



**MTH3's THIRD BIRTHDAY**  
**Run Number 120, 7 May 2009**  
**The Augustus John aka "The AJ"**

**The Pack:** Compo, Carless Whisper, Overdrive, Sprog, Grutel, 69 degrees, Snoozanne, Cleopatra, Madhatter, 10" and virgin J. **The Co-co-co Hares:** Matts, Becca and Emily



This was a typical hashing crossroads, pointing back towards the start and 'on on' to some point in the future. This was because it brought together, amongst others, one who had been there on MTH3's first run on 11 May 2006, one former Hash Cash back for her first visit, one founder of a neighbouring hash and an MTH3 virgin. All had assembled for a trail laid by three virgin hares: Becca, Matts and Emily.

The gear had been stowed and there were a few laconic comments by the hares on the trail: the pack would be on in two, or sometimes three... and there was an element of uncertainty because the wind had been such that they had had to lay some of it again: arrows marked in flour had been scattered in the wind. CT, I'm out of plasterboard too, it's about time you raided some skips again.

This picture captures MTH3 2009 in a moment of quiet pre-run contemplation



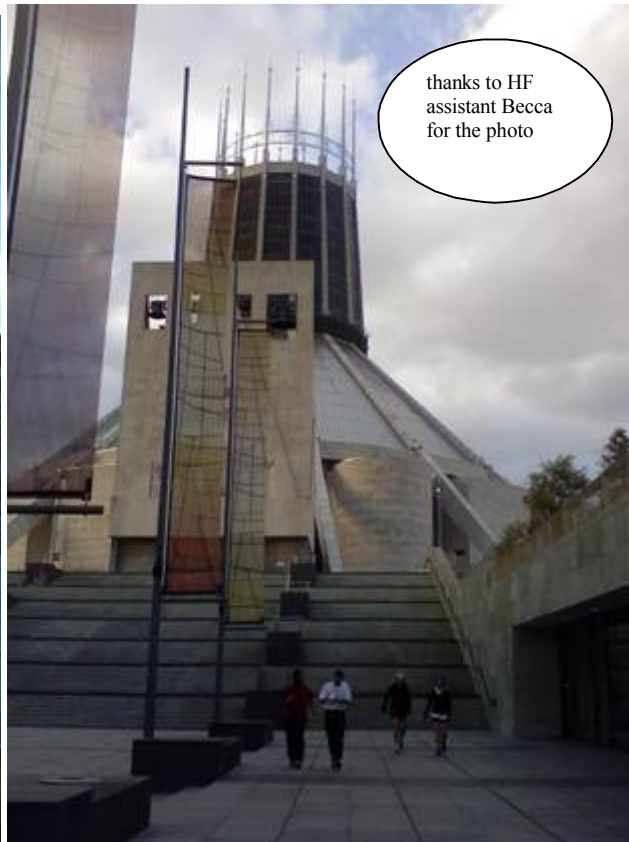
Then Matts shouted the customary ‘check it out’ and everybody disappeared at a blistering pace, leaving me and 69 degrees to admire the now empty University Square at the foot of the Victoria Building; looks like the Hammer House of Horror in this light....



Here is the Pack heading past the location of our post-run AGM the Mathematical Sciences Building.



Then it was up and over the cathedral mount in a bit of a re-run of MTH3's run 119



thanks to HF  
assistant Becca  
for the photo

Here is 2/3 of our 3rd anniversary hareing trio posing beside some of their hare-handiwork a nicely weathered (wind and water) check in flour.



The Pack thundered off down Hope Street only to be foxed by the elements because they did not spot this arrow which had been weathered differently – windswept away. No, despite appearances, Emily hadn't rubbed it out with her feet before the pack went past.



Here are the FRBs charging back up Hope Street to take the side street indicated, by the arrow. Sprog was already beyond the point of no return and ended up short circuiting the

clever kink in the trail as he headed past the Philharmonic Hall towards the LIPA suitcases.



No, despite appearances and being at the same street corner as the windswept check. This was not an eye level check.



Soon we were all back onto Hope Street heading for the suitcases after all. The virgin hares may or may not have known this, but they are something like a signature place for MTH3, just as much as the Anthony Gormley statues in Crosby, but visited more often (see trashes 119, 90, 84 and 83, at least). CW used to be photographed by CT every time she went by there and I promised on her leaving run (103) that we would get a snap of her there when she next visited and so she was asked to clamber up to the summit as the guest of honour.

A ONE....

I'll just  
warm it up  
for her.



A TWO...

Sprog had a  
cold arse AND  
I'm scared of  
heights



A (MTH<sup>3</sup>) three!

a warming  
foot massage  
my loverley?



Then... the hares had us foxed to such an extent that the suitcases crossroads became something like a massive check, someone was too eager to call ON ON up Blackburne Place and Sprog and the others checking out Mount Street whizzed back up the hill.



But the Blackburne Place foray turned out to be a trail that just petered out as falsies weren't marked and the markings were a touch further apart from each other than usual. Then finally someone got it, the right trail was down Canning Street into the sunlight and towards the second of Liverpool's cathedrals.



Our harely trinity engineered the trail in such a way that we got the canine vote and that we didn't stay in the bright sunlight for long and descended into the low-level churchyard.



There was little time to admire the clever two-level split that the hares had made with one group going up to and along Hope Street (again).



Here is 10" taking the 'High Road' (or should I say high street, we have high hopes for the man, you know). And here are another two members of the Pack Madhatter and Compo taking the low road, around the cathedral and exiting the cemetery more conventionally via St James's Road.



The pack had been accompanied by the annoying buzzing presence of a scally midget on a motorbike, or was that a scally on a midget motorbike



Not normally an SCB, but because it was our **third** anniversary, I decided that I could see a **third** way out of the burial ground.



That bit of shortcutting got your scribe to the front of the pack as we headed away from the Cathedral down Windsor Street.





At this check something interesting occurred: Compo headed towards the river and called on, Sprog headed up Upper Warwick St. and also called on. The pack hovered and muttered inanities to each other like a group of old fishwives. The trail had been so cunning that we didn't even trust our FRBs. Sprog promptly disappeared into the distance and this tipped the scales and Compo was called back and we all thundered off behind Sprog down Maud Street.

This picture shows some of us just before an off-trail split. Hands in pockets with his empty stomach jutting out, Madhatter is now ruminating a deed, or rather a feed. He was about to inaugurate himself as Hash Chips, responsible for eating on the trail. And so, unbeknownst to most of us and while Compo led CW and me off towards the gates of St. Silas School – Ringo Starr's alma mater – receiving his Beatles-themed run 122, Madhatter bought **and** ate a whole portion in the time it took the rest of us to check a check.



Then it was past the Queens Arms on Admiral Street (the scene of at least a hash start – run 73) we headed into Princes Park. I still haven't asked Becca, Emily and Matts whether they have been reading previous trashes and whether they know that playing in children's playgrounds aka Compulsory Play Time (CPT) always (see run 84) used to be a signature feature of CW's runs – as were the suitcases which we did earlier – but the trail led straight to



where a CPT ensued.



Matts then put on his rocket pants and attempted to be the first hasher in orbit.



Then Emily joined him



On exiting the park your p(r)oxy hash scribe had an out-of-body experience where he managed to capture himself on camera.



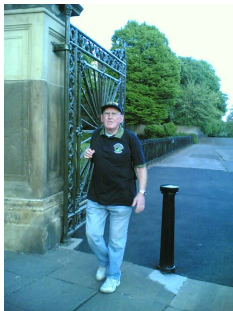
Then some of us tried to a variation of knock up ginger: shout out Ben and Helen who were busy revising for an exam the next day (that's what they said anyway...).



Out of Princes Park....



Here is 69 degrees looking relaxed, it's all a stroll in the park for him. This guy has superhuman powers to project himself along lines of latitude and longitude; he duly arrived at the true end point of the race before every one else. I have a photo to prove it.



I was liking this run because it had several points of overlap with my bus run. The 27 Shiel Road Circular even put in an appearance at the Princes Park Gates.



So far we had gone past the RC and Anglican Cathedrals, met a Rastafarian mate of Madhatter's in Princes Park and on the way back the run began to become a tour past the various places of worship, was this planned or another uncanny coincidence, like the calls to the Carless Whisper haunts. First came the Methodist Church with a Christ in Pirates of the Caribbean style



Then one of the Liverpool Mosques



Some of our number explored a falsie (not in the theological sense, I hasten to add) in the direction of the synagogue....



Then it was back to secular when Compo staged a final gap filling exercise. Can one put a good hash joke to bed or are do they reincarnate themselves ad infinitum. I am still waiting for Godot on that one...



Across Upper Parliament Street and back into the northern sector of the Georgian Quarter (with its cornucopia of pubs) Peter Kavanagh's beckoned.



but Madhatter drew a blank and caught up the with main pack at the junction of Myrtle and Chatham Streets. The pack were scenting beer now as they clocked some nicely over-engineered markings.



Compo sat on one of the balls which had been hanging before (see the legendary run 90)



This monument is in honour of Noel Chavasse VC – Grutel is saluting him, I think.



The monument is referred to in Trash number 105, we are really going to have to give Matts, Emily and Becca a down down next time for reading all the previous trashes, or for their ESP.

The ON INN with the proud ~~virgin~~ hares.



Everyone of course made a bee line for the pub, but the circular beer was in 10''s car and this meant that 69°, the short cutter extraordinaire was first to finish. Ok can someone now work out where in the world 69° and 10'' is...?



The down downs went down.  
In addition to the traditional tat (aka MTH3 regalia and chains of office), Snoozanne had brought the Hash finest crockery out of her shed.



The hares were downed down – and we played bed pan slot machine scrabble: the hares gave us KCY



And the returnees Carless Whisper and Madhatter



Then there was Sprog; called up for desecrating the trail; but there is no covering one's mistakes in MTH3





and 69 degrees was called up as the consummate SCB

So it was off into the cosy and yet sober world of Mathematical Sciences for our AGM,



Sprog and Overdrive between them managed to organize mass muttering about the lack of beer. In the event the venue proved the ideal bait to get the gassing over as soon as possible and get into the pub. In fact Compos beer-fuelled homing mechanism had indeed drawn him to the hostelry where he sat alone for a while before phoning a CO-GM at the AGM. Emily let him in and he arrived just in time (see picture to collect his no-lifer of



the year award with the most number of runs this year).

All time figures are something like this:

83 runs for CT

80 for Compo

69 for AP

CATE (CT & AE) have set an amazing seven runs....

Thanks to 10" for his hashpitality.

Snoozanne had bought and brought a chocolate cake and received a cider award for her services to food and beer throughout the year. That is a bottle of organic cider...



some of us engaged in a variety of tea leaf reading which was reading the pieces of cake. One morsel pointed in the direction of our co-founder Austin Powers.



We even had a d(r)aft agenda which we felt obliged not to stick to – a myriad of hash positions were allocated: The result looked something like this:

And the full MTH3 committee for 2009 (according to my scribbled notes) is....

[take a deep breath]

Co-Grand Masters: Snoozeanne & FCUK  
Grand Masters' Assistant: 10 Seconds  
Religious Adviser: Overdrive  
Substitute Religious Adviser: Sprog  
Travelling Religious Adviser: Austin Powers  
Hare Raiser: Compo  
Hash Cash: 10 Seconds  
Hash Cash Assistant: Alternative Entrance  
Hash Stats: Cleopatra

Hash Scribe: Car Thief  
Hash Sub-scribe: FCUK  
Hash Beer Team: Sprog & Car Thief  
Beer Wenches (serving of down-downs): Sprog & Alternative Entrance  
Hash Nosh (food served after the run): Snoozanne  
Hash Chips (food served during the run): Mad Hatter  
Hash Hosier: FCUK  
Hash Hosier Fashion Advisers: Alternative Entrance & Cleopatra  
Hash Flash: Car Thief  
Hash Flash Assistant: Becca  
Hash Ambassadors (adverts, cards, publicity): Car Thief, Alternative Entrance & Mad Hatter  
MTH3 Away Team (organising away events): Lilo Lil, Snoozeanne, FCUK & Carless Whisper (Manchester Division)  
Hash Web: Austin Powers  
Hash Web Apprentice: Compo  
Hash Twatter (getting MTH3 onto Facebook, etc): Emily  
Hash Twatter Assistants: Matt & Becca

Thanks to everyone for their enthusiasm in volunteering!  
And if you didn't volunteer but got a job anyway: better be there next time...

On On to another great year of MTH3!!  
Overdrive

Then came the moment of truth, the report from Hash Cash. 10" indicated the size of the legacy that he had received in the sacred coffeemate jar, £125. Going by the colour of his scribbles we were definitely **in the red**



In fact the Christmas bash at the Maharajah, the pork pies in the Lion Tavern (run) and the bus hash and Williamson Tunnels lark had left us with £63 pounds. This probably means that I am not going to be allowed to set any trails before Christmas 2009-10.

Hashy Birthday to Us  
Hashy Birthday to Us  
Hashy Birthday dear Merseythirstdays  
Hashy Third Birthday to Us