



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 511

17th November 2022

The Railway Inn, Meols

The Pack: Victim and PJVindaloo (Hares), Mad Hatter, 10secs, fcuk, OTT, Wigan Pier, Overdrive, PA, Alex

It was a good turnout despite the earlier heavy rain and the warnings of more to come in the forecast.



As the pack gathered, the rain seemed to be easing off, but Victim was still prepared for the worst.





As we congregated outside Victim explained that the trail was in chalk on pavement and sawdust on grass, but it was a moot point since he had set the trail the previous day and it had all been washed away; so he proposed that we have a regroup at every junction. It seems appropriate that this photo shows us pretty much on top of the Viking boat which was dug up on this spot in 1938 and promptly reburied. Victim had also promised a beer stop at Meols's liveliest night spot, a concept which sounded like an oxymoron to anyone who knew the area.



And then we were off; the trail looped around and then back to the main road. With Victim bringing up the rear and PJ Vindaloo going ahead to point the way to the FRBs where necessary, we made good progress.



A red light by some roadworks helpfully allowed us to cross...



...and soon we found ourselves crossing the railway into the countryside.



A pause was required to let a train go by...



The trail led through the woods, where a rare pile of surviving sawdust was found; and then across some muddy fields and through a caravan graveyard...





...to emerge back into civilisation on the main road again.



Crossing the railway again by Meols Station, another rare survival was found, this time of a check.



Eventually we found ourselves heading out into the countryside again.



Another pile of sawdust had escaped the rain...



Here PJ Vindaloo pointed the way into the caravan site, where a surprising number of caravans seemed to be occupied. Even more surprisingly, this was the location of Meols's liveliest night spot, the celebrated Sundowner Club. We trooped inside and headed for the bar, where as often seems to happen when we arrive at watering holes, the request for a few drinks seemed to lead to complete consternation. On the first attempt to pour a half pint, the gas ran out and the barman had to disappear into various side-rooms for what seemed like half an hour. Anyway, eventually we all had a drink...



...and actually the surroundings were quite congenial...



...with a sofa which was reported to be especially comfy with fcuk recommending to Mad Hatter the precise spot on which to park his posterior. There was an eclectic and somewhat retro choice of music with The Jam and Pink Floyd belting out on the juke box.



Although the rain had stopped it was still quite cold outside and it took some time to galvanise ourselves into leaving, but eventually we did, to the accompaniment of friendly farewells from the happy caravanners.



The trail led towards the sea wall...



...where a relic of last autumn's storms was still visible.



The FRBs had been instructed to wait by the Coastguard Station...



...where a shortcut led to the quaintly named Guffitts Rake.



From here it was not far back to the On Inn, and soon we had the food deployed outside Victim's car in the pub car-park.





Having arrived by car, the RA was complete with the helmet of office and Compo bell, which was duly jangled. Comments were invited on the run, which was described as having too few caravans, too many markings, too dry... Down downs were then awarded to:

The hares (to Victim also for watering the trail)

PA: throwing down his gauntlet on trail...and

Mad Hatter: for finding it.





Alex then broke with all known hashing tradition by proposing a Hash name for herself, namely(!) Delayed Entry in view of past and present late arrivals. The RA then refined this to "Retarded Entry" which met with approval in the form of giggles especially from Alex herself; so the name was accepted and promptly abbreviated to RE.



RE was then anointed with a strawberry by the RA.



A general down-down was then drunk by all concerned.

A select few then repaired to the pub where it turned out that the manager had been observing us but luckily was merely curious about what we were up to; and also knew Mad Hatter from previously running the Ring o' Bells in West Kirby. We were shortly joined by Snoozanne who had been celebrating her retirement from the Careers Writing Association with a knees-up in London.