



GM: Megawatt 0405 045 564	On Sec: Yo Adrian 0411 588 340
R.A: Mountain Hawk 0457 987 005	Hash Cash: Hogshit 0411 125 248
Trail master: Gadget 0422 203 125	Hash Horn: Biro 0417 186 028
Hash Splash: Troppo 0488 090 979	Hash Splash: Hardcase 0411 475 421
Piss Pourer 1: Roxby 0419 711 302	Piss Pourer 2: Skully 0417 483 683
Hash Flash: Sir Fumbles 0415 551 650	Haberdash: Slugger 0412 109 247
Songstress: Horny Flasher 0439 600 625	
Web Wanker: Ding 0417 184 139	Historian: Mel Adjusted 0407 360 053

Web Address: www.fridayhash.com Facebook: [Friday Hash House Harriers](#)

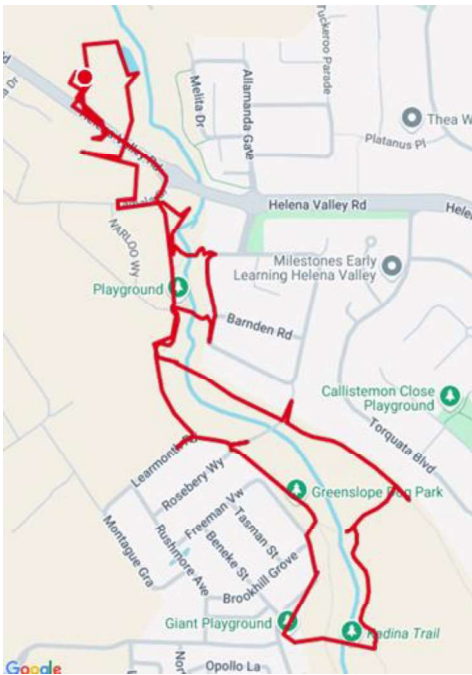
RUN: 1745 - Date: 31/01/2025 - **Hare:** Skippy – **Cohare:-** Rubber Ducky- **Venue:** Helena Valley **Runner Numbers:** 39

Runner’s Trail Length: Hogshit measured 5 kilometres

Walker’s Trail Length: less than 5 kilometres

Runners Report

Biro finally stopped laughing long enough to catch her breath and was able to report on the runner’s trail. The hare told us it was a train wreck of a run and sure enough, there was a train wreck on the trail! The runners were lost a lot but eventually found trail with the “help” of the hare’s presence popping up at the right moment to prevent disaster. It was short. The perfect length for such a hot night. **Tigtarse** gave her, as the Hash Horn, an accolade for leading the pack and honking her horn so beautifully. **Biro** got the giggles again. **Biro** might have honked the horn too much as the squeezey bulb was deflating!



Walkers Report

Hardcase stepped out in front to tell us about the Walker’s Trail. We were off to a poor start. There were dyslexic farrows. There was much confusion as to the true direction of Trail. The pack went west into the sunset as directed by the Hare during his verbose chalk talk. We crossed the highway only to be summoned back across by the Hare. Now everyone was going around his house into the bush in search of flour. All in all, it turned out to be a good little run.

The Circle

We were welcomed to run #1745 by **GM Megawatt**, though we struggled to hear him over the low flying aircraft on approach

to Perth Airport. Hare **Skippy** did his traditional “**kangaroo hop**” when called for his drink. The Co-hare **Rubber Ducky** was not forgotten and downed his splash.

Formalities finished; the Circle was turned over to **RA Mountain Hawk**.

In her Celtic regalia, with fresh bay leaves adorning her headpiece, **Mountain Hawk**, held court. The RA had been visited by a traveller from distant lands. This traveller brought great news to the Hash! It is the Lunar New Year! The Year of the Snake is upon us! Were there any Snakes to be routed out of Friday Hash? Yes, indeed! Going back through the decades, the RA deemed, if a hasher was born in the year 1953, 1965, 1977 (no need to look further because pack demographics show a preponderance of grey hairs and bald pates) you were a snake. Two Snakes stepped out of the pack: **Troppo** and **Ding**! They were educated on the facts of snake life. The female is more deadly than the male; a discourse followed on Snake yinging and yanging to assist them this year. A well earned drinks all around to be downed to **Horny Flasher’s** Ying Chong Song.

All these years **Troppo** thought he was born in the Year of the Donkey...what far away brain cells did that come from?

Mountain Hawk, font of all forms of wisdom and worldly knowledge, informed the uneducated Hashers it was “Eat Brussels Sprouts Day”. We all know what happens to those who partake of this crucifer, a member of the cabbage family. Eructation (belching) or emissions from the rear end, in the form of a blast of deadly gas are the natural and logical consequences of ingestion. **Troppo** was called out as he is known far and wide for his inappropriate belching. Thanking her for his drink he reminded us, “The answer is blowing in the wind.”

The **RA** was right royally upset by one of the pack. Earlier in the evening she was presented with a sealed white envelope. She was not the only recipient of such an epistle. It looked like a secret society party invitation to me. The **On Sec** was left out of the fold! **Trail Master Inspector Gadget** was summoned. Why did he have to give out these officious contracts to the future hares? The **Inspector** was unrepentant. He stood his ground. There was to be no more backing out of setting your trail no matter the reason. The hares were now under contract. **Mountain Hawk** still not impressed by his high-handed coercive tactics to gain compliance. The matter was not resolved. All hares had their envelopes. Indentured to **Inspector Gadget** for a Friday night to lay trail and cook nosh. **Gadget** got a drink for insubordination.

Ding, **Mountain Hawk** noted, has excelled himself in sartorial elegance. He had holes in his clothes. Everywhere! We were exposed to his chest hairs, his back hairs, side hairs but for the grace of his pants seams, we were spared any other hairs. He looked like someone homeless who joined the group for a free feed! Another splash for the man!

There was one accolade given out as another flight passed over our heads, Quaint Ass perhaps?

Animule was given a drink for finding the lost **Inspector Gadget** and bringing him home safely.

No repeats of last week!

Charges from the Floor

Tightarse charged the Hare for having crazy paving (which one could easily break a leg falling over)

Skippy said it was bespoke paving that came with the family home he designed for his parents decades ago. Bend those elbows lads! Drink it down!

Skippy on **Hogshit** for having a “dummy spit” at the start of the trail. He produced an ancient dummy found on trail and tried to give it to Hogshit, who was having nothing of it or the charge. Not resolved but Hogshit took the drink on such a hot night. (Note: Wife **Slugger** was wilting and melting in the heat.)

Yo Adrian charged **Biro** for not upholding the standards of a proper hash wife. She did not ensure her husband was always looking his best!

Yo Adrian requested the pack's forbearance. She held court so she and **Lofty** could divest themselves of "Lost Property" from the previous two runs.

She charged **White Pointer** for attacking hashers in their pool last Friday sans pants! She held up a pair of long wet weather pants that should have gone in the bin they were so stiff and grotty!

Next item out of the brown paper bag was an expensive blue all weather rain jacket. Oh, dear. The **Inspector** went off in a flurry without his coat. Note: he had to read all the labels to be sure it was his!

The last lucky dip had the occupants of #41 perplexed. It had a lid, with four fasteners and a green push button to accompany the expansible silicone bowl (of the same bilious green). It had some sort of strange meat left in the folds. **Yo** believed that **Zeppy** must have left his doggy dinner bowl behind. OOOPS. My mistake! **Hopping Mad** will be mad at me for casting nasturtiums on her food bowl. It can be collected at next week's run.

General Business

Megawatt again managed to gain the crowd's attention, but not without having to have "The Ears" fetched. The mega lit jacket added to the ambiance of the outdoor seating. With the pack quieted (except for **Sybil** and **Clockwork Orange** who had to keep swapping the Ears.

Hogshit updated us that plans were moving forward on the Saturday Friday Hash Trail for Nash Hash. It will be a combined medium run and a short walker's trail. He has a good team of volunteers.

There continues to be no interest in doing a skit/act at Freo Nash Hash.

Mental Disorder was so excited that we won \$15 in the Mega Lotto. He promises to reinvest it, combining it with the Lotto monies he collects tonight. **Yo** requested he just ask a total stranger to buy the tickets as Mental had no luck but bad luck!

The Ears keep changing heads first **Shifty** then **Sybil**, again!

Visitors and LTNS

Visitors: none

LTNS: Rubber Ducky

WIMPS, Bookends & Zero Heroes

Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Shadow Mental Disorder	Hawkeye 40 Mental Disorder 110 Lofty 220 Light My Fire 280 White Pointer 500	None this week

The White Pointer received his **500 Run Cloth Badge**. Unfortunately, the metal badges are on international backorder. The GM will present it when the supply chain deems it.

Jokers

Horny Flasher had to be first! She was so proud of her recitation! She could read a joke from her phone with the best of the jokers! It was the story of the male patient caught out and then men's toilets were all occupied. The nurse allowed him into the ladies' loo, on the strictest of conditions. He must not push any of the buttons. WW button sprayed his bottom with warm water; WA button produced warm air for drying; PP patted his bum with a scented powder puff. He could not imagine what the ATR button could do? Note: I'M pissed off. My new all singing all dancing loo does not have an ATR button (though I am long past the age to need it) Anyhow, he woke up with his willy under his pillow, another victim of the automatic tampon remover.

Cookie told us about her old friends Hamish and Paddy's ill-fated Canadian moose hunt. **Inspector Gadget** read, in the large font of his phone, yet another off-colour joke! It concerned the way one housewife cured her sore throat. I think this man looks up blow job jokes on a Trump website.

Troppo shamed himself with something about dry shampoo.

Dummy Shorts

Bell Boy came forward, looking really flash in the shorts, much better than **GPS**. Unfortunately, he had no contenders. It was no contest when some bright spark in the crowd called out **Animule** for bringing back the lost, officious **Inspector!**

Song

Shifty looked shocked when the **GM** asked her to take us out in song. Another rousing rendition of our club song almost drowned out the plane in the flight path!!

Points of Hash Etiquette

- 1. Leave parking for Troppo & Phantom's van closest to the venue. Second spot closest to venue should be saved for Mental Disorder as he struggles; lend him your able-bodied hands to carry his chair and esky; and-maybe even Chico (that lad weighs in at 5+ kilos!)**
- 2. Please sign the Big Red Book**

Next Week's Run # 1746 – 07 February 2025

Butterbuns
Point Heathcote Reserve
Roskhill Place
Applecross
(Park on the right-hand side when facing the building)
No dogs allowed at the venue

Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
14 Feb 2025	1747	MOUNTAIN HAWK	TBA
21 Feb 2025	1748	SLUGGER	TBA
28 Feb 2025	1749	DYNAMO	TBA
07 Mar 2025	1750	BELL BOY	TBA
14 Mar 2025	1751	HIGH BEAMS	TBA
21 Mar 2025	1752	MOUTH ORGAN	TBA
28 Mar 2025			OZ NASH HASH

Upcoming Hash Events

Nash Hash Ladies Lunch;
Pink Breast Run;
South of Perth H3 Nash Hash Gentlemen's' Lunch
Hammersley Hash's Nash hash Post Ramble

Wenchy and **Zip It** Antarctic Plunge Fund Raising for Motor Neuron Disease - see attached.

Note to hares: If you need BBQ, stove, or lights, please notify Hash Splash in advance, the trailer is not always available on site.

***Please notify Trailmaster, Gadget ASAP with the details of your run, either flyer by email-lewis.turner@hotmail.com or mobile 0422 203 125**

QR code for can/glass refundable to go to FH3 - C 10446611

FH3 bank account: Friday Hash House Harriers - Westpac BSB 036-000 ACC 615552

Members are requested to bring their own cutlery and plates to Friday Hash.

For those who forget or are visitors and do not have plates or cutlery the Splash has a few extras.