



25<sup>th</sup> May 2017

Run Number 346

The Lion, Birkenhead

**The Pack:** Compo (Hare), Carthief, Overdrive, Cleo, Breast Stroke, ET, 10secs, Hansel, AE, Tagi, Victim, Joy, Busts on Beasts, Liqueur Me Up

The hare had chosen the pub on the understanding that it had been acquired by the erstwhile owners of the now-defunct Lion in Liverpool, famed for its excellent pork pies; however it turned out that they had swiftly moved on and the pub had reverted to type with loud music blaring out onto the street.

We were glad to see AE making a welcome though sadly brief return; and also joined by three newcomers.





The trail led up Hamilton Street towards Hamilton Square...





...where there was plenty of milling around and following of false trails...



...ably assisted/encouraged by the Hare.





The excitement was rapidly becoming too much for some people

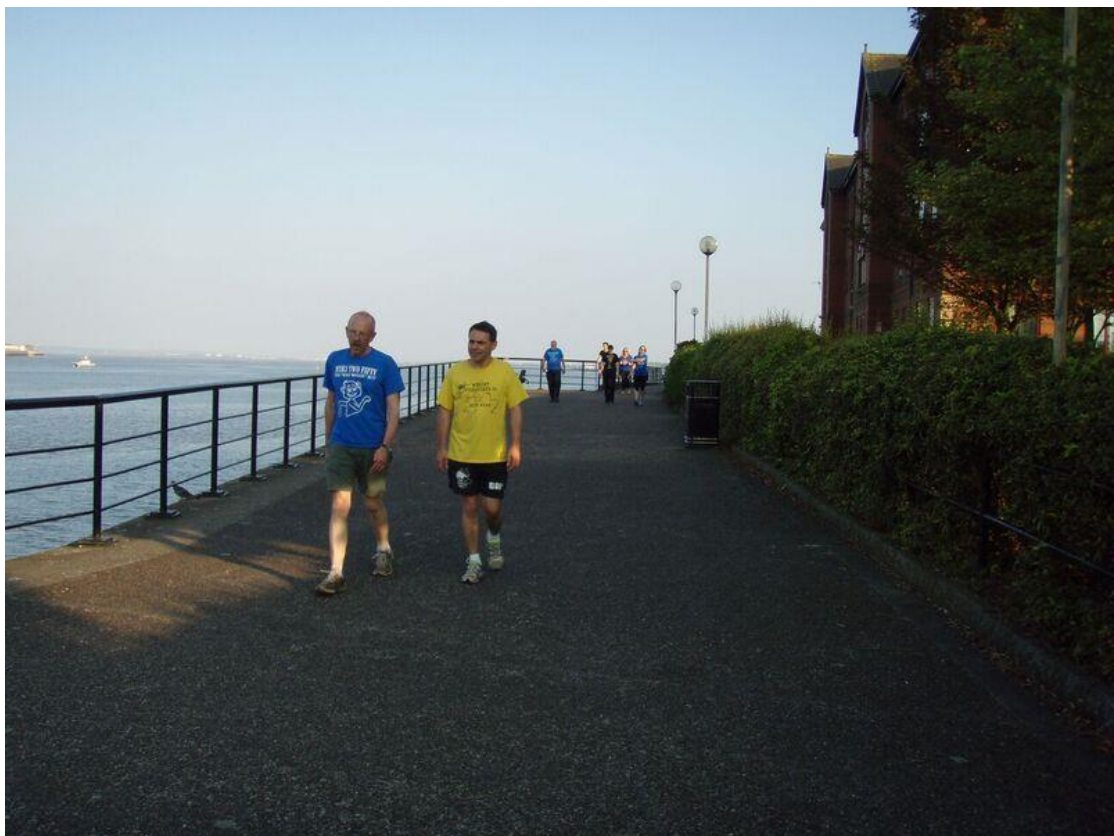


The trail was eventually discovered past the town hall and then past the Swinging Arm.

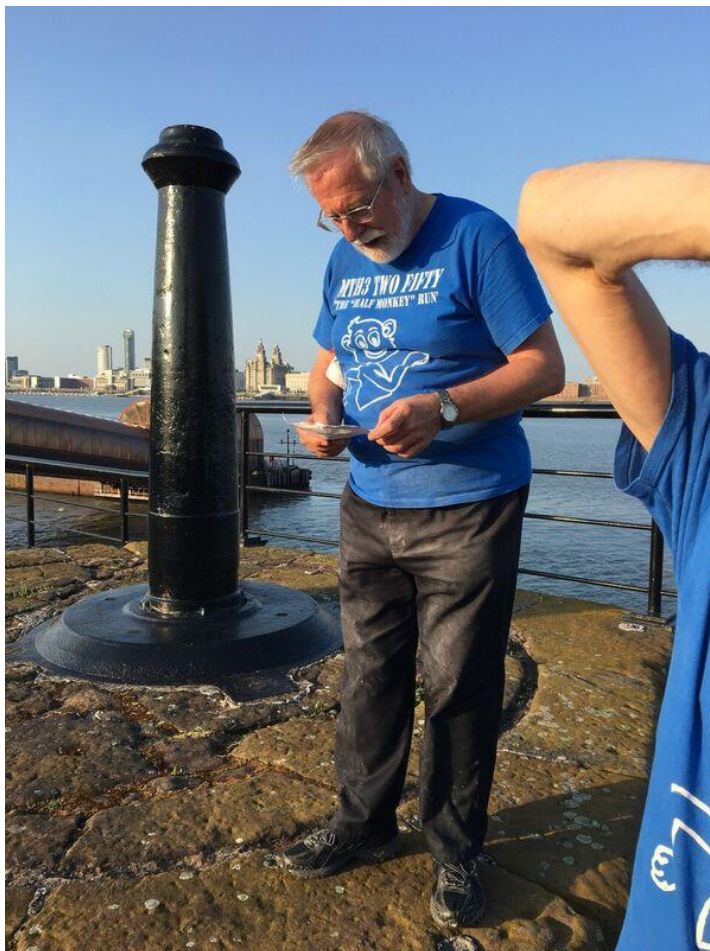


A backcheck at Monks Ferry was taken as an impromptu regroup and photo opportunity.





The trail then headed back towards Woodside.



Here we had the first of several disquisitions by the hare, this one on the U-Boat.

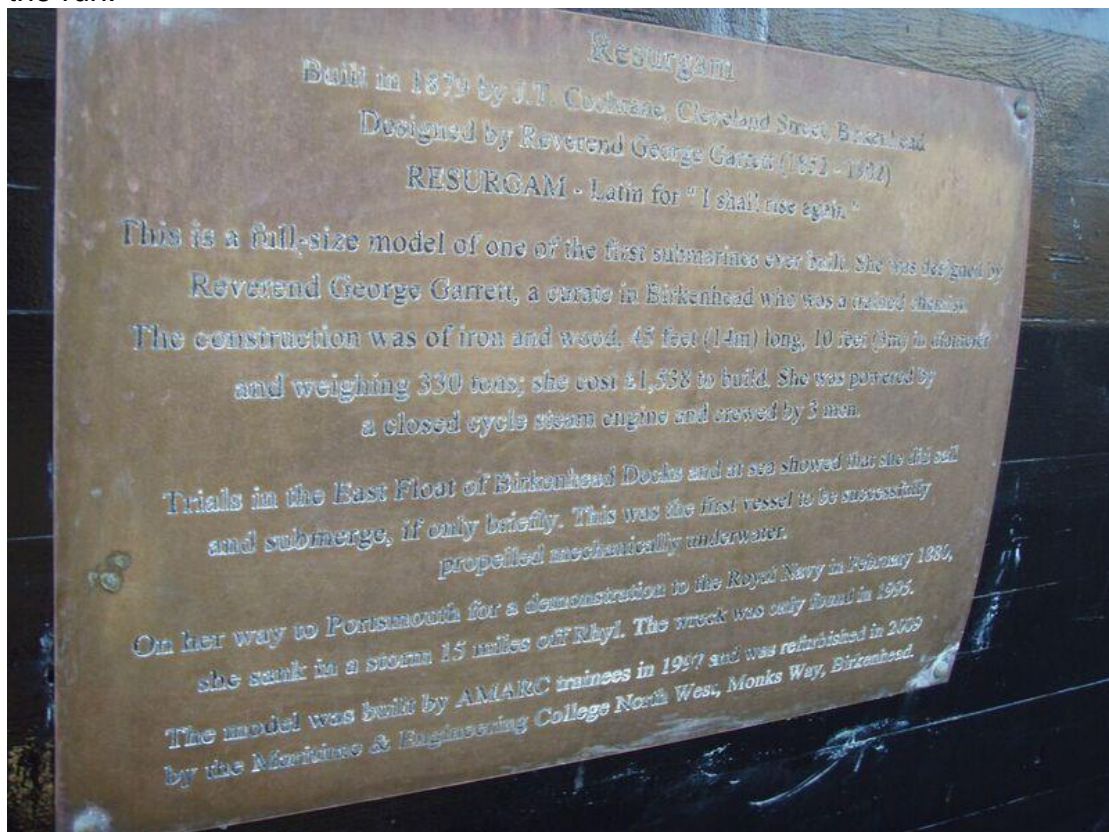




Here we are trying to decide on the cause of its sinking. Personally I think being folded in half cannot have helped.



Shortly we hove alongside the second submarine, the Resurgam whose hopeful name was not proof against the fact that its hatch did not close properly. At this point we were encouraged by the hare to look for a theme to the run.







**I said that beer tasted a bit off...**



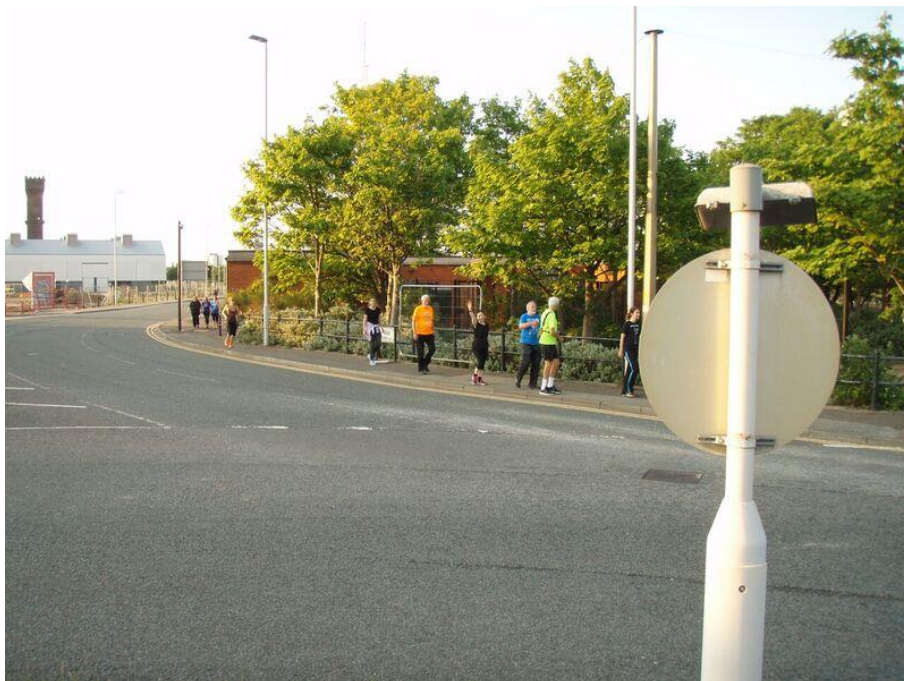
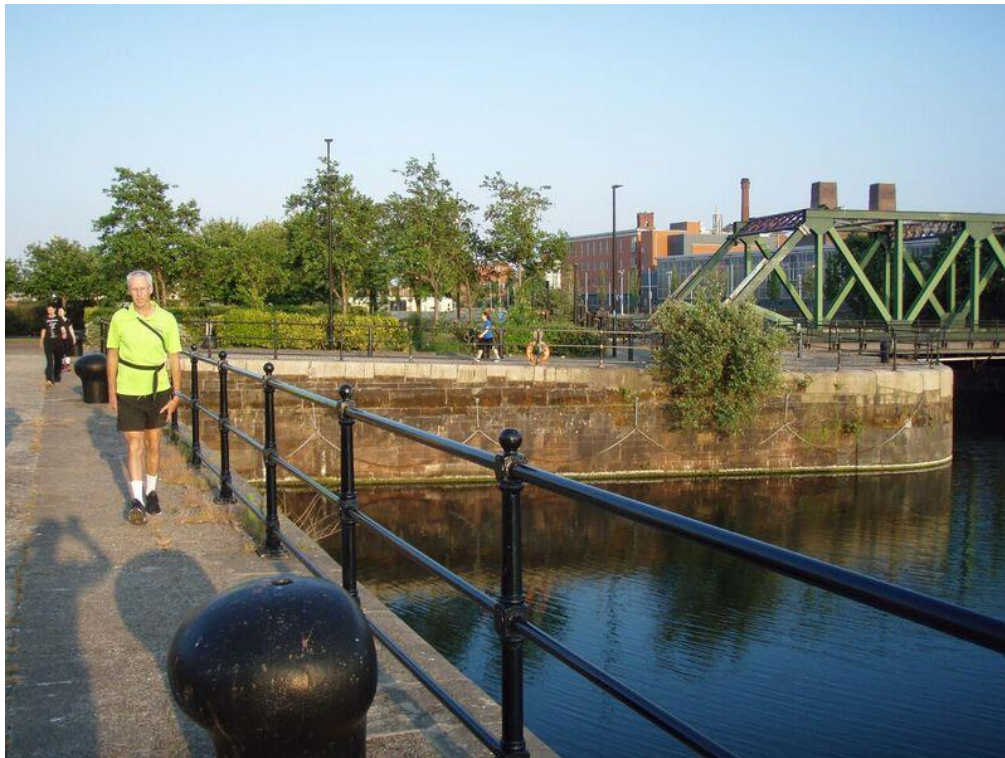
The trail continued along the river, passing Pacific Road before crossing the bridge at Egerton Dock...





...some people choosing to do it the hard way...





...and then up towards Corporation Road...

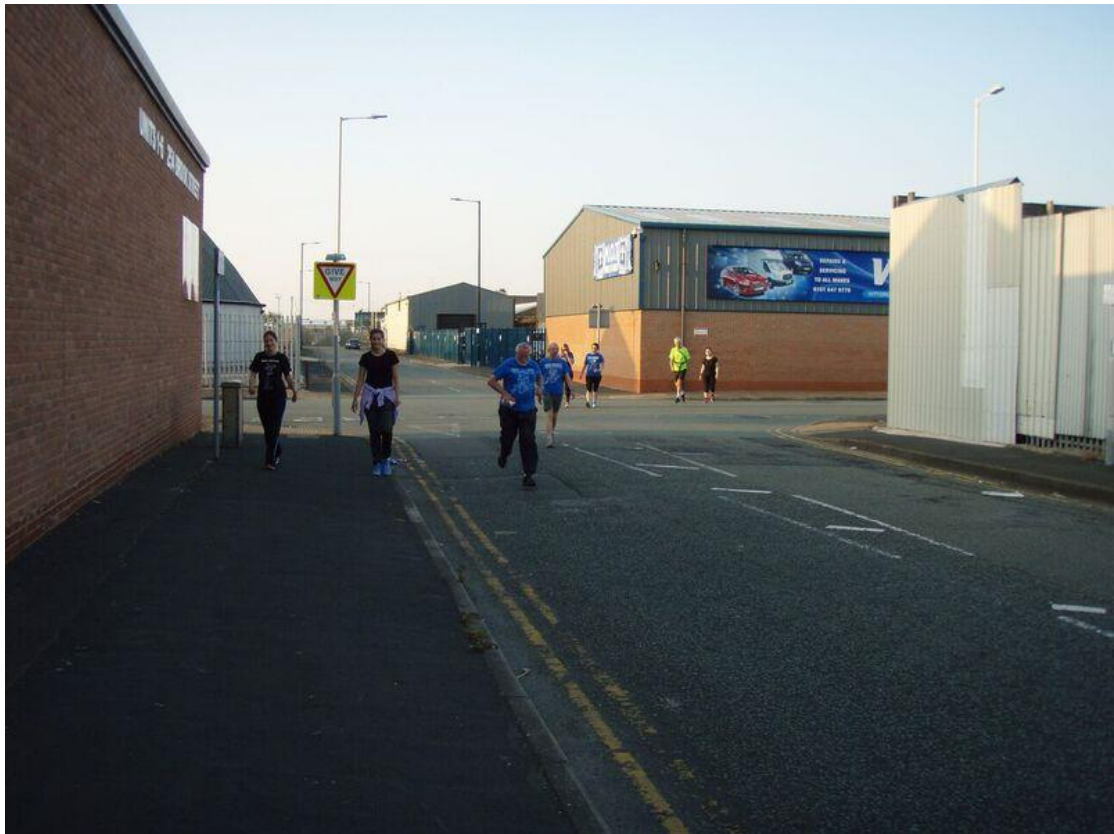




to a regroup



outside the Peerless Brewery where sadly the Thursday evening tours were a thing of the past.



The trail then led up towards Beckwith Street and then in the direction of Birkenhead Park Station where with some inevitability we entered Birkenhead Park.



The Hare explained how Birkenhead Park had been the model for another much more famous park in the USA.





10secs showed off his climbing skills...



...nearly ending in disaster...



The trail continued over a bank towards the lake.





After a pause on the Chinese Bridge for another lecture by the Hare,



we continued out through the gates, not without a final history lesson.



Some of us were ahead of the Hare when it came to the date of construction.



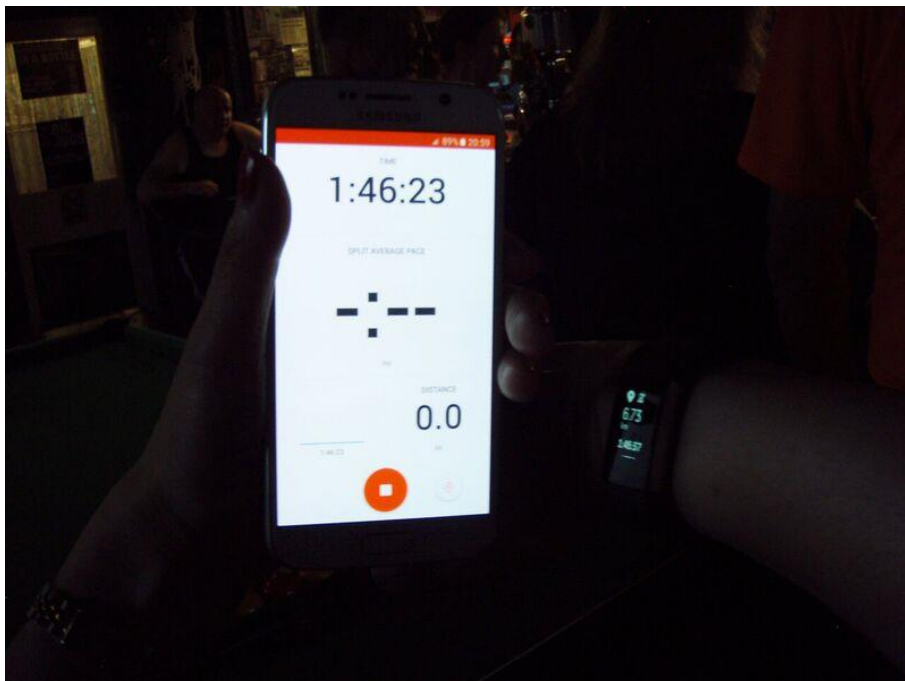


**The council had been decorating the street in honour of Victim's visit**

Emerging from the park, the trail crossed Park Road North and headed towards Conway Park Station. Turning a corner, the crowning glory of the Hare's theme was revealed.

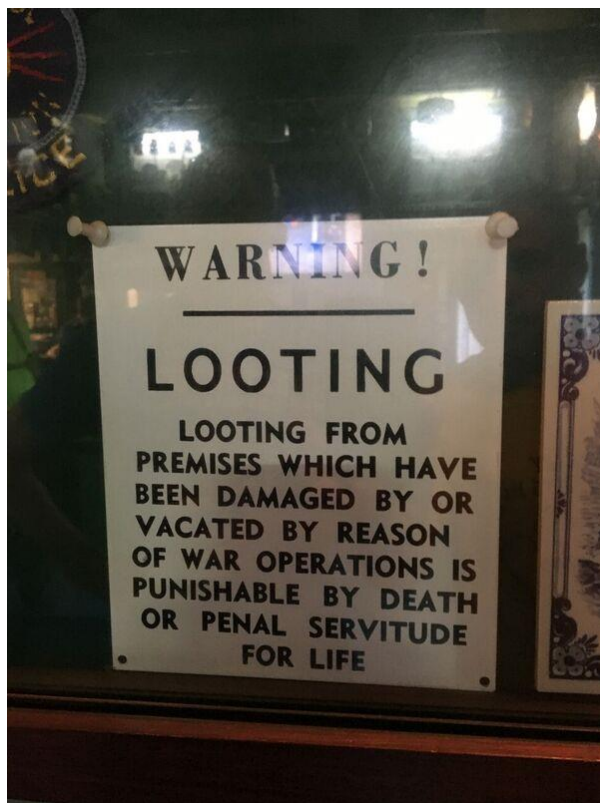


Voila! Apparently a piece of complete serendipity. We went in where we were all delighted to be treated to a drink by the sea-dog himself.



Here it became clear that our new Hash Sat Nav deputy might require some on-the-job training when her tracking device was discovered still to be reading a mileage of zero.





The pub had a large collection of curious exhibits



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And they had named an odd device with two spouts after Busts on Beasts

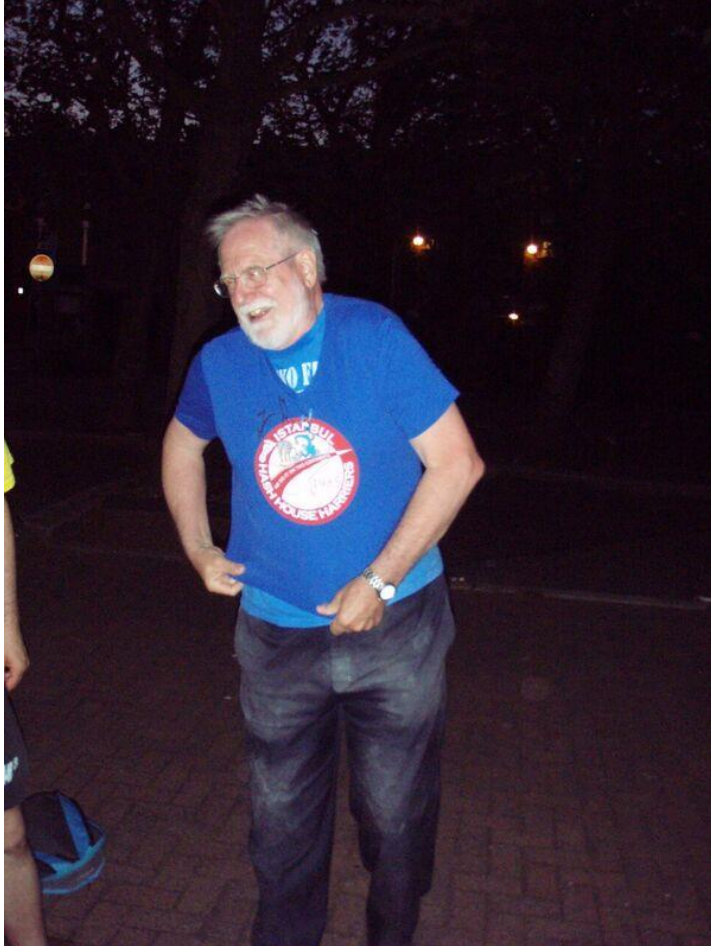




Exiting the pub we soon covered the short distance back to Market Street where the On Inn was found.



We set up the food and drink on the car park behind Market Street. Cleo had excelled herself, providing home-made cous-cous, yoghurt dip, tomato salad and falafels, not to mention sliced halloumi. After gorging ourselves for some time the circle was convened. First item on the agenda was an exchange of hash-haberdashery.



It was a slightly snug fit...





Down-downs were then awarded to:

Hansel: he was always in the vanguard but invariably went the wrong way from every check

Returnees: AE, Victim

The Hare

BS: for navigational issues



The newcomers: Joy, Busts on Beasts (BoB), Liqueur Me Up (LMU). Apparently BoB had made herself come; or possibly Facebook had made her come—people rely on social media for everything these days... A friend in Istanbul had made LMU come, maybe showing that long-distance relationships *can* work.

The RA: for forgetting that he was RA

The mention of Istanbul prompted Compo to reminisce that his very first hash had been Istanbul Hash's 500<sup>th</sup>.

Having formed a poor impression of the Lion, we then retired to the Brass Balance. As usual in Wetherspoons, half the beers were off, but what remained was enough for a convivial session.