PC Dibb Dash - led by PC Dibb, upholding the law in Highburton in the 1860s.

My name is PC Dibb Dash, And if there's trouble I'm there in a flash.

Before you ramble round my patch, I'll tell you a tale that recently hatched. As I was walking out one night, I heard a sudden noise... I thought it must be burglars, And said 'Let's have 'em, boys!' But as I crept round to the back, No burglars did I see, But a man stuck in a hen roost, Well his head was stuck and arms

All a kicking with his feet! His legs all in the air,

And so let that be a lesson,

If you're stealing eggs, beware!



Turn right up the road then

take the next right signposted

by a footpath sign and follow

up the road and through the

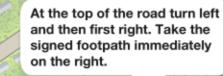
house. Follow through to the

garden in front of the large

stone squeeze.

Highburton is in the Domesday Book, Should you choose to take a look, You'll find it under the letter 'B', Because then it was 'Bertone' you see!

Lepton



Continue up the At the path crossroads in the path to the wood wood take the right path and continue to the wood stile. at the top.

Go through the courtyard. Take the stone steps to the right and follow the wall round to the left to a stone gatepost.

> Turn right and head downhill with the hedge on your right. Cross over the stream at the bottom and follow the path round to the right. Look out for where the path drops again at a wooden stile.

Follow the path to the lake and to the wood stile in the distance.

Was washing up the dishes, hings have changed a lot; The sink was made of pot, And the water that you got, The floor was made of wood, And was worn thin by the thud, Of 80 years of feet, Come in running from the street. So when Mrs Fisher slipped one day, Her feet went through the floor! And when people heard her calling, They rushed in through the door, Her legs they could see dangling, Above their upturned heads. And as soon as she was safe and sound

Go straight across the road, footpath is signposted, and continue to the bridleway.

> The people of Highburton, Would never miss a feast, And oft the school was empty, And lessons had to cease, As all the boys and girls, Were at the village fair, The kids were never there!

crossroads and straight across.

How to get there:

By bus: regular services from Huddersfield to Highburton see www.wymetro.com for details

Highburton

PC Dibb Dash

A 5 mile hilly walk



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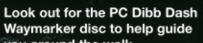


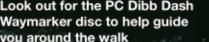


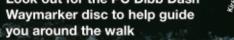












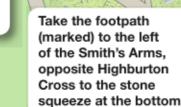
Keep to the path to the right. Then take the road straight ahead and follow the fence on the right to the path and then follow to the road.

Take the right hand path with the viaduct on the left and up the slope.



Take the path down by the holly hedge. At the bottom of the hill take the left path over the wood stile (signposted) and across to the next wood stile and over the footbridge.

Take the left path and go through 3 more stone squeezes and along the path between the stone walls. Then over another stone stile and along the path and over a wood stile and straight across the field and down the hill to the wood stile.



Follow the footpath following the wall and over the wood stile. Through the next stone squeeze and back up the path to

the Smith's Arms.

Go over the stone stile and cross the road.

Take the left path over the

stone stile and the right

hand side of the house.

Highburton Follow the path across the field to the wood stile and across the field to the next wood stile and onto the stone squeeze.

the bridleway. At the first footpath sign turn left and through the stone squeeze and onto the next stone squeeze.

Burton Roy

Take the first right turn down

When Highburton School began, (It's now the village hall), They raised a whole £600, With help from one and all, And so to say a grateful thanks, They held a grand bazaar, In which they exhibited, Strange things from near and far. One curious exhibition which on that day was shown, Was 'Six Original Bulls Of the Popes of Rome'

These steps below Highburton Cross, Stand strong and proud come sun or frost, Since in the 14th century, When first these steps had come to be,

Calved and cut by the mason's hands, To mark the market in which it stands.

Photography - Ian Lumb, Project manager - Michelle Atkinson, Story telling - Ruthie Boycott-Garnett, Sculptor - Dave Bradbury, Graphic design - Kirklees Graphics, Illustration - John McGregor Thanks to past and present Kirkburton Parish councillors and staff for initiating and updating the walks. 2023 Graphic Design - Marshalls Direct











Kirkburton



down to the stream and cross Was from a bath all steaming hot,

They put tiles down instead.

Go up the hill across the field diagonally to the ladder stile up and over the wall to the road through the houses.

And though the teacher tried to teach,

Take a right and continue to the

Sometimes they were potato picking, Sometimes they all made hay, And when they finally came to school, They couldn't even stay. Because one winter, White with snow, The frost had crept within, And through the night, In pale moonlight, Had frozen all the ink!



