Hash 653
Bambous Village
Sun 18 Aug 2013

Hares Alysu, Ellie and Kay (right)

Hashers 40+

Beer maiden Nadine

Hash Flash Jim, Priscille and Mario

Hash Trash Kay



First word



This was a ladies' Hash and Hashers had all been invited to bring a handbag and wear their brightest lipstick as there would be prizes for the best poseurs and pouters – male and female. Alysu was on hand with spare lipstick for those who did not comply with this dress code.

Trail

The on-on was situated next to a stream between Bambous and La Valette. It was a hot day and Hashers were warned that it was a long trail with little shade but that the best part was towards the end. There were no complaints as everyone set off across the road and into the sugar cane which was standing very tall and almost ready for harvesting.







Soon the trail split into two, one route for the walkers and another for the runners. The runners passed a small disused chimney stack nestling amongst the sugar cane. The routes soon converged and diverged again but a box for 15 Hashers enabled the walkers to catch up with the runners.





We crossed the road for a second time and the runners ran round the left side of La Valette village while the walkers passed on the right. The pack of dogs that had barked viciously and frightened the Hares when they were laying the flour were thankfully nowhere to be seen when the Scribe passed with the last of the walkers.





We followed a path leading from La Valette onto scrubland and crossed a bridge over a stream to an area of scorched sugar cane field to emerge behind the Germain Comarond stadium. We continued through the sugar cane towards a construction site (a new sewage pumping station?) and then headed for the main road. Opposite the entrance to the municipal waste facility there was another box to gather the front runners together before they crossed the road. Hashers cannot be blamed for wondering if the Hare was being sarcastic in describing the best part of the Hash as near the end and that she meant by this the rubbish dump.



The bin wagons that ply between the local towns and villages and the rubbish tip do not operate on Sundays so the road to the dump was deserted. Despite the ramparts and fences to keep the rubbish in the large hole that has been gouged in the earth to accommodate it, the roadside was littered with the detritus of urban living.

A dead dog that the Hares had passed on their first recce 2 weeks before the Hash was still lying on the side of the road in an even more disgusting state of decomposition. The stench from its putrefying remains was indescribable.





It was a relief to turn off from the road and Hashers may at this point be excused for feeling a sense of déjà vu as a marking from the Sunset Hash the previous week was still visible. After the open sugar cane fields with no respite from the heat of the winter sun, it was a pleasure to follow a shady path away from the road. Those at the back found their way blocked by a herd of sheep and goats followed by a shepherd.





Through the trees Hashers glimpsed the dark blue waters of La Ferme and soon emerged from the woods to spectacular views of the mountains which nestle neatly next to the reservoir. The flour led them across the top of the levée and down some steps to an area shaded by large banyan trees. This had been the preferred choice for the on-on but the Hares were unable to secure permission from the CWA to use their land.






We passed between the church and cemetery, very quiet after morning mass, and suddenly there was the main road again. Although 2 arrows directed Hashers clearly to the right,



Stephane's wife and Jean turned left. There was no flour at all to the left but they continued to walk through Bambous, busy with traffic, turned right just after Winners supermarket and walked back along the road to the on-on. If they had followed the arrows to the right they would have crossed the road safely at the zebra crossing and then they would have found the word HOME written in flour on a path just behind 4 boulders next to the crossing. This quiet path led past an old chimney and after 200 metres brought Hashers back to the on-on.

Hash circle

It was the first Hash under the newly elected mismanagement team and our innovative new GM introduced a few improvements. Sporting a loud Mauritian shirt and a wide brimmed hat adorned with a Mauritian flag, he unveiled a board detailing the meaning of all the Hash symbols in 4 different languages – English, French, Créole and German.





To help him discharge his duties as GM he has conveniently grown a third arm (see photo right). This should make juggling his responsibilities much easier!

Here's to the hares!

The Hares were congratulated on a most enjoyable trail and quickly quaffed their down-down.





Hares: Alysu, Kay and Ellie; first timers: Tony, Rachael and Sharon; second timers: Salim and Ryan

First timers

Tony – from Hong Kong, invited by his sister
Rachel – from Hull, invited by Steve
Sharon – from Kingston-upon-Hull, invited by her cousin, Steve

Second timers

Salim and Ryan took their down-downs in a pair of toilet brush holders.



RAs

The GM introduced the new Joint RAs: Kees and Jim or is it Jim and Kees? Whether one will cover religion and the other one sex is not yet clear but they follow in the footsteps of many entertaining double acts - Laurel and Hardy, Morecambe and Wise, Wallace and Gromit, Tom and Jerry but the picture on the right suggests a wrestling tag team as they demonstrate the headlock on the unfortunate John.



Like the new GM, the new RAs injected some fresh ideas into the format of the circle starting with:

Banglestein



Hector, Liz and Georgie were the last to pay Hash Cash and received a down-down preceded by the following song which is sung to the tune of Charlie Had A Pigeon:

Balls to Mr Banglestein, Banglestein, Banglestein.
Balls to Mr. Banglestein, dirty old man.
For he kept us waiting
And our time he's wasting
Balls to Mr. Banglestein, dirty old man.

Lost property

A number of items left at the Hash Bash were reunited with their owner, Hector. There was a jacket, socks and a pair of rather new looking shoes. While he was reclaiming them the RA complained that although Hector had been elevated to the post of Hash Horn, he had not taken the instrument on the Hash with him. With such a multitude of misdemeanours it was very appropriate that he drink his down-down from one of the aforementioned shoes.
Here's to the forgetful!



Down-downs

1. Christophe – for carrying his handbag down his shorts.
   Here's to the cross-dresser!
2. John – for not wearing lipstick or carrying a handbag on the Hash.
   Here's to the good-for-nothing!
3. Jean – for volunteering to be cellar master at the Hash Bash then changing his mind about it.
   Here's to the deserter!







4. Ellie – the RAs awarded a farewell down-down and gift to Ellie, a very special person and popular Hasher, who did a great job as Deputy RA under the previous mismanagement. It was Ellie's last Hash with us as she is leaving Mauritius after 2 years to start a new contract in Bilbao in Spain. Hashers were reminded of Ellie's first appearance at the Hash at Trou aux Biches when she was castigated for completing the Hash carrying a handbag. She was presented with a beautiful new bag with matching flip-flops in her favourite colour combination of black and purple. The RAs thought it an appropriate time to baptise her into the Hash and everyone agreed on the suggested name.
   Here's to Baglady!
   Ellie was overcome with emotion at the generosity of the Hash. The RA spoke for her when he announced that she was providing lunch for all Hashers. We all enjoyed a delicious chilli con tofu cooked by Alysu. Thank you to both ladies for this special treat.






Handbag parade

Hashers proud of their handbag lined up to face the scrutiny of the RAs. What a sight! Macho men in lipstick pouting and posing with the daintiest of handbags. There was a special competition for the best lipstick which involved John being held in a headlock while kisses were planted on various parts of his anatomy. To save embarrassment no names are mentioned here but in the mayhem that followed Harry and Gilbert were presented with pink Garters. What jolly good sports!!!
Here's to the cross-dressers!




But what of the Hash's favourite Frenchman, the charming Christophe, who had donned a bright pink curly wig to set off his pink lipstick and gold bag and whose outrageously camp behaviour had caused much merriment? A special award awaited him in a very appropriate vessel.





Hash hostage

Before passing on the cowbell to the next victim, Leslie presented the Hash with a new receptacle which he had purchased on his recent holiday in the UK – a beautifully crafted miniature Wedgewood WC! He announced that it will be used for the Hash Hostage's down-down in future.

The charmingly camp Christophe was selected as a worthy recipient to christen the new WC because he had obviously thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity to wear lipstick and run the Hash with a handbag.
Here's to another cross-dresser!



Presentation



The GM congratulated Steve on doing a first class job as the previous GM and presented him with a suspicious looking package. John suggested that it might be an incendiary device and quipped "Does my bomb look big in this?" Only the RA and Scribe seemed to appreciate this witty remark as everyone else was so intent on seeing what the package contained. The former GM eventually managed to open the parcel with the help of Nadine and a pair of scissors to reveal a beautiful glass tankard engraved with the Phoenix label – the best beer in the world. There was a spontaneous rendition of For He's a Jolly Good Fellow by the assembled Hashers accompanied by a down-down in the new tankard.

Next Hash



The Trailmaster announced that Jim and Dodocop would set the next Hash in Benares in 2 weeks' time.

Last word

Our junior Hashers are a credit to their parents. They rarely interrupt the proceedings in the circle, unlike some of the adults, and are a source of joy to many Hashers. The photographs below show Avi and Georgie enjoying time together on the trail and in their own circle afterwards.







Here's to the Hash! On-on……