



# *Frogg Manor Hotel ~ & Restaurant*

## **An independent "American" view**

The drive to Wales went pretty well. Only one wrong turn and I also drove right by the hotel, Frogg Manor, and had to go all the way around a roundabout. We pulled into the lot about 10:00. It was a gravel road around the back of the hotel. It was not well lit and when I passed a Frog Crossing sign Chris swore I hit one but there was no evidence in the morning. This was not looking good - the hotel looked pretty bad. We walked in and there was "Doc" from Back To The Future sitting at a desk. He had given up on us and had already written up a cancellation bill to send to our customer. He made a big ceremony ripping it up. He had a white shirt and white pants on with some nice yellow egg stains. I was getting worried. A very pretty woman was sitting near him in front of a fireplace. She turned out to be his companion of about 10 years. I never would have guessed that in 100 years.

All of the rooms are different and priced different. The three most expensive are all vacant. I decided we would flip for the most expensive and the loser would take the 2nd most expensive. I figured if I was going to stay in a dump, I would stay in the nicest room in the dump. Wrong again, Chris won the best room - the "Wellington" and I settled for the "Churchill". We followed him through a door and up some stairs to our rooms. I noticed a big can of Raid and I was really getting worried. He opened up the door to my room. There was a little entryway and then he opened up the next door and I nearly passed out. It was the nicest hotel room I have ever stayed in. The doors were all 6 panel solid wood. I told Chris I would meet him downstairs in about ½ hour for a cold beer. When Doc left I asked for my key. He asked "what for". I was so surprised I couldn't answer. He then said, "if you manage to lock yourself out, I will let you back in". The room had a huge bed with paper on the bedspread. I guess that was a hint that I should not sit on the bedspread. The bathroom was huge. The showerhead came right out of the ceiling, was a very shiny brass, and was as big around as a large dinner plate. The bathroom had a tiled floor and walls. The tile on the walls had several female figures painted into the tile. They were evenly spaced throughout the room. There were 2 plush bathrobes provided that I did not use. The bathtub was deep, huge, and very loooong. The toilet seat had a frog sticker on it and there were frogs everywhere. The only problem was that the one window in the bathroom had one of those window shades that was built in. Of course it was not all the way down and I could not figure out away to lower it the

rest of the way. It must be an English way of treating the Americans! I put my suitcase and briefcase away and went downstairs to have a drink. The sitting room had a lot of nice old furniture. Doc brought me a bitters. While I waited for Chris I found a European Hotel book sitting on the coffee table. It turns out that this hotel is one of the top 10 recommended places to stay in England (two miles east of the Welsh boarder).

"The eccentric John Sykes" is how the book refers to Doc. Eccentric is an understatement.

He does everything. He owns the hotel, did all the decorating, takes care of the gardens and landscaping and is also a gourmet cook. It was our bad luck that we missed his dinner. Reservations are required. Good luck for BorgWarner's wallet. The dinner started at \$50 before drinks or side dishes. Chris came down and John's lady friend sat with us and talked for a while. There were frogs everywhere made out of everything. John and his friend only get about one or two days off a couple of times a year. John will not leave if people are coming. If they are on the way out and the phone rings he will usually cancel the plans on the spot. There was a big cat that looked just like ours. It refused to let us take a picture. Chris' room was even better than mine. Both rooms had very old large tube radios that were working. Chris' room had a huge canopy bed in the middle of the room hooked to the ceiling. The book described the hotel as a White Georgian house. Georgian and Victorian Furniture.