

ONE PULL AND THEY'RE IN!

Twenty good men and true representing the north side of the Geddington, near Kettering, were on the way to the Battle of the Breck. That's what they call the River Ice, which divides the village, north and south. The town crier read the charter, declaring that a firkin of beer would be the prize, sampled now by the captains, for the tag-o-war team that won the best of three pulls over the river. South side made sure of good footholds and waited till the referee said all came under starter's orders. South put all their weight into it, knowing that if they only pulled hard enough, the twenty men of the North would end up in the water; vice-versa and contrarwise, if they didn't. And into the river South went. And at this time of the year, very cold it was too.

North only had to do it once more and the firkin of beer was theirs. South pulled their hardest, remembering that a firkin is 72 pints - three-and-a-half pints each and a drop over. But North were too much for them again, and South went into the sort of drink all good Geddington men shun. Better luck next year.