

Dear All.

*Sunday 27th May (Derek & Tina's walk with the wild bunch. B 8miles)*

The walk is billed (no relation) as a Pi walk so, I take it to be circular event around what was once a pretty Market Town and the Pie Capital of upper Nidderdale, other pies in CAPITALS are available. There are now only two remaining pie shops, after Mr S Todd left for London to open a Hairdressers and Police Academy in the early 1800's thus, leaving the field clear for Harry (the pie) Weatherhead (1876) bottom end and Thomas (mint cake) Kendal (nob but a sprog 1980's) but at top end and less likely to flooding. Each are award winning establishments, *The Nit one Pearl 2*, knitting club supported Tom whilst the Harrogate Rotary Washing Liner's gave the honours to a Dick in the absence of Harry. The Kendal's also have the honour to supply pigs' bladders to the FA and the Stoop Low Nidderdale Champion Clog Dancing team, we best move on. A walk with Derek any day of the week is a welcome break, that is with the exception of a Sunday. When it's a weekend and liggin in day, after all the trails and tribulations of the week, currently of which there are many. No thank you springs to mind, but here we are booted, suited with bob hats and hot pie jelly proof vestments ready for the off. The gruelling start across the Show Ground car park to the ticket machine, is but an omen of the things to come as we head off towards Bewerley or *Bureleli* as it appears in the Domesday book of the time (Nidderdale Handbook 2020). At an earlier date (1175) the estate was sold by the owners when they moved south to Melton, the head of the family at that time was one Roger de Mowbray the very first of the Pie Barons thus the stage was set. As we start the steep ascent via the footpath to the 18<sup>th</sup> century Yorke Folly which was built to provide labour for local builders and townfolk during desperate and hard times. There are currently new plans to extend the grade 2 listed feature in order to provide labour for local builders and townfolk in these hard and desperate times to also get them out of the house from under feet and off the Government's furlong scheme. As we make our way along the crest following the Nidderdale way as far as Abrahams Cragg, before descending to follow (this makes a refreshing change) a nice path into Dacre. First however its Sweetie Show time, and the opportunity for Derek and Tina to offload some unwanted left-over Christmas and Easter edibles. There is a good selection of soapy chocolate tree ornaments together with a few chocky sprouts, and to the unwary some real ones to make up the numbers (taste the same). The candied fruits from Lent are highlighted by the clever use of Durian which tastes better than it smells or so it is alleged by fruit sellers. It does taste crap, so you can tell what it smells like. The walk continues in the direction of Heyshaw before joining the Monk Ing road passing along the way a local Dosser's Glamping Site where a selection of upmarket tents and gits are available with private toilets, consisting of 2 buckets, loo role on a string, and a pile of well used Hello mag's. What could be more satisfying, a room at Premier Inn perhaps. The approach to Dacre is like everything else nowadays downhill, after the initial euthanasia & delight of our first non-wartime coalition the lustre is beginning to wear off, and how. As we enter Dacre, quaint village and Headquarters of the well-known estate agents Zoopla and Son. we take time out for lunch. As it's a Pie walk the lovely Carol, I am reminded to say and I will be toeing the party line with a selection of finger buffet sandwiches from the Dorchester afternoon tea range, competitively priced at £100 a pop, delivery free if you live next door or in the hotel. I would like to complement chef on his Hot water pastry cream fancies, but I won't, they were a bit rich (tight wad) for my liking. Should have gone to Greggs. As a kind gesture and finishing touch Tina will hand round some of her renown baking taken from her Household management tome. After tasting the indigestible digestives, I think she would have been better using Mr Beaton's wife's book & not his. On the bright side, the Melting Moments should last us until the end of the walk, or a couple of hours at least. The path out of town is along the railway track currently unused due to self-distancing on the footplate, there is not room for a driver and a firemen, plus also there is no coal, due to the mines in the UK being closed as a result of a Thatcher virus, some years back. The track is much rewarding with views of the Water Treatment works at Lower Glasshouses but as we have all been there at some time, we move on towards Pateley and the delights of either Rachel and her Mums Tea Rooms, or Wild Things which being the nearer is the best bet. In any case Rachel has to close early in order to get her mum back to the West Lane halls of residence before lock down. The walk today has not been without its difficulties, but by an large was at least memorable, I think I speak for every one when I say to Derek *Thanks a Bunch*. The next walk is with Tony around Lord Harewood kitchen garden, tool shed, and wine cellar, so

we can expect a good turnout. *Well at least that's over for a while, we're still typing, ups sorry,* By to all Bill  
XX