

Dear All

Let me first of all on behalf of the Bradford HF committee welcome you to this wonderful setting in order that we can enjoy and celebrate the Centenary of our local association with the Holiday Fellowship.

The rest is not sponsored by the committee, I am to blame. An occasion like this comes once in a lifetime unless like Keith (108) and Joyce (age undisclosed, but younger) you are in receipt of a telegram from the Queen telling you to stay in, together with also lyrics from her latest Bollywood classic "Sing as we go" recorded with Mrs Grace the younger. Before the shindig starts lets paws awhile and reflect on the origins of the HF. Its concept began around 1891, when after publishing what has become Bradford's local news rag, TA Leonard (Our Gus to his friends, hence the papers name) took and I misquote "30 strenuous and simple folk" on a walking trip to Ambleside. Just about sums up our group then. From then on things only got better (we wish). In 1934 the association took on Newfield Hall our home and care centre for the forthcoming festivities. The Hall itself was built in around 1856 for a well-known lawyer and flight engineer William (no relation) Alcock and Brown until he moved to Gloster where he befriended a Dr, fell in a puddle and worked on the Gladiator an early Bi Plane played by Russel Crowe. It was then sold to one of the worst wool manufactures in Bradford a William (no relation) Illingworth (no relation to Eileen). In the 30s the Hall went downhill when it was taken over by the HF, which is why we are ear today. The Hall was built to a design of one Graham (no relation) Paley of Sharp and Paley, Lancaster. He went on also to design the Settle Music Hall and an Asylum in Lancaster, so again close ties with the group today. Well enough of the dusty stuff and on with the show. I was going to include the planned activities for the whole weekend, but some unsavoury goings on between the older (Socialising non walkers) crowd on Friday I have decided to stick mainly with the Walk, Centenary Meal, and brief inclusion of the, Saturday evening Sore ray. With regards to the walk, Keith had offered to lead out on the last section of the Senile Way but as this is 194 miles to Kirk Yet Home or 74 miles back to the Cheese Factory at Edam in Derbyshire, most of the party declined his kind offer. Undaunted he and Joyce have set off, with a veiled threat to be back by Sunday, and not to start without them, as if! We had no dedicated leader, so June has stepped into the breach as she is the only one with any Sherbet Lemons left, after last night's meagre rations doled out by Yes Chef, everyone has eaten most of their sweets. His humour certainly showed through with the Brawn and Cress starter, and the Steak Tat Tar main that followed was raw. The Angle Delight to finish brought back memories, mostly bad and the wine was ok my, Chateau Nerve De Pap certainly lived up to its reputation, but at £3.29 was not cheap. No our walk is of a more modest and gentile nature, as the local barber would oft say "Something for the weekend" We leave the Hall and do in fact follow the Penny Whey north toward Airton named after the much appreciated and respected formula one driver Sterling Senna, the walk follows the route of the infant River Aire passing Anlith All, and one for the girls Windy Pike before we swing off towards Gordon and its scar. A short stretch of road walking brings us to our furthest point and Lunch at the Weets. At this point we are exposed once again to the cunning whiles of Yes Chef and the traditional HF packed lunch. We experience his inventiveness with what was last night left overs stuffed into Whole-wheat, Rye or Warburtons finest. The lovely Carol and I have gone for the Pilchards in Hovis, wi nowt taken out, except the pilchard which were replaced by some Mother Shippams Crap paste, with a Mustard (coalman's of course}and Cross dressing of Angelica with Haricot beans. Fore afters we chose the unripe pear and brownie crunchy, all washed down with some Spar water. The walk continues across Carlton Moor to of course Carlton and its Hall, which also had some tenuous link to the above-mentioned William (no relation) Ballcock. Not only by the misspelling but also some remedial building and plumbing work, when the estate was combined with the land at Newfield. From hear just a short stool back to the HF sanitorium and a quick fix +wash and brush up for tonight festivities, which include but are not restricted to dancing to the 3 members of the Airton string and Brass band quartet, 2 rounds of Housey Housey, or as it's known to our younger member born after 1946 Bingo. A Beatle drive was suggested, but neither Ringo or Paul were available and their replacement tribute band, were not available as they had a prior engagement at a Cheese

Rolling festival at Beamsly Beacon. Looks like Addingham folk will be on Welsh rarebit for the rest of the week. As this is Centenary Week, I have decided go to two pages: -

Bonus Page, cont.

The highlight of the evening, following the meal of Fish n Nerks from the chippy at Gargrave, (cold but tasty). I fear however the copious amount of mushy peas that were consumed will only lead to issues later on. The show will be of course HF's Got Less Tall Aunts competition. Listed are just a few of the Acts willing to appear and to be mentioned, Top of Bill, me reading from last week's Hansard, with the Lovely Carol assisting, by turning the pages. The duo Eileen and June with mimed rendition of Whistle down Wind (said the peas would be a problem) The acrobats David and Linda involved with spectacular body twisting movements, learnt by Stile Hopping over the years. Of course, no show would be complete without an appearance by the Leader of ceremonies and 3<sup>rd</sup> rate ventriloquist Bob, who appeared regularly on radio but was doomed once TV came on stream. Derek and Tina had been due to appear, together with Sue and Dave, they were billed as the Four Amigo's but alas they fell out over the last Eccles cake, that's showbusiness. The grand finale was due to be Keith and Joyce fronting the Tuesday night Glee Clubbers Choir, doing their bit for the NFU by singing and humming the words in tune to "Were Happy when were Hiking" but due to the self-distancing rules, they have gone for an adaptation of the Gerry Hat Tricks and the aptly named Pacemakers hit " You'll Have to walk Alone". As you will be aware Keith and Joyce are not back yet, so troupers as ever Ken (2ft short) and the Lovely Kath I am told to say were bowled over by the request to stand in, the show goes on.

Sunday morning arrives and with it in time for the Celebratory Lunch the return of Keith and Joyce on the Arla Milk float, Keith said it was nice to be brought home by a nice man in a white coat, I don't think Joyce was in the same mind, but unfortunately for them they were in time for breakfast. The porridge this morning moved on from being lumpy to just a lump to be eaten Al Dandy with a knife and fork, the eggs Salmonella were ok better than Omelette Gordon Bennet style, served up yesterday. All in all, the breakfasts were edible in the main, certainly nutritious in part, and served with elegance, panache, a straight face and brown sauce. There is a short walk this morning, all 66 of the lunch time guests have been encouraged to take part, so in true Sunday Walk tradition 6 of us led by Bob left for a brief meander along the canal with a view to being back after dinner time, unfortunately!! For whom the bell tolls.

As the Rank Organisation gong of dome is rung to signal for the big lunch, were take drinks and nibbles in the Aunty Room, where our hosts have excelled in the welcoming reception with nicely presented Horses Whatsits in ex-army mesh tin's for authenticity, a glass of long expired Bristol Cream Sherry or non-alcoholic water for the tea total minded and nominated drivers. Picture if you will a Baronial Style Georgian dining room with ornate plaster work ceiling, cornice and Cowbells, expensive Lilac Panna Velvet drapes, by Dunhelm, a luxurious rag carpet by Brinton and highly polished mahogany dinning suite set with gleaming silverware and crisp linen. Well think again we are in the Annex, stone floored in case of spillages, Formica top table in a pale blue shade, some chunky glasses (unbreakable) and plastic fork and spoons. Knives are limited to the less dangerous and non-self-harming members of the party. The committee has seen fit to provide several bottles of a cheeky little wine obtained via the veterinary department of Tesco with 25% off for orders of 6 or more bottles, so at 10 half cases, for less than £100 it's a steal. Might make your teeth go red, and give you heartburn but cheeps cheap in my book. Our esteem President will give a short speech prior to saying "Our Gracie" in order that the bun fight might begin. The Yes Chef has once again excelled in is inventiveness and with the use of such local products like Welsh Neck of Mutton with AR broth Smokies for mains, a Norwegian Prawn on an exchange visit made the starter of Mock turtle neck up soup, with desert of Irish Soda Bread and Butter to finish or I scream.

All good things must come to an end, even the virus will be over one day, so as we depart and reflect, that at least it will be a while before we have to go through that again, it's not every year a HF Centenary comes up.

A note and disclaimer from our sponsor (Fiery Jack) some of what has been written has a grain of fact with it, however much is in the imagination of the writer. From experience visits to HF houses are a treat, and the food served, is wholesome, tasty and with out doubt well worth the money. I could say Newland Hall and its staff are no exception!!

Regards and best wishes to you all, Bill and thanks for your company.