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**POSH3 WEBSITE:** poshhh.org



<b>Run:</b> 848	<b>Date:</b> Fri 25 Oct 2013	<b>Site:</b> Parlatuvier	<b>Hares:</b> Private Parts & the Veterans	<b>Scribe:</b> China Brush
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Hey hey hey...first run of the Tobago Hash weekend and I had been warned a few times that the run was going to be tough. Yet speaking to "Private Parts" Dave the night before, he said that the run was easy and if "Puddy" could do it after a hip replacement, then anyone could.

The bus ride was long and made worse by a smelly driver. Finally we were there and I had to find a place to pee (while looking for the ON – no luck!). The hares called us to gather – Private Parts "Dave", Nigel (let's send the hounds on the false trail just for fun), "Puddy", "Numb Nuts", the shaggy haired fella and his wife.



A long trail up stairs to the top (1/8 of the trail up to Machu Pichu according to Andre). The new QUEST was to find two waterfalls. I never got to them as the earlier rainfall and the current rain seemed to swell the rivers quickly and we were told to ON BACK to where we entered the river. A second QUEST to find the second waterfall proved to be a fear FACTOR as we slid down a muddy hill with little to hold onto but roots and twigs covered with little pricks. At the bottom, Nigel told us that the river was too dangerous and some of us had to climb back up the muddy slope on hands and knees, grabbing onto what little was left. Thanks to a gloved

Joseph "Straight Ricky Martin" for allowing me to climb over his back while he acted as an anchor.

At that point, close to exhaustion, Baron Tongus and I decided to head in and across another swollen river which we had to cross with the aid of hashers holding pieces of bamboo and a wooden plank. Harry's "Shaft" wife almost got swept away and the Baron swooped in to the river to assist her. The ON IN was along the beach and the rain continued – no hope of staying dry.

Colin "Sorry Ass" called the down downs and various hounds were punished – new shoes (yours truly had to drink out of my new trainers that did a great job keeping me on my feet), wearing gloves, wearing a hat protector, disposing of water bottles on the trail. Several hashers were called up for poofter –including "Retro" for starting the retro party early, Eric "Daddy", gloved Joseph, Cheryl "Grace Jones" and Ian.



After the down downs, we waited for buses to return and were treated to retro music by Richard "Renee B". A long bus ride home and spied our smelly bus driver at a rum shop. Well done hares – pity that a good run turned into an adventure race! Hey hey hey....

**Virgins:** Cherry & Sally

**New Shoes:** - Martin, Joseph, Mike, Micha, Kemba, Jamal, Francie

**Poofter Nominees:-** Ian, Volney, Cheryl (BH3), Eric, Jamal

**Poofter:** - Ian (BH3)



<b>Run:</b> 849	<b>Date:</b> Sat 26 Oct 2013	<b>Site:</b> Fort Bennet, Black Rock	<b>Hares:</b> Casuals	<b>Scribe:</b> Tantie Merle
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.....It wasn't me! (Going back to Shaggy's hit) ....It wasn't me! What am I on about, you ask? Well, it wasn't me who put down a 'load' on the porch of the Johnson apartment occupied by Blunders, de Friggin' Ass and Nigel Clueless. I wasn't even on the island when it was discovered early Saturday morning - the day after the nite before when Hashers were misbehavin' at their back-in-times party.....I only arrived at 9 am after an hour's flight delay at Piarco to hear the buzz on the ground and people wondering 'who dunnit?' Who didn't get to the throne in time to do the needful but dropped his load (it had to be a man) and 'just lef' it 'dey'? No one 'fessed up so one just had to keep one's suspicions to oneself. Anyway, boxed lunches for hungry hashers soon arrived and disappeared quickly... soon it was time to board the buses destined to Fort Bennett, Black Rock for the run.



So far,so good - the buses left on time. Ass Hash Master Colin showing some organizational skills - so things looking up for his stint next year.....In years gone by, there was an instance when the buses failed to show at all and in another, one bus had to do a shuttle service. But at 2 pm a crowd of eager hashers were on the road . We have run in this area many times over the years and it would take someone special to mess it up.....maybe... Anyway, we come to the small tourist site on the beachfront complete with gazebo and cannon ....after the 'on on' directive from the hares in the direction of the cannon , we were caught up in a confusion of not being on the right trail, which was a dastardly deed designed by the hares....The two dogs also running the hash smelt a rat too. After some clever checks, resourceful running, skilful innovative means of keeping the pack tight, the run was worthy of being counted as one of the best of the Tobago runs. Colin got a light bulb moment and asked me to do the write up for this run and I got a senior



moment and replied 'maybe - I'll think about it...' when I should have said "give that job to someone who have nuttin' to do! Like Blunden!"... but it was too late. Spotted Martin (the PNM spy) and greeted him with the salutation 'Great is the PNM!' (That fella still refuses to admit that he is a closet PNM - 'til he dead')....

The sounds of bulls in the pasture brought back memories to those who were present the year before when a raging bull created havoc and unfortunately even serious injury amongst the hashers so you could well imagine how those animals gained a lot of respect since then . Even those who didn't wear red were wary and stayed far from the dreaded sounds. However, the formula of clever checks and no balances kept the pack together through the diverse terrain of bush, road, hills, dales, a budding residential area, eventually emerging at the Turtle Beach Hotel and the 'on in' being a long stretch on the beach back to the site.

Hares Ivan, Diane, Eric, Marita, Jerry and Francine were beating their chests as they were given a high score of approval .....Poofers included a female who forgot to pack her running shoes and a guy who was accused of having a Halloween mask on - too early - they said. Poor fella, that was no mask he was wearing, he was just not endowed with attractive facial features.....! The Bajans and the small posse from St.Lucia all had an input in the proceedings which were performed in pouring rain which everyone took in stride. Awards for courage, in my view, must go out to Jamieson, who bravely ran with a dreadful hangover from the nite before - ( port is a nice drink Dave - but a whole bottle is deadly!) and Mark Puddy who hobbled with his walking stick and maneuvered so well although having recent hip-replacement surgery. Overall, a very enjoyable, eventful end to a wonderful run and it was 'on on' to the Halloween Ball....but that is another story - to be told by someone else! But the mystery still remains- who did IT?.....



ON ON!

- Virgins:** Jenna & Eva
- New Shoes:** - Carlos, Costello & John (St Lucia), Jenna & Eva
- Poofter Nominees:** Ivan, Winston, Doon, Kerensa, Reed
- Poofter:** Doon and Kerensa

**Date:** Sat 26<sup>th</sup> Oct 2013

**Site:** The Arboretum

## **A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MAX**

I had a very interesting day today. It being Saturday I woke up quite early and swung down to the Arboretum shed hoping to see Hayden with some treats. Lo and behold he was there with another light skinned male. They were doing something strange... toting some big bags with what looked like shredded paper. My curiosity got the better of me and when they set off on foot up the dirt road I decided to follow them. Since being usurped by that young upstart, Toby, for the attentions of the lovely Josephine, I have been spending my time studying the humans which is quite interesting (except for that time I made a total fool of myself a few weeks ago – There was an extremely large crowd of about 100 humans, males, females and young ones. They set up sheds in the arboretum and seem to be preparing a lot of food in pots on fires. They were making a great deal of loud noise (what they call music) from large boxes, and running around and screaming and howling and generally disturbing the peace of the forest. I stayed up in the trees observing and keeping an eye on them hoping they weren't staying too long. The last straw came when a particularly unattractive male picked up the speaker tube and started howling into it... at a high piercing pitch which grated on the nerves. When I could take it no more I descended down the bamboo and in my best commanding voice tried to put a stop to it. To my chagrin, they only pointed, shrieked or laughed at me and then totally ignored me. I persevered but to no avail and after a while gave up but stayed and watched them, too embarrassed to retreat beaten.)

But I digress, back to my observation today. I followed Hayden and his companion at a safe distance into the bush. They were dropping bits of paper at regular intervals. What on earth were they doing? They trekked up to the grove of nutmegs and then climbed up an extremely steep hillside, which humans do not usually attempt. They lumbered up to the top, winding around rock and tree, getting quite hot and disheveled. I felt quite sorry for them from my breezy perch in the trees. After much up and down they managed to make their way back to the Arboretum. I was at a loss to know what their purpose was! However, later in the afternoon motor cars starting arriving, not a great deal like the food affair before but maybe about 12 to 15 with some of the same people. I learnt that they call themselves Hashers. They stood around in the sheds for half an hour before starting to complain that the hares were missing. I've never seen hares around here...then realised when Hayden and his helper turned up that they were the hares! It gets stranger still.....Hayden and Pothole (the name they were calling the helper) then disappeared back into the bush, and after about 20 minutes the whole pack of humans followed, howling and screaming "ON ON" as they went.

They followed the same trail set in the morning by Hayden and Pothole (although Hayden and Pothole did not go that way, and I now realized the purpose of the paper!), sweating and swearing and sliding on the muddy hill and roots among the tall trees. They even had young who scrambled along on their own, not on their parents backs, and seemed to manage better than the adults. They eventually all ended back at the Arboretum and gleefully splashed around in the ponds and running water from the stream. They passed around liquid in containers which they call beer (disgusting stuff!...I tasted it from some they left behind at the food affair). They made some of the humans whom they called virgins (??..looked kinda old to me) drink it and give their names. After much grinning, howling and jumping about they eventually left before it got dark and I thankfully wandered off to the big shed to see if Hayden had left any bananas for me (a nice change from the green mangoes and young coconuts I've been eating!).



## **Colin's Contrivance**

Wow!. Another **Tobago Hash Weekend** under our belt! Whatever dispiritedness felt through the absence of our esteemed HM was quickly set aside once the familiar faces started popping up on the Johnston's seafront lawn. First off a great thank you to the contingent from the Barbados hash for coming out in their numbers and making their presence felt once again. Also to the members of the St Lucia 2B Hash House...though late in arrival, but extremely uplifting to have you guys come on board for the event.

Well what did we have in the line of hashing? – Two fantastic hashes! Good work by the hares. The Parlatuvier run site was most peaceful and idyllic. Running on the fringes on the Forest Reserve, some pristine hashing conditions, made all more difficult by the torrential downpour. Though some hashers had some difficulty with the river torrents, others nonetheless had a super run!

The site of Black Rock gave us our second run for the weekend. Excellent run management by the Casuals, no doubt at least experienced with what provides for a Tobago hash run. The hot & humid conditions made the going through access roads and gullies very challenging. The extensive on-in gave hashers a good taste of the Grafton/ Great Courland Bay. The selection of the Fort Bennett as the run site also provided hashers with a small piece of Tobago history; thumbs up here!

We fought against the rains for most of the weekend, but our spirit came through for the three nights of shows. The quizzes and shows had serious participation on the part of the various kennels. A standout was the retro-contest which saw some austere commitment to throwback detail. All in all another exceptional gala of hash events to mark the 2013 Tobago edition.

Special thanks to all those who assisted and made the weekend memorable – Ashe, Martin, Aneisha & helpers, Asha, Tiza, Marita, Diane, Arlene, Harold. ...**On On Tobago 2014**



**Next Sat Hash Run: #851**

**Date:** Nov 23 2013

**Site:** El Carmen Estate, Brazil

**Directions:** Drive east along the Churchill Roosevelt Highway, until you come to the Tumpuna intersection ( Next traffic light after Santa Rosa Race Track). Turn right at traffic light and head south. Stay on the main road until you reach San Raphael Church.

Turn right at statue, head over the bridge and take the left at T intersection. Continue on the main road through Brazil Village, at the end of the village the road dips into valley and passes some warehouses. Drive around the S bend, Look for **HHH** sign on the left. Street sign El Carmen Est.

**Upcoming Events**



**Hash Christmas Party**

**The Arboretum, Sat Dec 07 2013**

**Run Time: 10AM Party: 1 – 6PM**

Stay tuned for details on Food & Drinks, tickets, costs...



**POSH3 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations**

Jan30<sup>th</sup> – Feb 4<sup>th</sup> 2014

Pub crawl, Full & live hashes, DDI Caribbean party, hash merchandise & more...stay posted!!!...



**POSH3 Overseas Trip 2014**

**5-days, 4-nights in beautiful Jamaica !!**

Thur Jun 19 - Mon Jun 23 2014

Book early. Secure your spot!. See website for package details.

**Hareline 2013**

RUN	DATE	HARES	SITE
850	Nov 09	Central Posse & Blondie	Preysal
851	Nov 23	Jordan/ Kris	Brazil
852	Dec 07	Pradeep – <b>Christmas Run &amp; Party</b>	The Arboretum
853	Dec 21	Committee 2014 – <b>Christmas Bash Hash</b>	TBA

## Thursday October 24th – Tobago

Arghhh – Day started VERY early....5am wake up to catch 7:20am flight to Trinidad. But all bajans were there on time bright eyed and bushy tailed. First problem – Luggage compartment not closing...flight delayed just long enough so we missed our connecting flight to Tobago!

2nd problem – can't get us all on next flight – 7 of the 12 of us on flight (including my husband-NOT me) Oh well – just meant we started on the beers at Piarco a bit earlier than planned.

Arrive in Tobago – Colin there with more beers – things looking up, plus the earlier Bajans worked as luggage handlers and all bags already at Crowne Point – sweet!! We walked to a warm welcome from Trini Hash friends and the calling of curry crab and dumpling! Ok....I was the only one to have this – apparently "too messy" for everyone else, but I don't mind – had it all over my face and dripping down my arms – thank god the sign by the sink only said "Do Not wash feet" as I had to wash everything else!!!

Belly full now so time we change and head in the blue waters with beers in hand. Wonderful – more ole talk with fellow hash swimmers or soakers – not much swimming going on. "Can we do this all weekend?" I ask. I guess we do need to do a hash or 2 to appease the Hash Gods!!

Sun sets and we sit in our Cabana patio enjoying a wee dram of rum, with a few fellow hashers and the dinner gong goes off (not really but it sounded good!). We all wondering what amazing talents we will see tonight – will a star be born?? I doubt it, but again....it sounded good!

Dinner consumed, the crowd gathers in anticipation...MC Asha takes the mike...judges introduced...Simon Cowbell...Paula Abooola and La Reed...(not sure if that's the correct names...but does it matter?). The show starts....

We had singing...some good...some not so good...Arthur's "Hey Hey Hey" was epic! Jokes....Baron Tongus lost the Trinis. The POSH Calypso King raised the bar...it only dropped a few times when the lines were missed...but "Hey hey hey"...we're all getting older! Bajan wanted a condom...didn't take long to find one (apparently Sheldon had a few spare)...blew it up on head with special smoke effects...Judges were speechless! They were so impressed by all the talent...they couldn't decide on a winner – At least I never heard any announcements – Did you??

Next up...."THE QUIZ"...Lotta Trini hash questions ...HA! And a mostly Bajan team won led by Francie – congrats!! Then Martin announces "THE QUEST" very ominous indeed....I had visions of robbing graves and rappelling from the first floor rooms at Crowne Point. But instead we raced each other to Martin with shoes (left and right), various other knick-knacks, women in men's shorts...and Martin's favourite...BRAS!!

What a night...who would've thought that a bunch of adults (alleged) would be soooo competitive...Bajan Cheryl not impressed at losing one of her finger nails! Story has it that it had to be removed surgically from the thigh of another Hasher who tried to push in front of her.

Great Night...Good food, good talent, good games, good music and plenty drinks... ....Can't remember what time I went to bed – so must have been an excellent start to the weekend!!!!

This was based on the recollections of a slightly inebriated hasher. Some events may or may not have happened!