

Dear All. *Sunday 14th June, Frances & friends - Yockenthwaite – 7 mls grade B*

To anyone out there who after listening to Boris's latest outflowing and thought that the worst was over, sorry but I heard it too and was moved in more ways than one. Firstly, was to put pen to paper, the other just involved paper. So, the lucky target and dubious beneficiary of this born-again writer of drivel and long sentences is the lovely Fran. Re-named Scone or is that scon or even Scona (if you have the Gael) maker and High tea priestess of the Parish of Kildwick and surrounds. Locally she is well known for picking up and collecting HF waifs and strays on the canal bank, taking them home, to be fed and watered. Long may this annual tradition continue. Speaking of weather, as in Gale rest assured the promise of sunshine and a little cloud by the Met Office will of course mean low fog, high wind (not June or Eileen), torrential rain with hail & snow showers, so be encouraged. The walk as such, is from the Happy Hiker itinerary, so why we should be on it, heaven knows. We start from the humble beginnings of Buckden as in (don't tell em Pike) and go to the distant wilds of rural Yockenthwaite, or better known as the *stupid one* in The Rottentrolls. Another member of this well recalled child's TV Classic also appeared in Bobs last walk, the cleverest and most artistic one (the character) *Penny Ghent* not Bob that is. We best move on before the rest of the cast get involved, and there are many, not to mention Martin Clueless of the Doc Martin much revered Devon boot maker fame. We leave Buckden and yet again pick up on *A Pennine Journey* as it heads through Rakes Wood on its route towards Cray. Here we find the old drovers pub the White Lion, where they can still stay, if they fork out £100 plus for a doss in the barn, or £140 to kip next to the fire. The hamlet has little in the way of libellous and amusing features or at least for this writer, so we swing left and up hill I fear, towards Todd's Wood and the two-mile Sweet break. Fran has chosen a Irish theme to the hand outs, which include Ritchie's Milky Mints, a few of the last remaining Wilton Macaroons, which after tasting you will know why they are the last remaining ones, and of course who could forget? a tube of Mackintosh's Assorted Toffee roles. You might ask who put the Tosh in Mackin's? and you will be right in thinking it was of course O Riley. As the weather is now picking up to being inclement, we continue our way along the lower slopes of Chapel Moor as it heads towards Lunch and Yockenthwaite, a place name derived from *Eoghan's Clearing in the Woods*. To anyone unfamiliar with the name *E by Gum* it comes from an old Irish word meaning *Born of the Yew*, but enough of this research trivia, lets get this last mile of the first half over and settle down for some snap. The lovely Carol and I will carry on with the magical Irish brohg and will be part aching in Sandwiches of Soda Bread Farls slathered with butter and containing in part, a portion of Colcannon (mashed Kale N Tatty), slices of boiled pig's trotter (Cruibin) and Irish Tomatoes (green of course). To finish we went for the less traditional Fresh Fruit salad but in a Baileys and Bushmills compote with white chocolate profiterole. What meal cannot have a better ending than with a good slurp of Irish Coffee? well this one for starters. As we leave the village and join up with the Dales Way to follow the infant and innocent Wharfe as it makes its way to the steaming metropolis of Ilkley and beyond, let us ponder on our good fortune, now that it's only light showers. The route after 5 miles brings us to Hubberholme, the final resting place for J & B Priestley, less well known but fellow writer and Whiskey blender as opposed to drinker. His ashes lie in the local church, which used to house a pair of Bells cast by William Oldfield forerunner to Mike and his Tubular Bells (and if you believe that). The village is also well respected for the quality of its local porridge which originated at Scar House, now a Quaker burial site, but once owned by James Tennant, until his execution in York for religious reasons, and owing the landlord at the George twenty quid. For the last couple of miles, we remain at the side of the river, unless its flooded, which is not unknown and finish via Dubb's Lane as it re-enters Buckden and thankfully our journey's end. I feel I can speak for everyone when I say thanks Fran for the day out, its one we shall be able to look back on with fear and trepidation and the feint hope that it will not come around again. That is at least until September when we meet up with you again at Farnhill. Please be aware that the walk on Tuesday with Sue and Dave Brewer to the Old Glen pub at Gilstead has been postponed until the next opening time. Instead members are invited to a *Have One at Home* event, I do expect that most of you do anyway. Next Sunday we join up with Shirley and her *Groundhog Day* pursuit for Heathcliff over the wild waste of Bronte moorland and beyond. I am aware this newsletter will have brought tears to most of you, but there are some

poor souls, who actually look forward to them, least of all Carol who reads them first to ensure I haven't gone to far. Love to all then, Bill XXX