

*England*  
*Summer 2018*



*Bob and Molly*

*As is usual on our extended visits to England, we spend our time in our Nephew's flat in Ilkley and essentially spend our days in much the same way as we do when we are in Mason. In addition, we take advantage of the many excellent restaurants and enjoy the change of pace that a small town provides.*

*Molly reverts to her "England-style", and shops almost every day; walking down into the town, getting provisions sufficient for a day or two and then takes advantage of the hourly bus service to get back up the steep hill to the apartment. Bob usually goes for a walk or, weather permitting, a bike ride—both very enjoyable forms of exercise in some beautiful countryside. We also spend a lot of time with family and friends.*

*Consequently, our routine doesn't demand much coverage in our journal and the daily "diary" is used merely as a reminder of the events—many of which are repeated day after day. We do, however, spend some time that we feel merits a little more coverage and it is that which comprises the bulk of our journal. This summer was no exception and, in fact, included several "adventures" that we cover here and that might provide readers with something of interest. In fact, this six weeks seemed to fly by and we felt that we had packed a lot into our stay.*

*So, while the daily diary is included as an Appendix for our records, the bulk of the journal deals with those more "out of the ordinary" events.*

## *A Trip to the Seaside*

As we have said, one of the forms of exercise that Bob enjoys in England is cycling. The terrain in Yorkshire is much different to that around Warren County and provides a good deal harder cardiovascular workout as well as an exposure to some stunning countryside. The downside versus Ohio is usually the weather—generally cooler, often with rain and usually with some stiff breezes. However, this summer was unusually hot and dry in much of Europe and England experienced temperatures in the eighties on a number of days. Rainfall was also unusually low (with the threat of water use restrictions in many areas) to the extent that the River Wharfe that runs through Ilkley was barely flowing at times and so many rocks were exposed that it was almost possible to walk across without getting wet!

During our six weeks stay in Ilkley, I made a number of local rides of between 20 and 40 miles apiece, cycling mainly along country roads, although at times on busier thoroughfares of necessity. One of my favorite rides is one I refer to as “Round the Mountain”, in which I take roads that completely encircle Ilkley Moor. It has some busy stretches leaving Ilkley and through Shipley but otherwise the major routes for cars and trucks have bypassed the towns and I take what in my youth were the main roads but are now relatively quiet.

This route—and several others that I enjoy—has plenty of pleasant countryside, some challenging hills and some nice “flat” segments, and there are a number of places where I can stop for a coffee if I wish. In addition, my bike takes me to places so familiar to me in my youth such that it is really a ride down memory lane.

So, with these opportunities for good rides, why would I even consider one in which I might need an overnight stay? Frankly, one reason this challenge was heightened this year was by the heroic efforts of a friend who for 100 days this summer was cycling across America—almost 4000 miles of biking in a group of 10 unsupported riders; that is, everything they needed for the journey was on their bikes! I have had a “dream” to make this trip ever since I did my own big ride across Britain but am now resigned to living vicariously through someone else’s efforts. But at times I feel the urge to “test” my abilities and do a ride that will convince me that I could still do the Transamerica—or not!

I needed a destination that could be reached in a day (no more than, say, 70 miles from Ilkley). Since my bike in England is not equipped with panniers, I needed a “sag wagon” to bring overnight things and a change of clothing. As Molly doesn’t drive in England, she had to bring my things by bus or train. Finally, we needed somewhere to stay (hotel, not campground!) before the return trip.

The seaside resort of Morecambe in Lancashire’s west coast fits the bill. As a holiday town, it has hotels and restaurants, it is easily reachable by train (one change of station en route from Ilkley) and, by the least traveled roads, about 60 miles away. Perfect! In addition, I must admit, Morecambe holds fond memories of my childhood as we had a trailer home there and our family spent many weekends and summer breaks there in the 1950s.

Molly was agreeable to two-day break and eventually seemed quite excited about traveling by train once we had determined that the schedule was easy and the change train stop was convenient. I, too, became more enamored with the idea and we began looking for a 48 hour period of good weather and one in which we had no other commitments. Monday and Tuesday, July 25 and 26, fit the bill.....

On Monday morning, which was sunny and warm with a promise of very high temperatures later in the day, the plan was for me to leave after breakfast and for Molly to take an afternoon train, with the two of us meeting up at the Crown Hotel in Morecambe in the early evening- all being well.

My route had been well defined through the use of Google maps and, much as I had on my ride across Britain in 1992, I had prepared a cheat sheet defining all the necessary turns as well as approximate mile markers. These would provide an easily accessible guide and hopefully limit the number of times that I would refer to maps on my phone.      OUTLINE

I left Wells House at exactly 9am and started the easy part of the ride along the Wharfe Valley to Bolton Abbey (6 miles). Here I turned left and up the hill past Hesketh Farm. This was the first climb of many and I started with a little trepidation not only because of the grade but because on my last ride on this quiet stretch I had encountered a couple of bulls roaming the road near the crest. On that occasion I had stopped for quite a few minutes waiting for their reaction to my trespassing on their territory and had even been prepared to turn around and head back down the hill if necessary. That option wasn't very appealing today as it would have added several miles to an already long enough ride. Fortunately, not only was the climb less steep than I had remembered but there were no animals of any description to impede my path, so I was soon on the rewarding downward stretch into the village of Embsay, now with about 10 miles under my belt.

From Embsay (where I had been many times on bike rides from Ilkley) It was a relatively easy ride to cross the Grassington Road near Rylstone and then on to the tiny village of Hetton, known for the Angel Inn. I recalled that it was here that my Mum and dad had celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. Could it really have been sixty years??

A few miles further on, after the village of Airtion, things began to get a little tougher as I started the climb over this particular ridge in the Pennines. There were several short 20% grades as part of a 5 or 6 mile climb to the top, where I was rewarded with views over the hills and valleys to the west. The climb was not without its excitement in another way. The bulls that I had feared (and missed) earlier in the ride appeared on another lonely stretch of this open moorland. And not just two, but several groups of 3 or 4 huge Highland bulls with long horns! Some were on the road, others on the grass to either side—but all headed in my direction and seemingly converging on the path in front of me.

I hesitated, hoping for some company, preferably in the form of a car or tractor, but the only signs of life were me and the bulls. I suppose that they really were ignoring me and certainly were not intent on harm (if they were, it would have been a simple matter for any one of them, let alone the group) but I moved very tentatively for a while. After perhaps five minutes, I sensed a gap opening up which might allow me to pass my companions but I waited until I could get up a good head of steam before making my dash. I made it successfully with barely a glance from any of the beasts and, as soon as I was clear, was greeted by a car approaching from the opposite direction. A little earlier he might have provided me some cover but, from the look on the driver's face, he was almost as nervous as I had been a few minutes earlier. I left him to it and started a very pleasant descent that took me all the way into the center of the small market town of Settle.

Settle is about halfway to Morecambe not only from Ilkley but from Keighley where I lived during my years at grammar school. Hence it was a favorite stopping point on our summer weekend trips; a place to grab a bite to eat and—often in those days—to give the car a chance to cool down before attacking Buckhaw Brow, a steep hill just outside of the town. On this day, I too needed to cool down and re-fuel so I parked the bike and walked across the street to the Naked man Café (an institution in Settle) and had a very nice soup and sandwich lunch. I also got my water bottles re-filled for the second half of my jour-



ney.

Despite having my written instructions, I missed the turn from the center of Settle to the railway station and added about a mile to my journey. Nevertheless, I was soon in the country and began the climb that would eventually lead me to Lancashire. Although I was now west of the main Pennine Chain, the hills were still steep and I have to admit to a couple of short pushes. In addition, I made yet another wrong turn and went in another four mile circle back to the road I recognized!

It was about 10 miles of on-and-off uphill and I was near the village of Bentham (about mile 35, or 39 with the detour, before the hills became more manageable and I actually started a gradual descent. The scenery was magnificent throughout. Although I didn't stop to take too many pictures this one should give a sense of the terrain and the quietness of the route.



At the village of Wray, all serious hills (up) were behind me (mile 49 or so) and I felt that the destination of Morecambe was achievable. There was a two mile stretch on busy Lancaster Road before I joined the Lune Valley Cycle Way. This is a stretch of cycling/walking paths that cover perhaps 12 miles from here (near Caton) to the coast right along the River Lune. It was very pleasant gradual downhill or flat, although there was now a stiff breeze directly in my face. However, even after leaving the cycle way and joining city streets as I headed to the west end of Morecambe, cycle lanes were provided so it was an easy drive right to the promenade and then another mile or so to the hotel.

I left my bike in the bar (to be locked in a safe place later) and joined Molly in the room about 5:15pm.

Her train had arrived around 4:45 so she had just nicely got settled and made a cup of tea. Most welcome. So, I was on the road for 8 1/2 hours (about 7 1/4 actually in the saddle I would guess and covered just over 62 miles on a very warm (mid-seventies) day. The distances covered at each hour point of the journey tell the story and range between 7 and 14 miles.

Whether or not I would repeat the journey tomorrow in reverse was a moot question as we relaxed before dinner! We ate at the hotel restaurant and had a very nice tapas meal and a bottle of wine - all at a very reasonable price.

### ***Tuesday June 26***

We were up before eight and strolled along the promenade to the local Costa for breakfast. I then got ready for the return journey and left Morecambe at five minutes to nine on a beautiful warm morning.



### ***10 miles from Morecambe on the Lune Valley Cycle Way***

The first 12 miles, along the cycle way between Morecambe and Caton, was very easy and pleasant. I had a slight detour in Lancaster around road (trail) works but soon got back on the path. I was in the village of Wray by about 10:30. It was here that I had a decision to make - stick with the route I had followed yesterday (with its long series of climbs as I remembered) or take a slightly longer but flatter route. I opted for the known and, as it turned out, the hills weren't as bad as I had thought so I actually made pretty good time to the five mile descent into Settle.

Here I did make a change; rather than climbing up near Malham (and the very steep hills and possible bulls), I stuck to the main road, bypassing Settle and heading down the A65 towards Skipton.

I had a leisurely lunch at a pub in Long Preston, sitting outside in the very warm sun. Here again I was able to get a water bottle refill before making my way very slowly to Skipton. It was a very busy road but I felt quite safe sticking to the edge of the road and keeping one eye on my mirror. I made frequent stops on this now very hot afternoon (mid-eighties) and had a quick restroom break in Skipton.

I was now back in very familiar territory and on a normal ride I would consider myself almost home when I left Skipton. Today, however, it felt as though I had an almost insurmountable task ahead as I climbed from town but eventually made it to the top of the long descent through Addingham and on to Ilkley. Now all I had to cover was the final climb to Wells House, which I did successfully (in the saddle all the way!) and finally coasted into the garage.

I had made it! I covered a slightly shorter route than the outward journey (no detours!) but only marginally faster. However, mission accomplished. I had said at the outset that one of the reasons for the ride was to check my sanity in even thinking about the Transamerica Ride. There were indeed a number of occasions in the past two days when I imagined that I might contemplate that 4000 mile journey—but these were far outnumbered by the times when I was absolutely convinced that I couldn't. So, shorter bike rides are in my future but I feel sure that there will be the occasional overnight—or even longer.



## *Quick Tour of England with Hayley*

Our granddaughter, Hayley, had been accepted for a five weeks course of study in Spain this summer and during our discussions with her about the visit, we suggested that she might want to add on a few days with us in England. Somewhat to our surprise she said that she would like to do that and even spent some time with a guide book we had loaned her to select places that she might like to visit. So, it was arranged that she would fly to Manchester after her weeks in Spain and stay with us, flying home from London after her six days in England. She was to arrive at Manchester airport around noon on Saturday June 30.

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then set off for Manchester. The drive took about 90 minutes and we arrived about an hour before her plane was due. The plane was only a few minutes late but she was well over an hour getting through Immigration and Customs. However, she finally made it and we were on our way to Ilkley, stopping in Manchester for a light lunch at McDonald's.



## *Welcome to England!*

We were in Ilkley soon after 4pm and relaxed until we left for dinner at the Busfeild Arms pub in Morton. This was Hayley's first dinner in England so we thought a pub would fit the bill. It was after 11 before we got to bed.

On Sunday we had breakfast at home and then Hayley and I went for a 2 3/4 mile walk to the Cow and Calf and back. It was a beautiful morning and the main paths were packed with walkers. Despite wearing



sneakers, she had no problem with the rough terrain and we both enjoyed the period on Ilkley Moor.



### *Ilkley Moor and Hayley at the Cow and Calf*

In the afternoon we had a Caffè Nero "lunch" and then took a drive to Grassington where we strolled around for an hour or so. Again everywhere was extremely busy on yet another glorious day. In the evening we enjoyed a tapas meal at La Casita.

On Monday we left home before nine, had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then took a 3 hour drive to the east Coast near Flamborough Head. After a 2 1/2 hour drive, we had lunch in a tea room just before arriving at our destination, a bird sanctuary on the Bempton Cliffs. This had been one of the spots that Hayley had picked out and Molly and I had never been, so it was a new experience for all of us.

We spent about an hour trying to identify the puffins, gannets and other sea birds that were there in their thousands at this time of year. Again



### *Bempton Cliffs*



there were hundreds of watchers, many obviously into "twitching" in a big way as they had large binoculars and huge cameras. It was a very pleasant stroll along the high cliffs.



We then drove back via York, spending almost two hours just strolling past the Minster, along the Shambles and the city wall. Then it was time to head home to Ilkley where we arrived shortly after 6:30 - in time for a quick rest and clean up before dinner at Panache, a local Indian restaurant that we always enjoy.



*York Minster and The Shambles*





## *More of the City of York*

Tuesday July 3 was the day that we left Ilkley with Hayley to make a slow way to Heathrow for her return home on Friday. We started with a full English breakfast at the Wheatley Arms and then left for Bath.

We stopped at a motorway service area for coffee and then again in Bourton-on-the-Water for afternoon tea and a stroll around the lovely village. It was very warm and sunny once again and the small town was packed with visitors.







## ***Bourton on the Water***

It was then about another 90 minutes to our hotel in Bath where we checked in about 5:30.

Tonight we walked into town (about 1/2 mile) and ate at a nice Italian restaurant, keeping one eye on our phones (and an ear open for cheers) as the England World Cup game progressed. The game went into a penalty shoot-out and we were on our way home when the streets erupted with the final score - 4, 3 to England on penalties. We celebrated ourselves with a drink in the hotel bar when we got back.

As we relaxed in the lounge bar, we were discussing Hayley's time in Spain and the fact that to study there had been an alternative to one she had considered at the University of Stellenbosch in South Africa. We had no sooner talked about this lovely town near Cape Town than the hotel lobby was filled with about 30 young people who - we soon found out - were on their way to the Llangollen Festival to sing as representatives of their university - the University of Stellenbosch! (And they did well!!!!)



***The Stellenbosch University Choir made a clean sweep at the prestigious Llangollen International Musical Eisteddfod in Wales, winning all three categories they participated in – Youth Choirs, Mixed Choirs and Open Choirs***



It was quite a bit cooler and cloudier on Wednesday and there was a predicted chance for afternoon showers. Nevertheless we set out after breakfast for our day out in Bath. We walked to the nearest stop on the Hop On Hop Off bus route and took the bus into the center of town. Here we changed to the other "loop" which covered a large area outside the city center and climbed for some good views over the valley and the city.

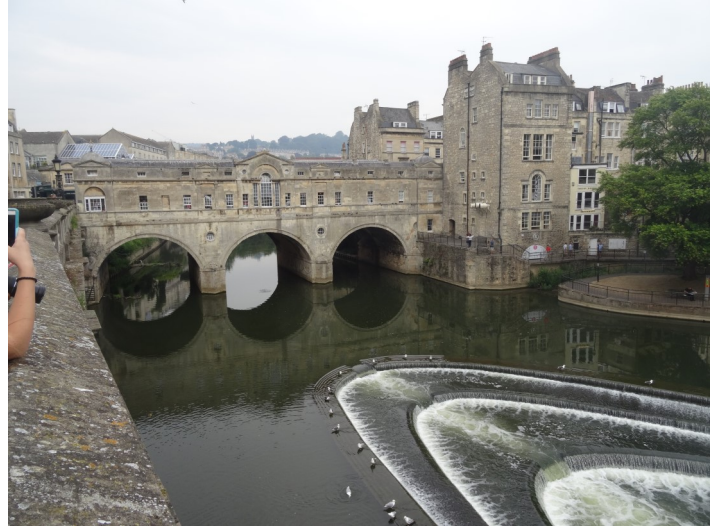


*Bath*





When we got back to town we sat outside for a coffee (still dry and mild) and then walked to a spot where we could take a one hour boat ride on the River Avon. This was a two mile up, two mile back trip through heavily wooded areas so we didn't see much of the city from the boat but it was a pleasant way to spend some time relaxing and listening to the commentary about the area.



## *The River Avon*

There were a few drops of rain as we were on the boat and a little shower as we walked to a cafe for a late lunch. But it was on the return to the hotel that we were forced from the open top deck of the bus for the shelter below as it began to rain quite heavily. Fortunately it had stopped by the time we had completed the remainder of the city loop (with views of the abbey, guildhall, the Roman Baths, the Crescent and other famous landmarks) and ridden back to our starting point near the hotel.

We had spent about 6 hours sightseeing so we then relaxed in our rooms until it was time to venture out again for dinner. Tonight we ate at a very nice Thai restaurant and were able to walk into town and back without getting wet.



We had breakfast and checked out of the hotel in Bath on Thursday morning and made our way slowly to the Clifton Suspension Bridge over the River Avon in Bristol. We first crossed in the car and then found somewhere to park so that we could walk over for some better views of the Gorge.



*Clifton  
Suspension  
Bridge*

We then drove towards Stonehenge and stopped along the way at a brand new Starbucks for a light lunch. We had purchased tickets for a 2pm arrival at Stonehenge and we were just starting the visit about 1:45.

The layout of the site has changed totally since we were last at Stonehenge and there is now a huge coach and car park about 2 miles from the stone ring. Shuttle busses ferry visitors between a new Visitor Center and the huge stone circle. It seemed that we could get a little closer to the stones this time and were able to walk around the entire perimeter within 25 to fifty feet in most areas. It was another very hot day (mid-eighties) and the place was very busy, although the ticket agent claimed it was a quiet day. How they cope with bigger crowds in the height of summer is difficult to imagine.







## *Stonehenge*



We spent a good hour admiring this 5000 year old structure and pondering the why and how of its siting and building.

We then drove directly to the Renaissance Hotel near Heathrow airport as tomorrow Hayley leaves us to return home and we make our way back to Ilkley. We celebrated the finale of this visit with an excellent meal in the hotel restaurant, followed by a glass of wine in our room before retiring.

On Friday we were up about 6:30 and had ordered a taxi to take us to the airport to get Hayley on her way. She was soon checked in and ready to go through Security so we said our farewells and wished her a pleasant journey. Molly and I then returned to the hotel, had breakfast and checked out.

The journey around the M25 and north on the A1 to Stamford was relatively quiet so we made good time on our way to see our niece Ruth and her family. We arrived about 11:30 and spent over three hours in their beautiful house and garden and with their lovely family of six children. Every one of them seemed very intelligent, well-behaved and very poised and we were very impressed with the job that Ruth and Theo have done in raising them.

Then it was back to Ilkley after a very nice time with Hayley and a whirlwind tour of some of the beauty spots and historical sites of the country.



## *Musical Interludes*

Ilkley has a surprising number of entertainment venues and we had promised ourselves that we would try to take in some of the musical events during our visit this summer. In the past we had listened to concerts at the bandstand on The Grove, which take place every Saturday and Sunday throughout the summer, and we had attended several band and orchestra concerts over the years. This time, however, we managed to attend no fewer than six musical events during our six weeks stay.



## PROGRAMME

1. **March - Praise** - Wilfred Heaton
2. **Blessed Assurance** - Arr. Stephen Bulla - Cornet soloist Dave Karran
3. **Finale - Tchaikovsky Symphony No 4** - Arr. Bill Gordon
4. **Lament from Stabat Mater** - Karl Jenkins, Arr. Robert Childs & Andrew Wainwright - Euphonium soloist Jolyon Stead
5. **D.L. Blues - Don Lusher** - Trombone soloist Dan Eddison
6. **Evergreen** - Arr. Alan Catherall - Tenor Horn soloist Tim Pool
7. **Tritico for Brass Band** - James Cumow

INTERVAL (Approx 20 minutes)

8. **All Night Long** - Lionel Richie, Arr. Leigh Baker
9. **Jerusalem** - William Blake & Hubert Parry
10. **Under the Boardwalk** - Young & Resnick, Arr. Philip Harper - Flugal Horn soloist Sian Karran
11. **That's A-Plenty!** - Lew Pollack, Arr. Sandy Smith
12. **Variations on Laudate Dominum** - Edward Gregson
13. **The Seal Lullaby** - Eric Whitacre, Arr. Alan Fernie
14. **For the Love of a Princess, from Braveheart** - James Horner
15. **Gaelforce** - Peter Graham

*PS – If you would like to be informed in advance about next year's concert write your email address on the back of your ticket and during the interval put it in the box we have on the table in the café. We will only use it to tell you about the concert.*

Three of these were on one weekend—in fact, the first was on the evening that we arrived back in Ilkley after our tour with Hayley. This was in the Christ Church on the Grove and was a performance by the Bradford Brass Band. We had seen them a few years ago and enjoyed the concert but they have now dramatically improved to become one of the top brass bands in the country. It was a wonderful 2 hour performance and we felt that they were every bit as good as some of the more famous brass bands in England.

On the following day, Saturday, we watched England win yet another World Cup match (into the semi-finals now) and then left for Bingley where we were to attend a concert by the "Sultans of Swing", a Glenn Miller-type big band. This was a fund-raiser for the Manor Lands Hospice that Keith and Zena had arranged so we were happy to support the event whatever the genre. As it turned out, the band was excellent and, as a bonus, we knew all the tunes and most of the words!





We had a pie and pea supper half way through and then another hour of music. Another old grammar school friend of mine (Nigel Blench) and his wife were there so it was nice to chat with them also. Altogether it was a great evening and it was after 11pm by the time we got back to Ilkley.

On Sunday afternoon of this same weekend, just before 2pm we went to Caffè Nero for coffee and then to the King's Hall to attend a concert by the Leeds Sinfonia, another 70 piece orchestra similar to the Airedale Symphony we had heard two weeks previously. We had heard the Airedale Symphony Orchestra a few years back and thoroughly enjoyed the concert; today's was equally good. It amazed us just how "professional" these amateur musicians were and they demonstrated just how competent a group can become with a good director (the only paid member) and some real dedication.

Today's concert (as with the Airedale) was billed as a "family concert" but the conductor treated this one a little differently. Two weeks ago the Airedale conductor had made it fun for the kids by introducing each piece with some witty comments or a brief description of what we would hear. Today, however, the conductor treated it more as a "tutorial" in that he introduced themes and portions of the pieces with a description of the "message" and the instruments that would predominate. He then had the orchestra play that section.

After several "interrupted" segments, he then put most of the bits together and played a whole movement or, in the case of a set of English Dances, the entire four songs. It was an interesting way to present a symphony concert and one which was very appealing to us. I suppose it may not have been quite so appealing to those more familiar with the music but we thoroughly enjoyed it and were disappointed only by the very small audience, clearly outnumbered by the orchestra itself.

In addition to the four "concert hall" performances, we attended two jazz evenings at one of our favorite restaurants in Ilkley. The proprietors, Mike and Joelle Monkman, have collaborated with the annual Ilkley Jazz Festival (held in August) to bring small groups to entertain during the dinner period. We have attended a couple of these in the past and were able to be present for two more this summer. As it turned out, both were performances by vocalist Julie Edwards and her guitarist husband, Kevin Dearden. They both were excellent and played two 50 minute segments as we enjoyed wonderful meals. The second one of these concerts was part of a "Jazz, Fish and Wine" evening in which the duo played while we ate from the special fish menu and tasted wines selected by Mike. What a great way to spend an evening!



**Walton**  
Crown Imperial

**Tchaikovsky**  
Symphony No 5 (excerpts)

**Arnold**  
English Dances (Set 2)

Conductor **David Greed**

Sunday 8th July 2018 15:00  
King's Hall, Ilkley



## *Friends and Family*

As we have said, Ilkley is not only a beautiful place to visit but it is also close to many members of our family and home to an increasing number of friends that we have made here. In fact, in an attempt to “fit everyone in” (and, perhaps more importantly, leave no-one out) we made a list of TWELVE (individuals and groups) that we wanted to spend time with during our six week stay.

We have already covered the time we spent with Hayley but we were also able to spend time with Bob’s sister Dorothy and her husband David as well as with Molly’s sister Fran and husband Alan. With the latter we visited Leeds to meet with Molly’s sister-in-law Elizabeth and her son Matthew where we had a three hour lunch together.

We saw Bob’s cousin Keith and his wife Eileen, as well as Bob’s late brother’s sister-in-law Susan who sadly lost her husband in May. We had dinner with David’s sister-in-law Linda who is also relatively recently widowed and is someone with whom we meet on every visit and always enjoy her company.

Our niece Joanne is not only a walking companion but, with her husband Robert, a frequent diner with us and this time we were also able to see her son Toby for a pleasant lunch. On this trip we were also able to visit another niece, Ruth, her husband Theo and their six children as we returned to Ilkley after taking Hayley to Heathrow airport. We arrived at their home in Stamford about 11:30 and spent over three hours in their beautiful house and garden and with their lovely family.







Every one of them seemed very intelligent, well-behaved and very poised and we were very impressed with the job that Ruth and Theo have done in raising them. Unfortunately, they are in the process of making a move as the workshop that Theo uses is now being developed for housing by the owner. So, where they will be the next time we see them is anyone's guess. I was never able to get all eight (let alone the six children) together at one time for a photograph but I believe this selection covers everyone!

We were able to meet with our "old" friends Keith and Zena (Keith was a grammar school pal of Bob's) on three occasions and we had a very nice Italian dinner with new-found friends Joyce and Stephen, who we met through the local church that we attend in Ilkley.

Finally, we were visited at the flat by Cat, Stephen and one-year-old Jenson. Cat (Catherine) was a barrister at the Ilkley Caffè Nero when we first made friends and we have kept in touch with her and Stephen and, now, Jenson over the years. As Jenson is now an active one year old, we invited them to the flat for afternoon tea so that he could have a little more space to run around than would be possible in a coffee shop. He is a delightful little boy and we are very impressed with the way that they are raising him as a polite and friendly person.







Unfortunately, we didn't get photographs of our closest relatives and friends and we hope to rectify that error on our next visits.

Finally, as we have mentioned, many of our friends in Ilkley are in the food service business (which should come as no surprise) and some of them have become very close to us over the years, so we conclude with a picture of the two of us with Anna, the hostess at Piccolino and someone who seeks us out (and insists on a picture) during every visit to Ilkley.



So, all in all we had an active social life during our stay in Ilkley and thoroughly enjoyed visits with all our family and friends.

## *Walking and Biking*

No visit to Ilkley would be complete for Bob without a good deal of walking and—in the summer months—cycling. We have already detailed the overnight cycling trip to Morecambe, but this was complemented on this visit by eight additional rides (for a total of 330 miles) and numerous walks that added up to 110 miles on foot. This amount of walking was a little less than typical for Ilkley but I rationalized that the biking made up for any loss and I certainly enjoyed both the local Ilkley and longer moorland walks that I did take. Unusually, on only one of these walks was I accompanied by Joanne but the one we did was a very pleasant 5+ miles along the north ridge of Ilkley Moor on a beautiful, warm and sunny day.



*Ilkley Moor*





# *Ilkley Day by Day, Summer 2018*

*As we have said, the preceding pages of this journal chronicle the highlights of our visit to England in the summer of 2018. The rest of our time in Ilkley is essentially living in our home away from home and follows a similar routine from one day to the next. However, we do record those perhaps mundane activities and include them here for completeness and for our own records.*

## **Monday June 11/ Tuesday June 12**

We picked up our rental car at 10:30 and packed our cases before leaving for the airport about noon. We returned the car and checked in for our first of three flights, to JFK. We arrived in New York (with beautiful clear views of the city) about 5:30, which gave us over an hour in the Sky Club before our overnight flight to Amsterdam, which left at a little after 7:30pm.

The overnight flight was relatively smooth (except for the usual bumps as we started across the Atlantic) and we arrived in Amsterdam essentially on time. As we had only a 50 minute layover, it was fortunate that the arrival and departure gates were on the same concourse, albeit quite a hike between them. However, we made the connection with time to spare and had a small but tasty meal on the 55 minute flight to Manchester.

Contrary to the forecast, Manchester was partly sunny and pleasantly mild, although the breeze made for a little chill in the air. Baggage claim, Immigration and car pick up were about as smooth as we have ever experienced in Manchester and we were on our way at 11:30, just an hour or so after landing.

We drove directly to Ilkley, had our first coffee at Caffè Nero and then went to the flat - to be greeted by flowers and other goodies, courtesy of Joanne. After unpacking and getting settled, we both had very welcome naps before getting cleaned up and driving to dinner at Piccolino. Once again we had a great meal and by the time we got back up the hill and watched the late news it was as though we had never been away!

## **Wednesday June 13**

We both slept quite well but were ready to get up at 7am. We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then did our Tesco shop. Once everything was put away in the flat, I readied my bike and left for a 25 mile ride to the Huby boundary and back. There was a stiff breeze, but the ride felt pleasant, despite the final pull up the hill. Shortly after I returned I took a short walk into town, mainly to get a couple of batteries we needed, but followed this with a late lunch - and another nap. We stayed home for dinner and, as we were unable to get several TV channels, we had a very early night, retiring about 9pm.

## **Thursday June 14**

Despite going to bed very early, we both slept well again and were up a little later - soon after 8am. We had breakfast at home on an overcast morning with some very strong winds about (25 to 30 mph). Nevertheless, about 10:15 we both ventured out and walked to town, Molly to do a little shopping, me to continue for a 6 mile walk along the Dalesway to Addingham and back via the main road. It seemed like every step was heavy and I was very tired after returning home. We drove to Caffè Nero and then spent the rest of the afternoon in the flat. By now the skies had cleared and it was a mostly sunny afternoon.

Tonight we had our first dinner at Monkmans and, of course, were greeted as friends by Joelle and Mike. The meal was excellent as usual.

## **Friday June 15**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and later we both walked into town where Molly did a little shopping and I walked around Ilkley for about 5 miles. We then spent the rest of the afternoon and evening in the flat.

## **Saturday June 16**

We had breakfast again at Caffè Nero on what was a cool and overcast morning, with the odd shower about. Nevertheless, about 11 Molly walked into town and I went on a bike ride. There was a stiff breeze (10mph) but I managed to get to the bottom of Harewood Bank before turning round and heading back to Ilkley via the back roads. I actually felt good enough when I was almost home to continue on to Beamsley and then back via the main Skipton Road through Addingham. The last few miles up to Wells House felt pretty tough but I managed to cover almost 43 miles.

Throughout the day I had been following the progress of Robert and his son Oliver as they were participating in the 70 miles Wetherby to Filey Great Yorkshire Bike Ride. I believe this is the first time that Oliver has attempted anything on this scale and we were very pleased to hear that they both made it - a little sore but a great accomplishment.

Tonight we had our first meal on this trip at Emporio Italia and enjoyed an excellent meal as usual, together with "entertainment" by Luigi, the owner, who seems to have recovered totally from his recent liver replacement.

## **Sunday June 17**

We had breakfast at home and went to the 10:45 service at St Margaret's. The service was held in the community room as the church floor is being re-worked and new wooden and brick tiles are being installed over the next several weeks. The Vicar suggested that we might see our last one or two services back in the church on this visit.

We then had coffee at Caffè Nero before returning to the flat. I went for a short walk and later we met Joanne and Robert for a very pleasant evening at the

Scotts Arms in Sicklinghall.

### **Monday June 18**

We had coffee at Caffè Nero and then we both went out for our daily exercise - Molly into town, me to take a walk along the north ridge of the Moor. It was a mostly sunny day but there was a strong breeze, especially on the top! On the five miles between home and the spot where I caught the bus back to Ilkley, I passed, four people, three dogs and a couple of dozen sheep. A great way to spend a couple of hours.

After returning to Ilkley we stayed home for the rest of the afternoon and dinner and saw England (just) win their first match of the World Cup!

### **Tuesday June 19**

We had breakfast at home and around 10am Joanne came to the flat. She and I did the same walk that I had done yesterday and we both thoroughly enjoyed the hike and the conversation. We met Molly at Caffè Nero after we had returned to Ilkley by bus.

Tonight we ate at the Thai restaurant on Skipton Road that has changed its name and management at least three times over the past few years but has always provided us with a good meal and great hospitality.

### **Wednesday June 20**

We ate at home again and later we both went into Ilkley for shopping and a walk. We both hit one of the few showers that came through around midday but the weather brightened significantly in the afternoon. We had coffee at Caffè Nero and tonight ate at Monkmans and enjoyed another of their jazz nights.

### **Thursday June 21 (our 53<sup>rd</sup> Wedding Anniversary)**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and later did our usual walks into town. In the afternoon we stayed home until 6pm when Keith and Zena joined us at the flat. We had a good chat and then another excellent meal (and more good conversation) at Emporio Italia.

### **Friday June 22**

We had breakfast at home and then I went for a bike ride: the first time "Round the Mountain" via Shipley, Bingley and Skipton. It was relatively cool but sunny for the most part so I enjoyed the 40 mile ride and arrived home feeling quite refreshed.

Molly and I went for coffee and did a little shopping and then stayed home for the evening.

### **Saturday June 23**

Breakfast at Caffè Nero was followed by a little more shopping and then I went for a 5 mile walk, finding a new wooded path near the river which was very pleasant. Tonight we ate at Quinta for the first time on this trip. The place was packed and our normal leisurely meal took 2 1/2 hours but was extremely enjoyable.

### **Sunday June 24**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero again and then went to the 10:45 service at St Margaret's. In the afternoon we walked into town to enjoy the Airedale Symphony in concert at the King's Hall. It was a family concert - mostly film music - and the director certainly made it interesting for the young ones in the audience. For a volunteer organization they do a remarkable job and provide some excellent entertainment.

We slowly made our way back up the hill after the concert in the mid-seventies heat and then relaxed at home for the rest of the evening.

### **Monday June 25**

Today was the day that I was to attempt a bike ride to Morecambe. The plan was for me to leave after breakfast and for Molly to take an afternoon train, with the two of us meeting up at the Crown Hotel in Morecambe - all being well.

I left Wells House at exactly 9am and started the easy part of the ride along the Wharfe Valley to Bolton Abbey (6 miles). Here I turned left and up the hill past Hesketh Farm and down the other side into Embsay (10 miles). From Embsay (where I had been many times on bike rides from Ilkley) it was another eight miles before a long climb to the tops overlooking the Aire Valley. I had anticipated this hill and was pleased to get it behind me and to enjoy the equally steep ride down into Settle. (27 miles)

In Settle I had a nice soup and sandwich lunch and a good 45 minute break. I missed the first turn out of Settle (about a mile detour) but then it was reasonable cycling for a few miles before the climb started again. It was about 10 miles of on-and-off uphill and this was added to by yet another wrong turn which took me on a four mile circuit back to the road I recognized! I was near the village of Bentham (about mile 35, or 39 with the detour, before the hills became more manageable and I actually started a gradual descent.

At the village of Wray, all serious hills (up) were behind me (mile 49 or so) and I felt that the destination of Morecambe was achievable. There was a two mile stretch on busy Lancaster Road before I joined the Lune Valley Cycle way. This is a stretch of cycling/walking paths that cover perhaps 12 miles from here (near Caton) to the coast right along the River Lune. It was very pleasant gradual downhill or flat, although there was now a stiff breeze directly in my face. However, even after leaving the cycle way and joining city streets as I headed to the west end of Morecambe, cycle lanes were provided so it was an easy drive right to the promenade and then another mile or so to the hotel.

I left my bike in the bar (to be locked in a safe place later) and joined Molly in the room about 5:15pm. Her train had arrived around 4:45 so she had just nicely got settled and made a cup of tea. Most welcome.

So, I was on the road for 8 1/2 hours (about 7 1/4 actually in the saddle I would guess and covered just over 62 miles on a very warm (mid-seventies) day. The distances covered in each hour of the journey tell the story:

1 Hour	10.2 miles
2 Hours	19.8 miles
3 Hours	26.5 miles
4 Hours	32.5 miles
5 Hours	46.5 miles
6 Hours	53 miles
7 Hours	60 miles

Whether or not I would repeat the journey tomorrow in reverse was a moot question as we relaxed before dinner!

We had a very nice tapas meal and a bottle of wine - all at a very reasonable price.

## **Tuesday June 26**

We were up before eight and strolled along the promenade to the local Costa for breakfast. I then got ready for the return journey and left Morecambe at five minutes to nine on a beautiful warm morning.

The first 12 miles, along the cycle way between Morecambe and Caton, was very easy and pleasant. I had a slight detour in Lancaster around road (trail) works but soon got back on the path. I was in the village of Wray by about 10:30. It was here that I had a decision to make - stick with the route I had followed yesterday (with its long series of climbs as I remembered) or take a slightly longer but flatter route. I opted for the known and, as it turned out, the hills weren't as bad as I had thought so I actually made pretty good time to the five mile descent into Settle.

Here I did make a change; rather than climbing up near Malham, I took to the main road, bypassing Settle and heading down the A65 towards Skipton. I had a leisurely lunch at a pub in Long Preston and then slowly made my way to Skipton and then on to Ilkley. It was a very busy road but I felt quite safe sticking to the edge of the road and keeping one eye on my mirror. I made frequent stops on this now very hot afternoon (mid-eighties) but eventually made it to the top of the descent through Addingham and on to Ilkley. Now all I had to cover was the final climb to Wells House, which I did successfully (in the saddle all the way!) and finally coasted into the garage. I had made it! A slightly shorter route than the outward journey but only marginally faster. However, mission accomplished. I don't need to do that again.

After a relaxing bath and a brief nap, we left for another nice meal at Piccolino, where our friend Anna greeted us like relatives!

## **Wednesday June 27**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then I caught up on some paperwork before Molly and I set off down the hill for our daily exercise. We spent the afternoon at home before getting a taxi to the Burlington Room for dinner with Joanne and Robert. This was the usual nine course treat (with cheese for Robert and me) and it was after 11 before we were driven back to Ilkley after a wonderful evening.

## **Thursday June 28**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then had lunch at the Fleece Inn in Addingham with Susan, Joanne and Robert. It was a very nice meal and a pleasant chat and really good to see that Susan is generally coping well with the loss of Steven a couple of months ago. I had a brief walk in the afternoon and then we stayed home for the rest of the day.

## **Friday June 29**

We had breakfast at home and then I set off over the Moor to Keighley. It was a beautiful walk on a very warm and clear day and I met Molly for coffee in Costa. We then took the bus back to Ilkley together.

Tonight we ate at the local Thai restaurant again and had a great meal. There were more people in tonight so we hope that they are able to keep it going.

## **Saturday June 30**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then set off for Manchester to meet Hayley as she arrived here after 6 weeks studying in Spain. Her plane was a few minutes late but she was well over an hour getting through Immigration and Customs. However, she finally made it and we were on our way to Ilkley, stopping in Manchester for a light lunch at McDonald's.

We were in Ilkley by soon after 4pm and relaxed until we left for dinner at the Busfield Arms pub in Morton. This was her first dinner in England so we thought a pub would fit the bill. It was after 11 before we got to bed.

## **Sunday July 1**

We had breakfast at home and then Hayley and I went for a 2 3/4 mile walk to the Cow and Calf and back. It was a beautiful morning and the main paths were packed with walkers.

In the afternoon we had a Caffè Nero "lunch" and then took a drive to Grassington where we strolled around for an hour or so. Again everywhere was extremely busy on yet another glorious day. In the evening we enjoyed a tapas meal at La Casita.

## **Monday July 2**

We left home before nine, had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then took a 3 hour drive to the east Coast near Flamborough Head. We had lunch in a tea room just before arriving at our destination, a bird sanctuary on the cliffs near Bridlington. We spent about an hour trying to identify the puffins, gannets and other sea birds that were there in their thousands at this time of year. Again there were hundreds of watchers, many obviously into "twitching" in a big way as they had large binoculars and huge cameras. It was a very pleasant stroll along the high cliffs.

We then drove back via York, spending almost two hours just strolling past the Minster, along the Shambles and the city wall. Then it was time to head home to Ilkley where we arrived shortly after 6:30 - in time for a quick rest and clean up before dinner at Panache, a local Indian restaurant that we always enjoy.

## **Tuesday July 3**

Today was the day that we left Ilkley with Hayley to make a slow way to Heathrow for her return home on Friday. We started with a full English breakfast at the Wheatley Arms and then left for Bath.

We stopped at a motorway service area for coffee and then again in Bourton-on-the-Water for afternoon tea and a stroll around the lovely village. It was very warm and sunny once again and the small town was packed with visitors.

It was then about another 90 minutes to our hotel in Bath where we checked in about 5:30.

Tonight we walked into town (about 1/2 mile) and ate at a nice Italian restaurant, keeping one eye on our phones (and an ear open for cheers) as the England World Cup game progressed. The game went into a penalty shoot-out and we were on our way home when the streets erupted with the final score - 4, 3 to England on penalties. We celebrated ourselves with a drink in the hotel bar when we got back.

Coincidentally we were discussing Hayley's time in Spain and the fact that to study there had been an alternative to one she had considered at the University of Stellenbosch in South Africa. We had no sooner talked about this lovely town near Cape Town than the hotel lobby was filled with about 30 young people who - we soon found out - were on their way to the Llangollen Festival to sing as representatives of their university - the University of Stellenbosch!

## **Wednesday July 4**

It was quite a bit cooler and cloudier today and there was a predicted chance for afternoon showers. Nevertheless we set out after breakfast for our day out in Bath. We walked to the nearest stop on the Hop On Hop Off bus route and took the bus into the center of town. Here we changed to the other "loop" which covered a large area outside the city center and climbed for some good views over the valley and the city.

When we got back to town we sat outside for a coffee (still dry and mild) and then walked to a spot where we could take a one hour boat ride on the River



Avon. This was a two mile up, two mile back trip through heavily wooded areas so we didn't see much of the city from the boat but it was a pleasant way to spend some time relaxing and listening to the commentary about the area.

There were a few drops of rain as we were on the boat and a little shower as we walked to a cafe for a late lunch. But it was on the return to the hotel that we were forced from the open top deck of the bus for the shelter below as it began to rain quite heavily. Fortunately it had stopped by the time we had completed the remainder of the city loop (with views of the abbey, guildhall, the Crescent and other famous landmarks) and ridden back to our starting point near the hotel.

We had spent about 6 hours sightseeing so we then relaxed in our rooms until it was time to venture out again for dinner. Tonight we ate at a very nice Thai restaurant and were able to walk into town and back without getting wet.

#### **Thursday July 5**

We had breakfast and checked out of the hotel in Bath and made our way slowly to the Clifton Suspension Bridge over the River Avon in Bristol. We first crossed in the car and then found somewhere to park so that we could walk over for some better views of the Gorge.

We then drove towards Stonehenge and stopped along the way at a brand new Starbucks for a light lunch. We had purchased tickets for a 2pm arrival at Stonehenge and we were just starting the visit about 1:45.

The layout of the site has changed totally since we were last there and there is now a huge coach and car park about 2 miles from the stone ring. Shuttle busses ferry visitors between a new Visitor Center and the huge stone circle. It seems that we could get a little closer to the stones this time and were able to walk around the entire perimeter within 25 to fifty feet in most areas. It was another very hot day (mid-eighties) and the place was very busy, although the ticket agent claimed it was a quiet day. How they cope with bigger crowds in the height of summer is difficult to imagine.

We spent a good hour admiring this 5000 year old structure and pondering the why and how of its siting and building.

Then we drove directly to the Renaissance Hotel near Heathrow airport as tomorrow Hayley leaves us to return home and we make our way back to Ilkley. We celebrated the finale of this visit with a meal in the hotel restaurant.

#### **Friday July 6**

We were up about 6:30 and had ordered a taxi to take us to the airport to get Hayley on her way. She was soon checked in and ready to go through Security so we said our farewells and wished her a pleasant journey. Molly and I then returned to the hotel, had breakfast and checked out.

The journey around the M25 and north on the A1 to Stamford was relatively quiet so we made good time on our way to see our niece Ruth and her family. We arrived about 11:30 and spent over three hours in their beautiful house and garden and with their lovely family of six children. Every one of them seemed very intelligent, well-behaved and very poised and we were very impressed with the job that Ruth and Theo have done in raising them. Unfortunately, they are in the process of making a move as the workshop that Theo uses is now being developed for housing by the owner. So, where they will be the next time we see them is anyone's guess.

The remainder of the journey north on the A1 was much busier and we had several very slow stretches. However we got back to the flat at 6:30, which gave us ample time to unpack and get ready for a 7:30 concert. This was in the Christ Church on the Grove and was a performance by the Bradford Brass Band. We had seen them a few years ago and enjoyed the concert but they have now dramatically improved to be one of the top brass bands in the country. It was a wonderful 2 hour performance and we felt that they were every bit as good as some of the more famous brass bands in England.

We finished the evening with a late dinner at Piccolino.

#### **Saturday July 7**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and I went for a short walk on a very hot and humid day. We watched England win yet another World Cup match (into the semi-finals now) and then left for Bingley where we were to attend a concert by the "Sultans of Swing", a Glenn Miller-type big band. This was a fundraiser for the Manor Lands Hospice that Keith and Zena had arranged so we were happy to support the event whatever the genre. As it turned out, the band was excellent and, as a bonus, we knew all the tunes and most of the words! We had a pie and pea supper half way through and then another hour of music. Another old grammar school friend of mine (Nigel Blench) and his wife were there so it was nice to chat with them also. Altogether it was a great evening and it was after 11pm by the time we got back to Ilkley.

#### **Sunday July 8**

We had breakfast at home and went to the 10:45 service at church. Unusually, we stayed for coffee and chatted with several other parishioners who made us feel at home in this church away from home.

Just before 2pm we went to Caffè Nero for coffee and then to the King's Hall to attend a concert by the Leeds Sinfonia, another 70 piece orchestra similar to the Airedale Symphony we had heard two weeks ago. This concert (as with the Airedale) was billed as a "family concert" but the conductor treated this a little differently. Two weeks ago the Airedale conductor had made it fun for the kids by introducing each piece with some witty comments or a brief description of what we would hear. Today, however, the conductor treated it more as a "tutorial" in that he introduce themes and portions of the pieces with a description of the "message" and the instruments that would predominate. He then had the orchestra play that section. After several "interrupted" segments, he then put most of the bits together and played a whole movement or, in the case of a set of English Dances, the entire four songs. It was an interesting way to present a symphony concert but one which was very appealing to us. I suppose it may not have been quite so appealing to those more familiar with the music but we thoroughly enjoyed it and were disappointed only by the very small audience, clearly outnumbered by the orchestra itself.

We then stayed home for the evening and had our first dinner in the flat in over a week!

#### **Monday July 9**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and I went for a relatively short walk late in the morning. We then stayed home in the afternoon and went to Piccolino for dinner.

#### **Tuesday July 10**

We had a Caffè Nero breakfast again and then I went for a bike ride as Molly walked into town for some shopping. The ride was about 30 miles and I did basically a figure eight to Harewood bottom via Pool. I felt pretty good, even after the last miles back up the hill. At 6:30 we left to pick up Linda Briggs in Addingham and we had a very nice meal and long chat at Quinta. It was after 11 before we got back to the flat.

#### **Wednesday July 11**

We had breakfast at home and then Molly left for a hairdresser appointment and I took another bike ride. This time I went "Round the Mountain" via Shipley, Bingley (stop for coffee), Keighley and Skipton. It was a 40 mile ride and again I felt pretty good after it.

After spending the afternoon at home we went to Emporio Italia with our friends Stephen and Joyce from church. Unfortunately this was also the evening in which England lost in the semi-final of the World Cup, so there were a few long faces in the restaurant as we left - not least of which was on the owner,

Luigi.

#### **Thursday July 12**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and Molly went to her pedicure appointment while I took a 3 1/2 mile walk. We did a Tesco shop in the afternoon and then went to dinner at the Square and Compass with Dorothy and David. This was our first visit with them on this trip so we had a lot of catching up to do.

It was a pleasant evening tempered somewhat by a lot of discussion as to what will happen with Chris and Amanda, which obviously is presenting lots of difficulty for all concerned.

#### **Friday July 13**

We had breakfast at home and then I went for a walk over the Moor. It was drizzling when I set off and there were some heavier showers on top but I enjoyed the 7+ miles. We went into town for coffee in the afternoon. In the evening we went to the Square and Compass again - this time with Joanne and Robert.

#### **Saturday July 14**

After breakfast at Caffè Nero, I went for a bike ride and Molly walked into town to do some shopping. I rode to Bolton Abbey, past Hesketh Farm to Embsay and then via Bog Lane to Skipton. I returned via Silsden - another 30 mile ride in hot weather yet again.

#### **Sunday July 15**

We had breakfast at home and went to the St Margaret's Day church service. We couldn't stay for the parish lunch afterwards because Cat, Stephen and Jenson were due at the flat at 1pm.

We spent a very pleasant two hours with the family and enjoyed watching Cat and Stephen interact with and take charge of their son; they really seem to be doing a great job in raising him and he is a delightful little boy.

Tonight we ate at Quinta.

#### **Monday July 15**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then I went for a seven mile walk along the Dalesway. About 5pm Fran and Alan arrived for a three day stay. We had a couple of hours chat before going to Panache for dinner.

#### **Tuesday July 16**

We had breakfast at home and then went for a drive to Skipton (via Cringles and Bradley). From Skipton, Alan and I took a 4 1/4 mile walk along the canal bank while Molly and Fran shopped. We met up for a lunch in a local tea room and then drove home via Burnsall. It was a little cooler today but still pleasant enough to eat outside and enjoy the breeze. We ate at Emporio Italia.

#### **Wednesday July 17**

After breakfast at home, we left the flat a little before 11 and walked into town to shop briefly before getting the train to Leeds. Here we met Elizabeth and Matthew and had a very pleasant 2 hour lunch in a restaurant just a few minutes' walk from the station. We got our respective trains home about 3pm and later the four of us had dinner at La Casita.

#### **Thursday July 18**

Fran and Alan left about 10:30 after breakfast. I went for a walk along the Dalesway and then we were home until our jazz, fish and wine tasting meal at Monkmans. It was a very pleasant way to spend three hours.

#### **Friday July 19**

We went to Harrogate again to do a little more clothes shopping and have a breakfast fry-up. I did a short walk on our return which was interrupted by RAIN! It rained on and off for the afternoon but was dry for our visit to the Box Tree at 9pm. Once again it was an excellent meal with great service in a nice ambience. It was almost midnight before we got home.

#### **Saturday July 21**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then began the process of washing/sorting/thinking in preparation for leaving here on Monday. We met Dorothy and David and Keith and Eileen for lunch at Hopper Lane and Keith gave us the good news that the sale of Roy's house has gone through, leaving little left to do now to settle the estate.

Tonight Keith and Zena came to the flat and we later had a very enjoyable - and lengthy - meal at Pintoh.

#### **Sunday July 22**

We had breakfast at home and went to church for the last time on this visit. Following coffee at Caffè Nero I went for a short walk and later we had our final meal in Yorkshire with Joanne and Robert at the Square and Compass.

#### **Monday July 23**

We had breakfast at Caffè Nero and then completed all the final washing, cleaning and packing. I had time for a short walk before we left for Manchester about 2pm. It was an uneventful journey and even the car return process was relatively painless. We also had a good meal in the Italian restaurant in the Marriott.

#### **Tuesday July 24**

We were up in time for our 6:30 taxi to the airport and were able to get a light breakfast in the KLM lounge before our 9am flight to Amsterdam. This gave us sufficient time to walk across what must be one of the biggest airport terminals in the world and check in for our anticipated 1pm flight to Detroit.

Unfortunately, that's where the fun ended. A "technical" issue kept us seated on the plane for three hours before it was decided we couldn't leave and were deplaned. We spent a further 3 hours getting re-routed for tomorrow and getting hotel and meal vouchers. I have to say that the KLM staff were not very helpful.

We finally reached our hotel (close to, but not actually in, the airport) around 8pm and had a clean-up before a decent dinner in the restaurant there. We were also able to take advantage of the lounge for late evening coffee.

#### **Wednesday July 25**

We had a light breakfast in the hotel lounge and then checked out. The walk from the hotel, security checks and passport control were completed in about 30 minutes so we had time in the KLM lounge before our scheduled noon departure. This didn't go as smoothly as it should but we finally set off at 12:30 on our way to Detroit. We had plenty of time in Detroit before our final leg to Cincinnati, where we arrived just before 7pm. We picked up our rental car and were in Mason (at Phoenician Taverna!) by eight to complete a great trip to England.

*We don't watch an awful lot of television while staying in Ilkley but we were fortunate on this occasion that three world-class events were televised during our visits and we enjoyed spending an hour or so from time to time watching the excellent coverage of the World Cup, Wimbledon and the Tour de France.*

