

Dear All.

Sunday 10th May (Pauline's Flour Walk)

Well do we have another treat in store, or don't we? (answers by Fax to the Ramblers). We meet up with the Flower Girl herself, bedecked in Sports Model flowing silken Kaftan, worn over a heavy-duty Fair Isle body stocking from the Demart Catalogue, Winter Range, and what a treat she looks. The tambourine and Morris men Dancing Clogs with bells on seem a little over the top. They might however kill the noise of idle chatter, of which there is bound to be an abundance of this trip following the announcement by Boris that there will be free beer tomorrow. The meeting point is the posh village of Horstwick or Oswick tut locals a hamlet just short of Clapham, the scene of rowdy behaviour every Thursday at 20.00 in support of the NHS, NFU and NBU. The proper path goes north out of the village, so our route to the west seems a little out of the way, it does become more familiar as we do what in Parliamentarians and Plumbers terms is referred to as a either a U Bend or U turn and follow the route back east to re-join up with the afore mentioned path, north out of the village. We head towards Crummack to join the Mrs Dales Highway where we swing left towards Twarfe. As this is the VE weekend its nice to see Joyce and Keith leading the way with the Tuesday Night social clubbers following on behind, whilst singing that well known ballad, *We are the Oualtiney's and I'm Happy when I'm Hiking*. Those were the days, lest we forget, can you remember, when 20 to 30 of us all set off, following some bod upfront, not a care in the world, not clue as to where we were being led (sounds familiar), other than it's a grade B, goes on for 8 miles, and there is a pot of tea and a cake at the finish. Bring back the end of the war I say, you never had so good. The walk continues, but first a sweetie, as we are celebrating only a partial relaxation of our troubles, rationing is still in place so just two sweets each, and no swops. Pauline has provided an excellent selection, from the limited supplies at the local spice shop, with pieces of 5 boys chocolate, some rhubarb & custard and a slab of home-made plot toffee (denture wearer's beware). It's a nice touch to see them all presented in small triangular paper bags, those were days. The walk for what its worth continues, you will note that the weather has become more seasonal today, as in mid-winter as opposed to Spring like, just when you thought the balaclava season was over till August here it is back with vengeance, still we mustn't mumble. As we turn off the Dales High Way and head towards the Kennels at the aptly named Bark Houses, its time for a really authentic VE street party lunch. The Lovely Carol and I have gone for a BrawnChetta one of Brenda's old recipe's, recently published on the HF web site and the *Salmonella 4 U* cook book. For afters it was a toss-up between Susan's Mock Up Trifle or the Bible Cake by Shirley, in the end we decided to combine the two, with Brandy from the Trifle and a funnel from the later, very nice it was too, didn't spill a drop. I noted that Derek had stuck with the VE day celebratory Pork pie, which was just the crust section wrapped in an edible union jack, made from rice paper, so patriotic. Tina had gone for the eggless, non- cheese with parsley quiche, so just pastry again then and an odd herb. Speaking of odd herbs, Graham is back from his Art Forgery class at the Armley reception centre, where he has been at her Majesty's pleasure and not his own, he looks well if not a little pale, but its good to have him back. We are looking forward to his next Tuesday evening Modern Art demonstration where he delights us with a pile of tat and award-winning display. As we enter Oxenber ant Dwarf woods to view the Flora Pro Active (Buttery) and Fawner (a light brown colour) we could be amazed at the enchanting vista of wild (well pretty mad) Garlic, and brightly coloured Orchids unfortunately they are on the other side of the corpse, so we need to by-pass Fez Or (Feizor sic) a quaint rural hamlet thought to mean "Normans Fech's Summer Pasture" (true but no relation) or a strange hat with or without tassels worn by Turks, Moroccans, Tommy (the hat) Cooper and Dave Brewer in his wilder moments of which there are many. The walk concludes thankfully as we return to the epicentre of Dales life in Austwick, where we are welcomed in wonderment by the 18 residents and 36 regulars of the Game Cock Inn (no asides please but closed until it gets dark due to the virus situation) Our walk on Wednesday (13th) with not only the omens against us but that Ken and Kath once again at the head of the game (Obviously not bowls then) leading us on a downward spiral in Nidderdale. Well that's all for now

folks, do enjoy your extra walk on Monday, if only up the yard to the privy, so on that happy note, Love
to all Bill