

One could therefore go and stop as you pleased and enjoy to the full the beautiful country through which you travelled. Even the wide open moors and the rugged Scottish countryside had something of beauty about it.

Well we set off from Holmeschapel heading for the English lakes and then on to the Scottish Lakes.

First let me mention the Mersey tunnel which as I have mentioned we did not have to use. It was opened by King George V on the 18th July 1934. The main tunnel is intersected by two line of traffic in each direction. See that you have sufficient petrol in the tank as if your car for some reason stalls or tyre trouble it will be towed and a fee charged.

Now let us get on. After leaving Holmeschapel we passed through Preston and then on through level roads without scenery of special merit to Lancaster, then Newby and on to Kendal. The country at first is without interest but views at the end among the Westmorland Fells.

The road from Kendal crosses high ground until later one gets a view of Windermere and what a wonderful sight and this seems for visitors the most beautiful of the lakes. We had been travelling through beautiful country and then to come suddenly on this huge expanse of water. Lorna and I were to visit these lakes again after the war.

We had lunch and looked around the shops and bought a few Post Cards and souvenirs. We decided that the hotels were a bit on the expensive side for us and so we travelled along the banks of the lake Ambelside and on to a very small but picturesque Rydalwater, what a lovely name, with beautiful trees growing on the Lake-side. A real picture, unspoilt, with shops and houses. Only a guest house, a fine old building and very reasonable too. I expect most people want to swank and say they had stayed at a posh hotel at Windermere, the premier lake. Our motto was economy, never mind the swank.

There is a very beautiful and varied scenery through the heart of the Lake District. The road skirts the lakes of Rydal Water, Grasmere & Thirlmere. There are wooded slopes and wild mountain valleys. It was here at Rydalwater that Wordsworth, the poet, lived in a house near the guest house and next to that was a field with a mass of daffodils which, as Mother told us, he called Dora's Field, after his sister. Here we spent most of the next day, pottering around, enjoying the wonderful scenery, visiting Windermere again and Ambleside where we had tea. What beautiful country but we must get on for our time is limited.

It gave us quite a thrill a few days ago to see in the English travel magazine "Coming events in Britain" a photograph of the guest house at which we had stopped at Rydalwater.

Leaving Rydawater there is quite a stiff pull to the top of the hill and all along are benches where one can sit and look back and enjoy once more that beautiful scenery. On one bench sat two old tramps, not the "dronky" type but should I rather call them Professionals, for they had no worries. We envied them their never ending enjoyment of this fine countryside. They, I have no doubt, had funds, no matter how small, but no need to bum.

We stopped and had lunch on the banks of Ulswater an ideal setting for our meal. We just sat and enjoyed every minute in no hurry to move to Keswick. We could not stop there all day so we moved on passing Lake Bassingthwaite at the foot of steep slopes, with very fine views of Skidaw and Bothel, mountains. Thence an undulating road with little of interest. From Keswick on to Carlisle, the Clyde, Glasgow and on to Loch Lomond; all very short distances of 10 or 12 miles which could be covered in a short while. I have mentioned Glasgow, for although we were not scheduled to go there we did because after crossing the Clyde on the ferry our guide and map reader failed us advising us to take the road to the right instead of to the left.

Lorna thought /