



Run Number 408

15<sup>th</sup> August 2019

Helter Skelter, Frodsham

**The Pack:** Hansel and OTT (Hares), Carthief, 10secs, Eccles, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Jo, Brookside, Two Dicks, Cross Member



The venue tonight was the Helter Skelter, a pub justly renowned for good beer (and an upstairs restaurant serving fine food). It was now (just) accessible by rail from Liverpool, due to the famous (amongst the rail enthusiasts fraternity) and recently reopened Halton Curve. Due to the early last train, special dispensation had been obtained to start the run at 6.30 in order to do justice to the beers after the run and still have time to catch the last train. However in the event the only one to come by train and witness the

wonder of the Halton Curve was 10 secs, who was getting a lift back from Snoozanne and Mad Hatter; so it all became a bit immaterial. Eccles had promised to bring an Eccles Cake but shortly before the run announced that it was running a bit late; which provoked the question "What's your currant position?" Further dried fruit jokes were devised in the pub, such as "Is that your raisin d'etre" and the acronym "Strolling Under Leafy Trees And No Acorns". We were joined by two relative strangers with coincidentally genitally related names, Two Dicks from WCH3 and Cross Member (whom we had not seen on a Mersey Thirstday run since the incident which gave him his name, possibly because it had taken until now for the scars to heal and the painful memory to subside). Carthief commented that he had a habit of disappearing before the end of the hash.



The trail led up through the station car park (which was no surprise as the Hares had tipped us the wink that we would be able to deposit our bags) and down some steps onto the main road.

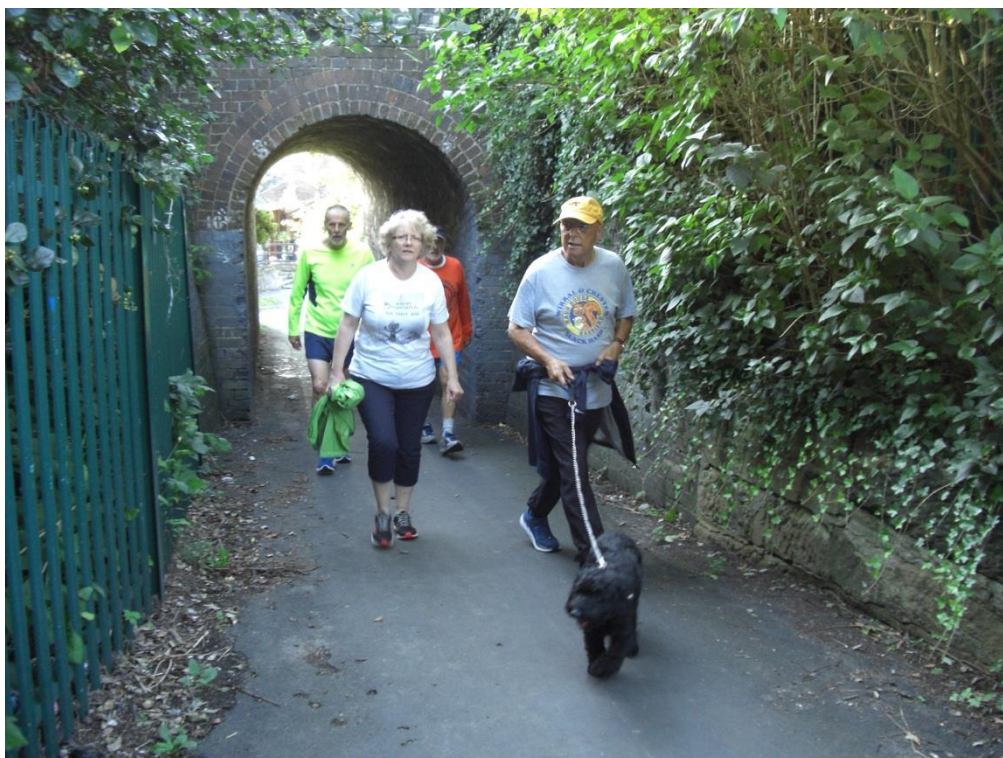
d



Then across the road and through a small housing estate and round a corner where the only way forward seemed to be up someone's back garden. The front-runners retreated in slight bewilderment but were chivvied back by the Hare who assured them it was a public footpath. Back again towards what was increasingly clearly someone's house, where indeed we were met by an irate house-owner who looked rather intimidating in some kind of bus-drivers uniform and carrying a clipboard. We beat a retreat leaving Hansel to argue that the footpath was shown on the map and had been there since time immemorial. But in the end the house-owner was left in possession of the field (and the garden path) and we had to circle round to where the footpath would have emerged back on the High Street.



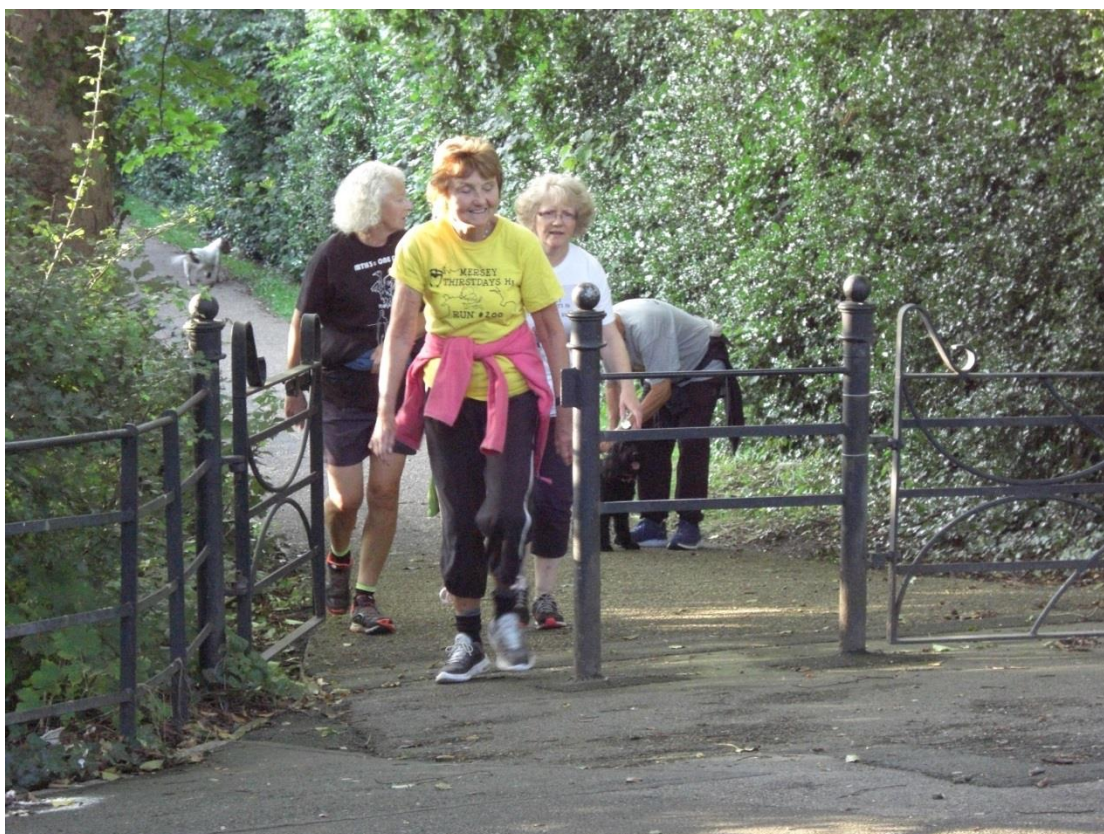
Back across the main road the trail was found cutting through a pub car park...



...and up a path which eventually led into Castle Park.



Here after a regroup...



...the trail was found leading uphill to emerge on a lane skirting the foot of Overton Hill.



From here a sneaky narrow path was found leading still more uphill and eventually into the woods...



...where the markings appeared to have been browsed by wild animals.



A regroup at the top of the steep hill was even more welcome than usual.



Along the ridge we finally emerged by the memorial where there was a lovely view over the Mersey estuary in the declining sunlight. The photo was taken by a dog-walking couple who were intrigued to learn that the theory of hashing (propounded by one of our members who shall remain nameless since I can't remember who it was) was to work off the excesses of the weekend during the week. The guy very perspicaciously pointed out that it wasn't then clear why Wirral & Chester ran on Sundays.

We then emerged from the woodland onto the road and ran downhill past the Belle Monte pub and then even more steeply through the trees...



...to a check (or rather a generous array of three checks). Another sneaky path across the road led into a park by the church...



...where there was a tempting playground. Jo at first claimed there was something wrong with the swings preventing one from getting very high, but it soon proved that with a bit of effort you could get high enough to feel a bit sick.

From here the trail went past the church and downhill again to emerge on Red Lane. The On Inn was then soon found leading down to the pub; though we set up the food in the station car park. It was indeed discovered that Cross Member had magically melted away at some point.





...and Eccles had been as good as her word and brought some delicious home-made Eccles Cakes. She claimed never to have eaten a “real” shop-bought Eccles cake; but these were very buttery and better than the “real” thing.

Down-downs were awarded to:



Brookside: I think this was something to do with the parking charges, but it may have been a premonition of what was to happen later, see below.



Two Dicks: Returnee.



10 secs: for some reason he was blamed for the early start on account of being the only hasher to come by train.



The Hares: the trail was voted excellent.

We then made our way back to the Helter Skelter and tried a good selection of their excellent beers. Though there was a slight delay in Brookside's case as he discovered that he had lost his parking ticket on entering the pub, which could result in a £25 fine; so he disappeared back along the trail to look for it, miraculously finding it at the final check if memory serves.