



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: 1746 - Date: 07/02/2025 - Hare: Buttered Buns – Co-hare:- Horny Flasher- Venue: Applecross Runner Numbers: 31

Runner’s Trail Length:

Walker’s Trail Length:

Runners Report

Troppo got lost! **Buttered Buns** always sets a great trail, no exception this time except for **Troppo’s** misadventure in the shopping precinct. It seems he took **Biro** down a false trail for a bit of window shopping in upmarket Applecross. Eventually the two half minds put their brains together thus exiting the temptations lurking behind the glass shop fronts. At long last they were reunited with the pack of runners who were pining for **Biro’s** honking horn to guide them home to the beer. All were relieved to finally make it to the drinks stop. **Troppo** gave **Buttered Buns** effort a run score of 9.95.



Walkers Report

GPS was called out to report on the walker’s trail. Is FH3 in a worm hole? Is **GPS** repeating himself? Like unto the last time he was summoned forth to tell us about the Walker’s Trail, he could not. **WHY NOT?** He pulled his “muscle” again! Do not ask which muscle, but the groin was alluded to. He did not do the whole trail. The walkers were held back at the start to allow those keen runners to do their prerequisite warm up loop about the grounds of the old Heathcote Lunatic Asylum.

The walkers followed them down the street. **GPS** noted it was a well-marked trail. The clever walkers did not get lost! The drink stop was only one car park from home ! How excellent. Sadly, **GPS** was in such pain from his “pulled muscle” that he forgot to score the run!

The pack grabbed their gear from their cars. A migration up the hill began. It looked like refugees or previous inmates of the Heathcote Mental Hospital had come home. Tables, chairs, eskys and all manner of other paraphernalia were laid out in a large circle. The nibbles table even had a nice table cloth! Class at last!

We were welcomed to run #1746 by **GM Megawatt**. He called the hare and co-hare out in front to reward their efforts with a thank you drink for stepping up to fill in the trail master’s need for hares for the night. **Buttered Buns** and **Horny Flasher**, drink it down-down. Another thanks to **Sybil** for stepping in as chief piss pourer.

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

Her Celtic regalia this week, with fresh orange leaves adorning her headpiece, **Mountain Hawk** began.

The 7th day of February is a very boring day. Throughout history it has been dull, dull, dull. The only notable person born on this day was the author, Charles Dickens. Who but **Sir Fumbles** as could be his stand in? Like that lovable character, Oliver, from the novel Oliver Twist, (in our lifetime to be made into a hit musical) **Sir Fumbles** for love of his food and always asking for more was the perfect choice!

Wading through, Oliver Twist, **Mountain Hawk** called out **Bulldust**. In a later chapter **Bulldust**, representing the wiser young Oliver, was welcomed into the thieving mob of rascals i.e. FH3. **Bulldust** is now considered one of us. She composed a special hashy song to welcoming him officially back to FH3, to the tune of “Consider yourself at home, one of us” etc.

Drinks for our literary stand-ins.

Mountain Hawk summoned forth some special club members for accolades.

Accolades to **Buttered Buns** for stepping up to fill in the gap in the trail calendar. She drank it down to “I like the Vino Song.”

Replicar another true hero got some splash. He collected the unwashed Dummy Shorts from the **Animule** so the FH3 tradition of passing on the bloomers could continue uninterrupted!

Shadow was noticed, slinking/sitting in the shadows by our hawk-eyed **Mountain Hawk**. Keeping a low profile, eh? Thought you could get away with choosing the company of a male Frenchy Aqua -Robic’s instructor over doing a FH3 trail with your mates? You are not crippled anymore! Your new knee works great! So, the **Shadow** was shamed and forced to wear the female Viking helmet. Wonder what Frenchy would have thought if he saw her with perfect blond plaits? She drank to **Horny Flasher’s** rendition of “Raise Your Glass.”

Skippy was called out by our **RA** for being the last to arrive. It appears the spirit of **Wenchy** had come over him. He hopped out of his car just on time to join the runners. **Skippy**, misinterpreting why he was in the Circle, began to flailing his arms about flashing optical wares left behind at his run. Identified were **Shifty’s** prescription sunglasses. Now found, they have been passed on to who for safe keeping??? The second pair of prescription specs most certainly came from Spec Savers! No one could see out of them. No one claimed them either. **Skippy** got some splash anyway.

On subject of lost property might the club have a basket for such items? The On Sec could lug it from pillar to post until such time as the articles, like chickens, find a home to roost or we donate them to the poor. Any thoughts?

Being a wall flower in the dark gets one nowhere as **Biggus Dickus** discovered. Called out for quietly **sitting** through the entire Circle. His excuse was his back hurt, the calendar (age) plus he had already walked 6 kilometres early this morning before the insufferable heat and humidity

hit. Living most of the year in Thailand, the heat bit did not wash. Up off your bottom and out for a drink! **Troppo** sang the infamous “Another Prick on the Wall.” Has anyone seen **Another Prick in the Wall** lately?

Charges from the Floor

I got a bit confused by **Inspector Gadget’s** charge He called forth all the Kiwis in the pack. None, well, except **Replicar** but that was an accident of birth. **Sir Fumbles** fessed up to having a granny that was from across the ditch. They drank because it was some special day in Kiwi Land.

Yo charged **Biggus Dickus** for short cutting, being the first one On Home and Bragging! **Horny Flasher** gave him the “Himbo Song”.

Someone charged poor **Mel Adjusted** for being in the baseball grand final four years in a row without a trophy! Somehow that earned him the “Twenty Toes Song”.

Mountain Hawk charged **Ballwrinkle** for being the first hasher to run off the picnicking locals at the next table.

Ballwrinkle returned the courtesy by charging the **RA**. She did not control the heat and the humidity, which are part and parcel of the weather portfolio. As **RA** she failed FH3. Unfazed, **Mountain Hawk** stated she likes hot and sweaty. “Take it in your hand Mrs. Murphy.”

Yo called out **Cookie** for noticing that the **GM** ran trail in a **Thank God It’s Saturday T** shirt from in Maylasia. Oops! Seems it was **Sir Fumbles** who first spotted the back of the **GM’s T**. **Yo**, under the influence of her earlier anaesthetic, looked at no less than four backsides before spotting said T shirt. At least the **GM** changed into a pristine FH3 shirt for the Circle.

White Pointer was called upon by **Yo** for two reasons. First, he attempted the impossible. An astronomy lesson for **Cookie** and **Yo** explaining the light on the moon. The moon it seems has no light. It reflects the sun’s light. The amount depends on the angle? Demonstrating this involved a wine goblet and torch. We women were none the wiser...The original question was not answered. Cookie wanted to know how the moon was coming up over one horizon and the sun was still be up in the West? I’ve digressed.

Secondly, **White Pointer** received his belated 500 metal badge. He got the last of the splash!

Visitors and LTNS

Visitors: none -LTNS: none

Bookends & Zero Heroes

Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Yo Sherbie	Inspector Gadget 160 Ding 230 Sybil 680 Troppo 1480 White Pointer badged tonight	Tightarse 595 Radar missed out; carry over for next week

Dummy Shorts

Replicar brought them on behalf of the **Animule**. A carry-over was suggested. Upheld.

Jokers

RA, definitely “un woke” was this one. She poked fun at her visiting Japanese niece. The child wanted to be a pilot, saying “I fry planes.”

Ding told us about a man who was taken to a Catholic Hospital in a very sorry state. The nuns gathered around his bed, not to pray for his soul, but to query his financial status. He had no money, no friends to call, no will, no nothing but one living relative. The nuns wanted to know

how he would pay his bill. His sister was a nun. Nuns are married to GOD. The patient suggested that the sisters send bill to his brother-in-law.

Inspector Gadget read a lengthy one about a man and his wife with carrying on. There was lots of sweating and sighing, going in, coming back out, moaning in frustration when she finally shouts at her husband *"I cannot park this damn car! You do it, you smug prick!"*

Cookie kept us giggling with her three men of various addictions.

Tightarse was off with another medical problem. It seems the first time he makes love to Mountain Hawk he gets all hot and sweaty; the second time he makes loves he is cold, and is freezing. The perplexed physician queries **Mountain Hawk** if this is true. Oh, of course. He makes love once in the summer and then once in the winter. Bang. Bang.

All the jolly hashers got hats and the "Jolly Hasher Song."

General Business

Hogshit was served his white envelope by **Inspector Gadget**. **Haring duties coming up!** The **Inspector** still believes there should be rules regarding the changing of hares runs on his calendar. Chopping and changing is causing his hair to fall out.

Hogshit charged **Hard Case** for going undercover at Hamersley Hash to deliver **Mel Adjusted's** run summons on behalf of FH3 trail master, **Inspector Gadget**. A bit of confusion crossed **Hard Cases'** brow. This envelope/contract business is getting spread too far and wide.

Megawatt brought up the subject of FH3 restaurant runs. Anyone can set one. There are FH3 criteria to be met. These are in the FH3 First Committee Meeting Minutes. See the attachment. Read and be informed.

Lofty made note only 21 of the 31 hashers had signed the Big Red Book.

Song

Sheepshunter lead us off in the club song!

Points of Hash Etiquette

Leave parking for Troppo & Phantom's van closest to the venue. Second spot closest to venue should be saved for Mental Disorder.

Next Week's Run # 1747 – 14 February 2025

Mountain Hawk
Tom Perrett Reserve
McCabe Street
Mosman Park
Valentines Day Theme

Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
21 Feb 2025	1748	SLUGGER	56 Glenorchy Cr. Hamersley
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	1753	MEGAWATT	TBA run for visitors and members not attending OZ NASH HASH

Upcoming Hash Events

Nash Hash Ladies Lunch;
Pink Breast Run;

South of Perth H3 Nash Hash Gentlemen's' Lunch
Hamersley 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.