

Hash Trash - Run 1433

Location: Edgumbe Plantation, St. Philip

“Just a Stroll In the Fields” or was it TRUE what I thought I saw,
“A STROLLER In The Fields”

This Hash started out as so many others did, but it surely did not end up that way.

The Hashers were first instructed in the usual way by O’Neal. “The path will be marked with flour, except when it is marked by paper” – no news there. “The marks will be on the left, except when they happen to be on the right” – still situation normal. “You will cross the road three times, there will be two walker’s routes and you are possibly going to see a bull at some point that was not at all affected by men, but seemed to get excited by women, that is, if its reaction to Barbara was going to be any indication – so Hashers be warned.”

What happened next was our first SURPRISE of the day. Hershey Buns announced that in celebration of the Barbados Hash’s 25th Anniversary coming up in November, we were going to be harking back to the “old school” days of BH3 when after the Hash everyone stayed around for a bit of dinner and of course liming. So, starting next week a very tasty sounding bit of sustenance will be offered for sale at very reasonable prices with the proceeds going towards the Silver Anniversary Festivities.

And after that announcement, it was off we went. The Hounds dutifully attempting to follow the path set out by the oh-so-cagey Hares.

We almost immediately went into a field and then another field and then it seemed at least to one Hasher – we never seemed to emerge from those fields. Kind of like that line in the song “Amos Moses” where the Louisiana Sheriff went into the Alligator-infested Bayou looking to arrest poor ole Amos for poaching the still living ladies handbags and shoes. The line goes something like. “The Loo-see-ana Sheriff went in to get the boy, and he never come out again!”

But eventually the runners ran and the walkers walked and we met up many times amid the fields of cane and all manner of produce. And as referenced in the title of this Hash Trash, it was not so much as a stroll in the fields, but sure enough there was Scro-Tom seen, pushing a STROLLER (I guess some others might very well call it a Pram) right through the middle of a cane field!

Through the various twists and turns and ups and downs went the Hasher Hounds chasing those dots of flour, except of course when they were paper, through the fields and hills and gulleys of St. Philip until we were once again back at beautiful scenic Edgumbe Plantation.

Then, we were in for yet another SURPRISE. A fill-in RA – with the duties and honors conducted by none other than Syfi – which seems to be a kind of shorthand for a certain disease those who succumb to the whiles of trollopy behavior might experience and need a bit of “injection therapy” to cure. Well, the good Syfi attempted in his most polite way to educate the members of BH3 as to how Hashes are done in other parts of the World. Little did he know that we had already determined based on our musical ability that we probably should not hold ourselves out as a “singing Hash!” But sing – well shrilly warble – we did at Syfi’s kind instruction.

This, of course, based on the fact that your dear-writer was one of the first to participate in the opening of the bar with a Banks, will NOT be an all-inclusive list of the Down-Downs that occurred under Syfi’s brief fief-dom.

In true fine Hash tradition we welcomed our Hash Virgins. No, they did not have to kneel and they could consume their “reward Down-Down” at their leisure. In the interest of “bringing them up right” they were carefully instructed to be ever-vigilant lest they inadvertently commit one of the HEINEOUS CRIMES that we seem to just make up as we go along. Then they were unceremoniously dismissed and sent on their way.

I do remember being getting a bit of a Primer on what articles of clothing might separate a GOOD Hasher from a BAD Hasher. A couple of lovely ladies were brought forward as “visual aids” to the sartorial habits maintained by GOOD Hashers. Yes, Hash shirts from other Hashes - perfectly delightful. Hash shorts - a very pleasant PLUS, as well. Hash socks and undergarments from other Hash locales could probably be implied to be also very acceptable, but were not displayed in this scenario as we are indeed a FAMILY HASH. In the same little lesson, Scro-Tom – yes, he strikes yet again, was brought up as a prime example of a BAD Hasher. I do believe it was brought out that one should not come to the Hash looking like you just stepped off the Accra Beach or perhaps the Rockley Golf Course.

There was also recognition of the Youngest Hasher and the Hasher with oh-shall-we just say the most Life Experience. So there was little Sophie and the Grand Dame of the Hash, June Rogers, recognized in their pure radiant glory. And NO, “Sophie’s Choice” was not either a Banks Beer or a stiff shot of Mount Gay Rum, but I do believe a bit of milk sufficed because after all BH3 is a FAMILY HASH.

Two very unsuspecting Hashers were brought forward for Punishment Down-Downs as they truly had committed one of those afore-mentioned HENIOUS CRIMES. How dare they show up for our Hash in NEW SHOES! A bit of Banks Beer consumed via a new shoe serving in the place of a drinking glass certainly seems to be “punishment fitting the crime” to me.

Just when we thought the Down-Downs were over we still had some SURPRISE left. Doing her genteel duty as an accommodating hostess and representative of the Barbados Hash House Harriers, Hershey Buns asked to kindly address the assembled throng. She thanked Syfi most profusely for being a fine Fill-In RA and doing a right “bang up job” to boot. However the chafe that was felt at some of Syfi’s instruction (did I already mention specifically the “singing” part)

was simply too much to be ignored or taken lightly. BRING forth the shirt. You-know-the-one, yes indeed, the SHIT SHIRT! There it was cast upon the ground after being thoroughly soaked in ice cold water. Not only cast upon the ground but dirtied up for good measure. Down on your knees Hershey Buns instructed Syfi and down he went on his knees before Hershey Buns much to her amusement. More could be said on this particular subject, but your dear writer will refrain in the deference to BH3 being a FAMILY HASH, but you probably could figure out for yourself where that little deviation might have ended up. Ah, but I do digress, back to the once regal Syfi on his knees and donning the SHIT SHIRT. Just proving the point, one more time, as every GOOD Hasher should already know, "No GOOD Deed Goes UNPUNISHED!"

Victor Henken

Hash Route:

