



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

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

**RUN: 1757 - Date:** 02/05/2025 - **Hare:** Sheep Shunter – **Co-Hare:- & Chief Cook,** Light My Fire Jubilee Reserve, Robinson Road, Eden Hill - **Runner Numbers:** 29 by the Big Red Book!  
**Runner's Trail Length:** Unmeasured and unmapped according to **Hogshit**. Excuse: My phone battery was dead!

### Runners Report

Returning to FH3 safely from the Land of the Rising Sun, as his first duty back in charge of the Circle, **GM Megawatt** chose from the precious few runners on the night, **Hogshit**. Always a safe bet, **Hoggie** always runs the trail. He busily chalks the correct way to go at most every Check and False Trail. So, the honour of reporting on the runner's trail fell on his broad shoulders. Well, a first! His flat phone had him begging for the pack's forgiveness for his faux pas. After suitable grovelling, he got on with his reporting. The trail was fabulous, well-marked most of the time. He got lots of exercise doing the false trails. These left the runners catching up with the walkers with great regularity. The Walkers were in front of the runners most of the trail. Prompted by the **GM**, **Hogshit** remembered to give the run a score!

**Runner's Score:** After much mathematical computation concerning Pi squared plus the addition of a random number, Hogshit arrived at **9.756**

### Walkers Report

**White Pointer**, again, was the man picked from the pack to comment for the scattered group of walkers. **Lofty** asked **White Pointer** if he found the suburbs as scenic in the dark as last week's bush run? Well, **WP** commented, "The walkers followed the runners; then the runners followed the walkers. The runners did a good job of doing all the falsies. The speedy walkers did many checks! There were way too many hills (**Hogshit** concurred). He found the run to be well marked and the company, especially chatting to **Half Cut**, made for an interesting night."

**Walker's Trail Length:** As always unknown! Long enough for the pack to work up a sweat, remove jackets and have a thirst for the lemonade and port offered up at the Drinks Stop.

**Walker's Score:** Using as algorithm created on the sperm of the moment, **White Pointer** arrived at the score of **10.004!** A first for using "infinity numbers."

**White Pointer** and **Hogshit** drank their splash to the tune of "The Hairs on her Dicky DiDoo" instead of the usual "Down-Down" song. Somehow during this frivolity, **Hogshit** danced backwards into **Yo Adrian's** bespoke drink. There was total spillage. There was cursing and gnashing of teeth by the **On-Sec**. It was the first time **Yo** had gotten the mix of zero Guinness and alcoholic Cooper's Extra Stout correct in her hash mug!

#### On Sec's comments:

Damn shame about the drink....at least **Hogshit** offered to me a dark beer, "2ees Old". Offer declined; **Hoggie** was thanked for his thoughtfulness and told to remove his guilt bag.

**Megawatt** called out the hare for tonight, **Sheep Shunter** for his down-down. He received accolades for stepping in and haring tonight when no other FH3 hasher volunteered. Great job!

#### GM **Megawatt** turned the Circle over to the stand-in **RA**.

**Inspector Gadget**, wearing a very large, floppy black hat, stepped into the light. Looking like unto Quasimodo, he caused much chatter as to the why-wherefor of his choice in attire for his role of stand in **RA**.

#### The **RA's** Circle

**Inspector Gadget** took a page out of **Mountain Hawk's** wardrobe book. He covered his silver locks then most of his countenance with a hat so huge he was forced to throw it into the crowd to see!

Looking somewhat less intimidating sans hat, **Inspector Gadget** boomed loudly, "Who was the cause of the commotion that disturbed tonight's trail?" The telephone calls had disrupted his drinking at the Drinks Stop (note this is prior to the arrival of the pack). **Half Cut** arose from her camp chair. She and **Mental Disorder** were the only souls allowed to be seated in the Circle, due to medical "issues." Apparently, **Half Cut** had a "turn" on trail. It wasn't a left or right turn, but an almost fainted/face plant kind of "nervy turn." She was very unwell. Lowered to the ground by **Knee High** and assessed by **Phantom**, the patient was declared unfit to continue the trail. **Shadow** began calling, not On-On, instead dialling up **Inspector Gadget**. His was the only FH3 number in her cell phone! Fodder for rumours here? **Half Cut** recovered quickly by the offer of a free drink poured by **Skully**.

**Ballwrinkle** was called out for leading half of the pack astray from the get-go. He marched boldly into nowhere down A STREET WITH NO MARKS! This really offended the **RA**. **Ballwrinkle** stepped forward holding his pants up in the back. Did he fill them asked a voice from the pack? "No" was the loud reply. "There are no skid marks in my jocks either." **Mouth Organ** vouched for that. Song mistress **Radar** paid tribute to **Ballwrinkle's** Canadian heritage. From her remote memory she sang about "having a moose"!

#### Charges from the Circle

**Mel Adjusted** on **Hogshit** for not exercising due diligence by marking the correct way for the pack to proceed at the check at the Kiara Fire Station. "Did we go past the Fire Station?" I never did, was **Hogshit's** defence. **Hoggie's** attempt to be his own Song master left us in shock/horror that anyone could botch up the "Himbo Song."

**Mental Disorder** charged **Inspector Gadget** for being a malingerer. The **Inspector** came back to sit with **Mental** and guard the bags instead of going on the trail. He had a splinter in his big toe! He could barely walk. When he heard **Sheep Shunter** call for a hand with drinks stop, **Gadget** raced to the car like he was a Gout Gout protégé! "Take It in Your Hand Mrs Murphy"

**Mel Adjusted** on **Radar** for falling for all the long cuts and all the short cuts. Good on her I say! She will live longer for doing more trail!

**Mental Disorder** must be in competition with **Mel Adjusted** as to who can get the most charges out tonight! **Mental** charged **Hogshit** for having a dirty mind. **Mental** was talking with **Slugger**; no doubt saying something bawdy and witty because **Slugger's** reply was, "That's big!" Quick

as a flash **Hoggie** was at his wife's side. **Troppo** belted out a perverse version of "Zippity Do Da"

**Mel Adjusted also got stuck into Hoggie.** Good to know **Slugger** is the designated driver! The charge was spillage! It was the worst kind of spillage. He played kick the can with **Yo's** pewter mug. Her special drink was now a blot on the landscape! **Troppo** sang out, "In Heaven There is No Beer."

## Public Service Announcements

### Lost Property

**Radar** is still trying to find the owner of a historic FH3 beer cossie with a bespoke lanyard and attached **Gadget** bottle opener. What a find! No owner tonight. **Shadow** has it in her sights if it comes up for auction.

## General Business

None, bar **Inspector Gadget** desperately trying to fill his has trail master card up until **the AGPU!**

## Birthdays

**Ballwrinkle! Mega Watt** had to really reach to get the FH3 Birthday hat onto the tall man's head. We all sang "Hashy Birthday." We had superb chocolate birthday cake for our desert! Thank you, **Mouth Organ**, for being such a great baker. (**On Sec's note: MO** baked two cakes knowing what sugar fiends we can become after a **Light My Fire's** Thai feast for dinner. I had more than just a bite of something sweet!)

## LTNS

The **GM Megawatt** and **Sybil** are back from a month in Japan where they did not learn how to call "On On" in Japanese.

It has been 9 months since TAG graced us with his presence. Thanks, **Bell Boy** for bringing him!

## VISITORS

None

## LEAVERS

**Replicar!!!!** He is leaving us for Melbourne and on on to other parts of Australia.

## WIMPS, Bookends & Zero Heroes

Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Inspector Gadget Mental Disorder	Skully 40 Yo Adrian 190 Lofty 230 Cowpat 300 White Pointer 510 Slugger 670 Animule 840	Inspector Gadget 171 Light My Fire 313 Shadow claims 676

### Tonight's Special Runner

**Cowpat!!!!** She has finally achieved 300 runs with Friday hash! She was presented with a blue FH3 mug/wine vessel, a 300 Run metal badge plus a cloth badge to match her 100 and 200 cloth badges.

## Dummy Shorts

**Lofty** presented the most loved of all the FH3 Haberdashery, to the crowd again. They are exactly as **Sir Fumbles** gave them to **Yo Adrian** for safe keeping.

**Hogshit** is the man of the night! Evidently, **Hoggie** stood in middle of the street while the pack yelled at him to move or become two dimensional!

**Half Cut** was the only other contender called out for damaging the pavement when she fell having her “*nervy turn.*”

**Hogshit**, of course, was the winner. He proudly donned the unwashed garment. He was delighted to be serenaded to the “He’s Really F\*ing Dumb” ditty.

## Jokers

**Troppo** was set to read a joke from his phone when **Lofty** called out that he could see photos of young children on that phone!! Unfussed, **Troppo** continued relating a tale of a man who visited his doctor’s office, accompanied by his wife. The doc requested many tests. Man instructed his wife to give the doc her knickers thus saving him from having to take all the tests.

**Mel Adjusted** told a joke fit only for a Hamersley Hash Circle, not for our mixed FH3! It had to do with “Spit, Swallow, Gargle.” Disgusting was **Yo’s** comment. **Song:** “*Here’s to jolly hashers all sans jester’s hats!*” Lead by the **GM**.

## Song

**Dynamo** took us out in our club song.

## Points of Hash Etiquette and Other News

1. **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 # 1758 – 09 May 2025

**Roxby**

**Lexcen Park Corner of Venturi Dr & Randell Cres**

**(Opposite the Ocean Reef High School according to Skully)**

**OCEAN REEF - NOTE – No parking information!**

## Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
16 May 2025	1759	Wenchy	44 Halverson Road Morley
23 May 2025	1760	Cookie	TBA
30 May 2025	1761	Horny Flasher	TBA
6 June 2025	1762	<b>HARE REQUIRED</b>	

## Upcoming Hash Events

**The Palace Run – Tuesday 3 June 2025. Carlisle Hotel, 174 Rutland Avenue, Carlisle Hares – Butt-Less and Screwdriver. Same venue as last year; no start time advised.**

**Bunbury Hash 45<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Run / Red Dress Run Saturday 25 October 2025**

**Cost \$100 upwards Flyers 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. Another note: Lofty and Yo also have two Bat Lights and a small gas cannister BBQ. If needed.

**\*Please notify Trailmaster, Gadget ASAP with the details of your run, either flyer by email-[lewis.turner@hotmail.com](mailto: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.