

The Trumpit

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The Trumpit is a free monthly magazine with 1200 copies available in over sixty local outlets plus an online version too. The aims are to inform, entertain and promote the local area.

The Bill Craven Community Fund was set up in memory of Bill Craven who was Editor of The Trumpit for many years.

The deadline date is typically the 20th of each preceding month although for new submissions as early as you can please. Advertising prices (June 2018): Page £100; half £60; quarter £30. Discounts available for long-runs.

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Cover picture by Cathryn Bell is of a local garden in Bradford.
Contact Cathryn on 07866 374019



Editorial

Homes of Multiple Occupancy (HMOs) are an extremely emotive subject. At the time of writing two local planning applications were awaiting a decision from Bradford Council; one being retrospective. The two properties in question are 27 and 29 Town Lane in Idle. Previously these were better known as the Primary Care Centre and Wiggles Nursery. A property company is the applicant for both.

HMOs are a legal, market-driven response to the ongoing chronic shortage of housing in the UK, as are the ripping up of green fields and building executive homes on flood plains. None are long-term solutions. However, HMOs have been afforded a level of notoriety due in large part to the awful standards of some. That said, people have to live somewhere and it would be hypocritical sitting here where once was a green field to ignore all sides of the argument.

When I bought my first house in 1987 the amount I borrowed was roughly twice my salary; today it can be three to four times that for those seeking to get a foot on the property ladder. There are many reasons why house prices have soared but scarcity has been a prime factor, driven in some part by the rise of the private landlord.

A Yorkshire Post feature (4/10/25) was entitled "a reality facing adults stuck at home." Quoting the latest Skipton Group Home Affordability Index, it noted that "around five million adults are now living at home with parents." This is the real hidden housing crisis. It went on "98 per cent, are unable to afford to buy the average first-time property in their area on their own salary."

Over a decade of cheap money has also facilitated price growth although those days appear gone now. The golden age for landlords may also be about to come to an end with the Renters' Rights Bill and new tenants' rights. By sweet coincidence see Trumpit Money inside.

Locally, seeing two beautiful old homes turned into tiny bedsits is emotive but if nobody values these as family homes, better this than they rot? On the flip side, what impact will these have on valued local communities?

Bradford is awash with empty offices and large old properties ripe for permitted development. Until we start to build truly affordable houses this is likely to continue unchecked, a modern-day gold rush of sorts. Inside is a pragmatic proposal, which The Trumpit fully supports, from our local Lib Dem councillors.

Your Say

Email: idlelord@sky.com



The annual Mick Cockroft Memorial Quiz in aid of Marie Curie will be held on Thursday 6th November at The Idle Working Men's Club; it starts at 9.00pm.

There will be a raffle with a jackpot question and a chance to win £100.

Would you be so kind as to give us a mention in the next edition of The Trumpit please. **Elaine O' Hagan**

The Bill Craven Community Fund has donated a £50 voucher from Top Knot in Idle towards the raffle in memory of a great bloke.

Being busy I don't have much time to sit down and switch off. However, I always enjoy The Trumpit read. Good work. **Mark Sanderson**

It is always great to get feedback and, trust me, good or bad works just as well. Speaking of which...read on.

Tony (Gough's) article about historical fake news (Trumpit, October) would have been more effective if he got some facts straight. He suggested that the American War of Independence started in 1785. It did not. The

war started in 1775, with the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

The war ended in 1783 with the Treaty of Paris. Even so, it is unlikely that the colonists would have put that much stock in the health of King George, as Thomas Paine had done much to undermine everyone's faith in the rule of Kings. In 1785 Thomas Jefferson had enough spare time to invent bifocal spectacles and George did not become "Mad" until 1788. **Rob Shackleton.**

The buck for any errors must stop at the Editor's desk. So far as I can see, the only error in the article was the date of the war's start. Like all contributors, Tony does this for pure enjoyment and, hopefully, to give a bit back to our community. The Editor will not be having him into the office but I am sincerely grateful to Rob for taking the time to point out the mistake. As I said, mea culpa.

Share Café is every Tuesday morning 10.30 - 12 noon at Thackley Methodist Church. All are welcome to join us in our Coffee Lounge for refreshments - sometimes homemade cakes - plus conversation and friendship.

Also, people walking past the church will notice that the gardens to the front and side have been "redone" and wow what a difference it makes. Our thanks to Dave Law and Michael Hardaker for giving their time and energy to making it look superb!

We also have a new notice board where we can display larger notices too so everyone can read them more easily! **Elaine Law**



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Houses In Multiple Occupation

Idle and Thackley Liberal Democrat Councillors



Idle and Thackley Liberal Democrat Councillors have received many comments about the recently published planning notices for two Houses in Multiple Occupation (HMOs) on Town Lane. For more information on these applications – and to submit comments to the Council's Planning Department – you can follow the links at the bottom of this article.

At present, property owners can often convert family homes (C3 use class) into small HMOs (C4 use class) without planning permission, using permitted development rights. We believe this is unfair to local residents. That is why we have asked the Council to introduce an Article 4 Direction.

This would mean: owners must apply for planning permission before converting family homes into HMOs and residents would have the right to be consulted on such applications.

The Council could better manage the number and location of HMOs, helping to protect family housing and the character of our communities.

Article 4 directions are made by the Council and withdraw specified permitted development rights across a defined area in order to control works that could threaten the character of an area of acknowledged importance.

They are most common in conservation areas. This will mean that you have to submit a planning application for work which normally does not need one. There are currently 6 Article 4 Directions operating within the District.

We recognise that HMOs provide housing for some people, but they must be well-managed, appropriately located, and properly regulated. It is essential that local people have the opportunity to comment on developments that directly affect where they live.

Where an Article 4 Direction applies, owners must apply for planning permission to change the use from C3 to C4. This would control the concentration of HMOs. Without such control, we risk losing traditional family housing in areas that were originally intended for families.

The loss of family homes – and the resulting decline in community cohesion – has in many places, including Bradford city centre, led to serious issues with parking, waste, and anti-social behaviour. The Bradford Civic Society has described the situation as “alarming.”

We are concerned that the impact of unrestricted HMO growth, outside proper planning processes, places too much pressure on local services. From discussions with other councillors and residents, it feels to us that there is a loophole which allows HMOs to increase “under the radar” without consultation with local people or service providers.

Proper management of HMOs through the planning process is necessary. It ensures that properties meet appropriate standards and do not negatively impact either the environment or the much-valued character of neighbourhoods.

Without such controls, the concentration of HMOs will continue to grow unchecked, reducing the availability of family homes and denying residents their right to comment on changes in their communities.

HMOs and flats both provide useful housing. The difference is that in HMOs, unrelated people share facilities, whereas flat dwellers have self-contained accommodation.

We believe HMO applications should, like all planning applications, be open to public comment. We will continue to press for changes in the rules.

The Council has responded to say that our proposal would not directly address the problems we have highlighted. However, they have indicated they are prepared to review the situation further.

Meanwhile, more than 18,000 people remain on Bradford's Housing Register (waiting list). The Council's own Housing Strategy makes clear that we urgently need to build more homes. We believe the answer to this challenge is not more HMOs, but more homes that people can afford and truly call their own.

Have your say below.

25/02574/FUL | Change of use of building from residential dwelling (C3) to 8-bed HMO (Sui Generis) | Crow Trees, 27 Town Lane, Bradford BD10 8NT

25/02573/FUL | Change of use of building from Nursery (Class E) to 5-bed HMO | The Old Library, Town Lane, Bradford BD10 8PR

Idle & Thackley Memories Group

A huge thank you to The Lodge of Benevolence 5612 who sponsored our application for funding to upgrade our cooking equipment and means to play music. We were granted £977 from The West Riding Masonic Charities Ltd. This enables us to offer hot food a little more often, particularly during the colder, winter months!

Also, the Bill Craven Community Fund provided £250 for new mugs. Thank you!



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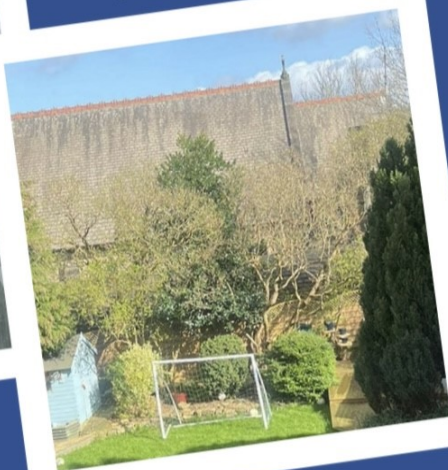
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The Thackley Chef

Richard Aveyard – ACIEH

We all love a curry but how many of us are comfortable making our own? First a few store cupboard essentials so that you have all you should need. Most spices you can get ground or fresh depending on your choice of store.

Turmeric gives a delicate yellow colour to with earthy flavours and a hint of spice; cumin has a warm distinctive flavour; coriander offers a citrusy burst; chillies determine how much heat you add; garam masala (there are many recipes) adds warm spice flavours (you can also consider cinnamon, cloves and cardamom); ginger brings heat zest and sharp flavours; paprika offers a sweet, earthy taste.

Finally, a staple store cupboard spice – black peppercorns – the King of Spice – add heat and a sharp pungent flavour with a little kick.

Chicken Saag (serves 4 allowing for 3 or 4 thighs per portion). Pre-heat oven to 180C/350F/Gas 4

Ingredients: 12 chicken thighs (skinless, trimmed of excess fat...you can prepare with bone in or boneless.); medium onion; 2/3 cloves of garlic; inch of fresh ginger; 1/2 inch fresh turmeric; 1tsp coriander seeds; 1tsp cumin seeds; 2/3 green chillies depending on your heat preference with all finely chopped, grated or blitzed. (If you prefer spices in jars then, as a rough rule of thumb, simply use 1tsp instead of the above); 8-10 cloves; 2 tomatoes (blanched and chopped); salt to taste; 100ml approx. vegetable oil for cooking; 2 bags of fresh washed spinach or 200g frozen thawed and squeezed dry; 300-400ml natural yoghurt; 1tsp freshly grated nutmeg; 2-3 bay leaves; 250ml water; 3-4 cardamom seeds.

Method:

1. Blitz the ingredients
2. Lightly rinse your thighs and pat dry with kitchen paper. You can score the



flesh so the marinade can penetrate.

3. Add the chicken to a large bowl with half the blitzed ingredients plus half the nutmeg. Lightly season with salt and add yoghurt. Mix well so all chicken is well covered with marinade and leave for 2-3 hours.

4. To cook – Stove method: Place a large frying pan or casserole dish on a medium heat. When the oil is hot, add the bay leaves, and cardamoms then cook until the oil gives off a perfume before turning up to a high heat.

Add the chicken cooking until all the chicken is sealed. Add any extra marinade stirring altogether.

5. Reduce heat then simmer for about 5 minutes. Add the diced tomatoes with a little water so not to have a too thick sauce.

6. Cook for approx. 20 minutes or so adding a little water frequently if needed. Taste and correct. If you need to add the spinach just before serving mix well altogether.

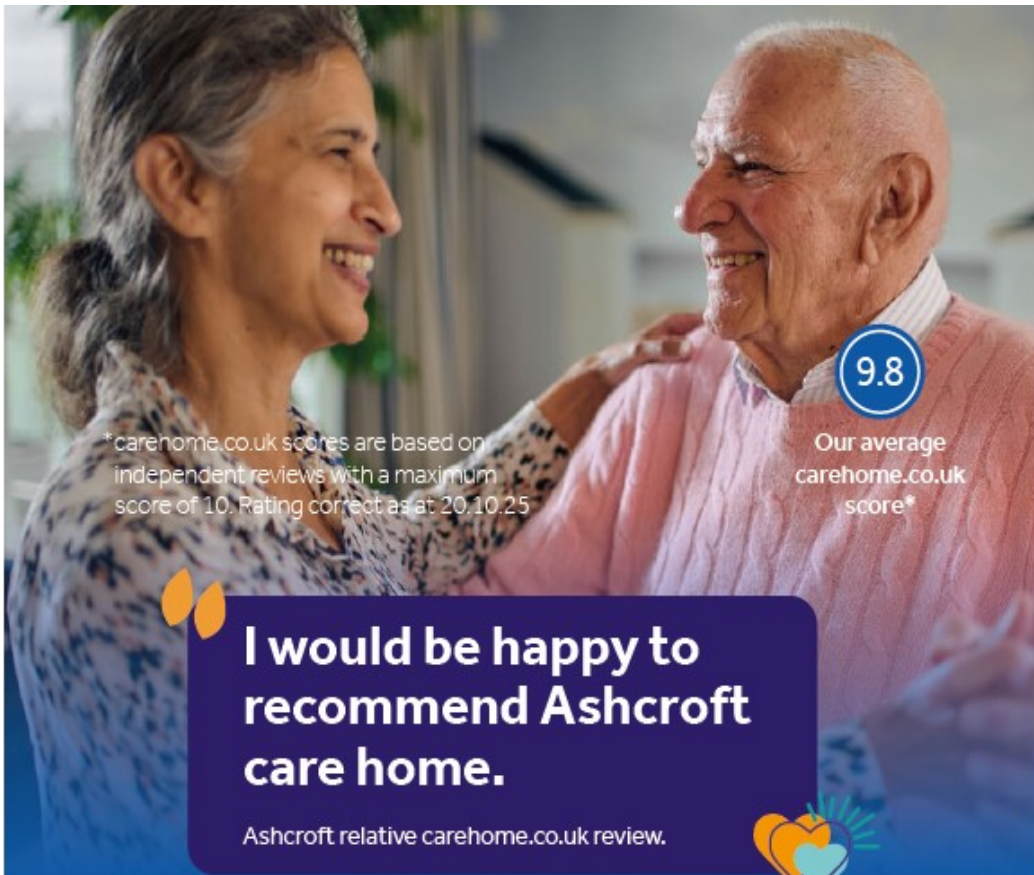
Keep simmering for a further 5 minutes and check all is cooked. The chicken should be tender and succulent and your sauce should be smooth and creamy.

Serve by adding fresh coriander (if you have it) and a few rasps of fresh nutmeg.

Chef's Tip – at stage 6 you could cook the dish oven method. Place a lid on your pan or casserole dish and place into a pre-heated oven and carry on with rest of the stages.

How to temper your curries by increasing or decreasing the heat. Green chillies are hotter than red chillies so simply add more.

To temper down the heat you can add various ingredients, such as yoghurt, cream, sugar, lime or lemon juice and even a splash of vinegar. You could add a raw peeled potatoes to your curry while cooking the potato act as a sponge reducing the spice.



9.8

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Tony Gough

Ross's Story

Ross is a man of 28, handsome in the style of Brad Pitt and very intelligent having obtained a rugby scholarship and a degree from Newcastle University in Agricultural Management. He's also been a semi-professional rugby union player. He comes across as thoughtful, calm and considerate; I've recently spent a couple of hours with him listening to his story.

Over 7,000 people committed suicided in the UK in 2023 and more than 90% are by people who are suffering from mental health issues such as depression. Suicide is preventable when intervention occurs in time.

Ross's story began from the age of 14 when he began to suffer from depression that gradually worsened. Depression isn't feeling down, as we all do from time to time, it's an all-enveloping black cloud that leaves the sufferer unable to function. They don't want to eat, communicate nor exercise. They may not want to leave home and suffer from anxiety without knowing why. At it's worst, suicide seems to be a real option.

After university Ross returned to his old school, Bradford Grammar, as a rugby coach for 6 months before moving to Australia to work, play rugby and surf. After two years he returned home intending to do a Masters

degree in psychology. He also signed a contract as semi-professional rugby union player.

Sadly, his depression returned worse than ever and he returned home to live with his parents. They were unable to help him with his increasingly deep depression and, after living in a caravan, on Baildon Moor, he was given a room in a homeless hostel in Bradford.

This proved to be a disaster for him as his mental health deteriorated to the extent that he was unable to care and feed himself. The hostel also provided shelter for violent drug and alcohol users who stole from and threatened him.

Eventually he was hospitalised on mental health grounds and became an in-patient, first on an acute ward then on rehabilitation. At this point he began to turn his life around. His recovery began with help from hospital staff then friends and finally God.

Ross believes he has experienced rebirth and now has direct connection with God but does not believe in organised religion. He communicates on a personal basis and believes that he's guided and inspired daily.

He's been in a good place for a while now with the help of mild medication and daily exercise. He also writes poetry to a good standard detailing his feelings while trying to manage his improving recovery.

Ross is happy to help others who are struggling. You can contact him on his TikTok username @rosskirtland.



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In Every Colour

World Mental Health Day

Hollie Jackson

Every year, October 10th marks World Mental Health Day, a day that serves to spread awareness about issues surrounding mental health all over the globe.

October 10th was selected as this day upon the establishment of the World Federation for Mental Health (WFMH) in 1992 and has been recognised as World Mental Health Day ever since.

Many people across the world like to wear green or yellow to represent their support. For example, in my sixth form we were asked to wear yellow on the day and many teachers took part too.

It was a lovely way to acknowledge and show support to those who struggle with their mental health, especially, being in a school setting, to young people.

According to the web, 1 in 5 students (from ages 8 to 15) suffer with a mental health condition and from ages 17 to 25, this statistic unfortunately rises to 1 in 4.

Now that it has been a few weeks, I wanted to emphasise the importance of recognising mental health all year round.

As we move into November, coming closer to the end of the year, I wanted to share some of the ways I cope with my mental health struggles and anxiety, as well as what other people can do to support those like me.

Personally, the thing I find helps me the most after having a bad day is having a good cry. It can be to a close friend or family member or alone in your bedroom, it doesn't matter.

Crying in general is such a refreshing release of built-up emotions and, afterwards, you feel like a new person. Other (less upsetting) techniques I find helpful are listening to my favourite songs, taking a relaxing hot bath or going for walks with my friends.

It all depends on what you're in the mood for. Sometimes you just want to be alone for a while, other times you want to be with people you know can cheer you up.

Everyone suffers differently but, also, everyone has different ways to relieve that suffering.

The last thing that I find relieving, which I wouldn't recommend doing for long periods of time, is watching TV shows or YouTube channels I enjoy, particularly ones that make me laugh.

Laughing and crying, despite practically being opposites of each other, both really help me to maintain good mental health. I heavily encourage those who are mentally healthy to reach out to those who aren't and offer support.

Ask them if they're okay from time to time, offer them a listening ear if they want to get something off their chest and most importantly, be patient and accommodating. Everyone's mental health is different.



The Bill Craven Community Fund was set up in memory of previous editor Bill to assist, preferably, local good causes. Exceptions are made based on the

strength of the individual case and helped by a local being involved.

This year donations totalling £1,841.50 have been made as follows: Idle Red Kites Ladies Rounders £200; Idle village green clean up £250; Gambian Schools Trust £200; Thackley AFC £240 (inc vat); Thackley Ladies Rounders £200; Leeds Mind £251.50; Idle & Thackley Memories £250; Mick Cockroft Memorial £50 and both Idle and Thackley Christmas lights £100 each. The fund will take a break until the New Year now as I reassess its purpose.

Thanks for all your support.

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Idle Red Kites

Back in 2021 The Trumpit, through the Bill Craven Community Fund, was approached to co-sponsor a new ladies rounders team based at Hepworth Idle CC. Here is an update after another summer of rounders.



The 27th September saw the end of the summer season for Idle Red Kites, with their annual community family fun day at our home of Hepworth & Idle CC.

This year we were proud to raise funds for Yorkshire Cancer Support.

Family and friends came together on thankfully a fair weather day, partaking in games, enjoying the tombola stalls, eating cakes, samosas and ice cream then sliding the giant slide.

This year we had the addition of the Shipley fire service with their engine and beautiful animals, including owls, snakes lizards and rabbits from Walk On The Wild Side. And, as always, stalls run by local small businesses.

The day finished off with the men versus women rounders match with the men taking the win this year...well done to them.

We also hosted our big raffle draw creating 51 happy winners. Our prizes were donated from many of our local businesses, to whom we thank from the bottom of our hearts.

Together with the whole community's support, to which we truly thank you, we raised an amazing £4,485 on the day. We also added

another £528 raised from a bucket collection at our annual presentation night!

At the National finals of the Rounders England Community Awards in September, honours started to come in with our coach Georgia Cockroft winning Coach of the Year.

The whole team went on to win Team/Club of the Year for their great team spirit both on and off the pitch, not only playing rounders, but seeking other ways to keep fit, encouraging family and team support and our efforts in community fund raising.

Fast forward to October, when the ladies dressed in their best to attend the annual West Yorkshire league presentation.



This year we were proud to pick up the trophy for overall winner of our division, together with awards for most rounders scored by Erica Naylor. Awards for more than one player of the match in the season went to: Erica Naylor, Isabelle Lawman and Kelly Hildreth.

The awards further rolled in with the fantastic news our coach Georgia Cockroft was awarded Rounders England umpires Special Recognition Award.

All this with the support of our fantastic sponsors: Townend Estate Agents (Martin and his team), The Trumpit, Loom and Co (Leon) and Sambuca Restaurant (Antonio and his team). Thank you too to many of our businesses around Idle, Thackley and Shipley.

And to all of you in the community who supported us, we had a great season.

Thank you

Joe King

A petrol station owner in Ireland was trying to increase his sales, so he put up a sign that read "Free Sex with Fill-Up." Paddy pulled in, filled his tank and asked for his free sex. The owner told him to pick a number from 1 to 10. If he guessed correctly, he would get his free sex.

Paddy guessed 8 and the proprietor said, "You were close. The number was 7. Sorry. No sex this time." A week later, Paddy, along with his friend Mick, pulled in for another fill-up. Again he asked for his free sex. The proprietor again gave him the same story, and asked him to guess the correct number.

Paddy guessed 2. The proprietor said "Sorry, it was 3. You were close, but no free sex." As they were driving away, Mick said to Paddy "I think that game is rigged and he doesn't really give away free sex at all."

Paddy replied "No it's genuine enough Mick. My wife won twice last week!"

For several years, a man was having an affair with an Italian woman. One night, she confided in him that she was pregnant. Not wanting to ruin his reputation or his marriage, he said he would pay her a large sum of money if she would go to Italy to secretly have the child. If she stayed in Italy to raise the child, he would also provide child support until the child turned 18.

She agreed, but asked how he would know when the baby was born. To keep it discreet, he told her to simply mail him a post card and write 'Spaghetti' on the back. He would then arrange for the child support payments to begin. One day, about 9 months later, he came home to his confused wife.

"Honey" she said "you received a very strange post card today."

"Oh, just give it to me and I'll explain it later." he said.

His wife obeyed and watched as her husband read the card, turned white and fainted. On the card was written: *Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti, Spaghetti. Three with meatballs, two without. Send extra sauce*

Dave and Pete were a couple of drinking buddies who worked as aircraft engineers in Darwin, Australia. One day the airport was fogged in and they were stuck in the hangar with nothing to do.

"Man, I wish we had something to drink!" said Dave.

"Me too. Y'know, I've heard you can drink jet fuel and get a buzz. You wanna try it?" replied Pete.

So they poured themselves a couple of glasses of high octane booze and got completely smashed. The next morning Dave woke up surprised at how good he felt. No hangover, no bad side effects. Nothing!

Then the phone rings...it's Pete.

"Hey, how do you feel this morning?"

"I feel great, how about you?"

"I feel great, too. No hangover?"

"No that jet fuel is great stuff...we ought to do this more often."

"Well...there's just one thing."

"What's that?"

"Have you farted yet?"

"No!"

"Well, don't... 'cause I'm in New Zealand!"

**Waiter: "kids eat for free this Summer."
Me: "that's good, I'll have a bowl of jelly and a glass of lemonade and my daughter will have steak and chips with a pint of bitter."**



Buck Wood – Not For Sale

Dr Christine Alvin – Former Chair of The Friends of Buck Wood

A couple of months ago, council documents emerged concerning the potential sale of large areas of Buck Wood in Thackley which rightly outraged many locals. The idea was quickly canned but here is an article that sums up the importance of the wood and why it should never be touched. That said, given the dire financial state our council is in, it seems nothing is sacred. Buck Wood is. Ed

As former Chair of The Friends of Buck Wood, I find it difficult to imagine life without the freedom to walk in Buck Wood freely, and I hope it helps anyone who reads this piece to fully appreciate the beauty and wonder on our doorstep here in Thackley.

The area of Buck Wood which was allegedly defined as suitable for sale a few months ago covers important elements of the woodland as a whole. And Buck Wood itself must be considered as an integral part of several woodlands running alongside the River Aire and its valley, not as a site that can simply be divided into profitable tracts of land.

The wood has several important features which should be taken into consideration because of their unique role both historically and in the present day.

Firstly, there is the bike track near the main entrance to wood, which is a popular recreation area for local young people. It is built on a raised plateau formed from the excavation of the 19th century railway tunnel which runs under Buck Wood.

This was also previously used as a playground for children attending the adjacent open air school (previously featured in the cover of *The Trumpet*) and as a lookout post during World War Two. Latterly it was a Council tip for garden waste.

All of the above is a part of local history still remembered by local people.

The bike track was professionally designed and built several years ago as a safe area for children of all ages to learn cycle skills, whilst retaining much of the unusual diversity of plants and trees that had been tipped there.

Special parts were left wild to encourage butterflies and other insects, and it now provides a breeding ground for wildlife, including a type of grass snake almost unknown elsewhere in Britain.

Equally importantly, bats can be seen flying amongst the trees on the perimeter of the Plateau.

The open air school mentioned above was situated further into Buck Wood, connected to the raised plateau by a flight of steps.

Ironically, the School was a pioneering development by Bradford Council.





This began in 1909, to deal with the high numbers of Bradford's children who missed long periods of schooling because of ill-health.

It was a forerunner of other similar schools elsewhere in the country, based on the success of Bradford's enterprising project.

Although the buildings were demolished in the 1960s there is a defined area where the school was situated, and visitors as well as school groups can imagine life there.

Perhaps most importantly, one area allegedly designated to be sold includes a Scheduled Ancient Monument (SAM) site which is highly regulated as befits its national significance.

This covers the site of a prehistoric settlement bordered by a defensive stone wall, which defines the borders of the scheduled site.

However, since the SAM status was granted, it has become evident that other adjoining areas were used by the people who lived

within the walled enclosure, for example for herding farm animals or growing crops.

Scattered through the wood there are also several carved rocks, pre-dating the Bronze Age era and also of national significance. Further archaeological explorations in Buck Wood would be difficult were the land ever to be sold or developed in any way.

But above all Buck Wood is enjoyed by so many local people, who feel it is part of their heritage, and that it belongs to them.

The Friends of Buck Wood have worked hard to make the wood accessible to all - for example by developing an area suitable for wheelchairs and pushchairs and installing an entrance for easy access.

Local schools and forest schools visit the wood regularly, as do local walking groups. It is part of all our lives and a vital element of local people's daily lives.

It must stay that way.

Pictures by Cathryn Bell.



How To

Understand Planning Applications

People rightly value where they live and changes to an area, whether minor or wholesale, can be disturbing.

But how do you make your feelings known? Here is a simple guide to a simple process.

1. Type into your search bar "Bradford Council Planning". This will bring up the options in the picture below. From here it really is simple to navigate and explore.

 [Bradford Council](https://www.bradford.gov.uk)
<https://www.bradford.gov.uk> > [view-planning-applications](#)

[View or check the progress of planning applications](#)

View planning applications or check the progress of an application. Search for current and historic applications on our online planning register.

 [Bradford Council](https://www.bradford.gov.uk)
<https://www.bradford.gov.uk> > [comment-on-or-object-to...](#)

[Comment on or object to a planning application](#)

You can view electronic copies of planning applications, including application forms, plans and supporting information.

 [Bradford Council](https://www.bradford.gov.uk)
<https://www.bradford.gov.uk> > [make-a-planning-applicat...](#)

[Make a planning application](#)

You can apply online via the Planning Portal, or by post using forms downloaded from the Planning Portal website. Some applications cannot be submitted online.

2. Clicking on the first option above should find all you need. You can either register for free or login each time as a guest. It does not matter and your input is confidential.

 Search ▾  My Profile ▾  Saved Searches  Login  Register

3. You can search in a number of ways; if you know the application number this is easiest. However, you can use the address or postcode. You can also search past applications for the same property.

4. You can also search weekly or monthly by parish or ward or even date order. It is a very user friendly system.

5. Once you find the application you want click on this to open it. Here you will find all the information concerning the application and, crucially, how to either support or object.

Have a go and have your say.

Details [Have Your Say](#) [Documents](#) [Items related to this application \(2\)](#) [Map](#)

Summary [Further Information](#) [Contacts](#) [Important Dates](#)

The Yorkshire Dialect Society

www.yorkshiredialectsociety.org.uk

Established in 1987 the Yorkshire Dialect Society is the world's oldest surviving dialect society. On 10th November 1894, Joseph Wright addressed a meeting about a mammoth project to prepare and publish an English Dialect Dictionary. The committee formed as a result of this meeting, which eventually collected some 350,000 Yorkshire words and phrases, was to be the nucleus of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, officially inaugurated on 27th March 1897.

Professor Wright was an amazing man. Born in 1855 in Idle, Bradford, he started work at the age of six, and on reaching his teens and while working in one of the many mills in the West Riding, he taught himself to read and write, set up his own night school at home to

supplement his income, and went on to become a teacher, and eventually a professor at Oxford.

Even his dream of publishing the Dictionary was marred by him not finding anyone willing to take the risk, and he ended up publishing it at his own, not inconsiderable, expense. He went on expanding his academic knowledge until his death in 1930.

Here are a couple of sayings courtesy of Trumpit reader Dave Illingworth:

The old man has died/T'owd lad's popped is clogs - She were a good looking lady/Shi wern't a bad bottomed lass.

For more information see the website.



Festive News

Idle Village Xmas Lights
Sunday November 30th From 3pm
Switch on 6pm
Numerous stalls and local
businesses.

Thackley Methodist Church Christmas Fair
Saturday 29th November 10 – 12 noon
Lots of stalls – Refreshments – Free Entry

Thackley Lights
Saturday 6th November From 2pm
Switch on 6pm
Thackley Cricket Club, Ainsbury Avenue.

The Bill Craven Community Fund has
donated £100 to both Idle and Thackley lights.



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Tales From Whitby

www.vittyscottages.co.uk



Many moons ago our small group of ageing dreamers hatched on a plan to have a week away from life's stresses walking stretches of this great land. As age and infirmity sadly caught up, we reluctantly swapped blisters and chaffed thighs for bloated livers and three days on the east coast with tales from Whitby.

This years intake had grown again, even if Uncle Andy had taken his short, fat hairy legs to the Gold Coast rather than the east.

As reported last month, a tense draw for the various rooms across two adjacent houses took place in late September. Here is a brief resume of this year's inmates.

Leapy - a stellar career in financial services with lifestyle mitigated only by a choice of expensive wives. The only man worried if Rachel from Accounts chases the super-rich.

The Major - a combustible type known for assaulting cricket umpires and football referees alike. Addicted to golf and Leeds United.

Patch - retired entrepreneur now living on Baildon Golf course. Lifelong ambitions are to keep the wife happy, find a diet that includes whisky and never share a room with Big Al.

Five Pints - lives with three ginger women so anticipates this trip like a month in a 5* Caribbean resort. The resident tech guru and nominated as posh coffee machine operator.

Prince Harry - thought it would be cool to come away with his Godfather - me - a few years ago and now we can't get rid of him. Progressed from camp bed to luxury double.

Fagin - three days away from the stresses of running The Scruffy and placating Nob Ed Korna. Secretly wishes it was much longer.

Big Al - last but not least and in no need of an introduction to regular readers. Will find any excuse to avoid the traditional Sunday walk. A boost to Whitby's trade balance

Desperate for three days off from scooping canine turds into black plastic bags, I made a hasty exit and headed into Storm Amy with Whitby on my mind. In no time at all I was heading down the hill with no sign of the sea.

We had had some bad news; Prince Harry's mum, the usual provider of umpteen homemade pastries and the rest, had ditched us as she too was on the lash in York. Greggs around the corner would do a bomb.

Having drawn the luxury attic double, I relaxed with a cuppa only for a cold shiver to run through me. In my joy at this obvious win, I had failed to spot that Big Al was also in the same house, one floor below with The Major. Suddenly dog walking looked appealing.

Our five golfers were on their way having had a soaking already before another form of soaking a few hours later. For a change we were at the bottom of the hill and dangerously close to The Ship Inn. As the rain lashed down it looked like being a long weekend.

Soon old pals, Big Al and The Major, were bickering like Jack and Vera Duckworth; I've always been convinced they should have married. We found The Ship with uncanny ease and locals soon granted us eight spots.

Leapy and Fagin had yet to draw lots for who would get the bunk in what Leapy dryly referred to as "the nursery". Thoughts turned to the following day's entertainment as Trumpit sponsored local team Thackley were playing at nearby Pickering with Prince Harry their newly appointed social media correspondent.

Planes, trains and automobiles were considered for the trip but soon all thoughts turned to a closer trip uphill into the wind and rain to once again visit our favourite Whitby chinky. Empty as ever, the staff greeted us like long lost friends as Big Al ate ribs like a starving man, meat, bones and almost plate..

I woke early the following day and snuck out for a coffee and paper. On my return The Major was packing his case. "I'm off! Can't stand another night sleeping in a hippo pen!"

Apparently Big Al had managed to "snore, fart and talk to himself all in one breath!!" Surely Luckless Linda will one day appear in the King's Honours for services to humanity? The Major was borderline PTSD.

Musing on the excellent quality of our accommodation, thoughts turned to 2026 and the re-introduction of Uncle Andy. The Major was insistent that he should be excluded from any draw for rooms and allocated the top bunk in the nursery. This was on the grounds of being a midget, absent for two years and his previous life as a fireman. "Little bugger's been climbing ladders all his bloody life!"

The afternoon's entertainment was our visit to Pickering to support The Dennyboys. Two-nil down into the second half, Thackley had the loyal travelling support from Muppet Hill more delirious than their lively, colourful and bonkers assistant manager, winning with a spectacular late goal. It was a deserved win and, as their new lucky charms, we await full corporate hospitality for the return...please.

Later, fine-dining expert Leapy's suggestion of Cosa Nostra could not have been bettered. A stylish Italian with food to match the surroundings - well recommended.

Naturally we washed it down with a few at The Ship but young Prince Harry was flagging and Patch had the urge to retreat to his whisky stash and Match of the Day - the diet was on hold - again.

Back home wild winds were battering Bradford and the next day we had seven miles to walk; there could be trouble ahead.



We woke to glorious clear skies, far better than the murky air within Morse Cottage. Fagin had opted to be Big Al's carer for the day claiming a bad back; he was off to watch more fake injuries via the football. The Major had also defected.

Leapy had an app that offered a "gentle, circular walk" but we knew this was bollocks - since when has an app done a walk? Plus we had form for getting lost. So it was that, after half an hour, we were back at the starting point. Leapy claimed the app "bleeped if you went off course" to which Patch asked "have you got your sound on?" We knew the answer.

If the app had been honest in its description it would have said "a walk dominated by the beauty of tarmac and the incessant rumble of speeding cars. Be careful not to leave the moaning, sweaty fat lad at the back."

Eventually we found a route off the road to Teeside and a promised land of farmers' fields and woodland. It went from the sublime - a secluded luxury spa retreat - to the ridiculous - as we waded through a field full of waste from a nearby caravan site...or detention centre depending on your view of these things.

Finally, we made it home and with a quick shower it was off to join the other shower at the traditional Sunday resting place across the swing bridge at The Dolphin.

Several hours were wasted watching ridiculously paid footballers rolling about on expensive turf, placated by numpty so-called experts desperate to maintain their slots on the Sky Sports gravy train leaving us grateful we had seen an authentic match the previous afternoon at Pickering.

And soon, far too soon, it was all over. I was awoken by the call of old man's waterworks early on the Monday morning. One floor below came a terrible constant rumbling like a simmering volcano; I never got back to sleep. Three precious days in company as rich as you could wish for had vanished in a flash.

Be grateful, be happy!



The Thackley Trumpit

The Trumpit was born in 1987 by Alvin Blossom, landlord of the long gone Shoulder of Mutton pub in Thackley. "Bloss", an ex-Radio Leeds DJ, developed what was originally known as The Thackley Trumpit as a bar top A4 flyer. It took a "sabbatical" from 1992 until it re-appeared in December 2000 with the late Bill Craven as co-editor. Bill started with the Shipley Times & Express as a sixteen-year-old.

Copies were sold for 10p eventually rising to 25p. This page is dedicated to the two of them and all who have contributed during the years to 2018...and beyond. The 2000-2018 archive is on the website - www.thetrumpit.com

This month here are some extracts from edition 262 (November 2002). The headline story was a terrible tale of an assault on an elderly lady with The Thackley Trumpit rightly reflecting local outrage.

On page two there was some light relief which - ladies - I am simply reproducing and do not wish to be looking at yet more legal threats.

BEWARE THE BERYL'S OF BEER

Be on the lookout! The Authorities are warning all male clubbers, partygoers and unsuspecting pub regulars, to be alert and stay cautious when offered a drink by a woman. A 'date drug' on the market, called 'beer', is being used by females to target unsuspecting men. The drug is found in liquid form, and is now available almost anywhere. 'Beer' is used by female predators at parties and in bars to persuade their male victims to go home and get 'frisky'. Typically, a woman needs only to persuade a guy to consume a few units of 'beer' and then simply ask him home for no-strings-attached 'hanky panky'.

Men are rendered helpless against this approach. After several 'beers', men will often

succumb to accompanying horrific looking women, to whom they would never normally be attracted. After drinking 'beer', men often awaken with only hazy memories of exactly what happened the night before ... usually with a vague feeling that something isn't quite right.

At other times these unfortunate men are swindled out of their life savings in a familiar scam known as 'a relationship'. Apparently men are much more susceptible to this scam after 'beer' and 'temptation' is offered by the predatory female.

Please! Forward this warning to every male you know. However, if you fall victim to the insidious 'beer', and the predatory women administering it, there are male support groups with venues in every town. These places enable you to discuss the details of your shocking encounter in an open and frank manner, with similarly affected, like-minded guys.

For the support group nearest you, just look up 'Golf Clubs' in the Yellow Pages.

There also was a nostalgic piece on Bonfire Night. Here are the first few paragraphs.

Would the government of the day allow the blowing up of Parliament despite having prior knowledge of the plot? Of course they would! Or so it was suggested in 1605, when only intervention by Catholics, reluctant to see friends killed, betrayed the conspirators, and prevented the actual act going ahead.

It is amazing how the celebration of this one act has survived for 400 years when far more devastating events have faded into history and been forgotten by all but history scholars.

Tuesday of next week, November 5th, 2002 sees the 397th anniversary of this extraordinary event and the bonfires with their burning effigies of the local lad (well not so local, his family came from York), Guy Fawkes, still take pride of place every autumn. His action did not do him a lot of good, he was promptly executed the same year.

Thackley has seen some memorable bonfires over the years, but not just for Guy Fawkes night. They have been built to celebrate events such as Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (1897), King George V's Coronation (1911) his Silver Jubilee (1935), V.E. Day (Victory in Europe) (1945) and Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation (1953). The traditional site being at the summit of Birk Hill and in a number of cases so huge that scaffolding had to be erected to assist the builders.

And, in an age where we lament the lack of things for kids to do - that don't cost a small fortune - what would we give for a YMCA?



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An finally a poem about scrumping which, along with chumping and progging, seems to have vanished. Here is the first verse.

In last month's issue we asked for submissions from readers. Mr. Eric Dean has sent us the following poem for autumn.

SCRUMPING

Through the autumn twilight creep a band of little boys,
They're all intent on doing wrong, with its ensuing joys.
Their fathers, grandfathers before have all done just the same.
There's nothing new in scrumping though-they've all played the same



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Trumpit Money

The Buy-to-Let Market

When it comes to the buy-to-let landscape, it feels like new regulations are emerging constantly, leaving landlords feeling as though the goalposts are perpetually shifting. While volatility in the market has undoubtedly diminished the attractiveness of the sector, it's not all doom and gloom. Amid the challenges, opportunities and support for prospective and current landlords is widely available.

The Renter's Reform Bill is looming ever closer, and although it's still subject to approval from the House of Lords, the stage has effectively been set that it will become law by the end of the year. As well as making it more challenging for landlords to evict tenants, another contentious element of the bill is the potential restriction on re-letting a property for 12 months after serving notice to sell. This "one-size-fits-all" approach risks forcing many landlords out of the market, so it's never been more important to get your ducks in a row and prepare for the changes.

While 2030 might seem far away, preparation is needed for future environmental standards that are due to come into place - particularly when it comes to a rental property's EPC rating. Although mandatory ratings of C and above are not yet formal legislation, taking a proactive approach by budgeting and carrying out retrofitting works over a phased period of time will save additional costs and hassle later on down the line.

As a starting point, make sure to obtain an up-to-date EPC for your rental property. This will identify cost-effective measures that can lift your rating, such as insulation, boiler upgrades, and lighting improvements. It doesn't all have to be at an upfront cost, either. The growing number of green mortgages available offer preferential rates and cashback incentives for properties that have - or aspire to - an EPC rating of A or B.

Making these changes now will not only get you ahead from a legislation perspective, but also help to make your buy-to-let property more attractive to current and prospective tenants given the reduction in energy bills.

When it comes to lending, the message for landlords is far more positive. Lenders are keen to do business, with attractive buy-to-let mortgage rates readily available. Additionally, lenders are offering lower stress rates for longer-term products, making five-year fixed-rate mortgages a more favourable option for those seeking greater stability and higher borrowing capacity.

Momentum is also building to address long-standing legislative issues, particularly around cladding and fire safety in city centre properties. For one, the Building Safety Act 2022 shields most qualifying leaseholders from crippling remediation costs. Stricter, legally-backed deadlines have also been imposed for building owners to complete fire safety works (for example, the 2029 deadline for buildings over 18m in height). This offers a faint yet perceptible light at the end of the tunnel, and will no doubt be a significant weight off many landlords' shoulders.

From a mortgage broker's perspective, there is real empathy for landlords currently being moved from pillar to post, and it's understandable why it may not feel like as attractive a prospect as it may have previously. However, in this volatile climate for prospective and current landlords, talking to an expert broker is essential.

It's their responsibility to help you navigate this complex market, discuss potential funding options, and secure you a competitive rate. While we can't hide from the fact that tough times are still ahead, the buy-to-let space offers a wealth of opportunities for those who are well prepared, and brokers and lenders alike are here to support you.

**Andrew Milnes Mortgage Advice Bureau,
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Walks in Yorkshire

Virginia's Etchings - Cow and Calf

Mike Priestley

Many readers will remember Mike Priestley as a journalist for the Bradford T&A. His regular walking columns were a treat. A local lad, Mike has kindly given The Trumpit permission to reproduce walks from the five books he wrote dating back to the 1980s. I have remained faithful to the original text but some routes may have changed given the passage of time so please be aware. This is his second book.

There's history, prehistory and reminders of romances of long ago on this classic walk—an energetic evening outing on the edge of Ilkley Moor.

Its one of those walks with a couple of possible starting points and which can be taken clockwise or ant-clockwise depending on whether you want to climb up or scramble down the steepest bit.

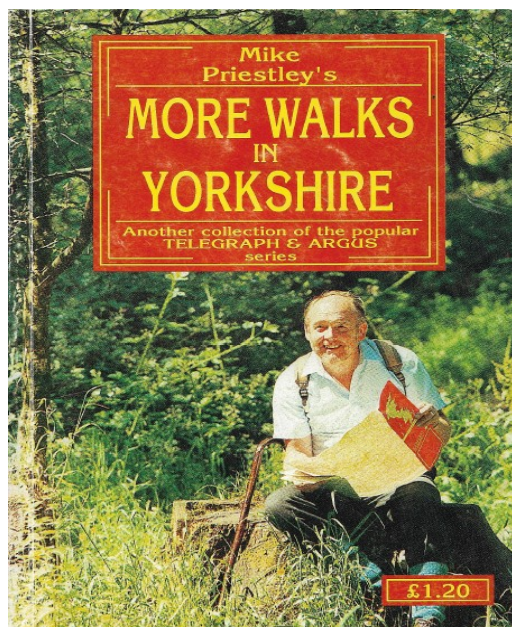
I chose the clockwise route, starting at the carpark next to Ilkley College (*long gone-Ed*) in Wells Road (the alternative is the Cow and Calf). A long, steady, uphill pull was ahead of me before the relief of a steep descent.

I left the carpark and headed across Wells Road and through the five-barred gate to the right of the top house opposite.

As I strode up the paved track leading to Ilkley Tarn, a group of joggers overtook me grunting the way joggers tend to when they're enjoying themselves.

I was to do a bit of grunting myself later on, as my path grew steeper. But for the moment it was a mere stroll as I passed the tarn where in cold winters (remember those?) people used to skate.

At the far end of the tarn a trickle of smaller paths led to a broader, clearly-defined one which turned and twisted upwards towards



the left of a rugged rock outcrop.

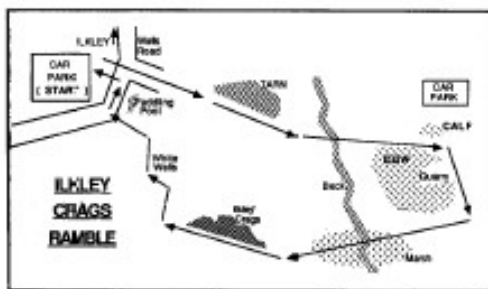
At one point it dipped down to a bridge over a tumbling stream. At the other side I ignored the narrower path climbing to the right and took the left-hand fork towards broader steps.

It was beginning to be a bit of a pull and I was wishing I hadn't had a big meal an hour earlier. Although I hadn't yet got around to grunting, I was huffing and puffing a bit.

From time to time I stopped and looked back at the evening sun hovering above the Wharfedale mists, and envied the people who live in this town and have the moors as their back garden.

A rock in the middle of the path had the name "Mrs Virginia Ratcliffe" carved on the side of it in well-weathered letters. Who was this Mrs Ratcliffe to merit such immortality? And was she anything to do with the "P & A" whose initials were carved on the same rock, in an arrowed heart alongside the date '87.

The soft rocks of Ilkley Moor have long lent themselves to being decorated, not only by the hundreds who have carved names and messages on the Cow over the past century or



so, but also by the mysterious prehistoric people who produced the cup-and-ring markings and the famous design on the Swastika Stone.

It was the Calf rock, squatting in the shadow of the Cow, which was my first landmark after my path crossed a broad track and continued upwards.

Passing to the right of this much-climbed rock, and with the Cow and Calf carpark below to the left (the walk's alternative starting point), I passed the entrance to the quarry on my right and took the path which continued to climb ahead.

Rounding the corner on to the moor, a broad, green and rather boggy path pointed the way south-west to the steep climb up to Ilkley Crag which dominated the skyline.

It was as I slogged up the incline towards them, after crossing Blackstone Beck, that I began to grunt. At the top, the grunts turned into a gasp of pleasure at the sight of the

deep orange sun snuggling down into the mist of a still April evening.

The path led along the top of the crags until, just below a large and sprawling cairn, it met the broad track leading down towards the stone steps and path descending to the White Wells and its spa waters.

Beside the seat on a grassy knoll overlooking White Wells a sloping stone faced the setting sun as it must have done for centuries. On it, lovers of long ago had carved their initials. "J & J" alongside the date 1833.

There was a choice of route down from the front of the building. I could take the half-paved track which curved gently down the hillside, or I could go by the more direct route down the grassy path which pointed towards the college buildings.

Years ago taking this latter route after rain, I slipped, slid on my backside across a muddy patch, and had to drive home without my trousers (and there m'lud, rests the case for the defence!).

This time the ground was dry and I reached the car park safely.

Time: 1 & 1/2 hours approximately

Sincere thanks to Nigel Burton, Editor of the Bradford T&A, for allowing The Trumpit to publish Mike's wonderful walks.





Welcome to the last column of the year with the jobs to be done on the plot now winding down. As tempting as it is to try to continue the self-sought splendid isolation with excuses to visit the plot, the land needs a rest as much as you and I. The fact that the television gardening shows have a defined season tells you all you need to know. Roll on next year.

That said, I am hopeful that the new £465 planter currently "caring" for my Christmas dinner potatoes in my back garden comes up with the goods, even if they are probably the most expensive spuds on the planet.

Down on the plot the beetroot are still there but dwindling by the week. This year I have not pickled any, much preferring to either eat freshly grated into salads or bake in tin foil.

Another notable success has been with broccoli and I am convinced this does better – for the amateur, time-poor gardener – planted later in the season. Of course the constant battle with the cabbage white butterfly has resulted in some casualties but I have managed to protect enough plants from the voraciousness of the caterpillars.

The results are impressive and tasty. Next year I will repeat the process of infilling the early potato patch once harvested with my broccoli crop. Sadly, left unprotected, the swedes have been decimated.

One thing, aside from simple general maintenance, to do now is determine your plan for next year. You should already have a rotation plan stuck to the shed wall like a general's war map.

Crops can broadly be divided into six categories so far as outdoor planting goes as follows: alliums (onions), beans, brassicas, potatoes, root crops (carrots, parsnips) and salads.

Rotation is a good idea as each category provide the soil with different nutrients and varying levels of potential threats too. Whether to dig or not is also a recent hot topic and, frankly, the jury remains out. Clearly, no dig is a lot easier and your potato bed will always have to be dug anyway; so if you are happy with a no dig policy that sees one bed dug every few years then win-win.

Now is an ideal time to consider repairs to beds, sheds and greenhouses once again with inclement weather in mind. Simple fixes now will save time and money come spring. As will sharpening and cleaning your tools.

Working on your compost heap will save you a few quid and also keep you warm – I recommend a flask of tea and a few biscuits as a reward for an hour or so digging sh*t.

Although I've talked about the "recipe" before it is worth repeating. Simply put we are creating a layered cake of discarded green matter, carbon (cardboard) and grass which creates heat. Fully rotted down food waste (if not you will have a plague of very interested rats) – not meats – is good as is newspaper.

Space allowing try to create two areas; one for the original pile which you should aim to turn monthly and the second which is ready to sieve. Covering your piles with plastic or tarpaulin will help prevent a soggy mess over winter and you can always water if things get too dry. By spring the cardboard will have been absorbed and your wallet will feel good. Leaves are great too but you will need a lot of space and they can take longer to rot down.

Eccleshill Horticultural Society is based on Harrogate Road membership is a modest £3 annually. The society shop now reverts to opening on Saturday mornings only from 10-12 until next March.



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Finding Calm in the Festive Rush

It's that time of year when everything starts to speed up. Here are a few gentle reminders to help you stay grounded.

It's all hype.

This season is a wonderful opportunity for commerce - we spend, spend, spend! Have you ever said you're done, then thought, I'll just get one more thing?

The real meaning of this time is love and generosity. Instead of gifting a present, gift your presence. We all crave connection, yet often forget and get caught up in comparison or competition.

What if you dropped the expectations, most of which are self-imposed, and simply spent time with someone to remind them they matter?

When you feel stressed or under pressure, stop and breathe. Relax your shoulders, jaw and forehead, and come back to where your body is. This is the act of becoming present.

I'm starting a monthly women's circle - W.I.S.S.H. - Women's Inner Stillness & Success Hub® - right here locally. It's a space to slow down, connect and find calm with like-minded women.

Keep an eye on the local Facebook group for details.

From my heart to yours - breathe into the season, protect your peace, and be present.

Jane x



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Carol 07713 978045

Tuesday ~ Idle

5.30pm

Idle Baptist Church
Bradford Road, Opp Co-Op

Liz 07719 437486

Friday ~ Shipley

7.30am, 9am & 10.30am

Caroline Street Social Club

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Saturday ~ Bolton Outlanes

8am & 9.30am

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A Tree

John Guy

My partner and I had just driven down from Hartlepool, during Storm Amy. A tree had been uprooted, and I started wondering how it felt, and decided to write about it. A few people who read it said they were quite moved, and suggest I should share it.

I've been here a hundred years. I don't know how many days that is, but I've felt every one of them. I remember the boy who planted me. His hands were small and clumsy with a spade, but he smiled like I was already something worth being proud of. His father laughed and patted the soil down around me, like tucking me into bed.

That was the beginning.

I thought I'd last forever. Seasons came and went, and I just kept standing. I watched children grow up in my shade, I felt their tiny hands on my bark, their laughter rattling through my branches when they swung from me. I held their secrets too, initials carved into my skin, promises I still carry. I gave them shade when the sun was hot, shelter when the rain fell.

But now the sky feels different. Heavy. Dark. The air has weight. Like something pressing down on me, warning me of what's coming. My leaves can't sit still, rustling like nervous fingers. I can feel the storm before it arrives.

I tell myself to remain calm. I've done this before. I've stood through lightning, through winters that split my branches, through winds that made me ache. I tell myself to hold on. I dig my roots deeper, curling them like toes into the ground, clutching them like a man clings to the edge of a cliff.

The first blast of wind nearly breaks me in half. My body bends, groaning. The ground beneath me shifts. It's softer than it used to be. My grip is slipping.

I don't want to go, I'm not ready. I've been here too long, how do I stop being here? Another gust slams into me, harder, and I remember faces. Children laughing, lovers kissing, the boy who planted me. They're all gone now. But I'm still here. Or I was.

Then it happens. The soil let's go. My roots rip free from the earth with a sound I can only describe as screaming. And then, for the first time in a hundred years, I fall.

I hit the ground hard. My branches snap, my crown shatters, my leaves scatter into the storm. I am lying on my side, naked roots in the open air, and I feel smaller than I ever have.

I don't know if this is death, or just something new I can't yet understand. But if anyone ever wonders who I was, I want them to know, I was loved, I belonged.

For a hundred years, I was part of people's lives. And maybe that's enough.

Christmas is Coming Café!
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Email: elizabeth@thememorytree.org.uk

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Local lad Rob Elliott is Thackley through and through and has recently bought the old McCallan's café on Leeds Road, Thackley.

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With almost twenty years experience in the catering trade, Rob intends to broaden the offering at Elliott's.

One of Rob's specialities is in outside catering (weddings, wakes, birthdays, special celebrations and much more). Contact Rob for quotes and tailor-made menus for your requirements.

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Community News

Here are the Bradford Ramblers walks planned for this month. If you are free on a Wednesday or Thursday evening why not join a friendly local group exploring Bradford for a 2-hour mid-week walk? All usual walks are approx. 4 to 5 miles starting at 7pm.

The first two items are for our annual AGM with a pre-AGM walk at 2pm meeting at Wilsden Village Hall: Contact Muriel 07981 106470. The AGM follows @ 4pm in Wilsden Village Hall. Contact Kevin 07505 206452;

6th @ 7pm in the bus turning circle of Titus Salt School, Higher Coach Road, Baildon, Shipley. Please note the need to approach from A6038 Shipley to Otley Rd. Contact Stuart 01274 731 733;

12th @7pm in the Ian Clough carpark, Browgate, Baildon. Contact Vanda 07715 527448;

20th @ 7pm by Royds Park gates, Cleckheaton, opposite the Princess Mary Athletics Stadium. Contact Muriel 07981 106470;

26th @ 7pm in Dock Lane (the road leading down to the footbridge over the river), near its junction with Dockfield Road. Contact Kevin 07505 206452.

Rags To Riches Cat Rescue were the lucky recipients of a £2000 donation from Support

Idle Post Office

Twenty-five years serving the community. You can now do your day-to-day banking at your local post office. It's a free and easy way to access your bank account for personal & business customers.

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The Animal Rescues Shop (S.T.A.R.S). This will be used to help pay the vet bills and general care costs.

Visit this great charity shop at the Old Mill, Victoria Road, Eccleshill, BD2 2BT. Open: Mon, Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat 9.30 to 16.30 and Sun 11.00–15.00. Closed Tuesdays.

Volunteers are needed between the hours of 10 to 1 or 1 to 4; please call in or get in touch via Facebook, Instagram, Tiktok or email: star-shop2024@hotmail.com



The Commercial

Thackley's original village pub recently refurbished with a warm welcome to all. We are family-run and dog-friendly too. Come along and sample a great range of cask ales with a warming open fire. There's lots going on each week and a function room for hire too. Please contact Gary on 07495 157938.

What's On

The Commercial-free bar snacks Friday to Sunday plus lots going on here.

Idle WMC-Thursdays quiz (8.45pm) and bingo night (7.15pm).

The George-2nd Charlotte Nicholson & Jazz 6.30pm; 8th Whiskey Shed 9pm; 9th Gerry Souful 6.30pm; 15th Adam Larnier Acoustic 9pm; 16th Sean Harrington 6.30pm; 22nd Face The Strange 9pm; 23rd Rick Miles 6.30pm; 30th Jerrad Barraclough 6.30pm.

Silence are playing The New Inn, Wilsden Saturday 15th

The Highfield- Friday night DJ from 7pm. Lola D & DJ Garty – live vocals & house music – 7th & 21st; Playing For Kicks 22nd.



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Bradford For Sale

The BBC reported back in February the following: *Bradford Council has been allowed to relax funding rules by the government to help it raise £127.1m in an effort to ease its financial crisis.*

The city has been on the financial brink for the past two years and narrowly staved off bankruptcy last March following an emergency package from government.

Under the terms of the new cash settlement, the authority will be unable to sell off any of its community and heritage assets.

And yet only last month came news that the ancient Buck Wood in Thackley was being considered to be effectively broken up and sold off to the highest bidder. Madness it surely was. With that threat averted for now, there is still a lot to be concerned about, especially here in BD10.

The following is from our local Lib Dem councillors.

Why is this happening?

...the Council is attempting to raise funds by selling land and property it owns on behalf of residents. At that time, they published a list which included farms in our area.

What has happened since?

Community groups...have been working through each case, trying to protect woodlands, footpaths, and other vital features of our environment. Some farms are tenanted, meaning they will stay in use until those tenancies end.

After that, the new owners will be able to sell or develop them, subject to the planning rules in effect at the time.

Meanwhile, the Council is pressing ahead with its plan to sell £150 million worth of assets over a four-year period. As of 15 July 2025, it had identified £84.4m, completed £10.3m of sales, and agreed another £12.7m.

Had the council not agreed to the government money and terms it is likely that many of the well-paid so-called public servants may well have been looking for other jobs with a government task-force sent in to run the city.

The current "plan" is about self-preservation for a tiny minority and sod the rest of us. It is a failure of generations.

Just over nine years ago a little-known Councillor Hinchcliffe (Windhill & Wrose) came to power via an internal shifting of seats.

The Bradford Telegraph and Argus reported at the time (13/5/16): *Cllr Hinchcliffe said: "Cllr Green (the deposed previous leader) has steered the district well through some exceptionally difficult times.*

"He completed his four year term but the Labour group decided to vote for me to lead us over this next cycle.

"The cuts...are going to mean that councils will look very different in the future, I'm honoured that the Labour group has put their faith in me to lead on that challenge."

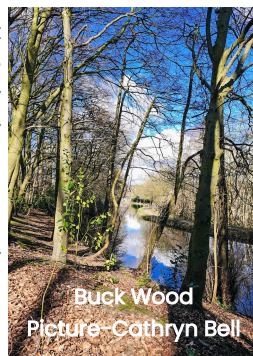
Nine years on and Bradford is bankrupt barring the technicalities.

There is no doubt that central government cuts have impacted many local authorities up and down the country and Bradford is not alone.

However, there are numerous examples of dreadful decision making, the consequences of which will be felt for years, wiping out of some £270m of reserves in little over three years and heading for a forecasted net debt of a staggering £1bn by 2030.

Nine years is surely time enough. The City of Culture jamboree ends soon and has been an abject failure so far as the promises of millions of visitors and external investment.

Nine years is a very long "cycle".



Phoenix Art Club

Reflections Exhibition

I would like to thank The Trumpit for including our advertisement for our first exhibition. We certainly appreciated you helping us getting our little art club to be known in the area.

The exhibition was well attended and we have ended up recruiting six new members from various sources, and we have now reached our maximum morning class size. There has been a real buzz in the club, and the members enthusiasm has increased.

Our Reflections Exhibition was held at Bolton Methodist Church from Monday 15th to Friday 19th September. From a slow start of members bringing in pictures to exhibit we ended up with 100 pictures on display. Plus, our Bradford 'A Shining Star' which we created especially for the Bradford City of Culture year.



We have now produced a book showing most the paintings that we displayed and are extremely proud of our achievements. We look forward to our continued collaboration.



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Bookworm

A Windhill Wanderer

Hostage, by Eli Sharabi is the first memoir written by an Israeli taken captive by Hamas during the “Al-Aqsa Flood”, the horrific attack by Hamas on 7th October 2023. Sharabi was abducted from his home in Kibbutz Be’eri, held for 491 days and released in February 2025.

In the book he details the physical, emotional and psychological ordeal of his captivity – the deprivation, violence, uncertainty and the bonds that he forged with the other hostages and their determination to survive.

When Sharabi was dragged from his home at gunpoint, he left behind his wife and two teenage daughters. At the time, he assumed Hamas was limiting its brutality to men and was convinced that his family would be safe and waiting for him when he was finally released.

He stayed strong for them. Had he known at the time that they had been brutally murdered shortly after his abduction, he might not have had the inner reserve to survive. He was equally unaware that his brother had also been taken hostage and was killed in captivity.

During his first 50 days in captivity, Sharabi was held, along with a Thai hostage, in a family home in Gaza. A woman with three sons, her husband and two Hamas guards kept watch over them.

The hostages were shackled throughout their ordeal and kept in uncomfortable conditions, but at least whilst in the family home, they were fed (they were given whatever the family was eating), were allowed to use the bathroom and could shower.

Sharabi speaks Arabic, so he could converse with his captors and deliberately did so, in an attempt to build relationships with them and find out as much about them as possible.

Things got much, much worse when they were moved into the hellscape of the underground tunnels. Sharabi catalogues the conditions in such detail you can almost feel them. The description of the tiny white worms that took over the toilet after it stopped flushing is particularly

stomach-churning, as is (according to Sharabi) the accompanying smell.

This level of visceral detail gives power to the memoir and helps readers grasp the extreme nature of the ordeal.

In the tunnels Sharabi was grouped with three other Israeli hostages (the young Thai was taken off elsewhere) and the four men were held together until Sharabi’s release. Beyond the horror, the relationship between the captives (and perhaps unexpectedly the captives’ relationship with their captors), adds a complexity which elevates the narrative to much more than a chronicle of suffering.

For example, it becomes clear to the hostages that some of the guards are more approachable than others and the guards have their favourites. When they realise this, the hostages adapt their behaviour accordingly.

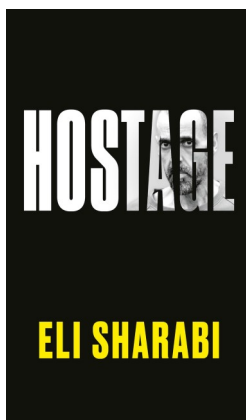
Early in their captivity Sharabi suggested the practice of gratitude and this became a nightly ritual for the men. They would each share what they felt grateful for that day: being grateful for having not being beaten and being grateful for having been given an extra scrap of pitta bread that day were regular items on the gratitude list.

There are also moving descriptions of how the youngest hostage (Alon Ohel, taken from the Nova Festival) would recite the Shabbat prayers every Friday and taught the others the words of the traditional songs that accompanied Jewish festivals. Observing these practices gave Sharabi (a secular Jew) a sense of faith that he did not normally have.

Because this is a very recent event and Sharabi was held until early 2025, his voice carries immediacy.

His testimony is intended to convey “what life is like inside captivity... so that the world will understand”.

In Israel, it has become a remarkable publishing phenomenon with record-breaking sales.



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More Joe King

A man returns from the doctor and tells his wife that the doctor has told him he has only 24 hours to live. Given this prognosis, the man asks his wife for sex.

Naturally, she agrees, and they make love. About six hours later, the husband goes to his wife and says, "Honey, you know I now have only 18 hours to live. Could we please do it one more time?"

Of course, the wife agrees, and they do it again. Later, as the man gets into bed, he looks at his watch and realizes that he now has only 8 hours left. He touches his wife shoulder, and asks, "Honey, please...just one more time before die."

She says, "Of course, Dear," and they make love for the third time. After this session, the wife rolls over and falls asleep. The man, however, worried about his impending death, tosses and turns, until he's down to 4 more hours.

He taps his wife, who rouses. "Honey, I have only 4 more hours. Do you think we could..." At this point the wife sits up and says, "Listen, I have to get up in the morning. You don't!"

I met an attractive 60 year old woman at a bar last night. She was very sexy looking I thought to myself if she has a daughter she wouldn't look too bad either. We had a few drinks together and then she asked me if I'd ever had a thing called a Sportsman's Double?

"What's that?" I asked. "It's a mother and daughter threesome," she replied.

I was really thinking this could be my lucky night so we drank a little more. Then we went back to her place. When we got in the front door

I couldn't contain my excitement and then she shouts up stairs, "MOTHER, ARE YOU STILL AWAKE?"

During a visit to my doctor, I asked him, "How do you determine whether or not an older person should be put in an old age home?" "Well," he said, "we fill up a bathtub, then we offer a teaspoon, a teacup and a bucket to the person to empty the bathtub."

"Oh, I understand," I said. "A normal person would use the bucket because it is bigger than the spoon or the teacup."

"No" he said. "A normal person would pull the plug. Do you want a bed near the window?"

Once upon a time there lived a King who had the most beautiful daughter. But there was a problem. Everything the princess touched would melt, no matter what.

Because of this, men were afraid of her. Nobody would dare marry her. The King despaired. What could he do to help his daughter?

He consulted his wizards and magicians. One wizard told the King, "If your daughter touches one thing that does not melt in her hands, she will be cured." The King was overjoyed and came up with a plan.

The next day, he held a competition. Any man that could bring his daughter an object that would not melt would marry her and inherit the King's wealth. Three young princes took up the challenge.

The first brought a sword of the finest steel but when the Princess touched it, it melted.

The second brought diamonds. But alas, once the Princess touched them, they melted. He too was sent away disappointed.

The third approached told the Princess, "Put your hand in my pocket and feel what is in there." The Princess did as she was told.

She felt something very hard in her hand. And it did not melt! The King was overjoyed. Everybody in the kingdom was overjoyed. And the Prince married the Princess and they both lived happily ever after

So what was in the Prince's pants?

M&M's of course! They melt in your mouth, not in your hand!

{continued from page 44}

The next match was the local derby against Campion AFC. This game was more than just a derby, with several players from Thackley's playoff team last season now starting for Campion.

The Dennyboys started as they meant to go on, with Paul Walker scoring in the opening five minutes. That was followed by three more goals throughout the match, and with the full-time whistle, Thackley won four goals to one, with a massive attendance of 373 on a sunny October afternoon.

Thackley AFC Fixtures

Sat 1st Nov Thackley v Beverley Town KO 3.00pm
Sat 8th Nov Eccleshill United v Thackley KO 3.00pm
Sat 15th Nov Wombwell Town v Thackley KO 3.00pm
Sat 22nd Nov Thackley v Rossington Main KO 3.00pm
Sat 29th Nov Horbury Town v Thackley KO 3.00pm
Sat 6th Dec Thackley v Frickley Athletic KO 3.00pm

Unfortunately, Thackley have been knocked out of two cups this month with defeats against Harrogate Railway and Knaresborough Town. The Dennyboys have a November with no midweek games but three away fixtures and only two at home.

With the season heading towards the halfway mark, Thackley heads will be held high after a strong showing, as the younger players in the team have proved they can play at this level to a high standard, with the experienced players showing their quality in leadership.

Please come down and support our exciting young team.

News here too of our ladies section with the latest results and upcoming fixtures.

A big thank you to Harry, who is gaining valuable part-time experience at Thackley as part of his degree studies.

As ever my gratitude to unsung hero and club servant Steve Paley for the graphics.

Thackley Ladies AFC Results & Fixtures

Sun 7th Sept Golcar United 0 Thackley 9
Sun 14th Sept Thackley 10 v Forge Way 0
Sun 21st Sept Harrogate Railway 1 Thackley 4
Sun 28th Sept Thackley 2 Knaresborough Town 3
Sun 12th Oct Sherburn White Rose 1 Thackley 5
19th Oct Thackley 2 Leeds Medics & Dentists 1
Sun 2nd Nov Thackley v Wortley KO 2.00pm
Sun 9th Nov Thackley v Harrogate Railway KO 2.00pm
Sun 16th Nov Thackley v Golcar United KO 2.00pm
Sun 23rd Nov Forge Way v Thackley KO 2.00pm
30th Nov Wyke Wanderers v Thackley KO 2.00pm



THACKLEY AFC

A VIEW FROM MUPPET HILL



This month's article is written by guest writer Harry Baxendale.

As October comes to an end, the Northern Counties East League table remains uncertain, with some teams having played as many as seventeen games and others as few as twelve or thirteen. With midweek games taking place over the next few weeks, the table will begin to take shape as we might see it by the end of the season.

The reported big spenders, Liversedge, top the table with fourteen games played and have opened up a points gap at the top. High-flying Tadcaster Albion are still showing their improvements from last year's seventeenth-place finish, now sitting in second place, two points ahead of Beverley Town.

Thackley AFC fans were unsure what to expect this season after the large departures of both the playing squad and management team, but there is now a buzz around the Meridian Stadium as the young players, mixed with experienced players, are starting to gel and put in impressive performances.

Thackley enjoyed an unbeaten run of four games in the NCEL, drawing against Liversedge and Golcar United and being victorious against Pickering Town, which was one of the games of the season, featuring a contender for Goal of the Season from Lewis Sugden, whose volley from outside the 18-yard box in the dying moments looped over the keeper to complete a three-goal comeback and win the game in the last minute.

Thackley AFC Latest Results

- 16th September Liversedge 1 Thackley 1
- 20th September Harrogate Railway 1 Thackley 1
(Harrogate Railway won 3-2 penalties)
- 27th September Golcar 0 Thackley 0
- 30th September Ossett United 4 Thackley 2
- 4th October Pickering Town 2 Thackley 3
- 11th October Thackley 4 Campion 1
- 14th October Knaresborough Town 4 Thackley 2
- 18th October Thackley 0 Sheffield 1



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