

Dear All. *Sunday 31st May and Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> June, Combined 18 mls A & B (the Gomersall Gang)*

In order to give myself and everyone else a break, I have taken the liberty to combine the two walks into a Linear 11mile meander of epic proportions, starting in Settle and to finish at Ingleborough Summit. Up front today Trish and Bob form a well-known double act, mirror imaging Judy Garland and Fred Astaire as they lead us out with *Were a Couple of Swells* a very befitting song and dance routine in more ways than one. This is the last of the compliments, so wallow as long as you can. We leave the Falcon, (I'll just have half) and head off north west on the Dales Way in order to pick up what is the Pennine Journey? (don't ask me) as it makes it way towards Ouswick. It's nice to see Joe back in harness, must say I didn't expect to see him on this grade A marathon, he does have Johnathan to lean on as well as his trusty enviable stick and of course the ensemble, such as it is. There is quite a crowd out today, Bobs usual handful, and Trish's rent a crowd, brings the numbers up to nearly half a pound of mixed sweets, more of which later. The medical profession is well represented as is the brewery trade, either by name or like me by, reputation, hesitation (as if) or deviation, (just a minute). Speaking of deviants Julie and Paul are in attendance, both striding out like gud uns in an effort to keep up with Brenda, Chrissie and Dixie Sue, as a group probably better known for their Pendle herbal remedies. The route into Austwick (8km) is halted by the now well-known and much awaited sweet and comfort break, sweeties first, I think. Today the doctors have prescribed a ration of treats to bring health & feel good factor to the group (twill be a refreshing change then). So, portions of Kop Korf's, some Honey mead Balls, life's elixir and the ever-popular Victory (up yours) Vee tablets. With to follow, just to keep you going, a course of the Benylin with Fever Cure flavoured Siena pod Bon Bons, (also mind blowing) and Pear Drops. Not sure what they were dropped in, but you don't question the medical profession. After a round of wall and heather wetting, we stroll much relieved into Austwick and commence the climb up Crummack lane before taking a left along Thwaite lane towards Clapham. Its along here that we take a break for lunch (9.5km), before the long-extended final pitch from Camp David to the summit. For our lunch today the lovely Carol and I have gone for one of Bobs award winning delicacies from his BLT (Bacon, Lettuce & Tomato) Sandwich Franchise which according to an article in a food wrapper I received following a recent visit to the local chippy (*Cod help this Plaice*) stated, it had been nominated best in show and with it a Queens Scout badge. Well done to you and your team. Having said all that however, our choice of the Herring Roe with Breaded ham slivers on a bed of Roma Tomato's & Greek Gherkins in Sourdough did in fact leave a sour taste. Might have been better toasted, (Cheers) or even purchased before its *best before date*, it certainly wasn't best after. The follow up Granite Rock buns with Strawberry compote was a long way short of award winning in its own right, we move on as the Senna does appear to be working, more paper anyone? At the Junction of Long Lane, Joe takes the wise decision along with several others to call it a day and charge headlong into Clapham and the nearest WC, for reasons best known to themselves. The remainder of the class take the route along the lane to the now well publicised Clapham Bottoms and Shake Holes before the steep climb up to firstly the little summit and then finally the El Grande Ingleborough Peak (17km). As we await the last of the stragglers, I note that the situation regarding future walking may at last easing. As of Monday, Bobs walks can resume as normal, because up to 6 people can gather in an outdoor space as long as they maintain self-discipline, avoid Durham, Korf Castle or at least don't get found out & also behave in an irresponsible manner. Perhaps we are NOT yet ready. In the previously referred to chip shop article, it did mention that Doc Bob had headed up the Psycho's dept in a formal institution, so maybe that and with the assistance of Trish in her GP (retired at leisure) role it's just possible a small group could be taken out of Lock Down for recreational therapy. The matter could be raised at the next monthly Telly Conference Committee event, instead of the previous Kari Oaky sessions, Spot the Zit, or what Ken n Kath did next questionnaire, we shall have to see. From the summit, its everyone for themselves, as the only way is down, it's 4km to the bus stop in Ingelton and seats are at a premium. I must take this opportunity to thank Trish and Bob for there endeavours today, I am sure they will improve as leaders as they become more experienced, in the ways of the walking fraternity (or at least our membership) which is to say fickle, unfit, overweight, over aged, overfeed, shows sign of alcoholic dependency, is lazy, argumentative with fits of depression, and that's only the committee for Gods sake. As stated, this will be the last of the virtual walks for a

while, as I choose not to offend people too regularly, there is a trip to PG Woodhouse Grove to look forward too. So, it's goodbye for him, and good bay from the Lovely Carol. See you all soon hopefully, Bill XXX proof