



**ERSEY THIRSTDAYS
HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

Run Number 578

5th June 2025

The Golden Lion, Frodsham

The Pack: fcuk (Hare), Mad Hatter, Snoozanne, 10secs, ET, Overdrive



The hare had selected this pub as one of the only two Samuel Smith's pubs for miles. Leaving Cleo inside (she was hors de combat with blistered feet after a few days hiking,

and would pass the time doing her Greek homework) we gathered outside; possibly on the very spot where famously the local MP had so forcefully explained party policy on winter fuel payments to one of his constituents.



Luckily the hare had explained the markings etc when we were all safely sitting inside the pub, so there was no danger of being similarly knocked to the ground. The only risk was of being thrown out for transgressing the usual Sam Smith's rules on pub decorum. The hare explained that the trail was set in a mixture of timber crayon and shredded theses (yes Theses...though if you want a trail that just gets flushed away...); there would be a beer stop (and since the only other Sam Smith's pub for miles was also in Frodsham, we could guess where); and finally the Chico hook (a triangle indicating that the front-runner was obliged to stand on one leg until the whole pack had caught up) would make a long-overdue reappearance. The hare also made some cryptic comments about a special visit to his namesake.



We were off and the first Chico hook was found at a sneaky detour over the railway line.



It would be the first of many.



There was some cheating via creative use of nearby street furniture.

The trail was replete with surprising twists and turns; the pack was pretty sure that the trail would head uphill to take in the viewpoint on Frodsham Hill, especially in view of photos posted earlier by the hare, but there were many downhill stretches too...



...including this one which took us out into the countryside.





If memory serves, this spot was both a CB and a VP. One could see the water tower in Runcorn and the Daresbury Tower in, well, Daresbury.



One could certainly have been forgiven for missing the real onward trail as one passed on the way to the CB at this point.



The Chico hook etiquette was getting steadily laxer.



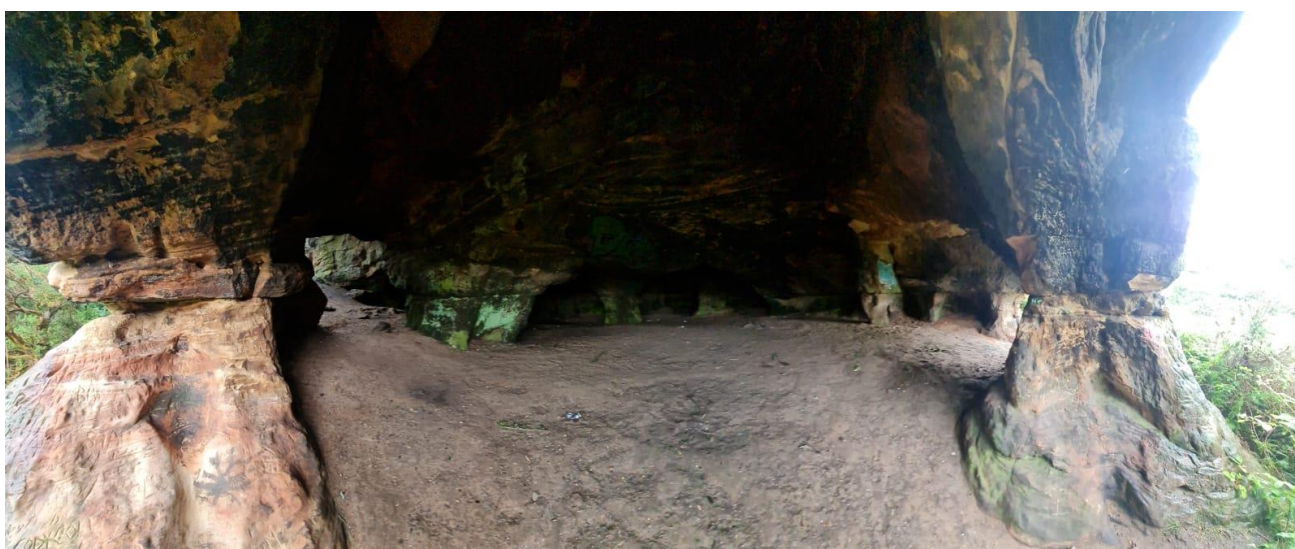
After a stretch along the road we struck out on a footpath where the shredded paper was deployed for the first time.



The footpath led to the mouth of a mysterious cave,...



...which turned out to be surprisingly capacious.





The Hare explained that these were Frodsham Caves and therefore these were “fc’s FC”, explaining his earlier remarks. It seems they were originally “Sand Mines”.



There were indications that OTT was not, as she had claimed, off on a cruise.



The trail then led up to the top of Beacon Hill and then down past the entrance to the ex-golf course (coincidentally this is also now being rewilded by the Woodland Trust, like the one on the previous hash). Soon we were at the entrance to the War Memorial where there was a VP with a view over Frodsham and a CCTV camera presumably giving a different view, of nefarious activities in the car-park.



The trail led up to the Beacon.



A kestrel was spotted – or was it a Hash House Hen Harrier?



By this time the sky was clearing to leave a lovely sunset...

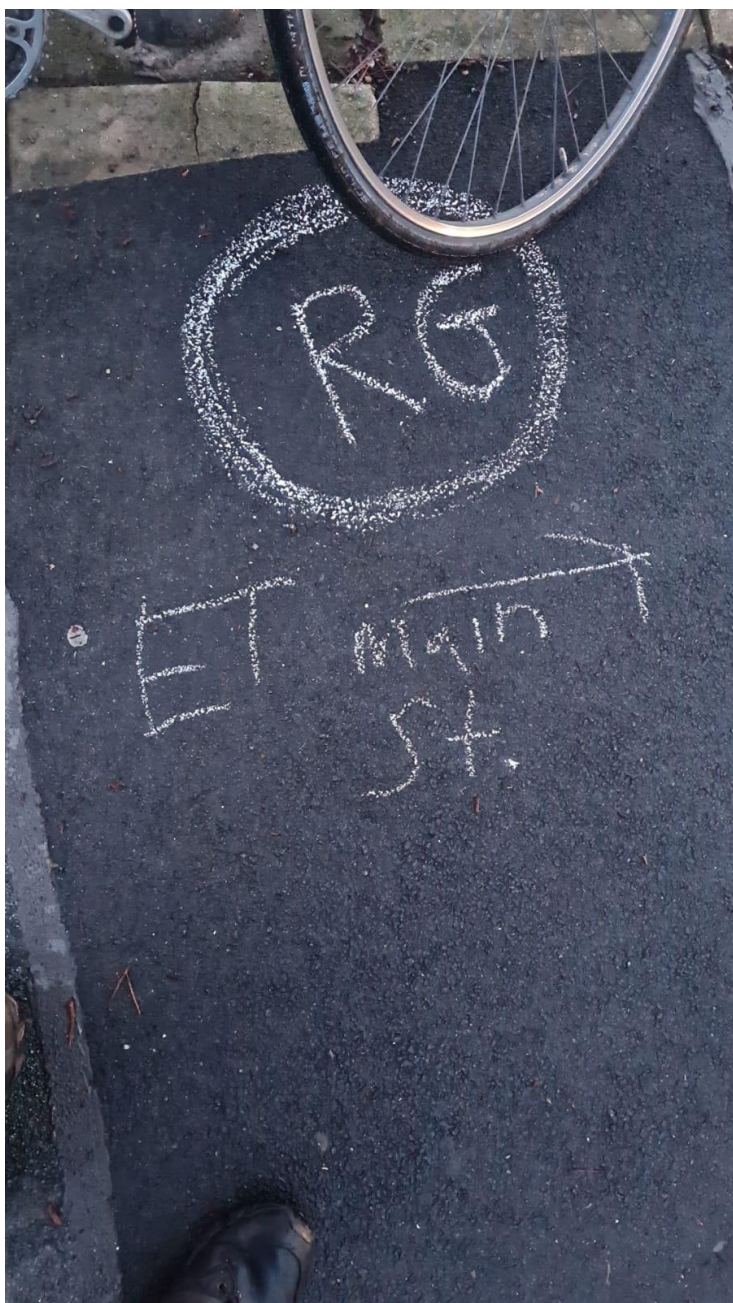


....and lo, the sun god himself didst appear unto us out of a burning cloud, and spake unto us in a loud voice saying "Here there is a Wimps/Rambo split".

We all chose the Rambo option which plunged into the undergrowth and steeply downhill. Snoozanne by now was acting as a kind of anti-Hare by public-spiritedly picking up all the piles of shredded paper which marked the trail – there was quite a lot. But shortly we emerged on a road which soon, as anticipated, led us to the Bellemonte, the other local Sam Smith's pub. We had a swift half and the Hare informed us that Carthief is related to Humphrey Smith, the mobile-phone-hating current head of the Sam Smith's empire. There was not much time to linger since there was only one train back to Liverpool that evening, so on we went steeply down the hill into Frodsham; but taking care since apparently it was here that Peter Pan had once slipped and broken his leg.



At the bottom of the hill there was a Chico hook on both sides of the road, which simultaneously caught out both Overdrive and 10secs. Mad Hatter and fcuk joined us and we waited for ET. And waited...and waited... It was getting quite difficult to balance on one leg. We slowly realised that no-one had seen ET since he went to the loo at the Bellemonte. And then we realised that Snoozanne had probably tidied away the trail before he left the pub. Some frantic phoning re-established contact and he was instructed on the best route straight back to the On Inn.



We also left helpful customised signs when we joined the route he was likely to be on.



Eventually a forlorn figure appeared in the distance. It seemed that he had been delayed by questioning from some of the pub regulars about whether we had been there before; mistaken identity, or a folk memory of our previous visit on Run 506?

We collected Cleo from the Golden Lion; meanwhile Mad Hatter had found an open chippy.



We reassembled at a bench on the high street and gratefully wolfed the food down. A hurried circle was called and down-downs were awarded to

The Hare

Snoozanne: for reverse Haring activities

ET: for getting lost

Then fcuk and ET made a dash for the train and we went our separate ways.