



<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: 1764 Date: 20/06/25 Hare: Shadow Co-Hare: White Pointer**

**Runners: 29** (resembling drowned rats)

**Venue:** Somewhere in the darkness of the City of Stirling “the City of Choice,” was the Hare’s house on Hamilton Street. Soaking rains, in this day of deluges swamped the area. Alas, there was no letup in the precipitation. The windscreen fogged up. There was no guiding bright light illuminating a #54 to was show us the way! **Cowpat** and **Yo Adrian** drove the length of Hamilton Street. They stealthily went creeping in and out of driveways in search of any abode with a visible house number. This neighbourhood values privacy, or wants to avoid any contact with the local constabulary or ambulance services. Eureka! We found #97 then #77. We were off in the correct direction! Look the smallest kindy in Christendom! Our designated parking lot confirmed. We sighted **Sybil** and **Megawatt** exiting their vehicle under umbrellas and crossed the street. Holy Cow Crap!! They vanished into the misty dark and raindrops! We were none the wiser as to the location of #54. Hooray! **Megawatt** on his phone, stood in a driveway. **Troppo’s** van was spotted in that driveway! Victory! The Splash ingredients have made it to their destination.

This night was most unfavourable for the Hare of Run #1764. **Shadow** excitedly greeted each hasher upon arrival. She was in wonderous disbelief, so many hashers came to her run! The trail was a complete wash out. Well, of course it would be, set on Thursday afternoon! With full knowledge of storms predicted for all day on Friday co-hare **White Pointer** must have been in tune with his deep-sea watery nature. No other half mind would contemplate laying trail that far ahead. In his defence, **White Pointer** (he) did not get wet setting it. The City of Stirling recently spent our rates cleaning out the storm drains in **Shadow’s** neighbourhood. Did the City Fathers have a premeditation of this Winter Solstice flood? Puddles were many; runoff was deep and all our shoes got wet!

I have digressed.

**The Splash!** Oh, what a source of hashing telecommunications! **Megawatt** to **Radar**, she was waiting to pick up **Mel Adjusted**. He was flying home from Sydney, now was delayed in the skies above Perth. The Splash paraphernalia was dishwasher cleaned boxed for use in the back of their vehicle for the Down-Downs.

High drama! **Cowpat** arrived with the magic splash ingredients; delivered to her from Ocean Reef by **Roxby**. Her unwell daughter, **Skully** managed to make **Roxby** equally unwell with the dreaded lurgy. Let us hope they sheds this virus soon. She really looked pale.

Both of our **Piss Pourers** officially down for the count. May their immune systems rise to this occasion and see them fit! **Roxby** had the good sense to use social distancing so not give it to **Cowpat**, then on to the rest of us! Accolades to the Harriettes who stepped in to serve us: **Cowpat**, who is not even on Committee, for mixing the Splash, **Radar** for utilising her waitressing skills in serving; **Sybill** saddled with the “catch the dirty cup” duty didn’t miss one! No **Buldust** to shoot baskets tonight with the cups.

Who else on Committee was absent? **Sir Fumbles** our beloved **Hash Flash**. His ailing prostate gland required surgical attention. Just out of hospital after having a rebore, he is doing great! No loss of appetite reported! Out gadding about, going to dinner with **Cookie** Friday night as I type tonight.

All hail the heroic substitute **Flash GPS!** He braved the stormy elements to retrieve the camera. From FH3’s southernmost abode, he drove to **Cookie’s** to track **Sir Fumbles** down. The good **Sir** was in in her car. Like a covert operation, the camera was stealthily handed out one car window into the waiting hand of **GPS**.

**Choir mistress Horny Flasher?** Where art thou? Inquiring minds want to know! She must present a note of explanation next week to the **GM** or surrender her hats to the next Committee! **Radar** was now dobbed in for double duty with out double pay! Such talent and flexibility among our members.

Heaven forbids! More of the Committee M.I.A. **RA Mountain Hawk!** What keeps her away on this auspicious night? Her Celtic calendar must have had something of great importance on to keep her away from the FH3. Dobbed in by **Inspector Gadget!** It was too much for **Mountain Hawk** and **Tightarse** to grace us with their presence on Friday H3 night. Neglected her committee duty. No! She had to save her strength for the FH3 weekend away! Three consecutive days of hashing was more than her constitution could handle. Tut. Tut. Oh, dear!

**Yo Adrian, On Sec** made a plea in the last week’s newsletter for “the owner” of the “forgotten fish” left in the FH3 eskee to come claim the scaly prize. **Troppo** and **Yo** agreed on a fitting punishment for such lack of concern for gifted fish by a hasher. Note, we all know only one other thing smells like fish. Imagine **Troppo’s** imagination as to what odours the fish would emanate after few days left in the eskee. For all you Monty Python “tragics”, we could have a re-enactment of the skit, “The Fish Slap Dance.” **Tightarse**, the guilty could receive fish slaps delivered by **Phantom** (in a dominatrix costume?) until he falls! There better be water at **Mel Adjusted’s** birthday Run next week to make it more authentic.

**Run Numbers:** 28

**Dogs:** 1 Chico slept inside, warm and snug in **Menstrual Disorder’s** lap for the duration of the trail.

**Runner’s Trail Length:** Only the **Shadow** knows!

**Walker's Trail Length:** Ditto the above.

**Run Report:** **Biro** was not impressed. She got lost! It was supposed to be a token walk/run around the block. She jogged through ankle deep puddles, skipped on and off the curbs going round more than one block in the rain. She even did two false trails! She got wits scared out of her when she literally ran into **White Pointer** lurking at the intersection to On Home. **Biro** ran the rest of the way home.

**Score: 10 /10**

**Walker's Report:** **GM Megawatt** said the walkers went with the runners and were protected by their umbrellas.

**Score: 10/10**

**Visitors:** **Biggus Dickus Dua** or did he join officially tonight? He is Dua as we already have a **Biggus Dickus** in FH3. We do not want a show and tell lads.

He was called out for a drink for being a cook of snags tonight. He got another drink for his Virgin run with FH3.

**LTNS:** None.

**Birthdays:** None but **Shadow** did make a scrumptious cake for dessert. Hooray!

#### **The Stand-in RA's Circle**

Having been deputised as the stand in **GM, Inspector Gadget** attempted to hold court. It was a hard task given the confines of the space for twenty plus hashers. There was a BIG contributing factor. The run's drink stop was at the On Home. There was a second box of tawny port. This port was over imbibed by a few FH3 members most notably **Hogshit**. Wife **Sluggor** was keeping count of his voluminous intake. She insured each drink was in a new cup for counting purposes. The Circle was "enhanced" by the volume of **Hogshit's** comments, songs, other contributions all combined with his unbridled exuberance. The **On Sec**, standing directly in front of **Hoggie**, with nowhere to manoeuvre, told **Hogshit** to "**Shut the F Up!**". **Sluggor** said, "He's at home." **No! said YO**. The spirit of your dog has invaded your husband!

The Circle digressed. It was pointed out by someone; **Inspector Gadget** walked the entire trail in the pouring wind and rain. **Gadget** waited until he was under cover. He called the Circle to order then put up the silly umbrella on his hat. This action was cause for **the Inspector's** nomination for the **Dummy Shorts**.

**Inspector Gadget** noted that tonight was the Winter Solstice. The shortest day and the longest night for us in the Southern hemisphere. **Light My Fire** was called in to represent the longest night and I could not hear (nor see) who represented the shortest day, probably **Replicar**.

In 1963 a cosmonaut, **Valentina Tereshkova** (I looked her up) became the first woman in space. **Wenchy**, the stand-in Ruskie, goose stepped into the Circle; danced a folk dance to be permanently "lost in space" to the tune of "*Piss-On Ya*."

1947 was the year **Lofty** and **Salman Rushdie** were born. 2025 was the year **Ding** had to assume responsibility for the book, *Satanic Verses*. "*He's A Piss Pot*" song.

1885 according to **Inspector Gadget's** "Away Back Machine" something very large and green was delivered to the USA from France. What could it be? The Statue of Liberty!



**Phantom** informed us she's not there anymore. Liberty said "The USA is fucked." She pissed off back to France or trying to get into Canada. "*Bimbo was her name*" song.

1867 **Mexican Emperor Maximilian** was no more, neither is stand-in **White Pointer** after tonight's harrowing/ haring performance. "*I Like the Vino*" was the closest thing to a Mexican ditty in **Radar's** repertoire.

### Charges From the Floor

**Mel Adjusted** on **Inspector Gadget** for the rain tonight. He was derelict in his duties as RA.

**Mental Disorder** on **Slugger** and **Hogshit** something nonsensical to do with dentures and **Hoggie's** penis. This that digressed until the group broke out in song; "*In Heaven There Is No Beer.*"

**Yo Adrian** on **Replicar** for lying about the **On-Sec** stealing his runs out of The Big Red Book. Bull dooky. Said book was presented. Proof positive. **Replicar's** run numbers were going up. One by one.

**Megawatt** on **Gadget** for no lights, on lack of **Radar** to guide him home on trail, no **GPS** to reference to find #54 but most of all on **Shadow** for not having an illuminated house number!!! Splash for all!

### General Business

**Phantom** had a **Deep Freeze beanie** to give away. **Yo Adrian** snatched it up for **Lofty's** bald pate.

**D.I. Y.** informed the group that a Perth hash man, **Scum Bag** died in Osborne Park Hospital this week. Funeral will be held at Bowra and O'Dea Chapel, 502 Wanneroo Road Westminster his Thursday at 1430.

**Megawatt** called out the **On Sec** to give a **Prostate Report**. Both **Lofty** and **Sir Fumbles** are out of hospital and recovering. **Lofty's** cancerous gland was removed intact, hopefully smooth sailing from now on.

**Trail-Master** has only five runs left to fill this Committee year. If you have not laid trail and are running regularly with FH3 please volunteer for your turn, on your preferred date. **Urgently required: 18 July!** 22 August, 10 October, 14 November, 21 November.

**All other runs will be under the auspices of the New Committee!** **Yo Adrian** kindly requests volunteers for any position on her committee. It would be nice to have a "congenital" working party! Only requirement: An understanding of the GM's bizarre sense of humour. And a wee bit of work ethic/commitment.

## Bookends & Zero Heroes

Whoosies/Recovering Wimps	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Menstrual Disorder & Chico slept! Sybill and Radar Shadow and Biggus Dickus Dua	SheepShunter 340 Mel Adjusted 560	Sluggger 676 Wenchy 767

### Dummy Shorts

Nominations: **Hogshit** nominated **Inspector Gadget** for not having his umbrella hat up on the run. **Wenchy** on **White Pointer** for setting the run on Thursday. **Mental Disorder** on **Menstrual Disorder** for retrieving their contribution to the nibbles table then being forgetful. She left the hatch up on their new beaut vehicle. Sounded like a domestic to the pack. Charge disallowed. Shout off began. It was White Pointer again! He has becoming quite adept at securing them around his neck. He drank to *"He's Really Dumb, Spot of Cum."*

### Jokers

**Troppo** digressed to his old habit of reading a joke from his phone. Poor Bob forgot his wedding anniversary. He f-up even more by leaving her present in a box on the drive. A set of scales does not a motor vehicle make. *"For He's A Jolly Hasher."*

**Song: Shadow** started the FH3 song, prompting the Circle because the food was ready.

This was a bit of an oops moment. The **GM** was trying to call out **Mel Adjusted** to give us instructions to next week's run.

### Points of Hash Etiquette in Carparks

**Leave parking for Troppo & Phantom's van closest to the venue. Second spot closest to venue should be saved for Hardcase and the Piss pourers. Mental Disorder should be using the handicap parking bay.**

### Next Week's Run #1765 – 27 June 2025

**Hare: Mel Adjusted and Co-Hare Inspector Gadget (stand in for the other birthday boy, Lofty)**

**Mills Park Car Park 32, Brixton Street Beckenham**

**Dogs welcome**

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

### Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
04 July 2025	1766	Ballwinkle	Santiago Park, 14 Beaumaris Blvd., Ocean Reef
11 July 2025	1767	Menstrual D; Co-hare Wenchy	14 Carman Way, Bassendean, Co-Hare Wenchy
18 July 2025	1768	<b>HARE NEEDED !!!!!</b>	
25 July 2025	1769	XMAS IN JULY - Committee	Hazel Mc Dougall House Como
1 Aug 2025	1770	Troppo	TBA (1501 runs)
8 Aug 2025	1771	Mental Disorder	14 Carman Way, Bassendean, Co-Hare Wenchy
15 Aug 2025	1772	Sir Fumbles	TBA

### Upcoming Hash Events

**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.