

Roll: **20240106-59637**

Camera: **Panasonic DC-TZ200: TZ2**

Film: **1 inch digital 20MP**

Subject:

Station wanderings.

Notes:

I was more than a little surprised to be called by the hospital on Friday afternoon and offered an appointment in ophthalmology on Saturday morning, nevertheless I jumped at the offer.

What a very different atmosphere there is at the ear, eye, nose and throat department on a Saturday morning. Cool and relaxed with few patients or staff, everything seemed to go very smoothly and swiftly.

After a tomographic scan of some sort or other; not, I was told, to be confused the Optical Coherence Tomography scan I had in the contact lens clinic and some super duper hand held eye pressure test, it was declared that I was stable and that there had been little change in my astigmatism since 2018. The cataracts they declared to be only moderate. The upshot being that ophthalmologist at Specsavers was declare to be wrong. A concession was agreed however, in that I will now be referred back to contact lens clinic for more work on the left lens and will be booked for annual reviews henceforth in ophthalmology.

My other surprise occurred on the journey there, when I was accosted at Midland Station by two uniformed staff that wanted to know where I was going and insisted that I scan my pensioners travel permit on a little green box mounted on the platform, before embarking on the tram and that I do the same again when leaving, on pain of a £70 fine should I fail so to do. In 7 years of using the tram with the pass I have never previously been induced or requested to follow this procedure. I have once been asked by an inspector to present my card while on board, the which he then scanned on the machine strung around his neck. It appears that Nottingham City Council and the presumably the state also, now want a record of all my journeys.

Perhaps a little childishly I decided that where I disembarked was no business of anyone other than myself and neglected to scan the card again at the medical centre station and, as there was no record other than the CCTV recording of me getting off the train, that I might be excused from recording where I got back on.

I suppose it is possible that I may be receiving a letter in the post shortly.

On returning to Midland Station I decided to reward myself for the adventuresome morning with a coffee and some sort of comestible. Scorning to use the on concourse national and international chain store vendors, I first tried Hopkinson on Station Street. I loved the tiny, tiny coffee bar that Hopkinson had at the Blue Camel in Bridgford before it closed and was much motivated by that experience. I spent a happy hour wandering around the four floors of antiques and bric-a-brac but in the end opted out of purchasing a hot beverage there.

I was heading for Carrington Street when for some reason the entrance to the Bentink Hotel Bar and Bistro caught my eye. In 1969 and 1970 I was often called upon to travel by train to Newark to visit Janet Seiboth's parents. Often we would opt to take a swift drink in the Bentink or the Granby while waiting for the next available train so I think it was in part by way of homage to those days of my distance past. We had never entered the hotel itself as the bars opened onto the street and it was with some nervousness that I climbed the stairs to first floor. The stairwell and corridors were deserted and lamps turned on automatically to light my way and turned themselves off again behind me. This gave me the sense of being an intruder and I wondered if I had inadvertently entered a prohibited area. It was with some relief that suddenly, at the end of a short corridor, I found the bar and bistro. It was delightful. Restored Victorian panelled plaster ceilings and plaster vine trailed arches, with comfortable plump furniture, a small modern bar and a most charming hostess.

I ordered coffee and a bacon butty at a price which considerably undersold any establishment in Bridgford including that charged for an al fresco experience at Green in the park. I settled into an arm chair in the triple window bay looking out to Nottingham Midland Station. I could well imagine myself as an Edwardian traveller resting in this comfortable room prior to catching the afternoon train to Lincolnshire.

I was inspired to give my itty bitty little TZ200 camera another outing and tried to capture something of the bijoux faded opulence of the interior of the Bentink and went on to snap Midland Station and its former GNR rival on London Road.

To round off the day I walked along the Nottingham Canal to Trent Bridge and then, with a short stop at Coop to purchase, rather indulgently, a variety of cheeses with which to celebrate my forthcoming birthday, I returned home.

Dates:

Times and dates were recorded in the exif data.

Frames:

- P1035992 20240106 14:46:54 The Bentink Hotel.
- P1035993 20240106 14:47:29 The Bentink Hotel.
- P1035994 20240106 14:48:25 The Bentink Hotel.
- P1035995 20240106 14:49:17 The Bentink Hotel.
- P1035997 20240106 15:14:10 Nottingham Midland Station.
- P1035998 20240106 15:14:37 Nottingham Midland Station.
- P1035999 20240106 15:15:07 The Bentink Hotel.
- P1036000 20240106 15:15:13 The Bentink Hotel.
- P1036001 20240106 15:27:07 Nottingham London Road Station.



P1035992.jpg



P1035993.jpg



P1035994.jpg



P1035995.jpg



P1035997.jpg



P1035998.jpg



P1035999.jpg



P1036000.jpg



P1036001.jpg



P1035992 - The Bentink Hotel.



P1035993 - The Bentink Hotel.



P1035998 - Nottingham Midland Station.



P1035999 - The Bentinck Hotel.



P1036001 - Nottingham London Road Station.