

Dear All. *Sunday 26th April 8 miles Grade B*

Today we are blessed by joining Kath and the lovely Ken, Eileen has asked me to say, on another romp around Noddy Dale, as if last week was not enough. This week the walk starts in Summerbridge which falls under the influence of Samuel Smith Old Brewery and within the extended Parish of Hartwith cum Kate Winsley. Firstly, however a word about our sweet sponsors and leaders for the day. Both are avid crown green bowlers, of the Francis Drake school of little excellence. It was here they were taught how to focus on the Jack by wearing the single eye balaclava (thought you seen the last) made infamous when Franny missed seeing the Spanish Armada whilst partaking in an away game in Dover. He made up for the error, by taking the last end 21/19 plus buying oatcakes and mead for the losing team prior, to setting off in pursuit of an enema, the rest is medical history. Crown green bowling relies greatly on the Bias of the bowl, Ken also has a bias towards losing, while Kath tilts the other way. Both however are well respected club members, known for there clear and precise instructions, oft you will hear Ken's 'Put it Their Pal' echoing from the other side of the green, whilst Kath's 'Your two-foot short' became the epitaph to many a stunning but predictable defeat. This at least kept them in close contention with other bottom of the table challengers in the West Leeds Bowling and Whippets Fanciers League for Seniors. The walk begins: - We go backwards (as ever) towards the Flying Dutchman, before dropping down to the river side and taking the left-hand path, along the bank of the Nile, this is the low point, as if things could not get any worse, but they do. We follow the well-trodden path as far as the Water Treatment works, here the locals bring their overflowing buckets (hence the well-worn path) to be treated. There were plans to install a pipework system, but the local council's approach 'If it Aint broke why spend T brass' attitude is much in evidence. At this point we cross the river, there is bridge so no worries and head up past the Birchfield Ice Cream and Soda Pop emporium before ploughing on towards Hartwith and our first sweet stop. There is much evidence of the Bowling influence. Ken has brought a good supply of Maltesers, some still unsucked and chocolate covered, a bag of Aniseed balls, a few gobstoppers and of course dare we say Black Jacks. There was some doubt as to whether I could mention the Jacks, but after a quiet word (as if) with Legal Sue, it was decided to Publish and be damned. I did also consider using a formal colour code reference, but neither Ral 9005 Jack or Pantomime Jack 19-4010 seem to fit the bill (no relation). Kath said they would bring Poor Bens next time, but that could be even worse, by leading to private prosecutions from any Tom, Dick or Ben claiming demeaning portrayal of their civil circumstances, the worlds gone mad, or is it just me.(replies on a post card or the back of an envelope) . The after sweets stroll continues towards Brimham Hall, mentioned in both the original 1086 and 2020 Domesday reference book. The comments are quiet disturbing with morbid reference to destitution, pestilence and plague, by comparison the earlier edition was both enlightening and rewarding, the account of beheading and Witch drowning most amusing. It was said that the estate in 1066 brought in the princely sum of 1 pound 2 shilling and 12 pence, about the same as today then. Lunch is taken in the shade of the Grade 11 listed walls, and for the Lovely Carol and I, consists once more of Blue Edam Cheese, well greeny blue, left over Christmas present from a bad tempered Dutch Aunt, and close friend of the above Dutchman, in a spicy current tea cake, some be-cos lettuce, on a bed of UK sun ripened tomatoes (green then) and topped off with a red chilli ketchup. Mm or maybe not. To finish what could be better than some Farrah's Harrogate Toffee, which from their history page; *was designed to clear the palate of the putrid taste*' obviously referring the afore mentioned Edale cheese butty. For drinks we have stuck with the theme and gone fut Arrogate Spar water, @ 15p a bottle as opposed to the Harrhogate Spa variety costing not less than £1-80 at National Truss sites. They certainly know their clients, and how best to reward them. In a recent letter from the CEO, a Mr R Hood of Nottingham (£179,000 pa) said he believe the price of the water was justified, anyone would think it fell from the sky. The walk progresses slowly as we approach the Monks Wall, and get back onto the Nile dale Whey before turning sharp left to follow the Artwell bank road into Summerbridge. There is much about the walk to recommend it to others, say The Harrogate Walking club, The Institute for the Criminally insane but please, pretty please not me, once was enough. Thank you for your company today. I would like to say it's been most pleasant but unfortunately, I have just run out of space. Bill (related), Love to all, keep inside and insane, you know it makes ~~seents~~ cents.