

St Anne's to Lytham Walk with Barnsley u3a dance group

Bedlam in the Ballroom at the Inn on the Prom, us and them, oldies everywhere. We trot outside to try and get squared off. A walk of 2 u3a groups combined, double trouble, 2 leaders, Graham walking and Susan Strictly speaking outlining the choreography.

Let's go and see if Les Dawson's got a Mother-in-law joke for us. He's not saying much. I learn that his statue was carved by Graham Ibbotson of Barnsley no less, and he went to school with my new pal Andy. I tell him that my son went to school with Les Dawson's daughter. Isn't it a small world? Onwards where we hold at what's left of the pier, followed by a hip hop in rhythm to the Lifeboat Memorial, then its two step full out in the direction of the beach huts.



Photo by Graham

The tide is out, as usual, and it's not raining, the weather is behaving and helping to show off our small coastal town in its best light, in fact it's a beautiful day. Fairhaven Lake and we hold at the Spitfire without switching lines. As we pass the café the u3a bowlers are waving at us but we ignore them. I'll pay for that later. We split in 2 when some of us freestyle to an early curtain call, the main group failing to focus, carrying on regardless. Granny's Bay and the tide is in now. I do a double-take. That was quick!



More Barnsley folk have appeared, 3 decorating a bench on Lytham promenade absorbing the view, reluctant to join us, saving themselves for the main event, its formal night tonight. After admiring Lytham Windmill from afar, we swing inland, twist past witch wood and waltz into the grounds of Lytham Hall by the stage door and in sequence we wind our way through the trees and past the final flurry of snowdrops to the Hall itself, and Susan's final performance of the day.

The last step, avoiding busy Lytham square in a line dancing down the back streets to the pub, brassed off we aren't nor are we out for the 8-count, food and ale refreshed Yorkshire folk and Lancastrians alike, hands shaken, hugs a plenty and quickstep to the No 17, bus passes at the ready for the return jig.

Mike