

Saturday May 25

We had breakfast at the hotel on a very pleasant morning – sunshine and a light breeze. It still wasn't very warm but the forecast was for mid-sixties by the afternoon. We checked out and set off soon after 10am and drove directly to Ilkley with just one stop right after we joined the M1. It was after this stop that the traffic was slow for about 30 or 40 miles but generally the drive was relatively fast and we were in the flat by about 3:15.

We spent the rest of the afternoon getting settled back in the apartment and then went for a very good meal at Monkman's to finish the day.

Sunday May 26

We decided against going to church and did a major Tesco shop after having breakfast at Caffè Nero. Then it was late morning and the day was at least as pleasant as it had been yesterday so I started a walk about 11. For the first time this trip I chose to go over the Moor proper and walked past White Wells to the cairn that marks the highest spot on Ilkley Moor. It was warm enough that I spent most of the time in a tee shirt, although I felt the benefit of my fleece as I walked across the exposed area on top.



***The (now much easier) climb to the
“Top of the Moor” Ordnance Survey
Marker and its grid reference***

I passed Keighley Gate and continued west for another mile or more before heading north to pick up the main path on the north ridge, past the Swastika Stone and back to Wells House. In total I walked seven miles on a beautiful day with fantastic clear views over the Wharfe Valley.



Molly meantime had been doing quite a bit of housework in the flat as well as some knitting but she seemed to be quite content with her day. She didn't even take me up on an offer to take her for coffee but we did have an afternoon tea about 4. We also stayed in for dinner and watched some TV in the evening.

Monday May 27

We had been given a coupon for 20% off clothing at Marks and Spencer by my sister Dorothy so we decided to drive to Harrogate and see what we could find. We had breakfast there and then spent an hour in Marks and bought several items for each of us. Mission accomplished! We returned to Ilkley and I went for a short walk while Molly worked around the flat. We had a drive to Caffè Nero about 3:30 and later went to dinner at Bistrot Pierre. It was the usually good meal but the inability of the staff to add a tip to the Visa credit card caused some confusion at the end.

Tuesday May 28

We had breakfast at home on a somewhat dreary morning and then drove over to Huby where we picked up Geoff and Christine. They had invited us to join them for a visit to the Himalayan Garden, a privately owned estate containing primarily rhododendrons, azaleas, magnolias and similar flowery plants as well as a variety of unusual trees, all of which seem to like both the location and the soil. The gardens are laid out on a steep hillside. Bark or stone covered pathways meander through the vegetation allowing close up views of the various species.



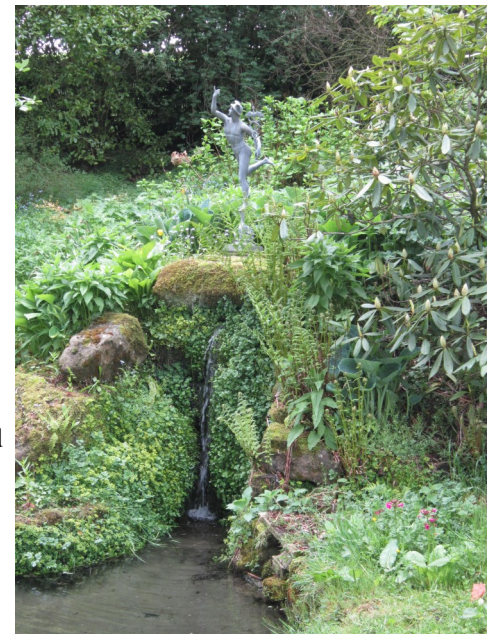


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GARDENS





The whole area is very colorful and is dotted with about 50 sculptures, mostly by local artists, which add interest and another dimension to the grounds. Two lakes at the bottom of the hillside complete the package. In all we spent over two hours slowly walking down the hill and then (more slowly) climbing back to the car park.

We left there and drove to Pateley Bridge where we had a late lunch at a café on the river and then drove back to Huby where we chatted for a while longer before returning to Ilkley. By this time it was almost seven in the evening and we were still quite full from our late lunch so we had a light cheese and wine dinner around eight and then watched some TV before retiring. The day had been off and on showery but we were lucky that it stayed dry and quite mild for our walk around the gardens so we had a very pleasant day.

Wednesday May 29

We had breakfast at home and then Molly walked into Ilkley to do a little shopping. My stomach was aching a little so I slept on the sofa while she was gone and felt quite a lot better afterwards. By mid-afternoon it was raining again and the mist was very low on the hills, so we went for coffee in the car and I abandoned any ideas about a walk. We went to The Farsyde for dinner and had an excellent meal as usual.

Thursday May 30



It was an overcast but milder morning and, although there was a chance of rain in the forecast, the day was supposed to get better as it progressed. So, we both walked into Ilkley for breakfast at Caffè Nero and then Molly went for a hairdresser appointment at 10:15 before doing a little shopping and returning to the flat. I took the train to Shipley and then walked to Bingley and back, stopping at The Loft for a light lunch.

My route to Bingley took me from Saltaire through a very dense wood top Gilstead, from where I walked down the hill into Bingley. After lunch I crossed Myrtle Park, crossed the River



Aire and then followed it (on the south side) as far as Nab Wood – and Branksome Drive, where I had lived in my early teens. The pathway then took me through Nab Wood cemetery and Hurst Woods Burial Ground to re-join the canal near Saltaire. It was then an easy walk along the canal and river banks to Shipley – passing the somewhat unusual sculptures of the newly opened Aire Sculpture Trail.



I took the train back to Ilkley, completed the 9.6 mile walk with the final half mile to the flat and then Molly and I went into town by car to have our afternoon coffee. We stayed home for the evening.

Friday May 31

The day started with almost completely blue skies, a very light breeze and a forecast that indicated a very pleasant summer day. I had been thinking about a bike ride if the day turned out this way as had been predicted so, after breakfast at home, I loaded the bike, checked the tires and got ready for a day out.

It was still a little cool for the first couple of miles until I actually started pedaling hard as I left Ilkley on the A65 and headed towards Skipton. The first six or seven miles are mostly uphill so it was a slow start but then I had about three miles of downhill to reach the center of Skipton. By now it was really quite warm and the slight cooling breeze was very



welcome. I stopped for a coffee here before taking minor roads to Keighley. This route climbed from Skipton (short push!) with some very nice views over the Aire valley and then dropped into Cononley before a short ride to Farnhill and Kildwick. I then crossed the Aire Valley Expressway and followed the road through Eastburn, Steeton and then into Keighley.

From Keighley I followed the “old road” to Bingley where I had another rest and a cup of tea sitting outside in the very warm sunshine. Then it was on to Saltaire and Shipley before the long climb up Hollins Hill, a two mile stretch that I just made without getting off. From the top of Hollins Hill it was an easy run, mostly downhill, through Burley in Wharfedale and then on the A65 again into Ilkley. By now the wind had increased significantly and it was directly against me until I turned in town to make the final climb up Cowpasture and across Crossbeck to home.

I was gone about five hours (3 ½ moving) and covered almost 40 miles under almost ideal conditions so I felt pleased with the day and had enjoyed the ride very much. Molly and I then drove for coffee before returning to the flat around 4pm.



My lunch stop in Bingley

Tonight we drove to Ripon to meet Dorothy and David at their home before going out to dinner with them at a local restaurant called The Terrace. It was a very enjoyable meal, although the place had emptied out by the time we left at 9:15 so one wonders about the long term viability. However, Dorothy and David said that early dining is becoming more the norm, so we’ll see. We spent another 30 minutes chatting at their home before driving back to Ilkley via Harrogate and Otley.

Saturday June 1

It was another bright sunny morning but the temperature was only 47F as we drove down to have breakfast at Caffè Nero. Molly went to give a baby gift (knitted cardigan) to her hairdresser; we shopped a little at WH Smith and then returned home. The rest of the day was spent around the flat apart from time out for coffee and a half hour listening to the Guiseley Music Centre Jazz Band playing at the bandstand on The Grove. I did manage to force myself to go for a four mile walk around Ilkley late in the afternoon but otherwise we had a restful day at home.

Sunday June 2

It was again bright and sunny with clear blue skies as we got up – but the temperature was still only in the forties at 8am. We had breakfast at home, walked to attend the 10:45 church service and then walked back to pick up the car and drive for

coffee at Caffè Nero. It was almost 2 before we got home but I had decided on a walk as the weather was still just about perfect.

I walked along the north ridge of Ilkley Moor to the point where I could see Addingham Moorside below me and then turned north to descend very steeply before the path became more gradual through fields and farmyards.



Farm land paths

I eventually ended up on Cocking Lane which I then followed to the main A65 road which brought me back into Ilkley. I walked along The Grove – almost deserted at 5pm – and up the hill to the flat to complete the 7 ½ mile walk. It had been a very pleasant outing; generally not too taxing except for the somewhat dangerous descent from the ridge along a very uneven and rocky path.

Tonight we dined at Aagrah and had a very good Indian meal.

Monday June 3

Summer continues! After breakfast at Caffè Nero I decided on a bike ride and Molly walked into Ilkley to do some shopping and make a pedicure appointment. My ride took me along the north side of the River Wharfe to Pool and then via Castley to Huby and Almscliffe Crag – where there were dozens of people climbing the rock face. I then went to Fewston, had a rest and an ice cream in the car park there and then continued home via Askwith. The road from Fewston was a tough few miles (one push!) before a fast run down to Askwith and then on the road back to Ilkley. The last pull up Cowpasture took all the strength I had left but I felt good at having been out for over 30 miles on a beautiful sunny day.

Molly and I had afternoon coffee and then spent the rest of the afternoon and evening at home.

Tuesday June 4



I was up early on another beautiful morning and had finished my breakfast and was out the door for a walk by about 9:30. I walked over the Moor as far as Dick Hudson's. This was an absolutely fabulous walk – the conditions were perfect, it was dry under foot and I was just about the only person up there. I think I saw three other people in the entire four miles to Eldwick

Looking back towards Wells House



The Twelve Apostles and the gate to Bingley Moor

At Dick Hudson's, I crossed the road and soon found a path heading down towards Shipley Glen. This is actually part of the Dales Way link to Bradford and I had done this stretch as part of my overall mileage on this Way in 2010. The route here took me across fields and then on a very narrow and rough path through the woods before I emerged on to the Glen itself. I had a rest on one of the many benches provided for weary visitors and then walked past the Glen Tramway (not operating today) and into Roberts Park at Saltaire. The park was filled with families with very young children enjoying the warm summer weather; it's a pity that this didn't come last week when all the children were off school for Spring Break.

Then I walked the canal and river bank to Shipley and got the train back to Ilkley. Actually, I was still feeling pretty good so I got off at Ben Rhydding so as to extend my walk a little more and ended up covering over 10 miles in the day. Molly and I drove for coffee and then stayed home for the rest of the day.

Wednesday June 5

We made one of our pilgrimages to Skipton market this morning and also enjoyed a fry-up breakfast at one of the tea rooms on the High Street. We actually bought quite a few things and the car trunk was reasonably full by the time we left Skipton. We returned via the "back roads" passing through Keighley, Morton and Menston before arriving in Ilkley – where by now it was time for our afternoon coffee! We spent much of the afternoon trying to make arrangements for a fall trip to Israel, in conjunction with another visit to England, but kept running into difficulties with flights. We did gather a lot of information, however, and decided to sleep on it and make another attempt on Thursday. An evening meal at Martha and Vincent was very pleasant and brought an end to a somewhat unproductive day from an exercise standpoint but it was probably good to take a day off and just enjoy the weather.

Thursday June 6

After breakfast in town and a shop at Tesco, we once again hit the computer and the phone and did manage to arrange all the flights and the hotels for our proposed trip to Israel in September. We then had a light lunch (to celebrate) and by this time it was about 2pm and I needed to get out for a walk. I choose to get the bus to Keighley with the plan of doing a circular trip from there, but changed my mind on the way and got off the bus at Silsden. I walked along the canal bank from there along the Aire Valley, by-passed the center of Keighley as the canal veers towards Riddlesden and ended up walking to Cross-flatts from where I got the train one stop back to Keighley to use my return bus ticket to Ilkl





Along the way I came across a small cemetery very close to where I had lived as a child but had no recollection of ever having seen it then or since – and I have walked that stretch several times in recent years. I left the canal bank at that point to walk via the cemetery and spent quite some time looking at the headstones, new and old, partly with the rather morbid curiosity to see if there were any names I recognized. As I left, I saw a notice indicating that there were Commonwealth War Graves in that cemetery but by this time it was a little late to start looking for them. I shall make a point of stopping there at some point in the future when I have more time.

It was almost 7pm by the time I got home, just in time to clean up before dinner and an evening at home.

Friday June 7

We once again had breakfast at Caffè Nero and once again it was a beautiful morning that promised temperatures near 70F by afternoon. I decided on a bike ride since conditions seemed about ideal and chose to repeat the ride of a week ago in which I circumnavigated Ilkley Moor via the main roads. I chose a slightly different route to Skipton in the hope of avoiding the long hill from Addingham to Draughton. I went on the Bolton Abbey road to the A59 which I thought would be somewhat busier than the usual route (it was) but would not have the climb (wrong; there were two tough hills before I had a good fast run into Skipton).

The town was even busier than it had been two days ago when we had shopped here. It was another market day and that and the weather had attracted a lot of visitors. Even on a bike it was stop and go through the town, particularly as I left on the road to Keighley. Traffic was much lighter, however, when I left the main road and made my way through the villages of Farnhill, Kildwick, Eastburn and Steeton before negotiating the ring road at Keighley. Then it was an easy ride (with bike lane most of the way) to Bingley where I stopped for a light lunch sitting outside on the market square, enjoying the food, the rest and the sunshine.

From Bingley I followed the “old road” to Saltaire and Shipley and then had the long climb up Hollins Hill, which I made without pushing but was glad it wasn’t any longer. From the top of Hollins Hill it is mostly downhill and flat to Ilkley before the final $\frac{3}{4}$ mile climb back to the flat, which always is a daunting task at the end of a forty mile ride. But, I enjoyed the day out and what wind there was was generally favorable so I didn’t feel too tired when I got home just before 4pm.

This evening Molly and I went to Emporio Italia for the first time this trip and had the usual excellent meal in very Italian surroundings.

Saturday June 8

Molly had a couple of things that she wanted to buy that demanded stores not available in Ilkley so after breakfast we drove first to Bradford and then to Keighley. It was probably the hottest day so far (70+) so it was very pleasant for walking around

and visiting different stores. The roads weren't too busy, being Saturday, but the Keighley shopping center and market were very busy and everyone was dressed for the summer heat!

On returning to Ilkley I went for a short walk around town, down as far as the river and back and then it was almost time to leave for our evening out. We had tickets for the Ilkley Playhouse where an a cappella group called Cantabile – The London Quartet was performing. We had never heard of them but the billing suggested a good show and indeed it was very entertaining. They were a four man (baritone, two tenors and one counter-tenor) quartet who performed serious music very well and, in many cases, in a very amusing manner. Their repertoire ranged from "Madrigal to McCartney" and the almost two hour show went by very quickly.

We hadn't made a dinner reservation, not knowing exactly when the show would be over, but were more or less immediately seated at The Farsyde and had a late but very enjoyable meal to finish the day.

Sunday June 9

We had breakfast at home and went to the 10:45 service at the local church. After walking there and back (no more than ½ mile but some steep hills) we drove for coffee before I left for an afternoon walk. For the first time I walked in shorts and a short-sleeved shirt and was plenty warm enough as I climbed to the Cow and Calf and then to the cairn at the top of the Moor. From there it was an easy walk down via Keighley Gate to complete my 7.5 mile walk.

Around 6:30 Geoff and Christine came and we all went for a nice meal at Bistrot Pierre in Ilkley and returned to the flat for coffee and chocolates – and more talking until almost 11pm.

Monday June 10

We drove down to Caffè Nero for breakfast and later in the morning Molly walked into Ilkley to do her daily shop. She returned at 12:30 and I still hadn't decided what to do; the weather was good with very little wind so a bike ride seemed logical but I just hadn't got motivated. Around 1:30 I did get in gear and started a ride around Ilkley Moor, this time starting out to Burley and Guiseley and to the top of Hollins Hill. I was in shorts and short-sleeved shirt but was still quite cool so I donned my fleece for the long run downhill into Shipley. I kept it on even once I started pedaling again and was comfortable and making good time – and looking forward to a toasted teacake in Bingley.

Unfortunately, about a mile from Bingley I had a flat tire (rear of course) so spent perhaps 45 minutes fixing that and then having a snack there rather than stopping again in town. I kept the fleece on right though Keighley and as far as Silsden where I felt warm enough to remove it for the 1.5 mile climb up Cringles Hill. I thought of putting it back on for the ride down into Addingham but decided to complete the journey in short sleeves. It was quite cool on the descents but I was plenty warm enough as I climbed the final ¾ mile back to the flat. It was a 30 mile ride which was very pleasant – except for the repair work time.

We stayed home for the rest of the afternoon and evening and had dinner and watched some TV.

Tuesday June 11

It was quite a bit cooler and more overcast than we have seen of late but the chance of rain was minimal according to the forecast. We had breakfast at home and then Molly left to walk to town for a pedicure (unfortunately the dates had been mixed up and she wasn't able to have it done today) and I prepared for my walk. I drove to Keighley with the intent of taking the "top road" to Bingley (which I had never done before) and then perhaps returning via the canal bank. The climb out of Keighley, after about ½ mile walking alongside the Keighley and Worth Valley Railway, was very steep and the path was overgrown with weeds and wildflowers for much of the way. It was a slow and tough climb but I was rewarded with some good views of Keighley from an angle I had not seen before (at least, not in the past 55 years) and, although I was warmed by the climb, it was cool and quite breezy when I did reach the top above Thwaites Brow.

There are dozens of footpaths in the area, any of which I could have taken in the general direction of Bingley, and I had a



*Keighley from the top of
Worth Way
and a surprise to see
Alpaca only a mile from
town*



little difficulty fixing my position with that on the map so I did a few short detours before I got to the path I would then follow along the top and then downhill to Bingley. About a mile from Bingley I saw the sign that designated paths through the St Ives Estate so I decided to take that route rather than straight down Altar Lane. I had walked through St Ives a couple of years ago and knew that it was a pleasant and easy walk. The bluebells and rhododendron were gorgeous and the tree-lined path (past Lady Blantyre's Rock) was very pleasant and shaded. Not that there was much in the way of sunshine today but the trees did provide a little break from the quite strong wind that was now blowing.



I spent about an hour within the Estate (including passing through an area of tree stump sculptures) and emerged at the lane



*Tree stump
sculptures.
Apparently,
“sculpture”
parks are the
“in” thing*

that leads to Beckfoot so I followed that almost to the point where I had fixed my flat tire yesterday. Just before that point, however, I crossed the river and crossed into Myrtle Park and then walked up to the main street in Bingley. By now it was 2pm and I had covered almost seven miles so I decided to get the bus back to Keighley, pick up the car and meet Molly for coffee in Ilkley.

This evening we wanted to try a new restaurant – The Waterside in Shipley – which sits right on the Leeds-Liverpool Canal. Unfortunately when I called to make a reservation for 8pm I was told that they had no other bookings for that evening, so we would be dining alone – and could we come a little earlier? We chose to go instead to Stefano's in Silsden for a very good meal at an excellent price.

Wednesday June 12

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then returned to the flat. Molly walked to her pedicure appointment about 11 and I drove to pick her up soon after noon. We then went to Skipton market, did some shopping, had a sandwich lunch and returned home about 3pm. Tonight we joined Keith and Eileen for dinner at Le Caveau in Skipton and had a very good meal and a nice long chat.

Thursday June 13

It was a much more gloomy morning than any of late and there was a forecast for some possibly heavy showers later in the day. We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then I got ready to take a walk, fully expecting to get very wet later on. I caught the 10:00 bus to Skipton and started out on the canal bank towards Keighley. My plan was to take one of the many roads or tracks up from the canal towards Bradley and then over the hills to Addingham and possibly all the way back to Ilkley, which would have been 11 or 12 miles by my estimate.



A series of detours and backtracks – as a result of poor map reading, an inaccessible area through a farm, construction demanding an alternative footpath and cows with calves in one field – caused me to have covered 9 ½ miles by the time I reached Addingham high street so I checked with Molly to see if she was ready for a coffee in a little while. It was now just after 2:30. She was willing to join me so I decided to catch the next bus back to Ilkley. One arrived just as I turned on to the main road so I was soon back in town with just the half mile up Wells Road to cover.

The 10 mile walk (nine on the major portion of the route) took me up some very steep hills, across moorland and fields, along country lanes and tracks and, of course, along the canal bank as I left Skipton. It was quite tough at times and I had to don my rain jacket against brief squalls or for extra warmth in the cool wind on the tops but I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. I got some great views north beyond Skipton and could see rain showers coming from perhaps ten miles away but I never got very wet and most of the footing was solid and dry. I'll do this one again – and expect to get all the way back to Ilkley, especially if I go a more direct route.

We did go for coffee and then returned home for the rest of the evening.

Friday June 14

We once again had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then packed for our four day trip to the Lake District. We left Ilkley about 10 and drove first to Guiseley where Molly picked up some sandals from Mountain Warehouse she had ordered through the Ilkley store.

We then drove directly to Bowness with a stop for lunch in Kirkby Lonsdale and arrived at our hotel just out of the center of town (The Burnside) around 2pm. The room was ready for us so we checked in and, as it was now raining, we both read and napped for a couple of hours. I then went for a four mile walk around Bowness and Windermere and escaped the rain for most of the time.

Tonight we went for dinner at The Porto in Bowness. This had been the Porthole for many years and had been a favorite of ours but had changed management and name several years ago and I was disappointed when I went while staying here on one of my walking visits. In late 2010 it changed name and management again and the reviews implied that it is on its way back so we thought we would give it a try. Indeed it turned out to be a good meal in very pleasant surroundings. The décor had changed significantly and we felt that they had somehow extended the room upstairs. Certainly it now contained perhaps a dozen tables (whereas previously it had been used primarily for after-dinner coffee and drinks) and added a lot more seating space to the few tables in the tiny rooms downstairs. We were pleased that we had visited again, despite the 1/3 mile walk each way – in the rain!

Saturday June 15

We had breakfast in the hotel (buffet but certainly plentiful) and then left for our day out. We drove first via Ambleside to Grasmere where we walked around for a little while before retracing a little to get to the road to Hawkshead. The weather



***The Wordsworth
Family graves in
the church yard at
Grasmere***



Hawkshead Village



was dry and pleasant (although a sweater was welcome) and we spent about an hour wandering the quaint village and having a cup of tea and a snack. We then drove down the eastern side of Coniston Water and stopped in a layby overlooking the lake; Molly read, I napped.

Soon after 2pm we arrived at Roy's house in Lindal where we sat for four hours in his conservatory – or the “east wing” as he prefers to call it. We had another tour of Building 12 and saw the latest lathe additions. It really is a remarkable workshop and one suspects that he is equipped to make virtually anything in metal in there.

We went for dinner at the Brown Cow, a reasonably local pub, where we had a very filling pub meal, a couple of drinks and more interesting conversation. We dropped Roy off back at his home around 8:45 and then drove back to the hotel where we had a nightcap in the quiet bar before retiring.

Sunday June 16



After breakfast we drove to Newby Bridge and then followed country lanes to the tiny hamlet of Boot at the top terminus of the Ravenglass and Eskdale Railway. This is a narrow gauge, small rolling stock line that is a very popular tourist



attraction, particularly on a warm and sunny morning such as today. We had coffee sitting on the station platform and watched one train leave and another arrive before we started our exciting drive over the Hardknott and Wrynose Passes. The road over the two contiguous passes is very steep (30% grades), very twisty and very narrow (one car width most of the time). Fortunately there are a large number of wider passing places but it still provides for a thrilling ride, especially when two or more cars meet on a steep, blind corner.



The views, however, are spectacular and the valleys between the passes are huge. We passed the site of a Roman Fort and, for the first time in many visits, Molly thought she actually saw some of the excavated walls. We also sat and read and simply admired the view from one of the pull-offs at the top of the first pass. This is supposedly one of the ten toughest cycle

rides in the country but we did see a number of cyclist come over the top, obviously having climbed those 30% grades. I know that they are about twice the grade of roads that defeat me these days.

After leaving the two passes we still had another shorter, but equally thrilling ride up to Langdale. The view of this valley from the top was, if anything, more spectacular than the ones we had just left. Once back on essentially level ground we found a tea room for afternoon tea and a scone and then drove via Ambleside back to Bowness.



The traffic was very slow through Ambleside as the finish line for the Great North Swim was alongside the road and one of the races was just finishing. There are four swims (1/2, 1, 2 mile and 5Km) over three days of swimming and it appeared that hundreds (maybe as many as a thousand?) took part. [I later read that as many as 10,000 participants were anticipated in this year's event, making it the largest in the UK]. In addition, the event (supporting several charities) draws enormous numbers of spectators and must be a mammoth job to organize. Parking is prohibited between Bowness and Ambleside and beyond and enormous car parks have been established. We noticed that the thousands of visitors were walking from their distant car park (a mile or two?) to their preferred vantage points and wondered whether a similar event in the US would have brought out dozens of shuttle buses?



When we got back to the hotel, I had time for a 2 ¼ mile walk around Bowness (including passing the end of the Dales Way) and at seven we left for dinner at the Log House in Ambleside. I had eaten there during one of my stays alone in the Lakes and had enjoyed the meal and ambiance so we were hoping for a repeat. We were not disappointed. We both had the lamb, which was excellent, and the cheese and biscuits plate and crème brulee to follow were both a great finish to the meal.

Monday June 17

After breakfast we drove first to the small but very pleasant village of Cartmel near Grange. The old stone buildings and the 12th century priory (now the parish church) were very attractive and provided a nice backdrop to the small maze of streets. The village also boasts a racecourse – in fact, the car park is in the infield, but the next meet is in July so we didn't see much activity there.



Cartmel:
Village streets
Parish Church
Racecourse



We then drove to Morecambe where our first stop was at Costa Coffee for lunch. We then walked along the promenade past the Winter Gardens (still boarded up but apparently now giving theatre tours every Sunday) as far as the station (still very attractive despite being a pub now) and the Midland Hotel. This hotel has been an icon of Morecambe since the thirties but was closed for many years until quite recently when it went through a refurbishment and was re-opened as a hotel and restaurant. Art Deco enthusiasts see it as a magnificent example of the form and Geoff says it is a nice place to stay for a night. We walked around a little but were not overly impressed except with the sea (sand) – view restaurant which looked very attractive and inviting.



Morecambe: The sad Winter Gardens; the rejuvenated Art Deco Midland Hotel; and the old Railway Station now a pub!

Morecambe as a whole seems to have lost its way. There seem to be a few examples of attempts to breathe life into it but for the most part it is a shadow of its former self. Tacky amusement arcades sit alongside discount furniture stores along the front and these are next to several storefronts that are closed altogether. There just doesn't seem to be any plan for the place.

Leaving Morecambe we drove inland as far as the Ribbleshead viaduct (where we had an ice cream) and then via narrow country lanes to Dent and Sedburgh. It was a very warm afternoon (over 70F) and the drive was very pleasant. The day was clouded over some by the time we got back to Bowness and the hotel so we both relaxed until it was time for dinner. We ate tonight at Rob-



erto's which has also gone through name changes and several incarnations since we first went years ago. Now, one of the options is Tapas, so we opted for five dishes to share, along with a modestly priced bottle of wine. The samples allowed us enough room for dessert and coffee and then a slow but pleasant stroll back to the hotel around 9:30.

Tuesday June 18

Today was the day we left Bowness and returned to Ilkley – via Manchester Airport to exchange our current rental car for another. (Long story, but relates to insurance coverage!) Before leaving Bowness on a cloudless morning we walked down to the waterfront, which was a hive of activity as people boarded boats for a sail on the lake, and had a cup of coffee sitting outside before leaving town.



It was about 1 1/2 hours to Manchester where the changeover went very smoothly (has Hertz UK finally got the message?) and then another 1 1/2 hours over the Pennines back to Ilkley. Our first stop in town was Caffè Nero and then we purchased tickets for concerts on Friday and Sunday evenings before settling back in the flat.

We ate tonight at Monkman's.

Wednesday June 19

Today we drove to Sheffield for a mini “make-up” reunion with Richard since he had been unable to attend the one at Oak House a few weeks ago. Fran and Alan were driving up from Worcester and Robert was arriving by train from London. We all congregated at Richard and Elizabeth's home shortly after noon and spent almost three hours together, having some good laughs and samples from Elizabeth's “light lunch”. It was good to see everyone and to see how much better Richard was.

Robert drove back to Ilkley with us for a few days' stay, so tonight we ate at Emporio Italia which had been a favorite of his during his last visit in February. Today and yesterday had been the hottest so far this trip with temperatures topping out in the upper seventies. Needless to say, the locals were feeling the heat!

