



GM: Megawatt 0405 045 564	On Sec: Yo Adrian 0411 588 340
R.A: Mountain Hawk 0457 987 005	Hash Cash: Radar (remainder of this year)
Trail master: Gadget 0422 203 125	0419 953 827
Hash Splash: Troppo 0488 090 979	Hash Horn: Biro 0417 186 028
Piss Pouter 1: Roxby 0419 711 302	Hash Splash: Hardcase 0411 475 421
Hash Flash: Sir Fumbles 0415 551 650	Piss Pouter 2: Skully 0417 483 683
Songstress: Horny Flasher 0439 600 625	Haberdash: Slugger 0412 109 247
Web Wanker: Ding 0417 184 139	Historian: Mel Adjusted 0407 360 053

Web Address: www.fridayhash.com Facebook: [Friday Hash House Harriers](#)

RUN: 1784 Date: 07/11/25 Hare: Tightarse Co-Hare: No one!
Peppermint Grove Tennis Club Manners Hill Park, Mosman Park

Runners: 37

Apologies: Slugger had a date with the interventional radiologist!

Dogs: 3 Sherbie, Roxie, Chico

The On Sec’s Report of the Night

Lofty and **Yo** (with **Sherbie**), arrived fashionably early. We snagged the most appropriate carpark-in, a corner next to the doggy poo dispenser! Serendipitously, we were right by **Troppo’s** van. This is where the action begins! **Phantom** already set up the cash table. She is doing “the duty” while **Radar** has a night away with her daughters. **Yo** plonked the Big Red Book, complete with a new pen, at the other end of the table. **Troppo** was the first to pop the top of a dark beer. **Replicar** was second! Hashers came from all directions. The early birds who had taken the train were walking across the grass: **Bulldust**, **Clockwork Orange** and **White Pointer**. **Hardcase** and **Dynamo** were bumping/dragging the FH3 wine and softies eskees to where we were. **Bell Boy** materialised, **Animule** reversed his bespoke van in, parked. Out tumbled **Highbeams!** **Knee High** signed the Book, then made trips back to her car for her pack. Up to some mischief with **Menstrual Disorder!** **Sybil** made a commotion. Questioning why was **Phantom** taking numbers of who was going to the attend the AGPU. Evidently, that was **Mountain Hawk’s** usual duty.

Phantom is like **Yo**. We follow our marching orders. The order came from **Radar**: “Get the numbers. I need to know for catering and budgeting!” I think **Phantom** did an amazing job, getting names, making change and keeping her cool. **Yo’s** word to the wise: never, ever give a note bigger than a fiver to your Hash Cash. A \$50.00 will make you memorable for all the wrong reasons! A big thank you to **Phantom** for wearing two hats tonight. **Big Bang** got a “bang” on his bottom from a Guinness cap as he signed the Book. **Horny Flasher** arrived with her mammoth bag of chapeaus! The three Musketeers (**D.I.Y.**, **Wenchy** and **Zippy**) came carrying enough gear to spend the night in the park! **Dynamo** scoped out the toilets and the undercover area. Halfway up the hill on Johnson Street, **Mountain Hawk** was spotted getting out of her car. She was burdened down with, well everything! She had all the fancy picnic

bits: serviettes, sauces, serving pieces, plus covered pans, rice cookers and lord only knows what else. **Tightarse** made himself useful, even if with only one hand (the other had a drink!) FH3 members began to place their contributions to the nibbles table before the run even started!

Thus began the Great FH3 Migration, winding through the trees to the under-cover area **Kane** lent a hand to Troppo with the eskees. **Sir Fumbles** put on his work horse hat, carried tables. **Lofty** had his hands full with dog, chairs, two Woolies baskets and an eskee. **Yo** relieved him of two chairs!

There were benches all around the interior, but camp chairs went down anyway. Many drinks were also going down. I think the Scorpio spirit was catching!

Cowpat and **Roxie** trotted in. **Chico** immediately pissed on a pillar. As if that would cause **Roxie** to go away! Note: **Roxie** is FH3 Alpha doggy, not to be confused with **Roxby**, geologist extraordinaire world's best granny). **Chico** dashed off into the night with **Menstrual Disorder** following and calling. He only came back to **Wenchy**. His holiday at her happening pad must have been good! **Roxby** and **Skully** followed **Cowpat's** trail, lugging all the FH3 Splash paraphernalia plus their own table to set up on.

Mental Disorder looked no worse for wear. Back from visiting his mother, he is his usual self. Running another Powerball. \$10.00 each! Well, you must be in it to win it. Lucky **Menstrual Disorder** was voted unanimously by all FH3 to purchase our tickets.

The Birthday Night Officially Begins!

Megawatt decided he better get that Hare out to give us instructions while he still could. **Tightarse** was pleasantly pissed! **Yo** confesses, I did not hear a word of it. I did see an arm fling out pointing On-On for the Walkers. Lucky last, again. I did catch **Cowpat** and **Roxie**. We powerwalked on across a street, around a corner and up the first of a zillion hills!

We caught up with **Cookie** and her guardian angel, **Sir Fumbles**. **Mel Adjusted** was among the stragglers. He was missing his pal, **Inspector Gadget**. The large walking group was practicing "silent hashing". Farrowes were large and frequent. There was no chance to go astray or was there?

Lofty and **Sherbie** were the last to leave the park. **Sherbie** did her traditional "starting run" poo, slowing them down. They walked on following trail, but it was not the Walkers Trail. They bumped into **Clockwork Orange**. She did a Runner's falsie; promptly got confused. She was lost! Although, she was damned and determined to find the champagne drink stop. **Clocky** led **Lofty** boldly into nowhere. They walked miles having lost trail: went north to McNeil Street, turned left and went down Stirling Highway, a left at Leake Street, found the On Home Trail along the river! **Lofty** was still swinging that doggy poo bag all the way back home! The nearest dog poo bin, in this uptown area, was right where **Lofty** parked! Consulting **Bulldust's** map of his running of the trail, **Lofty** estimated, he and **Clockwork Orange** walked poor **Sherbie** over 2 extra kilometres, than the Runner's trail.

This is a great area to lay trail. There are lane ways, brick paths into the woods, lots of short streets and very long up hills. It was on one of the steep downhills at a T junction where the brick paving meets, an even steeper brick downhill, that a Hashman went ass over tit.

"Oh, no **Cookie** fell!" **Cowpat** cried. No stated **Yo**. It is **Mel Adjusted** on his bum. We dashed back up the hill, arriving the same time as the downhill first responders, **Cookie** and **Sir Fumbles**. **Mel A** deemed nothing broken. On a brass trail marker, he left a bit of flesh! Precision falling! Photographic evidence taken by **Sir Fumbles** for posterity. Just after we righted **Mel A**, the runners arrived. They assessed the situation, then speeded off to the promised drink stop. At the bottom of this brick path, we went across the sand, (I

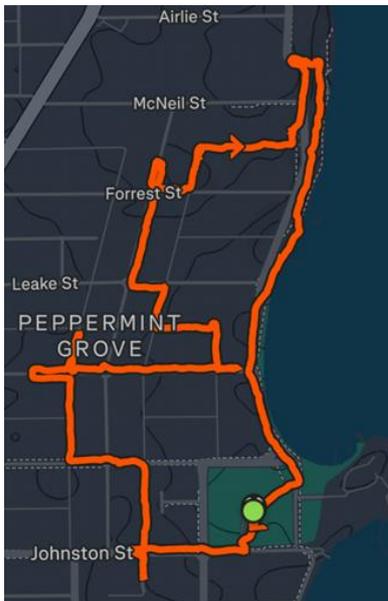
could not believe the Birthday Boy's favourite yellow set of wheels was allowed on the river sand!) up some seriously tall steps to a picnic spot. My oh my. **Highbeams** could not pour fast enough. **Tightarse** was forced to let loose another cork into the bush! There was choice: water and orange for the sensible ones. Most imbibed, like we were living in the last days of the Roman Empire! There was a group that polished off the last bottle so they could street drink all the way home! It was a bit longer On Home than I anticipated. Lots of farrows, hills and comradery.

Back at Home

FH3 was having a great night. Much laughter, eating and drinking before **Megawatt** called for the Circle to begin.

Megawatt has a thing for **Biro**. I am sure of it. Out front and centre again to report on the Runner's Trail.

Runner's Report



Distance 4.6 kms

Biro admitted to being away for a while. She did all of the checks but no false trails. It was a good trail and the drink stop was exceptional.

Score: 8 for the trail 2 for the drink stop = 10

Walker's Report

Mel Adjusted recovered from his fight with gravity to report on the Walker's Trail. Hmm. I would have given it 10 out of 10 but because I suffered blood loss, only 8. Note: There was no alcohol involved in the fall.

Megawatt acknowledged there was a special runner here tonight. Last week **Roxby** did 100 Runs with FH3. Congratulations! Roxby was presented with a metal 100 run badge and a cloth 100 run badge to commemorate the occasion.

LTNS

The Super Moon must have super powers. The proximity of **Mr Moon** the Earth has caused upheaval around the world. Here at FH3, the Moon's gravity sucked out the following people to come to FH3.

Big Bang back from a holiday in Adelaide

DIY, Zippy and **Wenchy** were up to secret women's business

Ding and **Biro** forgot to bring their notes

Ditto for **Bell Boy** who missed his cake last week

Mental and **Menstrual Disorder** back from the NSW property and visiting with his mother.

The RA's Circle

Roxby and **Phantom** were both out for a drink for what? **Yo** missed it.

Mountain Hawk noted there were many, many Scorpios here tonight. **Bell Boy, Megawatt, Tightarse** (he noted James Bond was a Scorpio but did not reveal which Bond it was) missing out was **Light My Fire**. Everyone got a drink of Splash.

Note: James Cook was a **Scorpio**. Today is his birthday. He was known for his sailing abilities. **Cookie** was nominated by **Bulldust** to represent Capt. Cook. She drank her down-down to "Tura Lura Bound for Botany Bay."

Mountain Hawk made note that **Slugger** could not be here tonight because she was having an injection so she can get her knees up. The song began "*Knees Up Mother Brown*" but **Knee High** was called in as proxy for **Slugger**. Now the song was "*She's a Piss-Pot.*"

Lofty, with his big bald head was called into the **RA's Circle** to represent the Super Moon or the Beaver Moon as it is also known. He drank to "*I See the Moon and the Moon Sees Me.*" He was interrupted by fireworks happening down on the river foreshore.

Birthday Boy Tightarse wanted an accolade for timing of the fireworks! He is still holding up tradition! Part of this tradition is his reciting of a poem, or singing of a song, that he has written. This tradition began 12 years ago when he turned 70 years old (along time ago)!

He is **82** today!

We are going to sing in Italian tonight, to the tune of "***Funiculi Funicula***". (Apologises to Pavarotti).

Tightarse's 82nd Birthday Song

*Last night I went to bed at 81 years
That's pretty old - I think that's old
Today I'm 82 that one year older
Now that is old that's really old*

Chorus

*Tick Tock, Tick Tock
The years are rushing by
Tick Tock, Tick Tock
The years are rushing by*

*And even if I try, I can not stop the years from passing
Or slow down the clock of life (Pause)
So, I'll have another drink and keep on hashing with my wife*

Chorus

*The Hash is alive to the sound of ON ON
A sound you will hear, more and more and more
I run on the Hash every Friday evening
And hear the same jokes that I've heard before*

Chorus repeat

DIY was called out for a drink because she is a very important person! She is the GM of the Perth Harriettes. She also likes her vino. A sombrero was donned as the song, "*We Like the Vino*" began.

Charges From the Floor

Wenchy on **Big Bang** for all the fireworks. He should know that we are two nights past Guy Faulkes night.

Yo Adrian charged **Mental Disorder** for not paying attention in the Circle. Spruiking your Lotto sales is not a charge. It belongs under General Business. He got "*The Himbo Song.*"

Mental charged **the RA** for picking on the disabled. He won't get his hearing aids until next week!

Tightarse had an accolade for **High Beam**. She baked him **two** birthday cakes! (is this creating a precedent for the over 80s?) Her song: "*Glory ,glory have a lager.*"

White Pointer was awarded the **Ears** by **Megawatt** for blithering in the Circle. *He's Stupid*" song.

Yo charged **Cowpat** for lacking visual acuity: mistaking **Mel Adjusted** for **Cookie** when **Mel A** had his tumble. Wearing the black spikey helmet, “*Take it in Your Hand Mrs Murphy*” was **Cowpat** ‘s down-down song.

General Business

Megawatt again reminded us of the AGPU. **Radar** needs your RSVP - if you are coming or not? This will assist the Committee. Thank you.

Mental Disorder got to spruik the **Lotto/Powerball** he is spending our dollars on.

Haberdash: Slugger has ordered and taken payment on the latest order of FH3 vests.

Trailmaster: Absent! The calendar is full of Hares into next year!

On Sec: I have corrected the FH3 Run spread sheet at the end of the newsletter. Be it known: **Zip It prefers to be called Zippy!** The date for her run is now correct.

Birthdays: Out of the woodwork they came! It was the night of the Scorpios! The Super Moon brought them out (like cockroaches in the dark) for tonight’s trail! **Bell Boy, Biro, Tightarse** (and MIA was **Light My Fire**). Many thanks to **High Beams** for providing the **FH3** with, not one, but two slabs of amazing chocolate/peanut butter megacalories in cake form! Plenty for all to have seconds. We did. It was very moreish.

Bookends & Zero Heroes

FH3 Security	Zero Heroes	Bookends
Mental Disorder	Knee Hi 30 Roxby 100 (Missed last week) Cowpat 220 Ding 290 Phantom 1520	Big Bang 232 Roxby 101

Jokers

Horny Flasher read us a simply marvellous story about **Mr Cadbury**, a very prolific creator of chocolates. This tale of **Mr Cadbury** mentioned every one of the delicious treats in the chocolatier’s collection.

Troppo had trouble. His FH3 cap prevented the Joker’s hat from staying on his head. **Horny Flasher** had to hop up and down at least four times to replacing the hat on his pate. FH3 cap off, problem solved. On On with the two jokes.

Troppo has been going to a new gym. He wanted his new instructor to teach him to do the splits. She queried, “Are you flexible?” “Yes, any night but Tuesday.”

The Italian chef pasta away. He is now a pizza of history! Boom. Boom.

“Here’s to the jokers” sang **Horny Flasher**.

Dummy Shorts

Tightarse again sported the brilliantly washed (by his beloved **Mountain Hawk**), the dynamic and coveted Dummy Shorts. Per usual, there was much discussion; heavily influence by the imbibement of copious amounts of bubbly at the drinks stop. There were no nominations other than the model, the man of the hour, the one who completed another revolution around the sun: **TIGHTARSE!**

Song - Megawatt summoned **Sybil** to lead us in our Club Song. No danger of her not knowing the song. She probably was there when **Troppo** penned it!

Next Week's Run #1785 14-11-2025

Hare: Phantom Co Hare: Troppo
Warradale Community Centre Car Park, Southmead Dr.
Landsdale

Dogs allowed, please keep on a lead during trail and at the On-On.

Friday Night's Parking Instructions: None

Points of Hash etiquette in Carparks

Leave parking for Troppo closest to the venue. Second and third carparks closest to venue should be saved for Hardcase and the Piss pourers.

Upcoming Local Club Events and Overseas Happenings

Local Runs

2 December 2025 - Perth Harriette's Salvos Run at Wireless Hill, Booragoon. .

Next year Save the Dates

Mandurah H3 40th Anniversary – Saturday 18th April 2026

World Inter-Hash Indonesia

Receding Hairline

DATE	RUN No.	HARE / CO-HARE	LOCATION
21 Nov 2025	1786	Biro	51 Elstreet Avenue Coolbinia
28 Nov 2025	1787	AGPU -Balinese Theme Yo Adrian and Lofty	Hazel McDougal House, 20 Clydesdale St. Como
05 Dec 2025	1788	Bulldust	Burswood -See photo below
12 Dec 2025	1789	Zippy	13a Esperance St. East Vic Park

Bulldust's Run 5 Dec 2025



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 include the On Sec for publishing in the FH3 Rag.

Save your empties for the FH3 . 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 who do not have plates or cutlery, the Splash has a few extras.