Written by Staff Reports Monday, April 01, 2013 7:54 AM -

Louise Miller and her husband Robert ("Cookie"), of Ottoville, took a trip to Scotland, Ireland and Wales in the fall of 1998 with Bob an Arlene Bendele, their close friends and neighbors. The following is the second excerpt from the journal Loiuse kept throughout their journey.

We are going through Chester which is 25 miles from Liverpool. This makes me think of The Beatles. We drove into Wales this evening and are going to stay at the Hand Hotel. It is a large house, remodeled into a hotel. Our room is small, but very homelike and cozy. Looking out the window, we see a small white church with the door wide open. A cat walked in, said a prayer (ha, ha) and walked out. The hotel is located on the Dee River. We ate in the dining room and soon many Welsh people gathered to sing the night away. They surely can sing and enjoyed themselves immensely. I won a towel with a map of Wales on it. I'm not sure how I won it but I accepted it graciously. They surely are a happy people!

Pavorati, the opera singer is Welsh, as was Richard Burton, the actor.

Cookie has had lamb two nights in a row. I had a vegetable plate with a cheese sauce and a chicken and mushroom pie. Very good!

We are stopping at Caernarvon Castle. Prince Charles became Prince of Wales in this castle. This is in the Snowdonian Mountain Range.

We went out to a cabaret tonight, called Plas Newydd, or "place new." I learned that Irish Coffee is two tablespoons brown sugar, two tablespoons coffee, some whiskey and whipped cream on top.

We took a ferry over to Ireland.

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We are staying in Dublin at the new Dakus Hotel. It was a Sunday night and we were hungry, so we went to this pub downtown. It was three floors high and all wood, including the wide stairways. People were smoking and throwing their cigarettes everywhere it seemed. it was really crowded with happy people. Arlene asked one fellow if they didn't have to work on Monday. They said yes, but it didn't seem to matter how late he stayed out on Sunday night. We ordered Irish stew, which seemed to be what everyone else ate, too. It was very good, but I felt safer when we got out of there.

We passed by the famous doors of Dublin. They are the most photographed front doors in the world. They are a variety of colors and are very pretty. I bought a wooden rack key holder with these doors on it.

The next night, we went to the famous Jury's night club. They were doing the original River Dance. The dancing was great but it wore me out just watching.

Today, there were hurling finals and it's a big sport here. Cars drive around with crepe paper and flags in colors of their team. Some cars were decorated with green and gold crepe paper. We felt right at home.

We visited Trinity College, walked through the library to see the 1200 year old Book of Kells, then onto the 19th century Blarney Woolen Mills, where I chose a Waterford vase. This was our souvenir of Ireland.

We visited an old Monastery at Glendalaugh (meaning two lakes). Then it was off to the Irish National Stud Horse Farm. Beautiful green grass and beautiful horses too. Horses jumping over hurdles is called steeplechasing. The Ascot races are near the Windsor Castle. A mare and a stallion each have two handlers and a photographer.

We passed by the monastery in Cashel, where St. Patrick preached and lived.