

Editorial



Let's be honest. Your life was empty, you were kicking the can down the road, you knew you were missing something but couldn't think what it was. Now you know. It was the Brigand.

Fresh from its summer sojourn, fully tested and quarantined, it's now plopping into inboxes around Harrogate. And so much has changed since Graham and I last visited you. For one thing Zoom shares have taken a tumble. We can now meet face-to-face and, strange to tell, still recognise each other. We have a new Council and a new programme. The Walking Group is walking, the Book Club is reading and the Friday golfers are thrashing around Royal and Ancient Spofforth. Friendships are flourishing, fish are being fried, bowls bowled and gardens partied.

Of course there's a flip side – isn't there always? We've had a bit of an emergency with the presidency; thanks to David for continuing in the role coupled with our very best wishes to Liz for a speedy recovery. We're all eighteen months older than when the first of the twelve Lockdown Brigands was published. Membership currently stands at 31 and, as ever, we need new, younger faces. But Council is pushing on with establishing new membership categories and initiatives and, thanks to Tony, Peter and Ruth we have a good and varied programme. Projects are being gradually assembled – not always easy in these post-Lockdown times. Guy has secured a substantial grant towards Kids Aloud. Schools are keen to work with us on Kids Aloud and the Technology Tournament and we're starting to cast around for sponsors for our fund-raising events.

So, if you need proof that we're up and running, alive and kicking, full of beans it's all here in the Brigand. This is a very full edition and it's good to be back.

Enjoy the read.

Peter Wood

Garden Party

As we all emerged from the more severe aspects of lockdown, it was lovely to spend a hot, sunny summer afternoon in Moya and Keith's garden for afternoon tea. As the press were excluded, there are no photos but I'm sure we'll remember it as the moment Brigantes stepped out of the shade and into the sunlight.

Many thanks to Moya and Keith, to Barry for his assiduous H&S preparations and to all who helped to arrange the cakes and serve the tea.

Chips with Everything

The Catch Fish Restaurant on Cheltenham Parade (formerly Graveley's) saw the first tentative post-Lockdown Brigantes' get-together. So keen were members to meet up again that it was over-subscribed. There were three tables of six and no mingling but, with a lot to catch up on, the conversation flowed.

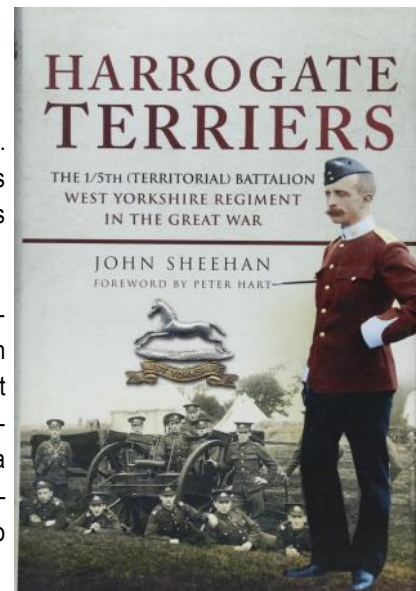
So successful was it that we're promised another visit before Christmas.



Harrogate Terriers

John Sheehan's odyssey began with an innocent question and ended with him writing a book. "Was there ever a Harrogate 'Pals' regiment in WW1?" was the question. The short answer was "Yes". They were called the Harrogate Terriers (short for Territorials) and they were, in John's words, "a unit of men which had a distinguished path during the war."

The Terriers were very much a local regiment from their inception in the last years of the nineteenth century. At first they weren't great soldiers. A photo from 1899 shows a couple of men in uniform but scruffy and overweight. The contrast with their counterparts in 1917, lean, upright and disciplined, is stark. When war was declared in August 1914 the Terriers were at their annual camp at Scarborough. Immediately they returned to their drill hall on Commercial St (now a carpet warehouse) and began recruiting, driving round the town with a loud speaker. The recruitment centre was in Westminster Arcade. New recruits were signed up and sent off to York to begin training.



John brought the regiment into focus by concentrating on the lives of some of the men. Fred Raynor had been a professional soldier for ten years at the outbreak of hostilities and he was Sergeant Major at the drill hall. With his waxed moustache he was an imposing figure and the soldiers were terrified of him. He was a brave man who was awarded the DCM and died helping to stem the German breakthrough in 1918. He was buried in Grove Rd cemetery with full military honours. Norman (Norrie) Beech was a gents' outfitter. He joined as a private in 1914 and was awarded the DCM for manning a machine gun in the face of the first phosgene gas release of the war. He was, unusually, promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and he waived the right to leave, fighting throughout the Somme campaign of 1916. He was last seen half way up the Passchendaele ridge, leading his men and smoking a cigarette. Other stories were told; Cecil Yates, a keen cricketer and footballer, killed at Ypres in 1914, worked as assistant stage manager at the Kursaal; Arnold Day of South Drive, Wheatlands, a Bradford journalist, was killed at Ypres in 1915; Wally Franks, a postman, wounded in 1915 was sent back home to recuperate, returned to the front and was killed trench raiding in 1917. The list goes on and their stories bring to life the extraordinary bravery of so many 'ordinary' men.

The Terriers remained as a unit throughout the war, though casualties meant that replacements had to be found from elsewhere. John's talk shed light on an important piece of local history as well as being a tribute to the men of the Harrogate Terriers. He unearthed so much information that his project became a book. If you want a signed copy you'll have to hurry – he only has a few left.

Peter Wood

A Knaresborough Medley

On a fine June day the walking group emerged from its enforced hibernation, blinking in the sunlight. By my reckoning we last walked in January 2020 from Ripon to Studley Deer Park. Now, eighteen months later, with a collection of modified joints and aches and a slightly adjusted weight distribution, here we were, ready for new adventures. Knaresborough's environs beckoned, a gentle five-miler to usher us back to what passes for expedition fitness.

From the Waterside car park Kelvin led us along to the woods which surround the Beryl Burton cycleway. The path meandered up hills which raised the collective heart rate and got us into our stride. Then, via Water Bag Lane we reached the top of the Waterside cliff and crossed to the Abbey Road side. Here the wooded path skirts between the backs of houses and the sheer drop to the right, passing a splendidly carved tree which gave us our photo op. Eventually we dropped down to Abbey Road, crossed over the bridge at the end and had our lunch stop at the lido. It was idyllic. The sun shone on the river, water cascaded over the weir and we put the world to rights. Entertainment was provided by Guy's relentless pursuit of a plastic bag.

The woods on the far side of the river are a delight. The views are superb, some of the houses quite remarkable and we didn't meet a soul. By the time we reached the car park confidence levels were high and we knew we were back in business. Bring it on!



Five Rotarians and a rodent

THE BRIGAND

Joint Meeting

We welcomed the new District Governor Stephen Ellis (a member of the York Ainsty Club) and Assistant Governor North Susan Rogers to the meeting along with fellow Rotarians from the Harrogate and Knaresborough Clubs. We were also pleased to welcome our two new Associate Members, David Billington from Full Circle Funeral Services and Phil Bell from the Yorkshire Society. A potential new Italian member Alessandro was also welcomed.

The DG mentioned events which Rotary had been involved in – the tsunamis, earthquake relief in Nepal where we have been working with Major Lil and at the present time the pandemic. During lockdown Rotary has been involved in helping in food banks and vaccination centres. The 'End Polio' campaign is reaching a successful conclusion- we are nearly there!



As far as individual clubs are concerned we will have to adapt to different forms of meeting to attract new members if we are to remain sustainable. We must attract younger members- a large majority of our members are over seventy and a significant number over eighty! Clubs should join forces to grow Rotary and share ideas on how we can adapt to change if we are to survive.

Ruth Townrow



Knaresborough Market Stall

Arriving at 8.30am, a team of David Russell, David Crowther and Keith and Moya Prichard managed the tricky task of securing the tarpaulin roof, covering the counter top, unloading boxes of books and displaying the bric-a-brac all before 9.00am so that David could take the trailer away and we could start trading. The flag banner was duly erected but almost immediately had to be taken down as, being eight feet high, it was a hazard in the strong wind and rain. Trading was slow due to the adverse weather but our team of Moya and Keith, Kelvin and Liz Burkinshaw, Guy, Ruth and Tony pressed on, fortified with regular mugs of coffee which was essential to ward off hypothermia!

Chatting to the other stall holders, it was obvious that it had been a slow day – and they do it for a living! At 3.30pm we had to do it all over again but in reverse order. The grand total for the day was £160 for our local charities. Thanks to everyone who volunteered.

Moya Prichard



Ready to trade

Did you know that

Women will never be equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut and still think they're sexy.

Since light travels faster than sound, some people appear bright until you hear them speak.

Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit. Wisdom is not putting it in a fruit salad.

To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.

Behind every successful man is his woman. Behind the fall of a successful man is usually another woman

THE BRIGAND

Work in Palestinian Camps

Antony Glaister's talk was memorable and moving. He took as his text Nelson Mandela's insight that "it is easy to break down and destroy; the heroes are those who make peace and build." The opening image of his presentation was the Ribblehead viaduct, not because it's a local landmark but because it's a bridge and Antony is all about bridges – between people. A lawyer and mediator by profession, he also works for ABCD, Action around Bethlehem Children with Disability. He wants to see the three Abrahamic faiths, Judaic, Moslem and Christian talking to each other. They rarely seem to, especially in the Middle East.

Antony's work for ABCD began in Bethlehem but as the organisation has developed it has taken him to a number of refugee camps where he has seen for himself the human cost of the political realities in that part of the world. It seems sad that he had to preface his remarks by making clear that he was in no way anti-Semitic and that any criticism of the way Israel runs its affairs should not be interpreted as such. Indeed he was equally critical of Hamas and Palestinian politicians. What he could not ignore were the fundamental injustices he witnessed.

ABCD helps disabled children by providing rehabilitative support regardless of race and creed. This can include education for the mentally disabled, speech therapy and practical help such as the provision of glasses, hearing aids and splints. From its foundation in 1985 up to 2015 it helped nearly 9,000 children. But to give such assistance means going into the camps and Antony spoke of three, Jalazone, Nur Shams and Al Arroub. These are not the tented communities we usually associate with refugees. They comprise buildings but Antony spoke of the separation, isolation, segregation and discrimination from which the inhabitants suffer. Of course there are two sides to every situation but Antony asked simple questions. Why should such camps be walled and unable to expand? Why should a Palestinian boy who throws stones at those he perceives as his enemies be imprisoned for six months when an Israeli boy doing the same gets only two weeks? Why should Palestinians be tried in military courts when Israelis are protected by civil law? Why should banners be allowed to proclaim "Palestine never existed" when the country of Palestina was established as far back as 135AD by the Emperor Hadrian? Why are illegal settlements allowed on land owned for generations by Palestinian farmers?

It is a profoundly depressing and profoundly complex situation whose resolution has so far defied for decades the efforts of the world's leaders. Antony's fear is that the generations who have accepted the situation and tried to live within it are passing. Younger people are already less accepting and violence may seem their only option, irrespective of the retribution that will follow. Hence it looks as if even more human suffering is inevitable. Antony gave us the facts as he saw them. None of the solutions so far proposed seems remotely workable.

Looking for positives, we can only admire the selfless work of a charity such as ABCD in improving lives. Antony is a passionate and committed advocate for it but, alas, even he can see no end to the human suffering which it must continue to address.

Postscript: Following Antony's talk we agreed to donate £500 to ABCD

Peter Wood



The cheque presentation with Guy, Antony and President David



Dovecot House, Winchester Road, Goodworth Clatford, Hampshire, SP11 7HN

Guy Wilson
Yeoman's Course Farm
Thornton Hill
Easingwold
YO61 3QB

8th September 2021

Dear Mr Wilson

A big thank you to you and all your fellow Rotarians for the splendid donation of £500 which has just arrived in ABCD Bethlehem's account following Anthony's talk in August.

This amazing, generous support comes at such a welcome time for us when we, as with all charities over the past year, have been unable to raise funds through live activities or by holding events - yet the needs of the vulnerable children with disabilities and their families in ABCD's care in Palestine remains as high as ever. Life has been difficult but I am pleased to say our local partners responsible for the rehabilitation centres funded by ABCD in three of the UN refugee camps, plus our Outreach Programme linked to the Bethlehem Arab Society, have maintained an incredible level of service ensuring no child or their family in ABCD's care has suffered. We are happy too that we are now able to don our fundraising hats once again - three of our intrepid Trustees completed the Yorkshire 3 Peaks Challenge in July raising a brilliant £9,000.

Once again we at ABCD are so very grateful - a very big thank you. Your support is greatly appreciated. Please would you kindly pass on huge thanks to your Chair and all fellow Rotarians

With best wishes -

Val Jourdan, MBE
Chair of Trustees

Val Jourdan

Website: www.abcdbethlehem.org
UK Registered Charity Number: 1097623
Registered Office: Dovecot House, Winchester Rd, Goodworth Clatford, Hants: SP11 7HN Phone: 01264 369050

Contact: info@abcdbethlehem.org
Company Number: 04383135

The letter of thanks from ABCD

THE BRIGAND

Music Music Music

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather! A successful grant application! Youth Music is the national charity, funded from the National Lottery via Arts Council England that supports music-making by young people. This is a considerable feather in Brigantes' cap and is a clear public endorsement by a national body of the importance of their Kids Aloud initiative and gives national recognition to Kids Aloud and the opportunity it affords local children to create and perform music. The grant is for £5,930 and should cover all the pending music-related costs of bringing *The Last Dragon* to the stage of the Royal Hall in April 2023.

Yes, *The Last Dragon*! The teachers and the kids wanted a story about dragons, so I wrote them one. Like many fairy tales it begins with a disaster – a rebellion, the defeat of the royal dragon guard and the death of the royal family of Rubovernia – but ends happily. For one dragon has survived, hidden, for a decade and is found and befriended by two orphans brought up in the same village. Between them they right the wrongs of the past and bring hope and happiness back to Rubovernia.

So what better way to announce the generous support given us by Youth Music, than to meet the Last Dragon himself, and drink a toast to the success of Kids Aloud 2023? We were joined by Manager of the Crown Hotel, Dan Siddle, and by my granddaughter, Sophie Hepworth, who is very much hoping to take part in the concerts. This gave us an opportunity in our press release to highlight our return to real meetings at the Crown, and also to mention our successful fund-raising and grant-giving record during the Covid crisis, our re-organisation of the Club, our new membership drive, and some of the projects we're currently working on – like the remembrance concert in Ripon Cathedral on 12th November. As one of the team said on reading the release – "I didn't realise we were doing so much!"

I'll end with a reminder about Remembrance. The service at Stonefall will take place as normal at 1.00pm on Sunday 14th November. And don't miss the concert two days before. We're now actively involved in it as an additional choir was needed. So Nidd Chorale, including me, and aided we hope by a few good musicians from Ashville College, will be singing a few pieces including the Armistice Anthem that Phil Wilby and I created for the 100th anniversary of the Armistice in 2018. Phil will be accompanying us on Ripon's wonderful organ.

It's music all the way this month!

Guy Wilson



Crown Hotel Manager Dan Siddle, Tony Doveston, David Hoskins, Charlotte Gale and Sophie Hepworth toast the Dragon. But who lurks beneath the mask?

To Almscliffe and Back

The third walk of the post-lockdown season was a local affair, billed as a North Rigton Round. The day promised fair as the seven of us plus Jet set off from Rossett Green, soon taking to the fields and then the woods. Pre-Covid fitness levels not yet having been fully restored, coffee and fancies were a welcome diversion after a solid slog up through the woods and onto the ridge between the valleys of the Wharfe and Crimple. From here it was a flat stretch with views on both sides. Spirits were therefore buoyant when we reached North Rigton and found the seats in the play area so irresistible that we took an early lunch there.



Lunch at Base Camp



Ready for the final push on the Col d'Almscliffe

Then came the key decision of the day.

Would the designated round suffice or

did our ambition soar further? It soared, and so did we as we sailed up Almscliffe Crag and settled down to the stunning views though nobody made a positive sighting of the White Horse. The home straight proved a bit more of a tester. Lunch had already been quaffed and though the prospect of afternoon tea was an incentive, we had The Slough of Despond and another hill plus a few more hard-won miles before we could reap our reward. Mrs Wood's tea in the garden disappeared like snow off a dyke as we settled back and contemplated our achievements. A five-miler had turned out to be a bit longer but the ascent of the east face of Mt. Almscliffe will live long in the memory.

THE BRIGAND

A Nunnington Ramble



Coffee is taken

By now it was proper rain but that was the least of our concerns. Head-high grass had to be navigated over uneven ground. There were a few stumbles but no fatalities. Soon we were skirting the lovely garden of Nunnington Hall (National Trust and worth a visit if you haven't been) and back in Nunnington village. Filming had clearly become more serious and 'Stop/Go' had become 'STOP!' Again we asked what was going on. Replies were non-committal. "A drama within a drama" was about as far as we got so in our good-natured English way we shrugged our shoulders and accepted the short detour back to the cars.

Our reward awaited. Back at Yeoman's Course it was too wet for our traditional tea in the garden but Guy and Pam laid on delicious lemon drizzle cake, assorted cookies and mugs of steaming tea. It was taken in Guy's study where conversation turned, via a Caribbean tour, a troop inspection and a cricket bat to the late Duke of Edinburgh. Outside it was raining heavily. There was standing water on the A19 as we aqua-planed back to Harrogate but we'd had a great day's walking and dodged the worst of the weather. Thanks to Guy for the first and a higher power for the second.



. and we did climb a hill

Rub of the Green

Our new-look social calendar took another step forward. Having met across a crowded plate (fish, chips and mushy peas) and taken the warm summer garden air chez Prichard, here we were trying to get an unbiased view of a bowling green, courtesy of our local club. Alan Hansford, late of this parish, was on hand with the 'tips and hints' team, while from within our current ranks Barry Pollard provided valuable insider knowledge.

For those not in the know, there are two kinds of bowling green, Crown, which has a slight dome in the middle and where an 'end' can be played literally anywhere and Rink, in which the green is divided into strips, each strip accommodating a game.



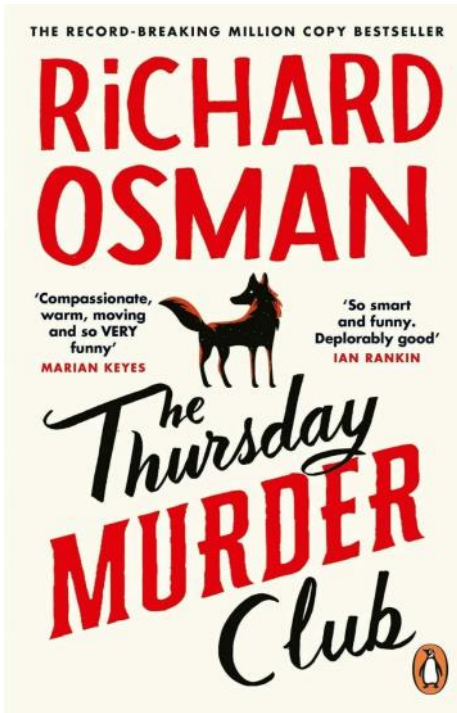
Good job you can't see the jack

We played the latter though you would not always have known it. "Keep the small disc on the inside" is the most basic maxim of the game. That allows the bias to draw the 'wood' in towards the 'jack'. Alas, amid a welter of enthusiasm this injunction was too often honoured in the breach. Hence bowls would appear from nowhere, bound on their own irrevocable slantwise path into someone else's game, accompanied only by a curse or an apology.

The bowling club members are to be thanked for their patience and equanimity as we bounced our bowls down onto their beloved turf in a variety of twists and contortions. Their hospitality continued into the bar afterwards and we were most grateful to them for a very pleasant and sociable evening. We hope that, once their bowling green has recovered, they will invite us back



"What did you say the mat was for?"



The book for our July Book Club meeting came straight from the Top of the Pops. 'The Thursday Murder Club', 'Pointless' co-host Richard Osman's literary debut, has headed the best-seller book charts for months and it isn't difficult to see why. A well-known author, a murder mystery and some well-organised publicity ensured its success. And it's an entertaining book, with the usual array of false leads, nailed-on suspects that are revealed as perfectly harmless and plot twists galore. In fact, as the Book Club agreed, there are too many twists and certainly too many characters (75 at the last count).

So what's good about this famous book? Well, I for one found it an attractive read as did others of our number. The main characters were varied, the setting was unusual – a retirement home – and the police officers, who were inevitably left trailing in the wake of our cunning amateur septuagenarian sleuths, were well delineated. Several of our readers enjoyed the understated, very English humour of the book. It was a novel we were generally happy to pick up and read.

However there were downsides. We felt that Osman, undoubtedly a highly intelligent fellow, knew what constituted a cracking whodunit but was trying too hard to achieve it. Thus the plot was over-complicated, the character count too high and at some point most of us began to feel slightly lost. I confess that when I got to the end I had to consult an internet plot synopsis to check that I had actually understood things correctly. We felt that it was too long and wouldn't have lost any thing by lopping 50 pages. Most damning of all, some felt that we hadn't been properly prepared for the dénouement, that extraneous matter was introduced at a late stage in order to lend credence to the final twist.

So it was a bit of a curate's egg – good in parts, but their sum amounted to a book which didn't quite live up to the hype. There will undoubtedly be more books from the Osman stable (the film rights for this one have already been sold). He is clearly a very talented writer but, we would say, one who has yet to learn the hard lesson that less can be more.

Peter Wood

The Stray Ferret



Tamsin O'Brien had a lot going for her when she set up the Stray Ferret. She'd worked for the BBC for twenty years and by 2008 she was Head of BBC in Yorkshire and the North West of England. Then she left and tried her hand at other things. But she had a dream. She wanted to establish a digital news platform and in March 2020 she finally did it. We all know what else happened in March 2020. Curiously she thinks Covid, dreadful though it was, actually helped her business. People were forced to stay at home, they became more 'techy' and instead of going out and buying a newspaper they began to get their news where and when they wanted to. In March 2020 the Ferret had no readers. Now it has 50,000 a week. She must be doing something right.



She spotted a gap in the market. It may well be that local newspapers are in their death throes – that would certainly be Tamsin's view. She "wants to get under the skin of the District." She employs eight journalists to help her do it and to free her up to do more investigative work. She gave us some examples. The future of mental health services is a hot topic in these parts as it is elsewhere, with hard questions to be answered about funding and staffing. And why is it that the oldest, smelliest, most polluting buses are used to transport our children to and from school? And again, why is it that, based on the number of redacted papers, it seems that our Council is one of the most secretive in the country? Well, plenty to go at there.

As the Stray Ferret readership expands, so does its offering. No longer is it just a local news vehicle but it has a charity corner, political writers and competitions. With a readership of 50,000, advertisers are now keen to be part of it. But investigative journalism has to have rules of engagement. The Ferret has to have a free hand in what it writes and, if push comes to shove, may have to be critical of organisations that feed it.

Tamsin sees the Ferret as a platform which puts the news out there. It can't get into the business of trying to make up people's minds for them. That isn't what it's about. But there are plenty of local issues about which people feel strongly and which the Stray Ferret can air. There's the housing debate for instance. How much new build should there be and where? What are the implications for congestion, public transport and the use of green belt land? What is the quality of the new builds? Then there's the whole business of the town centre and the demise of shopping. And of course there's always the Conference Centre. The list could go on and the Ferret publishes ten to fifteen stories every day. By the time you read this a Stray Ferret app will have been launched.

It goes on from strength to strength and when you hear Tamsin talk about it you can understand why. She's genuinely passionate about what she does, she's clear about what she wants the Stray Ferret to be and she gave us a talk that was informed, incisive and entertaining. She knows what she's about and, believe me, we'll be hearing a lot more about the Stray Ferret.

THE BRIGAND

Blood and Sand

It is the defining moment in Frank Gardner's life. Up to that point he has been an inveterate traveller, especially in the Middle East, a fluent speaker of Arabic, a banker and then a roving correspondent for the BBC. He has a wife and children in England but has no idea where, at short notice, his work might take him. This time it is to Saudi Arabia, which he knows well. He is accompanied by Simon Cumbers, a cameraman who he's worked with many times and who is a close friend. On 6th June 2004 they are working in Riyadh reporting on how the Saudi authorities are combating the country's Al-Qaeda-inspired terror cells. They are packing up at the end of the day when a car draws up, a young man gets out and pulls a gun. Gardner runs but is hit in the shoulder and leg. As he lies on the ground four more bullets are pumped into him at point-blank range. As the gunman drives off, Gardner is left lying in the road unable to move. Simon Cumbers lies dead.

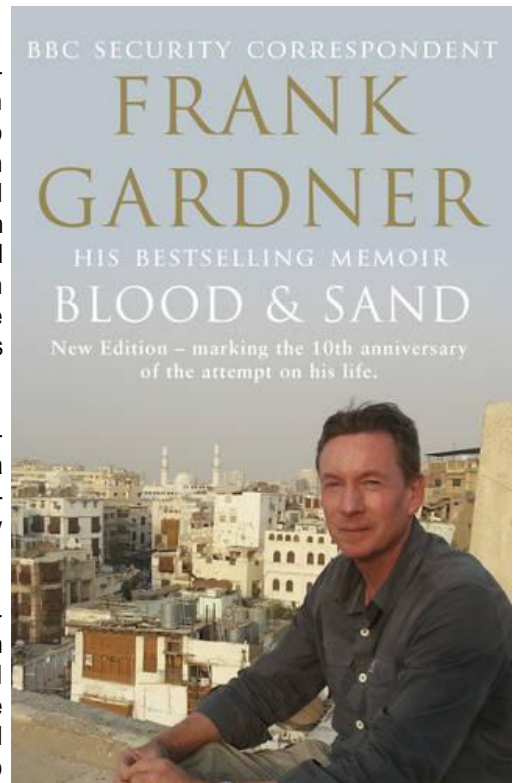
This is the horrific opening to 'Blood and Sand' the Book Club's most recent read. Although it is written almost as a prelude, it is in fact the fulcrum of the book for this is a work of two halves – before the shooting and after it. If we admire Gardner for his courage and resourcefulness and sheer pluck in the years before the shooting then the story of his recovery takes these qualities to a new level.

He is a congenial companion as a travel writer, detailing his experiences back to his university years. His accounts are meticulous, almost deadpan, as he takes us through many countries, always seeking adventure, always trying to get close to the people and understand them. He lives with a family in downtown Cairo, he meets members of the Saudi royal family, he is not afraid to meet and talk to terrorists. He has a nose for a good story. He's less successful as a banker but makes a good fist of it until he's assigned to the London desk and boredom sets in.

The book takes a sharp change of course after the shooting and in some ways we felt this was the more impressive section. The story of how he confronts and accepts his paraplegia, of his determination to overcome it and resume his life is remarkable. He is utterly courageous in facing up to his disability – as a picture of him skiing testifies. Now, of course, he's the BBC's Security Correspondent and a familiar figure on our television screens, still travelling to dangerous places and apparently holding no grudge against the people who shot him.

We had a few minor quibbles. At nearly 500 pages and with two later sections added, we thought it a tad long. Some descriptions, especially in the first part could have been trimmed and, given that it was first published in 2006, bits of it felt out of date. But overall it is a gripping book written by a remarkable man which gives an insight into a world of which we know little and which chronicles a life of immense courage and resilience. We would certainly recommend it.

Peter Wood



A Wharfedale Round



More Brigantes at Fort Gregory

With the memory of Almscliffe still seared on brains, our September walk was a safer option. It took us from the car park in Grassington up through the village and out onto the moors above Grass Wood. Rain threatened and sure enough as we turned into the wood and selected our coffee spot it started to drizzle but it hadn't been forecast so we kept our spirits up as we donned our rainwear. Before long we came upon a sign to 'Fort Gregory'. Some of us have been through Grass Wood many times and passed the sign without investigating. This time it would be different.

Steps and a stony path led us to a pile of stones on a small hill. Fort Gregory, according to the sign, is an ancient earthwork associated with the Brigantian tribe. The Brigantes were a troublesome lot (I'll spare the comparison) during the Roman occupation so we felt it was

only appropriate that we should pay our respects and take a few pictures of the two up and two down of our antecedents.

The path regained, we were happy to re-unite a couple who seemed to have been parted under mysterious circumstances, before we gained the road and it stopped raining. Then down we plunged to the river, which was poddling gently along, water levels being low. Lunch was taken at the photogenic Ghaistrill's Strid. Though not as well-known as the notorious Strid further downstream, it is a picturesque spot as the river is forced down a narrow and spectacularly eroded channel.

Then it was back to Grassington where afternoon tea was taken al fresco amid a flurry of union jacks. We all agreed it had been a fine walk and there was, happily, no inquest into the mileage this time.



Lunch seems to have gone down well

Diameter of the Earth?

We were back in our beloved Byron Room for a quizzical brain work-out. Not that it was too demanding. Anyone who didn't recognise Angela Merkel or Emmanuel Macron would have been quietly led away and as for Viktor Urban – well, a bit more of a challenge – but he has been in the news lately, not all of it good. Sanna Marin (you may need to look her up) just looks too young for the job but then so did Tony Blair. How old was he when he became Prime Minister?



How far?



How Old?

A lot younger than Robert Runcie was when he handed over to . . . now who was it? The buildings round was notable for one of them having been pulled down the previous week (not Durham Cathedral) while not a single local village anagram remained unsolved – even the fiendishly difficult Kirk Deighton. Musicals from Grease to Carousel and singers from Bob Dylan to the Beatles were no obstacle to our four intrepid teams who battled it out for a torrid forty minutes.

It was a damned close run thing with David Hoskins, Moya Prichard, John Butterworth and Mike Calvert eventually taking home the chocs.

David Kerfoot - Deputy Lord Lieutenant

I always knew the Lord Lieutenant, the Queen's representative in the county, had some deputies. One of them, Brian Hunt, is a local minister and attends our Remembrance Service every year. I hadn't quite appreciated that there are forty of them. David Kerfoot is another and he spoke to us about what the job entails.

David's a busy man. He and his wife built up a successful company which processes, packs and distributes vegetable oils to over eighty countries. He's a passionate social entrepreneur with a long history of community service. A former chairman of the Local Enterprise Partnership for York, North Yorkshire and the East Riding, he's Chairman of the Pendragon Community Trust which supports the multi-disabled, trustee of a food bank, a patron of the Samaritans, a lifelong activist in the Prison Service and a trustee of Breadline. He was High Sheriff of North Yorkshire in 2020.



David Kershaw with Graham and Peter

The office of High Sheriff (originally the Saxon 'Shire Reeve') goes back to pre-Conquest days. By contrast the Lord Lieutenancy's Tudor origins make it a mere stripling. Once the prerogative of the gentry, people are now appointed for what they can bring to the office, especially in terms of community service. As David admitted, there is some room for interpretation of the role. He works hard at it, as he seems to do at everything. There are certain statutory bits of the job such as helping to arrange royal visits, recommending people for awards and supporting the armed forces. The posts involve no power, patronage or politics

David gave us a fascinating insight into his experiences. Some of the royals stick rigidly to a schedule. Others go off piste, causing security meltdowns. The full dress uniform can be difficult. Opening a primary school in Selby, David took along his uniform some of which (the hat and sword) were appropriated by a small child. Stepping out of a car at Ripon Cathedral on his first uniformed outing, he sent a spur skittering across the pavement; it had to be recovered and re-attached before he could proceed. There are solemn occasions. He represented the Queen at a ceremony in Stockton to honour Private William Henry Short VC and at another at Smith's Dock, Middlesbrough to honour the men who died when the corvette La Bastiaise, which had been built there, was sunk by a mine in June 1940 during sea trials. One role which struck chords with Brigantes was his work at Catterick with young Nepalese recruits hoping to join the army.

David who, by his own admission, came from fairly humble beginnings admitted asking himself the question "How could I become High Sheriff and Deputy Lord Lieutenant?" He answered it himself. His record of outstanding community involvement – even to the extent of holding a Sheffield Wednesday season ticket – made him an obvious candidate. His talk was fascinating and informative. He was a welcome guest who did his office proud and we're grateful that he was able to spend an evening with us amid his busy life.

Peter Wood

THE BRIGAND

BRIGANTES EVENING MEETING ROLLING DIARY & DUTIES ROTA

2021	Evening Meetings	Host to Speaker	Host to Visitors	Cashier
28-Sep	Quiz Night Peter Wood	Graham Chilvers		Ruth Townrow
05-Oct	David Kerfoot -Deputy Lord Lt Yorkshire	Peter Wood	John Butterworth	Kelvin Burkinshaw
12-Oct	George Orwell - Rtn Roy Tate	Moya Prichard	David Hoskins	Mike Hammond
19-Oct	Rotarian Golf Oakdale & Lunch for All	Lunch 12:30 for 1:00pm		Graham Chilvers
26-Oct	Advice to Ministers - Rtn Peter Warmouth	David Crowther	Harry Dodds	David Russell
02-Nov	Sue Woodcock - her life so far	Ruth Townrow	Jean Grainger	Peter Wearmouth
09-Nov	Sarah Armstrong and her "What If"concept	Tony Doveston	Graham Chilvers	Diane Stokes
12-Nov	Wellspring Concert - A Night to Remember	Ripon Cathedral		
13-Nov	Oakdale Rabbits Race Night			
14-Nov	Remembrance - Stonefall			
16-Nov	Thoughts on Remembrance - Rtn Guy Wilson	Keith Prichard	Bill O'Rourke	John Butterworth
23-Nov	Lunch Harrogate Club - View Refurbs			Tony Doveston
30-Nov	Fish & Chips Eve @ Catch			Graham Chilvers
07-Dec	S G M	Peter North	Peter Inman	David Crowther
14-Dec	Christmas Party - Crown		Graham Chilvers	

and finally



I was born Male, I identify as male, but according to Sainsburys Deluxe Sticky Toffee Pudding I am actually a family of four

UK Gov announce appointment system to ensure GPs and their staff can access fuel.

How it works:
 Staff working at GP Surgeries must first register as a customer at their local petrol station. This will be the only petrol station they are then able to use. Fuel will only be available Monday-Friday.

When registered customers wish to buy fuel, they should telephone their local petrol station at 8am in the morning. This is when fuel purchasing appointments are released for that morning.

Should appointments run out before they get through to an operator, they may try again at 1pm when afternoon fuelling slots are released.

Failing that, they may repeat this process each day until an appointment can be secured.

Please note - participating petrol stations will be closed between 12 and 1 for lunch and calls will not be answered during this time.



Pre internet chat room using An old version of windows...

