

Weekend Workshop Group Trip to Tynemouth

Whose brainwave was this? And how did we command the weather? It was a jolly good day out, the further we got from Barney, the bluer the sky, the higher the spirits. It was a bit blowy with a brisk offshore wind that put sand in the sandwiches and blasted the legs of the beachbums (of which I was one). What a super beach, and despite the wind the sea was flat-calm with a few hardy souls (of which I was one) braving the nerve-nipping 13C of the North Sea. Those who did at around 11.45 am were joined by three dolphins, truth to tell, a long way off, but strutting their playful stuff about 300 metres from the shore.

People-watching is always a treat at the seaside and Tynemouth offers much to entertain, not least at the station, where an extensive market besieges the platforms, selling everything from junk to rather classy plants, military memorabilia to crocheted crinoline ladies for those Victorians amongst us who just cannot cope with the sight of a naked toilet roll.

Food is always good in Tynemouth. There's the Fish Shack on the beach that gets plaudits in the Sundays, but most of us (perhaps all those steps up from the beach threatened good digestion?) stayed topside. Some visited the Lifeboat Station, others the Collingwood statue. Others (of which I was one) frequented a bar.

**A great day out. Sue did all the legwork, for which we are all very grateful.
Photos by Pete Redgrave**