Dear All, be it Walkers, would be, has been, will again been, still is, or put kettle on mother.
I have been moved after watching my name sake and mentor William Connolly to at least once again, put pen to paper and send out a libellous massage of hope and good will for the Hogmanay and New Year. May it be as good as the last one. As this is Tuesday Evening, just prior to the event, and currently in drink I will have to get my skates on in order to finish in time. The passing year was not the best, with little to cheer about, and not much to celebrate.
For myself I was glad to see the back of Brian and his balaclava. It had developed bobbles on the outer fabric, which made it look like a pimply wee child, the head covering was going the same way. I have however received a note of thanks {non monitory alas) from the NHS for my earlier efforts in encouraging the use of the Balaclava as a lifesaving piece of equipment. Now taken up as regular PPS wear by Staff nurses, Matrons of Honour and Gynaecologists, the later having the benefit of a LED 50watt light fitting and a forceps holder. The now defunct Nightingale Utility Team Service, (NUTS) have also sent along a copy of there Knitting pattern for the approved balaclava, a 3 ply, medical / scuffer's head warmer and surgical vestment. For copies and advice Trish, who is into her 18th version of the novelty, may be a good point of contact. She is currently trying out a Royal Stewart Tartan version for Bob to wear for the First Footing event on the twixt between the evening of the 31st and the morning of the 1st of 2021.I wish them luck and all the very very best for the traditional house calling event. Alas I also fear that the knocking on doors and running away event, has long passed its best, especially when not accompanied by a wee bottle of the Nectar of the Gods or a pair of 00 Needles.
I am advised by Mr T Handcock, Health secretary and Comedian of Blood donor fame that the worst will be over by Easter (as if), so with luck we might get an Autumn 2022 program together. We do have a trip planned tomorrow (Wed) around Otley's butchers' shops with Kath, June and not to forget Eileen plus Ken. (Must remember not to talk about football) {Leeds 5 the others 0}
The unofficial walk went well up to the point of setting off, at which juncture things went downhill, then up hill, then got muddy, then got slippery, then got cold, but the finish was good. As for the future things can only get better, as the Captain of the Titanic said to his steward as he passed him a drink and explained there was no ice for his G&T. David and the team are working tirelessly to ensure the survival of the club and once, we are able, be assured organised walks will start again. Until such times only small informal groups are permitted to wander aimlessly around their own local parishes, and not really under the HF (Have Faith) banner. Linda has maintained her Wild Swimming Habit by taking to diving in the duck pond behind Peels Mill in the village, then wandering back home with a fish supper for her hand David from Websters. good on her I say. I would like to say on a personal note, that I am missing you all, whoever you are, names, faces have become a blur and a distant memory. If however we owe you money, like (John 50 pee, Whitby WC fees, from Carol) then tuff, you will have to wait. As for the rest, do have a smashing New Years eve, with luck the telly might pack up, so you will be spared that torture, have a nice meal a nice modest drink (you must be joking) and count your blessings. The lovely Carol and I will raise a glass and think of you all during our Tapas evening, with love and affection. (More Bailey'

anyone) another meatball darling. All the best Rambling Bill See you soon if you. Keep in touch.