

## Black Top Farm to Manchester – 10 July 2022 – United Kingdom

While we were eating breakfast, Jane came out of the kitchen and asked us where we were going today. I answered we were driving to Manchester. Immediately she said she would write out the most scenic drive for us to take to Manchester. Then Jane's visiting girlfriend from Manchester said not only would it be scenic but no slower due to all the Sunday traffic on the highway. I knew anything scenic meant narrow roads but I am slowly getting use to closing my eyes, steady on the gas pedal, and praying for divine intervention.



Jane was correct, it was a beautiful drive.



During yesterday's walk from the farm to Hartington and back I had a heart-to-heart talk with myself. I reminded myself I had survived six months of driving in India – a country where driving is the art of the insane, roads are narrow with everything on them but cars, certifiable crazy taxi drivers everywhere, and don't forget cows, oh yes and buses.

I knew part of my frustration in driving in England is we had yet to come across a viewpoint, pull outs or even a place to make a pull out for photographs, and miles of single lane roads with rock walls less than three feet from each side of the road – in short, no place to stop and enjoy or take a photograph of the magnificent scenery.

So, on my walk I decide to forget driving rules. We would stop on the small narrow country roads and take photographs. If another car showed up we would get back in our car and drive on. If someone honked at us, I would give them a friendly wave (not the common American middle finger salute).

This blog post has more photographs in a shorter driven distance than previous UK blog posts because of my new driving rules and I arrived in Manchester much less stressed.









I wasn't worried about snakes in the high grass but was conscious of the possibility of drainage ditches being hidden by the grass.



Lots of cattle grids or what we call cattle guards. Most of the time there is a gate to one side of the cattle grids to allow “other hoofed animals or horse riders” around the cattle grid.









I parked here and Nancy and I took a fifteen minute walk.



Walked across the one-lane stone bridge and assumed any car would yield us the right-of-way.





Walked this portion of road and after returning to our car drove this portion of road.







Have seen several dedicated benches set in the middle of what we think is no where.









I had us booked into an apartment for two nights in Manchester. Check in wasn't until 4:00 PM and it's not even one o'clock. We parked the car in the pay parking lot across the street from our apartment and it didn't take anytime at all to figure out the parking machine. Meanwhile Nancy has gone on-line to find nearby restaurants. There are several along Canal Street which is only two blocks away.



"Toto, we aren't in The Peaks District (or Kansas)."

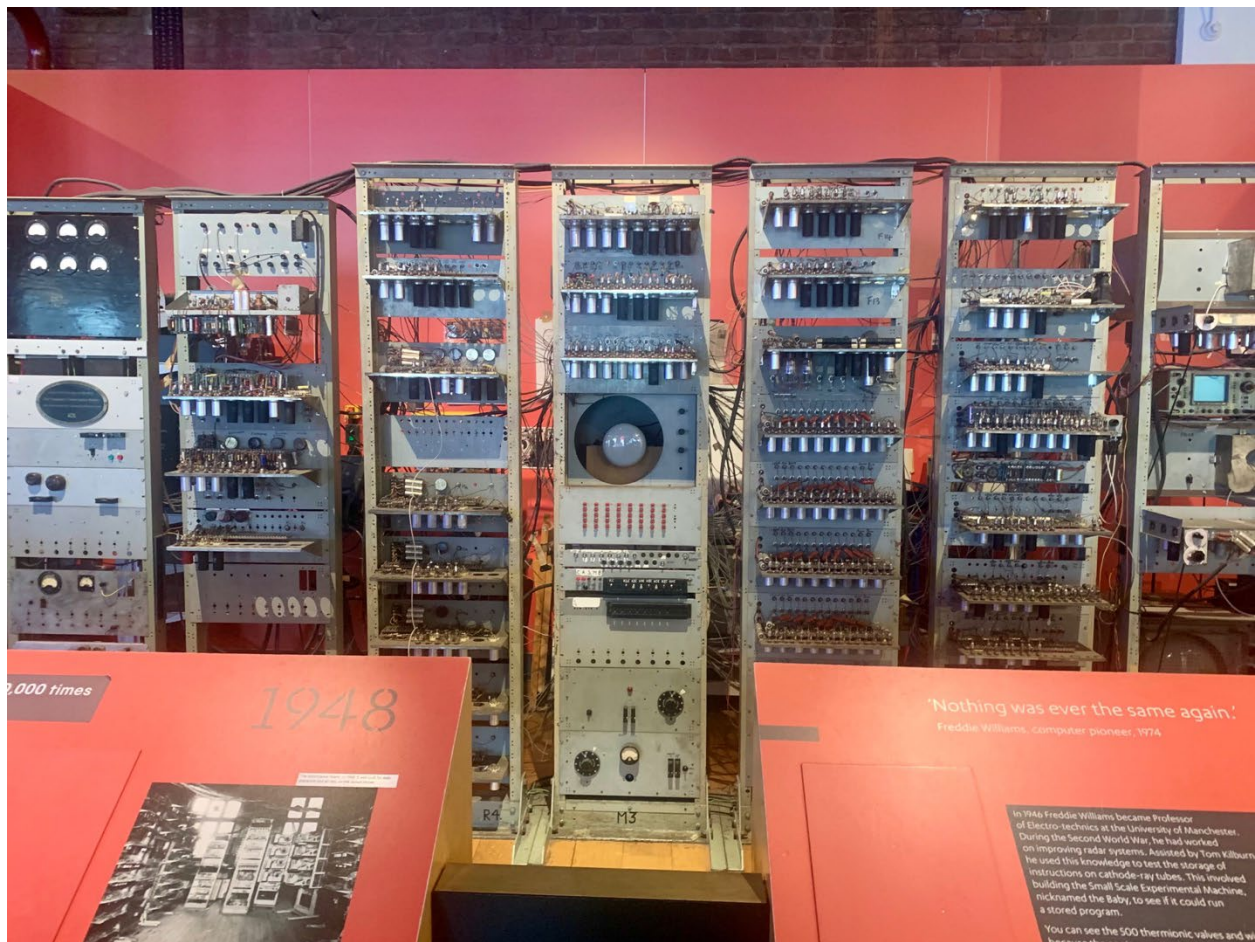
To save on calories we had deserts and for me also a beer rather than lunch. We returned the following night for another beer plus dinner. The pubs and restaurants run at least four blocks long on each side of the canal – maybe longer but I only walked four blocks. Cliental was made up of young, old, straights, gay, singles, couples, and groups – the odds aren't good we will have a reason to return to Manchester but if we do this is the area we are staying in.

We then made a mistake that we have made before. We didn't check the open days for the art museum I wanted to visit and instead used our Sunday afternoon to visit the Science and Industry Museum. The next day is Monday and the art museum was closed but the Science



museum was also open on Mondays. A little planning and we could have seen both instead we missed the art museum.

The walk to the Science Museum was longer than Nancy's back was willing to walk so we Uber there and back. We could have driven but then we would have to find parking and pay for parking. Two short Uber trips cost less than any parking we have used to date.



"In 1948, Manchester won the race to build the world's first modern computer.

This is a working replica of the Baby, the world's first stored-program computer. The original Baby ran its first program at the University of Manchester in June 1948. Within months, it was enlarged to create the Manchester Mark I computer. Only a few parts survive. Members of the Computer Conservation Society built this unique replica for the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary in 1998, using historic components.

The very first iPads were around 10,000 times faster than the Baby."





The Imperial War Museum North

The next day since we couldn't visit the art museum Nancy decided to rest her back and I elected to visit The Imperial War Museum North. In previous visits to London I visited The Imperial War Museum.

I took the Manchester Metroliner out and back. It cost \$2.48 each way and was about a 15-minute trip. On the way out I sat down next to a younger man who was eating a sandwich. When he was done with his sandwich he put the plastic container under his seat. However, three stops later when he disembarked before he got up from his seat he reached under his seat and retrieved his empty container. I then watched as he put the empty container into a waste can on the platform.

On both trips I saw no trash, old newspaper, etc. or heard (loud) music on the train. So unamerican behavior when one has spent a year riding BART and another year riding the Washington DC METRO and the occasional NYC subway trains.

Nine days gone and roughly 120 days to go.



