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Run: NIL	Date: 19 Jun 2014	Site: New Kingston	Hares: Crisis	Scribe: Jerk Belly
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The first day

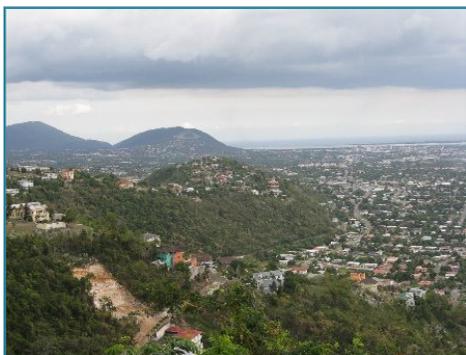
I was up at 4.00 am, knowing the flight was fully booked and I was determined to be first in line at the check in . In fact that was a good move because the flight was overbooked and three people were bumped off including our Robin Basant, who missed the first day as a result . Poor Robin.



Allan thought they were having hot flashes . Come to think of it they probably do suffer from hot flashes.

So we boarded two luxury coaches and proceeded to the Knutsford hotel to check in. The Knutsford turned out to be a very nice hotel. At this point the group split up some boarding the bus again to go to a pub to watch the England Uruguay game. One group went downtown led by Harold and Dave, in search of patties , jerk and football.

At the pub most of the people were supporting England lead by a very vociferous and noisy Barbara. Lorin perhaps foreseeing the outcome beforehand sat stern faced and serious . Numerous beers were drank during the game, some in victory some in despair. Before long it was back to the Knutsford to change and go on to the first run.



The run site was at a nice place, the Jamaican German Society and this certainly made Horst and Joanne feel at home. The Jamaican contingent was smaller in number than ours ,and I think this was their first town run , and they don't perform live runs. After a little delay we circled up to listen to the Jamaican Hare who set the run.

Unlike our tradition of a *preamble of lies* , the Jamaicans *speak the truth* about the run to come. Such as "as you go out the gate turn right, then left, then right until you meet a traffic light and then a left turn ." So said so done.However it seems that they have not yet discovered true meaning of a check point. We eventually climbed to the top of Beverly Hills , an area that lived up to its illustrious name. It was a steep and steady climb with a fabulous view of the city. A lot of us was finished in the dark since the run was a very long run.In the end we were tired and thirsty , but there was plenty of food and drinks to be had before the down downs began.

After such a long day some took the early bus back to the hotel , the Jamaicans at this point probably thinking Trinis don't know how to party. And so ended the first day.

By the way a certain Hasher(Mr Big) was seen making *large purchases of a herbal substance* in Ocho Rios and at the Blue Lagoon. Look out for this guy selling "*Herbs*" on the next run.

Run: 867	Date: 21 Jun 2014	Site: San San, Portland	Hares: Crisis	Scribe: Ms Lyrics
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"Have you been baptized with a hash name? No? I think it's time! The HM new hash name is 'NO NAME' HM in Jamaica."

Yea Mon! - In Jamaica with Bob Marley and The Empress waiting on Buffalo Soldier but no buffalo wings to eat.



I looked forward to going to do the hash in Jamaica since I had never been and *it's always fun liming with the Poshhh* on these jaunts. The weather looked promising and there was a dastardly rumor that the Jah3 was planning to set a serious 3 hour balls buster or as Pinny puts it a "Scrotum ripper" for the Poshhh. My tell all, however is on the Port Antonio segment of the 4 day excursion.

Tribulation fell upon us when we went to Dunn's River falls and the group ventured to hike up the falls as that is what tourists are mandated to do in the tourist trap. All was going splendidly until one hasher fell and cracked their arm which then set a whole lots of trials and tribulations in motion. They had to be taken to the hospital while the buses waited for their return.

That was the last time we saw the HM, the Ass HM, until the next day. We were now a headless lot waiting on direction as of what to do; After a long wait we eventually ended up in Margarita Ville for Margaritas of course. Eventually, that said hasher was safely back in the bus with their arm in a sling & we set out to Frenchman's Cove in Port Antonio. We were no longer waiting in vain.

We later found out the reason the HM was missing was because he waited on Gerry to give him a ride in since his flight was much later or some such cock and bull story. After much trials and tribulations we arrived at Frenchman's Cove in **the cover of darkness** feeling **exhausted and hungry** and I fear much irritation. It was dark as shite! No lights on the grounds of the estate. Trying to find our way to our cabins and scavenging for food in the dark did not help our mood. Finding our cabins was a hash in itself needless to say there was much consternation.

Food became the next problem to solve; the smarter ones got the bus driver to take them for Jerk at some unknown location and the rest of us "backsides" stayed behind trying to turn loaves into fishes at the so called Italian restaurant across the road. It took testicular fortitude to cater to throngs of hungry hashers who converged on the restaurant. They were not accustomed to serving *so many ravenous people* and were not prepared for us. Some people did their best ordering, cajoling, they even offered to help to cook in their kitchen but it was no use. **We did get beers!** So woman '**No Cry!**' I saw many using their best persuasive techniques to get food from the frazzled restaurant owners who were not accustomed to seeing so many hungry and vex and "tusty" people who had to Get up Stand up for food. We prevailed and some got pizza, some got pasta, some got wind pies and nuttin' chops!!!! I just pilfered a banana and went to bed...I had enough fat in store to keep me till the next day.



My cabin was huge and very comfortable and I was happy for a working air-condition and I settled in for somezzzzzzz. Some were not so lucky!

Putting all that aside the sun rose the next morning to a beautiful location. I fully appreciated the beauty of the place the HM had chosen, it was quite lovely and rustic and must have been quite a place in the 1960's. If it was a fete it would have called it " Back in times." From the write up it seems Elizabeth Taylor and other celebrities stayed there and it was the first all inclusive in the world. However it had its day and now it was more appropriate for plebs like the Poshhh. So now it was time to go hashing.

The HM tried to get hashers to assemble at 12.30 pm Jamaica time but as usual it was **like herding cats**. You get them together only to have them disperse. The HM gave his apologies for all the trouble the night before after all, mankind went to bed hungry! He really had to sing the **Redemption Song**. Anyway it was generally accepted that Shit happens and we moved on.

The usual picong at the hash hush and we set off for San San Golf course to meet the Jamaican hashers. The run site was once an upscale golf course now abandoned and was now a pasture for horses and the asses from the Port of Spain hash. The JAH3 representative called the hash

hush and as usual the Trinipicong ensued. He tried very hard to give his JAH3 hashers instructions something about keeping "left left," poor fella he set three hashes for the weekend.

On the Jamaica hash they tell you how many checks in the run which was strange but in their case it was a walk in the meadow. I was expecting POSHHH runners to come back boasting about how the hash was 3 hours long and what a balls buster it was, and how good they ran, the usual pat on the back. The hash however was exactly 42 minutes and exactly 2 checks. Sacrilegious!!!! The JAH3 walk with walking sticks and stroll...You know... dey soon come!



Once all were back, the usual down downs continued and a Jamaican curry cue was enjoyed all. Peace returned to the valley and all went home happy!

Things to remember when in Jamaica...if you sport a long rasta hairstyle and you are female you become an **Empress** and are presented with the "local cigarettes." "Local cigarettes" are not banned and easily accessible.

Red Stripe is not a good as a cold STAG...my opinion of course.

Jamaica has the bluest rivers and lagoons!

I don't want to see another boiled egg for a long time.

I would like to thank the HM for doing a good job of organizing the trip I did enjoy it very much never mind the hiccup. **Jah Rastafari!!**

Jamaican Humour

A Jamaican man is walking behind his wife and says, "honey, yuh backside big like a washing machine, a how yuh get so fat??"

The woman nuhseynutten and keeps walking.. Bedtime, the man a beg fi likkle loving...The woman says "mi caan't start di washing machine fi such a likkle load!!! Yuhgwinehaffihan wash dat!!"

Run: 868	Date: 22 Jun 2014	Site: Rafter's Rest, Portland	Hares: Crisis	Scribe: Horner Man
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So far so good. Another fantastic day in beautiful Jamaica and all the hashers were rearing to go. Today is the third day of hashing in a row and no one seems to be worn out in any way, especially after a hard night of partying to eighties music and "festival". DJ Sheldon had a collection that brought back some great memories and even had the crowd doing the "Soul Train" train- line.

I must say I've had my fair share of boiled eggs for breakfast on this trip. Nevertheless they were very satisfying and then on to meet the bus. Hashers slowly assembled at the muster point and reminisced about the party the night before. I was tempted to describe the party as wild but the only wild thing about the party was our memories. Many years ago on an overseas hash, the scribe dare not write all the gory details of our midnight escapades. It was incriminating enough to get many people into deep trouble. Nowadays and a few years on, all the yesteryear culprits would now

sit at the party and bring up all the naughty things they did or should I say tried to do. But I wouldn't mention any names, ok Michelle and Joanne.

There were two big busses; no not Betty. One bus had some senior hashers and the other had some wannabe virgins. I got on the senior bus so I could feel a little younger but realised the ride would be no fun as most of them had fallen asleep already. So I sneaked on to the other bus. Here the music was pumping and the crowd was bopping with Risa, Mischa and Janine leading the way. I felt as if there should have been an in-between bus because on the senior bus I brought down the average age whereas on the other bus I brought up the average age.

The bus ride was very scenic with castle-like houses sprinkled along the beautiful beaches and rocky cliffs. Needless to say we had to stop for a wee-wee break and a beer. Red Stripe being the beer of choice (we had no other choice) was bought in a supermarket along the way. This gave us an opportunity to mingle with the locals and for Andre to spend thousands of dollars on beers. In Jamaican that's three beers.

At the run site our bus driver Jeffery, showed his skills as he did a three point turn in a spot that would have taken Harold fifteen points to complete on his motor bike. We mingled a bit as The JAH3 trickled in. Hash hush was called and the hare apparently likes to talk because he literally described the entire run in his preamble. So many minutes later off we went.

The hash run went up a hill, through a very homely village with lots of children and dogs..then down a hill, through the bush alongside the Rio Grande river back to the beachfront. All 32 minutes of it in one sentence. At least that's what Doon and they did.



The site was close to a beach so as the runners came in it was straight onto the sea. I think it is impossible to find a group of hashers liming in the sea without a beer in their hand. So much so that people were taking turns bringing a case of cold beer into the water. It was like Tobago hash weekend at Johnston's. Nicole was voted as the next hash master as she was continually keeping the supplies flowing.

The down downs was another long winded affair done by the "Hash Corporal" but in spite of this we had some good laughs with the usual obscene interjections from Hanif and Alan. Jerry handled the Trini side of the down downs and did an excellent job especially by finding a reason to give one to the PYT from the JAH3. Our own HM Colin got a good dousing for a job well done and food and drinks flowed while we limed the evening away. **On On.**



Scribe: Aloysius Stanislaus Farragut aka 'Farmer Brown'

Buh wah gwaan? Jes so!..me dey in mih gyaden deh, takin' care mih likkle crops dem, when all of a sudden so, me see ah whole heap a people, run crass me gap, like dem wild african animal dem ting'..me cya 'membaa de name right now so..Cho! Dem nuh look like dem from Jamaica so, cause me no Jamaica people dem nuh run nowsay like dat so. Ah me say dis ain't no Bolt & Blake type ah run me say...dem people dem dey coming thru de bush like dem gro' here eeeeeeee.



Ah Jamaica me baan & Jamaica me gro'. Me 'member do ah likkle akletic ting so in high school, but dat lang lang time now..me jus' focus on me crops dem, no collie ting', but yam and ting'. A lang time me ah use to bun; me ah bun mih chalice wit' de highest grade - 'green like grass; brown like chocolate'..Cho!. Buh yah kno'.."things change".One ah dem fareigner dem, stop and ask me if ah got a likkle spliff fuh

him. Cho! De man feel 'cause me dread an' ting me ah deal up with tha ting' eeeeeeee. Ah me ah make a likkle jail fuh dat lang time now, so me nuh deal with dat ting no so. Me ah jus' deal wit' banana, callaloo an' punkin', okro & pepper an' all kinda seasonin'. Ah mean de man he wingi so; wey he lookin' fuh likke smoke..he should lang be deh in a likkle wheelchair sumtin'..ha people push him galang eeeeeeee!

So me stop an' take a good look some ah dem fareigner dem - me see a likkle beenie woman in front..like she been dween dis ting' lang time. Me stop she an' aks she "Wa mek yu dweet fa?"..She look mih confuse, den she tell mih "Trinidad"...Me nuh overstan'..Cho! So dem running fuh Trinidad? "Wah mek ah dem run fuh Trinidad?" Me ah kno nobody cyah run like Jamaica, eeeeeeee!.

Den me buk up on sum ah dem like dey cyah run at all; dem ah walk an tek dem time. One ah gwaan de wrang way an' me ah call him an' say is "yahso".."Yuh nuh see it?" Look dem put de ting on de ground 'crass so. Most ah dem wanga gut. Plenty dem labba labba when dem galang. Dem look like dem ah muss finish dis run kill me dead.

So me fallow dem likkle trail ting' dem lay in de bush, an me buck up on whey like dem finish dis ting. Eeeeeeee if u see dem carry on so - dem have xamount Red Stripe beer and Appleton an' ting'. Dem drink an' make merry like dem jus' conquer de worl'. Is ah different kinda vibez here dey so. Cho! Dem likkle girl dem dey strip so, in dey bikini an' ting' dey walk 'round de place like dem 'baan here..eeeeeee!



Den dey get in a kinda circle - I say is like sum kinda Twelve Tribes ceremony. Dem start waste nuff Red Stripe like wata. Weyyy sah! - Dem nuh easy! Farmer Brown gaan deal wit' him crops dem. Zeen!

Scribe: Guess Who?

HASH QUIZ

Answer the questions below and see how you score at the end.

- Who was the female hasher who thought that DUNNS RIVER FALLS meant that you had to fall... and it came as part of the package? (And if yuh fall and break a bone, yuh Dunn...)
- Who became uneasy when Hashers kept calling loudly for JUICI-P -atties at the road stop cafe because his other half was not amused....
- Which past Hash Master developed a liking for ganja ? The only problem - he had to go around asking for a match or lighter to light it up. Also, hashers were wary of standing too close to him at Kingston airport in case he was trying to smuggle any back...
- Who was the hasher who did not appreciate the tabanca music the bus driver Robert was playing - especially "I Ain't Missing You at All"?
- Who was the hasher who stole a bottle of Tequila from the Hash Booze table? (hint: someone who loves tequila)
- Who were the females on the bus who secretly wished they could have bought the wood carving of the rastaman exposing an extremely large private part and take it back home...?
- Who were the two female hashers who went to help out in the kitchen at the Italian restaurant which couldn't cope with the large influx of hungry hashers in their establishment?
- Who was the one who went to the after- Hash lime at Villa no. 2 on Saturday nite and fell fast asleep?
- Who were the hashers who took England losing, toilet breakdowns, faulty air-conditioning and other shortcomings all in stride and still had an enjoyable time?

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ANSWERS:

If you answered: *Who cares? Or 'what happens in Jamaica, stays in Jamaica'* to all of the questions, then you have a perfect score of 100%! **ON ON!**

HM's Hereandaways



So POSHHH Overseas 2014 is now solidly behind us...but the memories remain. **Jamaica!... 'amazingly beautiful beyond compare'**. We do believe the fortunate few who made the trek north were generally contented with the experience.

An arduous 6-mile hash run over *Long Mountain* on the first night in Kingston really set the tone for the weekend. What transpired after was for the most part - *totally unscripted*. The POSH had road trips galore, with some having intimate experiences with *Dunn's River Fall's*, *Margaritaville*, the *Jerk Centre* in Ochi & the world famous *Blue Lagoon* in Portland.

The weekend saw two great hash runs put on by the JAH3 with some lush greenery, scenic beauty, outdoor river style cooking and lots of Appleton & Red Stripe beer. Of course there was the camaraderie that was shared between both hash kennels. Our base at Frenchman's Cove proved to

be a pleasant relief to the hustle and logistics of getting around in Jamaica...a *most serene environment* certainly worth a longer stay.

All in all the POSH thanks those for the involvement and creating what was a fantastic experience. **On On**

HARELINE 2014

RUN#	DATE (2014)	HARES	SITE & INFO
870	Jul 19	Marwan/Eric	Scotland Bay
871	Aug 2	Ivan Charles	Morne La Croix: Northern Range
872	Aug 16	Nevie Boos	Acono
873	Aug 30	Lipstick Girl & the Undertakers	Independence Weekend Hash - TBA
874	Sep 13	Randall Lyon/Mark Hutchinson	TBA
NIL	Sep 24	Republic Day Red Dress Run for Charity	Republic Day Holiday – Diego Martin
875	Sep 27	Nico Kersting	TBA
	Oct 23-26	TOBAGO HASH WEEKEND 2014	CROWN POINT, TOBAGO – REGISTRATION IS UNDERWAY!!



The Alter-Native Run: June 21, 2014....The Arboretum, Chaguaramas. By the Scrivener.
Dis really happen?

Like Martin Luther King, I had a dream...I dreamed that the alter-native run (to quote from the collected works and witticisms of the Hash Linguist, Mr. Pinard) at The Arboretum on June 21st was posted by email, to be set by the highly-acclaimed Hollywood duo, Dumb and Dumber. And I thought, 'Nice, dis go be good'. I dreamed on...

So, I passed through the Safari route leading to The Arboretum, over the rough road and through the jungle, feeling the adventure and lusting for more. I wasn't alone...a convoy trundled both ahead and behind, carrying the noble hash fraternity who hadn't defected through succumbing to the lures of Jah-maker, and we proceeded to pay homage to the fount of fun.

The place look nice: good weather and pools of river water, waiting to cool the primed bodies after a hot run, as expected from the Hollywood duo. But you know how dreams make sudden leaps and switches, and the hares were now Dull and Duller! Don't ask me how, anything happens in a dream.

Plenty people were there, young and not-as-young, pretty and not-as-pretty, males and females, and a dog...the dog was the youngest and the prettiest, but it might have been a bitch since I didn't check for male or female! The hares called the hash to order, before giving us the on-on to start the run. And just so, they change again, this time becoming Dim and Dimmer! I nearly wake up!

But run start, and the trail was good...we run so, we run so; then we stand so, we stand so. And we move so, we move so. Yes, we lively up weself, like the Marley tune...we own taste of Jah-maker! We run, we check, we went on false trail, we come back, went on right trail...one man twist he foot in a root, like Kitchener in the cemetery, but didn't get up in a zoom-zoom-zoom, because he hobble home. And run was going sweet, nice, we liking weself, den bam! Coy tus interrupt us...40 minutes and sweetness stop! Run done! Jes so!

Plenty schups (steups) from a few, they wanted more, they so nympho they could never get enough, but plenty were satisfied with what they got...short and sweet, satisfied with a quickie. People cooled down, some in the river water, some with a refreshment in hand, and a bit of chat here and there and wherever. Who wanted to leave, they left, but many stayed and got more entertainment than they bargained, because the Arboretum monkey began to perform, howling his way to an Oscar as he swung through the bamboo grove. That fella loves attention and laps it all up.

By now, ex-hash master Pradeep called the hash-hush, and began announcements. Only then did we realize that a massive con had been worked on us, a federal case of impersonation and mis-representation, because Dim and Dimmer were actually Wahid Lopez and Dale Abraham. Well, mout'open, and 'tory jump out! Corroborated evidence was presented, making a clear-cut case against Dale Abraham for not turning up to set the trail with the other hare, resulting in the short-versioned coitus-interruptus run! He was duly tried, convicted and sentenced to be poffer, with attendant punishment. Whata thing!

Barbecue grills were lit, and lime start! Drinks flowing and music playing...Monty and Marlay grill up a feast...life was tasting sweet! Sadly, some sh.t had to take place for no good reason, when one person felt it necessary to behave like a total pri.k in response to a simple inquiry by another hasher, becoming abusive and unpleasant, and appearing to be in need of counsel and self-management. This resulted in some terminating their stay, being turned off by such display. Yes, we like his music and we offer him friendship, but if he has to behave this way at any time, and this was not the first time, he should stay away from others who practice civility, or simply stay at home and pout. It was nicer to see the monkey.

Anyway, the band played on, and food and lime continued, nice time and all. Then I awoke on Sunday morning, and realized my dream had ended! But did it really happen? I don't know, you'll have to ask someone who was there.

Thanks to Wahid for a grand effort and a run well set.

Scribe: Motion in the Ocean

Even before the Alternate hash run was announced, I already guessed it would be at the Arboretum. 2013's alternate was there; the Christmas function was there; the cook-out was there. Long story short, it's virtually POSHHH's unofficial base camp/headquarters. Furthermore, it's a Looong weekend, and it's such a great place to be on a weekend.

Driving down to Chaguaramas, one could clearly see the destruction from this year's drought and fires. From Carenage, to Kayak Centre, and going almost down to Teteron you could see the blackened earth, and burnt bamboo patches. And I immediately remembered that Monday run through Goodwood Park hills, and coming out blackened with soot, and thinking "If I going through dat again, it better have water in the pool !"

However, going down to the run site, the valleys there were still green, and the road to the Arboretum was partially blocked by some fallen bamboo. And yes, there was water in the pool, and happily no sign of burnt hills to worry about.

The turnout was quite good, with people bringing their own drinks and food for the after-run. The run was called more or less on time, and the hares were announced with someone yelling, "Any run Wahid set, is a shit run !"

So, despite those words of encouragement, the Hares announced "ON ON", and we proceeded down through the inside of the Arboretum only to meet an X. Grumbling, but accepting that this is the warm-up, we went back up to the pool area, and into the river bed, which was noticeably DRY.

The trail passed through a picnic area and stream area with almost 5 possible ways to check. And there were 4 people picnicking, looking at the well-coordinated chaos of Hash, and looking startled, and strangely enough interrupted; only to realize that the 4 picnickers consisted of 3 men, and one woman in a reclined position. I guess they figured : why not in the woods, by a babbling brook, where no one else would be coming. And I doubt they would be cumming while the hashers were there to spoil their mood.

Anyway, there were X's all up where they were, so "ON BACK", back into some dry river beds, and into some biking trails. Running on the biking trails is always welcome, since you KNOW you're on a trail, and it's clear for running.

The run was a bit short, not much hill climbing, a few back checks, and we ended up in the southern part of the Arboretum, where the ON-IN was. But that's alright, there was the cold pool to look forward to, and man was it cold and refreshing.

I could clearly see that everyone felt the same, and was enjoying the scene, when someone decided to belt out some weird-ass shit-music from a loud speaker in the back of Wingroad that managed to piss off a Red Howler monkey. I suspect it was the same monkey that was there for the Cook-off, and the Christmas party, and you could hear him grumbling well into the night. A few people tried to get the weird-ass shit-music lowered, in fear of being a target for Monkey faeces. However, all we got was lame-ass shit-music. Jazz seemed to soothe the beast, but no one else. So, luckily that's what alcohol is for. The monkey refused our best offerings of bananas, and rum, but was contented to pose in the bamboo (and grumble) for a few photos.

As it got dark, and the cooking and grilling were in full swing, it became obvious why the Arboretum is always a great place for an "Alter-Native" hash.

Virgins: Logan, Badman, Jahmel, Sasha, Preston, Alex

Hares: Dale, Wahid, Alexandria

Pofter: Dale