

Dear All.

Wednesday 13th May (Kath & Ken's Post VE special- 9mls B)

{Before we start this week's walk fiasco, I must firstly send out my apologies to Graham as I indicated in the last message that he was involved with Art manipulations, the culprit was of course Richard and not he. Graham's talent is by way of furniture restoring, a trade he took up when he lost a tanner and his Referee's whistle down the back of the sofa, and thus his interest began. He needed to fix his Mums chaise lounge before she noticed the damage and he got a clipped ear.} Now to the walk proper, if you can believe that with THE K2 team up front. If you thought last Sunday's walk had its moments of wonderment, just wait until you get into your stride on this one. Ken with his usual panache and elegant style has turned up in his dad's old demob suit, yes it does have stripes, a buttonhole and 26inch bottoms reminiscent of Oxford Bags (careful). Kath is less flamboyant, more normal shall we say, well normal for her, the headscarf and pinny are a mere tool of embezzlement to portray the spirit of forties. Speaking of which I am told egg nog and poteen were also spirits of the times, readily available in outlying villages and the middle of wild moorland, so that's us then. As outlying meeting places go, *Lopt Hus* in old Norse, birthplace of Nat, the Lion of Vienna, Lofthouse takes the biscuit. The walk itself is simple to follow as it was first charted by a Frank (Wilco)Wilkinson of the YP who went on to open the hardware chain of stores *Screw U 2* later to become Screwfix after poor footfalls at the former. We leave the village on Thorp lane, as it and Ken makes footfalls towards the head of the dale along the valley base line, trailing the Nidderdale Way, a long-distance path (53mls) much encountered in differing guises in our recent travels. As we pass Thwaite House you may notice the *Ramblers Relief*, no not a Corn & Blister Plaster vending machine, nor a Strong Tea and cake dispenser, but a stone-built Loo, with walls and roof, which makes a pleasant and welcome change from the usual hedge bottom refuge. We now pass alongside numerous pot holes, scar's and crevice's, so the roads are no better that round home, but at Bracken ridge we halt for the now infamous sweetie break. Long gone are K2 bowls influenced sweetie balls, we are now faced with more local stuff, chocolate coated raisins and peanuts to resemble (I hope not to closely) sheep or rabbit droppings, coconut (death cap) mushroom and the old Yorkshire Favourites sugar coated Ramsbottom's Ripples. There was to be Brandy Snaps, but Kath used some of the spirit again on Susan's Mock Up Trifle and Ken drunk the rest as a night cap after watching the local derby between Leeds United and the Rhinos. It was a bit confusing as one team was handling the ball and kicking it over the top of the posts, and the Rhinos were playing rugby league, however we move on. As we come to the head of the valley and encounter what was an old drover's road between Scotland and England, it's pretty quiet, as the Scots are Staying home whilst we are Staying All Hurt. We swing left over the Bradford Scar, House, and reservoir, half way point and lunch stop. As instructed the Lovely Carol and I have brought along our VE day themed snap, which comprises of a non-lethal portion of Lord Woolton's Faggot (no relation) and Homity Pie, some celery and corn beef enchiladas and to finish, no E# in bananas, but a slice of eggless, fruitless cherry cake, without cherries, sometimes known as Lardy Dar Cake. (# may be miss spelt) The picnic site must have been a picture back in the 1930's when the reservoirs were built, and so forward thinking of the builders to provide such elegant facilities for its workforce. There was also a railway, so the chaps didn't have to walk half the day to get to their labours, lay bricks for 5 minutes then walk home. That's all a bit of a fib, there was in fact a temporary village for around 1250 workers and their families at or around the picnic area. The site also had a Church, school, cinema and a Cholera reception centre. As we set off once more, we do in fact follow the old drover's road as it heads towards Middlesmoor and the now for sale How(much) Stean Gorge (£750,000 offers around) for the free hold, the business (currently in ruins) and local head of the dale pie franchise. The gorge is impressive to say the least, but holds a dark and dismal past. very much the same for the future then. The notorious highwayman Ernest Marple (no relation) had a hidden cave, unfortunately for him not hidden well enough as he was found and made an Evil Baron for his services to pantomime and or transport. These included the introduction or Parking Meters, the MOT test, Traffic Wardens, Custard Pies and the first use of yellow lines. The epic journey concludes as we stroll majestically back into the village where Kath and Ken are reunited with the long-lost friend Barney. For our next walk I would like to say that we are in for a quiet hike around Kettlewell, but Legal Sue is leading. It may be beneficial to follow Boris's revised and belated instruction to wear face mask, ear defenders, and or a triple lined balaclava, just to be safe.

Thank you for your attendance Bill , in part it is most welcome.