

Roll: **20230930-20302**

Camera: **Samsung Galaxy A54 5G: SGA**

Film: **Digital**

Subject:

Gilderoy, Matlock Bath.

Notes:

The first couple of shots are of the unexpected new blossom on the crab apple tree and some shiny conkers from the park while I was waiting for Rahel to get ready for the drive to Matlock Bath. For the story of the trip to Gilderoy and the holiday in Matlock Bath see [20301](#)

Our hosts had put a bottle of milk and bottle of white wine in the fridge for us on our arrival which proved to be a blessing. There was also tea, chocolate and instant coffee in the caddies. On the first evening we walked down to Matlock Bath in search of the local convenience store to get some essentials and to find the makings for cooking a meal. We could find nothing other than fish and chip shops. The street, the chip shops and the pubs were all busy with lots of excited looking families.

One of my strongest childhood memories was of lights and fireworks forming exciting tableau in the trees and bushes, causing Robin Hood and Friar tuck to fire arrows at the evil Sheriff's men and galleons engaging in firework battles upon the water. My memory told me for fifty years that this was at Victoria Memorial Gardens in Nottingham although it could never explain where the streams and rivulets had gone. When I walked with Joseph and Rahel in the Derwent River Gardens in 2008 I recognised them immediately as the setting for those magical lights.

On this evening as we walked through Matlock Bath I discovered that this was indeed the time of the Matlock Bath Lights. I have promised myself for the last 15 years that we would go and see the lights. My sister took her daughter and grandchildren to see the lights every year and I was green with envy but with one thing and another we never made it. Nor did we this year. The lights are only on at weekends, we would be gone the following Saturday, and this Sunday was sold out.

We could not find any shops, proper shops I mean, selling food and domestic stuff, nothing, nada, zilch, not even a newsagent. Nowhere to buy a pint of milk, a newspaper or a loaf of bread. We retired to The Midland and I checked with Google maps. It insisted that there was an establishment called "The General Store" within 10 minutes walk of our location. We cruised the length of North and South Parade once more but could still find nothing resembling a general store. I returned to The Midland and asked the barmaid and she told me that the shop had closed down some four years previously.

There was one restaurant in Matlock Bath that was not a fish and chip emporium. The Balti, right on the corner of Holme Road in the former "County and Station" public house.

The food was outstanding, although featuring the standard British Indian dishes by name, these did not resemble them at all. This was quality regional Indian cuisine and the service was impeccable. The sommelier served the wine in a way that I have not seen for years.

When I returned to Nottingham and was on site at Vintage Windows, Luke told me that his Dad's former partner in the business, visited the restaurant every week for years because it was so good.

People:

Rahel.

Dates:

Dates and times taken from exif data.

Frames:

20230930_092356 20230930 09:23:56 Late blossom.

20230930_131439 20230930 13:14:39 Conkers.

20230930_162016 20230930 16:20:16 1925-2023.

20230930_190538 20230930 19:05:39 No complaints.



20230930_092356 - Late blossom.



20230930_131439 - Conkers.



20230930_162016 - 1925-2023.



20230930_190538 - No complaints.