

Dear All. (*This walk was to have an experienced Ex HF leader; however, Louise has stepped in.*)

Today's impromptu gathering, due in part to the informal invitation from the Lovely Louise, John has asked me to say, is in the upper reaches of Wharfedale at that quaint odd spot Grassington. The town made famous by the Saatchi and Snatchy advertising slogan, No P in Parking and even today that rings true, P's are extra in the National Car park (bring your own bucket). *A word of explanation despite paying an exorbitant fee to leave your car, you pay extra for a P at the WC.* Their other well know AD in support of veganism " You Aint eating Spam and you Aint eating Ham, did not do so well, The Slogan's Not Working would be an apt retort. We move on, Grassington's population during the week is 1126, at the weekend grows to 15432, mostly off cumduns but at Festival Time 245893 are known to wander the streets. The festival figure is swollen by 244667 arty farty, southern liberal literary types, flogging smelly candles, some obscure pottery, copies of their latest poems and DIY scarecrow kits for the forthcoming event held in the rival town of Kettlewell. As once again (I right) we are blessed with fine weather, wall to wall blue skies, intermittent rain and a low hill fog. Most of you have chosen to wear shorts, which might be a mistake, once we get exposed to the moorland tics, playful gorse bushes and Norman Cleggs or Hoarse Fly's. The walk, we leave the car park, crossed legged and head off up main street towards the Town hall, named the Devonshire Destitute, as if, (might be institute) and then along Chapple street to join up with the Mrs Dales Way which passes the aptly named Mrs Dales Dairies, suppliers of cheese, butter and milk products to other defunct BBC radio programmes like the Goon Show, Jet Morgan and Something for the Weekend. The walk continues to climb across the limestone outcrops, before a final ascent to Bare hoarse, Hi Barn and the summit of Up der Kieber, the one-time location for the Carry-on Regardless film, which we do. Not however before John has produced bag of Uncle Joes Mint balls, with or without fluff, some chocolate coated Love Arts and a selection of well burnt Cinder Toffee better known as King Alfred's Crunchie. After this dubious treat the route takes us toward Conistone's Sherbet Dip, where we swing sharp right on the green lane know as Bycliff road or 'I will follow you' also by Cliff. Along with us today its nice to see that well know bean carrier, twitcher and raconteur, Hi Tony. Ken is also in attendance, dragged away from his fence painting activities, due in part because Kath made too many butties and didn't want them to go to waste. As we reach the last of the Shake N Vac holes at Moss Dale Scare it's time for lunch, after which we turn for Holme Moss,. Lunch today for the lovely Carol and I is another luke warm or at best cold concoction of slightly rummy coddled egg in a cheesy bap overspread with some Mr Magoo slime chutney. Afters are in the much-avoided local delicacy category, once served (and only once) to the Devonshire's (they were thought too expensive, as if, and or extravagant) they were of course Pease pudding slices with an apple and Fening's Fever Cure dip. Sounds delicious, but just goes to show how bad my hearing is. The left overs, of which there was plenty were fed to what are now Mute Swans and a few Will not get much Alder Ducks all gathered along the unused, waiting for a rainy-day Dukes Water Course. It's nice to see how most of you have so quickly recovered from the debacle of last weekend, how a hotel bar can run out of alcohol at 2.30am every day, is beyond reason. For those that stayed until Monday there was at least the chance of finishing off the half and part full bottles left after the main event. The committee and David in particular cannot be held to blame for the fiasco of what was meant to be the closing ceremony, with each of us parading around in miss matching jackets, waving flags whilst singing In the Rain. I think the Tuesday Night Glee Clubbers should in future be tested for the use of inappropriate substances such as Volterol, Fiery Jack and Comfrey Oil. A most embarrassing spectacle, all in front of the Lord Lieutenants Lady, wife and heiress to the Pateley Pie franchise. Our walk today continues past Gill house, over the uplands of the Downs pasture until it joins the old Moore's Almanack Lane at Yarnbury, before its steep decline (apt) into the now peaceful Grassington. The charabanc has left, the fish shop's closed, Bunny Bobs gents outfitters has measured its last inside leg for the day and Stripy the Badger has turned the last page in the bookshop. Next Wednesday we are out with the K twins (Kath n Ken), so best behave or you could finish up like Jack (the hat) McVitie making balaclavas and biscuits for the rest of his shortened life.

Love to all Bill see you soon in 2021 with luck