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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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Contact Cathryn on 07866 374019
for your special event.



Editorial

A warm welcome to The Trumpit's latest young writer, Dickie Duff with a novel concept – see page 10. I hope the experience is a very positive one and the start of far greater things.

Towards the end of September, too late to catch the October edition, there were two fabulous events demonstrating the strength of community locally here in BD10.

The businesses of Idle village combined to put on a scarecrow trail and, in so doing, hopefully showcase what is available to shoppers down in the village. For any first timers I am sure the experience would have been a very positive one.

As I write there are signs of yet more investment in the village but this must be done in keeping with the standards already set. One or two clearly remain oblivious to the concept of planning regulations which blight the area as a whole.

On the same day, up the road Idle Red Kites ladies rounders' club had their annual fun day and what a crowd they drew in – see Your Community. It is a great credit to our two local ladies rounders clubs – Thackley being the other – that both are relatively recent start ups and appear to be thriving.

Both are hosted by the two local cricket clubs and a belated congratulations to Hepworth & Idle CC who have gained admission to the Airedale & Wharfedale Senior Cricket League in 2027. It will be a stiff challenge but with the prospect of some wonderful grounds to savour.

The most keenly awaited fixtures will be the two local derbies against Thackley CC; seasonal bragging rights will be up for grabs. It remains to be seen what future for cricket, or sport in general, at All Alone Road. Only time will tell but it would be sad to see the local area lose a valuable recreational space.

Which leads me neatly on to the issue of open space district wide with the publication of the long awaited council Local Plan which should be in circulation by the time you read this.

It attempts to define where some 33,000 new houses will be built throughout the district over a 17 year period to 2043. Having followed the last plan – 2017–2030 – building circa 2,000 new homes a year has rarely been achieved.

However, without a plan, developers have been in a very strong position, able to win permissions that may otherwise have been declined because the council could not demonstrate that it had a five year supply of housing land. It is a very important document – read it if you can.

Your Say

Email: idlelord@sky.com

We are holding our annual Marie Curie fund raising Quiz on the 12th November in memory of our friend Mick Cockroft.

Could you possibly give us a mention in The Trumpit.



As usual it will be held at the Idle Working Men's Club. This year it will be on Thursday the 12th November at 8.45.

As well as the Quiz, there will be a raffle, supper and a £100 jackpot question.

The winning Team will receive a voucher for 8 pints, which can be traded for alternative drinks.

The winning Teams named will be engraved on the trophy on display behind the bar. All proceeds will go to Marie Curie.

Thank you. Elaine O'Hagan

Mick was a lovable and well-known local character and is sadly missed. The Trumpit supports Mick's memory every year and will donate a voucher for 8 pints (or equivalent) too.

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An update now on the repairs done to the main wall on Westfield Lane.

Thanks for the news re the generous £100 donation last month. About the wall completion...we are on it!

Just waiting on the builder to confirm a date and ready to go with materials and extra funding...all good. Tony

Anyone wishing to donate to this great example of community please feel free to get in touch.

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Tony Gough

Scream Quietly

Erin Pizzey founded the first women's refuge in the UK. She was born in China in 1939, the daughter of a British diplomat and a Canadian mother. Her early life was chaotic as the family moved from country to country with her father's work. Her mother was cold and indifferent to her two children, and although her father was never physically violent, he verbally abused them.

Erin moved to Chiswick in London after she married her first husband Jack Pizzey, a naval lieutenant. They had two children which led to her feeling isolated and lonely, so she decided to start a place for women to meet and socialise called Chiswick Women's Aid. Her first client arrived soon after the centre opened, covered in bruises after she had been beaten with a chair leg and had nowhere else to go.

Life was much different for a woman in 1970. Doctors would only prescribe birth control medication if a woman could prove she was about to marry; abortion was illegal. If a woman was assaulted by her husband, the police often returned his wife.

Domestic disputes usually meant no action by the police. Police would say that women could be equally violent, or that they provoked their partners. If children were involved, they were likely to be taken into care, but no accommodation was provided for the mother.

She was expected to cope; there was no support or alternative care. As word spread the small 2-bedroom Chiswick house, quickly became over crowded with abused women and children sleeping on mattresses on the floor. Food was provided by local shops giving food at the end of the day.

In 1971 the organisation moved to a 15 roomed property at 369 Chiswick High Road, with funding assistance provided by the Bovis Construction Group. At the same time Erin and her group provided a home for men who were being abused.

The new house quickly became overcrowded; she was regularly threatened with prosecution by the local authority, even though it financially supported her work. The need to provide safe places for abused women and children became so great that Erin and Chiswick Women's Aid began squatting in empty buildings including the Palm Court Hotel in Richmond.

Erin believed that a loving family unit, including a father, was the ideal place for children to grow up in. She also acknowledged that men could be abused too. Things were about to change.

Her organisation joined the National Women's Aid group in 1969. The Marxist leaning group believed that women were oppressed by men and that men should have no part in the upbringing of children. Erin was eventually banned from the organisation for not being radical enough.

However, her work led to the 1976 Domestic Violence and Matrimonial Proceedings Act. She was awarded a CBE in 2024 shortly before her death in 2025.

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What are you tuned into?

Ever noticed how, when you're in a low mood, everything seems to go wrong? Even the little things become evidence that life isn't playing fair.

It's a bit like tuning a radio. When you're listening to 'Life Sucks FM', it's harder to hear what's playing on 'Life Is Great FM'.

What you're tuned into influences what you notice.

That doesn't mean you've attracted every difficulty or that you need to pretend everything is wonderful.

Sometimes life is hard, and you're allowed to feel how you feel.

But you can gently turn the dial.

Step outside. Put on a favourite song. Have a laugh with someone. Notice something you appreciate.

You don't have to leap from fed up to fabulous.

A little shift can be enough to remind you there's more going on than your mood is letting you see.

And sometimes, simply recognising 'Ah, I'm tuned into that station again' gives you a little breathing space.

If you'd like some support finding that space, let me know.

From my heart to yours – tune into what you love.

Jane



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Dickie Duff

Hello everybody. My name is Dickie; I'm a local Sixth Form student, and it's my first time here.

I thought, because it's my inauguration, I'd try to start something truly new that, perhaps, this publication has never seen before.

My big idea is to write part of a story – maybe just a prologue or random extract – and have any willing readers email The Trumpit with what they think happens next: the very first thing they think of when they read what I have written.

I have no idea how this is going to work – that is, if this is going to work – and whether it will connect with anybody.

But here goes.

The rain is penetrating, falling in droves and splashing in sheets on the cracked pavements beneath the yellow streetlights. The road is packed closely with cars, lights shifting red and white in the hazy wet. Their drivers are near invisible, shadow-faced and gloomily still in the traffic.

Stretching above the street are high buildings, etched with reminders of their old age, yet resolutely tall and imposing. On every floor is a balcony of wrought iron, shedding its layers of ancient paint.

From the street-level, the windows are just floating suggestions of life in the darkness, pale against the blackness of the building walls.

The pavement is crowded like an animal pen with sombre faces, dismal and lonely. I push through the hard shoulders of working men and the softer sides of fatter, richer men, under whose umbrellas their wives rub their black, leather hands together.

The umbrellas are at just the height to poke at my eyes, so I squint and bury myself in my collar.

The street ends in a large swirling mass of metal: a roundabout. From here comes a blaring noise of car-horns and the bitter screeching of people desperate to get home. Before the roundabout is a set of stairs under a metal archway, heading down into a hole under the street.

At the bottom of the stairs is a small office, where a surly attendant clips the ticket of anyone who passes.

Across from his office is a blanket and a homeless couple. The man is asleep, curled like a foetus behind a woman. He is shivering. The woman's face is coarsely beautiful, but her cheeks are sallow and her hair has wound itself into a knotted crochet down her back. Her under eyes are dirty, but her eyes are open – far more than the attendant's. She's more alive than any of us.

The man clips my ticket, and I follow a huddle of people along a tiled tunnel under the street and down another set of stairs. Arriving at a larger more crowded tube, I take a seat on the platform as someone stands up to massage some heat into their legs. A train thunders past and I jump a little.

From in my coat pocket, I pull a scratched metal cigarette case. I strike a match to light one, but my hands have lost their feeling and I drop it. I am too tired to try again – it is too cramped here anyway.

I wait until the next train comes into view and, this time, it stops dead by the platform. The doors spring open and there is a huge mass movement towards them.

I am the last to get on the train and must wedge myself by the door, looking out towards the platform – there are no umbrellas or leather gloves on this train.

The doors judder to a close.

The platform is almost deserted now; the seats are empty, but there is a lady walking down the steps from the ticket office.

At first, only her legs are visible, draped with wide-hanging trousers. Her feet wear delicate heels, forest green and reflecting the dirty light from the platform. As she moves further down the steps, her long, black coat emerges from beyond the platform ceiling, under which a small white blouse is visible.

The train begins to pull away.

In her hand an umbrella, held in the most elegant, gloved fingers. I stare through the window. Before the train reaches the end of the platform, I see her face: stencilled eyebrows, full cheekbones, touched by the flush of the cold. Wide eyes. Cushion-lips, painted apple red.

I gasp suddenly...then she is gone...what happens next??

Please email your ideas to The Trumpit (see page 3) by the tenth of the month latest.

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The Thackley Trumpit

The Thackley Trumpit was created in 1987 by Alvin Blossom, landlord of the long gone Shoulder of Mutton pub in Thackley. "Bloss", an ex-Radio Leeds DJ, created this as a bar top A4 flyer for regulars of the pub.

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 and circulation peaked at 300 copies monthly.

In 2018, with the blessing of Bill, The Trumpit was re-launched in its current form. This page is dedicated to the two of them, sadly no longer with us, and all who have contributed to this unique and truly local magazine.

The full 2000-2018 archive is on the website. This month here are some extracts from edition 274 in November 2003.

The lead story was centred on an act of vandalism towards a reader's car and the almost inevitable frustration of the victim of the crime at the ineptitude of the police that followed the incident. Has anything changed?

The Letter's Page demonstrated that the magazine was not afraid to publish contentious issues and views. I hope that remains the case today.

As if to demonstrate what little has really changed over the last 20 plus years, a letter regarding fireworks. This is rather ironic as the new council administration is promising to act on this issue; then again they did promise to sort out car parking charges!

Of course there were plenty of jokes available to lighten the days. Here is a cracker.

Eating Out featured The Manor House at Eccleshill, still gong strong I believe and a very popular pub food option way back in the day. Has anyone been lately?

Our own chef, Henrietta Biscuit (typical Bloss!), offered up a delicious sounding recipe of chicken with Dijon mustard and Parmesan cheese.

As ever a fascinating look back in time.

Dear Sir

It's time something was done about fireworks. They're getting bigger, much noisier and much more dangerous. Gone are the days of bangs, sparklers and Catherine wheels, these days some of the fireworks are powerful enough to bring a plane down (and this has been tried). I think the only bonfires allowed should be licensed, organised bonfires. Fireworks should only be sold to someone who produces a licence, and that licence should only be granted after people have been properly trained, as in First Aid certificates.

Fireworks used to be associated with Nov 5th but since the Millennium 'celebrations' it's all year round now. Ask any pet owner how much distress all this noise causes to cats and dogs and horses, not to mention wild animals. But these people don't give a damn, just as long as they're enjoying themselves, sod anybody else.

P K, Greengates

Several men are in the changing rooms at the local gym. A mobile phone on a bench rings and one of the men answers it using the hands free speaker function. Everyone can hear the conversation.

"Hello"

"Hi honey, it's me. Are you at the gym?" enquires a female voice.

"Yes"

"Well I'm just out shopping and I've found this beautiful leather coat. It's only £1,000. Is it OK if I buy it?" the woman pleads. After a short pause, he replies ...

"Of course. If you like it that much, you can have it," says the man.

"That's great," says the woman excitedly. "But honey, I also stopped by the Mercedes dealership and saw the new 2003 models. There's one I really like and it's only £63,000. Can I have it?" "OK, but for that price I want it with all the options," replies the man, without a second thought.

"Great! Oh, and one more thing. My mum phoned and she wants to come and stay with us for a few months. I said you wouldn't mind."

"That's fine. I guess I can put up with her for a while," he says calmly.

"Oh thanks so much honey. You're the best," says the woman, ending the call. The man hangs up, turns to all the other men in the locker room, who are staring at him in astonishment, and asks: "Anyone know who this 'phone belongs to?"

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A Slice of Tradition

The Village Bakery – Where Traditions Are Baked

There was a time when a visit to the local bakery was simply part of everyday life.

Before supermarkets and online shopping, the village bakery was often one of the first places to come to life in the morning. While most people were still asleep, the baker was already at work — shaping dough, warming the ovens and filling the bakery, and sometimes the street, with the smell of fresh bread and pastry.

For many, these are childhood memories: being sent to collect the family loaf, choosing a small cake as a treat, or walking home with a paper bag still warm from the bakery. Buying fresh bread was simply part of everyday life.

But the village bakery was about more than bread. It was part of the community — a place where people knew the baker, stopped for a loaf, pie or something sweet, and exchanged a few words about family, neighbours and village life.

Similar traditions could be found in Poland, where the local "piekarnia" was equally important. Families visited for fresh bread and rolls, cakes and sweet yeast bakes. Although British and Polish recipes developed differently, the principle was much the same: food made locally, bought fresh and shared around the family table.

Perhaps that is why traditional bakeries still hold such a special place in our memories. Recipes may change and new flavours appear, but the smell of freshly baked bread, the warmth of the oven and the simple pleasure of carrying a fresh loaf home continue to connect generations — whether in a Yorkshire village or a small town in Poland.

November Traditions

Here in Yorkshire, November has its own wonderful baking traditions.

One of the best known is **Parkin**, the dark, sticky cake made with oatmeal, treacle and warming ginger, traditionally associated with **Bonfire Night**. Interestingly, Parkin often improves with keeping, becoming softer and stickier as its flavours deepen. And something savoury was always welcome on a cold November evening too. Pork pies are part of

Yorkshire's rich food heritage, and they also remind us of the traditional relationship between two village trades — the butcher and the baker.

That relationship continues here in Idle. Our neighbours at **The Idle Butcher** supply the quality meat we use in our pork pies and sausage rolls. Local butcher, local bakery, local community — some traditions are worth keeping.

Our Own Story

Our story began in October 2016, when Gosia started baking bread, selling her loaves at local markets and supplying shops across the region from Bradford to Manchester.

Three years later, in November 2019, The Idle Bakery finally opened its doors in Idle, followed by our Café in May 2021.

Ten years after those first loaves, our shelves may hold far more than they once did — from traditional breads and pies to British and Polish cakes and pastries — but the principles behind them remain the same: good ingredients, proper baking, care and time.

A village bakery does more than make bread. It keeps recipes, memories and traditions alive.

From Our Oven to Your Table

November brings deeper, warmer flavours made for colder days. Our weekly sourdough specials celebrate the season with mature cheeses, roasted vegetables, nuts, herbs and a touch of spice — traditional sourdough with its own seasonal character.

Week 1 (from 4th November) Mature Cheddar & Cracked Black Pepper A classic combination with plenty of character. Rich, mature Cheddar melts into the crumb as the loaf bakes, while cracked black pepper adds a gentle warmth and savoury finish.

Week 2 (from 11th November) Roasted Red Pepper, Roasted Onion & Chilli Sweet roasted red peppers and onions bring colour and natural sweetness, balanced by a touch of chilli for a gentle kick of heat. Warming rather than fiery, and full of roasted flavour.

Week 3 (from 18th November) Stilton, Walnut & Thyme A wonderfully autumnal combination. The

distinctive richness of Stilton is complemented by crunchy walnuts and fragrant thyme, creating a deeply savoury loaf with layers of flavour and texture. **Week 4 (from 25th November) Roasted Beetroot & Goat's Cheese** Earthy roasted beetroot brings natural sweetness and beautiful colour to the bread, while tangy goat's cheese provides the perfect contrast. A rustic sourdough that tastes every bit as distinctive as it looks.

Scone Star of the Month – Toffee Apple

Few flavours capture November quite like a traditional toffee apple. Inspired by this much-loved Bonfire Night treat, our Toffee Apple Scone combines pieces of apple with the deep, caramel-like richness of dark muscovado sugar. The result is a soft, comforting scone with gentle fruity sweetness and a rich toffee flavour — our little taste of those cold November evenings filled with glowing bonfires, warm coats and sticky fingers.

Sausage Roll Star of the Month – Pork, Smoked Bacon & Sage

November calls for proper comfort food, and this month's Pork, Smoked Bacon & Sage Sausage Roll is

full of rich, warming flavours. Quality pork supplied by our neighbours at **The Idle Butcher** is combined with smoky bacon and fragrant sage, then wrapped in golden, flaky puff pastry and baked until beautifully crisp. A hearty, savoury combination made for chilly November days — and another celebration of the traditional partnership between the local butcher and baker.

From the Baker's Bench: Why does bread take longer in November?

As temperatures fall, fermentation naturally slows. Yeast and sourdough cultures work more slowly in cooler conditions, which is why bakers learn to read the dough rather than simply follow the clock. Sometimes, the bread decides the timetable for us.

From Gosia's first loaves in 2016 to the bakery and café you know today, much has changed — but our belief in proper baking has not.

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More Tales From Whitby

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Had another year gone by so quickly? It was time for my annual review with Godson Harry on the drive to Whitby for another weekend of late-life madness, savoured as ever by the youngster as part of his great learning curve.

Not for the first time I marvelled at the simplicity of youth, long since a faded memory made starker by the reality it was the same week, I'd started gainful employment some 41 years ago. At what cost to Barclays Bank nobody still knows.

We were first there and, as ever, the accommodation was top class; it was time to sample the welcome pack with the locally made Botham's biscuits a real treat.



With the draw for the rooms made weeks ago, I checked out my luxury suite. Peering into the adjacent room - Cell Block H - I wondered how Big Al, allocated this to great merriment amongst the rest of us, would ever prise his giant frame into a ship's bunk.

Maybe he would squat in Five Pint's adjacent single bed and claim human rights? Captain Ahab might be needed to shift him.

On the same day the news was full of Travelodge's disgrace re the scandal of unwanted visitors to customers' rooms, it struck me that I needed to seek out a padlock to avoid the same, separated from the cell merely by a stud wall. Thankfully, the big man would not be arriving until the following day.

The rest of the golf committee were now enroute; in two hours we would be having every shot recalled from the morning's outing and it would be a long, long night as they chipped and puttied again and again.

Finally, they arrived with Club Captain Patch seriously under the weather, coughing and spluttering like a fishing boat. Soon to follow was the entrepreneurial Fagin, fully prepared for a White Bear promotional tour. New branded hoodies were presented to birthday boy Patch and the youngster who would turn twenty-two a few weeks later. It was like getting an England cap.

Five Pints came in modelling his new ear defences for his two nights in the cell; how could a man stand such times, I sang away in my head. I



could not believe that two tiny buds would be enough to mask a zoo like orchestra.

Tour grandad Leapy had a new car, an electric French box, probably made in Vietnam, having ceded his prized Mini to son and heir Jack; the old boy would soon turn seventy yet no hoodie for him. He had a serene air about him despite having to revert to a battery powered go-kart in his dotage.

"My life these days is perfect!" he declared. "I get up each morning and all I have to worry about is golf! But please don't print that!"

Both fellow escapees from reality, we shared a few minutes comparing our approaches to household duties assigned to us as part of our respective co-habitation arrangements, modern day peace treaties in effect. We could solve the Middle East conflict in a breath.

Whitby had moved on since we were last here, continuing signs of the popularity of the place. The old HSBC building by the bridge, shut in 2022, was now a smart bar with outdoor heaters and an impressive internal makeover. And yet, if Fagin charged £7 a pint Nob Ed Korna would give up drinking.

As on-trend as The Treasury is, my heart yearned for The Ship just down the road, where the youngster and I had snuck an introductory swifty a few hours earlier.



The Ship is to Whitby what The Scruffy is to Idle; a home from home with, if you get lucky, a stunning seated view of the harbour.

It was here that Uncle Andy eventually joined us, a recent convert to the cult populated by the wife-avoiding, middle-aged, tubby golfer. As he is crap, the golf chat was mercifully short.

After a few beers it was time for the annual slog up the steps, past where the ancient whale bones had only recently been removed to the Chinky where, as always, there would be bones and ribs a plenty.

The following day it appeared that those bones might have been as old as the whale as several of us were down with Beijing belly. I woke to beautiful sunshine and a calm – save for my belly – that I would savour, one unlikely to be sustained for the rest of the weekend.

The streets were almost deserted as I headed to the beach only to find the tide in and the sea lively. Fishermen gathered with warm drinks, swapping tales doubtless of the day's catch and more. In an uncertain world this was one where time moved far slower, and AI meant nothing.

By now, Five Pints was tracking Big AI – he was on his way – a shudder went down my spine. Breakfast was at the excellent Pescado Lounge where we were allocated a table and a QR code. Thereon, it was “ping, ping, ping” as our individual orders were placed like Gunfight at the iPhone Corral; the young punk never stood a chance.

Back at base, Five Pints vanished to savour one last piece of peace; and then the big man joined the band as Springsteen sings.

We'd swapped the opulence of The Treasury for one of the many pubs in Whitby that can best be described as serving a purpose i.e. numerous screens and a lot cheaper to boot.

It took just ten minutes and sixteen seconds for the big man's first pint to vanish; a marker had been put down. Needless to say, he had not brought his tuxedo for dinner.

As it was, it is sad to report that the culinary experience was very disappointing given the standard of the venue we chose.

The next day we would be led into the wilderness by Leapy, once again entrusted with the annual walk, a leap of faith indeed.

“The night is dark and full of terrors!” Five Pints was quoting Game Of Thrones as he climbed the stairs Cell Block H.

With the big man now tucked up next door, I could best describe the noise as the constant rumble of tanks across a loose, wooden bridge. The next morning he surfaced concerned about news suggesting statins might not be a medical counter to a keg of beer a week.

In God – rather than Leapy's walking app – we placed our trusted as we set off for a six-mile jaunt, minus sleeping beauty.

Old habits die hard; that was the feeling after ignoring a helpful yellow arrow, as we found ourselves in North Yorkshire's equivalent of a rain forest. Rather than see the North



Yorkshire Moors railway it felt more akin to Burma. Would this be where it was all end? There were beers of relief as we emerged after six miles to the unique beauty of Goathland, with no need for the Air Ambulance. All that was left was to savour the joys of the classy and reliable Italian Cosa Nostra and a final few beers before we left this wonderful place once again.

As ever the weekend had flown by with countless laughs and beers.



Trumpit Money

Offset Mortgages

In the current economic climate, an increasing number of customers are getting in touch to ask: how do I pay my mortgage down faster, and what's actually in it for me? It's a fair question, and one worth taking seriously. Getting a mortgage shouldn't be thought of simply as a monthly recurring transaction, but also as part of a long-term strategy. It's important to think about it all the way through your home ownership journey, from how you repay it to how you get out of it altogether.

Knowing your limits

The good news is that most lenders, on most deals, will let you overpay. Some cap it at 10% of the outstanding balance each year, while others allow up to 20%, but the flexibility is there for the vast majority of borrowers. It's a genuine positive, one that's often underused.

There are also some mortgage deals (such as trackers) that come with no early repayment penalties at all. This means you can pay back as much as you like, whenever you like. If you come into an inheritance, receive a large bonus, or sell a second property, these are useful tools for clearing debt quickly. As ever, check with your mortgage adviser and read the terms and conditions of your specific offer before assuming any of this applies to you.

Offset mortgages - how do they work?

Another area for consideration is something many borrowers have never heard of: offset mortgages. Once upon a time, major high street lenders offered something known as a current account mortgage, where your salary, savings, and borrowing all sat in one account. Those products have largely disappeared, but the concept lives on through a small number of lenders offering offset mortgages.

Here's how it works. Say you borrow £100,000 and hold £50,000 in savings. Lodge that £50,000 with your lender, and you won't earn interest on it, but you also won't pay interest on that portion of your mortgage.

It's an effective way of balancing debt against savings, and it's particularly useful for higher rate taxpayers, who would otherwise face additional tax on interest earned elsewhere. Bear in mind this is a particularly complex area, so it's worth speaking to a tax specialist about your specific circumstances.

What are the pros and cons?

If used effectively, an offset mortgage can reduce the capital you owe more quickly than a traditional one. For illustration, offsetting £50,000 against a mortgage could, depending on the deal and your balance, save you a four-figure sum in interest over a year. As always, the actual benefit depends on your individual mortgage, savings, and tax position, so it's worth running the numbers with an adviser before deciding.

However, offsetting isn't for everyone, and it's worth weighing the trade-offs carefully. You'll typically pay a premium for the facility itself, meaning the rate you'll receive is rarely the most competitive on the market. If you don't use it, any money you offset won't earn interest in the meantime, so it doesn't suit everyone's circumstances.

That said, part of the reason offset products aren't more popular is down to a lack of understanding. If your adviser isn't offering this as a potential option, make sure to raise it with them. It might not suit you if the cheapest headline rate is all you're after, but for the right borrower, it can be an effective way to reduce interest costs and potential tax liability, depending on individual circumstances.

Whether you're looking into overpaying in general or are considering whether an offset mortgage is right for you, speaking to a mortgage adviser is always the first place to start. They'll look at your financial situation in detail, talk through your options, and help you determine whether it could work for you. Whatever route makes sense for you, the sooner that conversation happens, the sooner you'll know where you stand.

Andrew Milnes—Mortgage Advice Bureau
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Saturday ~ Bolton Outlanes

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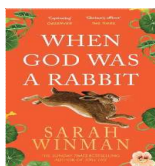
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Bookworm

A Windhill Wanderer



This month I am recommending two novels that explore memory, relationships, and the passage of time in very different ways. First up is *When God Was a Rabbit* by Sarah Winman followed by *The Land in Winter* by Andrew Miller. Both are rooted in emotional storytelling, but they take distinct approaches in tone, structure, and subject matter, offering readers two contrasting, but equally engaging experiences.

When God Was a Rabbit is a warm, often whimsical novel that centres on the life of Elly, a young girl growing up in 1960s England. The story unfolds as a series of memories, moving back and forth through time, capturing the small but meaningful moments that shape a life. At its heart, this is a book about relationship with a focus on the bond between Elly and her older brother Joe, which forms the emotional core of the narrative.

One of the most appealing aspects of Winman's writing is her ability to balance humour with heartbreak. The novel is filled with quirky, memorable characters (friends, lovers, and family members) who drift in and out of Elly's life. These characters are drawn with affection, even when they are flawed, making them feel real and relatable. The prose is accessible and often poetic without being overly complex, which makes the book easy to read while still emotionally resonant.

Some readers might be distracted by the novel's episodic structure; it jumps across different periods of Elly's life, some events are given only brief attention, even when they seem significant. This can leave the reader wanting more depth in certain parts of the story. Still, the overall effect is one of nostalgia and a reflection on how memories, both joyful and painful, come together to form a life.

In contrast, *The Land in Winter* offers a quieter, more restrained reading experience. Set during the harsh winter of 1962–63 in rural England, the novel follows two main characters: Irene, married to Eric, the village doctor (so on the surface at least,

appears to have it all) and Rita, a city girl struggling with her role as a farmer's wife. Both women are in the early stages of pregnancy and desperately lonely. Their lives intersect against a backdrop of cold, isolation, and emotional distance.

Andrew Miller's writing is more measured and atmospheric than Winman's. He pays close attention to setting, using the frozen landscape as a reflection of the characters' inner lives. The winter itself becomes almost a character, shaping the mood of the story and reinforcing themes of loneliness and stagnation. This slower pace may not appeal to readers looking for a plot-driven narrative, but it rewards those who appreciate subtlety and careful character development. It was shortlisted for the Booker Prize in 2025 and in my view it should have won.

What stands out in Miller's novel is the way he explores ordinary lives with quiet intensity. There are no dramatic twists or grand events; instead, the focus is on small decisions, unspoken feelings, and the gradual shifts that can change a person's path. Irene and Rita are not idealized characters, they are imperfect, sometimes frustrating, but ultimately believable. Their struggles feel grounded in reality and completely relatable.

That said, *The Land in Winter* may feel too subdued for some readers. Its emotional impact is more understated, but for those willing to engage with its pace, the novel offers a thoughtful and moving portrayal of human connection in difficult circumstances.

When comparing the two books, the biggest difference lies in their tone and narrative style. *When God Was a Rabbit* is lively, emotional, and full of colour; *The Land in Winter* is muted, reflective, and quietly intense. Winman's novel is more likely to appeal to readers who enjoy character-driven stories with a mix of humour and drama, whereas Miller's work is better suited to those who prefer a more contemplative, atmospheric read.

In the end, both novels succeed in their own ways. Winman won the New Writer of the Year award when her book was first published in 2011. Miller was shortlisted for the Booker Prize in 2025 (and in my view he should have won). Both books were Sunday Times Bestsellers, and both deserved to be.

What's On

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The George: 1st Face The Strange 6.30pm; 8th Jack O'Malley 6.30pm; 14th Northern Epidemic 9pm; 15th Franco Bono 6.30pm; 21st Flight 19 9pm; 22nd Adam Acoustix 6.30pm; 29th Jerrad Barraclough 6.30pm

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Two beetroot dishes to enjoy here.

Roasted Beetroots in Orange – serves 4.

Pre-heat your oven to 200C/400F/Gas 6 and have a baking dish ready.

Ingredients: 4 medium beetroots washed scrubbed (use disposable gloves) then peel and cut into equal sized quarters; 1-2 tbsp olive oil; large red onion peeled, root removed and sliced thinly; 3. large oranges all 3 zested with 2 juiced (peel and segment the third for garnish); 250ml orange juice; 1tbsp brown sugar; 1tbsp honey or maple syrup; salt & peppermill; 2tbsp of either cider vinegar or orange balsamic vinegar.

Method

1. Place you baking dish in the oven.
2. In a large bowl mix orange juice, vinegar and sugar – whisk with 3-4 tbsp water if needed.
3. Add the oil to a bowl with beetroot and onions – toss through the oil and season.
4. Remove dish carefully from the oven placing on a trivet then add the beets to the hot dish mix well and place back into the oven for approx. 10-15 minutes.
5. Remove dish from oven, pour over the liquids and all other ingredients then stir carefully. Place back into the oven and cook for approx. 20-30 minutes, basting where needed.
6. Remove dish from oven. Stir in the honey or maple syrup and add the zest. Taste and season lightly if needed. Place back into oven to finish the cooking for 10 minutes. Finally, stir in the segments.
7. If there is excess liquid decant the beets into a serving dish to keep warm. Then pour liquid into a sauce pan and place on to moderate heat and reduce until a nice syrupy consistency to pour over the beets. Serve as a dish either warm or chilled with either whipped feta cheese or crumble feta, crusty bread and of course something chilled! If you want this dish to be a side omit the cheese. It will go well with duck, pork and poultry.

Beetroot Tartin – serves 4.

Use a thick bottomed frying pan with oven set the same as previously.

Ingredients: 2 large red onions peeled with root removed then cut into equal quarters; 40g butter; 1tbs soft brown sugar; 1tbsp vinegar (cider or sherry); salt & peppermill; sheet of pre-rolled puff pastry; 2-3 medium beets cut in to equal quarters.

Method

1. Measure pastry to pan width and cut out. Keep in the fridge until needed.
2. Place pan or skillet on a medium heat then add half of the butter. Cook the onion with a little colour (golden) then remove and keep warm.
3. Add rest of the butter, return on the heat and add the sugar stirring until dissolved.
4. Once the caramel forms add the vinegar to the sauce stirring in well. When it is bubbling take off the heat then carefully place the the quartered beetroots in a clockwise pattern alternating with the onion until all the spaces are filled.
5. Place back on the heat so the sauce is bubbling to achieving a golden-brown colour.
6. Take out circle of pastry from the fridge, and wrap the pastry circle around a lightly floured rolling pin.
7. Remove pan off the heat; place on to a trivet allowing to cool slightly. Carefully unravel the pastry; when the Tartin is lidded, press carefully down around the edges.
8. Place in the oven and cook for approx. 20-25 minutes.
9. Once cooked the top should be golden brown. With a small knife pierce a small incision to check the beets and onions are cooked.
10. Rest for 10 minutes then take your serving plate over the Tartin. Using an oven cloth turn upside down onto the plate. Serve with a crispy green salad with rocket and a sharp salad dressing.

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"I'd love an allotment!"

So many people say this to me with a genuine desire to grow and enjoy their own food. However, few realise the realities of managing an allotment for the long term. An allotment is not just for summer; so what should you be aware of?

Firstly, if you are serious then you need to make contact with your local allotment society. Some of these will be run by the local authority and there is plenty of information on the Bradford Council website. Others are run privately so be prepared to knock on doors so to speak.

It is likely that there will be a waiting list so better to act now than face years of delay. It may be possible to share a plot as managing a whole allotment has its challenges so be flexible. This is a good way to start.

The reality is that, come the day you finally get your own plot, it will most likely be in need of some serious hard work. This is because tenancies generally run for a year and allotments can be left to deteriorate for a long period once people decide to exit. Get ready for some graft.

And here is the first lesson! Once you have your plot to a workable standard, maintaining it on a little and often basis is the surest way to keep it enjoyable.

Although we all look forward to the summer when everything should be growing and blooming, the winter months are key to the success of your plot.

Even on a crisp autumnal day there is much to savour, not least the beauty and peace afforded to us lucky allotment holders.

You may only visit once a week but take your flask, get wrapped up and keep on top of those small jobs that, if left till summer, will only detract from the real work.

What of the costs involved? I see many "newbies" spending fortunes on...well...rubbish probably bought from Amazon.

I doubt whether any Amazon executive has worked an allotment but the truth is that most allotment holders are closer to Greta Thunberg's values than Jeff Bezos.

We recycle and re-hash anything we can find but it is also equally important not to get bogged down with unused clutter.

Have a determined clear out once a year at least and avoid becoming a dump for everyone's unwanted plastic.

Come the new year make sure you have a plan not just of your allotment space but also what and when you will plant out.

Be aware of varying climatic conditions wherever you are in the UK – seed packets can only be treated as a general guide.

If you are local I cannot recommend highly enough Eccleshill Horticultural Society – see below. Great people and generous advice.

Start with clean tackle including – if you have one – a washed greenhouse to get rid of hidden and destructive bugs.

Don't worry about the odd failure – they will keep coming – just go again.

Work out a watering regime as we seem likely to have to get used to warmer summers. In the greenhouse there are a number of options of varying cost.

Outside, if you are time short, then choose crops that will not need intensive care.

Above all, get to know your allotment neighbours as you will find them generous with advice and help.

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. Great value.

Joe King

I went for a walk past a farm with my new girlfriend and we saw dogs mating. She said: "How does the male know when the female is ready for sex?"

I replied: "He can smell she is ready. That's how nature works." We then walked past a sheep field and the ram was mating the ewe. Again, my girlfriend asked: "How does the ram know when the ewe is ready?"

I replied: "It's nature. He can smell she is ready." We then went past another pasture and the bull was mating with the cow.

My girlfriend said: "This is odd. They are really going at it. Surely the bull can't smell when she is ready?" I said: "Oh, yes; it's nature. All animals can smell when the female is ready for sex."

Anyway, after the walk, I dropped her at home and kissed her goodbye. She said: "Take care and get yourself tested for Covid."

"Why do you say that?" I asked her.

She replied: "You seem to have lost your sense of smell."

A man goes to the doctor, worried about his wife's temper. The doctor asks, "What's the problem?"

The man says, "Doctor, I don't know what to do. Every day my wife seems to lose her temper for no reason. It scares me."

The doctor says, "I have a cure for that. When it seems that your wife is getting angry, just take a glass of water and start swishing it in your mouth. Just swish and swish but don't swallow it until she either leaves the room or calms down."

Two weeks later, the man comes back to the doctor looking fresh and reborn.

The man says, "Doctor, that was a brilliant idea! Every time my wife started losing it, I swished with water. I swished and swished, and she calmed right down! How does a glass of water do that?"

The doctor says, "The water itself does nothing. It's keeping your mouth shut that does the trick."



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The advertisement has a dark green background. At the top is a white logo with a shovel icon and the company name. Below the logo, services are listed in white and yellow text. At the bottom, contact information is provided in yellow and white text.

Your Community



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 walks are approx. 4 to 5 miles starting at 7pm. For more details please see the website - <https://bradfordramblers.org.uk> - there is far more detail than is possible to include here.

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.

Idle Red Kites family fun day on the 26th September raised a whopping £2324 for our chosen Bradford Dementia Hub. We thank everyone for coming along and being part of the day and hope to see you again next year!



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Walks in Yorkshire

Silsden – Suspicious Bullocks

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 third book.

This is a long walk so sections of the text have been edited to fit here – sorry Mike!

There are some lovely parts of this district of ours which nobody seems to walk. Rights of way clearly marked on the OS map turn out to have disappeared by default. Others remain, their presence indicated by stiles in walls but not by any mark on the ground.

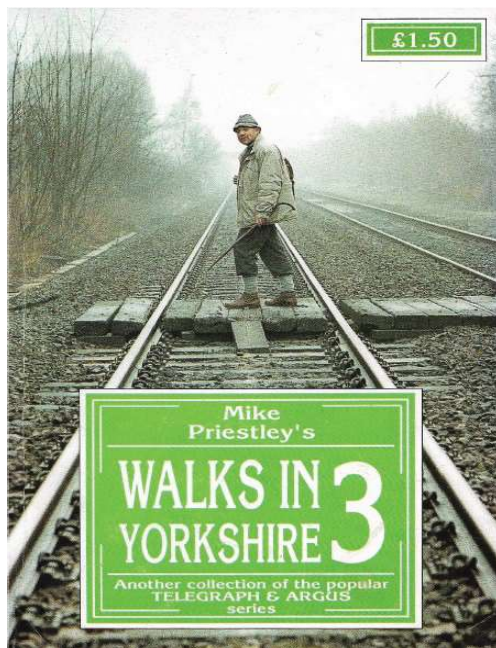
Even the clearly defined footpaths and bridleways on this walk bear barely an imprint or a hoof. At least that was the situation when I walked them. Things might have changed.

I drove up the Silsden road from East Morton, climbing to the ridge which runs parallel to the Aire Valley above Riddlesden – a nice, high elevation from which to begin.

As I drew level with the tv booster mast on my right, the road dropped past a house called Holden Gate on the right in the dip and two footpath signs on the left.

A little further along on the right, was a turning area near a field gate and another footpath sign pointing right. Here was where I parked. I then walked back the way I'd come, plodding up the road until I came to a public bridleway sign pointing to my left, through a gate marked "EFG Rivick Edge".

I followed the track up the field and round to the left, heading towards the mast. There was the sound of gunfire not far away.



Before I reached the mast, I went through the gate on my right. A track led straight ahead to where a line of vehicles was parked not far away from a group of people and the source of gunfire – apparently a Sunday morning shooting club.

I was rather glad my path passed out of sight of their line of fire. To be accidentally shot is not the best way to end a walk.

I headed half-left across the field, following the barely defined bridleway across the grass towards the edge of the forest. A group of bullocks grazed a hundred yards away from where I was walking. One of them – the only one with pointed horns – peered at me intently.

Normally bullocks don't worry me at all. This one did, it's stance reminded me of pictures of bullfight animals about to attack a matador. My flight and fight instincts went into overdrive. I kept on walking but was ready to run if I heard pounding hooves behind me.

When I looked back again, the bullock had its back to me and was grazing. Phew!

A sign beside the stile into the Economic Forestry Unit's plantation warned "DO NOT

START FIRE". Its a rum old world in which such advice is deemed necessary.

The path led clearly through the fir trees, with views of Brunthwaite Crag across the green valley to my left, over the treetops at first but then more clearly as the path dipped down left to follow the wall side for a while before swinging right into the forest again over marshy ground.

It met a new forestry road to cross a stream, turning left at the other side to quickly leave the road and head back into the forest. I was just nicely winding down now after my bullock worries. Then a grouse whirled up immediately in front of me.

Such encounters do not do a man's nerves a great deal of good.

Eventually the path emerged from the trees to be surrounded by heather. Ahead was the bulk of Addingham Moor, to my left a rather nice view of a green valley.

I climbed a stile in a fence, then walked diagonally down a narrow field to a gate and headed towards a farm and the lane beyond it. The lane took me past an attractive spring gushing from the hillside beneath a wall into a weed-filled pool.

I continued along the track to the next gate, with a rocky outcrop to my right and then, through the gate, the stunning shapes of the Doubler Stones straight ahead.

What oddities these are: eroded hunks of sandstone wider at the top than at the bottom, a brace of massive flat-top mushrooms standing on the skyline like twin refugees from Brimham Rocks.

I made a detour from the track to look at them and resisted the temptation to continue past to the edge of the ridge for the glorious view over Addingham Moorside.

Through a metal gate, my way led up the wall side, with the wall to my right, to the gate in the muddy top corner of the field.

Beyond the gate, I turned right and followed a track, skirting muddily round a fenced-off farmyard and keeping on to a stile beside a gate.

Through this, I continued up the grass track until it swung left, following the wall side to meet the road close to where I'd parked my car.

Through a stile I crossed a field and headed for another gap stile beyond which was a pipe spanning the stream. The path led to a footbridge below this pipe.

Across the bridge and through the gate beyond, I followed the path forking right as it led over a fence stile and through the top of the trees, with Holden Beck in the valley to my right.

Where the path met a diagonal track heading up from the right, I turned left through a stile by a wooden gate and walked up the green, walled track. I continued past a farm on the left and bungalow on the right.

Where the farm track met the elbow of a narrow road, I turned left and walked down the hill, passing on the left the entrance to the track leading to a group of houses surrounding Ghyll Grange.

Not far beyond the gate was a narrow wall stile on the left leading into a field. I headed half-left down the field until I reached a gate in the descending wall.

Through this and keeping at right-angles to the wall, I crossed a stream bed on a faint path then kept just below a sparse line of wind-blown trees and, shortly, a broken-down wall with a gate gap in it.

The article in the book ends here - clearly a publishing error - but from the route in brief this is almost at the end of the walk. It is a walk for more experienced walkers though but another beautiful one. Ed

Time: 2 & 1/2 hours

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



Thackley CC



🎅 The countdown to Christmas is on! 🎄
We've got lots to look forward to at Thackley Cricket Club over the next few weeks with bingo, quizzes, live sport, live music and plenty of festive fun! Get these dates in your diary! 📅

🎅 28 November - Bongo Bingo - An evening of bingo, music and plenty of laughs! Tickets are £10 each and will be on sale soon!

🎄 5 December - Christmas Light Switch-On - Join us as we light up the club and get into the festive spirit!

👶 19 December - Kids' Christmas Party & Race Night. Fun for the little ones with an exciting race night!

🎮 Speed Quiz & Music Bingo with Peter Mac - Our popular Speed Quiz and Music Bingo nights continue on Fridays and every other Sunday!

Free to play, with no pens, no paper and no cheating - November: 8, 13, 22 & 27 - December: 6, 11 & 20.

🎮 Bingo Nights - Come along for a traditional game of bingo and a fun evening at the club - November: 6 & 20 - December: 4 & 18.

🎵 Live Music Coming Soon - We've got some fantastic live music planned over the coming weeks! 🔔 Keep your eyes peeled on our Facebook page - you won't want to miss out!

⚽ Live Sport - Catch all the big games on our screens with Sky Sports and TNT Sports!

📱 Make sure you're following our Facebook page for event announcements, ticket details, live music updates and all the latest news from the club!

💚💛 We can't wait to see you!



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{cont'd from page 32}

Thackley AFC Fixtures

Sat 7th November Knaresborough Town v Thackley KO 3.00pm

Sat 14th November Horbury Town v Thackley KO 3.00pm

Sat 21st November Thackley v Tadcaster Albion KO 3.00pm

Sat 28th November Penistone Church v Thackley KO 3.00pm

Wed 2nd December Thackley v Worsborough Bridge KO 7.45pm

Sat 5th December Thackley v Reford FC KO 3.00pm

Thackley AFC Women's Fixtures

Sun 1st November Thackley v Cleethorpes Town KO 2.00pm

Sun 8th November Farsley FC v Thackley KO 2.00pm

Sun 15th November Thackley v Lower Hopton KO 2.00pm

Sun 22nd November Thackley v Rossington Main KO 2.00pm

Sun 6th December Thackley v Knaresborough Town KO 2.00pm

Expectations were a little less optimistic for the visit of top of the table Bottesford Town and they duly fulfilled their potential in a game that saw them leave Dennyfield with all three points in a 2-0 win. Thackley drew some positives from the game by virtue of being in it until the final minute when Bottesford scored their second goal.

Reford United, another team up amongst the promotion hopefuls, were the hosts for Thackley's next game and the result did nothing to dent their hopes of finishing in a promotion place. Although, the 5-0 scoreline line did flatter them somewhat, Thackley conceded three of those goals in the last six minutes of the game.

Other teams around Thackley had started to pick up points and most had games in hand, it was time to put another run together to try to pull away from the drop zone.

An evening trip to Rossington Main, a team that until the previous Saturday had gone eleven games without defeat, meant that optimism was not that high about this game being the start of that run. Thackley turned the form book on its head and came away from the game with all three points in a 2-1 win.

The following Saturday Golcar United, the visitors to Dennyfield, just one point ahead of Thackley in the table but a 4-1 win saw them leap frog their opponents.

Six points from two games has certainly lifted the spirits at Dennyfield and hopefully these two results will give them the impetus to go on another unbeaten run.



Thackley v Golcar: Craig Irvine Photography

Thackley Women have continued their excellent start to the season and after six games top the league remain undefeated. It is still very early days, with a lot of football still to be played but if they can continue in their present form promotion looks very much a possibility.

If they manage to achieve this, they would have won three successive promotions, which by any standards is remarkable. Still early days but there is plenty of optimism about this team.



© Neil Fearnside Photography



I highlighted the plight of Keighley Town in the October edition of the Trumpit and things have moved on somewhat since then. They have appointed a new manager; local lad James Gill, has been given the job of pulling things round for the newly named club.

Known as 'Gilly', in his playing days he turned out for Bradford Park Avenue, Barnoldswick, Silsden and Albion Sports, along with a number of other local clubs so knows football in the area very well. He is not new to club management either, having been the gaffer at both Silsden and Barnoldswick.

Recently, he had taken up the assistant manager's role at Steeton but was enticed away to take up the challenge at Cougar Park. He has certainly moved fast in recruiting new players.

Quite a few of these have been seduced out of retirement, tempted by reportedly rich rewards, ex-Bradford City striker James Hanson being the most noteworthy to date. Semi-professional icons, Tom Greaves, Ross Daly and brothers Aidan and Callum Chippendale have also signed.

Gilly is hoping that these and others will help salvage their season with just two points from fifteen games.

Ex-professional footballer and TV pundit Alan Hanson famously said about Manchester United's youthful side that went on to win multiple trophies, "You'll never win anything with kids".

Gilly has taken this philosophy to heart; he's certainly not putting his trust in kids and is hoping that his 'experienced' players will save the club from relegation in their first season. Time will tell.

When last I wrote, Thackley were having a bit of a run, not promotion form but accumulating enough points to lift them out of the relegation zone. The 1-1 draw against local rivals Albion Sports ended a spell of six games from which only one had finished in defeat.

Unfortunately, the wheels came off somewhat after that game and Thackley lost the next three. Fortunately, at the time, some teams around them in the table were finding it hard to pick up points. Thackley's six game run had giving them a bit of breathing space.

The first of these defeats came at Frickley Athletic, who were one of the teams below them in the table and in poor form. An expected victory turned out to be a disappointing 2-0 defeat.



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