

many of them in groups of anything up to twenty and thirty suddenly take the air and swoop straight down to the water as they had most likely spotted, with their keen eyes, a shoal of fish. How graceful their flight looked as they then skimmed along the water waiting to strike.

On another island, quite close to the mainland is a small house used by stormbound fishermen, when they cannot enter the harbour. In this house food and other necessaries are stored and to gain entrance a window is broken so that the men can enter and obtain food protection and sleeping quarters. The only charge is 5/- for repairing the window. In the morning the men all stand up on the sky line to be counted by their folk in the village, thus they can tell if any are missing. Our skipper told us that he had once been storm bound for three days.

It was a two hours outing and we returned to the house to find the children partying as it was Peter's birthday a few days earlier but as his parents were away it was being celebrated that afternoon. We had a lovely time at Seahouses but tomorrow we must be on our way to the lake district.

As a matter of interest Banburgh Castle belongs to the Armstrongs (Vickers Armstrong people) and Lady Armstrong lives there.

Monday morning. Eileen gave us tea just after ten and so we were away by 10.30 again passing through Alnwick and the country from there to Hexham was quite moorish in parts and from there on to Alston the country was quite different with its thickly wooded state. I am glad not to be driving as the country fascinates me and I do so enjoy taking in all its beauty and some times roughness. At Alston we lunched at the Bluebell Tavern and very much having the dining room and fire to ourselves. It was here that we saw in the lounge a bronze figure of a fisherman casting his net with which we were both very much struck. So much so that on our return to Salford I wrote to the Hotel asking if they were prepared to sell fisherman and although at first not too keen they eventually let us have it at a reasonable figure. It eventually arrived very well packed but unfortunately the one foot was damaged. This we however had mended on our return to East London and it now stands on the writing desk in the entrance hall.

Penrith was the next town of any size that we passed through and then along the Western side of Ullswater from where on the mountain to the South we could see snow. Good to look at but we shivered. On account of the cold I have taken to wearing a jersey under my twin suit coat. It helps a lot. and Geoff for the last few days has been wearing two jerseys under his shirt. He tells me that to get the full benefit of a jersey is to wear it under your shirt and not on top. We arrived at the Kingston Pass which is supposed to be the highest in England and a very narrow road, Geoff thought he could go up in top gear but found that, even with the de Soto he had to change into low gear. Mybe that it was because we were so interested in the scenery that he allowed the car to slow up too much instead of getting up speed as he approached the pass.

We were lucky not to strike a bus in the pass but very likely the use an easier route. We had a look at the many hotels at Ambleside but as there seemed to be a crowd which I don't like we came on down ~~Windermere~~ for Windermere for a short distance until we came to Hawks Head which had been recommended to us as being the quietest little place rather like a page out a child's fairy book. Here we stayed at the Red Lion Inn, very nice and comfortable and the few people there were so friendly. After a high tea sitting before the lounge fire we drove to Estwater and for a short while walked but it was so windy that we decided to drive to Windermere and just sit in the car by the lakeside. The lambing season was a short while back and coming along today we saw so many lambs, such sweet young things. The sheep in Cumberland