

The Trumpit

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Issue 536 – October 2026





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The Trumpit is a free monthly magazine with 1200 copies available in over fifty local outlets plus an online version. The aims are to inform, entertain and promote a great part of Bradford.

The Bill & Bloss Community Fund honours the memory of the two previous editors. It seeks to donate the proceeds of The Trumpit back into the local community. No individual takes a penny.

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Editor: Steve Wilson - 07771 508729
Email: idlelord@sky.com
The Trumpit Ltd: Reg No - 13225007
www.the-trumpit.com
[@thetrumpitidleandthackley](https://www.facebook.com/thetrumpitidleandthackley)

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Contact Cathryn on 07866 374019



Editorial

To begin with a happy anniversary to The Thackley Chef who has been writing for The Trumpit for five years producing a superb variety of recipes. Thank you for all your hard work and endless enthusiasm Chef; we are very lucky to have you.

I mentioned last month that expectations had been raised re the relaxation of car parking charges in Idle village after hopeful noises from the new council leader. Now I will admit the front cover picture was taken in the early hours but that was more to do with Cathryn's pending holiday than manipulating a message. Would The Trumpit stoop so low?

The truth is that the car park remains largely ignored whilst the surrounding streets are gridlocked. The impact on local traders has been expressed by several of them and it is stark. Try to recall, if you can, the village centre a decade ago and it was hardly thriving. Since then, an influx of hard-working small business owners have changed the whole feel of the village.

So the charges introduced in October 24 were only ever going to have a negative impact. Unfortunately, despite a promising start by kicking the multi-million pound, Squire Lane white elephant into touch, the new administration have kicked this small beer can down the road here. As reported in the T&A (September 9th) "Your Administration shares this frustration and is committed to exploring other options, with a view towards future introduction of improved car parking measures in the next financial year."

A Freedom of Information request revealed that in the period since charges were introduced - October 2024 to February 2026 - income was £13,020, around £765 a month before costs of operating and monitoring. Parking fines were an additional £1,325; the costs to individual businesses are incalculable.

Last month's cover reflected a heart-warming community effort to restore a vandalised wall. There is still a bit to do so I was delighted to receive a cheque from reader Richard of Thackley for £100 to be put towards future repairs. Once again another example of great community spirit. Thank you.

Inside is a story of something many of us have done - a sponsored walk - to help restore a local sports club. In both cases, community has been key and the sums raised modest but the impact of true community massive on a local level.

Finally, the food waste bins have arrived. What do you think of this introduction? Will it be a fox's delight?

Your Say

Email: idlelord@sky.com

Some time ago, I put in a Freedom of Information request to Bradford Council asking them about recycling garden waste and charging people for the brown bin at £60.00 per year.

Now we have food recycling bins; the Labour Government have put this into place. This by Ed Miliband and his crazy net zero plans to cut emissions, using food waste to create bio gas. Carefully read the leaflet when you get yours; they are using citizens for profit. None of this is sustainable.

Any food waste I have goes to the foxes and birds; so I am net zero with no food waste. But supporting wildlife with food waste could now become a crime. Foxes eat mice and rats as well, so they are very helpful actually. **Alec Finch**

By now readers will be aware that the promised removal of parking charges for short stays in the districts' car parks are not going to go ahead "in the current financial year".

To say we are angry about this would be a massive understatement. Part of the problem seems to be that they are repeating Labour's mistake of having a blanket policy, rather than one which is sensitive to the needs of communities like ours, and less expensive.

We don't accept the excuses from the Reform leadership. They made repeated promises to address car parking, including after they had taken control and were fully aware of the financial situation.

If they are unable to fulfil their commitments, it raises the question of who is actually in control of the council. It doesn't appear to be them.

We have written again to the leader and portfolio holder asking them to confirm that at the very least some car parking charges will be removed as part of the next budget. However, as they cannot be trusted to do what they say they we will be preparing our own budget amendment. **Idle & Thackley Lib Dem Councillors**

In September the villagers of Piddington held a referendum on leaving the UK, in protest against Government plans to house over 1,000 male asylum seekers. Of the 350 residents polled, 312 votes were received: 285 voted in favour of the motion to leave the UK, with 26 voting against.

This gave me an idea around the issue of car parking charges in Idle village car park: why not have a similar referendum of the villagers of Idle on the motion of leaving the Bradford District?

We could also include Thackley in the referendum, given the ongoing threats from City Hall to our urban green space such as Birk Hill and Buck Woods.

The result would, I feel, awaken the Council from its lethargy to the very real threat that they would now face in the loss of Council Tax revenue, and act as a precedent for other villages in the Bradford District in the same situation.

Of course, we will need to have an effective Parish Council, but given the strength of feeling on these issues and the bucket loads of community spirit that we have here, I think that we should organise at the earliest opportunity.

I would be delighted to know the views of other readers. **Kevin Russell**

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Tony Gough

The Longest War: 1337-1453

In 1066 William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy, invaded England at Hastings, defeating King Harold who had ruled for just 9 months. William was the illegitimate son of Duke Robert of Normandy and his mistress Herleva.

The Normans/Northmen were descendants of Vikings who had settled in Northern France at the invitation of French King, Charles the Simple (his real name) ;they prevented further invasions of Northern France by other Vikings.

They eventually became Christians and adopted the French lifestyle. The Normans, and their descendants in England the Plantagenet Kings, had now established themselves as Kings of England. They still owned lands in France and were considered to be subjects of French Kings and contributed to the upkeep of the French court. As well as swearing a loyal oath to the French kings.

This unhappy situation existed until the One Hundred Years' War began; it lasted 116 years, and involved 4 major battles. Most of the victories were achieved by English and Welsh archers using the two-metre-long longbow and metre long arrows tipped with a small bodkin tip that could penetrate chain mail and plate armour.

The bows were made from yew tree wood which has a strong inner wood and a flexible outer wood. This produced a bow that could hit a target typically at 230 metres. The longbow was at its most effective when used in large numbers against a massed charge uphill.

Archers trained from age 7 to use a bow and this left them with over developed shoulders and

forearms, because the bow had a pull weight of 80-90 pounds. An experienced archer could release 10/12 arrows a minute; the effect was devastating.

In 1340 at the naval battle of Sluys Flanders, now part of modern-day Belgium a thousand English and Welsh archers were releasing as many as 12,000 arrows a minute. England had a complete victory using a fleet of 120 ships against 230 French; 16,000 French died and the English captured 166 French ships.

The next major battle was at Crécy south of Calais in 1346. Again the French were defeated suffering huge losses against English and Welsh archers. Crecy was notable for two reasons; one because it was an early battle that used primitive gunpowder cannons; two that King John of Bohemia fought and died for France.

King John was totally blind and rode into battle with his horse fastened between two of his knights' horses. His heraldic symbol was three feathers with two German words at the base - "ich dien" - meaning "I serve".

The Black Prince, the Prince of Wales, fought at Crecy and removed the symbol from King John. He took the symbol as his own and dedicated it to the Welsh archers who fought with him. The design is still used today by the Prince of Wales.

Two more heavy defeats for France followed at Poitiers in 1356 near La Rochelle and the battle of Agincourt 30 miles inland from Calais in 1415. The final battle took place in 1453 with a victory for France at Castillon near Bordeaux.

Firearms and cannon had developed to the extent they were more effective than longbows and could defeat armoured knights.

I was inspired to write this article after chatting to Deborah Waterhouse, the owner of Podium Bowstrings, in the Idle Bakery. She set up the business from a workshop in Farsley.

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Jane Gray
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How much trust do you have in yourself?

In a world where we're constantly influenced by others, on the news and online, are you able to tune into what's right for you?

The work I do always comes back to one thing. You already have all the wisdom you're ever going to need. The only thing that gets in the way is contaminated thinking.

In other words, overthinking. Buying into all the thinking that's busy in your head all day long. Taking it much more seriously than was ever intended.

It's the stuff that takes you away from the present moment. All the working things out, analysing and trying to control everything and everyone in your life.

That's the way of the world, but it doesn't have to be like that.

I invite you to notice all the times things have seemingly worked out with no input from you.

All the time you've spent worrying about doing something because you think you should, only to find that when the time is right, and if it's important enough, somehow it gets done.

Life doesn't have to be so noisy or complicated. And you always have the answers.

Take a breath. Step away from the noise for a moment and see what happens.

And if you'd like some help, you can find me on Facebook or email me at hello@thislighthouselife.co.uk

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A photograph of a woman and her daughter walking outdoors. The woman, on the left, is wearing a dark blue floral dress and has her sunglasses hanging from the neckline. The daughter, on the right, is wearing a purple top, a black blazer, and glasses, and is smiling. They are walking on a path with greenery and a brick wall in the background.

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C B | Daughter of Resident | Aug 26

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A Slice of Tradition

Autumn's Harvest – When the Seasons Filled the Bakery



October has always carried a special feeling. The mornings become crisp, the evenings draw in a little earlier, and the countryside slowly transforms into shades of gold, amber and deep red. Orchards are heavy with apples, pumpkins are gathered from gardens and fields, and kitchens begin to fill with the comforting aromas of autumn.

For generations, this was one of the busiest and most rewarding times of the year.

In both Poland and Britain, autumn meant gathering the harvest and preparing for the colder months ahead. Families stored apples in cool cellars and pantries, onions and garlic were kept for winter cooking, herbs were dried, and mushrooms gathered from nearby woodlands.

These simple ingredients found their way into everyday meals, but they also inspired the baker. Long before supermarkets made almost every ingredient available throughout the year, baking naturally followed the seasons. Bakers worked with what the land provided. A handful of fragrant herbs, sweet onions, orchard apples or roasted vegetables could transform an everyday loaf into something that reflected the time of year.

Although Polish and British food traditions developed hundreds of miles apart, there are many similarities between them. Both relied heavily on the harvest, preserving food for winter and making good use of simple, locally available ingredients. Apples, onions, garlic, herbs and mushrooms have had a place in the kitchens of both countries for generations.

Today we often talk about seasonal food as though it were a relatively new idea. For our grandparents and great-grandparents, however, there was simply no other way to cook. Nature decided what was available, and recipes changed with the calendar.

Perhaps this is also why traditional autumn flavours still bring such a feeling of comfort. They remind us of kitchens warmed by the oven,

homemade soup simmering on the stove and thick slices of freshly baked bread shared around the table.

At **The Idle Bakery & Café**, we enjoy allowing the seasons to influence what comes from our ovens too. Our October sourdough selection takes inspiration from familiar autumn ingredients and the comforting flavours found in British and Polish kitchens.

The ingredients may change throughout the year, but the principles behind good bread have changed very little – good ingredients, patience, care and, above all, time.

After all, some of the finest traditions have never needed changing.

"The changing seasons have always inspired the baker. Autumn simply gives us some of its finest ingredients."

From Our Oven to Your Table

As the seasons change, so do some of the flavours coming from our ovens. Alongside our familiar favourites, each month we enjoy creating something a little different, inspired by the time of year.

Star of the Week – Autumn Harvest Collection

Week 1 (from 7.10) "Apple, Mature Cheddar & Thyme Sourdough" Sweet Bramley apples, mature Cheddar and fragrant thyme create a beautifully balanced loaf inspired by the flavours of the autumn harvest.

Week 2 (from 14.10) "Sage & Mature Cheddar Sourdough" fragrant sage and rich mature Cheddar come together in a wonderfully savoury loaf with a warm, comforting autumn character.

Week 3 (from 21.10) "Mature Cheddar, Leek & Wholegrain Mustard Sourdough" Inspired by one of Britain's best-loved comfort-food combinations, this hearty sourdough brings together mature Cheddar, gently softened leeks and a touch of wholegrain mustard for a rich, savoury flavour.

Week 4 (from 28.10) "Roasted Pumpkin, Sage & Mature Cheddar Sourdough" Sweet roasted pumpkin, fragrant sage and mature Cheddar celebrate the flavours of late autumn — a fitting loaf to finish October as Halloween approaches.

Scone Star of the Month - Blackberry & Apple Scone

A light, buttery scone filled with juicy blackberries and Bramley apples, gently flavoured with cinnamon and finished with a sprinkle of demerara sugar for a delicate crunch.

For many people, blackberries also bring back memories of autumn walks and returning home with stained fingers and a container full of fruit destined for a pie, crumble or jar of homemade preserve.

Sausage Roll Star of the Month - Caramelised Onion & Black Pepper Sausage Roll

Made with quality pork supplied by our local butcher, **The Idle Butcher**, combined with slowly caramelised onions and cracked black pepper, then wrapped in golden, flaky puff pastry and baked until beautifully crisp.

From the Baker's Bench: Why does autumn change the way we make bread?

As the weather becomes cooler, bread dough behaves differently too. Temperature affects fermentation, which means a baker must learn to watch the dough rather than simply watch the clock.

On a warm summer day, dough may rise quickly, while on a cool October morning it often needs a little more time. That is why traditional bread making has always relied on experience, patience and knowing when the dough is ready. In a bakery, the seasons don't only change the flavours we use — they can change the bread itself.

From everyone at The Idle Bakery & Café
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What's On

The Commercial-free bar snacks Friday to Sunday; 17th Gerry Souful from 6pm; 31st Fancy dress Halloween party with prizes.

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

Silence are playing The Junction, Otley (10th @ 9pm) and The Brewery Tap, Idle (31st)

The George-3rd Band With No Name 9pm; 4th Justew 6.30pm; 10th Tennessee Whiskey 9pm; 17th BLT Rock Blues & Soul 9pm; 18th Gerry Souful 6.30pm; 25th Jerrad 6.30pm; 31st Söns of Robin Halloween Special 9pm.

The Highfield: DJ & Karaoke Every Friday 7pm; 3rd The 404 Club – Motown Night from 8:30pm; 10th Flight-19 from 8:30pm; 17th

Artemis – Pop/Rock Covers from 8:30pm; 30th Legless Bingo Night – Halloween Special – £18pp from 7pm; 31st Flaming Pies – Classic Brit Pop 9pm.

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The Thackley Trumpit

The Trumpit was conceived 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 Bill Craven as co-editor. Bill started work 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 full 2000-2018 archive is on the website. This month here are some extracts from edition 273 October 2003. Politics and the issues of the day have a familiar ring with this letter.

Dear Editor

Never mind Geoff Hoon, I don't think Tony Blair is long for this (political) life! When he swept New Labour into power in 1997 it was one of the best moments of my life. Finally, we'd got shut of those sleazy, corrupt Tories, hopefully to never return.

Now, what a flaming mess. This Iraq thing stinks. He persuaded us all about WMDs and he can't prove it - although they're probably all underground. Other things also upset me about this 'Labour' Government.

People having to sell their homes for nursing care! What's the point of buying a house if the State / Council take it off you when you're at your most vulnerable? The Scots have scrapped this, so why can't we?

And don't mention asylum seekers (you're a racist if you do that!). Millions of them over here, they've paid nowt in and they're milking the country dry. Outrageous.

I'm off to Ladbroke's to place a bet. It won't be long before everybody will be retiring at not 65 or 70 ... I bet 75! The reason? Officially, because we're all living longer. The real reason, because the Government won't be able to afford to pay out pensions.

B K Graaves
Ecclehill

A tale from The Trumpit of 1990 here on the same page as order forms for the Christmas calendar - The Thackley Thick'eards 2004 - priced at £4.99. Were you in it? Do you still have a copy? Please get in touch.

RASH DECISION

EXTRACT FROM

'THE TRUMPIT' APRIL 1990

It's been said (many's the time) that you have to take some of the tales heard int pub, with a 'pinch of pepper'. But this one (we're assured) is true.

Twass after the gales, earlier this year and a chap decided that he'd go onto his roof to repair the damage to the tiles. It was still somewhat gusty, and so he tied a rope to himself and asked his good lady wife to 'anchor' it, on the other side of the house, to something heavy - for safety. What better, than to the car bumper thought the lady wife. Five minutes later, she realised that she needed summat front' shop - and so - into t'car - (oh no) - and off she went!!! Husband suffered from severe gravel rash!!!

Finally, a cracking article with the first attempts at a Trumpit subscription service. Have a read here about where The Trumpit could be found even twenty-odd years ago.

What did you do in the war granddad?
"I chased German paratroopers from one end o't old railway line to t'other."

Well I didn't really, but in my imagination I did. I was only a kid during the years of World War II, but that old railway line with its huge steam monsters lives on in my memory.

Why am I going on about it you may ask? So if you're asking I'm telling. The Council's explanation on plans to turn part of the old track into a cycle way and a surprise caller prompted the nostalgic thoughts.

The surprise caller was one Ian Farrer and his wife Maureen, on holiday from Melbourne, Australia. Ian, whose parents, Norman and Irene owned the grocers and off licence at the bottom of Park Road (next to the Methodist Chapel, and now a private house), emigrated "down under" forty odd years ago and we hadn't seen them for almost twenty of those.

The visit naturally started off reminiscences about old friends etc. Now when his parents retired from the grocery business they moved to one of the houses at the end of Crag Hill Road, alongside the railway, hence the rather tenuous connection, if you follow my rambling drift.

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Tales From The Scruffy



As the summer ground to an inevitable end, despite the sun hovering persistently in the mid-afternoon sky, the beer garden was unusually quiet. With school approaching fast it was clear that the pockets of parents may have been as parched as the summer grass. It was a ghost land.

Inside, viewing a selection of seats before opting for the usual - old habits die hard - I bounced to the bar where our admirable young staff were waiting to assist.

"Afternoon kids!" said I thinking this was humorous. In a flash came the reply.

"Afternoon Stephen" replied Kiwi "you look very grown-up today!" Boom - bash!

Never mess with the kids when you are far closer to the care home than you think. I took my seat as Bright Eyes excused herself having nearly wet herself laughing. Meanwhile, newbie Two & A Half Pints counted the days down to escaping and not ending up like her dad.



There was also a different vibe as the kids had music playing in the background. After the music festival, was The Scruffy going cool?

I was joined by the Punjabi Plumber with his unique take on life somewhat detached from the concept of woke. Sweet Caroline soon followed but solo as Timberlake had an exotic medical condition she described as the "sh*ts".

This had apparently reduced him to gripping the remote feverishly and a weekend of Downton Abbey re-runs and wet wipes.

King Kurt had sad news as his favourite dog had lost an eye. When I suggested we rename him King Harold he asked me if I fancied ending my days in the foundations for his new home.

I took this as good advice and adopted the hear all, see all and say now't approach for the rest of the afternoon, which seemed to please Suntan, so some good had been achieved from King Harold's misfortune. Behind the bar the three youngsters were still grinning.

One week on and the last bank holiday of the summer; the hounds of winter were dusting off their coats and school would not be out for much longer. I wandered down the hill to seek out my favourite spot under the tree in the beer garden, maybe for one last time this year.

Sadly, my little spot was taken and I had to resign myself to the cheap seats awaiting the nightly traffic carnage on Suicide Hill for some predictable entertainment.

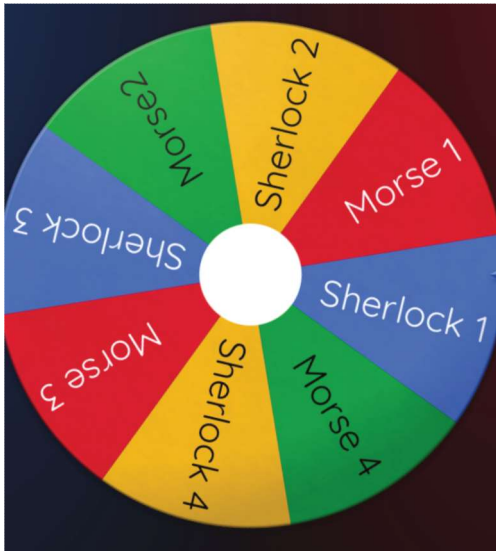
Here you see it all. U-turns to avoid having to walk more than five paces to get to Towngate Fisheries; speedsters screaming up through the chicane by the New Inn with horns blaring as near misses tot up; the struggles of those for who clutch control will remain a lifelong challenge as they try navigate the hill.

Wonderland was amazed that, cashless, cardless and most likely hopeless, I had somehow managed to use my phone to pay for a beer; what a dangerous world.

Inside the Monday Night Geriatrics Club was convening with Gentleman John, The Trowel and the rest for a few hours of relative peace, prosperity and quiet before the Manc Lad assaulted their hard-won fortunes.

Tomorrow it would be September and life was passing by far too quickly. I looked at the pooch and she knew what was coming next.

"One more for the road?" Wuff wuff was all it took, so long as the technology held out.



The highlight of the month – at least for eight sad old lads – was the annual draw preceding Tales From Whitby with two full houses courtesy of the brilliant Vitty's Cottages once again. We would be allocated rooms across two adjoining luxury cottages but what level of luxury was all down to the spin of a "wheel".

Once again Five Pints was hosting Wheel of Fortune with prizes ranging from four luxury double en-suites down to the nightmare prospect of sharing a room with Big Al in a bunk bed; Nellie the Elephant was preferable. Having roomed with him before, the beach was a serious option if my luck deserted me.

With frayed nerves I arrived early at The Scruffy – any excuse – to sample the atmosphere. I'd brought several bags of allotment produce in the hope of bribing Five Pints but on the same day Reform had trousered £72m it was going to take a bit more than a giant cucumber.

Soon we were huddled around Five Pints' iPhone – let the games begin!

First we had a draw for who would get first pick and thereon. Patch would get the pick of the lot whilst for Leapy it was Hobson's Choice.

Unbelievably, the little fat lad once again drew a coveted room – Morse 1 – the dial stopping it seemed inevitably to secure his comfort. He had hardly finished cheering when, next up, Big Al's fate was sealed – Sherlock 4 – the bunk bed! Could life get any better? I felt a warm trickle down below and excused myself.

Soon it did as next up I thanked my lucky stars that luxury beckoned again in the form of Sherlock 2 – albeit in the same house as the Big Man and unless the walls were soundproof, earplugs would still be needed.

Eventually all the rooms were allocated with Uncle Andy and Fagin securing the two other sought after en-suites and Five Pints not only contemplating a single bed in the same room as Big Al but also sharing a bathroom. In a strange twist of fate our token student Harry would twin up with the tour Grandad Leapy.

All that was left was to agree the traditional Sunday stroll designed, above all, to avoid an afternoon in the pub. After Leapy's guided tour through a cesspit last year, I made the case for a re-run of the six mile coastal walk to Robin Hood's Bay, one several of us knew well.

Not least Patch who remained haunted by one particular savage descent to the beach and back up which begins and ends with the same sign – Whitby 5 miles! The last time he did it the seagulls were queuing up for a large feast. Strangely, there is no sign of a defibrillator either side of the ravine.

Three days of mayhem would commence with our first stop, as ever, the magnificent Ship Inn and yet another return to the Chinky on the West Cliff. Big Al would be joining us on the Saturday, raring to go, full of excuses why he would not be walking to Robin Hood's Bay.



October is a great month to be on the plot for many reasons. Much of the graft is now done and dusted but where better to be than outside before the long winter months? There is always some job to be done and the more of these you can do before next spring the better.

Personally I have been trying a bit of "joinery" by replacing knackered wooden frames, preferably with reclaimed wood which is cheaper and makes great environmental sense too. Plus, I am a tight Yorkie.

Allotments are not supposed to be show homes which, given my joinery "skills", is just as well. All you need is a drill, some screws, a saw, a tape measure...and hope in buckets.

There will be plenty of pots and trays to wash and again, far better to get done now. I also prefer to give the greenhouse a blast with the hose getting into corners to try eradicate remaining pests but these are unlikely to survive winter anyway. A full clean of the glass is best left until spring.

Following as I do a number of social media sites on allotment growing I am always intrigued what others seek to do in these supposedly fallow months.

In answer to a question "what can i grow in my greenhouse over winter" one wag replied "dust!". The general consensus seems to be that there is not a lot to be done now although I have tried potatoes for Christmas in recent years only to be thwarted by early frosts.

If you are lucky you may well have some crops left to harvest and some may still well be growing if modestly. Beetroot appears to be one of the success stories this year despite the dry conditions. As an experiment I replanted some thinnings and, whilst looking dead and buried, suddenly they sprung to life in August and now look like a worthwhile second crop maybe for the festive dinner. Who knew?

You can easily pickle surplus crops and there are numerous recipes. All you need for a starter are inexpensive bottles of white vinegar found in most supermarkets. Be sure to clean and sterilize your glass jars as best you can and, once sealed and refrigerated, you can store in the fridge for around six months.

You can still plant out selectively. Rhubarb sets and bare root fruit bushes, such as currants and gooseberries, can be planted out anytime from October till the beginning of March.

The government are also trying to encourage us to recycle food waste with the provision of two new bins but most gardeners compost allowable food waste anyway.

It is not a bad idea to turn your compost heap at least once a month and keep adding in small quantities items such as green waste, cardboard and even - as advised on Gardeners' World several years ago - pee!

Apparently the latter is acidic and helps break down the other components; I'm sure the rats will hate it too and what else to do when you get caught short on the plot?

Last winter I planted garlic in both pots and in the ground but I have to say the results were disappointing. The theory goes this should give you a much larger bulb when cropping in early summer.

I shall try again this winter but I am sticking to pots and the jury is out, so to speak.

But surely the best bit about early Autumn is just to sit in the greenhouse, flask of tea nearby and take in all that you are lucky to be a custodian of awaiting warmer days?

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. It is great value.

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Walks in Yorkshire

Aire Valley – River Deep

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.

Here is a very familiar walk described by Mike way back in 1989 – Ed.

The canal and the river are the Aire Valley's two great assets. They pass through glorious open countryside and sidle virtually unnoticed past the back yards of busy towns.

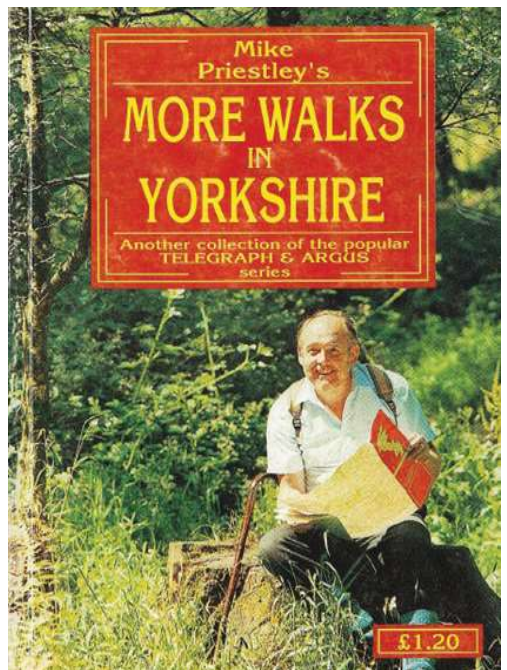
This walk, through both fields and factories, had me striding along the well-maintained towpath and battling my way through dense undergrowth on a sadly neglected riverside track where often, with the sounds of industry all around me, all I could see was jungle.

I parked in Shipley, in one of the streets close to the now disused Staveley Garage. From there I headed up to the canal towpath and turned left.

Soon I crossed the small aqueduct above Bradford Beck, which does its best to bubble as it makes its way towards the River Aire.

Not far on from there, I came to the packhorse bridge across the canal and, just past it on the right, the truncated spur of what used to be the start of the old Bradford Canal.

Until a couple of decades ago, this spur extended further than it does now and had a rail bridge over it, creating a dark arch beneath which Lawrence Harvey as Joe Lampton was beaten up in the film of Room at the Top.



My walk took me straight along the towpath, past the Dockfield swing bridge and the next one which leads the way to Windhill.

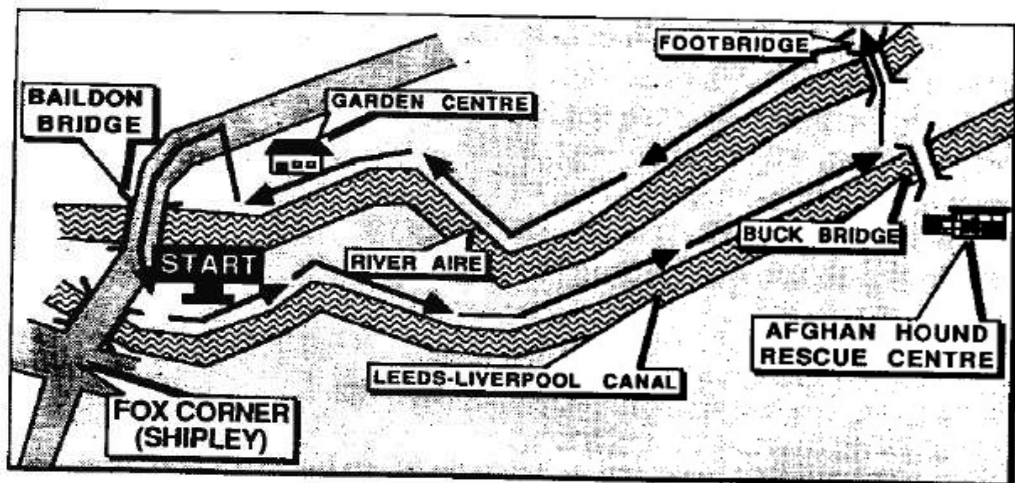
I walked along the green and open stretch where the railway line at the far side of the canal runs close to the water and eventually past a string of anglers to Buck Bridge below Thackley.

Just above it on the far side of the canal was the Afghan hound rescue centre whose inmates were making their presence clearly felt via a chorus of howls.

I turned left at this bridge, down the well-worn cobbles and stones of the path leading to the iron bridge across the river – a bridge that was built exactly a century ago (1889 – Ed) by the Local Boards of Idle and Baildon for use as a bridleway – and a footpath.

Just to the right of it, on the river's southern bank, used to stand the ruined chimney of Buck Mill.

When I was a youngster, we used to play there, searching for birds' nests among what remained of the mill's crumbling cellar arches and for newts in the stagnant pools amongst the reeds.



I padded across the long bridge's familiar sturdy boards and turned left at the far end, on to the fieldside path which was to take me back to Shipley along the bank of the River Aire.

This river, 30 years ago or more, was grey, smelly and lifeless. It still leaves a lot to be desired, with its riverbank trees trimmed up with the non-biodegradable debris of industry higher up the valley.

At least there are places now where you can see the bottom where weed grows cheerfully green where nothing lived at all, and the presence of hunting moorhens suggests that something exists there which is worth eating.

The path was not always clearly defined. There were times when I was up to my thighs in thistles, my chest in nettles and my shoulders in Himalayan balsam.

As I battered my way through with my walking stick, it was clear that, at the height of the summer at least, this was not a walk for short people.

Brambles reached out to tug at my clothes and compensated by offering some of the fullest, sweetest blackberries I've ever tasted.

Sometimes the branches of one of the many willow trees which line the water's edge hung so low that I had to drop almost to my knees to pass beneath it.

For many yards at a time the path ran along what was little more than the top of a riverbank wall, its stone slabs forced upwards by the twisted trunks of trees which had seeded themselves between them.

As I drew closer to Shipley I could hear the sounds of industry on both sides of the river. I could even, occasionally, smell its smells.

Yet for most of the way all I could see was undergrowth, until I passed the wire fence of a transport depot and the back walls of several warehouses and factories.

At the rear of the do-it-yourself store and garden centre, the riverside path ended and I found myself heading for the busy Otley Road where a left turn took me past Baildon Bridge and back to the start.

It had been an interesting walk. In fact, the second half of it had been quite an adventure.

Time: 1 hours 45 minutes

A much different walk these days and a very enjoyable stroll amongst local beauty-Ed.

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



The Thackley Chef

Richard Aveyard - ACIEH



This month's offering is a home made pie; why not try make your own pastry too? Basically, using all lard makes a short pastry; half butter and half lard slightly richer and all butter very rich. The basic ingredients for 250g of plain, sieved flour depend on your mix of butter and lard but whatever combination this should be half your flour plus a pinch of salt and ice cold water on hand.

Method:

1. In a large clean bowl add the sieved flour and salt plus your preferred butter/lard mix and using finger tips mix until you achieve a fine breadcrumb texture.
2. Make a well in the centre of your bowl and slowly add the cold water until you have a smooth dough working with either finger tips or a fork. Do not overwork this or it will shrink when baked.
3. Remove the pastry from the bowl and rest in the fridge for at least an hour.

The Pie - set your oven to 200C/400F/Gas6 (if a fan oven use 180C reducing to 160C after 30 minutes)

Ingredients (to serve 4 good portions); 500/600g braising steak diced by your butcher if possible; 2tbsp plain flour seasoned with salt and pepper; 2 medium onions peeled and diced; 2tbsp each of tomato puree, brown sauce and Worcester Sauce; 2 bay leaves, 2 sprigs fresh thyme; 600-800ml beef stock; 3 tbsp of vegetable or sunflower oil for frying.

Optional additions - 2 carrots washed and diced and/or button mushrooms as filler.

Method:

1. In a large clean bowl add meat and seasoned flour with surplus flour removed.
2. Heat up a large casserole dish on a high heat and add the oil. Carefully add the pieces of steak and fry until you have colour. Repeat until you coloured all the meat. Place on a plate for later.
3. Return the dish to a medium heat checking if more oil is needed then add the onions and cook gently. At this stage you could add the carrots.
4. Return meat to the dish stirring ingredients then adding the puree and the mushrooms if required plus aromatics.

5. Add some stock and keep all ingredients moving. Turn up the heat until the mixture starts to thicken then add the rest of the stock and bring to a boil. Once done reduce to a gentle simmer.

6. Add the Worcester Sauce and brown sauce stirring in well. Place the lid on the dish then carefully place in the oven for one-two hours checking periodically reducing the temperature of the oven after 30 minutes. to around 180C.

To complete the pie you will need a rolling pin, pie dish, extra flour for dusting, brush, egg wash for glazing, pastry knife for trimming, baking tray, kitchen roll/greaseproof paper and extra butter or margarine for greasing the pie dish.

1. Remove pastry from fridge 15 minutes before and split into two halves.
2. Using kitchen roll/greaseproof, lightly grease dish and dust with flour tapping off excess. Keep in the fridge until needed.
3. On a lightly floured surface, dust rolling pin if needed and roll out pastry to form shape of dish.
4. Wrap rolled out pastry base around the rolling pin then carefully cover dish pressing gently to remove any air pockets.
5. Using a perforated spoon fill with pie mixture.
6. Repeat the rolling out process with the other half of pastry to the required shape. Brush egg wash around pie edges then roll pastry lid over and press down firmly to remove any air pockets.
7. Using the pastry knife pierce two holes in the centre of the lid; this will release air and steam.
8. Trim surplus pastry from the edges of the pie then crimp edges for decoration. Keep any surplus pastry and freeze.
9. Brush pie lid and place on a baking tray into the pre-heated oven for approx. 15- 20 minutes, then reduce the heat to second settings and finish cooking for approx. another 20 minutes or until hot. Allow to rest for 5-10 minutes before serving. Enjoy with chips or vegetables...or both!





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7.30am, 9am & 10.30am

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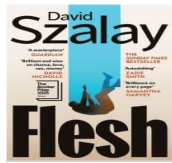
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Bookworm

A Windhill Wanderer



Selecting a Booker Prize winner to read used to guarantee two things – there would be a storyline and it would be well-written. That all changed over recent years; the main criterion was ensuring the author ticked as many of the diversity boxes as possible, the quality of the writing didn't matter. Fortunately, that madness seems to have ended and David Szalay's *Flesh* won the prestigious prize for 2025, thus cementing his place as the author of one of the most talked-about and divisive novels of recent years. Far from a dense, academic tome, this book is a fast, hard-hitting, and highly unusual look at modern life. It strips away traditional literary fluff to deliver a raw, propulsive story that stays with you.

The novel follows István, a quiet, socially isolated Hungarian teenager who lives with his mother in a modest apartment block. He is a young man of very few words. Instead of planning his future, he drifts through life, driven by immediate physical instincts and impulses rather than deep reflection. His journey truly begins when he enters into a complicated, secret affair with a much older, married neighbour. This relationship sets off a chain reaction that throws his world completely out of control.

From this rocky starting point, Szalay takes us on a sweeping, multi-decade tour of István's life. We watch him move through time in a juvenile detention centre; military service in Iraq; working as a nightclub bouncer and rising to the top of London's ultra-wealthy elite. What makes the book so unique is its pacing. Each chapter captures a specific period in István's life, skipping forward by six or seven years at a time. Szalay deliberately leaves massive life events off the page. We don't see the heroic battles or the exact moment he made his millions. Instead, we drop into the quiet, ordinary, and mundane moments immediately following these events.

If you are expecting a main character who explains his deep thoughts and feelings, you won't find that here. István is incredibly detached from his own emotions. His standard response to almost any major life event is a simple, monosyllabic "Yeah" or "Okay". At points, you want to take him by the shoulders and shake him, yet this is where the genius of the book lies and why the Booker Prize Judges say they fell in love with it. Szalay writes in a stark, minimalist style. The text is so bare that it feels like the author has taken a standard 800-page epic and chopped out every single unnecessary word. The dialogue is short, snappy, and realistic.

Remarkably, this extreme simplicity creates a strange kind of intimacy. Because the book avoids heavy melodrama, the reader is forced to do the emotional heavy lifting. You begin to feel the crushing weight of the grief, trauma, and loneliness that István himself cannot put into words. In fact, the book famously uses literal white space and blank pages to represent moments of profound grief.

Flesh offers a fascinating, unsentimental look at modern masculinity, migration, and how the pursuit of money can slowly erode a person's soul. Some readers may find the lack of traditional character development frustrating. István is so passive and emotionally shut down, it can be difficult to truly root for him or care about his ultimate fate. In addition, the graphic and intense nature of his early life choices can make for a deeply bleak reading experience. The first chapter made me feel uncomfortable, but I was also glad that I continued reading.

Flesh is an extraordinary achievement because it redefines what a modern novel can look like. It is not a textbook, and it does not try to lecture the reader about right and wrong. Instead, it offers a brutally honest, heartbreaking portrait of a man trying to survive in a world shaped by luck and power. If you want a quick, thought-provoking read that trusts your intelligence and leaves you to fill in the blanks, *Flesh* is absolutely worth your time.

Mesmerising read – Ed

Cathryn Bell

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A charity coffee morning for Macmillan Cancer care is being hosted by Idle URC on Saturday 10th October from 10am till 1pm. All are welcome.

The retired Men's Forum meets every Wednesday morning in the basement of Bolton Methodist Church, close to Bolton Junction traffic lights on Bolton Road. We have tea and biscuits from around 10.00 and each week's talk begins at 10.30 and lasts for an hour. We welcome new members and if anyone is interested in joining the group you need only turn up on the day and you will be most welcome to join us.



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Walking Back To Happiness

We had done this so many times to know that firstly, it would be a very long day and secondly, there's only so much of a canal view you can take. Team Leader Ginger, not known for walking much further than the bar, had organised us into a fund raising day with the aim of walking from Bingley to Leeds.

If you got there it was free beer and food; if not a watery grave maybe.

The beneficiary was our old cricket ground, a place where many of us had grown up over several decades and more, one where even those with a more recent introduction, knew the value of true community.

Naturally, club stalwart Molly would not have missed this for the world even if She Who Must Be Obeyed had confiscated his hip flasks for fear of him drowning full of rum so close to the family holiday.

As ever, he was sat waiting at Shipley train station suggesting he had camped there all night just in case She changed her mind.

His old pal and fellow holiday clubber, The Taxman, was sat quietly alongside as we awaited the train. Strangely, the Ilkley train arrived at our platform, a mix up that Molly brusquely muttered under his breath "Nay wouldn't 'ave appened wi steam!" Was he one of the original Railway Children?

The arriving train dropped off Captain Chaos and Duck, two fellow gnarled old veterans of piss-ups/healthy country walks. Chaos moaned he was in trouble as he had not had the usual morning "visits".



However, Platform 2 did not seem the right place for a number two so he was hopping around like a hairy midget on acid.

Soon we arrived at Bingley station and were met by The Bouncer, Tubbs and Warhorse, a combined three good legs between them.

The group swelled as our leader arrived in a pair of new white disco pumps with her son and heir – my Godson – in tow. I could see the pumps being dumped in the canal several hours later. Finally, Blisters and The Gentleman arrived, the latter closer to a direct line with God – who we might just need further down the line – than the rest of us put together. We were off!

The conversation, as ever, soon found a natural stride and was never likely to adhere to BBC guidelines. As we strode out along the canal, the Manc Lad would have been well served by this varied focus group.

Molly was off like his life depended on it; soon we could barely see the three one-legged stragglers way back in the distance.

We came across a lithe, tanned chap in shorts walking the other way. "Can you help me please? I've just escaped for the day...she's on a day off!" We gratefully accepted The Escapee into the fold and marched on to the World Heritage site of Salts Mill.

There we chanced on a canal side busker, down on his luck, once a regular star at the well-known All Alone Road nightclub. So we invited him to walk with the promise of a hot meal and a beer and soon we were a massed choir with a bald baritone leading the way to Amarillo.

By Saltaire, more ageing pipes were in need of fixing as our Team Leader confessed she needed a bush and vanished with her leaking bush into the undergrowth.



There were several squeals until out she came with the disco pumps beyond salvation. At this point Chaos found salvation in the form of a coffee shop with facilities but not in the form of an Americano.

A few miles later it was time for The Bouncer to exit before the Air Ambulance was needed. It had been a great effort and we were sad to see our protection go. Meanwhile, Ginger was scratching away furiously – it would be a long walk to Leeds.

At Apperley Bridge we met The Sunday Strollers who had popped along to offer us some support for "a few miles"; little did they know. As we waved goodbye to the busker who had to get back to Saltaire for his lunchtime begging slot, Blister's devoted young carer had arrived with a new pair of shoes and medication for the little fat lad. There was no chance he was playing golf the next day.

We passed a local celebrity, The Idle Draper, dapper as ever, out for a stroll but could not convince him to "walk this way."

Lunch was on the horizon at Rodley, a mere six miles from our target – the Promised Land. Duck slumped on a rock as the cosmopolitan Sunday Strollers, now in for the ride, sought a local deli whilst we opened our rations as if these were our first meal in days.

Molly could smell beer and soon we were off yomping again with a howling wind picking up as Ginger scratched away. Kirkstall was a mere three miles away and eventually we limped in through the pub doors.

The Taxman continued on resisting the beers – "if I stop I'll never start again" – leaving the rest of us to work out in our own minds the sight of a six-foot, bearded bloke sat in a skirt and tights at the bar. Maybe you get to a stage in life where it is just not your world?



Only three and a bit miles to go to a free bar and nosh. Dodgy itches, unpredictable bowels and aching limbs were all put aside as we launched one last combined effort to get there before Molly wiped out the bar tab.

By now Blisters was on his third pair of shoes and Ginger's disco pumps had lost the last of their brilliance. Duck apologised for smelling like a tramp as the shirt he was wearing was his nightshirt and it looked like he may be getting evicted from his new home.

We walked amongst the ever-multiplying newly built towers of wealth peppering Leeds city centre searching for the start – and our end – of the Leeds Liverpool Canal. By now Ginger was on one-leg and her young boy could barely walk, a serious fitness doubt for the Sunday league game coming up.

Somewhat ironically, our destination was called The Hop which is what most of us had ended up doing. We had made it, a great team effort across the generations and all in a most wonderful cause.

And then something to quickly remind us all of where most of us are on the ladder of life.

After a magnificent effort, Warhorse had given every last drop of effort and quickly became in need of paramedics. Fortunately, The Gentleman took control and in a moment of black humour, Duck's smelly shirt was now covered in vomit – if ever there was a sign a shirt had run its course.

Warhorse gave me my love of the game of cricket and of the beautiful old ground we have all, in varying degrees, enjoyed over many years. Whilst he grew up around the ground, most of us felt we lived there too through very lucky and enjoyable sporting childhoods and on into adulthood.

On and off the pitch, through good and bad, he carried us, many times single-handed, with an indomitable spirit – the best player Villas ever had. It had been a wonderful day for a great cause and Warhorse is now fine.

Thank you to all who supported us; we raised over £2k for a great cause.

Thackley CC



What's On At Thackley Cricket Club!

The cricket season may be over, but there's plenty to enjoy at the club this autumn and winter!

- 31 October – Halloween Spectacular: A fabulous drag show with Miss Syren—fancy dress encouraged!
- 28 November – Bongo Bingo: An evening of bingo, music and fun!
- 5 December – Christmas Light Switch-On: Join us as we light up the club for the festive season.

- 19 December – Kids' Christmas Party & Race Night: Festive fun for the children, plus the excitement of race night!

Our fortnightly Speed Quiz and Music Bingo with Peter Mac continues on Friday nights—free to play, with no pens, no paper and no cheating!

Catch the big games on our screens with Sky Sports and TNT Sports, and follow our Facebook page for event times and ticket details.

Thank you for supporting your club!



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{continued from back page} At the time of writing, Eccleshill United as was, now Keighley Town, have had a disastrous start to the season, managing just one point from their opening ten games. This has prompted the club to part company with the manager, ex Rotherham United player Des Hazel.

He was appointed as the new boss in the close season but, since an opening day draw at Frickley Athletic, the side has gone on an eleven-match losing run, leaving them bottom of the Macron NCEL Premier Division and out of the Emirates FA Cup and Isuzu FA Vase at the first hurdle.

A statement released by the club said: "While Des Hazel brought an immense wealth of professional and international football experience to the dugout, the board agrees that a change in first-team leadership is now necessary to arrest our recent form and safeguard the club's ambitions for the remainder of the season."

Hazel had signed over fifty players on in trying to find a winning format, which leaves the new manager with plenty of options once appointed.

Thackley have not had the best start to the season and went eight games before they managed their first league win. Their plight was little better than Keighley's with just two points coming from their opening five games.

Their record before that first victory read played 7, won 0, drawn 4, lost 3. Thackley were the league's draw specialists, in some of the games they did play well enough to deserve all three points, in others, perhaps a draw was a little more than they deserved.

However, things have started to pick up somewhat and a run of six games, with just one defeat, has yielded nine points, by no means promotion form but results that have lifted them clear of the relegation zone.

Particularly pleasing was the result against local rivals Campion. The 3-2 victory, the first league win of the season, was fully deserved against a team expected to do well.

Thackley AFC Latest Results

22nd August Vauxhall Motors 3 Thackley 2
26th August Thackley 0 Barton Town 1
29th August Thackley 3 Handsworth 3
1st September Retford FC 2 Thackley 2
5th September Thackley 3 Campion 2
8th September Dearne & District 1 Thackley 0
16th September Thackley 4 Parkgate 0
19th September Albion Sports 1 Thackley 1

Thackley AFC Women's Latest Results

6th September Cleethorpes Town 0 Thackley 4
13th September Thackley 4 Bottesford Town 0

However, the highlight was the 4-0 demolition of Parkgate. All four goals came in the second half, including a five-minute Luke Brooks hat trick; an evening to remember. A 1-1 draw in the Bradford 'derby' against Albion at the Myra Shay provided the final point of the nine earned.

Thackley Women won promotion last season, moving up to the South Division of the North East Regional Women's League and have stated the season well.

Despite a narrow defeat in their opening game in the FA Cup against Brodsworth, they began the season with back-to-back 4-0 league victories, an excellent start, especially after stepping up to the higher league.

This is a tremendous achievement and a real credit to everyone involved with the team. Thackley Women play on Sunday afternoons and the team is building up quite a following.



THACKLEY AFC

A VIEW FROM MUPPET HILL



Where does time go, already the current season is a quarter of the way through and with the matches scheduled for September, by the beginning of October, Thackley will have played thirteen of their thirty eight league games. This leaves just twenty five games to play in the remaining seven months of the season.

Whilst I can understand why fixture secretaries try to arrange games early season, 'just in case' there is a bad winter, this sort of planning does little for players, supporters or clubs. It creates quite a few blank Saturdays, the day generally accepted for games at grassroot level.

On the subject of blank Saturdays, Thackley's next Saturday home game will be on the 17th October against Golcar, their last home game was on the 5th September, which means a six-week gap in Saturday home games. This sort of planning does little for supporters, most expect to attend home games every other week.

If the games are played as currently scheduled, Thackley will be left with just three games in the final two months of the season, erratic fixture planning seems to be the norm for this league.

Thackley AFC Fixtures

Sat 3rd October Retford United v Thackley KO 3.00pm
Tues 13th October Rossington Main v Thackley KO 7.45pm
Sat 17th October Thackley v Golcar United KO 3.00pm
Wed 21st October Thackley v Parkgate KO 7.45pm (League Cup)
Sat 24th October Pickering Town v Thackley KO 3.00pm
Sat 31st October Keighley Town v Thackley KO 3.00pm
Sat 7th November Knaresborough Town v Thackley KO 3.00pm

Thackley AFC Women's Fixtures

Sun 4th October Evolution v Thackley KO 2.00pm
Sun 11th October Thackley v Sheffield Wednesday KO 2.00pm
Sun 18th October Thackley v York City Development KO 2.00pm
Sun 25th October Ilkley Town v Thackley KO 2.00pm
Sun 1st November Thackley v Cleethorpes Town KO 2.00pm

A look around the local football scene with a quarter of the season complete shows the success of one club that has had a name change and the downturn of another.

Farsley Celtic as was, re-founded as FC Farsley, who now play in the Yorkshire Amateur League (Supreme Division), have started the season in a positive way.

They are currently mid table but getting better attendances than most other local semi-professional clubs; 370 saw them beat Ryburn United in a recent league game.

Farsley dropped out of the league in 2025 after issues installing an artificial pitch. They intend to reinstate the playing surface so the club can move back into the semi-professional leagues, hopefully next season.



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