



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 587

9th October 2025

The Plasterer's Arms, Hoylake

The Pack: 10secs (Hare), PJVindaloo, Snoozanne, Mad Hatter, BS, fcuk, OTT, ET, PA, Wigan Pier, Now and Then, Cleo, Victim, Oo-er

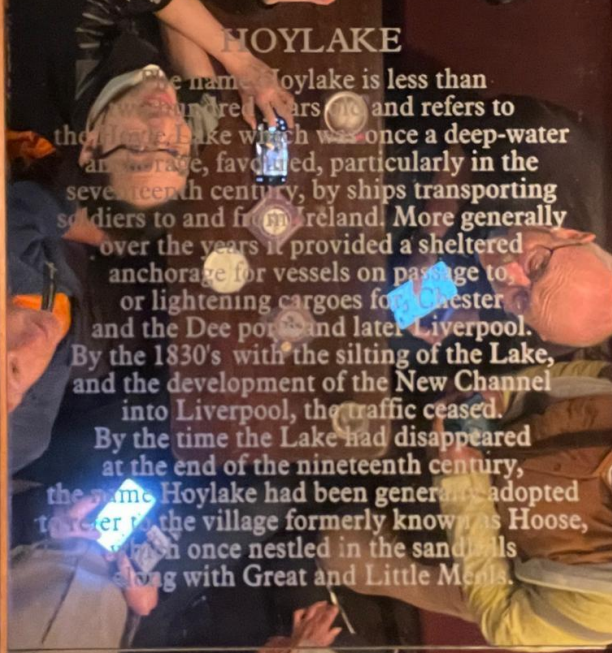
The lure of the Plasterer's (or at least its proximity) had brought out Oo-er, and Victim's family was well-represented with PJVindaloo also putting in an appearance.





Laurie pours his first pint!

HOYLAKE



The name Hoylake is less than two hundred years old and refers to the Hoyle Lake which was once a deep-water anchorage, favoured, particularly in the seventeenth century, by ships transporting soldiers to and from Ireland. More generally over the years it provided a sheltered anchorage for vessels on passage to, or lightening cargoes for Chester and the Dee port and later Liverpool. By the 1830's with the silting of the Lake, and the development of the New Channel into Liverpool, the traffic ceased. By the time the Lake had disappeared at the end of the nineteenth century, the name Hoylake had been generally adopted to refer to the village formerly known as Hoose, which once nestled in the sandhills along with Great and Little Menis.



The ceiling of the Plasterers even caters for customers who find themselves obliged to adopt a horizontal position..



We sallied forth for the group photo; there was a short delay since PA had gone for a p**ss – ET managed to combine the two concepts by renaming him PS. The Hare then explained the markings, which were very simple; one was on and it was mostly in chalk with a bit of flour. There were to be some checkbacks but there was some disappointment that no regroupings were on the menu.

And then they were off. It took some time to find the onward trail but eventually it was discovered heading down Trinity Road and then along the churchyard.



Down these mean streets a man must go...

Victim was the only one to head in the right direction without broad hints from the hare; several others unwittingly perpetrated a massive short cut to end up back on the trail. A couple of zigzags led down to the promenade and into the Meols Parade Gardens. Here a slight brain fog on the part of the Hare led him to confidently insist that the pack went in the wrong direction before recovering his senses. The trail was in fact found heading across Queens Park and then along the path behind the houses to emerge on Ashford Road. A tempting path continued across the road, but in fact the trail led down to the main road. Here there was a bit of official shortcutting with Victim and Snoozanne electing to miss the coming path through the dunes. The main pack headed down Roman Road and then into the darkness across the sandy heathland. Emerging on Forest Road, ET and 10secs were accosted by a chap with a clipboard. We thought at first he was going to berate us for

rampaging around the woods at night, but in fact he politely asked if we'd seen any barn-owls since it seemed he was doing a survey and the dunes were a favoured location for these birds. It didn't seem the right time to suggest that we had probably scared off any nocturnal visitors with our lights and our yelling; or indeed to mention the RA's sacrificial avian activities. So we promised to keep an eye out, and went on our way.

A few more twists and turns, and we emerged back on the main road near the Dazzle Ships phone-box made famous(?) by *Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark*. Here there was once again a chance to short-cut by heading straight back along the main road. But the main trail crossed the road and then meandered between the road and railway through the streets of well-heeled houses (my friend the retired dentist and his dental hygienist wife live just by one of the checks...enough said).

The trail briefly remerged onto the main road near the service station before diving back down Sandringham Avenue.

Here Victim was on familiar territory...



...since he had spent his early years in this house...



...and still has fond memories of knocking down his father's gatepost in his father's car only hours after passing his driving test. History does not record whether his father saw the funny side of the incident.



The trail then headed towards the railway...



...before passing the station and continuing on the path by the railway. Eventually a check led to the area of workshops and sheds behind the Hoylake shops, where a checkback and a concealed cut-through led back to the main road (after the pack had succeeded in correctly counting the blobs). The pack were left to find the On Inn...



...which was not far across the main road; while the Hare went home to collect the food and Mad Hatter went to buy chips.

At the Plasterer's, the barperson kindly allowed us to deploy the food in the snug – even including the chips. Hannah had provided some cookies and PA produced some ``mooncakes'' which were supposed to celebrate a Chinese lunar festival.

The RA then opened the circle with a couple of sermons, one of which continued the lunar theme:

What was a more useful invention than the first telephone? Ans: The second telephone.

How does the moon cut his hair? Ans: Eclipse it.

Comments were invited on the run and it was described as too wet. There was some comment about the checkbacks being misnumbered which the hare strongly refuted,

emphasising that the Hare is always right especially when able to rewrite history as Hash Trash – see earlier. The lack of precipitation was connected by the RA with the odd lack of seagulls here despite being on the coast; ET also commented on the lack of the expected Barn Owls. The RA commented that lunatic means “of the moon” and connected this with the mooncake and Victim’s solo ramblings.

Down-downs were awarded to:

Now and Then, FRB, for once with a companion in Ooer.

ET: for his renaming of PA as PS (in announcing this fcuk suffered the poetic justice of getting PA’s name wrong yet again).

PA: for his booming and enthusiastic calls

Returnees: Victim and PJVindaloo (Ooer having gone home by this point)

There was a rather ragged and muted rendition of hash hymns such as “And the Hare...” At some point PA told us that he was having another exhibition of his work in Liverpool, and invited us all to a private viewing next Thursday. This was followed by a short discussion of arrangements for Christmas and then we all dispersed.