for a week."

FIRST DEGREE

Why couldn't Cinderella be a good soccer player?

She lost her shoe, she ran away from the ball,
and her coach was a pumpkin.

STOCKHOLM HASH No.506.

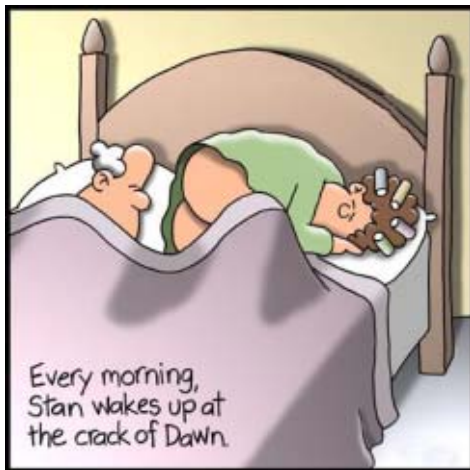
HARE: LITTLE BROTHER. HOSTESS: DITCH BITCH @ CASA KARNFÄLT DEL SUR.

So here we all were at the start of the first ever Stockholm Hash from Casa Karnfält at Lamnholmsbacken 55. Most of the harriets were looking a bit under the weather after their party the night before at Simply Blonde's. Especially Pippi Longcocking and Red Horse, but all credit to them they started the run! Although Red Horse was soon doing more talking to Ménage a trios, than running! The hair explained that there was a runner's trail and a walker's one. Floater and Big Mouth missed the walker's trail at the first check, so had to follow the pack!

The first part of the trail went winding around a housing estate, where a collection of checks and check backs kept the pack together and the walkers. The check backs weren't always that easy to see, which resulted in the pack running all over the place.

Floater counted only five people running through the shallow pond in front of McDonald's head office. We even ran through a McDonald's take away, but failed to get anything to eat. We then ran over the E4, on a bridge of course, and through a quarry. Termite was looking decidedly unhappy as the trail started to follow his planned Full Moon hash for next week.

He also dripped blood all over the trail, from a slight scratch on his hand. Clever Dick almost left a lot more blood on the road, as he ran straight across it without looking. Luckily



the bus driver was feeling kind and didn't run over him. The screech of brakes scared the pack nearly as much as it did Clever Dick!

No beer stop at Vårby Brewery and nearly not one as we arrived at the real beer stop. Only to be told that the local drunks had already found the beer and had drunk it! Luckily Standing Ovation and Coming Slowly, put their two half brains together, and went to the nearest shop and saved the day by replacing it.

Anyway we met up with those clever walkers who could follow a trail and enjoyed a stop by Vårbyfjärden. As it was starting to get cold Malibog, who was a right FRB today took us home. Not always following the trail either.

King Zebra was feeling tired and decided to have a lay down on the trail. Not before giving Big Brother a right hook!

As it was now bloody freezing, what happened to the lovely spring weather we

had been promised? Two Swedes lead the Down Down's in the kitchen. Doggy Style tried to teach us some new songs to go with them. Luckily Malidog didn't join in with her!

I think everybody received a down down for something or other. Then it was time to sample Ditch Bitch's superb food, which certainly hit the spot and warmed us up. All this was washed down by strong beer and wine.

A great day was had by one and all; please don't leave it so long next time.....*Termite*

THE ROYAL WEDDING

Prior to Big Ear's wedding last year Camilla bought a new pair of shoes for her wedding, which got increasingly tighter around her feet as the day went on.

That night, when the festivities were finally over and they finally retired to their room, she flopped on the bed and said, "Charles darling, please remove my shoes, my feet are absolutely killing me!"

Her ever-obedient Prince of Wales worked on her right shoe with vigour, but it would not budge. "Harder!" yelled Camilla, "Harder!"

Charles yelled back, "I'm trying, my darling! But it's just so blooming tight!"

"Come on, my prince! Give it all you've got!" she cried.

Finally, when the shoe released, Charles let out a loud groan and Camilla exclaimed, "Aaahh! Oh, God, that feels sooo good!"

In their bedroom next door, the Queen said to Prince Phillip, "See? I told you with a face like that, she would still be a virgin!"

Meanwhile, as Charles tried to remove her left shoe, he cried, "Oh, bloody hell, darling! This one's even tighter!"

To which Prince Phillip said to the Queen, "That's my boy: once a Navy man!"

AND OTHER JOKES

A teacher asked her class, "What do you want out of life?" A little girl in the back row raised her hand and said, "All I want out of Life is four little animals."

The teacher asked, "Really and what four little animals would that be sugar?"

The little girl said, "A mink on my back, a jaguar in the garage, A tiger in the bed, and a jackass to pay for all of it."

---oOo---

When NASA first started sending up astronauts, they quickly discovered that ballpoint pens would not work in zero gravity. To combat the problem, NASA scientists spent a decade and \$12 billion to develop a pen that writes in zero gravity, upside down, underwater, on almost any surface including glass and at temperatures ranging from below freezing to 300 C. The Russians used a pencil.

---oOo---

A turtle was walking down an alley in New York when he was mugged by a gang of snails.

A police detective came to investigate and asked the turtle if he could explain what happened.

The turtle looked at the detective with a confused look on his face and replied.... "I don't know, it all happened so fast."

ABSOLUTE HASH RUN NO. 504

It was a most lovely, sunny and cold absolute Hash day. Hashers came to Västra skogen to see Muki and Magic Mukita Mushrooms new apartment deluxe in Huvudsta/Solna. They proudly invited hashers for a housewarming party. A great number of hashers were found there, some arrived later than others. Feet were frozen to ice at the start even before the R.A. himself was there to join (shame, shame, shame, shame on you.)

Trail with a Dutch touch and a lost goldfish. The run set out.

Everyone followed Malidog who was a fast runner along with his smooth look-a-like Malibog. As the trail had a silly Dutch touch, it was a bit tough in the beginning to find it. In this instant (told by secret sources) Malibog was scared being lost and alone and for some time with the writer (Anticlimax.)

But Malibog can relax now, coz everyone understands him as A.C had suffered from a major shock. It was noticed from the beginning that A.C. was like buffed in cotton, like the goldfish in the animation finding Nemo; couldn't remember more than five minutes back in time and think five minutes in the future. No wonder it was hard to find the trail! But even so

they could manage and all the Hashers were finally On-on! Newcomers from America were faster than mother hashers from Asia!

Crossing a field some newcomers seemed to be faster than others and Just Matt, the American set off in the wrong direction. Big Brother was faster than ever and ran all over criss-crossing to search. Oh dear! How we all missed his beautiful legs clad in pinkie-pants from the last Absolute run. All the fields were covered with snow, hashers were happy shouting, On-on! In the snow, over boulders and pebbles in the woods of Västra skogen. The trail set off to reach the big post office building headquarters. Once there, outside the entrance of the building, there was a checkpoint. It seemed as if the hashers loved to hang around that glassy building! Why was that? Might be they like the post office? Or they would love to distribute love letters and would like to do On-on and Down-downs on yellow bikes? Or might be they just loved the beauti-fuuuul futuristic architecture of the building? Who knows? We are still today not sure, but

might the answer be, that the speed was too high for even the oldie-goldie senior hashers who ran the deep jungles of Chiang Mai?

Check-back with Muki style on snow.

Finally, after a long, long time, brave Marmite took it upon herself and set off with fast hashing legs. And on top of the mountain we saw her disappear into the forest. Only her footsteps were left in the snow. Then, only the newcomers, fast and not yet spoiled by former Run 503 view, absolute

Nothing Is Safer



Than using your seat-belt
And TWO airbags

stops and refreshments, set off to search. Anti and Clever were scratching their heads and after awhile they decided to go up the hill alongside the building. It was tough. And then they were On-one, On-two! But there, suddenly, behind a big stone something was found, but they were unsure of what. So they made all the others fight their way up to look it over, check it out. Maybe the mark was Muki-styled? It was decided by others a clear check-back and united the Hashers went down, down. The trail set off to the Pampas Marina and up on a hill to a view stop/drink stop overlooking frozen water to Alvik and Traneberg. Marmite and Clever Dick kneeled down under a balcony! To

relieve themselves? Who knows what they were doing? It was cold and fucki Muki didn't show up with the refreshers and beer.

Hotdogs on fire and warmed-up houses.

We re-grouped around an outside grill. After sometime, Muki came and hashers drank the liquor which he had brought back from his trip to Peru. C.D. was quietly breaking some necks in the snow by the fireplace. The Hot Malidog was in the oven. Might be because it was so cold? On-home followed. The circle was started to warm the house up. How warm it became! Afterwards, little pretty Elsa was tap dancing with the others and those persons brought by Simply Blond along with two newcomers, the ladies from Brazil and Bolivia. Magic Mukita Mushroom invited everyone to eat Peruvian food. They must be carnivores back there; "Even the potatoes were not vegetarian"! Fruit was given as a present to the new householders by Termite, but eaten by the hashers.

And so the night continued.....Anti-Climax



THE



END

OF THE ABSOLUT TRASH



LOOK, LADY— YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ASKED FOR A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR WITH DARK HAIR, STRONG NOSE AND DEEP SET EYES...

THE IRISH...GOD LOVE 'EM!

No Trash Would Be Complete Without The Odd Irish Jokes Following St Paddies Day

Paddy was driving down the street in a sweat because he had an important meeting and couldn't find a parking place.

Looking up to heaven he said, "Lord take pity on me.

If you find me a parking place I will go to Mass every Sunday for the rest of me life and give up me Irish Whiskey!"

Miraculously, a parking place appeared.

Paddy looked up again and said, "Never mind, I found one."

---oOo---

Father Murphy walks into a pub in Donegal, and says to the first man he meets, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

The man said, "I do, Father."

The priest said, "Then stand over there against the wall."

Then the priest asked the second man, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

"Certainly, Father," was the man's reply.

"Then stand over there against the wall," said the priest.

Then Father Murphy walked up to O'Toole and said, "Do you want to go to heaven?"

O'Toole said, "No, I don't Father."

The priest said, "I don't believe this. You mean to tell me that when you die you don't want to go to heaven?"

O'Toole said, "Oh, when I die, yes. I thought you were getting a group together to go right now."

Paddy was in New York. He was patiently waiting and watching the traffic cop on a busy street crossing.

The cop stopped the flow of traffic and shouted, "Okay, pedestrians." Then he'd allow the traffic to pass. He'd done this several times, and Paddy still stood on the sidewalk.

After the cop had shouted, "Pedestrians!" for the tenth time, Paddy went over to him and said, "Is it not about time ye let the Catholics across?"

---oOo---

Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend, Finney.

"Did you see the paper?" asked Gallagher. "They say I died!!"

"Yes, I saw it!" replied Finney. "Where are ye callin' from?"

---oOo---

Walking into the bar, Mike said to Padrig the bartender, "Pour me a stiff one--just had another fight with the little woman."

"Oh yeah?" said Padrig, "An how did this one end?"

"Well when it was over," Mike replied, "She came to me on her hands and knees she did."

"Really," said Padrig, "Now that's a switch! What did she say?"

She said, "Come out from under the bed, ye little chicken."