



<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: 1756 - Date:** 25/04/2025 - **Hare:** Cowpat – **Co-Hare:-** The Invisible Blowfly!

**Venue:** Gibson Park Padbury - **Runner Numbers:** 24

**Runner's Trail Length:** It went for over an hour. Everyone missed the drink stop.

#### Runners Report

**Phantom** did the honours of reporting on the runner's trail. Well, this was a first! The Walkers were in front of the runners most of the trail. **Wenchy** was called to report on the walkers but she was a runner! She concurred with **Phantom**. The runners did a few loops always rejoining the walkers; they also did all the false trails. According to **Wenchy** the two trails were one in the same, merging after the falsies. There is safety in numbers, so the two packs stuck together in the bush. The biggest confusion was at the bottom of the giant sandhill. This hill was on the runner's trail. Evidently there was a rather large "W" at the bottom of this hill from Hell. The walkers should have gone to the left, leaving the dark bushland behind for the streetlights and streets where evidently very large farrows abounded. **Hardcase** was the keen walker who led the combined troops onward and upward. It was a trudge worthy to be called an Anzac experience. "The going up of the hill" was a comment from the crowd.

**Walker's Trail Length:** As always unknown!

#### Walkers Report

**White Pointer** was the man chosen to comment for the worn-out walkers. He found the run to be rather scenic, well, as scenic as the bush could be in the pitch black. The incredibly steep hill was a challenge. Based on the degree of difficulty of the sand hill slog, he increased his run score to 9.9!

**White Pointer, Wenchy** and **Phantom** got a drink of splash and the usual "Down-Down" song.

#### On Sec's comments:

The **stand-in GM** decreed the exhausted pack could be seated for the Circle. It was a most welcomed change! We should sit our butts down in our camp chairs in a proper circle every week. The demographics of the pack will eventually make it a necessity. **Inspector Gadget's** rationale for the sit-in was to make **Mental Disorder** feel at home. **Mental** is back to FH3 on crutches after a very successful surgery replacing his destroyed hip joint. He has one more metal

bit! **Troppo** said next week he should bring a bed for the Circle. Tonight, the FH3 was light on dogs. **Chicko** did guard duty before the pack left. He bravely barked his fool head off at something in the distance. Channelling the little German, **Zeppy**, aka **Shut the Fuck Up**, perhaps? Post Circle it was **Sherbie** that spotted a joey in the skate park. All hackles and tail up, **Sherbie** leapt up to give chase, standing/ tipping her water bowl all over her mat and nearly removing her master's shoulder. Good thing he held on because we would never have found her! **Roxie** should have done the trail with us. The little canine did three walks of the trail so we would not have gone astray! We would have made it to the drinks stop!

Only the wee whistle of **Yo Adrian** pierced the darkness to help keep us on the trail. The elusive marks were few and very far apart in a couple of stretches. From a distance, it was interesting to watch the various hasher's lights sweeping hither and yon in search of the flour-dob farrows, the long white marks of lime and anything else that could be construed as being the ON-ON. There were far more queries of "Are You?" heard on this trail. Lots of "Looking" calls.

**Inspector Gadget** stand-in **GM for Megawatt** called for the Circle in five minutes.

**Cowpat** was brought out for her efforts! The laying of a trail worthy of the trials of the Anzacs, her run was not for the faint of heart. Being the ever-heroic trooper **Cowpat** called time. She re-set up her drink stop so no one would miss out. A tot of Rum or a Rum and Soda anyone? Rum was partaken by all that wanted a swig before she had her Down-Down.

**Troppo**, aided by FH3 oral coral of songsters, kept us entertained with down-down songs.

**The GM** welcomed **Half-Cut** out for a drink. She is a blast from our FH3 past, about two decades ago! She is rejoining our fold.

### The RA'S Circle

Tonight, the **RA**, **Mountain Hawk**, has adorned her headpiece with rosemary, the herb of remembrance, in honour of Anzac Day. She called on us to remember all the soldiers from all the wars who have gone to God and are singing with the choir immortal. **The RA** had us singing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag."

**Mountain Hawk** took pride in noting that in this week past, we commemorated **St George's Day**. In many countries, he is everyone's favourite Saint! Unfortunately for George, he was beheaded by the Romans. **Inspector Gadget** was the chosen one to drink for St George. **The Inspector** informed us he was the past president of the St George's Society in Jakarta!? Will wonders never cease? "Roll Out the Barrel" was his down-down song. He rather resembles the barrel.....

In honour of **Cowpat's** upcoming birthday on Sunday **the RA** looked up songs about cows. This totally confused the "new Australian" On-Sec. **Yo Adrian** could not figure out the connection with cows and singing a rousing rendition of "Daisy, Daisy Give Me Your Answer Do." Evidently, all cows are called Daisy in Australia. Well, I'll be darned. All cows in Arkansas are called Elsie.

**Mental Disorder** was called out for a drink because he was quiet as a lamb healing. Normally he is a boisterous voice in the FH3 Circle. He came out quite nimbly on his crutches. **Troppo** made up a ditty just for him.

**Wenchy** was honoured tonight. First in the group to whip out her cell phone to try to contact **Tightarse**. **Tightarse** was out, all alone, in the dark searching for the missing **Inspector Gadget**. **The Inspector** was last sighted struggling up Sand Mountain. Meanwhile **Gadget** had gone back down the mountain and found his own path to the lights of a suburban street adjoining the bush. White Pointer was called out to impersonate the "lost " **Inspector Gadget**. **Troppo** soloed an inappropriate tune for the lost.

Apologies were made to **Cowpat**, who was left out in the cold, with her drink stop (which resembled a child's lemonade stand, except for the big bottle of rum...) She admitted to being perplexed as to where the pack had gotten off to. **Troppo's** delightful version of the Beverly Hill Billies theme song had us in stitches.

**Mountain Hawk** called forth two very important hashers. **Sheep Shunter** and **Light My Fire** have survived 18 years of conjugal bliss! What an achievement! The lovely lady even made two batches of spring rolls for the FH3 to celebrate the occasion. Yummy, even though the ever messy **On Sec** worn some chilli sauce home on her jumper. Why they got the "Hooray He's a Horse's Ass" to drink to I haven't a clue.

### Charges from the Floor

**Replicar** charged **Tightarse** for being concerned only for **Inspector Gadget**. Are you two coming out of the closet? **Tightarse** quipped "Nothing gets up me!" **Mental Disorder** had a bawdy ditty at the ready for the pair.

**Mental Disorder** charged **Troppo** for being an inattentive spouse. **Troppo** got to the On Home way before **Phantom**, he then dashed off in search of the elusive drink stop carrying the van keys with him. **Phantom**, the long-suffering wife was left shivering in the cold, unable to access her warm clothes locked inside of their van! Her only comment being - "Well, at least he had his priorities straight." Both drank while **Mental Disorder**, now back in his true form, sang another dirty ditty.

**Tightarse** entertained us with a story from way back in his marital past. It was an Anzac Day function at their kiddie's school. He was in the egg and spoon race. **Mountain Hawk** was in the sack race. "The An-Sack Race." Boom Boom.

**Yo Adrian** charged **Knee High** for leaving the struggling **Inspector Gadget** on the Mountain! **Zip It** bolstered the charge saying the least **Knee High** could have done was not leave the man alone in the "no man's land" wilderness! She should have stayed with him! **Knee High** replied, "What could I do? He is big man. I could not carry him up the hill!" So much for our newest "caring Harriette" in FH3.

**Mental Disorder** charged his wife, **Menstrual Disorder** for ringing him up to tell him **Inspector Gadget** is lost; now we have lost **Tightarse**. He is out looking for the **Inspector**. **Menstrual** was charged for being a failure. In such a flurry of worry about those two, she (now representing the entire pack) failed to notice that our very own **Animule** was missing. Poor **Animule** trudged all the way home all by his lonesome! Out for drinks you two!

### Public Service Announcements

The **Trail Master, Inspector Gadget** is in another quandary, not of his own making. It appears **Shadow** has thrown a spanner in his hash trail calendar. **Shadow** abandoned her original run date (6 June) in favour of 20 June. A hare is urgently needed for 6 June! **Sheep Shunter** has stepped in to be the hare, filling the long empty May 2 slot. The **On Sec** thinks there is plenty of time for some "Hare" to hop forth. It is over a month away!

### General Business

#### Birthdays

**Cowpat!** **Inspector Gadget** forgot the **Birthday Hat** for upon her head. We all sang "Hashy Birthday." Well, we did have special sticky date pudding from **Cowpat** for dessert. The **On Sec** considers that as cake!

#### LTNS

The longest time out would be **Half Cut**. She was joined by our Hare, **Cowpat**. Finally, our **Piss Pourer, Roxby** came out after frantically making more splash.

### VISITORS

None

## WIMPS, Bookends & Zero Heroes

Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Mental Disorder	Inspector Gadget 170 Mountain Hawk 630 Ballwrinkle 310	Knee High 11 High Beams 737

### The Benjamin Button Award

Much research and compilation followed the **On Sec's** disastrous momentary lack of concentration causing her to leave **The Big Red Book (BRB)** home for Run number 1755. **Sheep Shunter** is losing his runs! Run #330 at Mouth Organ's Run, according to his own hand, written in The Big Red Book; by the 4<sup>th</sup> of April his runs numbered 329 in the **BRB**. According to **Hogshit's cash book**, **Sheep Shunter** has regressed yet another run, now down to 328! A drink to our never aging hasher!

### Dummy Shorts

**Yo Adrian** presented the lovely garment to the crowd exactly as **Sir Fumbles** gave them to her for safe keeping. Hope springs eternal in **Sir Fumbles** breast as he is ever hopeful that the Dummy Shorts will be passed on.

**Knee High** was a good contender for her shameful treatment of **Inspector Gadget** in his moment of need on the trail.

Unfortunately, **Sir Fumbles** was remembered as the pretzel dipping owner of the Dummy Shorts. No contest. The entire pack unanimously cheered for a carry-over! Hurry back for your prize!

### Jokers

**Troppo** told one about the man who took his cat to be in a Cat Show. The signage said, "Enter Your Cat Here", so **Troppo** did. Groans were heard.

**Mountain Hawk** asked us, "What do you get when you cross a penis with a potato?" "A Dick-tater!" Boom Boom.

**Inspector Gadget** followed with an even worse joke read from his phone!

Not to be left out of the frivolity, **Tightarse** regaled us with a marital tale about a man with two beautiful daughters. He begged his wife to try one more time for a boy. Nine months later she gave birth to the ugliest baby boy ever. That baby, he fell out of the ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down. How could this be? The man accused his wife of playing around. "Not this time" she replied.

It was a tough crowd to crack tonight for the jokers. Could it be the missed lubrication from the missed drink-stop? Food for thought...

**Song:** "*Here's to jolly hashers all sans jester's hats!*" led by **Yo Adrian**.

### Song

**Sheep Shunter** 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**.

### Next Week's Run # 1757 – 02 May 2025

**Sheep Shunter**  
**Jubilee Reserve**  
**Robinson Road**  
**EDEN HILL**

**NOTE – Park in the Car Park**

## Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
9 May 2025	1758	Roxby	Lexcon Park Corner of Ventura Dr & Randell Cres. Ocean Reef
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

**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.**

**\*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.