

APRIL

1988





My birthday started off normal enough; except for two unexpected cards, from Nita + Kendal, + Sue + Mick, - I didn't think they knew when it was.

In the evening George took me out to dinner at Foxholes. It was very nice. We had a drink in the lounge while we read the menu.

We started off with melon, prawn and smoked salmon cocktail. It was delicious the dish it was served in rested in the top of a large glass full of crushed ice. This was followed by fillet steak in Madeira sauce with shallots, mange-tout, broccoli and new potatoes.

I had gateaux Italien and George had cheese + biscuits to follow.

It was all very delicious + beautifully served.

During coffee + liqueurs the waiter brought me an envelope on a salver.

Once opened, it contained a note + booking receipt and our passports.

George had booked 12 days in Tenerife as a surprise. I was speechless. It was wonderful.

FLIGHT No.

AMM 150

To

TFS



AIR 2000

WEIGHT

AMM No 590900

On Friday 22nd April 1988, we were awoken by our alarm clock at 4.00am. Poor George didn't get to bed until 2.00am as he was at an accountants dinner the previous evening.

As we were already packed, we only had to get ourselves dressed, and load the car.

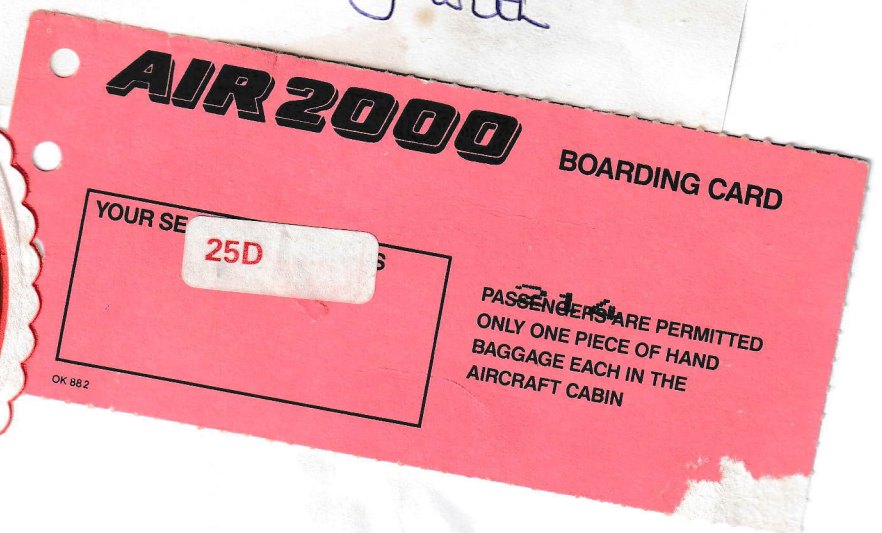
We were outside Chris' house at 5.00am. Chris was to drive us to Manchester airport and back, and use my car in between times.

Chris dropped us at the airport at about 10 to 6, where we made our way straight to the check in desk. We were given seats next to each other, but across the aisle. It was ok though. The couple I sat next to were great company, and we passed a pleasant journey chatting about all sorts of things.

The flight was good. A little bit bumpy as we came into land. Our final decent was quite steep over the sea, as the airport is built on the coast, and the runway sticks out seawards.

We parted from our good company to find Rod, whom we were to meet at the bottom of the escalator. Rod found us with no problem. We had to drop another couple, Les + Peggy, off, before going onto our apartment studio. It was very nice, a small kitchen with everything we are likely to need, electric kettle, toaster, grill, a gas hob and a fridge stocked with essentials, - bread eggs + wine!

We had a small bathroom with shower, a partitioned off sleeping area with twin beds, and a roomy living area, with cassette radio, settee, table and chairs, and a patio door leading to a balcony with table and chairs.



Once we had unpacked we went for a wander into the town. As it was siesta time the shops were shutting

We spent quite some time sitting on the harbour wall, watching breakers smash against the rocks, before wandering up to find a cafe for a beer.

George was a bit annoyed, as the sun kept disappearing into cloud. Rod had told us they had had a lot of rain the previous day, which accounted for the low clouds. George, being the pessimistic soul he is, decided it was going to stay like that all the time.

Once siesta time was over at about 4.00 pm, we wandered up to our local supermarket to add to our supplies

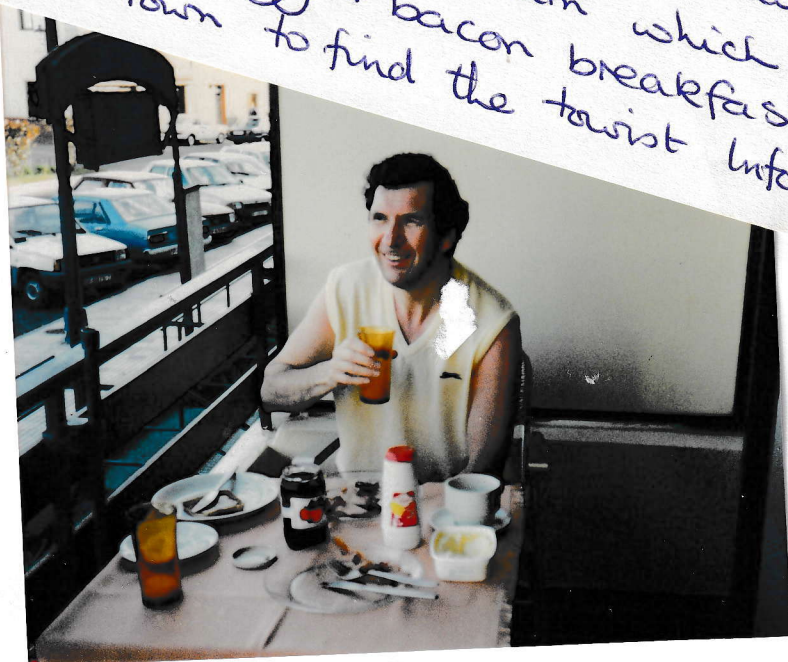
We bought a bottle of white wine, milk, orange juice, strawberry jam, 3/4 kilo bacon and two cans of coke for about

£5



After George had enjoyed a bacardi and coke, we changed and went into the town for dinner. We chose, after much deliberation, a restaurant, which had tables in a courtyard, in the centre of which was a palm tree with vines growing up over it. We ordered a bottle of wine and a paella. We had to wait a while for our meal which was freshly cooked to order. It was worth waiting for, although by the time it arrived George was becoming irritable, because besides being tired he was also very hungry. Once we'd finished our meal, which was delicious, we strolled back to our apartment. George went to bed straight away, & was soon asleep. I followed about an hour later having made myself a coffee.

Saturday 23rd April 1988
George woke me at 8.00am with a coffee. We felt refreshed for our sleep, even though the people upstairs were clattering around until 1.00am which woke us. After an egg & bacon breakfast we went into town to find the tourist info office





We didn't find the lufo office, although we did find the lido, and an outdoor market. The clouds of yesterday had disappeared & by 10.30 it was quite hot, so we made our way to our nearest piece of beach to sunbathe. We stayed there until 4.00pm when we returned to our apartment to shower and change for dinner.



TENERIFE



TENERIFE



Prior to going out and finding some where to eat, we went into town for a drink. George kept laughing at me as I was beginning to shiver. It wasn't too funny later on, when having only eaten half of my dinner, I had to leave George and go back to our apartment feeling sick + headachy. - the effects of too much sun.

George stayed + finished his meal + the bottle of wine we'd ordered, explaining to the waiter that I'd gone, as I wasn't well. He returned bearing a large orange and yellow daisy from the restaurant.

I was dozing when George returned. Since I'd got back, I had drunk 3 glasses of boiled water, - I felt dehydrated.

A sad end to a lovely day.

Sunday 24th April 1958

We awoke stiff, sore and very red. After a breakfast of cereal + coffee, we walked into town, and along the sea front. We found the Information office we were looking for the previous day. - It was shut!

We did buy a ridiculous hat to keep the sun off my head, and some post cards to send home. We spent a while watching fishermen, as we consumed beer + lemonade at the Cafe Columbus. We then made our way back to our apartment for bacon butties for lunch. After which George kept the siesta + I read. We didn't go out until 4.30pm when the clouds came over and it got cooler. We turned left outside our apartment for a change, and walked past 'our' beach towards an older town. Bits of it were a bit grotty, but interesting. We also found the parrot park, but didn't go in.

RESTAURANTE CARMENCITA

Calle San Felipe n.º 7

Teléfono, 38 24 13

Puerto de la Cruz

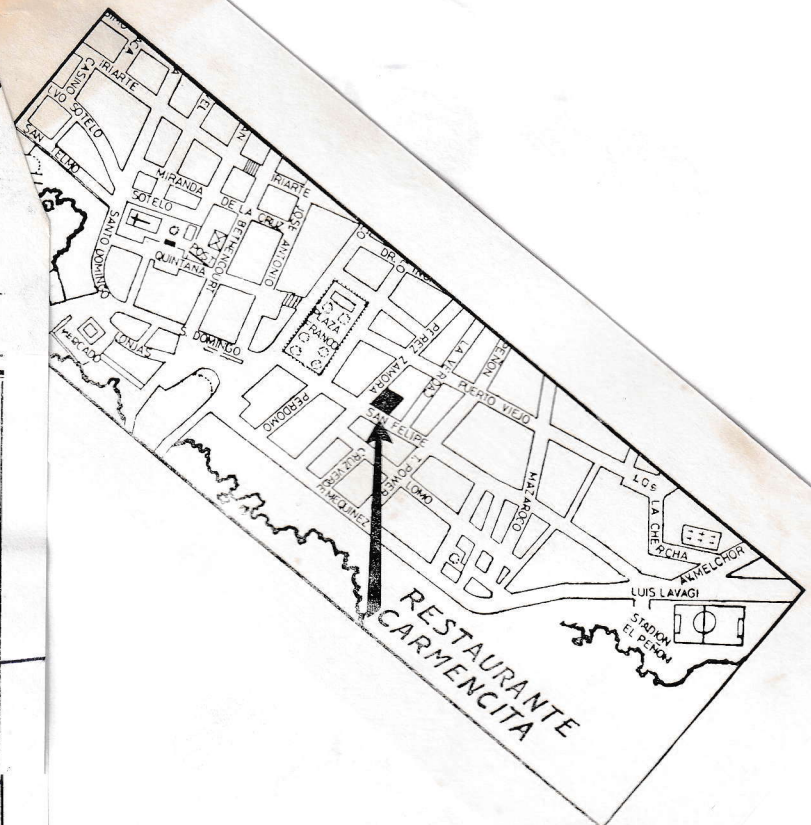


Puerto de la Cruz, de de 198

Mesa N.º

3

1	39	550
1	46	500
4	CCC	500
1	7UP	100
1	TIAN H.	225
		1,875
Nº 000829		TOTAL... 1,875





On our return to our apartment we washed + changed for dinner, + applied more lotion to our burnt bits, and George soaked his swollen ankles in a bowl of cold water.

We ate at Carmencita. Rod had recommended it and it also took visa cards, which was in its favour as we had run out of local currency.

George had entrecote steak with chips and salad, + I had kebab with rice and pepper sauce. It was delicious. While George had another beer I had a pistachio nut ice cream with caramel sauce - lovely.

We started out for a stroll to walk our meal down, but it started to rain. It was quite heavy by the time we got back.

Monday 25th April 1988

I was awake first again this morning, & coffee was on the go by the time George swung his feet out of bed.

After breakfast we wandered into town to cash a traveller's cheque & visit the information centre to ask about golf. Unfortunately they didn't know anymore than we did. We also called in at a bldg with a post office sign over it, in German & in English - It wasn't the post office - it was a savings bank.

The post office is apparently near the bus station, not far from where we are staying. While in town we bought some salad veg for dinner that night.

We then spent a few hours on the beach, taking care not to burn. The waves were thundering up the beach with such a force that we could feel the ground shake. We decided to "paddle" for a while. Up to our thighs in water when the waves rushed up the beach, & fifty yards from the water as it receded.



I left the beach before George did,
as I had enough sun.
Rod had been round while we were
out & he had left a card in the door
for George, to tell him of a chap
called Chris who owned a bar every
"Potters Bar". Chris played golf every
Wednesday, & Rod suggested George went
to see Chris & then perhaps they might
fix up a game.

George came back from the beach
before long, saying he'd been back in
the water again - "up to" his "tentacles"!!
After a wash we went for a drink
and sandwich at the "Long John" bar.

George by 1000 pts!
We found the post office, but it
was shut - opening hours were 9-2, so
we will have to wait until tomorrow

We made our way back to our
apartment where we sat reading until
it cooled off a little - I was wearing
my necessary hat - George said I
looked like Miss Marple!!



We went for a wander around town before dinner, visiting the streets we hadn't walked before. By the time we'd returned George was complaining his feet hurt more than they do in Austria.

We enjoyed our meal on our balcony. We had corned beef + gravy, cheese salad with local tomatoes, lettuce, pickled beetroot + carrots. - It was delicious. By the time we had finished the sun had gone in, - although it was still quite light - especially as there was a football game at the stadium, and the flood lights had been switched on. We spent the evening listening to the radio with a glass of wine + a packet of pea nuts.



Tuesday 26 April 1988

I had a restless night, during which I moved my bedding to the settee as I was getting back ache - George says his were ok.

While we were clearing up after breakfast, a kitten from next door came skidding over the tiled floor. She wanted to play.

Once we were ready, we made our way to the post office for some stamps which were nearly as large as the post cards. We had difficulty finding room for them. We then made our way yet again to a supermarket where we bought more bread, corned beef & beetroot.

After putting our shopping in the fridge, we got a taxi out to "Potters Bar" to see Chris about a golf game. We had to wait a few hours as he wasn't there.

Unfortunately Chris couldn't manage a game for about 4 weeks. He gave us directions to a pub called "Eastenders" at the opposite end of town, where a Scotsman called Jimmy Quinn, ran the bar, - he also was a golfer.

CHRIS AND CAROLINE
WELCOME YOU TO

386850

POTTERS BAR

10.30 - 2.30
ON
SUNDAY

OPEN
MON - SAT
11.00 am. - 3.30 pm.
8.30 pm. - 1.00 am.



We made our way back to our apartment. The taxi cost 250pts, where we had a couple of sandwiches before spending the rest of the day on the beach.

In the evening we went to find "East enders." It was a bar in a cellar in the 'tourist' end of town, and decorated with photographs of the cast from the soap opera. At one end of the room was a small stage cluttered with props. The ceiling was swathed in red, white + blue material looped to hide fluorescent lighting. In spite of air stirrers continuously turning above our heads it was very hot and stuffy. Jimmy wasn't there. We were told he'd arrive at about 9.30pm. So we decided to go and have a meal + return later.

We went to a Chinese restaurant - not very Canarian!! I had chicken + mushroom soup, and chicken chow mein, George had omelette soup and sweet'n' sour pork. It was very nice. The restaurant was on the roof of a building planted with trees + shrubs - very nice.



In the evening we strolled into town for a drink before dinner. We ended up at "hilli Marlene", where George had a beer, and I had a martini, which came complete with orange slices + cherries. There was a negroid man playing an organ + singing - except he couldn't! - He didn't know when to stop + kept doing twiddly bits. He started singing 'When the saints go marching in', but forgot it halfway through + we had two lines from "swanee river"! He started to play the 'skaters waltz', but played so many wrong notes he gave up + did lots of 'twiddly bits'. We were laughing so much, that George missed his mouth + tipped his beer down his shirt.

We decided to leave him + go + have our meal. We went to 'La Pescador', a fish restaurant. The meal was superb, although neither of us got quite what we thought.

George ordered grilled prawns, + got just that. A plate of grilled prawns about 4-5 inches long, still in their shells - nothing else. I ordered Hake madrid style. It was a kind of fish stew 3 large hake fillets in stock with lentils, potatoes, onion, fish scales, prawns, muscles + squid

It was delicious + very filling.

After our meal we went down into the bar where a three man group were playing traditional guitar music. It was very good - in fact we stayed there till gone midnight.

Thursday 28th April 1988

Surprisingly, we were awake fairly early, and were ready when Rod arrived at 10.00 am.

We drove up to Orataua, where Rod showed us the 'house of balconies', a beautiful building which is now used to make display and sell local handcrafts. We also saw pictures of the streets, which are decorated with flowers and religious pictures, 'painted' with sand. Unfortunately these pictures are destroyed during the festival by people walking over them in procession.

Rod also pointed out a church with a large letter box, where unwanted children were 'posted'



CORPUS CHRISTI

La Orataua

From Oratawa we went up through
very green pine forests towards Teide.
Some of the surroundings were like the
lake district with cedar, eucalyptus, firs and
bracken. The vegetation changed the
higher we went



This rock is the result of volcanic
activity. It has 'exploded' into
flower petals.

The views were superb.



As we drew closer to Teide the vegetation became sparse, and was replaced with rocky lava flow, which was a rusty-tan in colour, and pumice which was white. There were many colours of sand, pinks, greens, reds and some with a blueish tinge. This is where the sand is obtained for the sand pictures in Oratava.

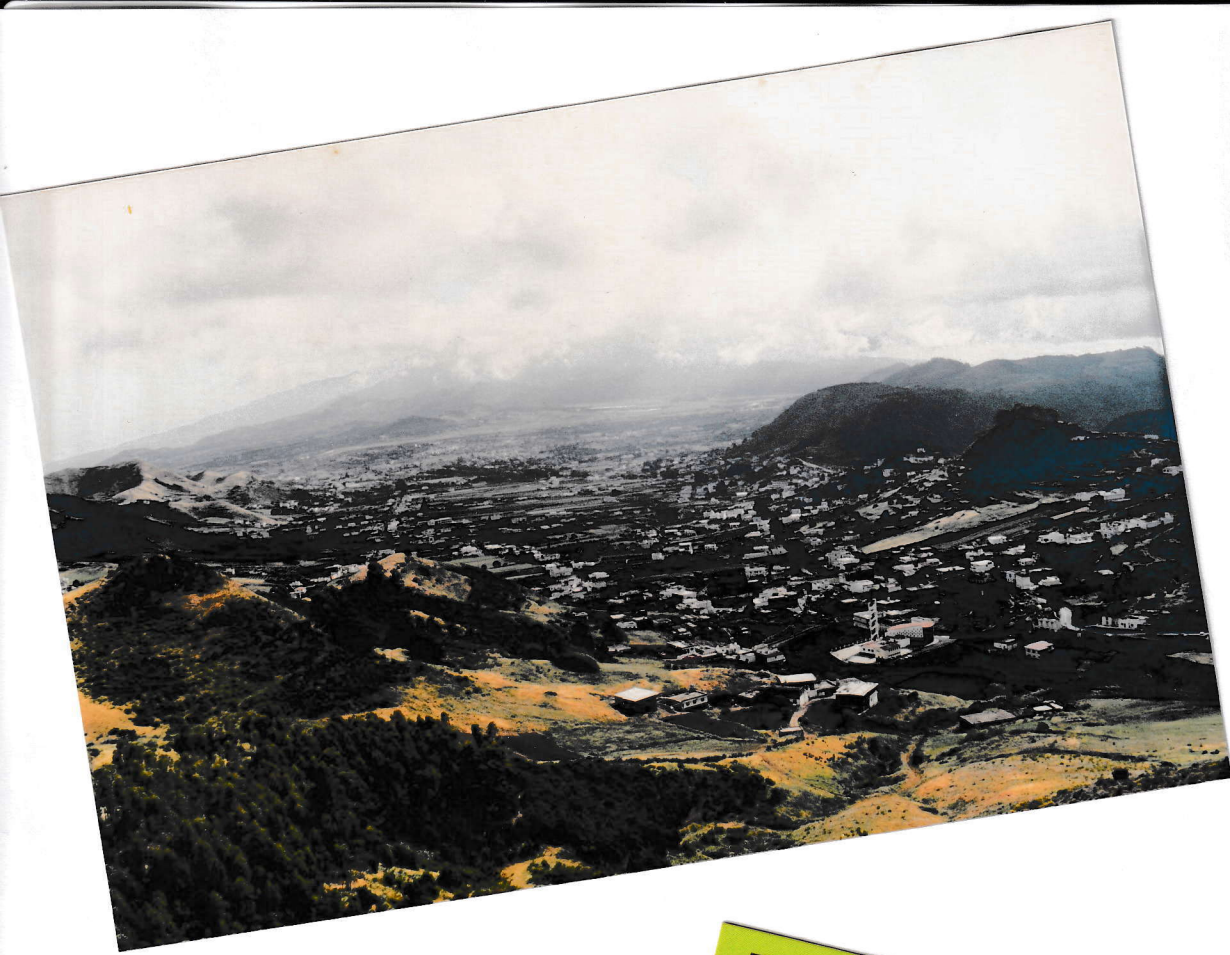
We didn't go up Teide, as Rod said there was approx $\frac{3}{4}$ hour wait for the cable car. It would then be a few hours 'there & back'. It was cloudy lower down, so we wouldn't have had much of a view. So we bypassed the queues of cars and coaches and carried on to see the weird rock formations, formed by volcanic activity in the 17th century.



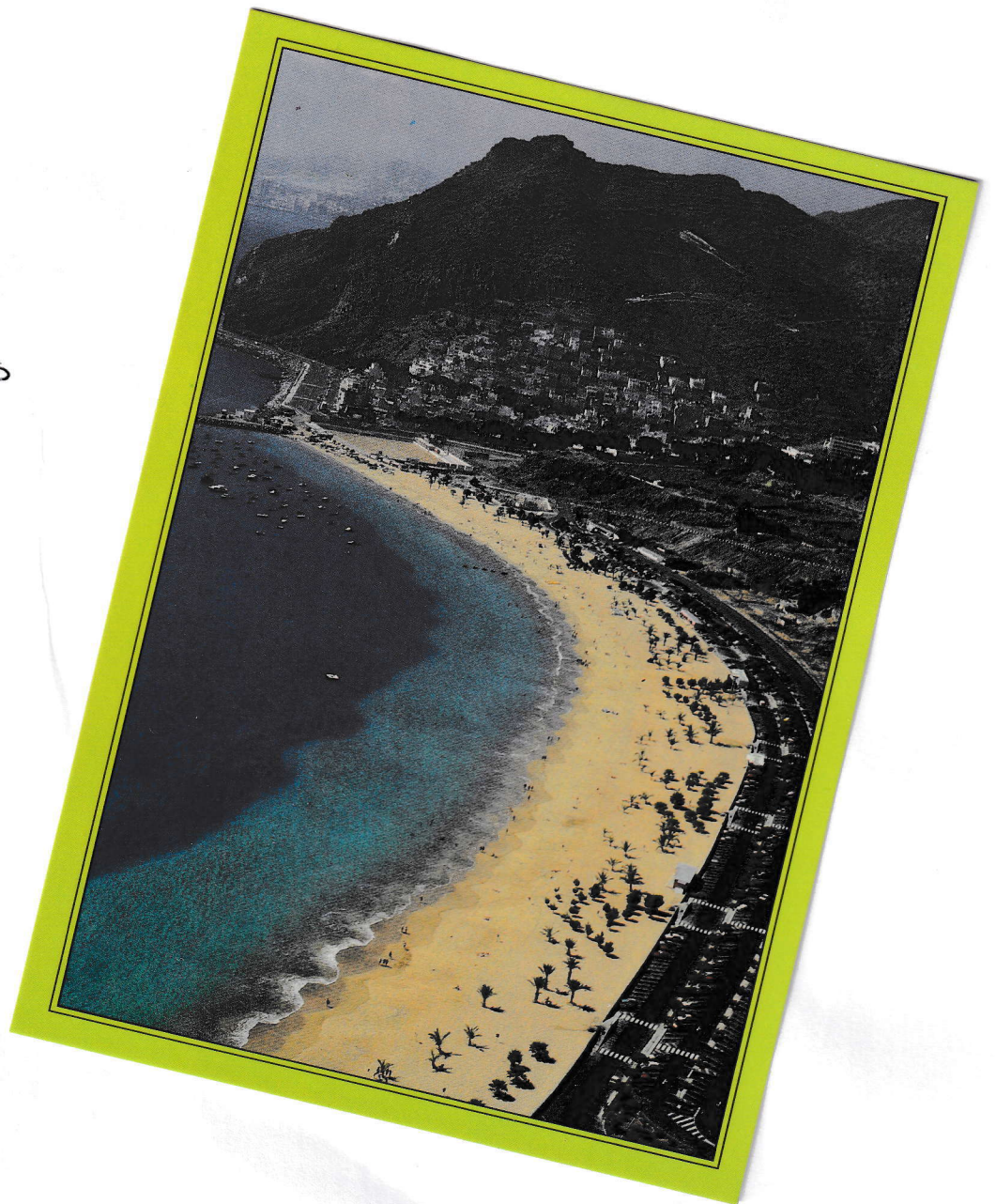


After viewing the scenery we turned round
and followed the road within the crater
to drive through the mountains, down
towards Santa Cruz + past the harbour
and docks to Teresitas.





Teresitas



A clean + empty
beach
+
constant
sunshine



We spent the afternoon on the beach (the sand had been imported from the Sahara) it was lovely + clean, + the water warm and incredibly clear. We could see small fish swimming around our feet.

A breakwater had been built to form a lagoon to ensure safe swimming - it was wonderful.

We drove back through the mountains to a restaurant Rod knew of, where we had a fantastic meal.

We started off with a plate of butterbeans cooked with smoked ham, - it was very nice. This was followed by a plate of sausages cooked in flaming brandy. There was even a delicious garlic dip for our hot bread rolls. - Even George tried a bit! Then came our main course. A huge plateful of salad; - large 'beefsteak' tomatoes, avocado, cucumber, lettuce, carrot, olives and beetroot. An equally large plate piled high with crispy chips and then our steaks. A rib of beef joint nearly 2" thick after it had been cooked. It was the sort of piece of beef I'd buy for a weekend joint!!

We ate every bit + thoroughly enjoyed it. With the meal we drank the local mountain



We made Garbo's in plenty of time, happy hour being 9-10 - you pay for 1 drink but get 2. I stayed with the peach tree, George had beer, + Rod a very nice brandy. It made a very pleasant end to a lovely day.

Once again it was gone midnight by the time we returned to our apartment, ready for our beds.



Friday 29th April 1988.

We spent a quiet day on the beach, followed by a salad at our apartment, any thing else would have been a disappointment after last night's gourmet meal. After dinner we went to Garbos for happy hour.

Saturday 30th April 1988

We spent the morning doing our duty free shopping. We found a shop with 'peach tree' on special offer, so we had one to bring home. We visited Casa Friate, where we bought a beautiful table cloth and eight napkins. In the afternoon we once again lazed on the beach.



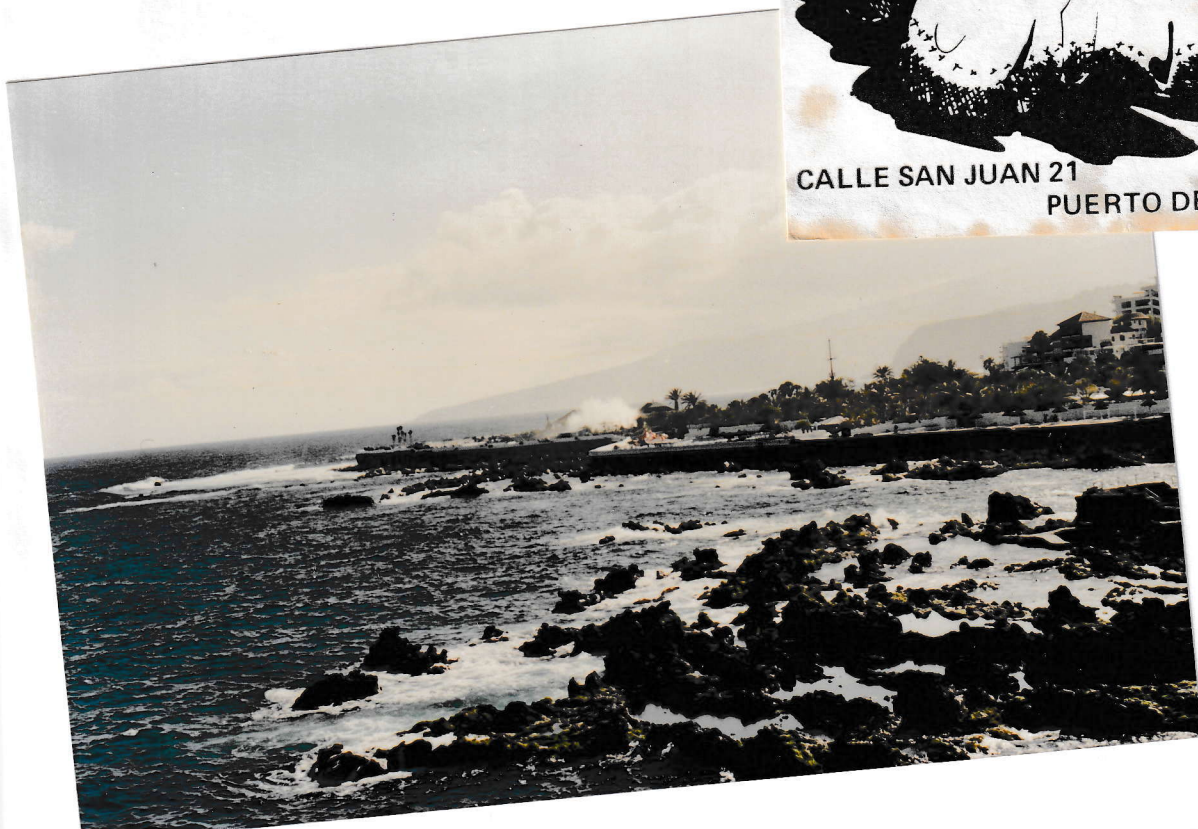


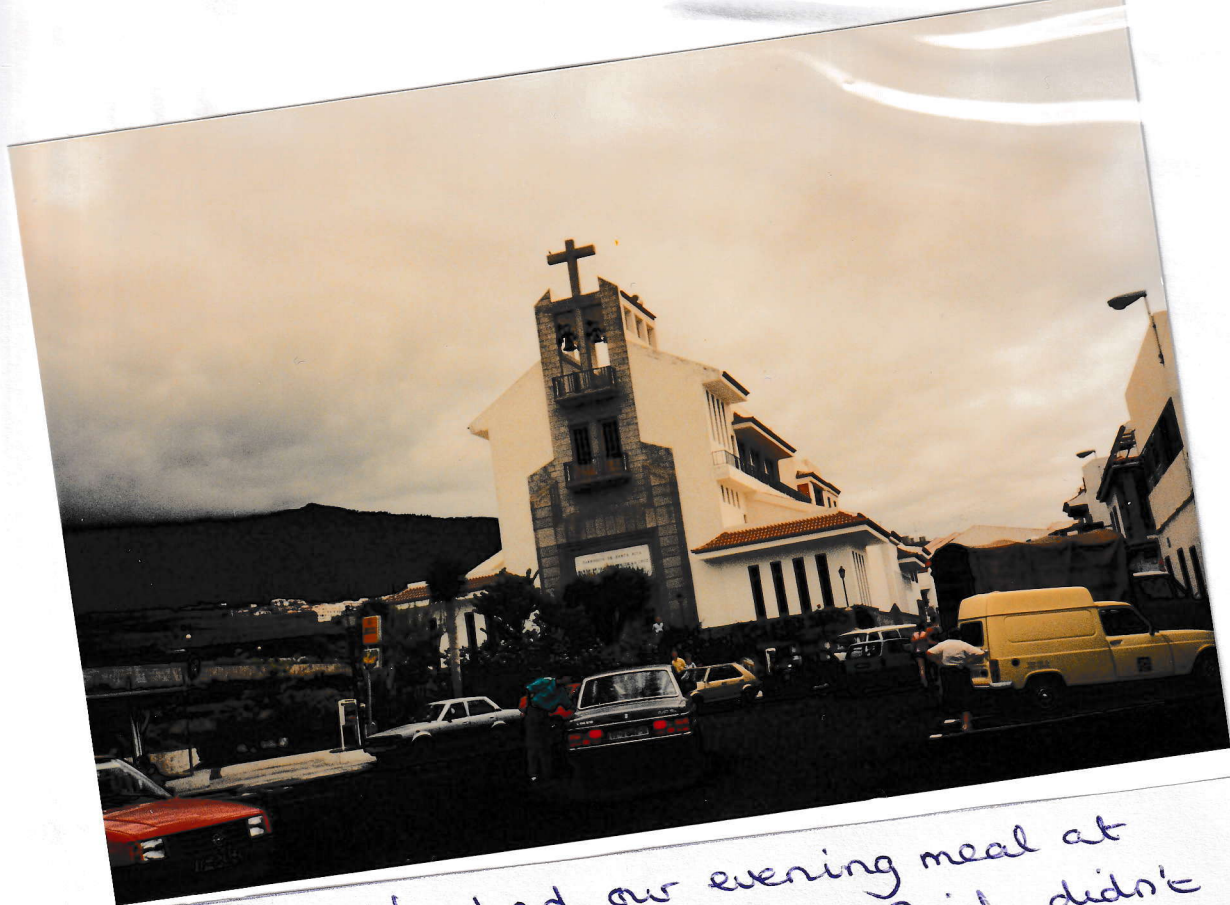
Gasa Iriarte

CRAFTSCENTER
centro artesanal
arbeitszentrum



CALLE SAN JUAN 21
PUERTO DE LA CRUZ





We had our evening meal at 'Salcedo', a small cafe which didn't look too brilliant from the outside. The dining room was in a 'lean-to' on the side of the house, made out of corrugated plastic. Bamboo screens decorated the walls and were hung with masses of potted ferns, which were also hanging from the ceiling.



Our wine came in a bottle of dubious origin. We started our meal with homemade vegetable soup, it was thick and delicious, and served with hot crispy rolls. George had entrecote steak, salad and chips; I had fish, chips and salad. The fish was huge, very ugly with a large head + huge sharp teeth. - It was wonderful, - just like trout. George couldn't finish his steak, as there was so much of it.

With our bill, was bought two brandies - on the house! - the bill was 2,000 pts.

We wandered round the old town before wandering back to Carlos for happy hour, where we became friendly with Michael + Eileen, an Irish couple, who invited us to 'Stallones' a 'yorkshire' pub.

Towards the end of the evening, with enough 'lubrication' George did a sing-a-long with the woman who owned the bar. Eileen had had enough to say she thought George was a good singer - she then fell off her stool!!

Sunday 1st May 1988

Today was a bank holiday - Labour day, and we were awoken by fireworks at 8.00am, after a sleepless night, being eaten alive by mosquitos.

We spent the morning on the beach, and wandered round the town in the afternoon. The shops were all shut. We stopped at a beach side cafe for a sandwich + I had a hot chocolate + George had a beer.

Later on George watched a football match from the roof garden, as it gave good views of the football stadium.

We had dinner at the 'Acapulco', another place Rod had recommended. The meal was very nice, and the portions were large.

George had pork steak in a mushroom cream sauce. I had 'Sea dream'; - pork steak with fried pineapple ring, fried banana and a spicy sauce topped with finely chopped onions. It was delicious. Both meals were served with salad + masses of chips.

We enjoyed the meal very much, but didn't appreciate the long wait for it, + the unsupervised children running around. Our meal, including wine was 1,475pts.



Monday 2nd May 1988.

After a good nights sleep we awoke ready for a good cooked breakfast, after which we wandered aimlessly into town, and had a snack lunch at a hotel in town.

We walked out to the Botanical Gardens in the afternoon, but couldn't get in, as the man on the gate wouldn't change a 5000 pts note for the entry fee, so we walked back down towards the town, stopping for coffee + beer at a cafe where there was a mini golf course. - George didn't want to play. He was annoyed at our long walk out for nothing, - we were both a bit down as today was our last day - It was also very overcast, & tried to rain. The sea was very rough, and we spent quite a long time watching the waves break on the rocks. Once again we ate at 'Salcedo' and had another superb meal.







Tuesday 3rd May 1988

Today is the day we return home, so most of the morning was spent packing and cleaning our apartment. Later on we wandered into town for the last time, + George successfully bartered for, + bought a large leather holdall, which was very usefull for holding all our goodies. It was too cold + windy to stay on the beach for long.

We went about 2 doors along for our evening meal to another small cafe that didn't look much, + had yet another delicious meal.

George had pork + I had chicken, served in a spicy sauce with 5 jacket potatoes. The home made soup was delicious + had meaty beef bones in it.

We returned to Garbo's for our last happy hour.

Rod picked us up at midnight as our flight was supposed to be at 3.00am, but was delayed until 5.00am, so we slept all the way home.

MAN
MANCHESTER

IBERIA
LINEAS AEREAS DE ESPAÑA S.A.

MAN
MANCHESTER
7191854

IBERIA
LINEAS AEREAS DE ESPAÑA S.A.

Nº VUELO

IB-1553 PESO

MAN
MANCHESTER



ORION


PLEASE OBSERVE
FLIGHT DEPARTURE
INFORMATION
DO NOT MISS YOUR
FLIGHT

**AIRBUS
A300 B4**

FLT. NO.

TO

PLEASE BOARD AIRCRAFT BY
FRONT
ENTRANCE

YOUR SEAT No

REAR
ENTRANCE

26E
YOUR SEAT No

MAN


ORION


PLEASE OBSERVE
FLIGHT DEPARTURE
INFORMATION
DO NOT MISS YOUR
FLIGHT

**AIRBUS
A300 B4**

TO

PLEASE BOARD AIRCRAFT BY
FRONT
ENTRANCE

YOUR SEAT No

REAR
ENTRANCE

26F
YOUR SEAT No

MAN
