

Blowing in the Wind

The weather forecast was grim; wet and windy. It probably explains why only six hardy souls arrived in Knott End to undertake a walk of a little over five miles.

We set off from Quail's Holme Road car park and within minutes, the rain began. However, it was only a brief shower and by the time we reached the L. S. Lowry memorial, it was hoods down. Apparently the famous artist used to sketch travellers as they disembarked the ferry from Fleetwood.

We strode at a fair pace because it felt as if Autumn had arrived with a very brisk wind. Conversation flowed and, in spite of the weather, good humour prevailed. Soon we arrived at Hackensall Hall and Richard gave us the lowdown on its history. As we continued we passed through picturesque countryside with lots of ripening cornfields. We were glad of the lanes they created which reduced the wind chill factor!

Further on we were regaled with tales of the brine wells which furnished the now infamous local ICI plant with necessary chemicals. As we approached the end of our walk the rain started in earnest and we arrived, famished, at the Bourne Arms in the nick of time. The heavens opened! We sat in the comfort of the restaurant (who knew so many dishes could be concocted without vegetable matter!), overlooking the bay and feeling smug.

