



<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: 1758 - Date: 11/05/2025 - Hare: Roxby – Co-Hare & Food Transport: Skully**  
**Lexon Park Corner of Venturi Drive & Randell Crescent, Ocean Reef**  
**Runner Numbers:** 35 by the Big Red Book! Confirmed by **Slugger**, stand-in Hash Cash  
**Runner's Trail Length:** Measured at 5.8 km and mapped by the **GM Megawatt**

#### Runners Report

**Biro** has returned to FH3 from Korea (if I heard the gossip correctly with my ill-fitting Miracle Ear). **GM Megawatt** cast his eyes over the FH3 crowd. He spotted **Biro**, poised directly underneath a very bright light, trying to hide behind some very large Hash men! Sprung! Laughing as she always does, **Biro** made her way out to be the focus of all the FH3's attention. Again, there were precious few runners on tonight's trail. **Biro** declared it was a brilliant run! It was the right length, plenty of big farrows! She admitted to missing **Hogshit's** chalking farrows that guide us in the correct way to go from Checks and False Trails. **Slugger** was quick to defend **Hoggie's** illness. She removed any doubts that he was malingering, "He is really very sick. Very ill." **Lofty** quipped, "Did you give him a feed of poison mushrooms?" alluding to the nightcap mushroom poisoning two years ago over East. The trial is now going on ad nauseum.

**Runner's Score:** 10 out of 10!! Well done, **Roxby**!

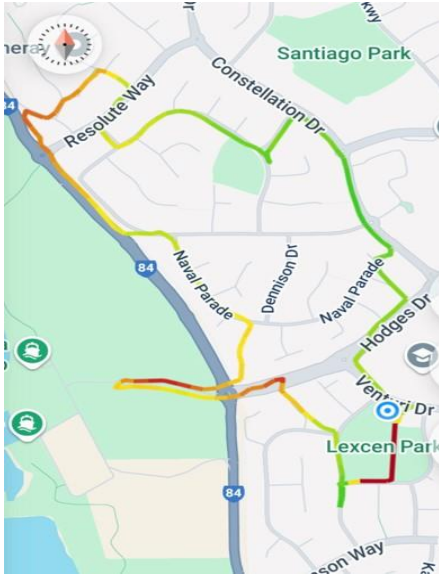
#### Walkers Report

**Walker's Trail Length:** Measured for the first time! 4.6 km

**Ballwrinkle**, a man plucked from obscurity into the limelight. He was striving for anonymity, trying to blend in amongst the large group of walking hashers. If you stand proudly at well over 6 feet and the rest of the group suffers from "duck's disease" there is no way in Heaven or Hell **Ballwrinkle** could pull off a cloak of invisibility! He had to spruik. **Ballwrinkle** lamented loudly that he had done Ballbreaker Runs overseas that were easier than tonight's trail! He was huffing and puffing his lungs out! The hills! The hills! Where did **Roxby** find such high hills when the suburb is built on a sand plain?

**Walker's Score:** 9.9

**Biro, Ballwrinkle, and Roxby** were served big glasses of splash by **Skully**. They guzzled to the usual tune of "Here's to the Hare."



**Hallelujah!**

For the first time we have an accurate measurement of the Walker's Trail length!! My stars and garters! **Pope Leo's first Hash miracle!** Many Brownie points to **Sluggger**. I gander that her phone has a "map my run application" that was not set up or I would have received that info. Hey, the **On Sec** will take what she can get! **It was 4.6 km of fun and uphill puffing!**

**On Sec's comments:**

Please note, tonight I came armed and ready for **Hogshit**. Damn shame he missed the inaugural down-down from my bespoke giant glass beer mug. (Mug was given to **Lofty** at the 25<sup>th</sup> Annual Monsoon Madness Event in Goa, India). The **GM** pointed out it was **Lofty's** name on the glass mug in red, not mine. It was a fit for man size hands, or a transgender trying to make the hands look smaller. It is a very hefty vessel

to heist to one's lips. No need for upper body workouts at the gym. When you reduce your alcohol intake by substituting Zero % Alcohol Guinness, mixed with Cooper's Extra Stout what happens? A big on flavour, big on volume drink for the night! Thank goodness **Dynamo** always knows where the toilets are!

Regarding the Zero % Guinness, I could have had **Radar** out for a down-down charging her for assuming the "Zero" in my Guinness meant it had no sugar. OOPS! She was promptly corrected by **Cowpat**. The "Zero" in this case means NO ALCOHOL. **Megawatt** just shook his head in wonderous disbelief. His **On Sec** was going for volume over alcohol?? How could I charge the stand-in Religious Advisor **Radar**? There are rules I am told that give her dispensation.

In the background, **Shadow** was bragging that she did the entire mountainous trail!

## LTNS

This must be a record! According to the Big Red Book, (which some hashers disdain to sign), recorded no more, and no less, than nine of the FH3 pack returned to the fold tonight!

**Ding** and **Biro** took a break from their busy working lives

**Sir Fumbles** and **Cookie** back from yet another geriatric cruise about the coast of Australia

**Dead Squid** returns to us from Sydney

Ditto for **Roxby**, she went to watch **Drag Queen** driving at the drag races in the Big Smoke!

**Buttered Buns** and **Horney Flasher** appeared out of nowhere with no note for their absence!

**Di Liva Rants** likewise appeared amongst us, to sans note of explanation as to her absence.

A very good thing young **Skully**, in charge of the Splash, thoughtfully made extra!

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

## The RA's Circle

**Radar**, in her customary MASH attire, stepped in to run the Circle. **On Sec** notes **Radar** was very remiss not to take full credit for the splendid weather this Friday evening. There was no howling sea breeze! It was warm enough for shorts and tank tops! Magnificent night for a hash I say, under an almost full moon.

**Radar** made note of the fabulous fanfare the pack was given to start the trail courtesy of **Light My Fire**. Poor lass was sitting in her car when all horny Hell broke loose! (**Sheep Shunter** originally was falsely blamed for the racket of the horn blaring from his car. He reversed that charge on a technicality; it was his wife's, **LMF's** car playing up!) Said vehicle had a voice of its

own. It would not shut up. BTW, where is our wee German dog, **Shut the F-Up** tonight? The answer supplied by **Slugger**, "**Shut the F-Up** was at home, making **Hogshit** a cup of tea." Eventually, the car also "Shut the F-up"!

**Radar** had an accolade for the **Hare Roxby** congratulating her on "The "Stomper" she made. This farrowing beauty was created from an industrial size Nescafe coffee can, retrieved from the garbage bin at her workplace. **Roxby** made exceptionally large and distinct Farrows. They were clear in a brilliant white. Coles Black and Gold flour Farrows held up under the wet of the sprinklers; they showed us the way on red brick pavers; they crossed major roads never faltering in consistency and never far apart! There was even a cryptic group of Farrows that, if you knew how to read between the lines, read distinctly "On Home."

**Horny Flasher** led us in her newest version of "She's Alright." Evidently, she's got little farrows but she's alright.

### **Charges from the Circle**

**Mel Adjusted** on **Radar** for Lord only knows what. **Shadow** was having none of it. She turned the spotlight on **Troppo**. Evidently, **Troppo** failed to bring any cider to the run. **Shadow** was forced to guzzle lager instead of her preferred tipple. **Troppo** stated his defence, I packed cider, you just did not get into it quick enough! It was on for young and old! **Troppo** told **Shadow** since he failed to reach her benchmark, **Shadow** could be Splash next year! (Does the **On Sec** take it that **Shadow** wants a job on the next committee?) **Troppo** has told **FH3** that this is his last year towing the FH3 trailer and doing Splash!

**Wenchy**, like unto a kangaroo, hopped into the fray - with both feet! She complained bitterly that there was no red wine! **Mouth Organ** piped up she got a glass, but there was none left for a refill! Oh, dear. Discontent among the masses! **Troppo** was gallantly wearing and bearing the brunt of these charges. In the background, silent as a lamb, stood **Hardcase**. This hash man is charge of the wine and the softies...did **Wenchy** have a senior moment and forgot this fact? The division of the Hash beer from the Hash wine came about when she was doing splash!

**Wenchy** changed her charge to focus on **Cookie**. **Wenchy** now has lost property on display. She twirled about a rather special Friday hash jacket: full of metal badges to commemorate runs done, badges, with a name boldly embroidered. This bespoke garment was found in **Skippy's** bedroom! On his bed! How did this come to pass **Cookie**? I haven't a clue she replied, but I have been looking for that jacket for a while now. **Mental Disorder** piped up it was probably **Sir Fumbles** that left her jacket on the bed after a tryst with **Skippy**. Where does **Mental's** mind go for these far-fetched ideas?

**White Pointer** on **Ballwrinkle**. It was disallowed. It was not a charge but a religious question.

### **Public Service Announcements**

#### **Lost Property**

**Radar** is still trying to find the owner of a historic FH3 beer cossie.

### **General Business**

Oh, boy! **Inspector Gadget** is going to have to make a trip to the Cat Haven if he has another litter of kittens! His blood pressure must be rising. No one has jumped at the chance to set a 80th anniversary WW II D-Day Run on June 6!! What could be easier? Just march the hashers up and down the real sandhills of any Perth beach for an hour, order some ration packs or buy some Spam (bully beef as it is known to the Aussies) and problem solved! No need for false trails or checks – just up and down. Nobody has play to Tom Hanks in "*Saving Private Ryan*."

### **Birthdays**

**None tonight that admit to making another revolution around the sun.**

## VISITORS

None

## LEAVERS

**Replicar's NUTS!!!!** He left for Melbourne without providing for us.

## WIMPS, Bookends & Zero Heroes

Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Mental Disorder	Zip It 50 Slugger 670 Troppo 1490 (Apologies for not calling out Slugger and Troppo for a drink. Yo's bad. I missed them.)	Yo Adrian 191

## Tonight's Special Runner

None tonight

## Dummy Shorts

**Slugger** presented the freshly washed and ironed shorts on behalf of the ailing **Hogshit**.

Evidently, the spirit of **Hogshit** invaded **White Pointer**! **White Pointer** was charged for standing in the middle of the road, texting like a 17-year-old teenager trying to get a date? Again, the pack yelled at **WP** to move or become two dimensional!

**Shadow** was the second contender. She whinged the loudest and the longest about having to drink lager instead of her beloved cider. She went on to complain, at great length, that there was no "*On Home*" marked on the trail. What a whinner, whinger, a great dummy spit!

"*He's Really F\*ing Dumb*" was belted out by our returned song mistress, **Horny Flasher** while the geriatric **White Pointer** struggled to get his pegs into the shorts.

## Jokers

**D Iva Rants** had a joke about Pete and Dave, two aircraft engineers in Darwin. Fog came rolling in, closing the airport. Not possible said someone in the crowd. There is never fog in Darwin. Oh, yes there is! **Skully** testified she had been in Darwin when fog rolled in! Back to the joke: bored shitless the two engineers decided to try drinking jet fuel. It had heaps of ethanol in it. After getting plastered, the next day both woke up to with clear heads and no hangover! It was better than booze! Well, commented Pete, "Just don't fart." "Why?" " Well, I did and I'm sitting in Auckland!" Boom. Boom.

**Troppo** got his phone out. Tonight, the jokes were many. All too poor to repeat, except maybe the one about the Burger King Whopper that forgot to wrap his whopper and got the Dairy Queen pregnant. This got the biggest groan of all!

**Inspector Gadget** had better luck looking up a joke on his phone than **Troppo**. It was a tale of a young woman choking in the restaurant. A gentleman at the next table inquired if she could swallow? No. Can you breathe? No. Stand up. The man proceeds to raise up the lady's skirt to reveal her left butt cheek. He gives it a lick causing her to spasm with surprise thus expelling the offending item out her mouth. His mate was in awe! "I've heard of the "hind-lick manoeuvre" but I've never seen it performed."

**Song:** "*Here's to jolly hashers*" wearing their jester's hats!" Led by the **Horny Flasher**.

## Song

**Buttered Buns** took us out in our club song.

## Points of Hash Etiquette and Other News

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

## Next Week's Run # 1759 – 16 May 2025

Wenchy

44 Halverson Road

MORLEY

**NOTE – No parking information!**

## Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
23 May 2025	1760	Cookie	TBA
30 May 2025	1761	Horny Flasher	TBA
6 June 2025	1762	<b>HARE REQUIRED</b>	
13 June 2025	1763	Hogshit	TBA
20 June 2025	1764	Shadow	53 Hamilton St Osborne Park parking at school across the road
27 June 2025	1765	Mel Adjusted Birthday Run	Co-hare Inspector Gadget TBA
04 July 2025	1766	Ballwrinkle	TBA

## 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.