



Run Number 477

5th August 2021

The Plasterers' Arms, Hoylake

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, Sticky Rice, ET, Victim, Wigan Pier, OTT, SMS, Grasshopper, Ian



The weather had been forecast to be terrible but in the event it was dry though people were expecting the worst, as can be seen. We were joined by Victim's brother Ian, who is a local with one

previous hash to his name and candidate for another ET – indeed he was mistaken for Victim by one hasher on arrival.



10secs explained the markings; although he said he'd kept the trail simple in view of the possibility of a downpour, he'd made up for this by a range of complex markings and explained them at great length. Signs of boredom appeared when one hasher started reading out interesting information from the pub sign rather than listening to the Hare. So the hash was already checking while 10secs was still explaining the meaning of his lozenges...



...which meant that the double checks puzzled some of the pack – in fact an insurance policy in case heavy rain washed one of them away. Note the fact that they are on different surfaces to exploit potential differential erosion properties of the materials attention to detail or what? The trail headed down past the old graveyard to the main road and along before ducking into Queens Park. Here it was no surprise to seasoned locals to find the onward trail along the footpath behind the houses on the far side. Several people commented on the heady aroma of old dog shit which has built up on this path during generations of dog walking.

The natural route would have continued along the footpath across Shaws Drive and most of the pack strode confidently off in that direction; a bit of a hint was required to alert them to the onward trail heading back towards the main road. Here it went down Forest Road and then cut through Mumfords Lane and down Dovepoint Lane...



...to a regroup on the corner near the prom. The trail led back up Forest Road to where a clever checkback was supposed to have led back to a discreet footpath between the houses; but that pesky Forest Road wasn't long enough and the checkback would have been perilously near to an earlier section of trail. Hence the lozenges which is what you get when you cross out an arrow....



Emerging from the footpath onto Roman Road the trail led down to the promenade.







Here finally there really was a checkback which was supposed to lead back past the tennis courts; but it was found first by Victim and Ian who with a bit of local knowledge and intuition realised they could equally well cross the gardens right where they were, giving Ian time for a bit of a sit-down.



The rest of the pack did as they were told...





There was a regroup to admire the sea view and municipal facilities...



In view of the expected heavy rain and anticipating a wet rebellious pack, the Hare had marked a short cut escape route back to the pub; but the rain was holding off and everyone elected to continue.



Christmas seemed to have come early to this garden.



According to Ian who had been given a tour some years ago, this really was a functioning lighthouse at one time.



We had been given permission to have our DownDowns in the beer garden, which was lucky as they were partly shielded from the rain which started to bucket down as we arrived. OTT had laid on an excellent spread with home-made sandwiches and delicious banana cake. Though one of the drawbacks of eating in the beer garden was being subjected to the attentions of one of the locals who had to be bought off with a couple of sausage rolls. No-one admitted to being RA so nominations for down-downs were invited from the floor.

Down downs were duly awarded to:

Sticky Rice: for being a “Sherbet Herbert” mistaking sherbet for chalk

Ian: Victim’s long-lost (well, to us anyway) brother, apparently also a returnee after a record time. The Hash name of Oppressor was suggested.

SMS: for moaning about the checkback (too straight, apparently...).

The Hare: for the trail being too dry; also the strange markings and double checks.

Victim and Ian: for short-cutting at the checkback.

Some of the pack then retired to the pub interior, where we heard about Snoozanne's week spent on an archaeological dig, revealing Neolithic post-holes on the slopes of Moel Arthur.