



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

19 May 2011 🎵 Run 176 "The Beatles Run" remastered 🎵 Allerton Hall, South Liverpool, aka "The Pub in the Park" 🎵 The Hare: El Compo 🎵 The Pack: John, Overdrive, Sprog, AE, 10 Secs, Cleo, Tia Maria, FCUK, ET (Hash Flash behind the camera) and Adrian

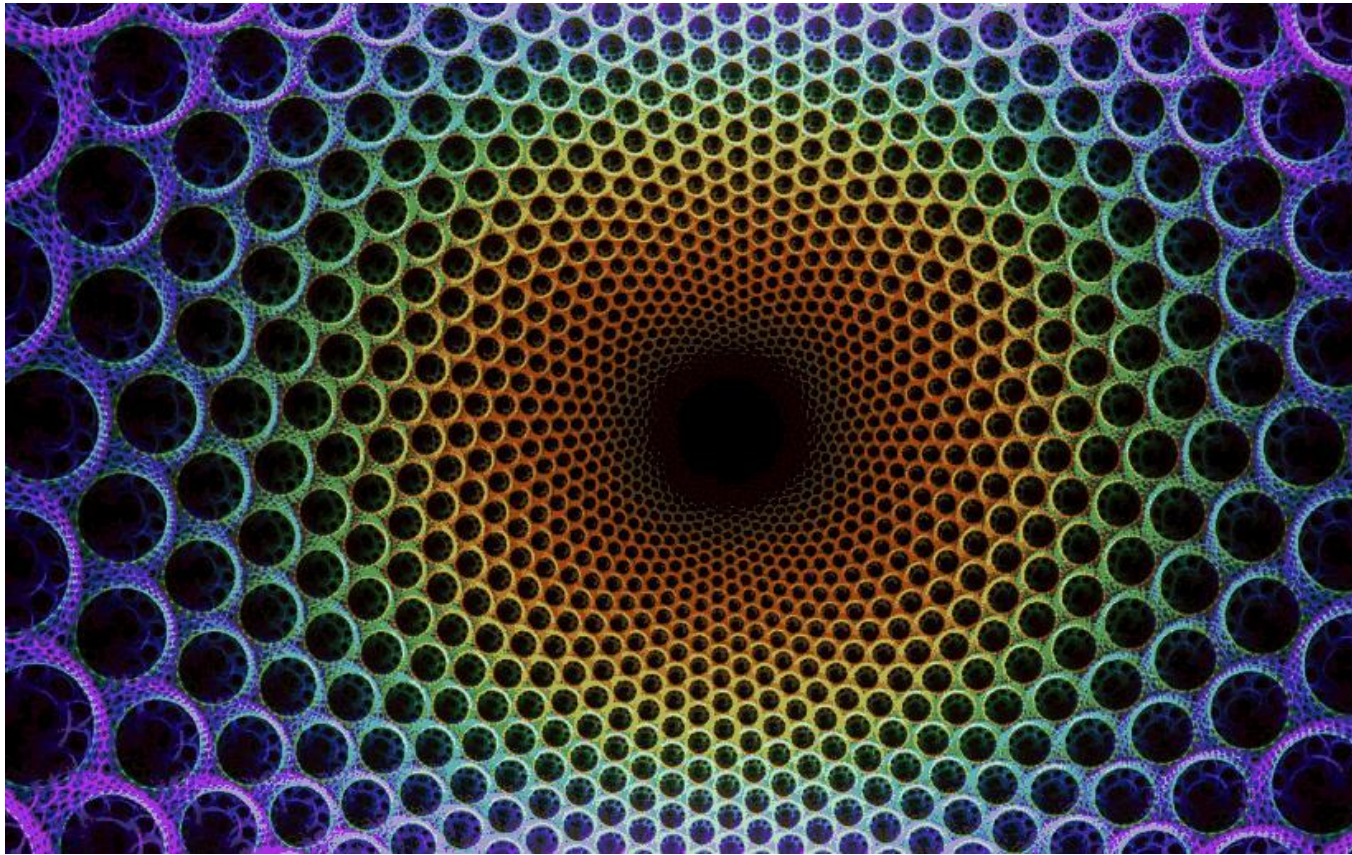
There was some trepidation and muttering among the gathering troops as Compo's last Beatles Run (see Trash 122, June 2009 came in at not much shy of nine miles), what would the old sea dog have lined up for us this time.... A bit of pre-run lubrication (the phrase is CT's) steadied the nerves; but, as you can see from the hash flash, it was my nerves that needed steadying the most. In fact they had to prise my glass out of my hand and literally kick me out onto the trail:



Compo always says to us that he chooses the pub first and then does the run around it. Not literally around the pub, although we did leave the hostelry in one direction and seemingly miraculously end the run by breaking through the undergrowth at the back of the pub.

This hasher for one had no idea that we had done a huge circuit. Our hare has set a trail or two in his time and this time the pack would be in an almost constant state of near bafflement.

For once there was no milling around and trail was joined off road around the end of the park. FRBs and SRBs were true to type, but they all faced a common problem. How to get through a.....



HOLE!

(stare at the image above, but don't look at this image for too long or you feel like I felt on the run... the event horizon for me was the nine mile marker.

We had the customary variety of styles of getting through the hole:



Then, after a tricky five-way split,



it was down Springwood Avenue and over Menlove Avenue



Soon, all became clear as we reached



I love the next picture, all the characters here:



Then (somehow) we went across to Calderstones Park, was it via All Hallows Church (thanks Mr Atherton)?



We didn't stay long though....

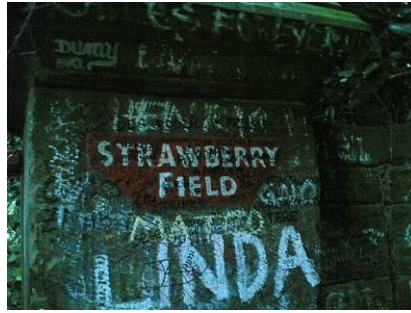


Some people just make it look effortless (thanks for your photos ET)



Before it was second Beatles stop at Strawberry Fields.





We learned that these are substitute gates.....



Note the sartorial efforts of Hash Stats and her flares and Tia's psychedelica! Here's what I was taking a photo of....



Here you can listen to our rendition.

Warning: those of a musical disposition should not click on the link below as the video contains a rendition of much-loved tunes which some people may find offensive to the ears.



19052011.3gp

Then it was down another part of Menlove Avenue to John Lennon's aunt's house....





Below is an image of Compo directing tourists. He honestly said, 'if you follow the chalk marks you can get to strawberry fields' (maybe they did the rest of the trail)



Then there was a short run to the pub stop where the noble Sir Compo stumped up a round for us at the Gardeners' arms. Ta mate! Things had got even more desperate since last time. See trash number 154, now they were offering nail varnish with the drinks. No, not to sniff....



Look at Tia below, is she thinking... 'I am a Castillian get me out of here'?



The Hare deep in conversation:



The uphill leg-stretcher away from the pub with Ethereal Adrian just about to disappear out of the shot:



Through the edge of Woolton, and then the hare had us flummoxed



Before we went off along Mill Stile (see trash no 95)



before taking us into the churchyard to the grave of....



(have I given you a crick in the neck, yet? These pictures are not for turning....)

From the churchyard at Woolton, it was just a short hop to the church hall:



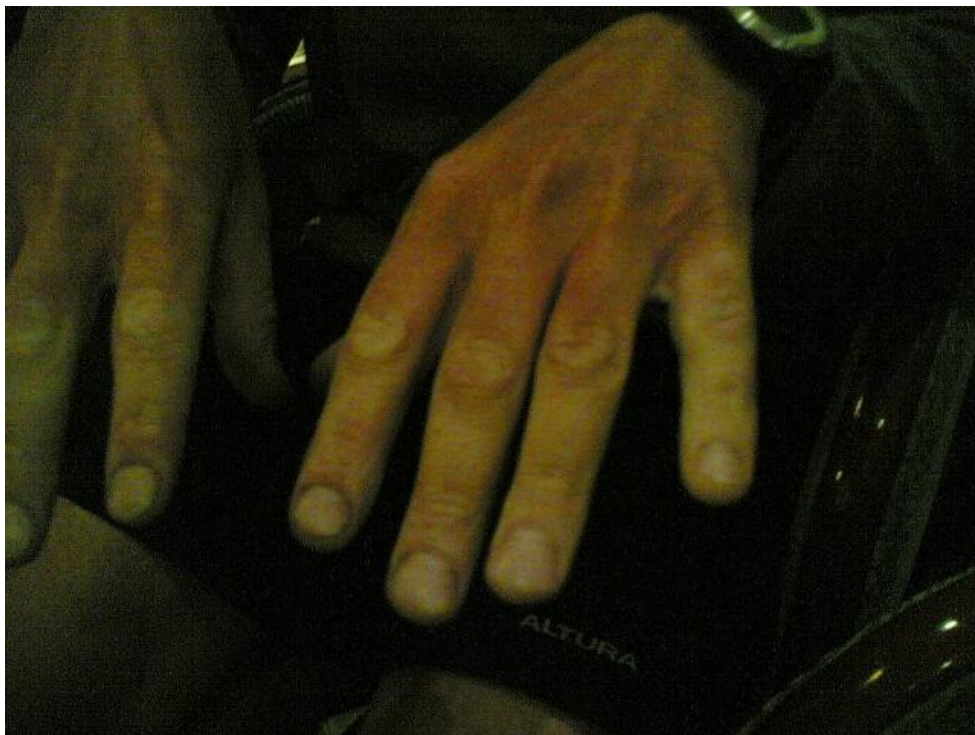
What's this? A one-legged conga





Then it was through Woolton Village centre and over Camp Hill a little before coming towards Allerton before going off road on a lovely woodland path, jumping the fallen trees. Then, rather disoriented, we suddenly saw signs for Springwood crematorium and then we emerged round a corner (and I defy anyone who claims that they knew exactly where they were)... right up to the back of the pub and onto the circle.

Now, you look at these hands



You naturally feel sorry for this guy, you think this guy has got bad circulation, let me tell you that this lad likes to get down and dirty with the trail. He likes to feel the chalk between his fingers. When the chalk is not bird shite, that is...

Possible hash names were debated:
 'Sticky White Fingers', 'Shite Chalks', 'Guano John'

Then we went back to the pub to get the blood into our pinkies, whities (and brownies – not of the cake or scouting variety).

