



## **ERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS**

**Run Number 597**

**19<sup>th</sup> March 2026**

### **Ring o' Bells, West Kirby**

**The Pack:** 10 secs (Hare), Mad Hatter, Snoozanne, BS, ET

The pack was quite a select group this evening with excuses such as rugby matches and jetlag being bandied around. The On Inn was the (fairly) newly refurbished Ring o' Bells which even has a private upstairs dining room. Visitors to the ladies toilets came back very impressed with the facilities and decor.



Despite the small numbers it took several attempts to get a photo showing all of us together with the pub sign.



You may as well see most of them since there aren't many others...





Eventually a kindly passer-by stepped in and took the definitive shot.

And then they were off. The trail was found heading up Echo Lane and then back onto Village Lane. Half of the pack being local habitués, they weren't fooled by the nearby detour into the undergrowth and soon we were on Caldy Hill. Having earlier got lost several times in the bracken and scrub in broad daylight, the Hare had tried to be generous with the flour, but it seemed that the dog-walkers had as usual been busy scrubbing them out; so a few hints were required.



Eventually we arrived at the first regroup. The Hare recounted that it was somewhere around here that Olaf Stapledon had supposedly been sitting, according to his early science fiction novel *Star Maker*, when he was suddenly taken up into the cosmos and shown a vision of an infinity of other worlds. And all this allegedly without taking any drugs. But even now it was a clear night and numerous constellations were visible, though Orion was the only one we could securely identify.

On we went, eventually coming out on Fleck Lane where the Hare had forgotten to set a loop of trail through Stapledon Woods, which had been given to the nation by the author with the proceeds from the afore-mentioned book. So the trail led across Kings Drive and dropped down to a check on Caldly Road. Here Snoozanne confidently announced that the trail couldn't possibly lead across the road and lured ET after her, along the road towards Caldly; the others watched in some bemusement from the regroup a short distance over the road as they went to and fro, oblivious to our shouts and torch signals. When everyone was finally gathered together, the Hare told them that another local author, Malcolm Lowry, had lived as a child on Caldly Road a short distance away, despite his blue plaque being on New Brighton prom.

The trail then led through the small housing estate, emerging on Croft Drive and doing a loop to emerge back on Caldly Road. Here it took a bit more time to find the hidden path cutting back up onto Caldly Hill. Earlier on there certainly had been at least one group of youngsters taking illicit substances near here, but whether they had been sucked up

amongst the stars or not, there was no sign of them now. Navigation was a bit trickier here with a profusion of small paths; even the Hare was relieved when a footpath sign was found which definitely pinned down our location. Even then the flour seemed to disappear, whether due to an accidental detour or more dog-walkers' depredations it was unclear; but eventually we came out at another regroup. This was a familiar spot from previous hashes (see Run 319 for instance) and from now on we were on familiar territory (though we did all manage to execute another inadvertent short-cut). This meant that we soon emerged on to Village Road just uphill from the pub. Snoozanne had identified the perfect place for the down-downs, a couple of benches where St Bridget's Lane joins Village Road. Soon the food was being deployed and the small pack meant plenty for everyone. The only mishap was the breakage of ET's torch. Since 10secs' torch had suffered a loss of structural integrity on the previous run, their rivalry over who had the highest luminosity was at a temporary standstill. We decided to postpone the down-downs until the pub and soon we were sitting at a table with a drink. Mad Hatter took on the role of RA and we sang a quick furtive hash song before those on the train headed for the station.