



**30 September 2010**

**Run Number 159**

**St Helens**

**The Pack:** Wigan Pier (Hare), Overdrive, Cleopatra, Snoozanne, Madhatter, 10", fcuk, ET Compo (no, those last two aren't in French...)

Wigan Pier and MTH3 were virgins in two ways this evening. This was our first time in St. Helens (the last station on one part of the Merseyrail Network, but very much Lancashire) and this was WP first Hare, despite being a seasoned runner with Warrington Wednesdays and Cheltenham and Gloucester H3.

On the train we mused that our Napoleonic journey to Saint Helena was peppered with prime ministerial references to the stations from Lime Street; there was Harold Wilson's birthplace apparently, a Heath and a Prescott. Ok Prez was Dep PM, but hey we had to keep ourselves occupied.

Napoleon, once said something like there is only a small step separating the sublime from the ridiculous... what was in store for us in St Helena?

Well, there was a snazzy station for one thing.... They really have an affinity for glass in construction in this place, I wonder why.....



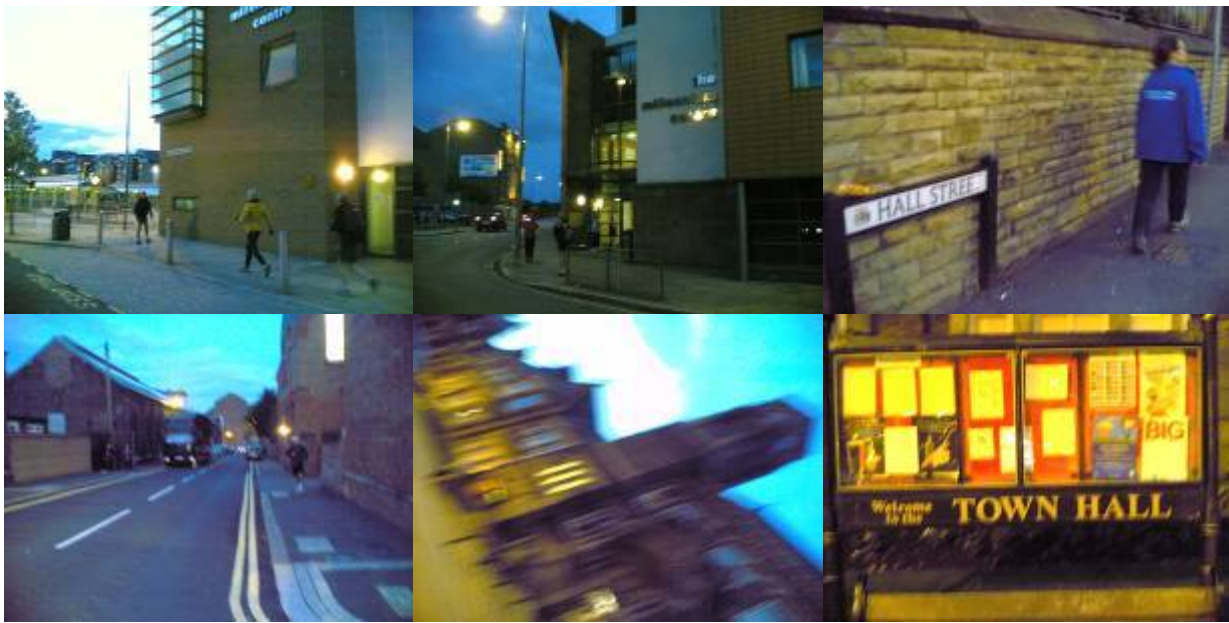
The pack were duly flashed at



More of the St Helen's Superbowl, anxious to get going now....



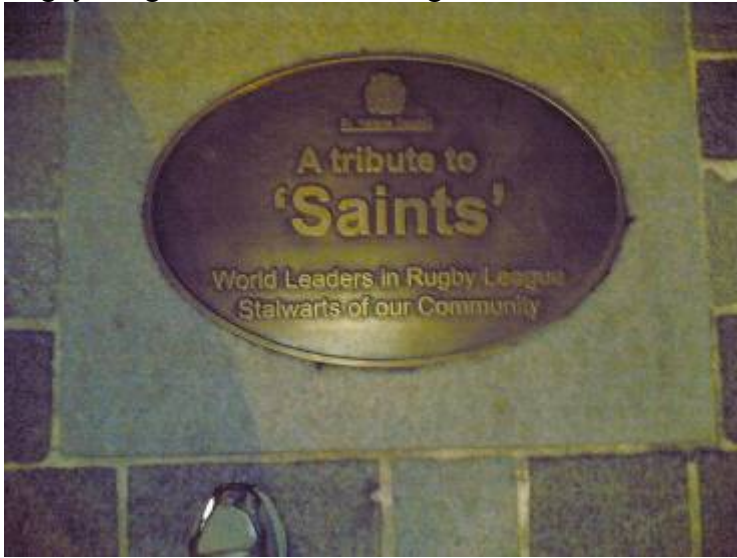
MTH3 always needs to take a while to get its hashing grey matter working, but we had soon negotiated the city centre and headed past WP place of work



Here is the proud hare, who was careful to bring hash sub-scribe's attention to her markings at every possible occasion.



Rugby League was soon on the agenda and ET and Cleo took on a piece of public sculpture.



Then it was past 'World of Glass' –



What, you mean you can't recognize it? And under the railway bridge



At or near this point our St Helen broke the trail to show us a VP of the oldest house in these parts. Allegedly some quackers used to live there, hardly surprising given that it was so near the canal....



We then, with darkness falling, entered the Ravenhead Greenway and a heavy duty piece of shiggy



The pack slowed and pussy footed, this was too much for WP, who shouted back to us, 'call yerself hashers'. After heading back through the outskirts of the centre and past the beautiful Catholic church we expectantly entered the festival venue (thanks, dear Compo, for saving us all the hassle and the booking fee on the tickets). At the door to the CAMRA Beer, Cider and Pie Festival we found that this Sea Cadet station had an appropriate insignia for Sergeant Major Wigan Pier....



The beer festival was great, a good range of about 60 beers which you could make a dent in, if you were sharing with fellow hashers. The local beer wenches (m and f) were very happy to give tasters which was just as well in the case of a 11% brew, my favourite beer of the festival was Old Moor (almost appropriate that)



Cheers to Wigan Pier for a memorable run to enhance MTH3's range and reputation. We will have to get to Garswood before the winter closes in.....