

**Barbados
Hash House
Harriers**

**Hash Mistress's
Mischief**

Volume 1, Special
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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

WORLD FOOD DAY 5K WALK: Saturday 14th October @ 6:00am

DIGICEL WALK / ADIDAS RUN FOR LIFE 5K: Sunday 15th October @ 4:30pm.

Register as a Hash Team. See Tracy (On Sec), Haggis or HM to register. Registration Fee is \$25.00 pp

HASH CATAMARAN CRUISE—Sunday 29th October (10:30am-4:30pm) \$35.00 pp.

Bring your own food and drink. Limited Hash Bar available.

Hash Time Change for Daylight Savings—Nov 4—New start time of 3:30pm

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.

• 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

Hash Trash (Cattlewash Sleepover Weekend) - Scribe—David C.

VENUE: “High Winds”, St. Joseph

DATE: 15-17 September 2006

HARES: HM “China Brush”, Mike “Baron Tongus” and Giselle “Gazelle”

Friday 15th September - Games Night

The Bushettes (gentlemen) took on the China dolls (ladies - em!?) in a game of ‘Guestures’ - a rapid-fire miming game. The atmosphere was fiercely competitive in a battle of the sexes involving frantic arm-waving, ridiculously hopeless guessing and exasperated squeaks! The China Dolls prevailed, overcoming a valiant effort from Brian “Soft Balls” Stanley who ran around the house, furiously pointing at objects, his whole team following behind like confused ducklings!

Saturday 16th September - Run # 1208

Around four hours after midday, 130 or so keen buttocks bobbed along the beach towards Bathsheba. The trail soon headed inland up Joe’s river, hop-scotching crayfish infested rock pools before mounting a bank onto the old railway track and southwards past the Roundhouse. Thereafter the ON-ON was right and upwards on an incline that only a “Gazelle” could dream up! A couple of crafty back-checks slowed up the front-runners (thanks Mike R!), whilst a procession of tiny wee loops frustrated them (no thanks HM!). The middle bit was an undulating, sweaty blur of friendly chickens, bemused villagers, killer galvanise (see later) and rotten breadfruit, until at last the ON-IN came - a long downhill run back to ‘High Winds’.

A special down-down was issued to Doc McGeoch for ‘short-cutting’ his forehead on the galvanized roof of a chicken coop. His mission of self-destruction continues. Pouring with blood he was heard to utter the words: “How will I get a girlfriend now I’m disfigured?”. Well Graham, all I can say is: girls love a guy with a scar and a story - tell them it was a tiger!

The pot luck dinner was a huge success with a scrum of hungry hashers enjoying such culinary delights as zucchini pie, oil down, corn pie and chicken & mushroom lasagne.

30 or so hashers slept over that night, some in the house, some in tents and a few on the beach! At just after midnight the last noises were to be heard down at the beach. It was Giselle “Gazelle” telling the boys (kipping on the beach) that she had come to keep them entertained. A sleepy Haggis utters the words “I don’t usually need entertaining whilst I’m asleep!”. SUBTLE AS A BRICK!

Sunday 17th September - Hash Chill-Out

Some awoke at first light to the sound of pounding waves and the fresh Cattlewash breeze, whilst others slumbered. Thanks to Mark and Francoise, a beautiful breakfast was enjoyed by all. They served sausages, scrambled eggs and corn fritters - with freshly grated ginger and cinnamon no less! After breakfast there was a game of ‘Guestures’. A newly enriched Bushettes team tried to get revenge for their drubbing by the China Dolls on Friday night. After a few rounds and some flashes of brilliance from Quinda and James, the boys’ mission was complete with a sound victory for the hairier sex. Jonathan (he who maketh the ABC highway) showed some questionable engineering skills in his enactment of “caveman”. Begs the question of what the fly-over is likely to look like!!

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-U—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 1209) - Scribe— Tracy (“On Sec”)

VENUE: Frer Pilgrim, Christ Church
DATE: 23 September, 2006
HARES: Linda “Legs” and John “JR”

Oh how I love Saturday! Put on the shorts, lace up the runners and I’m off to follow the little orange signs, usually a little late due to my own laziness or the usual traffic mumbo jumbo. So off to this weeks hash which was held in Frere Pilgrim, Christ Church. We were missing a glob of hashers, because they felt it necessary to leave us for Tobago, but still a good group of hashers turned out for this run.

We were given the normal blah blah blah about this and that....don’t step on stuff, don’t destroy things, you break it you buy it and then we were off like shoots of lightening. Over the hills and through the cane fields we went. Going this way and that, yet never staying too long at a check. We were led a good way down the pavement, hot as it was. Many complained of the torturous heat, but it only made us run faster. Get back in to get the Banks. As it cooled off a bit, we were led deep into the sugarcane fields. Passing by a enclosure of horses, one may have wondered what Chris P. was doing holding the fence up while another hasher was smacking a horse arse. They said one had gotten out, but I have my suspicions.

The terrain for hash was crevices made or I was just tinue....so I the way. With was free to most difficult questions...where was the water stop? Where’s the next check? Will there be world peace? Do I look good in these shorts? Passing over the ON IN I was reasonably exhausted, a sign on a good hash.

I was not able to stay for the Down Down’s this week, so a quick good bye to all and I was off.

ON ON



Maybe taking a ride? the remainder of the rough. Cracks and running difficult..... too tired to con-walked the rest of no hashers passing I contemplate life’s

Virgins

Run # 1207

Darren Wright
Jen Parker

Run # 1208

Eduardo Barros
Velene Leach
Brooke Chandler

Run # 1209

Rita Griffin

Run # 1210

Steve Hall
Robert & Liz Mulliss
Joseph Danton

Awards

“Granny” June R. 800
Mary “Trekkie” G. 250

Hash Trash (Run 1 2 1 0) Scribe: Lidia "RU"

Venue: Farmers, St. Thomas

Hare: June "Hershey Buns"

30th September, 2006

Weather was partly cloudy with scattered showers, although not as hot as it had been in the week just past.

We gathered in a lovely grassy slope just off the road to Hillaby (that should have given us a hint of where we would eventually end up). We started going down the road and soon turned towards a clearing for a construction site (I believe what will be the future Apes Hill Club). It is indeed a beautiful area to hash, and this Hash was one of the best I have been this year. I did miss a few though, so please forgive me hashers who have set good and interesting ones this year that I have missed.

Anyway, apparently we missed a back check at the beginning which included some stunning views, going through an X that nobody saw, or pretended not to see. I did not notice as I climbed up hill with the middle of the pack. We came to a nice shaded track and then back down again around the big construction machines. And then up again until we met June and the cooler. I was glad to see her, but the cooler was but a mirage, as water was nowhere in site. June was simply checking that we should not get it wrong once more and miss the lovely trek up a hill through a heliconia plantation in full bloom, because there was a big sign saying Keep Out by the open gate. Not that has stopped hashers before. I spotted beautiful plants, one of them a tree with an amazing flower that looked like an orchid (Margaret pointed that out to me and we both almost stopped to admire it, but being hashers, we kept going). And now we reached the highest point of Barbados, Mount Hillaby (1040 feet above sea level). Somebody said it was Misery, but that was only our pain. All we needed now was a flag with two little feet with On On on them to affix at the top, right next to the Rastaman hut. I could clearly hear the Ohs! and Ahs! of admiration at the stunning views of the East Coast and the deep canyons below us with winding roads and palm trees. Oh Beautiful Barbados!

Then we finally began to descend, and Lo and Behold!, there it was June, who allegedly seduced a rum shop owner, promising things I will not repeat here (this is a family hash after all, all I can say is that her hair was a little too rumped), so that all those sweaty, smelly (or is it sweet smelling?) and tired hashers could get their fill of Banks, Plus and water. June, what lengths you do go for our sake!

Then down the hill we went to what turned out to be a back check, bringing us back up again.

And that is when a chattel house by his window, rude awakening already down the do not reason Anyhow, I was just shouting. That's and 'let her pass, the hashers left

..” it is indeed a beautiful area to Hash, and this Hash was one of the best...”

okra patch, bypassing a little rum shop to get to the road, only to find our resident madman, minus cutlass, still shouting improprieties at us innocent hashers! What an adventure!

Well, after that, we continued on our way, a little disrupted, and shaken of course, went down the road, left again and got through a little village and a bit of gully and then another track to the On In. June was waiting for us with food and ham cutters and cold drinks.

I am sure the lime was good, but we left soon after Down Downs and after Mike Rogers shared his son's Birthday cake with Ralf and us. We were both knackered, Ralf having run up the hill from our house to get to the Hash, and I coming straight from my Capoeira class in town. I thoroughly enjoyed the run, apart from the madman bit. Well done, June! ON ON.

Good Hashing to those who will depart for Thailand. Enjoy, but do not distract the troops of the new establishment with alluring red dresses or naked runs. They already banned go-go dancers, you know, and it would not take much for them to ban rowdy hashers. Watch out Dick Doc!

Trash Tobago—Scribe: Cheryl H.

The HASH to Tobago started out a little dryer than normal as our Trini friends were too busy guarding the Carib and Stag. Despite our parched mouths, we were well watered after our arrival. We were a bit confused from our walk from the airport, we had so many offers of glass bottom boat tours that we had started to forget why we were in Tobago. We were welcomed by POSH and got settled into our apartments. Our first evening's dinner consisted of a BBQ, Kraft Dinner and of course beans for our British dudes. Lessons were learned for next HASH, no beans when there are 3 men living in the room next to you!!! After dinner, we enjoyed some socializing and closed out the evening with out a POSH person to be seen.

Saturday's run was a bus journey to Hillsborough Dam, a beautiful spot which included a waterfall, the TT sewage and water employee (lets hope he wasn't trying to give us a message about the waterfall), and horse size mosquitoes as we later found out. An excellent run with bits of hiking was well planned out by- POSH hares. They did have 2 years after all to develop this run so there would be no excuse for a true bad run. Through the creek, up and down, straddling logs and big bamboo. Upon finding the on in, down downs could not have come fast enough as many were needing a shower in the waterfall. Return to the apartment had us ready to lime and eat. Saturday nights' activities are a blur as we enjoyed the music with loud singing, and dancing. There was a turkey, breaking and entering to get eggs, bacon and bread

Sunday's run was another bus journey to Moriah, a very flat starting point compared to the previous run. Descent and ascent seemed to be themes of the weekend as this run had a descent to a plateau to find the track which happened to be at another descent. At the end of the descent (from what I hear) was an upward climb followed by another climb. After another descent was another climb and well this run was really a lot of climb with some run. After causing the grass to be uprooted and dirt distorted all returned in good time except one.....former HM Roy Purvis. Upon getting to the X, he was pondering what to do....Roy says to our HM, gone. Well the down downs been rescued

“..no beans when there are 3 men living in the room next to you..”

Monday was a not. Expecta-false trail and time tracking would be lost just to avoid having to be trampled by HASHers wanting to find a trail. It was trails, nails, and puppy dog tails with bits of spikes and rubble, bull and slime, shine and blinding rain. Confusion was apparent when the rain washed some of the flour away and at the final stage when all runners found was an arrow to the ocean. Do we swim, do we climb, or...no it couldn't be...it was...a glass bottom boat to take runners to the beach by the apartments to the on in.

As one of the hares (Monday) for this my first experience helping to set a run I must say the sight of runners jumping off of the boat to get to the on in was amazing. Thank you to all of the hares, organizers, POSH and my BH3 travel mates for a fantastic weekend.

On On to Dominica 2007.