

Dear All

Virtual Walk Wednesday 1st April – Pateley Pie walk 1

First of all, my belated thanks to Julie for her walk on Marston moor last Wednesday, her facts about Oliver Cromwell and Rupert the bear of the Rhine were most interesting, if not unusual, for that period.

Tis with deep regret that I have to inform you that the delivery of Pontefract Cakes has not been forthcoming and that Ocado has seen fit to deliver Eccles Cakes as a substitute. Our feeling must go out to the Lovely Carol, I am told to say, whose job it is to carry the sweeties and do the distribution, thereof. The sweetie load now represents a full rucksack. However, onto other trivia, a little-known fact about the Balaclava. it was first issued to troops in the Crimea, and the first battalion to receive the garment was the Light Brigade, 600 pieces were issued, but there was a manufacturing flaw, the headgear had no holes in it, so you all can see where this is going, unfortunately for them, they couldn't. Nuff said.

On with the walk, this annual Pie Walk from Pateley will long be remembered for have no pies, as the local crust maker is in solitary confinement, nothing to do with the virus, but more petty larceny, he is currently in Armley Jail serving a 6 to 10 stretch. The butcher is still open but meat without a crust is still not a pie. Other fillings are available but not half as good or so it is a ledge. We leave the reasonable priced car park, and head up hill (for a change) towards Bewerley and the start of Fosse Gill, it's pretty steep and has something to do with cleaning teeth, but Linda is again up at the front with Keith and Joyce leading the way towards the Michael Yorke Folly, built in honour of the actor (27th March 1942b – 5ft-9inch tall) still going strong. We continue along the Nedderdale way with extensive views across the dale and its low life (sorry Low Laithe), towards the Antenna (No not Aunt Emma) at Guise Cliff, and the steady decline thereafter on a slippery slope (we have done this one before) towards Summerbridge, but first a sweetie stop. I lied about the pontificate cakes (and the miss spelling), it was my April Fool joke. No Peter and Gordon (cast your mind back Walk No2) came up trumps (don't mention the man) and we got 6 kilo DHL express delivery. So, if you all form a nice long line 6 feet apart, try to line up along the ridge not across it, Carol will not be climbing down to dole out spice to stretcher cases. You will note that we also have a good supply of Cherry lips, perhaps due to the cold weather, please take as many of these as you like, personally I hate them. Right let's move on, that bit has taken up far too much space. As we cross the field, below us is Dacre and Dacre Bank our lunchtime stopping point. Dacre Bank, as with Santander and Lloyds is currently closed, but the seat in the square is still there, however only one person can sit on it, so we may have to take turns, same goes for the toilet no group therapy on this walk). The lovely Carol, without the e I am now told to say, and I are having a Pie substitute which is two bits of bread with cheese in it, or for the more simple minded, a Cheese Sandwich, We are also having treat in the form of a sardine flavoured yoga hurts, of which there is an abundant supply available at our local Co-op in Tewksbury. After lunch we leave this once Steamy Metropolis of Dacre, in its hay day (14th August 1957 to be exact) it was frequented by at least 2 Hairy bikers, or was that 2 beery hikers, whichever and a large Airedale Terrier called Arnold. The dog won the Si King look alike competition and Dave Myers got best in show for the daftest mustachio. We now travel back along the old East Midlands railway, which stopped at the Scar House because the Worthless Fathers (then as now) of Bradford Council had seen fit to build a reservoir across its path. The line is now once again disused and the reservoir is currently full. Again, for your pub quiz buffs and thirster's of knowledge the reservoir was built with a lot of bricks and stones, most of which were carried by the Eastern railway from Weymouth. They had been intended for bridges and stuff further up to line, but as the line was stopped, they were used on the second reservoir at Anagram of which (a Granma) is nearly one. Must get back to the walk, the day is nearly over, we follow the river Ned past the Pouches Parlour at Glasshouses and on towards Pateley Bridge. Needed the loo, so a quick finish. Bill

Wat No Pies, blame the bikers



It may come as a relief to some, but there is no scheduled walk this coming Sunday so Alas a blank page, but you never No.!!!!