



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: 1755 - Date: 11/04/2025 - **Hare:** Radar – **Co-Hare:-** She did it her way – solo!

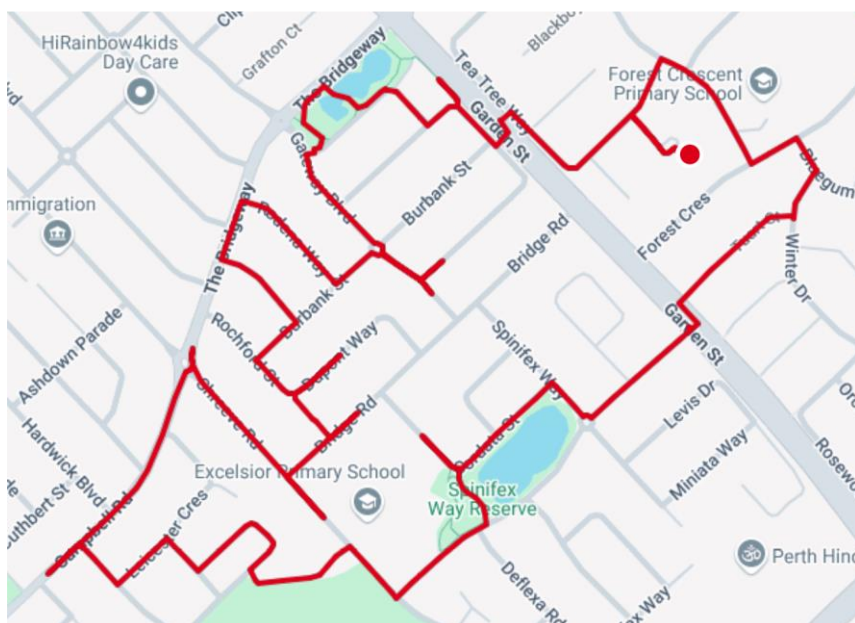
Venue: #11 Hoya Street, Thornlie **Runner Numbers:** 34

Runner's Trail Length: Hogshit proclaims it was 6 kilometres! Does this include the false trails that poor Replicar ran all by his lonesome?

Walker's Trail Length: As always unknown! Would some wonderful hasher please utilise their modern cell phone to measure the length of the walker's trot. No need to map. The **On Sec** thanks you.

Runners Report

Replicar had to give the report as he was the one and only lonely hasher that ran the entire trail, complete with all the falsies.



On Sec's comments: No wonder **Replicar** stays so slim! He was joined periodically by **Bell Boy** sprinting like he is training for the National Athletics' 100- metre dash! **Hogshit** did his best to keep us all **on trail** with his mark overs. **Biro** was sorely missed. The pack had **no Hash Horn** toot tooting in the distance. It was silent hashing by most of Friday Hash. Very few **On On's** could be heard. **Cookie** called trail. **Sir Fumbles** replied "YUP!" when queried if we were still following trail.

The **stand-in GM** stated there will be no game of pass the parcel tonight! Didn't he realise there was only one runner!

After finally conceding that it was his turn to critique the runner's trail, **Replicar** reported it as an excellent run! The trail was well marked in big farrows, including the false trails! There were checks, too. There was even a cancelled drink stop! He questioned the Hare **Radar** as to tonight's food. The fare on offer would influence his score! Bread and minestrone soup enough to feed an army! Oh, well then -

Score: 10:10

Walkers Report

Shifty stepped out of the crowd as requested to give her walker's trail report. Of course it was lovely! There were lots of markers, even more talking. There was lightening in the sky above! There was blood on the pavement where the drink stop should have been!

Score: 9.10

The RA'S Circle

Another Circle of the Stand-ins

The Cast

Inspector Gadget for Megawatt

Our Choir Mistress (and the hats) missing again! The **Hogshit** and others from the **FH3 crowd** took it in turns to start an inappropriate song for the down downs.

Hash Horns Biro and Sybil have absconded with their instruments! Feel free to bring your horn along to the next run on 25 April so we can make plenty of noise!

Hash Splash covered in **Troppo and Phantom's** absence by **Hard Case** and **Hog Shit**.

Yo inadvertently left **The Big Red Book** at home. A bespoke Tilenni Stiles & Associates piece of paper was attached to a Freo Nash Hash clipboard. It got us through the night. The poor **On Sec** will pay for her forgetfulness tallying up the runners new run numbers.

Tonight, the **RA, Mountain Hawk**, is back to bay leaves in her headpiece. She has run out of suitable new foliage from her garden. **Yo** has promised some variegated ivy leaves for **the RA** for **Cowpat's** run. Perhaps camouflage for ANZAC day?

Mountain Hawk was quick to thank the Celtic God's for the weather! It was perfect! A little rain before the chalk talk, no rain real rain on the trail. Only a tiny pitter or patter on the trail. **Nice Tits** declared it was not rain. It did not have enough drops to wet a cigarette paper in your palm. You had to have that much for it to be classed as rain. (Something new to learn every day here in Australia. **The On Sec** has visions of the ABC weather anchor standing outside in the car park, a palmed cigarette paper held outstretched to be sure he has accurate precipitation measurements.)

Mountain Hawk was in her Druid persona tonight. It is Passover tomorrow. In Druid times this night had to do with high level of oestrogens and fertility. She called out **Cookie** to represent female fertility and for **Sir Fumbles**, her partner, to join her in the Circle. They had to drink because Cookie was "rolled over" and not passed over." Crowd singing followed. A rousing rendition of "Roll me over in the clover do it again."

Rockbottom was called out for a drink for leaning on a post. Was she leaning left or right like her political views? The usual down-down song.

Mountain Hawk informed us that **Replicar** went to see a gynaecologist, represented by **Shifty**. I am not sure what manner of things ensued when she looked under his sheet on the examination table. (**Replicar** in stirrups is the stuff of nightmares!)

Called in too, was **Hard Case** as a stand in for **Hare Radar**. **Radar** was called out for going ass over tit at the proposed drink stop spot; deeming it too dangerous for us; cancelling the drink stop.

It must be a cursed bit of pavement. She sent the dehydrated, “dry as a cow chip in the summer sun” pack On Home. **Hard Case** had a beverage while listening to “In Heaven there is no beer.” **Radar** finally left the kitchen and her pot stirring to have a drink. **Radar** had a beverage while listening to the “Really fucking dumb ditty.”

It was not being turned into a pillar of salt that concerned **Mountain Hawk**. “Who broke the glass salt cellar all over the kitchen floor? Did the guilty person remember to throw a dash of salt over their shoulder?” **Bossy Boots** was full of excuses when the pointer of guilt landed on her clumsy self. **Bossy Boots** made such a song and dance. After her drink, she proclaimed, “This is shit.” **Mountain Hawk** proposed we call her **Piss in Boots** for the rest of the night! “She Ought to be Publicly Pissed On” was the down-down song.

Mouth Organ and **Yo** were called out for impersonating **Radar the Hare**. They had to turn around and show the back of their shirts to the crowd. Yup. Guilty. Hare was there in large, bold white letters! **Radar** joined them for a down-down.

Ballwrinkle was called out into the Circle for calling **Inspector Gadget stand in GM** a short-ass. **Ballwrinkle** was joined voluntarily by **Lofty**. Now we have two tall, thin men and one round man to make a “short-ass” sandwich. Drink it down.

Tightarse and the **stand-in GM** were drinking to “Assholes are cheap today.” Why? The **On Sec** does not have a clue.

Charges from the Floor

I seemed to have missed any charges. Maybe because **Mountain Hawk, the RA** lost control of the weather? The crowd stealthily vanished one by one into the darkness to the covered area.

Public Service Announcements

The **Trail Master Inspector Gadget** is like unto “*the kitten that lost its mittens*”. He is crying “Now! Now! Now! I need a Hare NOW! The unloved date is 2 May 2025. Did something ominous happen in the Hashing world on that date to cause fear and trepidation for one’s soul?”

For your hashing fix next week remember you can journey south of the Swan River to the Bunny Run. A traditional run first laid by Friday Hasher, **Lofty**, some 30 odd plus years ago. It is a good night to catch up with hashers and friends from other clubs looking like rabbits all chatting, stuffing their cheeks with hot cross buns and chocolates. I’ll be there!

General Business

Birthdays

Radar! **Inspector Gadget** placed the **Birthday Hat** upon her head! The Club sang “**Hashy Birthday to You**” while **Sir Fumbles** snapped a photo to commemorate the day. He asked if he could take a “birthday suit” photo? Denied.

LTNS

Many tonight! Bossy Boots and Two Dogs; Nice Tits and Smallgoods, Rubber Ducky and Rockbottom down from the hills, lastly **Zip It** back from Antarctica. Piss Pourer **Skully** was run off her feet tonight.

Bossy Boots again gagged, spluttered and made a face after her down-down. I suppose time did not improve the flavour? No one else complained.

VISITORS

None

WIMPS, Bookends & Zero Heroes

Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
None	Knee High 10 Rubber Ducky 10 Ballwrinkle 310	Nice Tits 99 (sort of) Tutti Frutti 11 Dynamo 131 Animule 838

Dummy Shorts

Knee High ran the entire trail in the bespoke FH3 pantaloons. Nominations for the coveted butt covers were:

Yo Adrian the On Sec who forgot to bring **The Big Red Book** tonight.

Radar made a point of order that you can not charge the **On Sec**. News to me. I'll take the break says **Yo**.

Lofty was summoned to sub for the **On Sec**.

Sir Fumbles was dobbed in by **Cookie** for dipping with a pretzel which proved to be totally inefficient. The FH3 crowd got the giggles. We know how the big man loves his food. But Pretzels?

Knee High as a carry over.

The FH3 shout off began. Again, **Lofty** was the first man/woman out. **Knee High** was a real crowd favourite but it was **Sir Fumbles** bumble in dipping technique that bowled the crowd over!

Knee High disengaged herself from The Dummy Shorts. She tried to aid **Sir Fumbles** into them. The cheering and laughing continued. Down-down for the pair.

Jokers

Lofty told one about a young lady that was down on her luck and in need of some cash. She decided she could fob herself off as a handywoman. She would do odd jobs, they always got paid in cash! Brilliant. She knocks on the door of a large home. Asking if they needed any work done the man replies, "Yes, we need the porch painted." He gives her the paint. Back inside the wife says, "For \$50 dollars? The whole porch? Does she realise it goes all the way around the house?" In an hour the lady is back to collect her \$50. As she is leaving, she says, "By the way, that was a Ferrari not a Porche. I had so much paint left that I gave it a second coat."

Cookie told a joke about the man who rang for the ambo to come to #34 Eucalyptus Street . His wife was unconscious. Operator asks him to spell the name of the street for her. After a few goes, he says "Oh, Hell. I can't spell it. I'll just drag her over to Oak Street."

Song: "*Here's to jolly hashers all sans jester's hats!*"

Song

Mouth Organ led 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.**
- 2.

Next Week's Run # 1756 –25 April 2025

Cowpat
Gibson Park
Gibson Avenue
PADBURY

NOTE - Parking will be on Pinnaroo Drive

Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
18 April 2025	XXXXXX	NO RUN GOOD FRIDAY	
25 April 2025	1756	Cowpat	Gibson Park, Padbury
2 May 2025	1757	HARE REQUIRED	URGENT
9 May 2025	1758	Roxby	Ocean Reef
16 May 2025	1759	Shadow / White Pointer	53 Hamilton St. Osborne Park
23 May 2025	1760	Cookie	TBA
30 May 2025	1761	Horny Flasher	TBA

Upcoming Hash Events

SOPH3's Bunny Run -Thursday 17 April 2025 at Taylor Reserve, Taylor Street, Vic Park.

Bunbury Hash 45th Anniversary Run / Red Dress Run Saturday 25 October 2025

Cost\$100 upwards

Flyers attached. Cyber gods willing YO.

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.