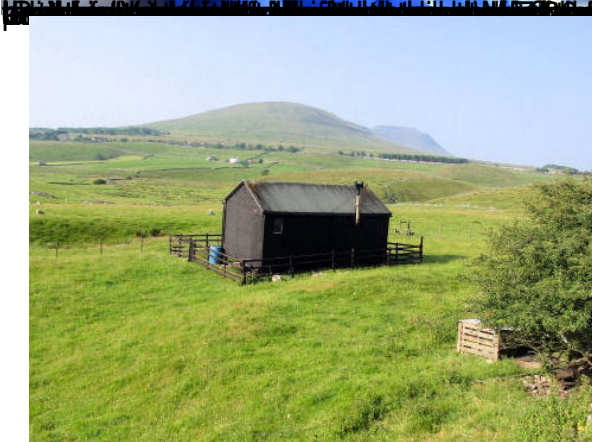




Our dales trip started at the Old Bridge Inn with a fantastic pie (from Michael Thewlis, Golcar) and a couple of pints (except for the two drivers). We set off for the dales at around 7.00pm and as we approached our destination about an hour and a half later we started looking for somewhere to eat. A mobile 'phone discussion between the two cars centred on the choice between fish & chips or a pub meal. We opted for the pub, and Mark recommended an up-market hostelry in Malham. We parked up but it was a short stay, as we received a rude welcome (could it have been our attire?) and were told we would have to wait ages for a meal.

“Not exactly meet and greet at ASDA, is it?” said John, wryly. As we were nearly at our destination we decided to go straight to the ‘hut’ and leave our cars so that we could have a few pints. We parked up in the field and Mark opened the back of his Land Rover. At this point it became clear that Kev, who had never been camping before (perhaps he is too butch?), had rather over-estimated on the provisions front, and to everyone’s derision he produced a 25 litre plastic container of fresh water. This, we thought, was a little over the top for one night.









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