

**Barbados
Hash House
Harriers**

**Hash Mistress's
Mischief**

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Mismanagement Committee

Hash Mistress	Francie "China Brush"
Asst. HM/Hash Cash	Damian "Dr. Dish"
On Sex	Tracy / Michelle
RA/Asst. RA	Mark / Ian "Haggis"
Hash Woodman	David "Fry De Ass"
Haberdasher	Avril H.
Booze Master	Chris T. "Puddin' & Souse"
Hash Geek	Chris "If I May"
Hash Horns	Rene "Weenie"/ Nigel

Barbados Events

• Editorial Staff:

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Please sign up for Hash notifications on the website (<http://www.barbadoshash.com> (Yahoo Group))

Look out for Friday night limes, game nights, movie nights

Games Night: at "High Winds" - Fri Sept 15 @ 8pm. Bring games, snacks and drinks.

Hash Sleepover: at "High Winds" in Cattlewash—September 16-17—No cost. Hash Bar. Potluck supper. Bring sleeping bags/air mattresses/twin sized sheets. Bring food for BBQ.

CUSTOMS/EXCISE 10K Run & Walk: Sat 16th September @ 6:00 AM. Loop from the port authority building through Bridgetown, Belmont Road & Collymore Rock, Bay St., Wharf Road, Hincks St. & Harbour Road.

DIGICEL WALK / ADIDAS RUN FOR LIFE 5K: Sunday 2 October @ 4:30pm. Register as a Hash Team. Registration is \$25.00 Bds pp.

Let's give something back to the hash! Volunteer to write a trash, hare a run, assist at the bar, take home coolers, etc. See any committee member.

Cleanliness begins at the hash! - Let's leave hash locations as we find them. Please bring back your trash and empties to the bar when you leave.

Hash Trash (Run 1205) - Scribe—Michelle G.

VENUE: 37 Mount Pleasant, St. Philip

DATE: 26th August 2006

HARES: Carey “Full Beam”, Chris E., David H. & Mike” Baron Tongus”

Well for starters I don't have a clue how this is done. I turned up on Saturday for the usual shit run, only to be greeted at a house for sale, (not wanting to stray off the beaten track but I will cause I can) I thought it was utter rudeness and impolite for them to try to force their house on us by holding the hash their but who knows we hashers are prone to irrational thinking and spending. Now, when a hash starts with the hares professing their love for you we in for it big time and to make matters worse this hash even had a consultant, who as I might add refused all knowledge of having anything to do with our soon to be agonizing experience.

This said hash was one of exquisite views, luscious green sceneries and lots of sweet sugar stalks, not to mention loads of short cut, not that I would ever consider this, and like the Grand Old Duke of York we went down hill and up again (even if the upward climb was not as vigorous for some and round and through, in and out, over river and dales, for some of us, the focus being on that long cold beer kept us going but only just. Now at some point in my diligent running I sort of transcended onto a bowling alley, me being one of the pins along with my fellow runners and why this you might say? because one of the sheep had lost his way and proceeded to be a bowling ball.

While we slowly tried to get over this piss poor treatment and hurried to catch the front runners (which I might add never happened) our sights turned to the lovely structures of houses and so our thoughts were slightly put off the said target, near the home stretch we felt it best to test some our fellow male hashers strength by asking them to carry three of us the same time, this we explained while panting with shallow breath was for their benefit and would improve their fitness level, of course men being cowards refused every time(fair enough) now the end our journey was in sight but as it struck us we were to be going up the hill, and so, we came to unanimous decision to ask all vehicles no matter the direction to aid us in this climb, and once more no such luck.

Back now and rested and fully watered, some of us taking the liberty of a clothes shower (but that is another story). We had our share of fair few virgins which in it self was a bit surprising (considering) anyhow a great welcome was given. Our lovely hash mistress wanted to share the shit shirt and so she did (she gets out of hand a bit) Gazelle wanted to be the hash trollop and so she was wearing her outfit well.

Ladies and men that was the end of a great run.

Interested in going to Trinidad for Carnival 2007?

Depart via LIAT on Friday, February 16 (7am, 12noon or 5:30pm),

Return on Wednesday February 21 (10am, 2:30pm or 8pm)

Group Fare is \$161.29 USD per person (for 20 persons). Accept Visa/MasterCard or cash.

Stay at Royal Palm Suite Hotel, Maraval—standard single, double, triple and quad rooms with breakfast. Satellite TV, free wireless internet, pool & spa. Quad is \$96.75 USD pp per night incl. taxes. Payment due by Dec 31, 2006. Website: <http://www.royalpalm.co.tt>

Additional: airport transfers & internal transport, optional tours, tipping

Costumes additional through Skandal-Us—will post when website is available for viewing—includes food, drink, transportation from bandhouse to band, security, Skandal-Loo, and wine down corn soup.

Website: <http://www.skandalmas.com/>

Includes POSHHH hash run, calypso competition & Panorama finals on Saturday.

See HM if interested.

Hash Trash (Run 1206) - Scribe— Xboozemaster Xtraordinaire

Still have to wash my smelly socks and filthy shoes, after cavorting through swamp mud with HM and Claudius, trying to find flour or paper deposited by our frantic “live” hares. As far as I recall none was caught by our (barely) able FRBs, at least I heard no boasting to that effect.

Good to see Linda out, with her “young boy” haircut, and Sandra too. OK, 5 minutes head start given to the “Magnificent” 5½ and off we went. No Rene at the horn, the assistant doing his best; where was Margaret? Her “Hot Lips” blow better so much than the assistant can. The ON took us south on the beach, picture postcard perfect, along the jagged volcanic rock around the point, then past chez Stanleys whose occupants hid from us as we went by. No, not all the way down to Oistins, but in among the mishmash of houses where we had some very confusing checks despite some hopeful help from locals. Well done, the 5½.

What next? Can’t remember too much, except for the perfect afternoon in killing heat, which gradually fried our half brains. Kept hoping for a sight of the hares in the distance, to give a bearing for a good short cut, but ’twas not to be. Who should turn up among the hounds but ex-RA Kevin H, pushing along a stroller filled with young son Euan. Junibus Clarkibus slow today, but denied she had filled up with cou-cou for lunch. We ended up below Fairy Valley Rock? Parish Land? where Kevin + stroller + son scrambled up the hillside track before calling quits beside the runway fence.

Still have to wash my smelly socks and filthy shoes...

From now the run was downhill, avoiding the rifle range whence one could hear purposeful shooting (thank you for that, 5½) and with encouragement from Tracy we found the ON back to the beach, through the head-scraping hollow rock ... then, after a “Checking 2” from David R, followed by an “ON ON”, it was back to the tracks below the beach and finally, into the SWAMP and ON IN.

Well done, the hares.

Bar solid, put down many grandad beers ... discovered that granny Pat plans to run half marathon with daughters in Oz soon. Go for it, girl.

Virgins

Run # 1205

Carlo Vernieri

Donna Beasley

Ann Pollard

Run # 1206

Simon Walling

Shane Eastmond

Awards

Carey “Full Beam” 100

Jimmy “Jim Boots” 200

Namings

Ian Wilcock— “Aqua Boy”