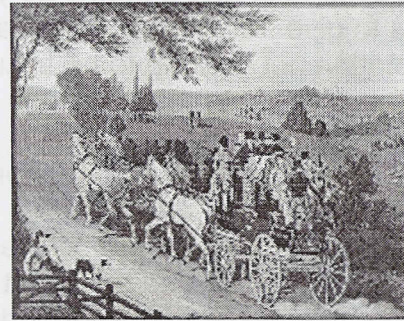


The Woodbrige Inn North Newnton. Hash 27th May 2007

The Woodbridge Inn started its life in 1786 as a typical Wiltshire Coaching Inn. It got its name from the old wooden bridge that stretched over the river Avon. The Post Coach would regularly stop to water their horses or change them if necessary, whilst the fare paying passengers were met by the resident Landlord.



We were met by The Late Keith, a very wet Late Keith. As we gathered around for the pre hash pep talk hunched up against the rain Keith welcomed the eleven of us. He had counted and found to his amazement there were ten more of us than he had expected. The good news was that there were to be no hills except the ones we were to run up.

In the late 18th century highway men frequented the dark Wiltshire roads and as the Woodbridge Inn was built on the main route to London, there were many rich travellers to choose from. I bet they didn't do any 'stand and deliver' on days like this though.

We set off down the lane. The runners were Navy Mike, Katrina, The Lady Margaret, Keith2 and myself B the B. Five get wet in Wiltshire. The rain had eased up a little (only a little so please do not think we were enjoying ourselves) and the trail was clear. We passed a delightful old church and headed for open country.

A circle in the middle of the field caused confusion for over ten minutes. Katrina went right and I went left. Neither of us found flour. I went left again and this time found two very soggy dots that must once have been proud indicators of our true route. On on we go. Navy Mike, The Lady Margaret and myself discuss the cultured nature of the club. We decide that Down Downs should be done with tea in bone china sets. I suggest Dardeeling and Mike suggests Earl Grey. We help each other through a barbed wire fence and into a quiet lane. The rain has eased some more and we five are beginning, I think, to enjoy the fresh clean country air.

Suddenly we are crossing a road that is barely 100 yards from the pub. The Late Keith gives us the option of curtailing our run at that point. But why should we? It isn't raining any longer. We run on. It starts to rain again. It starts to rain hard. Have you noticed how high nettles can grow? It is very wet underfoot and very wet overhead. In the middle its...well its very wet there too.

We start to run uphill. We stop running up hill and start to walk uphill. Near the top there is a fantastic view of the wet countryside. Katrina bends over to tie her trainer lace and I, barely 20 yards back and running now, raise my hand so as to give her a friendly slap as I overtake. With effort I resist the temptation not wishing to be accused of harassment and unsure of hash etiquette in these matters.

We turn right and have the opportunity to run downhill for a while.

Legend has it, that on dark winter nights, a ghostly specter of a Coach & Four gallop over the 'Scales bridge' at the neighbouring village of Upavon, and charge on towards the Woodbridge Inn in hope of sanctuary. I would actually have quite liked it to have come along because a lift back to the pub was becoming very appealing.

The 'On Inn' sign. We're nearly there. Well nearly, but Katrina and I take a wrong turn and head up the hill we had climbed less than half an hour ago. Back on trail and into the pub car park. Get bag, go to pub toilet and get changed. The Late Keith buys me a drink because he had doubted my ability to turn up on such a wet day. Ex GOMs do the honours and Keith is thanked by everyone. I award Henrietta (the rubber chicken) to Linda.

The next hash is on the 24th June from Jeremys house in Ramsbury.