

but it cannot be helped. You see Edith very thoughtfully made application for tickets for us to attend the theatre at Stratford on the 20th April as the King and Queen -George VI-. The seats have not as yet been allocated as I should imagine the world has applied- but it is more than likely that Geoff and I as visitors will be lucky. Even should we not get seats Edith and Mary are keen to get back so as to go into Stratford to see the Royal party and all the pageantry. Another reason for having to get back is that Mary's sister is looking after her fowls and she wants to get away for a holiday on the 20th. April.

We are taking Edith and Mary but they are each going their own way and after we drop them we shall carry on and pick them up on the return journey. We will drop Edith at Huddersfield where she is to stay with a friend while Mary and her dog will go on to Leaming. and we onto Seahouses in Northumberland to spend a few days with Ed Edward and Eileen and then on to the Lake District.

12th. We left Salford Priors just before nine this morning and travelled hard all day with two tea breaks and lunch. Mary had her dog which I thought would be a nuisance but we hardly knew it was in the car. It has been a peculiar day with sun and slight rain at times and even sleet once. But the sun kept on peeping out to make things look more cheerful. Brighnorth through which we passed was a fascinating little town so was Shrewsbury another delightful town-much bigger but very old in its town planning. We travelled on to Market Krayton where we had a break for tea and here it appeared to be market day as the streets were full of people with their shopping bags. Then on to Harrogate in Yorkshire which is an exceptionally nice town but but lacks the old world atmosphere though very clean and modern looking. The wide streets are a joy and the lovely stretches of lawn in the centre of the town make for breathing space. These are flanked by very large and very expensive looking hotels. Here people go to take the waters and a signboard bearing the name Ripon has painted on it "Ripon Welcomes you. Stay a while amid its Charms".

Edith we left at her destination Thongsbridge in Yorkshire. Before getting there we passed over the Moors- such bleak country and brought to mind the Brontes Sisters and their eerie writings. but- still still we were thrilled by it. Then still in Yorkshire we left that type of country scenery and came on beautiful green downing country. It is amazing can notice the different types of countryside scenery in different counties.

We eventually arrived at Thrusk where we and Mary were to spend the night. After supper we walked round the town and eventually retired to rest about nine. This quaint little Yorkshire town with its cobbled streets and market place. The Hotel the Golden Fleece is clean, nicely furnished and very comfortable. It is an ancient and famous coaching Posting House between York and Darlington and in Post Cart days was famous when its reputation was very good and still is. Relics of the coaching days are still to be seen about the hotel- The enormous stable and yards where 60 horses could be stabled- the old clock in the hall - Old beams in the writing room and other public rooms.

13th. We woke this morning with the sun streaming into our room- so warm and friendly- it might have been a summers day at home. We got moving shortly after breakfast but as we travelled it got colder and colder and later positively cold with sleet and heavy- and I mean heavy- rain the whole afternoon. From Thrusk where we had spent a very comfortable night we drove to where Mary had to catch her train. As the train was in the station we saw her safely installed but did not wait to see the train off for we wanted to get on. I think the country in dull weather is particularly appealing. Ahead we could see the smoky haze of smoke- like one of our thunder storms approaching- which hung over Newcastle-on-Tyne. It really made