

RECYCLED TEENAGERS

One former president and your editor attended this meet complete with two weak backs and only having three good knees and three and a half feet between them. Not for them any carry of tent etc., up hill to sleep on the floor. They decided those days were behind them and elected for the creature comforts to be had staying in a remote country inn at the head of the valley.

Arriving independently at the George in Hubberholme Friday lunchtime they made their way down to where the meet was to camp to say hellos before making their way into Burnsall for an early evening meal where they were eventually joined by seven other of the meet members

Having a captive market in this popular spot the prices reflected this as did the attitude and behaviour of the management and it is not a hostelry any of us will be rushing back to..

When most set off back to the campsite we headed back up the valley to have a last drink and chinwag with the landlord and landlady.

Saturday, after a hearty and leisurely breakfast we drove back down to Burnsall and parked up for the day. With some trepidation we then set off to walk down the river and surprised ourselves by coping quite well and we ended up in Appletreewick.



The Wharfe
above
Appletreewick

The Craven Arms is still a very good pub and still has the hook-a-bull-ring game, lethal in a busy pub and busy this was

The nearby campsite had probably in excess of 100 tents and every table in the pub was reserved for lunch.

The campers did not seem aware that there were two pubs, but having lived in Lower Wharfedale some 30 years previously I did, so we wandered down to the New Inn which was pleasantly quiet where we had lunch. Not fine dining but very nice cheese and onion toasties.

As that evening the meet were having BBQ we walked back to retrieve our vehicle, and briefly met with Harvey Lomas before returning to our base for the evening.

**Mike Godden
being suitably
Presidential**

The George though a small pub was fully booked accommodation-wise and they were a motley crew but interesting banter ensued..

There were a couple of typical Liver Birds, a couple from Leeds, us from Huddersfield and Leicester and a lady from Oxford who repeatedly said she was 37 and looking for a man..



One by one they hit the sack; the last to depart the man hunter, leaving us and the proprietors and they did not live on the premises and wanted to go so we were off to bed by 10.30.

Being always a light sleeper getting by with a few hours, I was awake at 4.30 and at 5.00 went for a walk up the largely dried up river. Remarkable it was too!

First a quick look round the churchyard to have a barn owl fly past me and then following the riverbed saw two hares in a field. This was only the start!. At the first opportunity I cut down from the lane to the actual river bank to admire the wildflowers on the bank with only a few pools in the river bed where I saw a grey wagtail. I was looking down from about four foot up the bank and as I watched a creature patrolling the river strolled by, looked up and saw me, and continued disdainfully on its way. A first for me in the wild, it was a mink.

Time to wander back for breakfast and as I made my way down the lane another hare popped up just over the wall about 15 foot from me. A good time of day to go for a stroll.

The lady from Oxford left most of her meal. She had rather overdone it the night before.

We each went our own ways after that, me going up to Hawes for some Wensleydale cheeses before going through Ingleton to pick up the M6 near Lancaster and head down to Manchester to visit family before heading home.

A recent MOT had shown that with Covid and my on-going foot problems the car did less than 1000 miles last year. It did over 500 this weekend but well worth it

Not only had we had an excellent weekend, we had caught up with old friends and in my case I had revisited places I frequented when with a young family I lived in Burley in Wharfedale (1975-1987)

One fascinating place I passed by on my way up to the meet was Brimham Rocks. My kids loved clambering over them. Near Pateley Bridge this 450 acre geological wonderland is a Site of Special Scientific Interest with crags tortured into weird shapes where your imagination can run riot.



The drawing below was done by the late Bill Lofthouse

RD

