

*England, May-July 2010*



*Bob and Molly Hillery*

*This trip to England was not only to be a six week stay in the country but was also to include a journey across the Atlantic on the Queen Mary 2 - a journey to replace the one interrupted by our evacuation from the ship in New York Harbor in 2009.*

*This time we successfully completed the crossing.*

*The following six weeks saw Molly and I on separate vacations for the first two : she with her sister and brothers in the Midlands and me in Yorkshire walking as much of the Dalesway as I could manage.*

*The subsequent four weeks were spent once again in "our" rented apartment in Ilkley and included much more walking, day trips to the Yorkshire Dales and Cumbria and many visits with relatives and friends.*

*The vacation was, however, tinged with sadness as the day before we returned home my sister-in-law Jenefer died following a two year battle with cancer.*

*She was extremely bright and alert throughout and fought her illness with bravery and strength. We will miss her.*

# England, May 2010

## Thursday May 20

Elizabeth picked us up about noon and drove us to the airport. We were through Security in plenty of time to have a Starbucks lunch and an hour in the Crown Room before our 3:05pm flight to New York.

We arrived at JFK about 5:45, picked up our bags and got a taxi to the Brooklyn Bridge Marriott. We had chosen to stay here (as we did a year ago) because it is relatively close to the Brooklyn Pier where the QM2 was expected to dock. However, we were called just a couple of days ago to inform us that the ship would actually depart from Pier 90 in Manhattan. We considered changing hotels but decided that the two taxi rides combined would be very similar.

As we arrived at the Marriott we saw a Morton's Steak House right next door so that was our venue for dinner. We made a reservation for 8pm and enjoyed a leisurely and very good steak meal. We then finished the evening with a nightcap in the hotel lounge and retired about 10:30.

## Friday May 21, 2010

We were up about 8am to a beautiful clear and sunny morning. We had breakfast in the Concierge Lounge and went out on the balcony there for a while to view the Brooklyn and Manhattan skyline. It was already very mild and the temperature was predicted to be in the eighties later in the day.



*Brooklyn: with the Bridge and a view of New York Harbor*



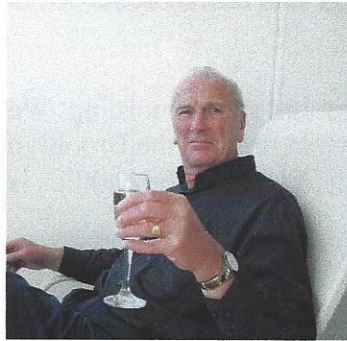
We left the hotel about 10:30 for a relatively short cab ride to the pier where we started the embarkation process. Altogether the process took about 1 ½ hours which seemed a lot shorter than last year – although my memory of everything associated with the Queen Mary 2 of last year is somewhat distorted.

*Queen Mary 2 Leaving New York  
(Courtesy Cunard)*

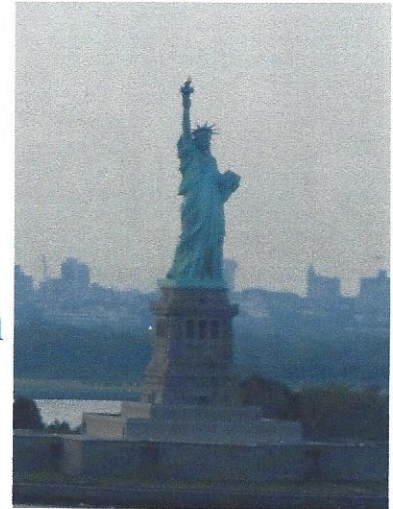
We had a salad lunch and then I explored the ship a little after unpacking and settling into the stateroom. Later I went for a walk of three miles (9 times round Deck 7) before the 5pm lifeboat drill.



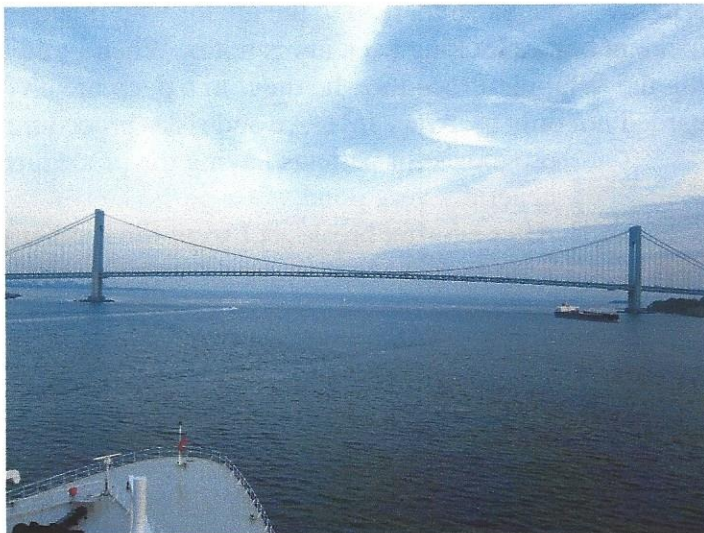
Following the drill we sat on our balcony and enjoyed our complimentary champagne as we prepared to set sail. It was about 6pm when we backed out of the berth and into the Hudson River. For the first 1 ½ hours as we cruised downriver and into the New York Bay, we were given a commentary regarding the sights on both sides of the River – Manhattan and New Jersey.



**Leaving  
New York  
en route to  
Southampton**



As we passed under the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, we saw the pilots leave via the Coast Guard Pilot Boat and were reminded of our exodus just over a year ago. As the ship picked up speed and headed into the Atlantic, we felt that a major milestone was passed!



We had our first dinner on board at the late seating (8:30) and then enjoyed a nightcap in one of the many lounges on board. Dinner was good but the service was “stiff” and not as friendly or efficient as that we had recently experienced on the Yangtze River. However, it was still a very pleasant evening and the ship’s movement was not even noticeable as we dined and later went to bed.

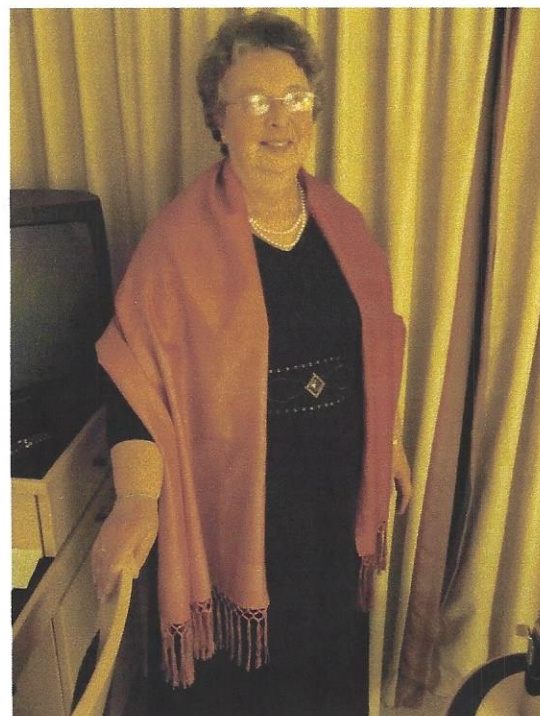
### **Saturday May 22**

We both slept very well and it was after 8 when we got up. We had breakfast in the Britannia Restaurant, sharing a table with three others. The food was good but, again, the service left a little to be desired. Following breakfast we tried to pass through the necessary Immigration procedure (apparently this is all done on ship to avoid long lines in Southampton) but we found the line to be long and slow. However, after waiting an hour or so in the cabin and at a seating location on Deck 3 we found that the line had shortened considerably and we were through the process in only a few minutes. I presume that we now can simply walk off the ship when we dock in Southampton, although surely there must be a Customs stop there.

I spent an hour doing another 3.3 mile walk. It was very windy (only a 10 knot breeze but directly into our 22 knot forward progress so a net result of a 35 MPH + wind in my face for half of the deck walk. We then had a very light lunch (coffee and pastry), much like our typical Starbucks lunch at home. After that it was time to relax again (even with a short nap) until time for Afternoon Tea!

After Tea I walked a little on the 13<sup>th</sup> deck; it was extremely windy and difficult to maintain balance at times. I then took to the track on Deck 7 and did another 6 laps, which I now know equates to 2.2 miles. At 5:30 I returned to the stateroom and spent a little time on the computer until it was time to get ready for dinner. Tonight was the first of four formal nights on this seven night voyage.

Dinner was good and the vast majority of guests were in formal wear; there were a few with interesting views on what constituted formal, but generally the men were in tuxedos and the women in long dresses. We had another visit to the Chart Room after dinner to enjoy a nightcap and retired about 10:30.



## Sunday May 23

We both slept well again and it was after 8am when we got up. We had moved our clocks forward one hour last night so we are slowly creeping from EDST to BST. We paid a visit to the Medical Center this morning – not because either of us had any problem but to say “Thanks” in person to the doctor who treated me so well a year ago. He vaguely remembered the incident before looking back at his notes. When I told him that the pancreatitis had eventually led to my having the Whipple Procedure, he drew in a deep breath as so many who have heard of it do. Clearly it is regarded not only as a very invasive and risky procedure but the prognosis for patients having the procedure is not generally very good.

After a buffet breakfast I went for another walk of 9 laps while Molly spent the morning reading in one of the lounges on Deck 7. It was another beautiful sunny day with just a few very high clouds in the sky. It was still very calm although we both sensed that the seas were getting a little rougher with a slight side to side motion. So far, however, our patches appear to be working – although perhaps they haven’t been really tested yet.

At 1pm we went to a 25 minute show in the planetarium. It showed some amazing images of Mars and some of the other planets as well as presenting a visual representation of the enormity of the Cosmos.

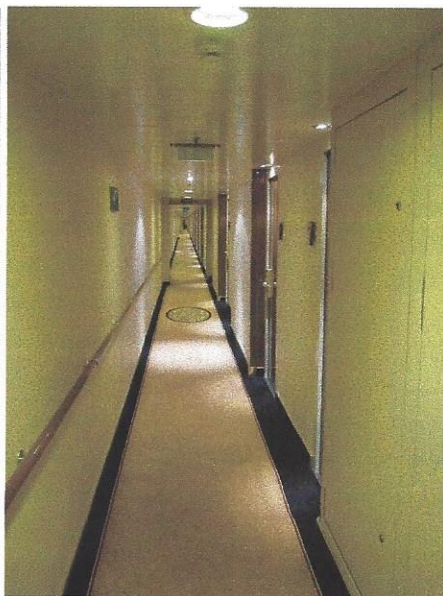


### *Music with Afternoon Tea*

We then had a salad lunch before relaxing until afternoon tea time! It really is a hard duty to keep up this pace. In the evening we had our second formal night and then had our nightcap in the Queens Room where a big band was playing music for dancing.

## Monday May 24

Again we both slept very well and it was about 8:30 (another time change overnight) before we were up. We had breakfast on Deck 7 and then walked a little outside. It seemed to be a little milder today and there was less wind – but the seas had changed from slight (1.5 to 4 Ft) to moderate (4 to 7.5 Ft). For the first time since leaving New York there was a definite side to side movement of the ship; not huge but nevertheless noticeable. It was still remarkably clear and the sun appeared through the high cloud quite frequently. Following another 3.3 mile walk, we had a light lunch and then attended a production of the “Taming of the Shrew”. It was an abbreviated performance of only one hour which, as far as I was concerned was sufficient. I am afraid it did nothing to enhance my appreciation of Shakespeare. Afternoon tea to a good dance band was more my style.



### *Our State Room; The 900 ft Hallway; Afternoon Tea Dance*

When we had finished tea and returned to the stateroom the sun had gone in and there were some darker clouds to our south and east. The seas also had strengthened somewhat and there was a noticeable sway of the ship. We were informed that we now had a tail wind of about 25 knots, approximating the ship's speed. This minimized wind on deck and allowed for some slightly higher temperatures, but it also appeared to be threatening worse weather as we head further east.

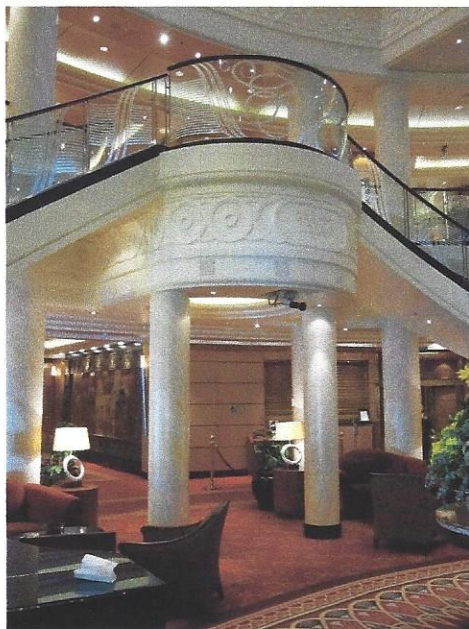
Dinner tonight was "semi-formal" (jacket and tie required but tuxedo not necessary) and we ate once again at our assigned seat in the Britannia Restaurant. We also enjoyed a nightcap in the Chart Room to complete the day.

### **Tuesday May 25**

We had put the clocks forward once again so we were now 3 hours ahead of EDST. Although this has caused us to sleep a little later we hope that this gradual change in time will prevent any form of jet lag once we arrive in England.

Fortunately, no matter what time you get up, there is always food available so we were able to get our fill at one of the several buffet stations. I then did a twelve lap walk (4.4 miles) before lunch. For lunch we ate lightly and then spent a very leisurely afternoon sitting outside on our balcony for part of the time. The sun was shining again (although there had been a little rain overnight) and the temperature was close to 60F. There was a stiff breeze on the starboard side which made for a slight swaying of the ship but most of the time this was hardly noticeable. I have been very pleasantly surprised at how steady the ship rides, even now in the more moderate waves that we have experienced the past two days.

We again enjoyed another formal night with dinner and a nightcap; the latter in an "English Pub" – until they started playing trivia!



*Views inside and outside the Queen Mary 2*

### Wednesday May 26

It was after 8 once again before we were up. Another hour had been advanced overnight so we are now only an hour behind British Summer Time.

We had a breakfast in the King's Court (a series of four restaurants interconnected and each serving buffet breakfasts) and then checked outside to see how windy it was. The answer was "Very", so we were soon back inside and heading for the cabin. The weather was still mostly clear, however, and the sea swell was still listed as moderate. Certainly there is not enough movement to cause us any concern. I enjoyed another 12 lap walk.

We had another light lunch around 1pm and then went to the theater to see a shortened version of the play "Hobson's Choice". This was again presented by the RADA troupe and was quite amusing; a very pleasant interlude in the day. This of course led us straight into Afternoon Tea, after which we were able to relax for a while before dinner.

Tonight we dined in one of the Specialty restaurants on board; this one was the "Todd English" and required a \$30 supplement to the standard cruise costs.

Although the surroundings and the service were good, we both felt that this meal wasn't worthy of the supplement and our usual dinners in the main restaurant have been at least as good. Still, it was an experience we wanted to try and have now done so. We listened to the dance band while we enjoyed our nightcap. Tonight was the "Ascot Ball" and it was amazing to see some of the hats that the women were wearing; some of these cruisers really get into the spirit of things – and must have luggage to match!

### Thursday May 27

We are now on British Summer Time, having put the clocks forward for the last time. This is our last day at sea and we anticipate an early disembarkation in Southampton tomorrow.

In the meantime, it is another gloriously sunny day with calm seas. We have both worn patches against sea sickness but the motion has been such that we wonder whether they were needed. However, it could have been so different.

The day was spent much as the others on board:

breakfast (late), a walk around the deck (to



*Our first view of commercial traffic since leaving New York*

make a total for the voyage an estimated 28.3 miles - but with forward progress over 3000 miles!), a light lunch, relax, afternoon tea. The early evening, however, was a little different in that we began to do our packing in readiness for an early disembarkation on Friday morning. Then it was time for our final dinner (and nightcap) on board, before retiring soon after 10pm.

### Friday May 28

I was awake before 4am and couldn't get back to sleep so I got up and watched the docking procedure in Southampton around 6:30. We then had our usual breakfast and left the stateroom about 8:15.

We had chosen to carry (wheel) our own cases off the ship and this turned out to be an easy and quick procedure and we were off, in a taxi and to the rental car agency well before 9. Unfortunately my car had been booked for noon (not knowing how long the disembarkation procedure might last) and there were no cars

available when we got there. They told us it may well be noon before we could get one but after a short stroll through a nearby shopping mall, we returned to Hertz to find a car ready for us. Consequently we were on the road to Bristol by 11am.

The drive took us via major roads but very few short stretches of motorway so, with an hour stop in Salisbury for lunch, it was after 3pm by the time we reached the Bristol Royal Marriott. The roads were generally busy and in several places it was a steady crawl. It really does appear that the British road system is almost at gridlock – especially on a summer Friday afternoon.

We were given a junior suite at the Marriott (how is it we get these when we are staying one night only and never when we are in one place for several days?) and we were able to do a little suitcase/duffel bag consolidation before our trip north tomorrow.

At 7:15 we were to meet Stephen and Penny Parsons in the lobby of our hotel and then walk together to an Italian restaurant that they had recommended. However they were running late so we actually met them at the restaurant about 8:30. We had a good meal and a very enjoyable two hours spent catching up on news on both sides. It had been about 1 ½ years since we last met so there was quite a lot to catch up on, not least of which is the fact that their daughter is to have her second child any day now.

Following the meal, Molly and I walked back to the hotel on a lovely mild evening.

### **Saturday May 29**

We were up about 8:30 and had breakfast in the hotel before checking out and driving north to Worcester. The weather had turned worse overnight and it was drizzling and cool all the way to Fran's home at Besford.

Here I left Molly and continued my drive north to Buckden in the Yorkshire Dales. It took me almost six hours in mostly rainy conditions (heavy at times) because of road construction, accident and Bank Holiday delays. Much of the way the motorways were crawling along and it seemed we got clear stretches for only about 10-20 minutes before it slowed again.

I arrived at the Buck Inn at 5:15pm and settled into a very nice room. There is no phone network for my cell phone here but the hotel does have WiFi access for 5GBP per day. I may take advantage of that for one or two days.

I was unpacked and had made a cup of tea by 6pm so I had plenty of time to get settled before dinner, which was served until 8:45pm. If the weather improves, this could be a very nice location for a few days. Dinner was a good lamb shank, although it was a very large portion. However, with two pints of bitter to wash it down and a Jameson to go to bed on, it was a pretty good end to a long day.

### **Sunday May 30**

I slept poorly for some reason but finally got up around 8am to a beautiful sunny morning. After a Full English breakfast I walked up the village (not more than a hundred yards) to a small shop that sold maps, water, snacks, etc where I purchased my supplies for the day.

The major purpose for my stay in Buckden - and indeed at two subsequent locations over the next two weeks - was to walk as much of the Dalesway as possible. The Dalesway is a long distance (about 80 miles) footpath from Ilkley in West Yorkshire to Bowness in Cumbria. It goes through two national parks (The Yorkshire Dales and the Lake District Parks) and connects one of England's major conurbations (Leeds/Bradford) to its largest lake (Lake Windermere).

Although the series of public footpaths that make up this route have probably existed for dozens, if not hundreds, of years, it was only in 1968 that members of the West Riding Area of the Ramblers' Association devised the route and it was 1991 before the Dalesway Association was formed to take an active interest in all aspects of the route and to aim for improvements where necessary. The Dalesway is regarded as one of the most scenic and one of the easiest long distance walks in England. Both aspects appealed to me and, although I would be attempting the walk in small bites I thought it sufficient challenge for my relatively recent entry into the field of open-country walking.

To help put The Dalesway and my coverage of it in some perspective, I have included on the next two pages a map (one of several such on signboards along the route) and a marked, color-coded depiction of the segments I followed and the days on which I traveled them. I hope this is useful in understanding my two-week walking holiday.



# The Dales Way

## ILKLEY TO BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE

### About the Dales Way

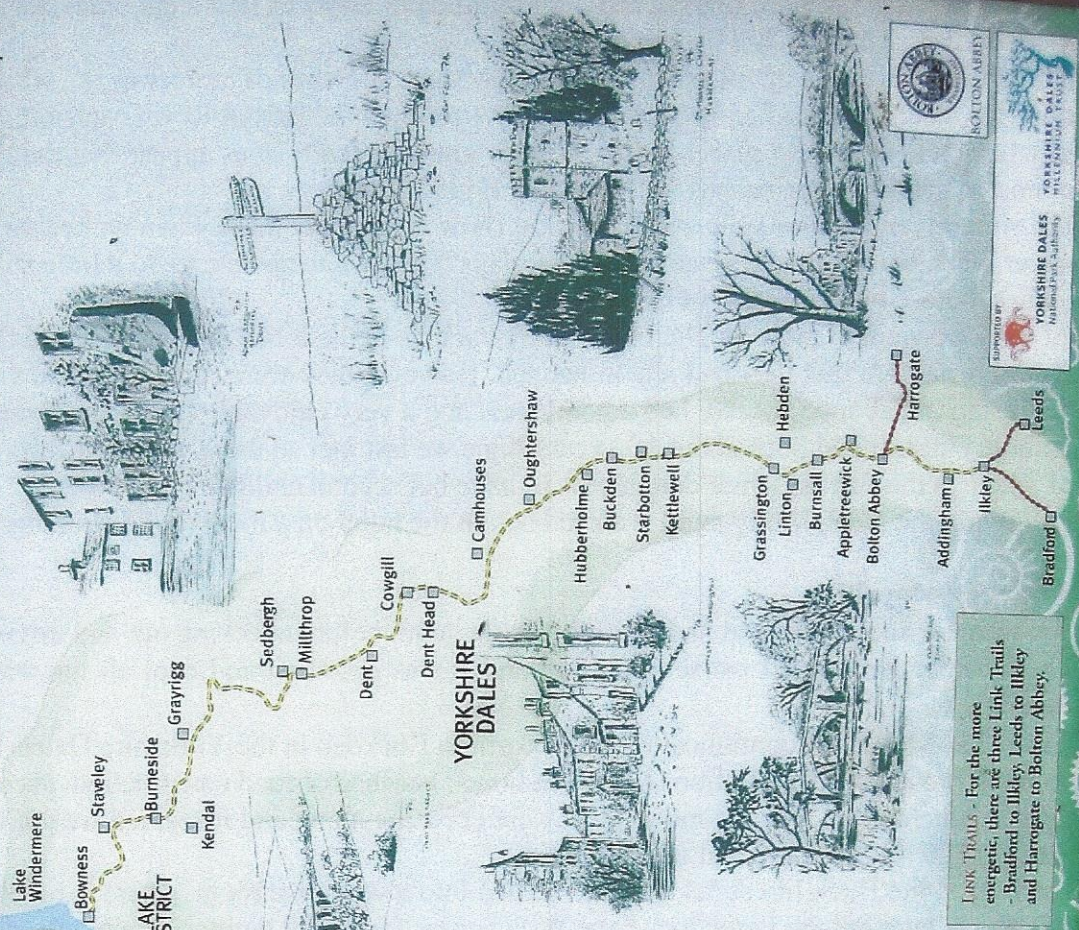
Walkers of all ages and abilities walk the Dales Way each year. Starting at Ilkley it passes through hauntingly pleasant Bolton Abbey before enjoying the romantic landscapes of Upper Wharfedale, across wild Cam Fell to intimate Dentdale, past Crook O' Lune before meandering through the gentle foothills of the Lake District to the shores of England's greatest lake, Windermere. The whole route is, in general, fairly easy and well waymarked. Being only 135km (84 miles long), the walk can be accomplished in less than a week. It is, therefore, an ideal introduction to long distance walking, even, for the less experienced walkers.



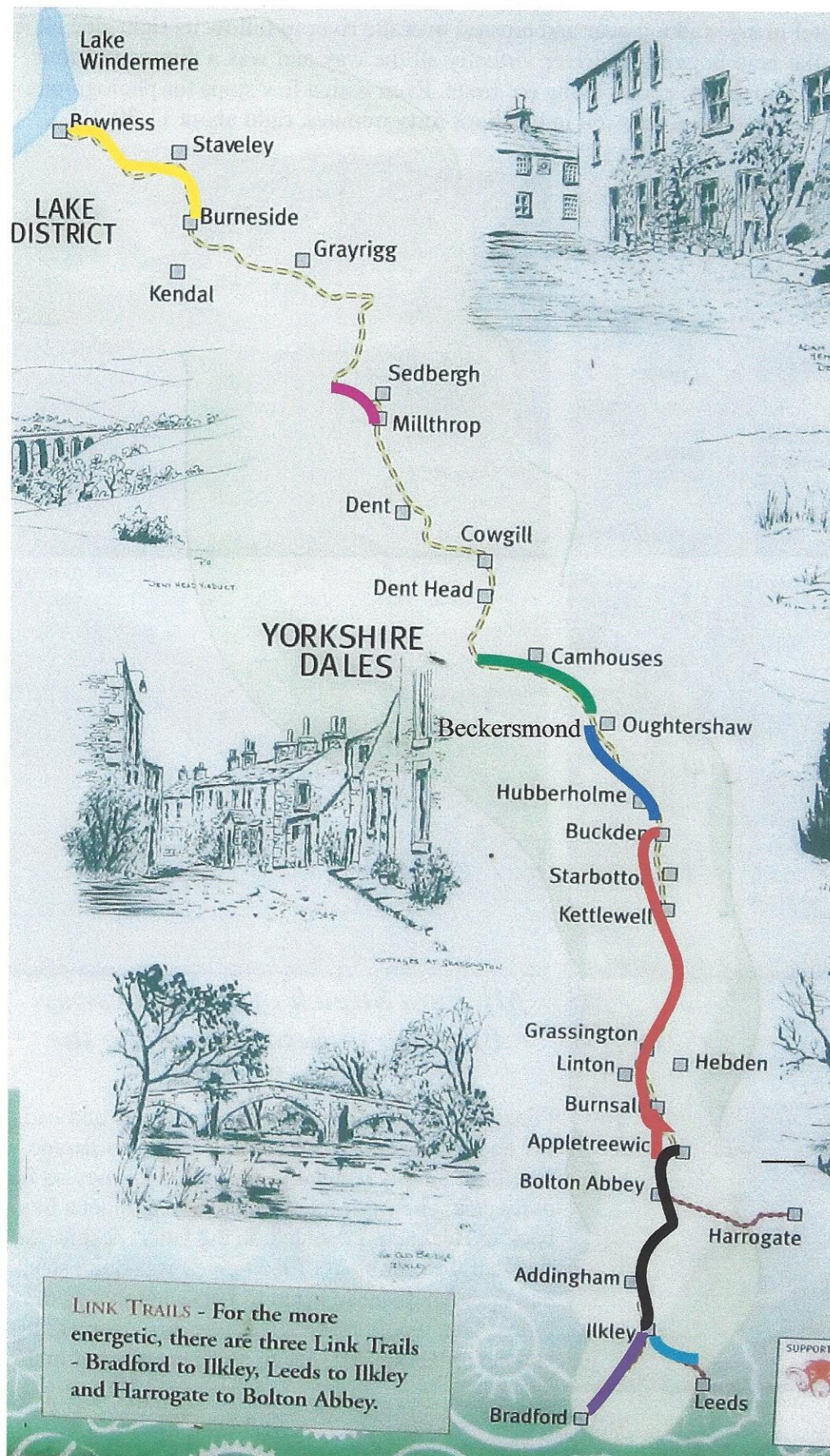
There is an excellent choice of farmhouse, small guest house and even bunk house accommodation along the route where, as a Dales Way walker you will be warmly welcomed. Public transport is available along parts of the route. Luggage carrying and personal taxi services are also available. If you cannot spare the time to walk The Dales Way as a whole, it can be completed in smaller sections. Small sections of the Dales Way have disabled access including several kilometres through Bolton Abbey Estate. See the website addresses below for more information.

**The Dales Way Association** was established in 1991 by a small group of individuals. Its aim is to press for improvements to the route and resolve any problems that may arise on it. It now has approximately 450 members, many of who are accommodation providers, baggage handlers etc. The remainder are individual walkers. Membership is open to all who have walked or plan to walk the Dales Way or simply care about its future. Please visit our website at the address below.

[www.dalesway.org.uk](http://www.dalesway.org.uk)  
[www.traveldales.org.uk](http://www.traveldales.org.uk)



**LINK TRAILS** - For the more energetic, there are three Link Trails - Bradford to Ilkley, Leeds to Ilkley and Harrogate to Bolton Abbey.



**Buckden to Barden Bridge**  
 May 30 and May 31

**Buckden to Beckersmond**  
 (Round trip) June 1

**Outershaw to Ribbleshead**  
 (Round trip) June 3 and  
 June 4

**Burneside to Bowness**  
 June 7

**Millthrop to Crook of**  
**Lune. June 8 and June 10**

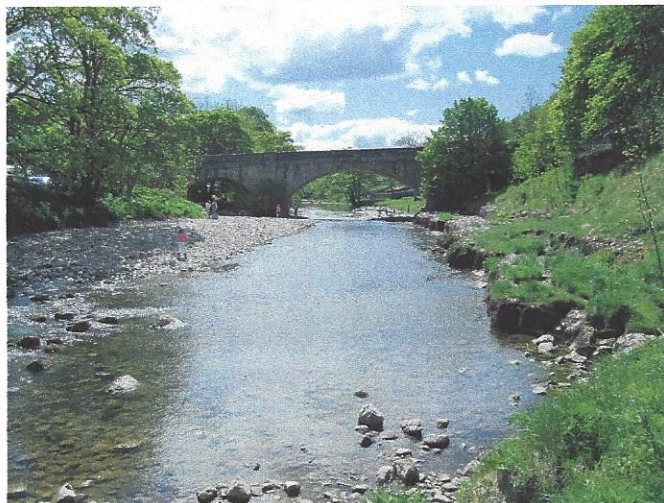
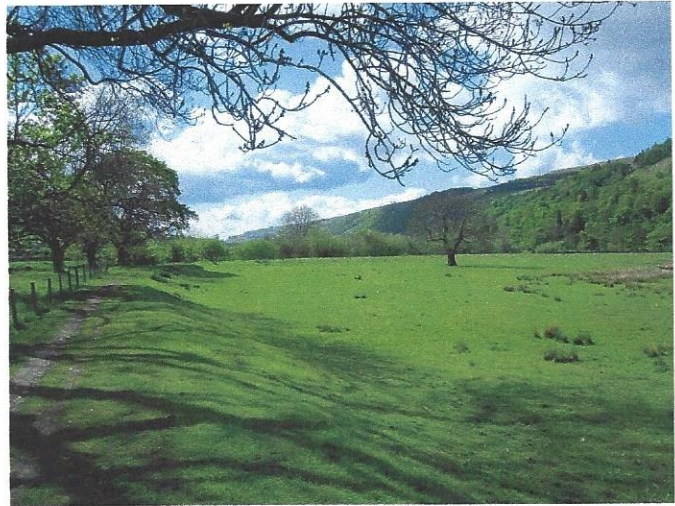
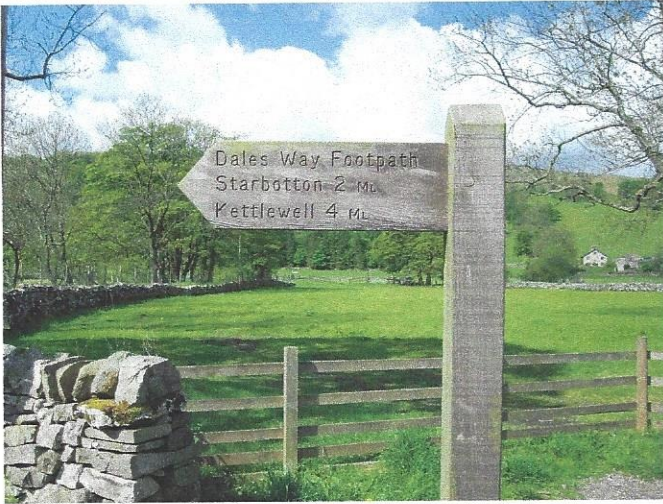
**Barden Bridge to Ilkley**  
 June 14

**Dalesway Link: Bradford**  
**to Ilkley. June 16**

**Dalesway Link: Bramhope**  
**To Ilkley. June 19**

## My Coverage of The Dalesway

It was 9:50 when I left the hotel in my walking gear and crossed over the river to follow its right side all the way to Kettlewell. This was flat land hugging the river virtually all the way and was a distance of four miles, both per the Guide Book and the mileposts along the route. Even with a few stops for photographs and not setting a cracking pace, I reached Kettlewell in one hour forty minutes, right about 11:30.

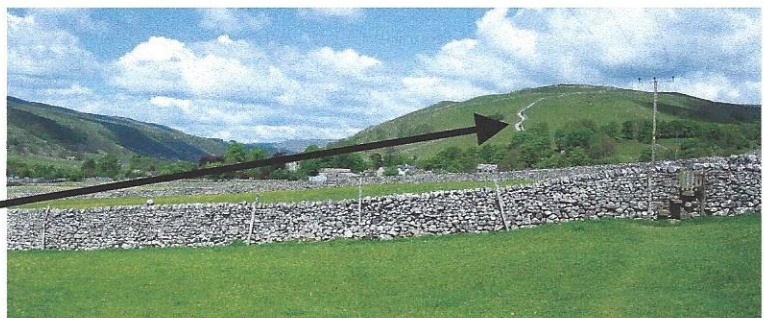


### *My First Stretch of The Dalesway: Buckden to Kettlewell along the River Wharfe*

I decided to have a rest stop at a local café and had tea and a toasted tea cake while trying to decide whether I simply wanted to repeat the journey so far in reverse, or carry on to Grassington and get a bus back to Buckden. I decided on the latter, despite the fact that the climb out of Kettlewell was quite steep and the total distance listed to Grassington was 6.3 miles. That would mean a ten mile day – something I had never before undertaken and certainly not in this

type of terrain.

However, I had about five hours to make the journey and still catch the last bus back to Buckden so I thought, based on the first four miles, that I would have time to spare. The climb from Kettlewell was indeed quite steep for the first mile or so, but then I was on a ridge that gave some magnificent views of

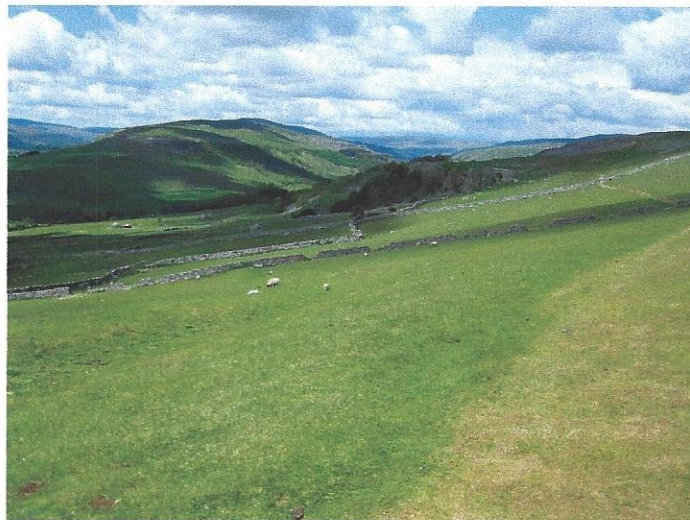


Kilnsey Crag and the Wharfe Valley and it was relatively flat. The ground under foot was predominantly short grassland but there were occasional paved areas, limestone “paths” (very rough), old packhorse routes, tracks and narrow strips through tall grass. It all made for a very interesting and varied walk and, with a now cloudy but very bright sky, it was a wonderful way to spend an afternoon.

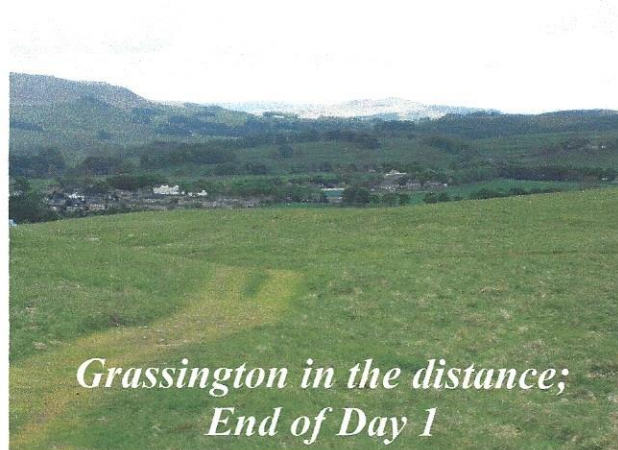
There was a stiff breeze behind me all the way and the temperature was moderate but this made for excellent walking conditions. I probably climbed well over fifty stiles of various types and opened and closed an equal number of gates along the way; quite different to the simple walks around the park at home!



*The Wharfe Valley and Kilnsey Crag*



*The Dalesway track across the moorland (above);  
Coniston “Pie” (above right);  
One of the many stiles I crossed (right)*



*Grassington in the distance;  
End of Day 1*

Eventually I saw the village of Grassington and after crossing several more fields and stiles, the route became one of the streets at the top end of the village. From here it was paved road to the main street which of course was jammed with visitors, this being a Bank Holiday weekend. I was surprised that all along the ten miles I had covered today I was never out of sight of other walkers (most going the opposite direction to me). I suppose this picture could have been quite different on a weekday pouring with rain but having traveling companions was a distinct aid at times when the route might otherwise have not been so obvious.

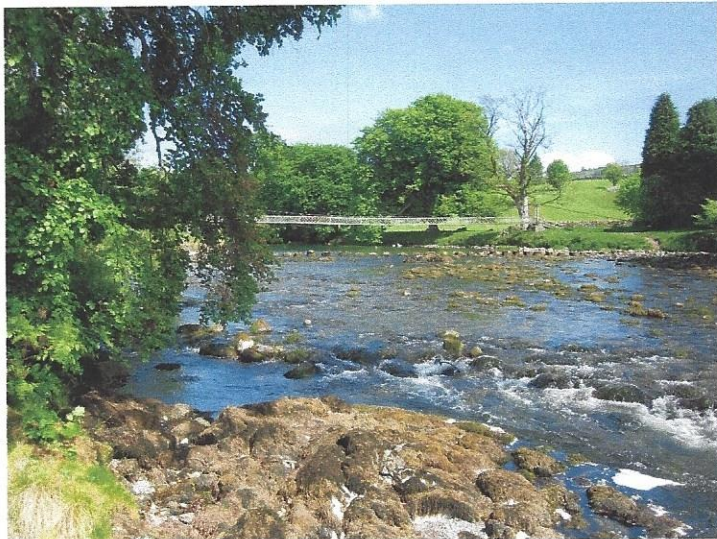
I got to Grassington at 3pm and my bus wasn't until 5:15 so I spent the time in a tea room, walking a little more in the village and just sitting on a bench and watching the world go by. The bus arrived a few minutes late but covered the half hour journey north to Buckden in time to have me back in my room by 6pm. Tonight I had a fish and chip dinner in the bar, not wanting to be the only occupant of the restaurant like last night. I enjoyed the meal and the fact that there was a little more activity to watch and I retired to my room about 8:30.

### **Monday May 31 (Bank Holiday Monday in UK, Memorial Day in US)**

It was another beautiful morning as I had breakfast in the hotel and then drove to Grassington. There I met Dorothy and David and I left my car while Dorothy and I set out on another stretch of the Dalesway. David spent time in Grassington and the plan was for him to pick us up at the end of our walk and return us to Grassington.

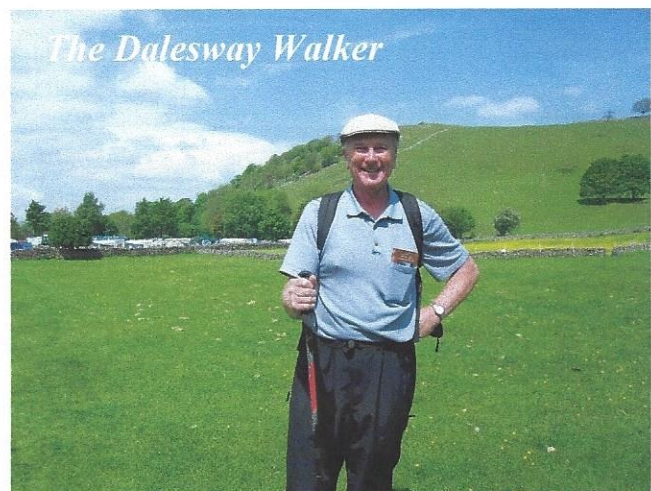
We had two or three options: Burnsall was 3.4 miles, Appletreewick about five and Barden Bridge was listed as 7 miles from Grassington. A phone call (assuming coverage) would arrange the pickup place and time.

We set off following the River Wharfe south from Grassington and the Dalesway route essentially hugged the river all the way to Burnsall. It was mostly flat with only a couple of short rises as it left the river side briefly. We were in Burnsall after about 1 ½ hours and we stopped there for a cup of coffee, sitting outside with the hundreds of others enjoying a day out in the Dales.



*The Wharfe at Grassington  
and an unusual place to rest*

We then continued on the same (East) side of the river towards Barden and about halfway saw the village of Appletreewick about ½ mile off the Dalesway. Dorothy had said that she might like to visit Jenefer on the way home today so we decided to cut the walk short and have David pick us up in Appletreewick. However, we took one obvious path to the village that soon became private property and by the time we reached the next possible road (and it was the "main" road) to the village we were already a mile past it – and only a mile from Barden. So, we changed plans again (having sent David to Appletreewick) and walked on to Barden.



*The Dalesway Walker*

David arrived at the same time as Dorothy and I so we jumped in the car and drove back to Grassington. By this time it was about 2pm so we decided to have a late lunch and we were fortunate to find a tea room with tables available because the whole village was just a sea of people. We had a sandwich lunch, strolled around the village for a while (by this time Dorothy had decided to visit Jenefer tomorrow) and then walked back to the car park.

We said farewell after a lovely day out and I drove back to Buckden – through Kettlewell where the annual duck race was in progress – but decided to drive up the dale a little further since it was too early to get ready for dinner. I drove a few miles and parked and watched the relatively few walkers this far up the Dalesway and contemplated walking some of that route myself tomorrow.

I arrived back at the hotel at 5pm to find the car park full and a Morris Dancer show in progress. The landlord had told me this was scheduled for today at noon but obviously the Morris Dancers run on a different clock. I had to park the car on the road until they were finished and the car park thinned out a little. I then showered and relaxed a while before going down to the bar for my evening meal. The first night here I sat in the restaurant (quite upscale in décor) but I was the only one there so Sunday I sat in the bar where there was a bit more activity. Same again this evening.



## Tuesday June 1

Rain! That was the sound I heard as I awoke this morning and when I took my usual weather check outside after breakfast it was raining quite steadily and it looked as though my landlord's prediction that it would last all day was about right.

I deliberated various options. Take a walk anyway; rain is to be expected and I couldn't hope that all days would be like the last two. Or, take a drive somewhere but carry my walking gear in case it brightened up later. Or, simply find something else to do and forget the walking until another day.

I went back and forth with these possibilities for a while but finally decided to take a walk north from here and see what true English walking was! At breakfast there had been a group of eight who were obviously taking advantage of the Sherpa Service that runs from Ilkley up the Dalesway and they were looking at a fourteen mile hike in the same direction. I had considered this service before coming since all hotel accommodations and transfer of luggage is taken care of and all you have to worry about is the actual walking. I opted against it because I wasn't confident enough in my abilities to cover some of the longer distances (such as the one necessary from Buckden), particularly if the weather were not so good – as it turned out to be today.



In any event, I set off at 9:20 in a fairly heavy rain and started up Langstrothdale, even though it is still the River Wharfe that runs through it. It was an easy walk to Hubberholme where there was a very nice old church that I visited (dry for a few minutes!) and in which there is a plaque to honor JB Priestley, whose ashes are buried here. Priestley was an English novelist, essayist and playwright from nearby Bradford. At the outbreak of World War II he also became a patriotic broadcaster (second only to Churchill) and gained fame as “the voice of the common people”.

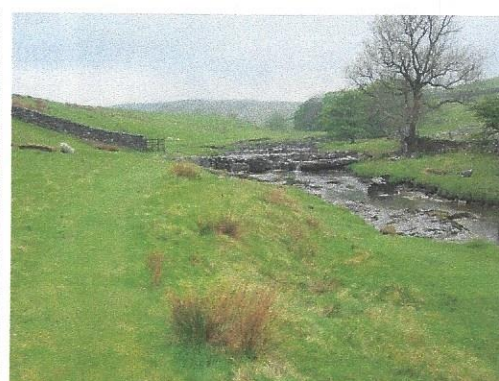
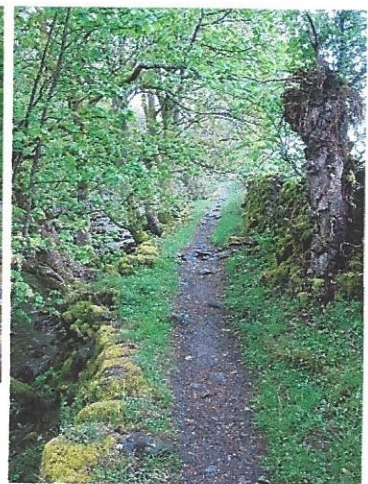


***Hubberholme Church with outdoor seating and commemorative plaque to JB Priestley***

Remember  
 J.B. PRIESTLEY O.M. 1894-1984  
 AUTHOR AND DRAMATIST  
 Whose ashes are buried nearby  
 He loved the Dales and found  
 Hubberholme one of the smallest  
 and pleasantest places in the world

It continued to be essentially flat terrain (right on the river bank) to Yockenthwaite and Deepdale, two very small hamlets along the route.

After a little over 2 ½ hours I reached Beckersmond, a distance of 5.2 miles from Buckden. There was nothing here except a farm and a B&B; no traditional tea room to provide a nice break to the journey. Since I had to return via the same route, I decided that this was far enough and, after a few minutes rest (during which the group from the hotel walked by) I set off to retrace my steps. It turns out that at this point I was only about a mile from the source of the River Wharfe and not too far from the Watershed (“Continental Divide”) for England. Perhaps I would get both of these points on future walks.



***Between Hubberholme and Beckersmond. The narrowing River Wharfe, a typical bridge over a stream and the Trail through the woods***

It was still raining quite steadily but there seemed to be a little brightening as I headed south. It never did stop raining altogether but it was little more than a drizzle by the time I was back at the hotel around 2:30. I was glad to get out of my wet clothes and hang them around the room to dry (hopefully) and I got changed for a drive out to spend a little more time outside before evening.

I also wanted to get in a cell phone coverage area so that I could talk to Dorothy and get her input after visiting Jenefer which she had planned to do this morning. I finally contacted her from Grassington (where I had a tea and scone) and she said that it might be good if I could get to see Jenefer tomorrow. So I called Joanne and arranged to visit sometime in the early afternoon.

I then returned to Buckden for my final evening at the Buck Inn and followed my normal routine of shower, dinner, a glass of Jameson and then to bed. It was still raining!



*Bluebell Woods*

### **Wednesday June 2**

I had arranged to visit Jenefer between 1 and 2pm today so, after breakfast, packing and checkout I had several hours to kill before reaching Joanne's. I decided to take the "slow" route to Bingley and had a stroll round the town before having my traditional Americano at Vilucci's. Then I drove via Ilkley (stopping to admire the view from The Moor on this beautiful warm day, before covering the final few miles to Joanne's.

I spent about 1 ½ hours at their house talking with Joanne, Geoffrey and the three boys while Jenefer was resting. She apparently gets tired very easily so I spent just a few minutes chatting with her before leaving. She seemed to be in good spirits although obviously the treatment is very difficult for her. She asked about my family and chatted about my exploits before I decided it was time for her to get more rest.

I left there about 2:45 and drove to my next stop of Kirkby Lonsdale, arriving there about 4:30. The hotel seems very nice but parking in the town is an issue; I found a spot for tonight that was just a few minutes walk from the hotel.

I made a dinner reservation here for 7:30 and then studied my maps in an effort to determine a suitable walk for tomorrow. Here's hoping the weather is similar to that we experienced today.

I had an excellent dinner in the restaurant and a long chat with a woman from Malvern who was traveling north to see her son and daughter-in-law in Scotland. It made the evening pass more quickly and it was after ten when I got to bed.

### **Thursday June 3**



It was another beautiful morning so after breakfast I set off to the small hamlet that I had reached two days earlier on the Dalesway. Actually, since I also had to find a suitable place to park and leave the car, I started today's walk at Oughtershaw, which is a small hamlet only a few hundred yards from the farmhouse at Beckersmond where I had turned around two days previously. It had taken over an hour to get there so it was almost noon before I started my walk. Once again I had to gauge it because I had to return via the same route to my car, so my intent was to walk about 4 miles and turned around.

*The Oughtershaw "Celtic Cross"; built to celebrate Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee*

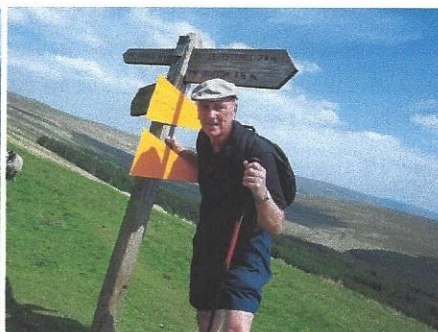
The first two miles were on a well trodden (sometimes paved) track on relatively level ground. However, after that, the path became much narrower and went up and down across many streams feeding the Oughtershaw Beck, which, in turn, flows to the beginning of the River Wharfe..



*Paved path along Oughtershaw Beck (River Wharfe start); then the more rugged Countryside leading to the distant Cam Houses*

After almost 4 miles I reached *Cam House*, nothing more than a remote farmhouse but the only patch of civilization for many miles. I decided to go just a little further – very steeply up – to a cairn marking the highest point of the Dalesway and also coincident with a section of the Pennine Way.

On the way here I crossed from Wharfedale into Ribblesdale and thereby crossed the “Watershed”, England’s equivalent of the Continental Divide. So, on this one stretch of a bout 4 ½ miles I saw the source of the River Wharfe, the Watershed and the highest point on



the Dalesway. Not bad for one afternoon.

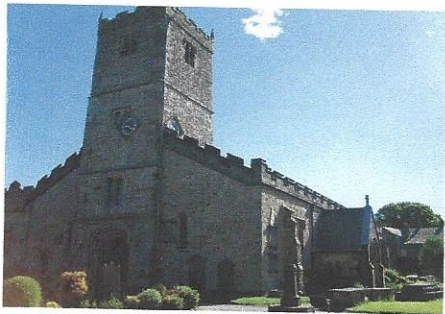
I then retraced my steps and took advantage of the farmhouse offer to refill my water bottle with cool spring water. By this time the temperature was about 70F and I had walked in shorts all day and was very comfortable.

I drove back to Kirkby and the hotel and the barmaid had pulled me a pint almost before I got through the door. Very welcome it was, too. I also made another reservation for dinner and then got cleaned up for same.

Tonight I had the lamb which was recommended by the woman I spoke to last night and it really was excellent. An espresso and a Jameson to finish it off were a good end to a very pleasant day on The Dalesway.

#### Friday June 4

It was another beautiful sunny morning as I had breakfast. I spent a few minutes in the beautiful churchyard



just at the back of the hotel and then drove from Kirkby Lonsdale to a parking area about a mile past the Station Inn at Ribbleshead on the road to Hawes. Here I started a walk "down" the Dalesway (actually it was quite steep up most of the way) to the cairn near Cam Houses where I had completed my walk yesterday. Unfortunately, having decided not to do the walk in one direction in its entirety, I am forced at this point to do smaller segments and to return to the car by essentially the same route.



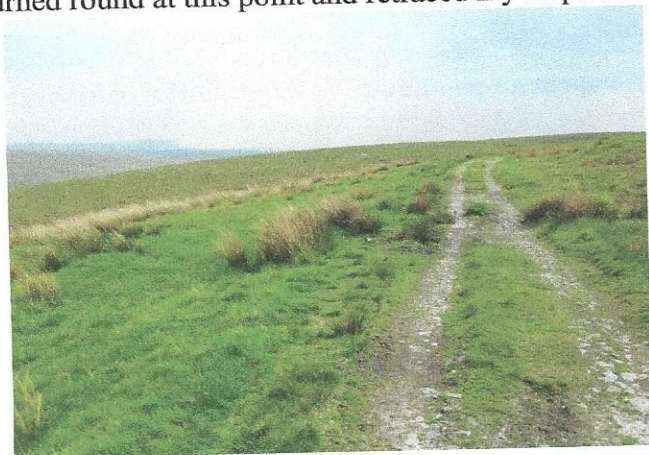
#### *The walk back to the Cairn with views across Ribblesdale to the Railway Viaduct*



The walk to the cairn was just about 2 miles from the Hawes Road and was on a very easy to follow track. As I said, it was quite a climb and it was nice to sit at the cairn for 15 minutes or so before starting back down. This round trip (with the short section on the road it was about 4 ¼ miles round trip) took 2 ¼ hours. I decided at that point to drive the one mile to the Station Inn and take a real lunch break. I had a cheese and pickle sandwich and a pint as well as a very relaxing break of 45 minutes or so. Then I did another stretch of the Dalesway, this time heading west and north from the Hawes Road just across from the path I had followed this morning.

This turned out to be a much tougher walk and involved a very steep climb from the road onto the moors – the first real stretch of moorland I had seen on the walk thus far. The path was relatively easy to follow despite the fact that it zig-zagged up (and even a few steep stretches down) through open grassland. Once on top the path flattened some and became more of a track which the guide book suggested had been made by the workers on the railway line that runs nearby and

which crosses the famous Ribblehead Viaduct near the place where I had lunch. Somewhere on this stretch I crossed into Cumbria briefly but I didn't see a boundary stone nor did I sense any real shift in terrain. The track eventually ended (after about 2 miles of walking) at a road and the Dalesway was to continue along this road towards the very attractive village of Dent, about seven miles away. I, on the other hand, turned round at this point and retraced my steps back to the car.



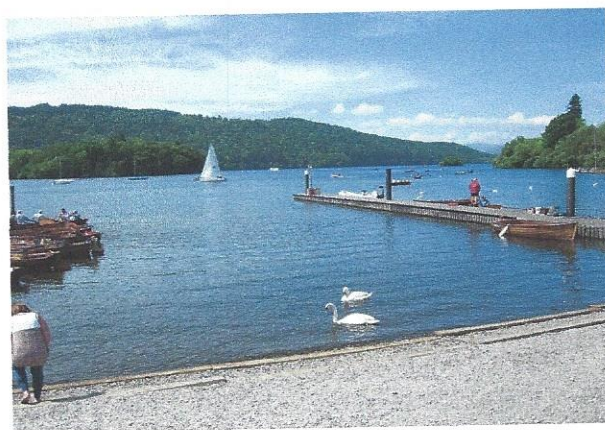
*The tougher afternoon walk across Ribblesdale.*

It was about 4:30 when I reached the car and I took a return route that allowed me to see the stretch of road that I would have followed towards Dent and at least I could see what I had missed. It is possible that I will walk some or all of the stretch either from Kirkby or while I am staying in The Lakes.

There was another welcome pint pulled for me when I got back to the Sun Inn after another tiring but exhilarating day in some beautiful countryside. My dinner reservation was not until 8:30 this evening so I had plenty of time to relax and clean up. It was another excellent meal and I was sorry that this was the last dinner I would enjoy at the Sun Inn.

### **Saturday June 5**

It was after 8 before I woke so I got up, dressed and went for breakfast before packing. After the meal, packing didn't take long and I was soon on the way to *Bowness*. It took only about an hour on another hot (and humid) day so I was soon in the center of the tourist packed lakeside town. I found a small Costa Coffee (not the one I remembered) and sat outside with a coffee and then went to Booth's supermarket to pick up a few essentials for the cottage. It was then still too early to pick up the key but by then I had found the real Costa Coffee so sat there for a while enjoying a coffee and a light lunch before driving into Windermere to get the cottage key.



I was settled in “Meregarth” (it was just as I remembered it) by 4pm and went into Windermere to buy a map covering the top end of the Dalesway walk. I then relaxed until dinner time and was lucky enough to get a table at Roberto’s. This had been Stefano’s (a favorite) until last year and has changed its menu, if not its name, yet again. Now it has a very limited “traditional” menu, pizzas and tapas. I chose the soup and two tapas selections, finished with the cheese plate and a glass of port. Everything was excellent.

### Sunday June 6

It was foggy when I got up about 8:30 but not yet raining, although it certainly looked like rain was on the way. I had breakfast (and Internet access) at Costa and then drove about 50 minutes to the church at Broughton, which I had so enjoyed last year when I was staying there in April. Today’s service was equally pleasant and listening to the 44 all male voice (bass/baritone, tenor and trebles) choir was a delight. How a congregation of about 100 (maximum) can support three officiants and such a choir is difficult to understand but very rewarding. In earlier correspondence with the rector, I had been told that the choir was singing in St Paul’s in London this past Bank Holiday Monday, so they are obviously – and rightly – widely recognized.

When I left the church at noon it was raining so I drove back to the cottage, got changed and walked into Bowness for more coffee and more Internet access. I spent about an hour in the coffee shop and then walked up the hill to Windermere to see about bus times to nearby villages on the Dalesway. It turned out that the best bet might be the train so, weather permitting, I intend to get out of town by about 6 miles and walk the final stretch of the Dalesway. My walk today, exclusively on sidewalk, was just about 4 miles. Tonight I had dinner at Rastelli’s, an Italian restaurant that we have eaten at several times previously. It was an excellent meal and the crowded restaurant was handled in true Italian fashion by two very efficient waiters. I was back at the cottage by about 9pm.

### Monday June 7

It was very overcast and a little misty this morning and I wondered whether I would be able to do my planned walk – the last ten miles of the Dalesway to Bowness. I decided to give it a try and see how the weather changed throughout the morning, so I set off in a slight drizzle to walk to Windermere station. Here I got a single ticket to Burneside, two stations down the line towards Kendal.

As I entered the village of Burneside the drizzle got a little heavier and as I walked the three miles to Staveley essentially on the bank of the River Kent, the rain came down very heavily at times. It was warm, however, so I had my rain gear on and off several times. I was plenty warm enough in a Polo shirt but I felt it necessary to keep it dry – although with the rain jacket on I worked up quite a sweat.



A pretty walk from Burneside to Staveley despite the weather

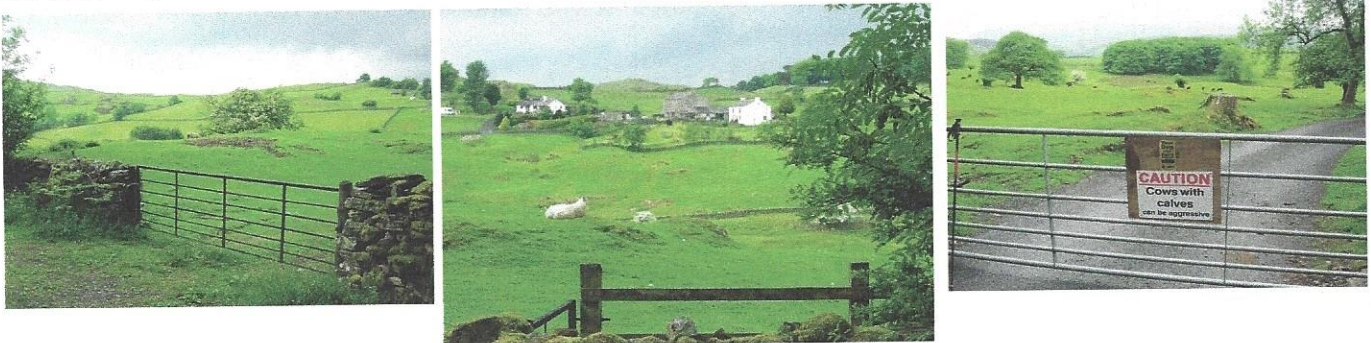


As I left Staveley on the longer (6.5 miles) stretch the weather deteriorated significantly and the sky was filled with black clouds. There was one very loud (and frighteningly close) clap of thunder and I felt that I would soon be wet to the skin. However, after a brief heavy shower (enough to get my outerwear very wet) the skies cleared some and there was even a hint of sunshine.



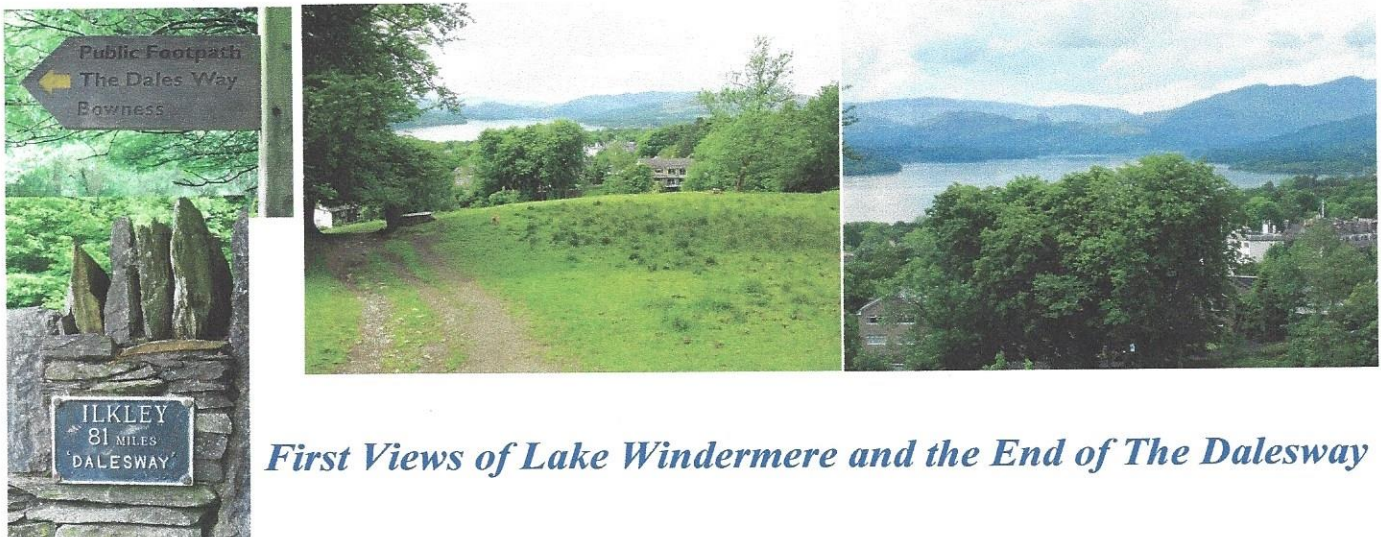
### *Various Grades of Path along the Dalesway*

This section of the walk was very hilly; up and down over farmland and along tracks and country lanes as well as simple beaten grass paths across meadows. But the weather continued to improve and I was soon walking in short-sleeved shirt with no rain gear – and wishing I had brought my shorts. The countryside was beautiful and was now definitely more like the Cumbrian Lake District than the Yotkshire Dales I had left on Friday.



Part way along this beautiful farmland, I came across a tea room. It was little more than a kitchen and a few chairs outside but it provided a welcome stopover for a cup of tea and a scone. Then it was more ups and downs, through a number of fields in which there were cows with calves (and warned as potentially aggressive) which I crossed as quickly as possible without breaking into a run.

As the guide book had indicated, the walk was almost over before the first glimpse of the goal – Lake Windermere – was spotted and then it was a steep trek down into the village of Bowness.



### *First Views of Lake Windermere and the End of The Dalesway*

It turns out that “my” Costa Coffee shop is essentially at the end of the Dalesway so I celebrated my ending for today with a cup of coffee sitting outside in the now warm sunshine.

All that remained was for me to walk the final 1 ½ miles back to the cottage along the lake road, at which point I rested and showered in preparation for another dinner out. I reckon that I covered about 12 miles all told today; my longest yet and, after a shaky start, it turned out to be a very pleasant walk.

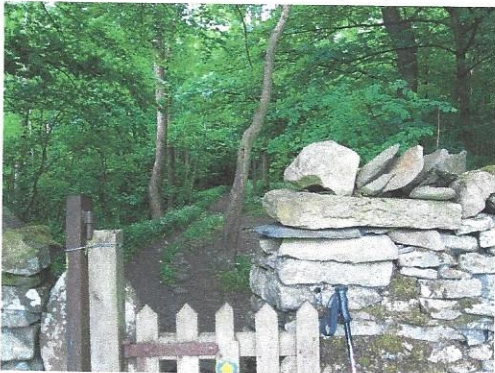
Tonight I had dinner at Lucy’s, the restaurant that was the Porthole for over 30 years and which we had visited as such many times. Lucy’s, unfortunately, is not the same. The food was quite good, the service okay but, despite it being the same physical surroundings, the ambiance that was The Porthole is definitely gone.

## **Tuesday June 8**

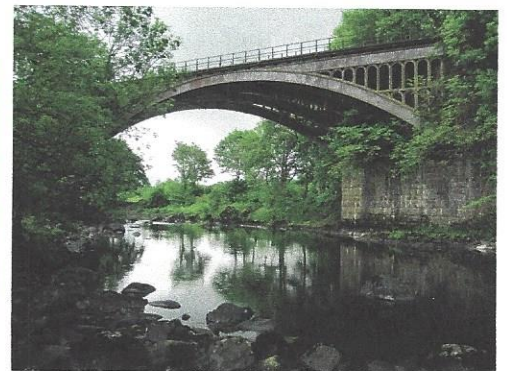
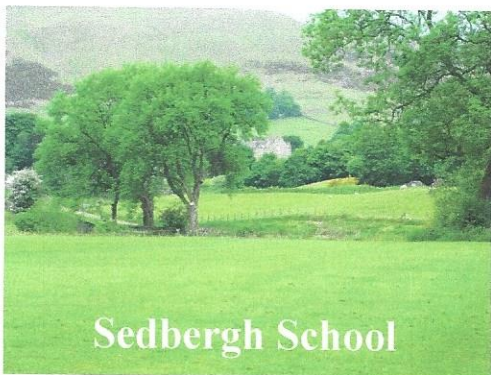
The ground was wet and the forecast was for showers throughout the day as I drove into Bowness in time for the opening of Costa Coffee at 8:30. I spent a leisurely hour over a light breakfast, checked e-mails and considered the plan of attack for today. There was a section of the Dalesway near Sedbergh (about 15 miles from Bowness) that was not only accessible from the town but also looked liked it could be made part of a circular walk. Unfortunately I was missing the particular Explorer map that covered that section and I couldn’t find it anywhere in Bowness or Windermere. I thought that Kendal (about half way to Sedbergh) might be a better bet so I set off with the intention of getting the map, driving on to Sedbergh and then making a decision based on the weather at that time.

I did indeed quickly find the map in Kendal and was in Sedbergh by noon. I parked in the main car park of this very attractive village (most famous for its schools) and walked a little way to a café. Here I had tea and a bacon sandwich while I studied the map and realized that the circular route would probably be doable on a still wet afternoon, covering a distance of 5 to 5 ½ miles.

It was at this point that I realized that I had not brought my backpack and would therefore have to wear everything I was now wearing for the entire journey – whatever the weather turned out to be. Notwithstanding, and having also to buy water (also forgotten) and carry it in my jacket pocket, I set off under a very cloudy and mostly showery sky.



## ***Gates, narrow paths, streams, beautiful blossom and Victorian architecture on this walk around Sedbergh***



It was about half a mile from the village center to the start of this particular section of Dalesway. I walked down a village road, passed the Sedbergh School, and picked up the path at the River Rawthey. It turned

out to be a beautiful walk despite the occasional shower, all along the river bank for about two miles. This river was fast flowing and quite turbulent in places as a distinct contrast to the many dry river beds I had seen on the other side of the watershed. I feel sure that it must be a tributary of the Lune but have not been able to confirm that with the map reading skills at hand.

The path – which varied from narrow track through woodland, to pasture, to farm tracks and even some country lanes – took a rather circuitous route but eventually ended up at the main road that leads back into Sedbergh.

This is a busy, twisting road and would be potentially dangerous for walking any length so I used my map reading skills to find first a track and then a footpath which led back to a country lane above Sedbergh. Actually it appeared to me that the track connected two country lanes but its paved section came to an abrupt halt at a farm and the only way through that I could find was a very steep and narrow footpath which did eventually lead to the road I wanted.

Then it was an easy downhill walk to the car park and, having half an hour still on the meter, I stopped in a pub and had a very quick half pint before returning to Windermere. So, for a 3.4 miles stretch of the Dalesway “bagged” I covered a distance of about 5 ½ miles but it was worth the walk. The rain was gentle for the most part, although it really started to pour on my drive back to The Lakes. Fortunate indeed.

Tonight I went to another Italian restaurant in Bowness, Villa Positano. I had never eaten there before and was very impressed. The owner was from Naples and had been operating the place for 18 years (how had we missed it – it’s just a few doors from the Porthole). The meal and service were excellent and, while enjoying my after dinner grappa, I got talking to a Dutch couple over here on holiday. They are interested in actually retiring here to some small village in the Dales; something remote. Interesting that Holland is too crowded for them!

### **Wednesday June 9**

It was very dull and threatening rain as I checked my e-mails over breakfast at Costa. I then set off towards Settle where I was hoping to meet up with Keith Hebden for a short walk in the Dales. He was busy this morning so he said he’d call me before noon when he was free.

He called soon after 11:30 and said that the weather was awful where he was (it wasn’t much better where I was) so we decided to try again another day. He’s off next week to Hampshire but we should be able to find a fine day in the following three weeks.

I decided against walking even though it wasn’t actually raining and took the relatively short drive from Clapham (where I was when Keith called) to Morecambe. I had a light lunch and a walk on the windy promenade and then sat in the car at Bolton-le-Sands overlooking the Bay. By this time it was dry and relatively clear although there were still black clouds about.

After returning to the cottage, it was still early and had become quite bright so I decided on a little more exercise by doing the round trip walk from the cottage to Windermere, down to Bowness and back. It was a little less than four miles.

Tonight I went to the Log House in Ambleside for dinner. The mussels were excellent and the fried sea bass and chips were much lighter than the normal fish and chips. Altogether, the meal and service were as good as I remember from last year.

### **Thursday June 10**

It was a much cloudier and potentially rainy day than the forecast but I decided to chance one last walk on the Dalesway. First I went to Costa (closed for boiler repairs) and then to Monties, where I got a good full English breakfast. I then came back to the cottage and changed and set off towards Sedbergh again.

About 3 miles shy of the village I turned north and eventually found a small area where I could park the car close to the Crook of Lune Bridge – actually to be the ending point of my walk. I had checked the map and found that I could essentially do a circular walk by following the country roads parallel to the Lune River about ½ to 1 mile to the east. It took about 1 ½ hours of relatively easy walking (lots of steep ups and downs, however) to reach the Lincoln’s Inn Bridge where I had finished my walk two days ago. From there it was a very pleasant ramble up the River Lune, sticking very close to its banks most of the way. At this point the Lune is a rapidly flowing stream meandering through some heavily wooded areas as well as farmland pastures; a far cry from the lazy, wide estuary that I have walked along a couple of times in the middle of Lancaster just before it empties into Morecambe Bay.



### *Round Trip from the Crook o'Lune Bridge*



The weather stayed dry and I eventually took off my rain jacket. It was a little cool with a stiff breeze blowing all day but I saw no actual rain except as black clouds and obvious showers in the distance.

At the end of two weeks in the area I have covered 48.35 miles of the Dalesway and an additional 14.5 miles duplicated because of my particular method of doing it. With another 9.2 miles at the Ilkley end that I can do later, I shall have 57.5 of the 78 miles covered and I now feel confident to actually do the whole Dalesway as one continuous long distance walk rather than the bits and pieces of the past two weeks. Despite that, I feel some sense of accomplishment and much more confident in my walking abilities.

Tonight I went in search of a restaurant in Windermere that I have enjoyed in the past but couldn't find it. I think I found its replacement – a pizza place! So I went to Rastelli's again for another good meal as my last in this area for a while.

### **Friday June 11**

I had breakfast at Costa and then loaded the car to check out of the cottage. Since I had most of the day to get to Worcester I decided to go the non-motorway route to Leeds and pick up the M1 there. I thought this might be a good test to see if it would be better than the west motorways for the return to Ilkley since Ilkley is not far from Leeds. However, it was a slower (but very pleasant) run to the Bradford area where I found the M62 and then on to the M1.

The journey south via the M1 and M42 to the M5 was, like all the motorways routes these days it seems, good in parts – but also included some very slow sections. These were sometimes due to road works, sometimes an accident, but often for no apparent reason.

In any event I arrived at Fran's at 3:30 and was immediately presented with a cup of tea. Then we all chatted for a while before Fran and Alan left for a show in Pershore and Molly and I followed to eat at a Thai

restaurant. (Apparently the show was so popular that Fran had only been able to get two tickets. However, Molly and I were quite happy with the restaurant and had a very nice meal. We were home and in bed by 10pm.

During my two week period of almost daily walking, Molly had spent time in and around Worcestershire with her family. For the first week, she stayed at her sister's home and they went somewhere almost every day, including visits to a local asparagus festival (!), a town carnival, an English stately home and went to a show (about Neil Sedaka's life). Also during that week our nephew Duncan (Molly's sister's son) and his wife Vicki and their 14 month old son Isaac visited for a few days so they got to spend time with some of the extended family.

At the end of the week Molly and her sister drove to a self-catering cottage in Warwickshire for the reunion with their two brothers. There were a few short walks around the neighborhood but the primary activity (besides eating) appears to have been talking.....presumably about everyone else in the family who wasn't there!

All in all she had a very enjoyable time with her siblings before she and I were re-united for our time in Ilkley.

### **Saturday June 12**

It was another beautiful morning in Besford (it does appear to be something of a sun trap) and Molly and I had had breakfast before Fran and Alan got up. We chatted for a while and decided to get on our way about 11am.

It was an uneventful journey north with only one major area of slowdown – right after we had taken our coffee break. It was beautiful weather all the way and we had some great views across Lancashire and Yorkshire as we neared Ilkley. We got to the apartment about 3:30, carried everything up the 36 stairs and slowly unpacked and put things away for the next month. We also had a cup of tea and some of the cake prepared by our hosts.

We had dinner at Piccolino which was quite busy despite this being the first England game in the World Cup. It was, as usual, a good meal. We were back at the apartment before 10pm and retired almost immediately.

### **Sunday June 13**

We were up about 8:30 and drove down to Ilkley at Caffe Nero – a new one just a few doors up the street from “our” Costa. We then went to Tesco to do some grocery shopping which also had to be carried up the 36 steps to the apartment. Following a relaxing morning and a light sandwich lunch we called Dorothy who invited us over for afternoon tea. They were entertaining David’s brother Neville and his wife Linda for Sunday lunch but Dorothy insisted that we would be welcome to stop by. So, about 2:30 we left Ilkley on a very overcast day and drove the almost one hour to Ripon. Here we stayed for about two hours enjoying a nice chat and then returned to Ilkley – now in a heavy downpour.

We stayed home for dinner and watched some TV and generally had a relaxing evening in the apartment.

### **Monday June 14**

It was overcast and threatening showers as we had breakfast in the apartment but the forecast was for some clearing as the day progressed so I decided to do the final southeasterly nine miles of the Dalesway. This required me catching a local bus from Ilkley station to *Barden Bridge* where Dorothy and I had finished our walk just two weeks ago.

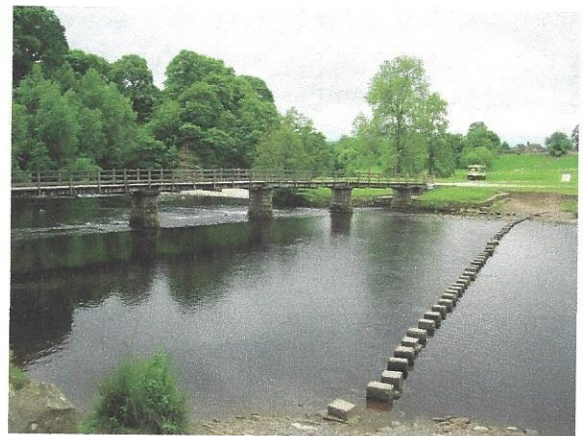
I started the walk there a few minutes after 10am and the first three miles or so were on pretty level ground right alongside the River Wharfe. There were a few short climbs to higher points above the river on well-paved paths but generally the walk was alongside the river itself. It didn't seem to take long to reach the Bolton Abbey grounds where there was a tea room,



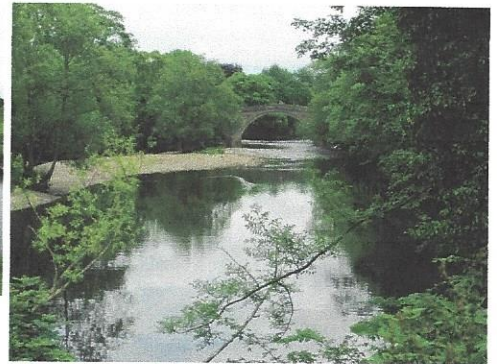
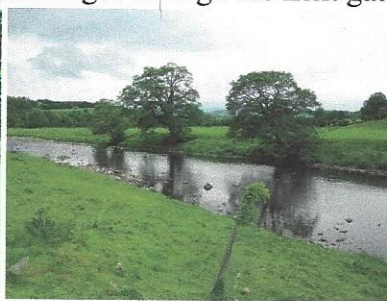
so I stopped for tea and a scone, sitting outside and reviewing the map and guide book for the rest of the way.



*A very pleasant walk from Barden Bridge to Bolton Abbey*



After Bolton Abbey, and two crossings of the river, the Dalesway was once again on pasture land as far as the village of Addingham. So much so that I actually waited about 15 minutes outside one field for about 40 bullocks to move a little way from the path before I entered. Even then, after I set out across their land, a number of them decided to follow me. They never became aggressive and I suppose they were more curious than anything but I was certainly glad to get through the next gate!



*A Packhorse Bridge and More of the River Wharfe*



Around Addingham, the Dalesway spent quite some time on country lanes and even sidewalks before once again joining the river and crossing grazing land – this time sheep. Then it was a roadway belonging to the Ilkley tennis Club before a final short stretch to the river and the end of the Dalesway at the Old Ilkley Bridge.

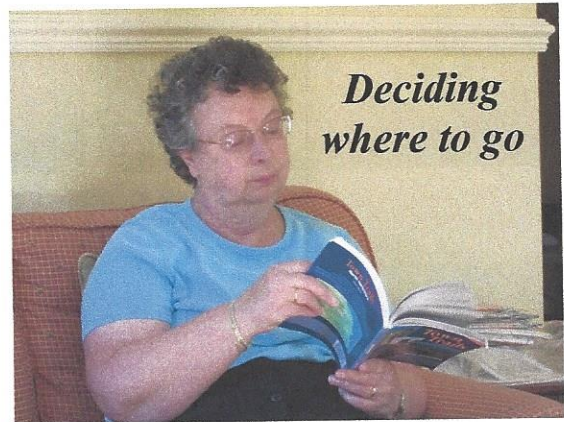
*The Southern End of The Dalesway at Ilkley*



I then had the almost one mile climb through the town and up Wells Road to the apartment (perhaps the toughest stretch of the day) but can now claim to have done 73% of the Dalesway and, if you include the duplicate stretches where I walked in both directions, to have covered over 90% of its length. Once back at the apartment, Molly and I went into town (by car) for a coffee and in the evening drove to Dick Hudson's for another good pub meal.

### Tuesday June 15

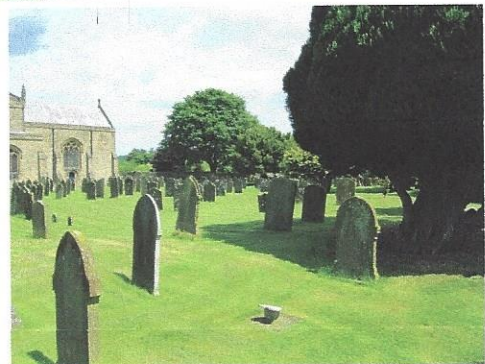
It was a gorgeous morning with clear blue skies in all directions as we had breakfast. We decided on Masham as our "Town Trail" walk today but also decided to take the long way round to get there. We drove by way of Bolton Abbey, Barden, Burnsall and Threshfield to Kettlewell (reliving several of my Dalesway moments) and then took the very steep and narrow country lane over to Leyburn before turning south to Masham. The walk took just about an hour and, as we have found so many times on these guided walks, there is so much more to these Dales towns than the obvious market square and tea-rooms.



*Deciding where to go*



*Masham.....and the Old Peculier Brewery*



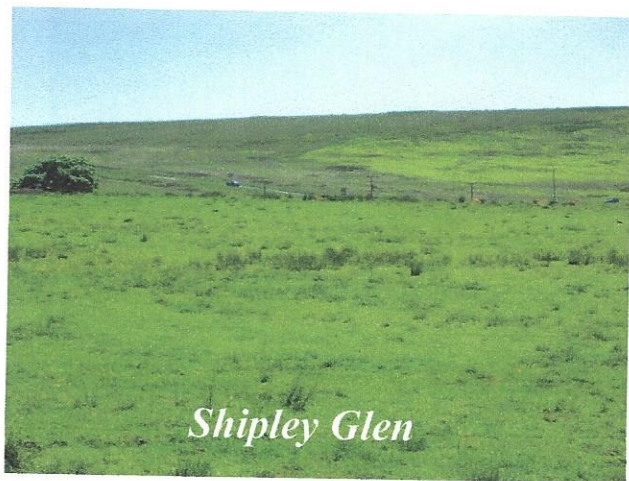
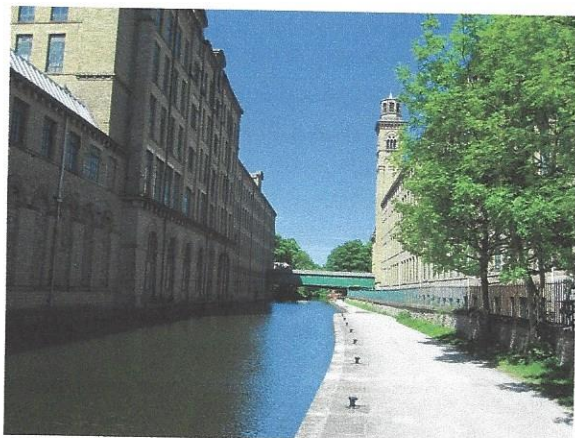
There were some lovely Georgian as well as Victorian homes and a number of buildings (including the church) dating much further back. Apparently this town had been a very big sheep exchange market and has a very big market square. It also boasts two breweries; the original Theakstons (now part of a much larger chain) and the relatively new Black Sheep, which was founded by the Theakston's owner at the time of the sellout – and in fact took over some of their buildings for its new premises. The “Old Peculier” (with an “e”) Theakston's beer is named after the fact that the town had been (in the 1700s) granted permission to try certain particular (French Peculier) cases rather than have them all tried in York. Particular cases such as absence from church, drunkenness, etc were therefore tried locally under this peculiar law.

After leaving Masham we drove via Harrogate (and Starbucks) to see Geoffrey and Jenefer. Jenefer seemed to be in very good spirits and entered into conversation just like her old self. She obviously tires easily but certainly was good company today.

We got back to the apartment soon after 4pm and spent the rest of the day and evening at home.

### Wednesday June 16

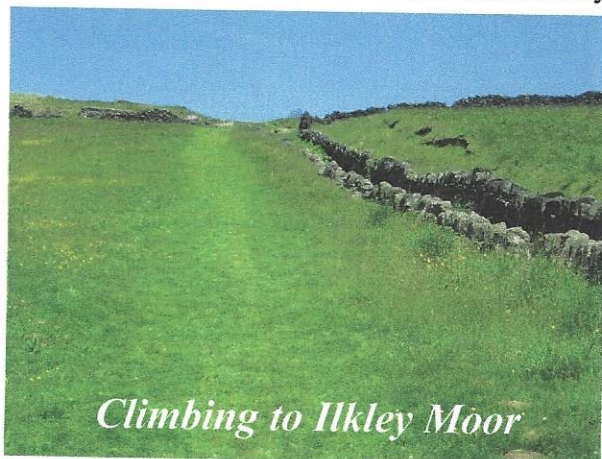
It was another clear blue sky morning as we ate breakfast and I prepared for my walk. Today I planned to take the Bradford Link of the Dalesway which actually goes from Shipley to Ilkley. So I walked down to Ilkley station and got the 9:50 train to Shipley. By 10:30 I was on the canal bank at Shipley and heading towards Saltaire. A little past the *Salts Mill* I left the canal and crossed the River Aire (had a little difficulty finding the necessary footbridge) and started the climb up to Shipley Glen.



Once on the Glen I discarded the

sweater and over pants and walked for the rest of the day in shorts and a short-sleeved shirt. It was still a mostly clear sky – just a few high white clouds – and it was probably about 70F. I followed the Glen Road on one of the many footpaths alongside the glen and, missing one path which I should have taken, actually walked about ½ mile more than I should have through the bottom end of the village of Eldwick.

However, I was soon back on track and it was a relatively easy climb on well-marked footpaths and across fields to Dick Hudson's. Here I crossed on to Ilkley Moor and started the steady climb towards the top.



I had done this stretch at least once last fall so it all seemed quite familiar; again, the track was easy to follow. Within less than two hours of leaving Dick Hudson's I was descending the very steep “staircase” to-

wards Wells House and then back to the apartment. The whole walk had taken about 4 hours under ideal conditions.

Molly and I then went for a coffee and a visit to a real estate agent to get some information on properties that might be of interest. The lady there was very helpful and gave us information on three retirement communities that had a lot of attraction (very close to town center, managed, etc) if we should decide to invest. Tonight we went out to dinner with Dorothy and David at a pub called Hopper just on the other side of Blubberhouses from Addingham, so a relatively short drive for us from the apartment. It was a very pleasant meal and we had almost three hours of chatting.

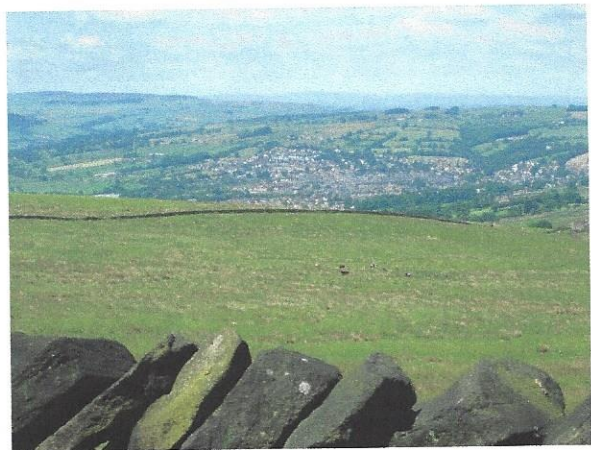
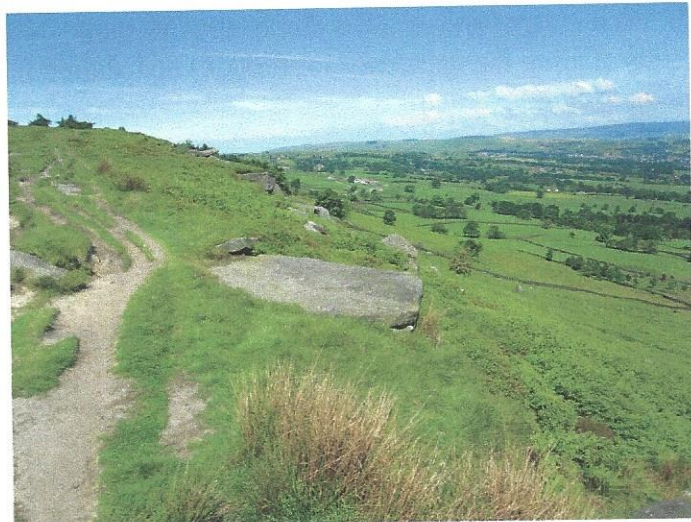
### **Thursday June 17**

It was another beautiful sunny morning and felt warm even first thing. I decided on a walk from the apartment along the northern ridge of Ilkley Moor (passing the Swastika Stone) towards Addingham. After a little over two miles (steady but relatively easy climb), I turned south and crossed fields, moor land and through a very dark pine forest before emerging on the Silsden Road overlooking Keighley.

This was about a mile west of Riddlesden and I had thought of continuing in that direction and perhaps catching a train home from Crossflatts or Bingley. However, since I passed the end of Ilkley Road, which I have walked and cycled a few times previously and knew it ended at the apartment, I chose to take that route via road. It was a hard climb up to Keighley Gate but then it was a relatively easy downhill to the apartment. Actually, although it was easier than the climb up, going down some of the steeper sections was quite hard on the knees.



*The Swastika Stone, thought to date from the Iron Age. This is one of dozens of carved rocks on Ilkley Moor*



*Through dark pine forest and across open moorland*

I arrived back at the apartment about 2:30 and Molly and I then went into Ilkley for coffee and to check out a few more restaurants in town before returning home. This felt like the hottest day we have had so far. The forecast is for some change tomorrow, however.

Tonight we dined at Monkman's in Ilkley. We had never eaten there before but found it to be very good. The food and service were as good as any we have had and it was a very pleasant evening out.

### Friday June 18

It was a much cooler and more overcast day as we left Ilkley to drive to Skipton. As this is “changeover” day at the apartments we decided to have breakfast out (a “fry up” at a little café in Skipton) and spend some time wandering the shops and market. We then drove to Haworth and strolled through the Bronte village for a while, had a rather poor morning coffee and slowly made our way back to Ilkley.



*Main Street, Haworth and The Parsonage, home of the Bronte Sisters*

We spent a quiet afternoon in the apartment, had a late afternoon coffee in town and then went to Emporio Italia for a late (8:30) dinner. It was as expected; an excellent meal in a typical small Italian restaurant which could have been in the middle of Rome rather than Ilkley. Limoncello and grappa with our espresso finished the evening.

### Saturday June 19

It was much cooler and there was a stiff northerly wind blowing as we ate breakfast and tried to decide on our plans for the day. I eventually opted for another walk, this time doing a section of the Leeds Dalesway Link. For this I got the bus from Ilkley to Bramhope and then found the trail in the village. I had no guide book for the Links sections of the Dalesway so (as with the Bradford Link I did three days ago) I had to keep my eye on the Ordnance Survey map.

Finding the trail through the village was no problem and there was a little street walking before leaving the built up area on a well posted footpath. This took me up to the Chevin overlooking Otley by way of some very pretty wooded areas and bridle ways. Once on top of the Chevin it was extremely windy but there were some fantastic views across the Wharfe Valley. The Chevin is a glacial moraine left after the last ice age which was still receding here only 10,000 years ago.



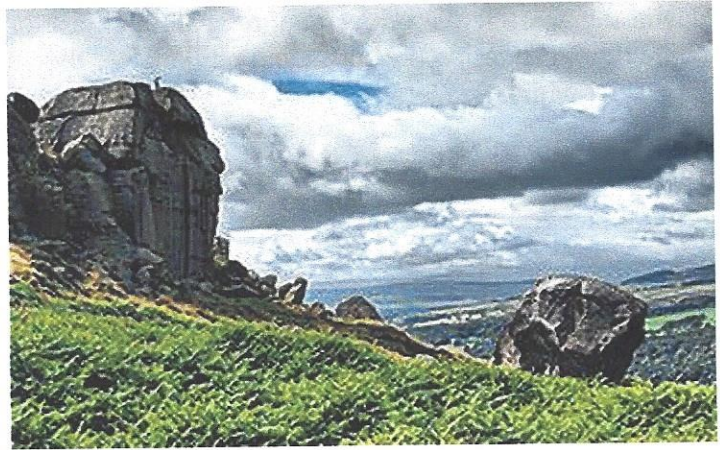
*View from Otley Chevin*

*Three “grades” of Pathway covered today*

Then it was a steady downhill walk mostly via narrow country lanes to Menston where I had to cross the railway line – over the station footbridge. From Menston it was a very difficult walk back to the apartment. It was a steep climb to the road that skirts Ilkley Moor and then even steeper to get up on to the Moor itself and to a ridge overlooking the road that leads to the Cow and Calf Rocks. There were some very difficult sections both up and down (down to cross becks and small rivers) and it was particularly treacherous after leaving the Cow and Calf Rocks and taking a path that left the Dalesway Link but became nothing more than a very steep sheep track.

I eventually made it back to the apartment a little after 4pm after I had been walking almost non-stop for 5 ½ hours. I estimate about 10 1/2 miles were covered and this was my toughest walk yet.

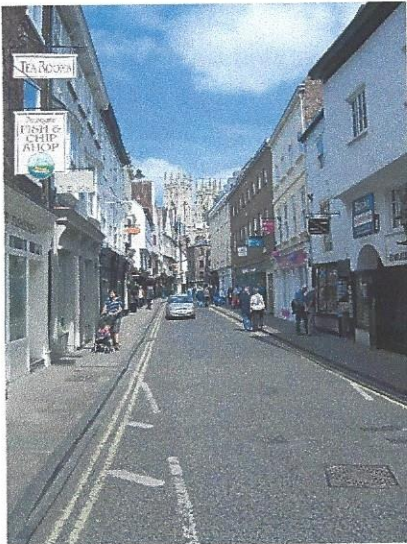
Fortunately I was back in time for us to get into town before the coffee shops closed and we were able to sit and relax in Costa for almost an hour. We tried a few places to make a reservation for dinner and got one at Dick Hudson's so we enjoyed another good, leisurely pub meal.



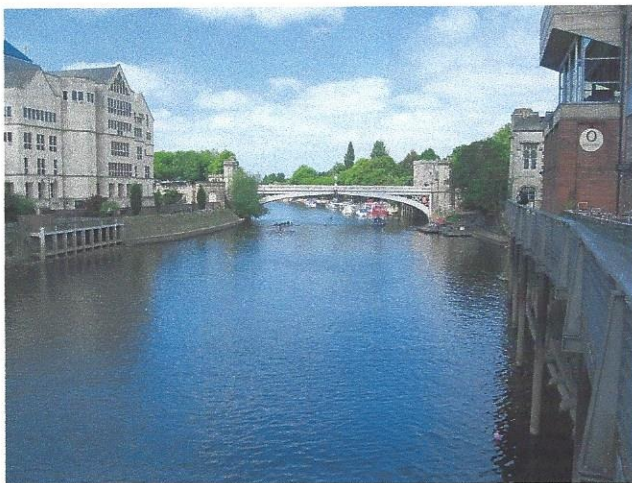
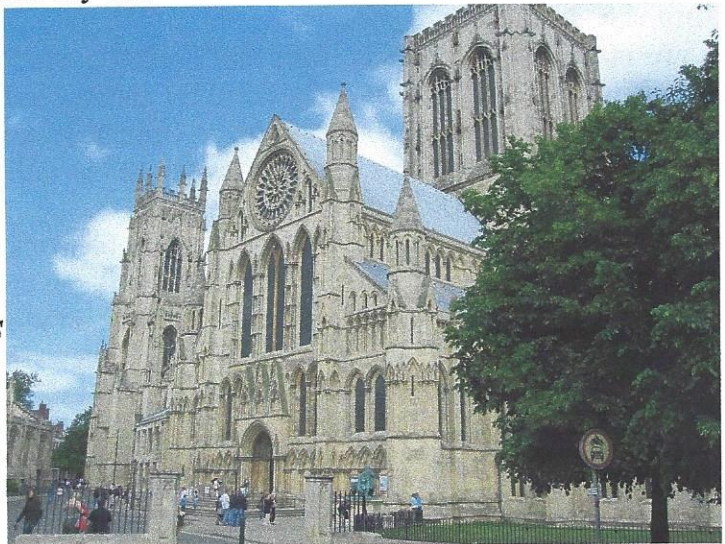
*The Cow and Calf Rocks* (Courtesy Wikipedia)

### Sunday June 20

It was bright and sunny again this morning so we decided on a trip out to York. We drove to the Askham Bar Park and Ride and then spent about 4 hours in town, including a one hour boat trip on the river from the center of York to the Archbishop's Palace at Bishopthorpe. It was a very pleasant ride on a sunny afternoon and York itself was buzzing with people. A nice day out.



**YORK**  
*The Minster,  
the River,  
and the  
Archbishop's  
Palace*

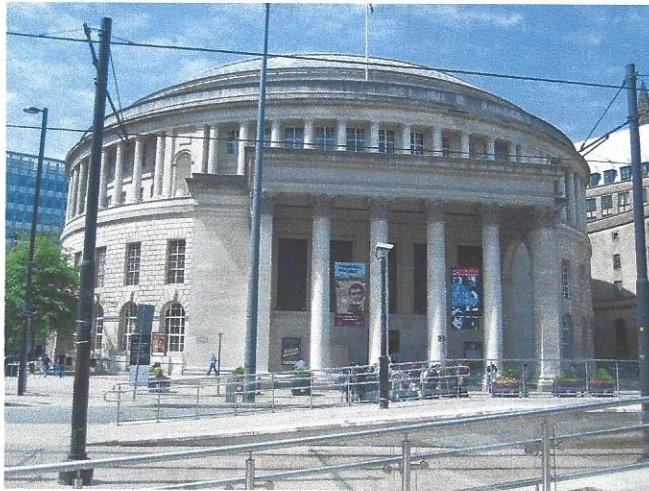


We got back to the apartment about 4:15 and stayed home for the rest of the evening, taking a little time out to pack for our trip to Manchester.

### Monday June 21

We caught the 10:10 train to Leeds, changed to the 11:08 to Manchester and were checked in the Renaissance Hotel by 1pm.

It was a hot and sunny day, so we spent the afternoon walking slowly around the area of Deansgate (St Ann's Square, the Town Hall, and the Central Library) and ended up in Piccadilly Gardens. Despite being only about half the size they were when we lived here, the Gardens are still a big attraction on a sunny day, especially now that there is a "walk through" fountain which many people were using to cool off.

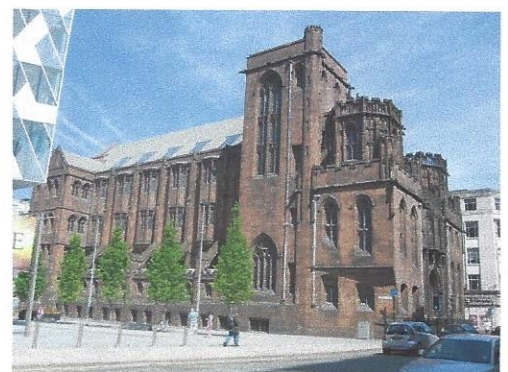


### *Manchester: City Hall, St Ann's Square, the Central Reference Library, Piccadilly Gardens*

or our anniversary dinner we went to San Carlo. It was packed and quite noisy but was an excellent Italian meal finished off with our usual Limoncello and Grappa.

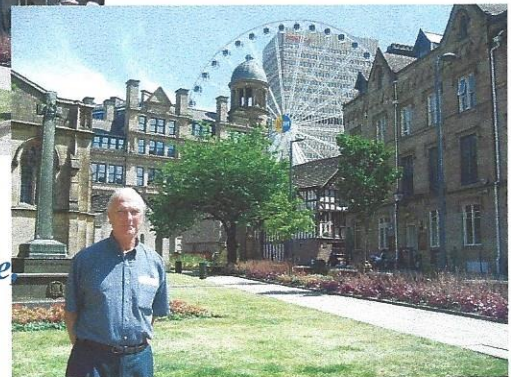
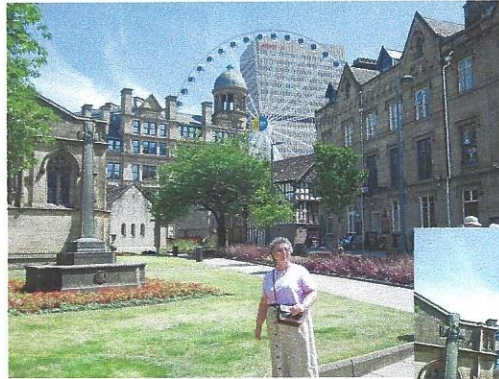
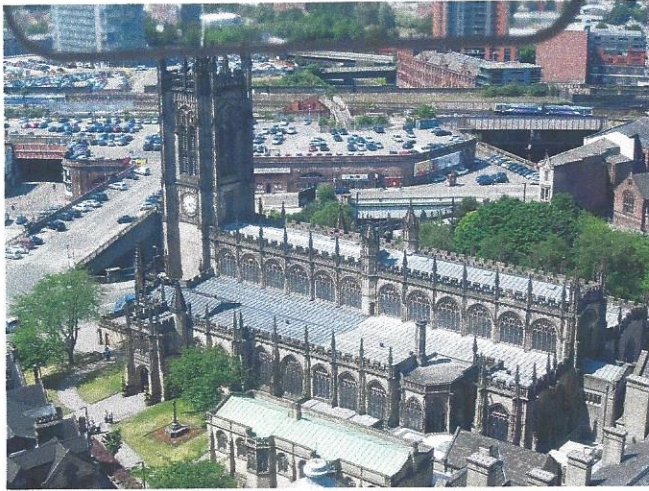
### Tuesday June 22

We had breakfast in the hotel and then spent the next five hours walking much of the area we had covered yesterday but this time we spent time in some of the buildings. We visited two churches, the town hall and the *Rylands Library*. This latter had been established by the widow of John Rylands in his memory and with the fortune he had made in the cotton trade. It is built in the Gothic style (and is much like a church inside many of the larger rooms) and has a very large collection of books, many added through purchases of other libraries and private collections. One highlight is a



fragment of the original writing of the St John Gospel dating from 125 AD and thought to be the oldest of its kind in the world.

We also visited the cathedral where we were in time for a lunchtime concert given by three students (two 14 year old and one 19) from the nearby Cheetham's School of Music. Although founded only 40 years ago, the school apparently has a worldwide reputation as a specialist music school. We also toured the cathedral.



*Manchester Cathedral,  
Victorian Shopping Arcade  
the Manchester "Eye".*

Our final stop was at Manchester's answer to the London Eye – a huge big wheel that provides excellent views in all directions across the city. We were treated to four complete circuits and the weather was perfect for viewing everything from the center city to the Pennines.

After Molly returned to the hotel, I went for a walk down memory lane to visit the buildings of "Tech"



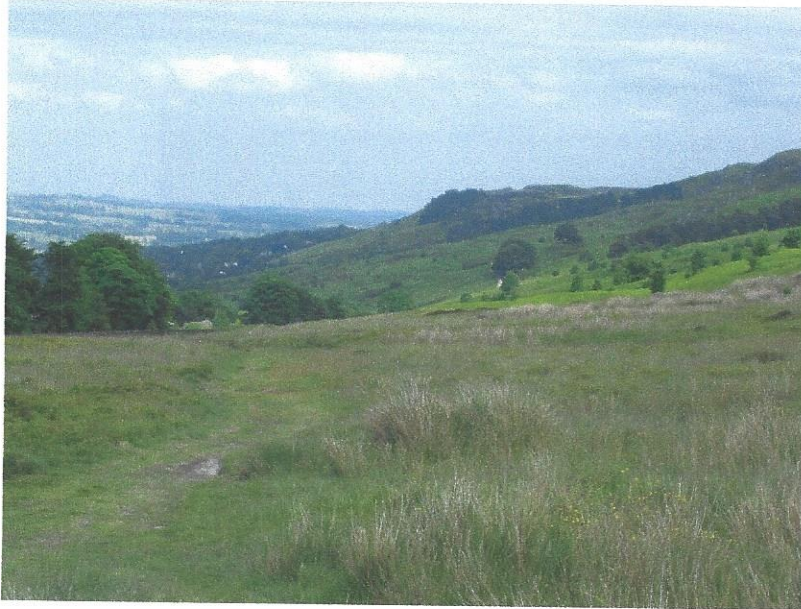
*Tech (University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology)  
Main Building and The Mill*

where we had both been students in the sixties. All the old buildings (and many new) are still there and I was able to see where I had spent the biggest part of my six years at UMIST in "The Mill". I walked back via Piccadilly Gardens where once again many people were cooling off on another hot day. We had dinner at a restaurant simply called "Modern", which has modern English cuisine. The menu was quite interesting and we had another good meal, with a view of the setting sun from the restaurant's fifth floor location.

### **Wednesday June 23**

We left Manchester, after having breakfast in the hotel, on the 10:00 train to Leeds. An easy connection there got us to Ilkley by 12:30 and back to the apartment before 1pm.

After unpacking I decided to go for a short walk on Ilkley Moor; up to near Keighley gate and then west across a narrow moorland path before turning north to the Millennium Way which runs across the ridge above Addingham and Ilkley. From there it was an easy walk back to the apartment.



*Ilkley Moor looking towards the  
Cow and Calf Rocks.  
Cowper's Cross (possibly a  
Christianized monolith)*

In the evening we met Keith and Eileen for dinner at Kashmiri Aroma. It was a very good meal and we spent a pleasant 2 ½ hours chatting and catching up.

### **Thursday June 24**

Today we drove to Lindall in Furness to visit my cousin Roy. We arrived about 11:30 and, after an inspection of his now complete machine shop, we walked to the nearby Candle Factory for a light lunch.



*The completed "Machine Shop 12" (front and back) and the beautiful garden*

In the afternoon we spent an interesting hour or two at the Dock Museum in Barrow (generally about the area but emphasizing the steel and shipbuilding industries of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> Centuries) and then drove across to Walney Island for a view of the Irish Sea. It was by now another beautiful sunny afternoon and very mild once again.

We had dinner at a nearby pub in the village of Dalton and left Roy about 7:45pm for the 1 ½ hour drive back to Ilkley after another good day out in his company.

### Friday June 25

Today I took another walk while Molly went into Skipton to do some shopping. She actually got a bonus while there in that there was a parade and presentation of the new Yorkshire Regiment colors to the town citizens. We had seen on TV a few days ago that the regiment had new colors and they were to be shown at several towns and cities across the county so Molly was one of the privileged in Skipton.

My walk took me over Ilkley Moor again but this time I took a more westerly path from above White Wells and ended up near Eldwick but further west than Dick Hudson's. From there I took a mixture of roads and footpaths into the middle of Bingley where I had a light lunch at Vilucci's.



After lunch I walked up Ferncliffe (very steep) to Gilstead and then down Primrose Lane and another footpath to the canal bank.



Then it was a flat walk on the towpath to Shipley where I got the train back to Ilkley. Coffee with Molly followed and then it was back to the apartment until dinner.

Tonight we had another very good meal in pleasant surroundings at the Farsyde in Ilkley.

### Saturday June 26

We drove to Harrogate for breakfast and then spent another hour shopping, mostly in Marks and Spencer. We then drove to Huby to see Geoffrey and Jenefer before returning to the apartment for a lazy afternoon. We ate at home tonight.

## Sunday June 27

It was another gorgeous morning as we drove down into Ilkley for breakfast at Caffè Nero.

At 10:13 I left for a walk on the Blubberhouses side of the valley, starting by walking down the hill into town and then up the hill towards Middleton. I turned from the road before Middleton to walk up through Middleton Woods and then onto the moorland. From here I followed tracks towards a small reservoir and a small woodland area through which there was a stream that meandered all the way back into Ilkley. My intention was to follow this stream down the hill. It wasn't until I had followed (with great difficulty) the downward flow of the stream for about a mile that I checked the map (the "footpath" had been awful) and found that I had actually been following a parish boundary, not a gentle stream-side footpath. This was to be the case for the next couple of miles, according to my (better) reading of the map and I even had visions of walking in the stream (not very deep) until I could find a footpath leading away from it.

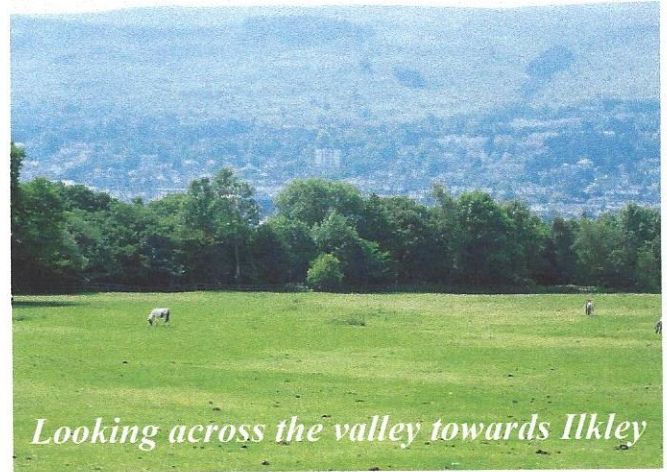
After another half mile or so, this option became too dangerous: the banks were very steep and the stream rocks were very slippery. Since I hadn't seen another soul in perhaps two hours, I thought that I had better abandon the plan and retrace my steps. So, I climbed the very steep bank to reach some level ground, climbed a few fences and gates that I perhaps shouldn't have and eventually reached the track that had brought me across the moor.

I then essentially retraced my uphill steps but did find another way back which involved another across-field footpath and a stile or gate that I never found. So, another illegal fence climb (after a stretch through nettles – the second of the day) and onto a road which took me back into Ilkley. I arrived at the apartment 6 ½ hours after I had left and tried to calculate from the map just how far I had walked. The best I came up with was about 10 miles – at an overall speed of a little over 1 1/2 mph. The difficulties and dangers encountered on this walk probably account for an almost total lack of photographic evidence!

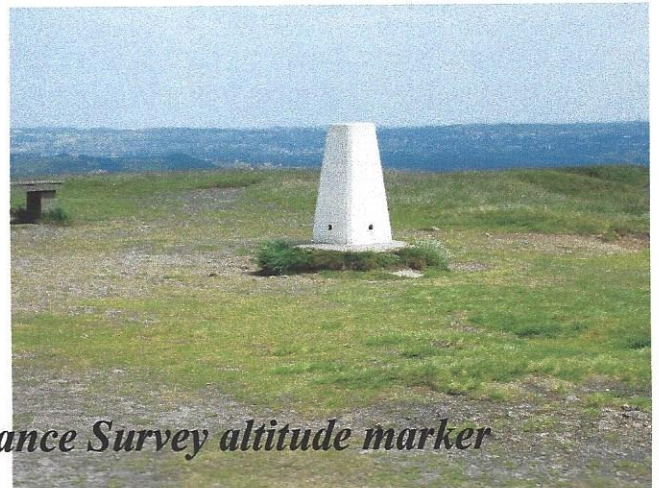
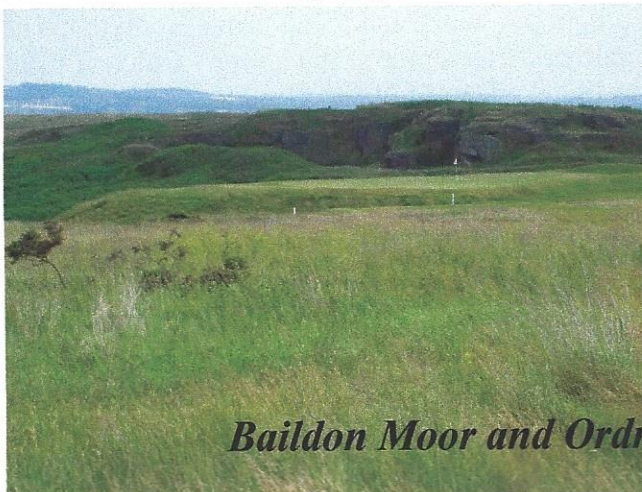
Molly and I went for a refreshing coffee in town and then stayed home for the rest of the evening.

## Monday June 28

After breakfast I drove Molly into Ilkley and then I went via Shipley to Bingley where I had coffee and a snack. I then drove to the Shipley Glen Road, parked and donned my walking boots and set off across Baildon Moor. There were some steep climbs and some great views on yet another sunny day. Today the top temperature was about 75F and it was very humid, so the breezes on top of the moors were very welcome. The walk took me across Baildon golf course and right through the middle of Baildon. Then it was through some housing developments before another footpath took me out of the town and onto the moor again. Finally I went through a caravan site and down another footpath to the Glen road and then back to the car. I calculated the walk as being only about 4 ½ miles but it seemed to be a relatively hard one.



*Looking across the valley towards Ilkley*



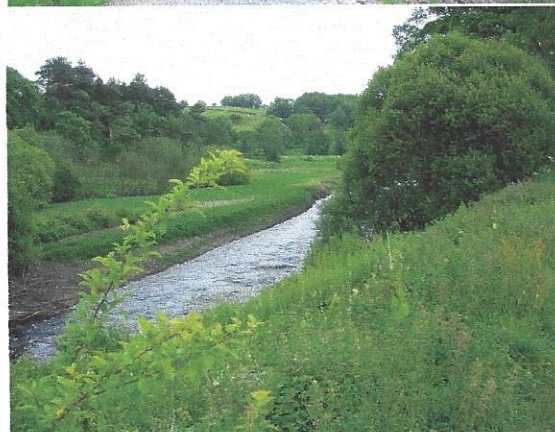
*Baildon Moor and Ordnance Survey altitude marker*

We then drove across to Harrogate for a light lunch and a little shopping before visiting Jenefer and Geoffrey again. Jenefer is obviously still very weak but joined in conversation and clearly is still the same feisty person we have known all these years.

We returned to the apartment (via Caffe Nero) and then waited for Dorothy and David to join us for the evening. We had a drink in the apartment when they arrived and then went to Piccolino for dinner. The meal was good as usual, but we were seated next to a 16 woman "hen party" so conversation was a little more difficult. However we all enjoyed the evening.

**Sunday July 4**

It was just starting to rain as we got up and it was extremely windy. We had breakfast at Caffe Nero and then I studied the maps for a while before leaving on my walk. Today I drove to Blubberhouses and did a circular walk of something over 8 miles that took me back towards Ilkley across the very open (and windy) moor and then round to the east to join a path along the edge of Swinsty reservoir. There were a couple of light showers but, despite a lack of sunshine, I still did the entire walk in shorts. This was perhaps one of my more interesting walks and certainly took me across some of the most remote areas.



*A walk over barren Blubberhouses Moor.  
A 1767 Boundary Stone.  
Wide variations in pathways.  
A calm stream to end it all.*

Molly and I had coffee on my return – and dodged a heavy shower – and then returned to the apartment until dinner time. We drove over to Dick Hudson’s but were told that it would be an hour before we could get any food (short staffed) so we drove down into Bingley. After futile attempts at two pubs, we found La Stada, an unimposing but surprisingly good Italian restaurant. A rather surprising find in Bingley!

## Monday July 5

After breakfast, Molly and I walked into Ilkley, she to do her shopping and library visit, me to get the train to Baildon for my walk. I walked from Baildon Station (elevation 280 meters) to the highest point on Ilkley Moor (402 meters). It was an almost constant, but never very steep, upward climb and it took me about 3 ½ hours to reach the top. It was then a relatively easy one hour descent to the apartment via Keighley Gate.



*The very top of Ilkley Moor*



The weather was cool and windy (although I wore shorts) and it threatened rain most of the day but never actually did more than a few drops. I calculated the walk as about 8 miles and I found it one of the more difficult ones I had done.

We were once again thwarted in our dinner plans. Bai Tong in Addingham was our first choice but it (as with so many it seems) was closed Mondays. So, we made up for Sunday evening and drove round to Dick Hudson's where we both enjoyed fish and chips.

On the way back to Ilkley we saw the most glorious sunset on a beautiful summer evening.

## Tuesday July 6

After breakfast I walked into Ilkley and got the bus to Skipton. From there I had a pleasant, and relatively easy, walk along the canal towpath to Keighley. On this path I came across a memorial to seven Polish airmen (assigned to the RAF) whose plane crashed here during a training mission in 1943.



*Idyllic scenery but a reminder of wartime Britain*

