

Dear All.

*Sunday 17th May (Legal Sue, 8mils B - c/w 2 climbs both up)*

It's more often than not that I look forward to a walk, this is certainly an exception, the benign hope that it might be called off due to some imaginary national disaster has faded with the passing of each hour and the improvement of the virus testing numbers. I note with interest that they have now reached the giddy height of double figures, but this total also included Halford MOT values and the Yorkshire Vets tests on dogs for Rabies and distemper. Its understandable that Boris would lose his dis-temper with Tony (Good Health {I'll just have half}) Hancock over his handling of the situation, Sid James could not have done any worse, and he left the world and the Carry-on Team in 1976. Some would call this walk an epic, whilst others look on it more as penance, but we begin at least in good spirit (I'll just have half). So here we are opposite the Lapsang, Parkin and Mildew tea rooms, in the once pleasant and bustling village of Kettle Well or *Chetlewelle*, which is Anglo Saxon for babbling stream or idiots, we should fit in nicely. Its pleasant to know that unfortunately Sue has temporally lost her voice, it's not however pleasant for her and we wish her a speedy recovery, tomorrow will be fine. To compensate however she has brought along a recorded tape of her recitation of the Gettysburg address which she used as an aide memoire on her entrance exam to the Law (breaking) Society. This will at least keep us ~~am~~amused or not for the next 8 miles. The walk out of the village is steep and long (O Joy of Joy) as we head towards Knipe Scar on the Awkswick indirect route, via Windy (steady Eileen) Bank, with the ultimate destination being Harncliffe. The meandering troll up the Littondale valley is interrupted by the extended sweet stop. Extended due to the fact that Sue had brought along some Sheffield mint chews and a selection of alternative flavoured Riley's Rotherham Toffee rolls, all of which contributed to what is referred to in dentistry circle as Denture Trauma, or DT's (I'll just have the half). This causes the wearers of a top set the problem of them being stuck to the bottom plate or jaw, which can only be resolved by removal, then poking or sucking off the glue-like property sweet coating, very time consuming, hence the delay. Of the alternative flavours, I was much taken by the Soya Bean, Avocado and Advocaat, I did note however the Turmeric & Tea Tree oil didn't have many takers. As we return to our labours and plough on towards lunch break at the St Oswalds church in Arncliffe it would be nice to reflect on the peaceful tranquillity of this secluded of dales, however Sue is feeling better. The village once known as Emmerdale before it left for Esholt and eventually established itself in the outskirts of the East End at Walford (soap is not my thing). It did (the village) at one time play host to the Rev Charles Kingsley who stayed at the Falcon until his cash and credit ran out. He was tempted to write a cheque, but settled for a poem called Hairy Bacon, some of which we will see later, and an early morning departure to Grassington, unbeknown to the landlord. At Lunch then the lovely Carol and I are in for a rare treat of shop bought vittles, this was due in part to me being busy writing, so she has taken over the catering. Whilst I do enjoy a nice Iceland, All Meat No Veg pie, they are at their best when unfrozen, fortunately Greggs have come to the rescue with a Banana, (looks like sausage) roll (no sausage), and a side ~~saddle~~ salad. Thanks also to Bob & Trish's help the aged, delivery service we have a Betty's Slim Rascal, with only one bite out of it and two cherries missing. The afternoon session begins with (O Joy of Joys) a long steepish climb, following an Old Coot (names in a hat) to Little Moor, it could be worse, I assure you, we could have gone the other way towards Malham via Lag End and Dewy Bottoms. As it is, we reach the Cote Moor top summit, which could well be defined as *O the pleasant sight to see, a pork pie just left for me*, part of which was taken from the opening lines of the afore mention poem *Airly Beacon* by CK. On a good day of which this ranks as plucky bottom of the table challenger, you can see to the north, Buckden Fell and to the south the water treatment works at Grassington, where only the depth is known to vary. Our dissent/decent/descent back into reality is abrupt and steep, with the fleshpots and scarecrows of Kettle well to the forefront with the beckoning finger of fate wagging from the café of doom. If you think this sounds grim and foreboding, take a look at the Summer walk schedule or any newspaper, you will see much worse to come. Speaking of worse things to come our next walk is from Hebden with the icing on the post walk afternoon tea being, it's with our spiritual leader David (Ma hat me) Abbott and his trusty side kick ~~Snowy/Gandhi/Robin~~ the lovely Linda are up front. Once again its been less than a pleasure to have

had you all alongside, and a special thanks go to, Sue you later, for her patience, understanding and quiet demeanour. As if, Love to all Bill