

BRIDLINGTON AUGUST 21st

The trip to Bridlington was always going to be a nostalgic one for me as in the 70s we had spent holidays there with our daughters and in the 90s with the grandchildren.

After the previous week's heatwave, it was disappointing to set off on a dull and overcast morning and it started to rain when we arrived. My idea of having a burger, like I use to have, sitting on the harbour wall was out, but nostalgia came to the rescue as I remembered there was close by a large Boyes store with a café on the third floor complete with views over the bay. It also has the Boyes Museum, such as it is.

It was good to see that the Yorkshire Belle was still offering it's one hour round trips to Flamborough, but I was too early for the 12.30 one and after exploring old haunts too late for the 14.00 one. The weather had now turned warm and sunny so a Lemon Top, a whippy ice cream cornet topped with lemon sorbet, seemed in order, whilst sat looking at the pirate ship and speed boat trips as well as the yacht races.

The Spa Café was full, so I did not stay but noticed that later in the year Daniel O' Donnell was there with tickets at £50 and later Francis Rossi, but his tickets were £100! Sadly, there was only me in the RNLi shop and Visitor's Centre. I was amazed to see that the crew of the lifeboat no longer had to pull hard on oars but sat in a sealed cabin in armchairs with attached screens. Should I volunteer I wondered and did enquire and was surprised to be turned down not because of my age or my sea sickness but because I could not get there in 10 minutes when the rockets went up. Time was now running short, so I felt it wise to give the Land Train to Sewerby a miss

We returned via Hull to give the road works we had encountered on the way up a miss. Large signs said that the bridge toll could only be paid by card and as we did not stop presume you can pay online. If not, there may be a surcharge to pay for Stuart's fine.

A day full of memories old and new made all the better with good travelling companions and nearly 20.000 steps.

Ken Yates