

Welcome to Sunny Scarborough!

Tuesday 16th June

It is apparently three years since our last Scarborough trip. How time flies! But going to the British coast always poses a terrible dilemma- what to wear- as you can go from Artic underwear to bikinis in the space of 5 minutes. So I packed one light and one heavy coat just in case! I even consulted that great work of fiction, the weather forecast. I was prepared for any eventuality.

There was a lot of new building going on as we approached, both new houses and road systems; clearly a lot of development was taking place. But when you reached Scarborough itself, you were transported back to the traditional seaside towns of your youth, with clamouring seagulls spying on your ice creams and the unmistakable salt tang of the sea. It was also good to see some renovation going on in the town itself, particularly The Grand Hotel, where we once stayed.

However, the weather was not going to make it easy for me, changing every minute. I thought- this is Britain in June- so I took my raincoat. Walking along the front we noticed it was quieter than usual, but everywhere was spotlessly clean, including the beaches. There were plenty of new cafes and fish and chip restaurants to choose from once we had explored a little. First off, we went on the open-top bus for just £5 and drove round to North Bay and Peasholm Park.

Harry Smith, then borough engineer, had a talent for landscaping and it is to his vision we owe such parks in the town. In 1911 the Borough Corporation bought the land from the Duchy of Lancaster and the project began. Once a boggy area, he transformed it into an oriental- themed pleasure garden with temples and dragon-shaped pedalos. Apparently, under the lake, the medieval House of Northstead can still be found, once the property of Richard III and still owned by the Crown. Harry Smith said that, "It has been my endeavour to leave Scarborough a little better than I found it." I think we can all agree that he did. The many squirrels racing about and posing for titbits would also concur.

Having had our exercise, we headed off to Winking Willy's restaurant, meeting half the bus company there. No wonder, as the meal was excellent. By now the sun was struggling through and of course I was wearing the wrong coat! A last round of the shops and fairground and then it was time for an ice cream and the coach. We'd had a fabulous long stay of 5 hours and were ready to rest our weary limbs as we left Scarborough bathed in warm sunshine. Typical!

But further excitement was to come. There was a commotion at the back of the coach and Stewart had to pull over. A bemused elderly lady made her way to the front. "Someone told me this was the right coach. It isn't!" Off she got in high dudgeon and determinedly made her way back to the original coach stand to find her correct conveyance. Bless!

Another great day out. Thanks to Jane, Stewart, Chris and Brian for their organisation and inspiration in finding trips so exciting that we have stowaways ambushing us. The Club is going to buy Brian specs and a calculator for Christmas.

Barbara Pearce

