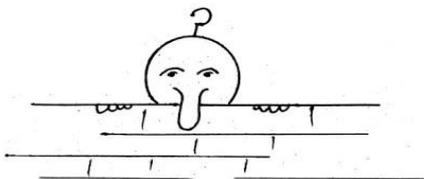


Dear All

Virtual Walk Sunday 29th March, start 10.30. Marsden

The forecast for today is gloomy, and that extends globally for the next few weeks, or so we are led to believe. It really is balaclava weather today, gloves and a hot toddy, sod the Bailey's. I have been getting mixed messages re the obstructed views whilst wearing the before mentioned headgear, like people missing things, wandering off or eating the wrong sandwich, so in future we will have a front and back marker plus a diner monitor. Each carrying an aluminium cone voice projector, these have been kindly donated by War office. I was hoping for a proper loud speaker, but my electrical lead is too short and any one seen walking about with a solar panel on their head, to me would appear ridiculous. Moving on. I had thought that maybe a Pith Helmet with neck drape, worn back to front might just be the answer, you could just keep lifting the flap, but in the sleet and snow it would again look stupid. Right on with walk, we leave the Marsden Liberal Club, membership 4 with a waiting list of 2, and head out on the Kirklees Way (and do they have a way- but enough) our first water is Butterley Reservoir so named after the margarine Utterley, first built a while ago, for you historical, pub quiz buffs. Once we have passed water, we move on the second Reservoir which is Wessenden, famous for nowt other than its an Old English name for a 'valley with rock suitable for Whetstones' (Not Waterstone's, but close) specially after its been raining. Its spill run off, was once a grade 2 listed structure, till Yorkshire water in its wisdom covered it in concrete, now there's progress for you boyo. We now join up with the Penne Way so named after a pasta, sorry, Pennine Way, sod all to do with pasta, turning left we head off towards Black Moss reservoir and our lunch break, but first sweeties, the lovely Carol, I am told to say, will be officiating once more with the Oven gloves, but this week wears a fashionable Muttley, to rhyme with Utterly and Butterley mask, she tries to be topical. We have the last of the Pontefract cakes, but the man from Bassets, as in sweets not hounds assured me that after the initial spate of panic buying things had returned to normal, also there two retired stars Peter and Gordon had returned, on a part time basis to boost production. They were also encouraged not to sing their little know ballad 'I go to Pieces' as at the present time it was thought inappropriate by the management, instead they are to stick with 'Their True Love Kirklees Ways' Sweets are still rationed and will be for the foreseeable future, there has however been a relaxation on the toilet roll front, now that the Dock leaves are coming into season after the mild winter, so some good news at last. As lunch approaches we can also advise that Barm Cakes have been taken off the self-isolation list, and are now available in multipacks, The lovely Carol, I am told to say and I are having one each with fish paste and a cucumber garnish, served with a herring role mop, not as in floor, in mint sauce. Strangely enough the Co-op had loads of these on its shelves. After lunch we descend into the oblivion of Black Moss, Standedge edge AND Manchester Road, before swinging right towards the deserted Marsden Golf and Cricket club both of which can be seen in the distance, and folk in their right minds avoid them at the best of time OF WHICH THIS IS NOT.. It's the slope that does it. The batsman at the bowler's end look in a straight line at the base of the stumps at the other end, and golfers are advised to have one leg longer than the other. Just an odd mile to go, which blends in nicely with the very odd miles already covered. Tea will be served in the Marsden Parochial Hall on a first come first served basis. There,s plenty to go around, as the Mayor's Put it there Pall, meeting has been cancelled due in part to lack of interest. Cheerio for now, see you all on April Fool's day, Love to all Bill,(it's my walk again so I know the way, its also the start of the Summer Program. !!)



WAT NO SUNSHINE

PS I've taken to lying in bed as well as fibbing stood up, boom boom