

Greenmount March 2013

Friday 1st March was the usual grocery shopping day with some added attractions.

Our, or rather, my, first port of call was Steve's house to drop off a cheque to pay my share (one quarter) of the barge rental for the four days commencing 6th May. Jenny's first stop was at the hairdressers in the village, Cream, to book an appointment for 26th March, the day before we were scheduled to spend a week in Whitby.

Our second piece of business was to collect the parcel from the Royal Mail sorting office in Bury.

That done, we were on our way to Unicorn, where the grocery total was about half as much again as usual, probably as a result of missing a couple of weeks due to Jenny's break in York. It was all her fault.

We called at Tesco in Bury on the way back, where we lunched at Costa Coffee. Once more I was pleased to note that we spent much less at Tesco than we did at Unicorn, although it was more than enough to qualify for a 5p per litre off my next visit to the diesel pump, assuming I needed to fill up the car in the following couple of weeks.

Back at home, I opened my package with some anticipation, only to find the graphics card I had purchased was a desktop PCI card and not a laptop card. I contacted the company, Wizard Computers, immediately and explained it was the wrong card. They agreed to refund my money if I sent the card back to them and I prepared to do that the following day. Unfortunately, they didn't have the laptop card, so I was back at square one less a few bob for return postage.

I did read on the Internet that baking the faulty graphics card in a fairly warm, pre-heated oven (Gas Mark 6) for between 6 and 10 minutes can often fix the problem. It sounded odd to me but people did claim it worked. I thought about trying it with Jenny's old Fujitsu graphics card. Nothing ventured....

I spent the rest of the afternoon updating my monthly reports and my web site.

My services were not required at Beavers.

On Saturday 2nd March I went to a meeting in the village to discuss plans for the village green (Naylor's Green). The proposal was, as expected, to lay a patchwork of drains to prevent the recurring, large volumes of surface water from gathering and the council, which owns the land, was going to inspect it and let us know the cost. A further development was to provide a perimeter path for push-chairs and wheel-chairs, as well as walkers and some demarcation between the edge of the Green and the strip of land adjacent to the Cricket Club that is privately owned. There was also some discussion about a ball-park area and I expressed my opposition to any further loss of the grassy bits.

The meeting was supposed to be held inside the Cricket Club but somebody decided to stay outside in the lovely sunshine and freezing-cold wind.

Having returned and thawed out, I nipped quickly in the car up to Holcombe Brook post office to return the PC graphics card. This was the second disaster following an attempt to use E-bay and I was not inclined to use it again.

Jenny and Rachel went off to a Beaver Fun Day at Shuttleworth, organised by the District.

I decided to put the peace and quiet to good use by dismantling Jenny's old laptop, removing the faulty graphics card and baking it in a pre-heated oven at Gas Mark 6 for 8 minutes. Meanwhile, I washed the pots. Who said men couldn't multi-task?

While the graphics card was cooling down, I refitted the vertical blind in the lounge and scanned the TV programme guide to schedule the recordings for the week.

I managed to refit the card before the girls returned but didn't get chance to test it to see if baking it had solved my problem.

I started to update my web site photo gallery by putting on the pictures I took in Liverpool on 16th January this year just in case anyone wants to look at them.

Jenny decided we were going to the Bull's Head Toby Carvery for tea. The limited menu had changed, not for the better and we declined a starter. The Wainwrights bitter was off and the only decent draft ale available was Greene King, an IPA. Unfortunately, the barrel had not settled. I decided to risk it, not fancying the alternative (Tetley bitter).

Rachel ordered a Chicken Tikka Salad, which came quite quickly, as we were waiting in the queue for the carvery. We abandoned that and sat down again to watch Rachel eat, since there was no turkey available and the replacement would not be out for another ten minutes or so.

About fifteen minutes later, we joined the long queue again and started eating our meal just as Rachel had finished. It was her turn to watch us, as I ordered a second pint.

We finished with some ice creams, paid the bill and left.

It was shortly after returning home I started to feel unwell and spent most of the rest of the evening and the early part of the night admiring the tiles on the floor and walls of the small loo, not wishing to contaminate the larger bathroom for the ladies, who, by bed time, were searching for make-shift gas masks.

Now whether my infliction was connected with dining out or not I cannot say but this wasn't the first time I'd been unwell shortly after eating at the Bull's Head. It could have been the first pint of beer from a barrel that had not settled. It could have been the combination of pork and turkey I had on my plate. Or it could simply have been a bug that was going round. Whatever it was, it was most unpleasant.

I awoke with some urgency in the early morning of 3rd March. A night's rest had done little to stem the flow, if you get my drift. I dozed, moaned and groaned in bed while Jenny went off to Church Parade with her Beavers.

I managed to crawl downstairs and get some breakfast, in between firing up Jenny's old laptop to check out the graphics card I had baked the previous day. Having cereal, fruit and wholemeal bread for breakfast, as usual, was not a good idea.

As the day wore on, my visits to the smallest room became less frequent and a lunch of ginger herbal tea and a chicken sandwich on a piece of white, French loaf, seemed to help a little.

On a more positive note, amazingly, the graphics card in Jenny's old laptop worked and I had a fully functional, if somewhat slow, portable computer, which I was previously contemplating throwing away. Perhaps I should have crawled in the oven.

I finished updating my web site with the pictures of Liverpool and brought this record of events up to date.

On Monday 4th March, I did not risk joining Frank and Mike (Steve being away) for breakfast at Summerseat Garden Centre. Instead, I busied myself washing the pots, emptying and cleaning the recycling bins and cleaning out the log fire from its last use.

Outside, I pottered about in the warmish sunshine, tidying up the front side garden and putting in some plants we had purchased from the garden centre about a week previously. The challenge was to deter the cats from using the newly dug soil and to this end I broke up some old egg shells and scattered the bits round the plants on the principle that the cat's would not enjoy treading or squatting on the sharp edges. I knew I wouldn't. I'd got enough problems. I also figured that the shells would rot down and do the soil good.

Mike arrived and came in for a coffee and a chat, inviting me to join the walk on the coming Wednesday. Not feeling at my peak, I said I was uncertain whether I would be well enough.

I finished off outside and came back to play with my computers about 3 p.m., my latest project, apart from starting to redesign the village web site using XHTML, CSS and JAVA and thinking about repairing Rachel's laptop, was installing the hard drive Matthew had lent me in the PC he had also lent me and downloading and installing an evaluation copy of Windows Server 2012.

On Tuesday 5th March we had a dentist appointment for a check up. Jenny had the time down as 10:50. I was sure it was later but Jenny doesn't usually get these things wrong and I didn't bother to turn my computer on and check my electronic diary. We walked up to Holcombe Brook to discover there is a first time for everything. The appointment wasn't for another hour.

We caught the next bus into Ramsbottom and went in search of a few things Jenny wanted, in which task we were wholly unsuccessful. We caught the bus back to Holcombe Brook, having wasted the hour.

The visit to the dentist went well. We were seen on time and escaped with a clean and polish, the next appointment for same, I hoped, being in three months' time.

We walked back home for lunch and I continued with my technological tasks. While we were out, I had received a telephone call from the company that had shipped me the wrong computer part for Rachel's lap top. Having previously confirmed the receipt of the returned item and told me they had issued a credit for it, a chap had telephoned to say he had acquired the part I needed and asked me if I still wanted it. Back at home, I telephoned him to say I did and he arranged to ship it to me the following day.

On Wednesday 6th March I discovered I had made the right decision not to go walking. Jenny and I went to Bury on the bus and I was definitely not well, although I avoided any embarrassing moments. We were back home for lunch and I settled down to install Windows 2012 Server on the computer Matthew had recently lent me. How hard could it be, I thought? I hadn't counted on the perversity of Microsoft, of course.

The desktop that presented itself was totally different to anything I had seen before and it took me a while to work out how to find the things I needed. The biggest stumbling block was to get the new server to join the existing Networking Consultancy domain and to "see" the existing server. The problem here was that the new server was sending requests to access the domain to my ADSL router and that doesn't seem to be able to work out that the domain is hosted within my own home network. Anyway, I fooled the new server into sending the requests directly to the existing server and that worked. Clever me.

My elation was short-lived as I struggled with getting the two servers to talk to each other and I gave up, defeated, at least for the day.

On Thursday 7th March, I turned my attention to Rachel's laptop and managed to strip it down to its bare essentials (it sounds better than it was). The postman delivered the new card I had ordered from Computer Wizard before I had removed the faulty one, so I was able to swap the cards and put the machine back together quite quickly and without any bits left over.

The good news was that the new video card worked and the laptop was fixed. The bad news was that in replacing the cover plate at the back of the keyboard, I had accidentally trapped the wire to the screen, damaging the outer sheath. Fortunately, this had not interfered with the laptop's operation. Neither had the fact that I had forgotten to screw down one of the fans for the video card heat sink and a new feature of the laptop was that it rattled as the screws moved around inside. I resolved to fix this problem, which meant stripping it down again. That will teach me to let my enthusiasm get the better of me when I think I am on the home straight.

I spent the rest of the afternoon configuring E-mail filters on the server to stop the hundreds of junk messages I was receiving daily.

Friday 8th March was another bumper grocery shopping day. After an early start to put out the bins before the waste collection, we tootled off down to Unicorn in Chorlton, calling at Asda Pilsworth (there's only one "l" in "Pilsworth and if I previously included two, please note that one was for back-up in case the other one failed) and Tesco in Bury. The plan was to come home, put away the groceries and then go to Summerseat Garden Centre for lunch. While I was busy updating the accounts, taking stock of what we had spent, Jenny invoked Plan B without telling me and prepared lunch at home.

After lunch, I decided to tackle Rachel's lap top and it was basically a case of repeating the previous dismantling and reassembly process, except for replacing the graphics card, with one major alteration, namely that of screwing down the cooling fan on the rear right, having retrieved the offending, free-spirited screws before putting it all back together.

Amazingly, it all went well and the laptop worked when I had finished. I was getting good at this sort of thing. My confidence in my ability to repair laptops had grown somewhat.

On Saturday 9th March we were invited to the "Jumblers" lunch at the Bull's Head. This is an annual event for the volunteers who spend a good deal of time at the Old School – and there was a lot of us.

Jenny and I both opted for salads while everyone else went for the carvery. Since the kitchen was short of staff, they prepared our salads before starting to carve meat, which meant Jenny and I were munching away before anyone else! The meal was fine but the service was slow and some people were served with desserts without any cutlery with which to eat them. Again, the waitresses were run off their feet, trying to cope with the large demand.

Sadly, the quality of service in many pubs and restaurants has declined considerably as they struggle to keep prices down and attract customers, keeping brewery profits on an ever increasingly upward spiral. Personally, I would rather pay a little more and have good food and good service at a fair price, consigning shareholders and grossly overpaid board members and senior managers to a warm, fiery place.

In the evening, we went to see *The Sound of Music*, with a difference. For a start, the film was being shown in the church. Members of the audience had been invited to dress as a character from the film. Jenny went as a nun! In fact, I had never seen so many nuns outside a convent, not that I make it a habit of visiting convents. (There's a joke in there, somewhere). We had Austrians, a Countess, a Maria in a wedding gown, people dressed as items from the songs, like a Doe, Brown Paper Package and such and a couple of sea captains.

There were actions to perform as various scenes came on screen, such as standing and saluting on the first appearance of Christopher Plummer, cards to wave to various phrases in "How Do You Solve a Problem Like Maria", a party-popper to activate as von Trapp first kissed Maria, barking at Rolf (sounds like a dog's name) and hissing at the Countess. We also had to take a whistle and a torch for use when the Germans were searching for the von Trapp family.

And throughout, heckling was thoroughly encouraged, although we were all reminded at the beginning that we were in church.

I have to say, this put a whole new slant on the film, helped by the wine and nibbles at the interval and prizes for the best outfits.

Having recovered from our evening's entertainment, we intended to brave the bright sunshine and bitterly cold wind on Sunday 10th March to commence an assault on the old crab apple tree in the front side garden.

Prior to that, Carrie called with some flowers and a Mother's Day Card for Jenny. Matthew was not with her because he was on a train on his way back from a motorcycle show in Edinburgh, where he had spent the week end with a friend.

Our purpose in tackling the tree was three-fold.

First, Jenny wanted a "prayer tree" for the Beavers on which they could hang a prayer they had made up written on a paper cut-out of their hand. This I made from a branch cut off from the tree and a piece of trunk from another tree I had by the side of the drive for the base.

Second, I wanted some more firewood.

Third, we wanted to remove the tree completely and replace it with something else that was better looking and possibly more productive.

Having sawn off three substantial branches and cut them up, we decided enough was enough and we came in to thaw out our feet.

In the evening, we went down to the Beafeater at Heaton Park, where Rachel treated us to a Mother's Day meal. I had a voucher for a free bottle of Gallo Rosé wine, so that went down well (ho, ho). The meal was fine, except we had to remind the waiter about our first round of drinks, Jenny ordered a half pint of lager and received a pint, Jenny's fillet steak came with the default iceberg lettuce wedge, cheese sauce and blue cheese bits instead of the side salad she had ordered and had to be sent back and the waiter forgot the free bottle of wine with the main course and had to be reminded. To complicate matters, our waiter was wearing a name tag that said Andrew and he told us his name was Earl.

Again, the staff were very busy, this being Mother's Day and we concluded that Earl was somewhat new to the role. The manner of the staff was very pleasant and the little mistakes faded into the background amidst all the humour and I reflected that it was a pleasant change to see hard-working staff who appeared to be enjoying the evening as much as the diners.

Monday 11th March saw me up and about early, readying myself for the breakfast meeting at Summerseat Garden Centre with Mike and Frank, Steve still being on holiday in La Belle France. Having put the world to rights once more, I was back home just in time for lunch and off out again to meet a chap at the Old School at 2:30. I had been asked to fix two magnetic, dry-wipe boards to the wall in the bottom room, primarily for use by the French class. C'est la vie. Normally, this would have been a relatively simple job. Unfortunately, the plaster on the walls at the Old School is very old and very thick. The outer crust was fragile and inside had a tendency to turn to powder as soon as a drill bit tip touched it.

The first board was finally up after about an hour and a half, covering two large, abandoned holes near the top. The second board was easier and was up within half that time. What's more, all four anchor points took first time.

On Tuesday 12th March, I updated the village web site and this account of proceedings. I had been redesigning the village web site using XHTML, CSS and JAVA but I had hit a

design conflict the evening before and decided to think about it subconsciously for a couple of days.

Jenny gave the four merry lads a lift to Bury at 7:30 on Wednesday 13th March and we were on the train to Todmorden about two hours later, after a couple of coffees at Victoria station in the freezing outdoors.

We alighted at Todmorden and climbed the hills, eventually picking up part of the Pennine Way, on our journey to Heptonstall. On our journey, we met four chaps heading in the opposite direction and asked them if there were any decent watering holes in Heptonstall. The reply was that there were none. We resolved to press on to Hebden Bridge and not stop to eat our sandwiches in the bright sunshine and freezing cold wind.

As we passed through Heptonstall, we found a pub. It was shut, even though it was advertising meals. A passing native told us the chap doesn't always open during the day in the winter months. There was another pub, though, that did, just up the road and some very nice tea rooms just down the road, on our route. Since the pub was just serving pie of the day with mushy peas, we opted for the tea rooms and had, with the exception of Mike's fish and chips, local ham and free-range eggs.

This turned out to be a late lunch, having taken a good three hours to cover five miles. Afterwards, we followed a track down to the valley and picked up the canal tow path on the west side of Hebden Bridge, following this back to Todmorden and a Witherspoons pub serving some decent guest ales at very reasonable prices. Worth walking for, I thought.

We boarded the train back to Manchester and the obligatory coffee at Victoria Station, inside Ginsters café this time, before catching the train back to Bury and taking a taxi back to Greenmount. I arrived home turned 8 p.m. It had been a long day, although we hadn't walked very far and I reflected that we had walked further in less time when we tackled the Wolds Way. That's probably because there were fewer coffee shops.

On Thursday 14th March we caught up on the Beaver documentation that had been sadly neglected for the previous few weeks.

On Friday 15th March Jenny was up early to bring in the delivery from Abel and Cole, about which I had completely forgotten, before the croissants and hot-cross buns went walk-about. We tootled off to Unicorn in Chorlton and came back to Tesco in Bury, where we had lunch as usual, at Costa Coffee.

On Saturday 16th March, we had a brief trip into Ramsbottom for some of the organic Cranberry Juice sweetened with Agave Syrup and infused with Birch Leaf we like so much and some Vogel Saw Palmetto for me (who else?). The latter was out of stock, so it was a good job I had not finished the old bottle.

We made our way to Summerseat Garden Centre for some organic soil for the front side garden and decided to lunch there.

We spent Sunday 17th March outside tidying up the front side garden, adding new soil, putting in some plants we had in pots on the patio and sprinkling the area with broken egg shells in an attempt to dissuade the cats from digging there. We also tidied up the

remaining pot plants on the patio and started to clean the weeds from the block paving. Although it was a nice day, we were driven in by the cold about 3:30 in the afternoon.

On Monday 18th March I started to feel unwell with a swollen throat that had been slowly getting worse over the previous week. I was not about to allow that to deprive me of the pleasure of cleaning the lounge, though, the strategy being to clean the house before we went on holiday the following Wednesday.

The cleaning spree continued in the Dining Area on Tuesday 19th March as my affliction seemed to worsen, indicating it might be the start of some sort of 'flu bug. A bottle of Gusto (an organic herbal drink laced with Cola nut and caffeine, designed to stimulate mind and body) gave me the burst of energy I needed to complete the task in hand, punctuated by a couple of hours break in the afternoon, as Jenny disappeared off to Yoga.

I was still feeling rough on Wednesday 20th as we went off to Asda at Pilsworth for a few bits and pieces and ended up buying twelve bottles of wine, six Nottage Hill Chardonnay at £5 a bottle and six yellow tail Shiraz on offer at three for £12. That made me feel a bit better. Jenny also acquired the CD of songs from the Call the Midwife series – the era that brings back so many fond memories, even though times were hard for many, including us. I made a short in-store detour to the Service Desk to ask what had happened to the Fuller's Honeydew organic beer they used to stock. I was told the store manager would contact me if I left my name and number. Worth a try, I thought.

On Thursday 21st, I rose later than intended and spent most of the day in my pyjamas and dressing-gown. Not a pretty sight. I was feeling decidedly poorly. Another bottle of Gusto and lots of raw garlic on my cold lamb sandwich at lunch-time improved matters considerably. I even managed to drag myself into the shower about 5 p.m. and dressed for the evening. I not only looked and felt better but I smelt better as well.

On Friday 22nd we made the usual shopping trip to Unicorn and Bury Tesco, lunching at Costa Coffee in the Bury Tesco store. Apart from that, it was quite a boring day.

Saturday 23rd to Monday 25th inclusive found us participating in the Old School jumble sale once more. There was not so much jumble to sort and price on this occasion, being only a relatively short time since the last jumble sale and it was fortunate that I had kept back a few electrical items from the previous sale that had not been purchased. The good aspect of the lower volume of electrical items in particular meant that I could adopt a more leisurely approach to testing. Leisurely is something I do rather well. The bad aspect was that the takings were well down and we need as much as we can get to repair the roof and renovate the toilets.

Tuesday 26th was spent preparing for our coming week in Whitby and one of my key tasks for the day was to ensure the TV programmes we wanted were scheduled for recording. It's all a question of priorities.

On Wednesday 27th, we arrived in Whitby after a 2½ hour drive over the Pennines on the M62, where a large amount of snow was still evident and attempts were made to deposit yet more of the stuff. We picked up the A1 north and then the A64 east, past York and finally the A169 over the North York Moors via Pickering, dropping down

into Whitby, by which time we had passed through freezing conditions to find the wind chill factor in Whitby well below zero.

We had a week of mostly fine weather, with a good amount of cloud and some sunshine but even in the sun it was uncomfortable to walk around without at least four layers of clothing, including a woolly jumper, fleece and waterproof/windproof anorak, thermal gloves and a woolly hat pulled well down over the ears. Any precipitation was white, fluffy and short-lived.

We had stopped for a brief snack of sandwiches on the way and we had tea and scones in Marie Antoinette's Tea Rooms on Church Street, serenaded by a CD of French café music.

As evening approached, we made the mistake of nipping into The Golden Lion for a drink. The establishment was advertised as a traditional pub and one point in its favour, the only one, was that it served Black Sheep bitter on a draught hand-pump. I don't have enough "f" keys on the keyboard to describe the language, which, to put it mildly, was rough. The regulars are obviously not scholars of Oscar Wilde.

We settled on an Italian restaurant, Moutreys, at which we had eaten on our last visit to Whitby, seven years previous, for our evening meal. We did not particularly fancy any of the starters and we both had Spaghetti Bolognese for the main course. The food was good and plentiful and we received good service. A major disappointment was that there were no traditional Italian sweets on the menu and we declined the chocolate-biased options.

We retired to our B&B for the night. We stayed at The Lansbury, 29 Hudson Street where, again, we had stayed on our last visit. It was good seven years ago and it was even better this time round. The lady who runs the B&B, Jill, is very pleasant and welcoming and does so with a passion. I can certainly recommend it.

On Thursday 28th it was time to board the steam train, aka the Hogwarts Express, to Goathland, aka Aidensfield. Our objective was to look up the various locations dotted about the village used in the filming of the TV series "Heartbeat" and we succeeded in finding most of them, except for Greengrass' house.

We had lunch at the café in the village before returning on the train to Whitby for our evening meal in The Angel Hotel, part of the Wetherspoon chain. The meal was very good. Unfortunately, good things don't seem to last. See later.

On Friday 29th we headed back up the Esk Valley, this time on foot, following the first eight miles of the Esk Valley trail to Grosmont. With a name containing the word "valley", one would expect a fairly easy trail by the river. Not a bit of it. There was a good deal of up and down hill walking, some on badly signposted and ill-defined tracks, with the odd patch of squelchy mud thrown in. One rarely caught sight of the river.

It took us about four and a half hours to reach Grosmont and we just had time for lunch in the station café and a brief rest before catching the last train back to Whitby.

We ate tea in the Granby, a Banks pub, close to where we were lodging, which was satisfactory.

The holiday wouldn't have been complete without making good use of our bus passes and also a visit to Scarborough. Saturday 30th afforded us the opportunity of combining these as we made our way south on the 93. I have never known busses move so quickly. It took about an hour to cover the 20 miles and that included all the slow uphill bits, the detours, such as down to Robin Hood's Bay and the infrequent stops.

We lunched in Taylor's Tea Rooms and Book Shop, along an alley of the main shopping centre street and it was very nice, except for the coming and going of people through the door, next to which we were sitting. Each time it opened, there was an icy blast of air and the number of people who must believe that closing doors results in brain damage is unbelievable.

We pottered around Scarborough and ended the day by walking up to the building used as the setting for the hospital in the TV series *The Royal*.

Back in Whitby, we decided to eat in The Angel Hotel again, having enjoyed the meal the last time. We were about to discover consistency is not one of Wetherspoon's strong points. When the meals were served, the waitress forgot to bring the cutlery. I went to the point from which the food is distributed and asked for the cutlery to be told the waitress was bringing it. I went back to the table and she wasn't. I went back to repeat my request for utensils and was given two sets. When challenged, the waitress' response was "We're very busy".

We started eating our roast chicken, jacket potato and vegetables only to find the vegetables were barely warm.

Could things get worse? Oh yes. Wait until you read about our third visit in next month's episode of "Wether-or-not-spoon".

Meanwhile, to finish of March, on Sunday 31st, we pottered round Whitby before lunching in Marie Antoinette's Tea Rooms. Jenny was not pleased to discover they only had white French sticks (well it is a French-style café) and settled on just a scone. She did help herself to a portion of my sandwich of ham and pickle as well, though, so I shared her scone. So if you like your wholemeal intake, this place isn't for you.

We decided to ascend the 199 steps (I think there are 201, unless I miscounted) up to St. Mary's Church and we had a good look in there before moving on to the Abbey. It is a very nice and unusual church and well worth a visit. As is the Abbey, though the English Heritage admission charges might putt off a lot of people. We paid our money for two concessionary tickets, collected out electronic vocal guide and proceeded into the ruins, two old relics looking at a third. The guide was very well done and the Abbey worth a visit just to obtain some perception of the history and the way of life in times long past but it is not as interesting as Scarborough Castle, which we have visited on a previous occasion.

We ended up buying a bottle of Nettle Wine, a stuffed toy bat (the Dracula connection) and a CD of old English Music played and sung to entertain at banquets.

We did intend to eat at an Italian restaurant near where we were staying but we didn't fancy the limited menu so we went in search of another one at which we had eaten seven years before, *Cosa Nostra* (honest). We did find it but the had no tables free so we

invoked Plan B yet again and headed for a pub called The Dolphin on the east side of the bridge. They had been so busy they had run out of food and a very helpful security man on the door pointed us in the direction of the Duke of York at the far end of Church Street, at the bottom of the 199 steps.

We had an acceptable Haddock with new potatoes and salad and I had a nice pint of real ale to go with it.

Jenny was somewhat disappointed that we had not found something a little more appropriate for our 40th wedding anniversary and we ended the evening and the month on a low note, round about bottom E flat.