

**Barbados Hash House Harriers**

**Hash Mistress's Mischief**

Volume 1, Special Issue 7

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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

**Hash on Saturday June 25—@ the Garrison.** There will be no Hash Bar or BBQ. Bar tickets will be on sale from Rugby Barbados at \$2.50/ticket (hash prices). Canada v Barbados World Cup Qualifier match at 2pm @ the Garrison.

**ST. PETER FESTIVAL Down Hill 10K Road Run—** Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> July @ 4:00 PM. A down hill 10K from Boscobel to Speightstown via Castle, Diamond Corner, Portland, Benn Hill, Mile & Quarter, Ashton Hall, Around-the-Town, Heywoods & Sand Street. Race Director: Mr. Don Small: Tel: 419-0530 e-mail: [drs123@hotmail.com](mailto:drs123@hotmail.com)

**Hash Sleepover: at a house in Cattlewash—September 16-17**

Thanks to all those who assisted with the Ship Inn Fun Auction which was held over 4 Saturdays in May and June. The Hash raised \$4,840.50—WELL DONE! Much thanks to our George "The Running Man", the auctioneer.

Thanks to Barbara Carter for encouraging hashers to form a team to support the Variety Club's Row For Charity. The event will take place at Harbour Lights on Sunday, June 25 starting at 8:30am. Let's come out and support our Hash team!

**Let's give something back to the hash!** Volunteer to write a trash (resumed with Hash 1188), hare a run, assist at the bar, take home coolers, etc. See any committee member.

## Caribbean Events

**November 2006** - Marabana Marathon and Half-Marathon, Havana, Cuba. [www.cuba1tours.com](http://www.cuba1tours.com)

UWI/SPEC International Half-Marathon, St Augustine, Trinidad [www.sta.uwi.edu/spec/marathon/index.asp](http://www.sta.uwi.edu/spec/marathon/index.asp)

**December 2006**—Reggae Marathon and Half-Marathon, Negril, Jamaica [www.reggaemarathon.com](http://www.reggaemarathon.com)

Run Barbados Marathon and Half-Marathon [www.runbarbados.org](http://www.runbarbados.org)

Cingular Cayman Islands Marathon, Half-Marathon, and Relay, George Town, Grand Cayman [www.caymanislandsmarathon.com](http://www.caymanislandsmarathon.com)

## POSHHH Tobago—September 23 Details to follow

### Hash Trash (Run 1191) - Scribes—Hilary & Louise

**VENUE:** Mount Plantation, St George.

**DATE:** 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2006

**HARES:** Margaret “Hot Lips”, Stacey and Roger “The Dodger”

We decided to write this week’s Hash Trash as our first experiences of the world of hashers. We scrounged a (lovely air-conditioned) lift from Mike, and arrived at the Mount Plantation rather apprehensive. Soon the beer turned up and things began to look much more promising! Then loads more people arrived and things looked even more promising! There was a bit of a concern about the late arrival of the ice (no-one likes warm beer), but luckily it soon turned up.

A number of people explained the rules to us (really strange idea but somehow works perfectly), and with a slight feeling of panic, off we went - trying to avoid the cows on the way out of the yard. To be honest, neither of us had any idea what was going on at the front - peo-

ple kept running off in different directions, so we just followed the crowd. We hashed through cane fields, round cane fields, and to a cricket pitch. I’m not sure how, but we managed to take short cuts (2 of them) - but in the Barbados heat, we were more than happy to cheat.

There was some confusion at the cricket pitch, with hanging around whilst the more energetic jogged over brows of different hills. The route was soon established, and off we went again (more sweat!).

Half way through, the man with the trumpet (sorry - no idea of the name!) lead us through a field, and we seemed to chop out a huge chunk, as we saw all the runners miles back (personally made us feel quite happy since we were no where near accustomed to the Caribbean heat). Despite making our day better - I think he received the hash shite award that week - bad luck, but thank you :) . Up and down a few steep hills near the end, then another short cut

was taken along the road (which at times seemed never ending), until we made it back to the plantation.

As “ “ and “ “ got dressed up in their weird costume during down downs, we became a bit scared. “what the hell is going on?” we said to eachother. We don’t know who everyone was, but there was downing, and dressing up and buckets of water being thrown everywhere. Very bizarre. We were then sent up to have our first taste of Bajan rum as hash virgins - rather nice! I’m sure we will be drinking more within the next couple of months.

So, as weird as this little club is, we rather enjoyed it. Brilliant slogan by the way - the drinking club with a running problem! We’ll definitely be back again soon and one day we may even manage to run!!

“...we managed to take short cuts (2 of them) - but in the Barbados heat, we were more than happy to cheat.”

## Hash Trash (Run 1193) - Scribe—Sandra Moulton

### The Sugar Cane Crop Circles

From the start we were going around in circles and at the end we were still going around in circles.

As we perched along the grassy ridge awaiting our instructions the clouds circled circuitously overhead and I said to myself...oh oh It's going to be one of those runs.

With warnings about the usual *cattle itcharious scratchiosos* and to be vigilant when crossing the rivers of asphalt we, were off or ON and we went. Or so we thought.

We ran in all directions of the compass, in circles that is, looking for the familiar white mounds and those who waited at the cross roads listened hopefully for the ON ON. To pass the time, some were chatting with families and friends reminiscing about old times and some even thought that they were there to have a picnic. Yes we had time. At last in the general direction of West-North-East we were ON.

Trash, trash and more trash from king crop as we found the trail and trotted ON. There were strange tiny red and yellow flags in the fields as we passed. I wondered what they were and who or what put them there. I did not have long to wait to be enlightened. As one hapless lass ventured too close to one of the flags she was suddenly taken up several feet into the air and came down on her knees no doubt regretting her close encounter of the worst kind. We were duly warned. Stay clear of the flags.

Through hill and dale we trotted ON, chatted ON and walked ON in proverbial circles. I suddenly realised that two strangers were watch-

ing us from a distance and I wondered who they were and from whence they came. Alas, I never saw them again.

As we emerged from the thickets a shepherd of St David was there to guide us across the river of asphalt. Are we ON? We asked as we crossed the river. "Just follow the other sheep", we were advised and so we did. Are we ON? "Just follow my child". "Checking one" some one whispered wary of disturbing the sleeping souls as we ventured close to the tributes of stone. We were not ON.

As we circled and circled trying to find the clues another shepherd emerged from the field and announced, "Two men did out hay this afternoon and did tecking out some white substance from a skillet he had in his hand and was putting this thing on the ground. One when behind dey, but like he change he mind and turn back, he when round dey instead, behind them houses and when up that track. So check behind dey by them houses" We did and we were ON and off we went.

There was a young camel with two packs strapped to her waist in front of us and I said "Didn't we run pass her a while back."

...we found ourselves at the Park of Regent looking for the "white substance from the skillet". We were ON or so we thought.

## Welcome Virgins

Run 1190—Sally & Tom Schofield, Zoe Bong

Run 1191—Louise Shinn, Hilary Turnbull, & Giselle Rivas-Cummins

Run 1193—David Hadley, David Cummins, Ashley Roberts, Erica Armstrong, Martin Taylor & Meiling Iu

## Awards

Maureen Marshall 250

Wayne "G-Spot" Scott 300

Rene "Weenie" DeBeauville 300

Roger "The Dodger" Bryan 600

## Welcome Back

Roger Horne

"We certainly did." "Then how did she get in from of us?" "She has a twin." "OK, that makes sense."

As we crested the Hills overlooking Beverley and gazed in wonder upon the magnificent structures a gazelle next to me shouted to her husband ahead with the sling-shot "Honey I would like one of those for my birthday." "Sure dear" was his reply. "Well if your husband is giving you one I will tell my husband that I want one too." Someone said. It's a competitive world.

As we circled the exit from the Hills of Beverley and crossed the river of Upton we found ourselves at the Park of Regent looking for the "white substance from the skillet". We were ON or so we thought.

The clouds circled over-head and gave us our last clue. Back check to the road, up the hill, cross the road, up the hill some more, back across the road, through the field and we knew that we ON, or so we thought and we were right when we found the ON IN and off we went ON IN back where we started in the circle.