



# ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 396

7<sup>th</sup> March 2019

The Ship and Mitre, Liverpool

**The Pack:** JSL (Hare), FCUK, ET, Madhatter, Overdrive, Cleopatra, Joanne, Compo, Wigan Pier, Snoozanne.



The subdued weather had kept hold all day. Promises and hopes of the past few encouraging days had been dashed. Certainly could not be considered cold when compared with the last few winter runs. The dampened enthusiasm for the imminent outdoor pursuit was countered with the joy of seeing the selection of beers/cider on offer and the return of many 'Not seen for a while' hashers.



*Reasons why JSL may have been difficult to recognise*

There was concern after it appeared that there might not be a suitable receptacle available to store all our bags, coats, food and umbrellas (Yes umbrellas?). We were all glad when Snoozeanne/ Madhatter arrived . JSL gave instructions which were generally ignored as is customary with the exception of the directive for us all to do 10 Star Jumps at each check. It was not apparent at the time that there were to be prizes for a selection of categories. Surveying the assembled group with their history of injuries and aging frames it was a concern that such an activity may have repercussions.



*Substantial markings to counter the rain*

The 'run' covered about 2 ½ miles and was completed within the hour. Ventured onto Tithebarn Street (Pronounced Tit-He-Barn Street by the locals) to visit the Superlambanana which was such an imposing structure it was surprising that a warning not to clamber over the exhibit was needed.



*Meeting old friends*

Surprising number of people milling around – students are moving back into the city. Went through the business district around Old Hall Street and were saddened to discover planning application posted advising of the mature trees to be chopped down for buildings behind Pall Mall.

The Lion was not to be a beer stop and neither was the Cross Keys. Both regular hash pubs which were tantalisingly close – you could smell the beer. It was hard work trying to keep up with the hare for a few. Her disdainful look for those not demonstrating their star jumps prompted many into action. Cleo seems to have her own interpretation and Compo's were a lacklustre affair. Certainly ET had the largest jumps.



*The pack in starjump mode*

A quick detour onto the dock road, before venturing back onto Dale Street and to the On Inn.

Excessive flour had been used to mark this evenings trail to compete with the rain – some of the checks were more a tripping hazard. Additional flour had apparently to be acquired on route when setting the trail.

Enjoyed the hash feed under the shelter of the soon to be demolished Dale Street flyover and the auspices of a few of the residents who may call the place home. A major water feature cascading from the structure may indicate why it is soon to come down.

Hash integrity conjured up drinking vessels from used plastic bottles. Such ingenuity did not result in any injuries which had seemed likely after observing the sharpness of the knife used to sculpt the cups. The group were warned to avoid cutting lips on sharp plastic when the chalices were circulated.



*Hash initiative*

Not a comprehensive list but down downs were given for the JSL for haring, Returnees, ET for not recognising JSL (Steamed up glasses in pub), Overdrive for spillage.

Star Jump Awards (Kitkats) were given for artistic interpretation, biggest, style and the best. There was not a comprehensive appeals procedure.

Food was demolished – always good when everything is eaten, dining table stowed in the car and then into the pub bypassing the quiz to find a cosy table for our group. Main activity was consuming kitkats, rescheduling/renumbering runs as well as making our selections from the wide array of booze on offer.





*There appeared to be more Kitkats than awards?*