



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](#)

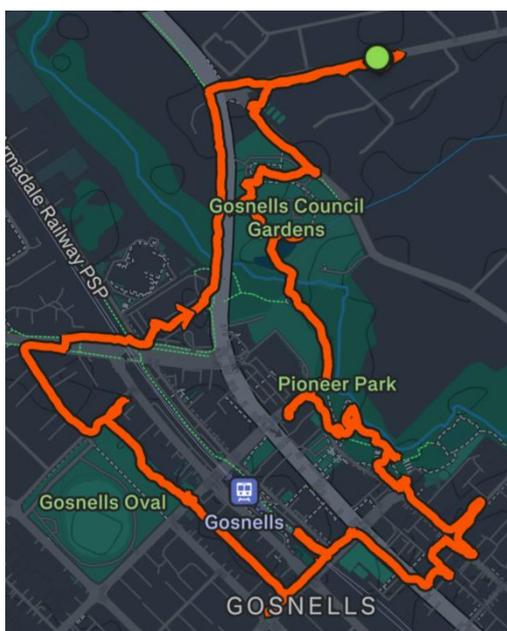
RUN: 1760 Date: 16/05/25 Hare: Cookie Co Hare: Cast of Thousands!
Venue: 27 Gosnells Road West, Martin.

Runner Numbers: 37

Runner's Trail Length: 6.2 KM Source: Co-Hare Cowpat

Walker's Trail Length: 4.0 KM Source: Co-Hare Sir Fumbles

Runners Report



Bulldust was the run critic chosen to report as he was FH3's fastest and fittest of the runners present. He said it was a great trail. It was so well marked with farrows and chalk; he only got lost twice! **Phantom** leaped into the discussion. She stated the run was the best collaborative effort of the many co-hares. It was a production rivalling the movie "Ben-Hur." Like the movie, the run deserved an Oscar.

Run Score: None given so I will give it 5 stars and a rating fit for general audiences.

Walkers Report

D Liva Rants piped up loudly to be heard over the chattering FH3 Pack when asked by **GM Megawatt** to give us the walker's report. She loved the walk. She DID NOT get lost, not once. Maybe it pays to be on the slower trail.

Run Score: D Liva Rants forgot the drill. **Yo Adrian**, flour and chalk bag carrier of the co-hare team, would like to give an accolade to **Sir Fumbles** for boldly going off armed only with chalk to complete the Walker's Trail. The two trails split the sheets at one

intersection. **Cowpat** and **Lofty** marked the Runner's Trail. **Cookie** aided their effort by squirting flour markings. Serendipitously, the trails were remarried at the major intersection of Albany Hwy. and Gosnells Road West. A great team effort!

Visitors: None

LTNSs: Only one, our only **Animule** came out for a drink.

RA's Circle

The expanding winter wardrobe! **Yo** never ceases to be amazed at our Celtic **RA's** fashion statements, regardless of the weather. **Mountain Hawk** managed to fit multiple layers under her bespoke green cloak. There were long under garments, a FH3 shirt, jumper then a modern lavender puffer jacket. Leggings under hash pants plus warm gloves! Clever use of "layering." Oh dear, she left her head only protected from the elements by her trademark headgear. (She was sporting shiny fresh bay leaves! These eventually found their way into **Cookie's** pantry. All Celts know, bay leaves keep pantry moths away.) **The RA** has now lost 10% of her body heat. As a hash woman who pays absolutely zero attention to how she looks, dresses for the Artic, even in summer, **Yo Adrian** believes our Lady **RA** must find out what the Celts wore on their heads in winter.

The UEFA Europa League soccer was the first topic for discussion. Applause for **Tottenham Hotspur's coach, Ange Postecogloe's** (team) **win over Manchester United**. Postecogloe turned out not to be the clown the German reporter thought he might be. The only problem with the Spurs' win; after 17 years in trophy "wilderness" oblivion, had left the **RA** saddened. The win came at the expense of her old home team. **Bulldust** was the look alike stand in for Postecogloe. We were reminded that hope and perseverance pay off in the end. **Bulldust** drank to the assembled hashers singing "*You Never Walk Alone*."

Continuing like a sports newsreader, **Mountain Hawk** shifted to Aussie Rules!

The Dockers fans were congratulated for their continued support of a most inconsistent team. Who got a drink for the Docker's winning? I missed it and so did **Hogshit**. The staunch Eagle supporters: **Sybil, Phantom** and **Troppo** got a drink. They could finally hold their heads up high and guzzle splash while hearing the oldie "*When the Eagles They Fly High in Mobile*."

Now **the RA** assumed her Celtic bard role with the telling of a modern tale. It concerned a young man suffering from a terrible headache. The lad finally sought medical assistance from his doctor. The doctor queried him about masturbation. Did he masturbate often? **Ding** was called into be the laddie. Hmm, yes, **Ding** confessed. I only masturbate when I'm dreaming of my girlfriend away in Amarillo. Down-down to "*Dreaming Dreams of Amarillo*." It is amazing how many hashers know these queer, weird songs.

Charges from the Floor

Mental Disorder charged is spouse **Menstrual Disorder** for nesting. It appears she was so busy unpacking their belongings from the hidey-holes in the caravan and putting them away in a real house, she caused them to be late to Friday H3. The charge had the whiff of a domestic issue but it stuck nonetheless. **Horny Flasher** placed the Bad Girl Hat upon **MD** and gave her the "*Bad Girl*" song.

The walking wounded were called out for drinks. It was her shoulder that prevented **High Beams** from doing trail. Most illogical. **Mental Disorder** is moving adeptly on his crutches; not yet ready to go the distance of a trail. **Lofty**, one of the co-hares, found himself summoned from his kitchen duties into the Circle. He was one of the wounded? Nope. He was the hasher with his bowels in an uproar.

Inspector Gadget charged **Tightarse** for failing to wear the **Dummy Shorts** on trail. **TightArse** only pooped, oops, popped them on just before Circle Time. He was proud

to have a drink with the two wounded war heroes. **Mental** sported the silly red haired Scots bonnet while **High Beam** got the Viking Horn hat.

Bell Boy was out front and centre for automobile negligence. He let his car battery go flat!! Now he must sleep over at **Cookie's house**. Will **Sir Fumbles** come to the car's rescue or share space with **Bell Boy**? **Horny Flasher** placed the many spiked black hat on **Bell Boy** then sang out "*In Heaven There Is No Beer.*"

Farewells – None tonight

Birthday Girl

Cookie who baked her own sticky date cake with a special first-time frosting. There was much discussion as to the fire risk of lighting so many candles; **Yo** feared all the oxygen could be sucked out of the pergola. **Sir Fumbles** saved the day by finding only two candles to light. **Hashy Birthday to Cookie**: our hare, hostess and chief cook and baker.

Bookends & Zero Heroes

Recovering Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Mental Disorder High Beams Shadow has even more scars on her face	Mental Disorder 120 High Beam 740	Lofty 232 Cowpat 303 Tightarse 606

A lot of crazy numbers and odd ones

Tropo imitates Columbus who sailed the oceans blue in **1492**. He regaled us with a most amusing bawdy song about those first white fellas to land in the Americas.

It was **Phantom's "Anticipation Run."** Only seven more sleeps to the **BIG 1500**.

Now we move on to the **On Sec's "Secret Women's Business."**

We begin with puberty. **Knee High** represents this pubescent demographic with 14 runs. **Zip It** has reached middle age. At 52 runs she represents the menopause (or Man-Pause? Oh, no way! She's "paused" them critters). Let us not forget the myriads of Harriette's still walking or trying to run/jog well into their sixties and seventies. Come out front **Menstrual Disorder**. You have done 67 runs, you old biddy! Not a single grey hair on her head. Amazing!

Dummy Shorts

Nominations: **Tropo** for reading jokes week after week from his phone. This has become contagious. Now **Inspector Gadget** recites away from his well-lit screen in giant font, easier for this elderly eyes.

Hogshit is always our FH3 minder. General business is his forte. This smells like an accolade. Why is it here in my notes? Sounds like the charger may have had a senior moment.

Shadow has a very loud and distinctive guffaw/laugh. She was able to be heard over the WASO playing Classical music in an outdoor venue. Thus, her hash friends were able to locate her among the masses.

Tightarse!! Nominated for a carry over. He must learn to follow FH3 traditions and wear the Dummy Shorts on trail.

Once again, Tightarse is in the **Dummy Shorts**. **Mountain Hawk** lamented she will have to wash them again this week. **Tightarse** said the cake with two candles should have been for him. He now has had the DS two times in a row. **Horney Flasher** rang out the time honoured "*He's Really Fucking Dumb*" tune.

Jokers

D Liva Rants told us one about three hashers making it to the Pearly Gates. **Inspector Gadget, Troppo** and **Mental Disorder** were given their roles. Saint Peter reveals that there is only one rule in Heaven. **Do not step on the ducks.** Ok. The lads are relieved. Easy peasy. The sun had not set on their first Heavenly day when **Gadget** trips over, then stepped on a duck! Bad luck. His punishment was swift. Chains quickly bound him to an ugly woman, for eternity. The lads make it through two days before **Troppo** steps on a duck! Quick as a duck quack, St Peter is there to administer punishment. **Troppo** finds himself bound for all eternity to a woman who obviously fell out of the top of the ugly tree hitting every branch on the way down. **Mental Disorder** made it for some months without stepping on a duck. Finally, with his balance lacking, he topples ass over tit on a duck, stepping on it as he gets up. Well, says St Peter. I have a surprise for you. **Wenchy** come out to be our buxom blonde for **MD. Mental** is excited to be bound to this lass for all eternity. He wants to know why she is being bound to him. "Well, I stepped on this duck. Now I'm stuck with the ugliest man in Heaven."

Inspector Gadget broke free of his bonds of joke #1 to read from his large font cell phone. There was something about a pussy that could not catch a mouse. His second was direct to FH3 from Boy's Life magazine about a dinosaur called "Lick a Lotta Pus".

Mel Adjusted was stuck into the disgraced American Presidents who went to Hell: Trump, Barrack O' Bama, G.W. Bush and Bill Clinton. Trump is walking with the Devil observing the fate of his predecessors. Barack O' Bama is floundering to keep his head up in a bucket of water. G.W. Bush is doomed to break rocks. Bill Clinton is getting a blow job from Monica. Trumps grins. I think I can handle the eternal blow job. "Good," says Satan. "Monica, you can leave now. President Trump will take your place."

Troppo told about the truck driver that had 50 penguins in the back of his truck. The truck matched the description of a people smuggling vehicle. The driver was stopped; the truck searched by the police. They were greeted by the commotion and squawking of the birds. Baffled, the officers asked what he was doing with 50 penguins. The reply, they are my friends and I'm taking them for a ride. The officers decided not to charge the driver if he took the 50 penguins to the zoo. Whew. Off he drives. The next day the police stop the truck again; and are bothered by the same noises coming from the back of the truck. The policeman asked "What are you doing with the 50 penguins? Yesterday you were told to take them directly to the zoo!" Driver, "Oh, I did, they and so much fun at the zoo yesterday. So today I'm taking them all to the beach."

The three amigos were all given joker hats by **Horny Flasher**. Followed by ta serenaded by the off-key FH3 choir: "*Here's to Jolly Hashers*".

General Business

The GM had none. **Inspector Gadget** is satisfied with his hare list for the moment. **Thanks** to **Inspector Gadget** for taking on **Hardcase's** Splash duties providing you with wine, softies, water, ice etc. Thanks to **Cowpat** for assisting **Roxby as a Piss Pourer**. **Skully** had to hit the books tonight. Excused, but she better pass this course!

Song: Shadow led us out, then dashed to get her bowl & spoon for a feed of seafood laksa.

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 until such time that he is divested of crutches.

Next Week's Run #1761 – 30 May 2025 This is a dog free venue. No dogs!

**Horney Flasher
13 B Doust Street
CANNINGTON**

NOTE – Leave driveway free for Troppo Van, Mental and Hash Splash DRIVERS!

There should be room for the four of them. All others park in the street.

Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
6 June 2025	1762	Ding	51 Elstreet Avenue COOLBINIA Dogs welcome
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	Ballwinkle	TBA

Upcoming Hash Events

- 1. 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.**
- 2. The Cancer Council's Australia's Biggest Morning Tea – 8 June 2025; 10:00AM to 1:00 PM (Sponsored by the Perth Harriettes in memory of Deaconess). Flyer attached**
- 3. Bunbury Hash 45th 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 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.