

Dear All. February 4th 2024

(The Wetherby Wailer)

A moment most of you will have been dreading, if he cannot walk properly when is he going to start the Virtual Reality thing again. Let's hope he has forgotten about them or that his terminal insanity has overridden the will to type. Well fear ye so far as, my number one and only one face book follower, the lovely nurse Carol says as long as I still cook tea, or T dinner as they say in T north, I can get on with it, and do whatsoever I want so hear goes I say.

As my intended walk this Sunday was from Wetherby, why not I ask, make life difficult. Consider that we have met up at the allotted, previously well documented, car park by the old rail station no prob lame oh. (Spanish) You are advised however at this point if following the Abbott party along the A661, to ignore what they are doing, and take, if possible, the correct route. A more trustworthy group to follow, would be the Jean and Austin cavalcade for as Steam Buffs, most of their courting days evolved around Rail engine extravagances, Brief Encounters in station buffet bars and dare I say moments of passion under closed ticket office's awnings. As for the walk directions from the now old derelict and dismantled ENR station, which if anyone is interested (could be first), looked like the current still alive station at Menston. We will head off in an anti-clockwise route following the old rail track bed, towards what was known as the Devils Toenail junction. This way Clive can stride out leading Russ and Jill without fear of getting them lost. (it has happened) !!! – only the number of times has been changed to protect the innocent. At the 2 Mile Post in Wetherby Racing terms, familiar to a few members, we turn left and head for the once imposing Estate of Stockfield Park. The original Park 1166, represented what was termed a Half Knights Fee and given to William (no relation) de Percy, one assumes because he spent half a night as a Knight or a full Night as a Half Knight. Whatever, a kick back for supporting the winning team of the day, does it still happen I wonder. Any way the place was passed on to another rich relative one in Ilkley, NO NO. not that one, but another William (still not related) Middleton. He stayed a while, before going back to the top end north side of Ilkley handing it on to his great nephew William (don't ask) Constable. This chap stayed long enough to breed 10 kids before his wife decided she had had enough and ran off with their erectile dysfunctional groom leaving William now Middleton with the kids. He couldn't cope, on his own, what bloke can, so off he trots back to the family in Ilkley and they sell up to Robert John (Black Dick) Foster of Bradford. From then on, the Estate goes to pot, used as a Maternity Hospital, appeared in Emmerdale as Oakwell Hall, developed a Christmas tree plantation, with a children's playground (fees payable at the counter) and in winter it also opens as the Enchanted Forest Santa's Grotto (bigger fee payable, cash preferred). Our walk encounters none of these attractions and we must push on towards Sickinghall or as it was known in the Domesday Book Sidingate (nothing to do with railways). There is a cricket club here which would make it a traditional stopping off place for lunch, but sorry Linda we need to go a bit further. We leave the village via Longlands Lane, of little interest, don't know why it got a mention, but at the 4-1/2 mile point we turn left onto the muddy section and lunch, we will skim over the muddy bits as like yourselves I for one have had enough. However, as a treat to nurse Carol, I have prepared a picnic spread of a homemade Sour Dough baguette with a soft cream cheese, / smoked Wild Alaskan salmon filling, garnished with morning fresh watercress and sliced cherry tomatoes. (As if,) its corned dog, tea cakes with or without mustard, same as me. At 1.00pm prompt the journey continues towards the flesh spot locally known as Wood Hall Spa, & or the Swingers, alas as none- members we ourselves Swing to the left along Trip Lane, part of the Ebor Way / Handicap, another Wetherby Racing term or Ye Old Roman name for York. As we approach Linton it's a choice between the road back to the Car Park or the river bank from Collingham. It turns out to be a Fait Accompli as the river is up and its path down, 600mm /2ft below so we set off on the road to enjoy the Gated palaces leading into Wetherby from the effluent south. The Automatic gated entrances open only for the weekly Weight rose, Ocado, blacked out Lidle delivery trucks, or the daily Posh Pizza, Prosecco and Pitta Meals 4U van (known locally as the taking the 4P's). As we arrive at the 7-mile marker, we can sneak onto the golf course and wade the rest of the way home. Some of the bunkers have remained dryish, and to watch Ken, June and Eleen making their way across them, one is reminded of the Wilson, Kepple and Betty routine from the old vaudeville days. Sandra will be taking home some interesting updates on golf terminology to husband Brian as we are advised that a Birdie on this most prodigious of course's is now referred to as a Ducky, an Eagle has become a Mallard and shooting an Albatross means more that scoring a 3 under par at any hole. We are assisted in the traverse of the course by have a small portion of coloured flag showing above each hole, and the green keepers in their longboat directing the deep-water golfers to the next pontoon tee. Hole distances currently are in fathoms and nautical miles. Ladies' tees are above water level.

For the unfortunate few stuck with having to flog it up to Moss Dale Scar and the lead mines out of Grassington good on ya, and to that Leading Lady, of stage, screen and legal injunctions Thank You Sheffield Sue
Once moor the open road Ned (goon show circa 1958), from Bill, current Rambles Secretary and Bad speeler too HF Bradord
(I said not to mention the Grammar or even Aunty for that matter)