

Friday Hash House Harriers – Run Rag

COMMITTEE 2014/2015

| | | |
|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| GM: | Hogshit | 0411 125 248 |
| On Sec: | Mountain Hawk | 0457 987 005 |
| Hash Cash: | Double D | 0400 041 119 |
| R.A: | Suka | 0419 262 922 |
| Trail Master: | Dash | 0400 771 776 |
| Hash Horn: | Shrek | 0439 917 991 |
| Hash Splash: | Cookie | 0419 937 817 |
| Piss Pourer: | Sir Fumbles | 0415 551 650 |
| Haberdash: | Slugger | 0412 109 247 |
| Hash Flash: | High Beam | 0421 696 211 |
| Web Wanker: | Mel Adjusted | 0407 360 053 |

Web Address: www.fridayhash.com

Run: 1272
Hare: Horny Flasher/Butter Buns



Date: 15 May 2015
Venue: Tom Bateman Reserve, Thornlie

THE RUN

So there we were, up and down Wilfred Road on a dark evening, beside the extensive sports grounds, wondering which was the most likely spot for Friday Hash to gather. Kids all over the place at footie training; dotting parents' cars filling the car parks and coaches yelling their heads off, trying to instill discipline and future stardom in their young charges. A building with lights, cover and, possibly, loos looked likely enough and there was **Troppo**, **Phantom** and **Rambling Rose**, assuring me that this was the spot. Frantic waving and cooing from the far end of the car park drew our attention to the silhouette of a female form with a distinct resemblance to **Horny Flasher** and sure enough, we had found the appointed venue.

Troppo was our fearless leader for the evening, and the pack was told by **Horny** that it was to be quite long and a good runners' run. Undaunted by the prospect of "*a runners' run*", the walkers set off in good spirits just in time to be turned back by the call of "*false trail*". Well, that saved us a bit of effort. Off we went in the opposite direction, along the path; through the turnstiles; over the bridge and off again until **Rock Bottom** decided that their short-legged pooch was limping and had to return to base. **Crusher** had to go back too, of course, being family, and **High Beam** and your scribe decided to join them because going back might make a long run shorter. And it did.

Almost back at base two **Shadowy** figures loomed, the outline of one resembling **Wenchy** and the other merging into the darkness, as her name suggests. Numbers gradually grew with returning runners checking their watches and pedometers but no sign yet of eagerly awaited **Sir Fumbles**, he who held the key to the store of liquid amber. Meanwhile those who had held their water on the run in the expectation of open toilet facilities on their return were disappointed to find the ablution block already locked and barred. Fortunately for them it was a dark night because there was not a bit of decent bush to be seen so returning hashers spread out around the field in search of a comfort zone.

THE CIRCLE

Stand-in GM Troppo, not a short person, elevated himself to a great height by ordering the circle to assemble beneath him, below the step of the verandah and then, to reinforce his importance, he stood upon the cool drinks esky. Well, it worked for the most part for they did observe his leadership to such an extent that he was able to read out a joke about Catholic Missionaries being boilers, not fryers, in total disregard of the agenda. **On Sec** was in turmoil. Anyway, six runners did the whole run, which **GM** said had been the longest for a long time with long breaks between arrows. **Rambling** had clocked the run at 8.6km but **Dash** contented that it was only 8.1 because he goes round corners more economically than **Rambling**. The walkers missed **Hogshit's** markers.

Then, would you believe, **Blow Fly** and **Cow Pat** distributed song sheets and **SANG A SONG**. “*What next?*” thought poor old **On Sec** as she struggled to keep up with these digressions from her lovingly set agenda.

Then we had a brief moment of calm whilst **GM** told us that **Pacemaker** and **Brave Tart** had received news that their son had had an accident and was in hospital – we have since heard that the lad has a badly bruised shoulder but otherwise is fine.

LTNS **Smelly Poo**

VISITORS **Madeline** – so we didn’t frighten her off the first time – she thinks we’re funny, she told me so

FAREWELL **Little Prick** – off to Europe for 5 weeks

ACHIEVEMENT

Phantom achieved her 1100th run this evening – she was rewarded with a badge; a very nice bottle of bubbly and the company of her fellow ex-GMs to toast her – **Cookie, Rock Bottom, Troppo, Wenchy, Radar, Shadow, Rambling Rose, RTT – Sir Fumbles** was busy pouring

CHARGES

Stand-in Horn, White Pointer received a reward

Stand-in RA, RTT would have received a reward but he was busy giving the jabber jaws to **Bell Boy** – yes, **Bell Boy Shrek**, our official **Horn** couldn’t find the location and eventually caught up with the pack on his bicycle

Shrek was then done for knocking his girlfriend off her bike with over-zealous hand signals – said girlfriend is now hospitalized with a broken wrist – tragic/hilarious

D-Cell brought our attention to **Spackle & Wisie’s** 30th wedding anniversary with **GPS** standing in for **Spackle Rambling Rose**, returning home after the River Cruise, found her entrance locked and barred and was constrained to call upon the services of a locksmith – she fell into a deep slumber at the portal, awaiting his attentions, but access was eventually gained and she had her knight on the tiles

RTT charged **Shrek** with imagining he was at Crankers but that one was reversed

D-Cell charged the mayor of Gosnells for allowing a tree branch to hang low enough for her to hit it at high speed in the dark – with her head - Gosnells ratepayers, **Cookie, Radar** and **Meladjusted** were charged with contributing negligence

Meladjusted charged **On Sec** with being deaf to his warning about cyclists on the run but that one was reversed

BIRTHDAYS **None**

DUMMY SHORTS

Of course, **GPS** wanted to keep them but the competition was too stiff for that this week with the hilarious tales of **Shrek’s** hand signals and **Rambling Rose’s** lockout debacle – **Troppo** called for a vote, which eliminated **GPS** the first round; a draw was called on the second and **Rambling Rose** just pipped **Shrek** on the third – throughout all this hilarity **High Beam** unobtrusively took photos for posterity

JOKERS **Cookie** told one about blondes trying to dial 911
 Doggie Doo about Prince Charles and the corgis
 Dead Squid about burglars, beer and the wife

GENERAL BUSINESS

Cookie suggests the club pays **Shrek** \$30 to buy flowers for **Nisha**

Wenchy suggests that a large arrow indicating the general direction of the run should be left by the hares for latecomers if the hares are not there to send them off on the right track

Rottnest – last weekend in June - 2 more participants required to fill the spots left vacant by **Megawatt** and **Sybil** - Contact **Web Wanker Meladjusted**

High Beam, Cookie & Sir Fumbles are organizing a trip to Myalup during the winter months

GRUB **Minestrone and pumpkin soup – thank you Horny Flasher & Butter Buns**

THE SONG **Rambling – the longest runner**

WHEN 'LAST DRINKS' IS CALLED AFTER THE CIRCLE PLEASE BUY YOUR DRINKS AND THEN HELP HASH SPLASH TO LOAD THE TRAILER. DO NOT LEAVE SPLASH TO MANAGE IT ALL

OTHER HASH EVENTS: Details of other hash club events can be found on the FH3 website

Blue Dress Run – First Tuesday in June at Captain Munchies - in aid of Motor Neurone Disease
Pan Asia Pondicherry, India 25-27 September 2015 website:panasiapondy.com

DASH'S RECEDING HAIR LINE

| RUN NO | DATE | HARE | LOCATION |
|---------------|-------------|------------------------|--|
| 1273 | 22 May | Cookie | Sports Centre at corner of Alcock St & Gosnells Rd W, Maddington |
| 1274 | 29 May | D-Cell | Harold Rossiter Park at Kent St High School, Kensington |
| 1275 | 5 June | Puki Merah | Outram St entrance to King's Park, back of tennis courts |
| 1276 | 12 June | Skrewy/Buttless | 21 Swanbourne St, Fremantle |
| 1277 | 19 June | High Beam | TBA |
| 1278 | 26 June | Tightarse/MH | TBA |

On on