



**MERSEY THIRSTDAYS  
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**1<sup>st</sup> September 2016**

**Run Number 327**

**The Cock and Seaman, Waterloo, Liverpool**

**The Pack:** Compo (Hare), Cleo, Overdrive, UTT, Victim, Carthief, 10secs, fcuk, Ruth, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, ET, Chris

This had been billed as the Hare's "Birthday plus One" run and the pub had also been carefully selected due to the associations of its name (the maritime part of it, of course). But anyway, great things were expected. The pack assembled at the pub after various adventures along the way. UTT had apparently caused consternation among a group of teenage boys outside the station on asking where she could find a "Cock and Seaman".





A relative newcomer had actually returned a second time, for once....











...and of course there were a few old faces (and a few not so old)





...and some latecomers...







and a sixty-nine years and one day old face ...

Once we were all gathered outside the pub Compo expressed disappointment that few hashers had taken his hint to wear nautical themed clothing; though Cleo was wearing a matelot style T-shirt and the eagle-eyed could possibly make out some microscopic anchors on UTT's fleece. Overdrive tried to blame Cleo for forgetting to bring his sailor hat. Snoozanne surveyed Compo's clothing which was covered in patches of flour and complimented him on his seaman stained trousers.



At this point a white van was noticed 100 metres down the road which appeared to say “No f\*\*\*ing horses” or possibly “No f\*\*\*ing of horses” in French, German and Spanish. Our language experts were called in but could not agree on the translation claiming that none of the expressions were spelt correctly. Musing on this we started on the trail.





There was a regroup where the pub's name, errrh, thrust itself upon our attention again in the shape of a large phallic bollard. After a reverent pause during which someone informed us that the technical name for a devotional object of this sort is a "lingam", on we went.





...adding to the confusion in the minds of various huddles of drug users in the parkland...



Then over the canal...



And into Hatton Hill Park where we found the largest check ever in the shape of a large circle of tarmac. Shortly after we found a huge array of recreational equipment laid out for our delectation.





Various items of fitness equipment,



a zipwire



on which Ruth managed to travel with enviable and inimitable speed... (after a big push...)





A big bowl whose contribution to fitness was not entirely clear....



and a sliding thingy for which some instructions might have been useful.





**Cleo's name entitles her to "walk like an Egyptian" but what is Carthief's excuse?**

Then it was along Stanley Park, Sonning Avenue



and a checkback into Lowden Avenue.





A long stretch down Kirkstone Road finished at a regroup







before we crossed the canal into the Rimrose Valley Country Park.





Here the trail was found taking us along the canal for a while before heading off across the park.



**The Hare's nautical top and seaman-stained trousers are seen to particular advantage here...**



On the other side of the park another checkback led to a sneaky left turn before finally debouching into St Mary's Road where a large B told us that we had reached the promised beerstop. Here Joan's car was spotted and proved to contain a large cache of "Special Beers"—Shepherd Neames 1698 with the label carefully treated to reveal Compo's age.



Some surprise was expressed at the figure; it seemed like only yesterday we had been celebrating his 60<sup>th</sup>...



The beer was very tasty and quite powerful and enabled us to ignore a sudden shower of rain





The logistics of the situation required the car to be left at this spot until the following day; and it was not clear how far its owner had been apprised of this. There were some dark mutterings at this; maybe the "Theakstons Old Ramsbottom 1705" would not be needed next year after all...

Finally Compo mentioned some of the responses to his suggestion that we wear something appropriate to the pub name. Snoozanne had said "Do you mean a slightly dirty (dare I say stained) T shirt?" and 10 secs had asked if we could just come as we were. Anyway, on this note we continued onwards, perhaps a little unsteadily now. Another checkback brought us back to Brooklands Avenue.

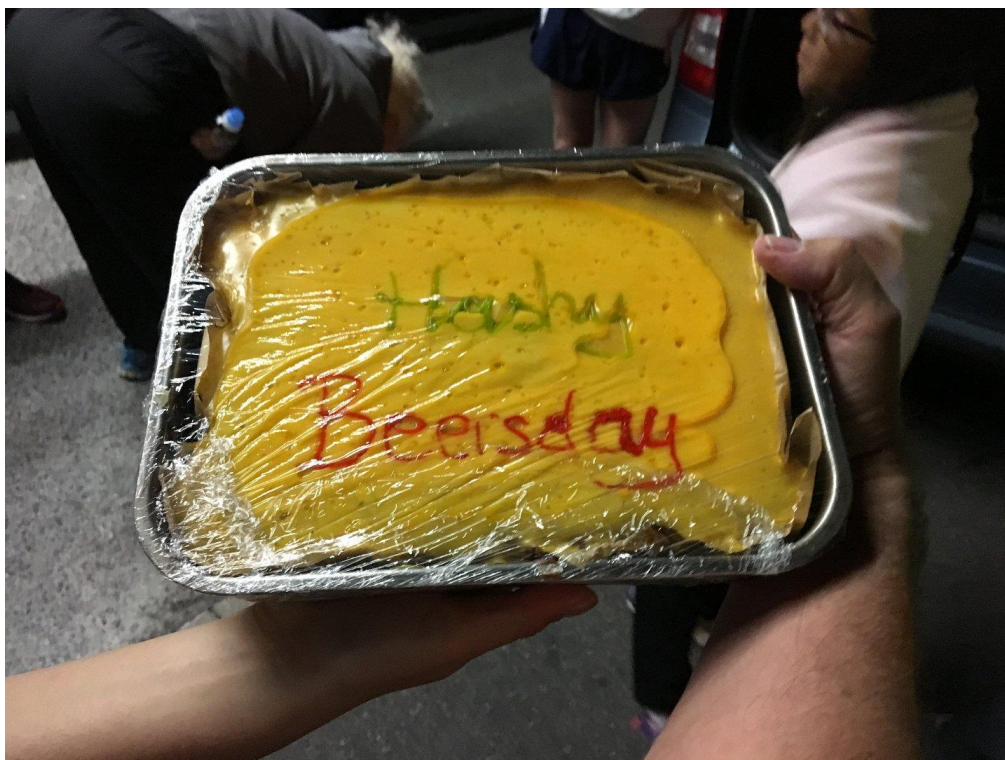


Compo had by now taken to (and there is no other way to put this) humping a lamppost in the direction we were supposed to follow. It was surprisingly effective and quite hard to miss. Eventually we came out onto the main Crosby Road for a short while, before turning up Sandringham Road and onto Rawson Road where the On Inn was found.





Back outside the pub an excellent repast awaited.



Cleo had made a poppy-seed birthday cake emblazoned with “Hashy Beersday” and Mad Hatter shortly appeared with a couple of bags of chips.



The circle was formed and down-downs were awarded to:

Compo was called up several times, for his “69+1” birthday, for the excellent new improved web design, and for his seaman-stained trousers (more later)

Cleo, Compo, UTT: for nautical themed apparel

Overdrive: for leaving his sailor hat at home

Cleo: for her part in forgetting Overdrive’s hat

Fcuk: for bringing his daughter to the most unsuitably located run of the year.

UTT: for seeking the Cock and Seaman among the youth of Crosby

10secs: for sliding prowess at the playground

Cleo, Overdrive: apparently OD had phoned his wife during the run to ask where she was...

Compo (again): for temerity in leaving Joan’s car overnight in Crosby; and for choosing a pub with a name he could not reveal to his wife; and as Hare.

Returnees: Chris and Ruth

Back in the pub Compo displayed pictures of:



A cock

And (overleaf)



A seaman (Compo aged 19 on HMS Minerva)