



ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

13th April 2017

Run Number 343

The Master Mariner, New Brighton

The Pack: VR (Hare), 10secs, Compo, Overdrive, Cleo, Victim, Mad Hatter, Snoozanne, ET, Breast Stroke, OTT, Hansel .



The On Inn for this week's run was the new Wetherspoon's in New Brighton, another step in the rejuvenation of the sea-front. On returning from stashing his bag in Snoozanne and Mad Hatter's car, yours truly was accosted by Snoozanne apparently with the words "Mister Kipling!". The impression that she had suffered some temporary aberration was not completely dispelled when it transpired that what she had really said was "You missed a Kipling!" . Apparently I had missed some hilarious episode in the pub; as far as I can reconstruct it, it revolved around ET's bag, which is one of the highly-prized Kipling bags (no I'd never heard of them either). They are distinguished by a badge saying "Kipling" and a furry toy monkey.



A Kipling bag

...and its monkey

ET claims to have lost his monkey (which may be some kind of euphemism) and also his badge; but there was speculation that he had picked up some cheap replica on his travels.

Anyway there was lots of badinage along the lines of “What’s kipling?” “I don’t know, I’ve never kiplled”. Probably you had to be there...



Anyway, after VR explained the markings we were on our way; round the boating lake



and passing the foundations for the new Big Wheel



After a loop inland to Seabank Road and then back through the Tower Grounds, we headed along the prom towards Seacombe, past the rebuilt pirate ship.



And some kind of Last Supper tableau in honour of Easter.

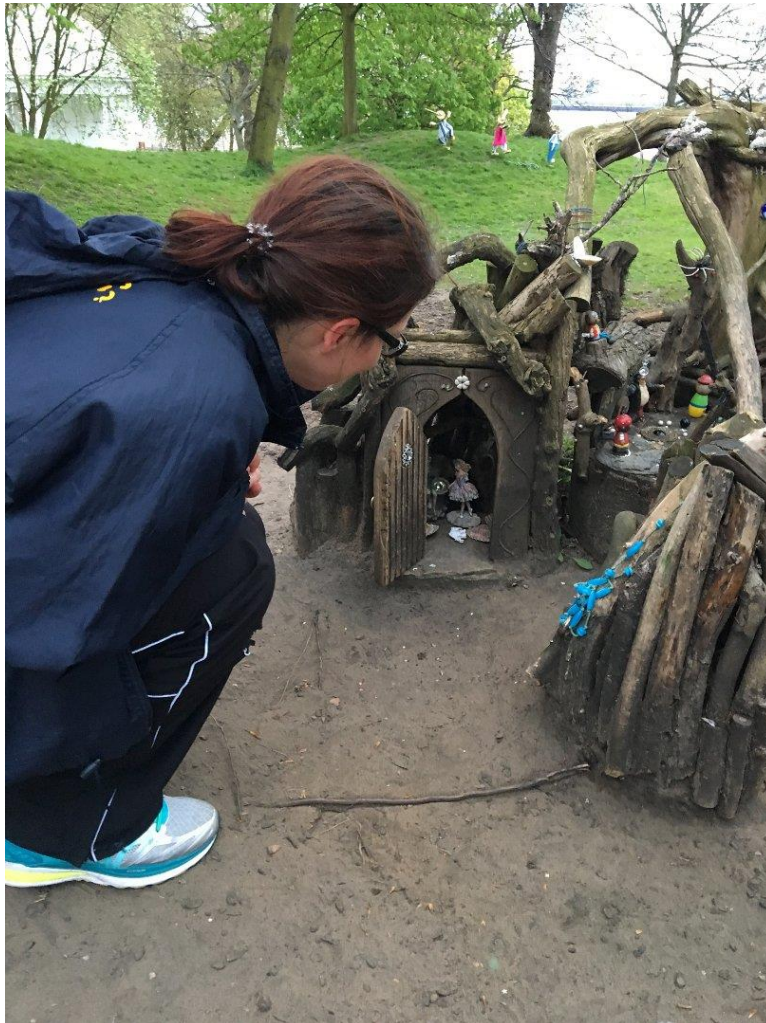


Up in Vale Park we found further Easter delights





Note how Compo has chosen a little boy bunny and Cleo a little girl bunny—though is it sexist to deduce this from the costumes?...



Further on there was a fairy grotto and a faintly sinister furry goat.



VR had somewhat vaguely mentioned a beer stop and when it became clear that the Magazine was what she had in mind, there was some discussion about whether to stop, followed by a vote which was evenly balanced; but VR announced a casting vote in favour of carrying on. Probably just as well for the pub, since hash decisions to visit the Magazine are frequently attended by disastrous consequences (see Trash 148).



We then headed up Penketh Road towards Earlston Gardens then along Hose Side Road, past the little pond which seems to have escaped from a village green somewhere, into Rockland Road; then up to Mount Road and along Hamilton Road.



Shortly afterwards, the On Inn was discovered (though not soon enough for Victim who had spotted the station and peeled off back to the pub already). Mad Hatter moved the car to a space near one of the shelters where we set up camp. VR's partner Ian also arrived carrying one of VR's enticing home-baked cakes—it turned out it had been VR's birthday earlier in the week. Cleo had brought home-made sandwiches and guacamole so we chomped away happily for some time.



The circle was then convened and down-downs were awarded to
OTT and VR: the two birthday girls
VR: for the sumptuous cake
ET and Breast Stroke: for the Kipling saga
10 secs: for failing in Hash Scribe duties by missing the Kipling saga
Victim and Compo: Shortcutting
OTT: maintaining high standards of elegance by wafting clouds of fragrant
perfume every time she passed Snoozanne on the run
The hare: the run was described as short and scenic but there were grumbles
about the missing beer stop.

We then adjourned to the pub where some time was spent recreating the
Kipling conversation for the benefit of a puzzled Hash Scribe. Also at some
point an e-mail from Wigan Pier was received, explaining that she had set out
for the hash but had been caught in a tailback on the M56 due to an accident.