



**Run Number 409**

**29<sup>th</sup> August 2019**

### **The Volunteer Canteen, Waterloo**

**The Pack:** Compo (Hare), ET, 10secs, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, BS, Wigan Pier, Cleo, Overdrive, fcuk, Ruthie, Peter Pong, Gash

This was the Hare's birthday run, hence the choice of an On-Inn in the L22 area. The Volunteer Canteen was fondly remembered as the scene of hashes of yore, but seemed to have gone downhill slightly with a reduced beer selection; though it still had the nice feature that beers were personally delivered to the tables in the lounge. Compo had been contacted that very day on Facebook by a hasher from Dorset, Gash, currently a student in Liverpool, and she showed commendable promptitude by actually showing up. A woman at a neighbouring table, with a partner and a couple of Brompton bikes, came over and asked if we were hashers; it turned out that she had belonged to a Bash (bike hash) in Sydney and was interested in setting one up here.



Meanwhile BS had brought a pressie and Wigan Pier had brought a birthday card and any distraction was welcomed as an opportunity to collect signatures.

We gathered outside where the Hare gave us our instructions; the trail would be mostly be marked in flour or chalk, except when...but here he became somewhat mysterious...but one thing that was clear was that there was to be a pub stop.



After pausing to take the usual team photo, we were off. The hare as usual showed himself a master of misdirection, even confusing himself at one point, being heard to ruminate over whether we were on a check or a backcheck. The trail led down towards the river front and through the riverside gardens...





...before heading into Crosby coastal park.





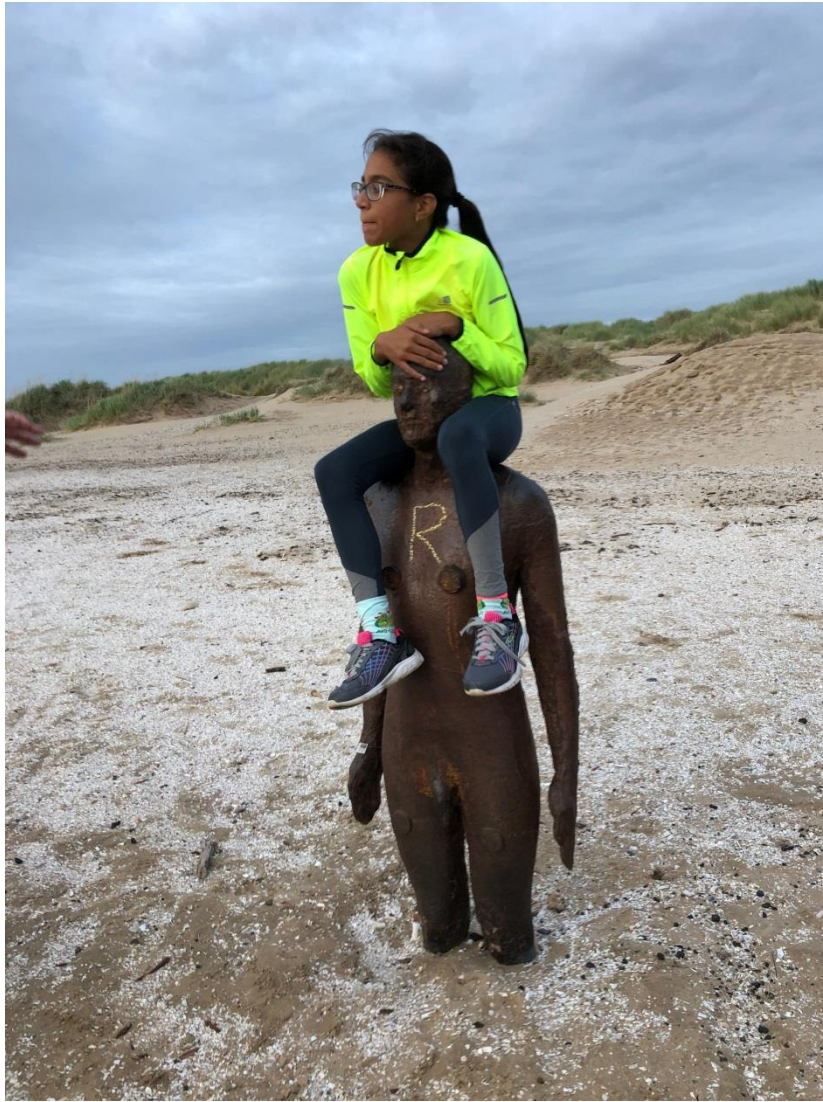
Here the trail was sometimes hard to follow among the shifting sands on the dunes.





Finally it led onto the prom, where the Hare announced that the trail would henceforth be marked in Iron Men – explaining his earlier enigmatic instructions. We duly started looking for the numbered Iron Men

















...who were subjected to various indignities.

Returning to the prom and crossing further sand dunes we roamed around Blundellsands and Waterloo.





The pub-stop was duly found, a new micropub called The Corner Post with a good range of local beers.



Stumbling forth we shortly entered a park where, for the first time this summer, a torch would have been handy. Indeed Mad Hatter was temporarily lost and when refound did not even have the excuse of an armful of chips.

The On-Inn was discovered surprisingly quickly for one of Compo's runs, and we set up the food and drink in a little open area round the corner from the pub. Hash catering had done us proud with a large selection of home-made sandwiches...





and a birthday cake for Compo (Antcake, so-called on account of the chocolate flakes scattered through it). The breeze made it almost impossible to keep even the single candle alight long enough for Compo to blow it out.



**Compo sees the funny side of a playful beard singeing**

Hash chips also made a welcome appearance.

Down downs were awarded to:

The hare: though there were complaints of too much iron and not enough sand...

Peter Pong, BS, Ruthie: Returnees

Gash: Newcomer. She said she was from Weymouth, and had made herself come.

Peter Pong, Mad Hatter, Snoozanne: Short-cutting

Snoozanne, Wigan Pier: Sartorial indiscretions; upon being asked by some cannabis-smoking youths in the seafront gardens what we were up to, Snoozanne had proudly ripped aside her fleece and said "THIS is what we're up to" (revealing, I hasten to add, only a Hash logo on her T-shirt). And Wigan



Pier had complained that her new white 400<sup>th</sup> run T-shirt had already acquired a greyish tinge, prompting the advice that this could have been prevented by avoiding washing it.

10secs and Cleo: The only swots who had visited all seven Iron Men.

Compo: The birthday boy was presented with his card. There were queries as to whether Liverpool postal districts went as far as L50.

Hash catering and Hash Chips

fcuk: when a Down-Down was proposed for him (basically because he hadn't had one yet) he suggested leading Ruthie astray by having her drink it instead of him.

Finally all the down-down beer had been used up and we were entitled to repair to the pub. Here we discussed among other things the possibility of a joint meeting next year with the Weymouth Hash.