



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

The run that so
very nearly wasn't!

(but then was so good that it
will run again with you all in
the spring)

Run Number 306

26 November

The Junction, News Lane, Rainford

The Pack: Compo, Wigan Pier (Hare), Cleo and FCUK



Now, every hash has an act of generosity at its heart – the hare's - and that act could be said to be greater the smaller the size of the pack. This evening, we knew that work commitments and winter breaks had knocked us down, but we were not only down and out in Paris and London, because Wigan Pier got out on the road and selflessly set an epic run for a pack so small that it was possible to inaugurate a new hash tradition 'the MTH3 pack selfie' Here's No 1

So as the sun set over Merseyside, the select band made their preparations....

Cleo in Chester blithely keyed the pub's postcode into her satnav. This Satnav seemed to want to do the hash because as we did the trail, it became clear that Cleo had already visited significant portions of it - in her car - before arriving more than fashionably late.

That was Reason One why this was the run that nearly wasn't...

FCUK South Liverpool, his absent mind full of the romance of those early railway trials, checked the BBC Weather for the start



Have you spotted his error?

Such was Reason Two why this was the run that nearly wasn't – because he was heading to the other place with Rain in its name....

Meanwhile in Spital **Compo** found details of a rail journey with two changes that would take him up to and beyond the very edge of the Merseytravel network, but not beyond the validity of a certain magic card in his possession (thanks WP).

After changing at Moorfields, Compo reached the end of the line at Kirkby. What he then had to do, in what appeared like a re-enactment of a spy exchange across the Iron Curtain, was to continue down the platform, past where the line was interrupted by buffers and board another train showing Bolton



Fortunately no sooner as he trudged up the ramp from platform of Rainhill station, the weary and THIRSTY traveller saw the welcoming lights of the Junction the pub at the start....



The pub is a bit of a gem, it has a signature ale, UP THE JUNCTION, brewed by a local specialist George Wright. Several of us might have seen it at beer festivals. The Junction is a fantastic friendly local, great beer and busy and welcoming atmosphere with no piped music.

The hare soon arrived and cheerfully commented that the overnight rain had played havoc with a trail marked in all sorts, plasterboard and toilet roll à la Hash de Cheshire ...



There was fun and games at the start with various members of the pack trying to trigger the sensors to operate the pub's bespoke traffic light system to gain access to its car park.

But no joy, poking around in the dark, (more on that later) didn't work, nor did the four of us making brum brum car noises...



The bijou pack starts/continues the new hash selfie
(long may it not continue....) 'the MTH3 pack selfie' No 2



The start was an epic six way junction, but you are not going to get a lot of detail on the trail because as it was so good and so dark and so washed away MTH3 will be running a very similar version in the spring of 2016. The hare and this pack were the pathfinders for a fantastic run, through woods, over farmland and by managed forest, taking in a bypass and two railway lines and a linear park.

One thing, it wasn't cold.... and the warm mist rising around the hare give a sense of the spooky atmosphere we were to encounter some dubious local practices beginning with 'd'



The following photos prove that there was a trail

Toilet paper in the bushes ! At eye level of course



check marked in Plasterboard (this is a yurt inhabited by the famous Mongolian dwarfs of Rainford)



The dubious local activity was over here and though it starts with a 'd' and is associated with an animal, it can be summarized by substituting the d in the animal's name on this road sign with an 'f'



Here's where it goes on on on allegedly And where people go down on on



Soon, we reached what we initially thought were trig points, the brainboxes and pedants at MTH3 will have to tell us what they really are and their technical name (four-sided flat pyramids) when we pass by next spring.

The hare began groping – was it the influence of the place? - but it was only in her bag that she was groping. She revealed Gluehwein, or as the Americans say at Thanksgiving , ‘Glow wine’ ;-). The Pack mused about turkey and the Hare blew part of her post run culinary surprise





Oh glorious warming brew, well done you!

We did the right thing.... But judging by the time table that Compo had poured over the last train had long since past...



There were prodigious quantities of squelchy shiggy



Cleo indicates clear visual evidence of a trail, had you gone straight though this one you would have ended up in deep water – a mill pond is found on the other side of this fence.



Is Cleo on her way to get milk?



Some fierce local signs (I like the optimism about the 10 mph speed limit on a straight rural road):



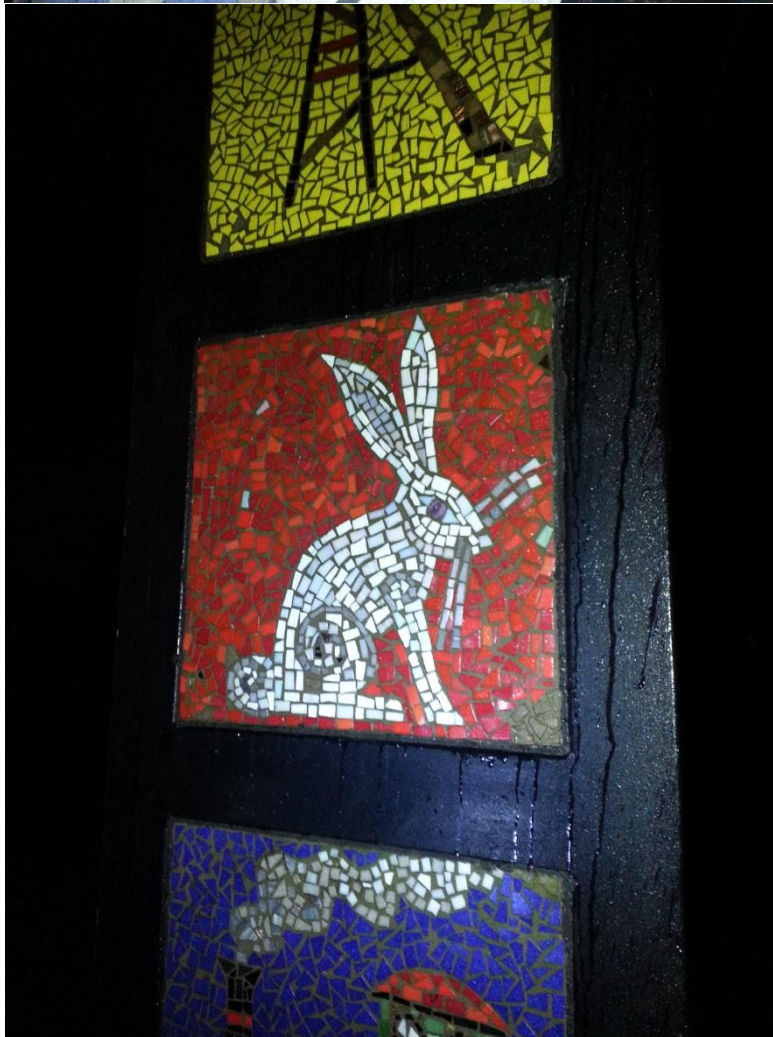


pack selfie Number 3

We forgot to give Compo a down down for climbing over a gate when there was a Compo gap just to the left



Traces of the coal heritage also include a mention of the hare, or was it a rabbit? You will be able to discover whether it was a Spring hare in 2016



Back through



ON to the best preserved arrow in Rainford which was the ON INN



When we reached the car, WP pulled out a table and before we knew it super hearty warming veg soup was served. Thanks to her other half – occasional hasher extraordinaire ‘Now and Then’ for this welcome sustenance. But there was more, this was only the first course! As it was Thanksgiving Day there was carved turkey. This recalls the now legendary events when AP and Hovercrap bought an entire turkey by bike!

<http://www.merseythirstdayshash.com/resources/Run29.pdf>

We had turkey, stuffing, cranberry sauce and amazing pumpkin bread which we ate in different orders. Delicious, what a fantastic and generous gesture, not only did WP set the run for so few, but prepared so much for so few (knowingly).

There were even select brews for the down downs.



Down downs given to Cleo for doing the Rainford Rally before the hash and to FCUK for getting his rain check wrong and nearly going to Rainhill. He was set on the right course by a casual comment about train times made by Compo... Imagine that, a carefully selected pack of three and one so-and-so goes to the wrong start... We would have been back to the days of the side car hash

<http://www.merseythirstdayshash.com/resources/Run75.pdf>





This run was also an occasion to right a great wrong. WP had missed the run where the T-shirts for run two fifty were distributed. If you remember a wardrobe malfunction meant that they were delivered after the run itself... WP had mentioned this. FCUK, former hash haberdash looked at the back of his store cupboard and hey presto found the missing T-shirt and presented it to her on the night to great delight.



Right on cue, the soupmeister and rescue party 'Now and Then' arrived



and the Wirral and Liverpool crew began their journey back. Poetry is the only fitting way to remember this run and to look forward to its spring re-run.

So, to reprise Compo's verse, Compos'd for the last Wigan Pier outing: run 269 on 19 Jun 2014 at the Bull & Dog, St Helens ...

<http://www.merseythirstdayshash.com/resources/Run269.pdf>

Some people say that there's a pier in Wigan somewhere
George Formby said it led t'sands on stilts up in the air
Some folks'll say it's a myth but I don't think they're right
'Cos I once fell off yon Wigan Pier staggering home one night

It's long and strong and it leads nowhere
You can see it when the weather's clear
So, what a run we've had here
And all thanks to, Wigan Pier