

They are not fine looking sheep as ours are, but the lambs are sweet.

18th. Yesterday was so wet and cold, so very cold that I think the best time to visit the lakes is summer and not in the early spring. And also we found that walking was the best way to see the lakes as one misses a lot driving but time was against us. So we decided to have a nice lazy day and if one has to be lazy it is nice to be comfortable and warm, which we were at the Red Lion. I sketched the view from the lounge window but made a complete mess of it when painting. After lunch we went to Coniston. It is ridiculous trying to say in words the appeal the lakes have, they are so soft and lovely with beautiful surrounding country and though we enjoyed the outing we were glad to get back to the warmth of the Lion. Our friends of the day before had all gone but there were a number of new arrivals and it seems people seem to come and go all the time. Here they always seem so friendly and chatty and it seems that it is only on the trains that they are unresponsive. Next to our inn was a small tearoom with a low doorway above which inscribed "Bend or Bump". It was a fascinating little village, quite unspoiled with its cobbled squares and archways from them leading into narrow lanes where the houses have small front porches covered with creepers. We decided this morning to have our flask filled and ordered sandwiches and then left just after tea going first to Rydal Water, where we saw our hotel of 1939 with Doras Field just behind. The daffodils in the fields are a picture but we remembered last time we were here the fields were covered with blue bells but it was a bit later in the year. From here we drove on to Grasmere and so thoroughly enjoyed our outing.

Nothing will deter the English hiker from hiking for so often we offered lifts but no matter how they puffed on a steep hill they just said "No thank you as we are enjoying the walk". Perhaps we should have done a bit more as I have mentioned time was against us. We had to turn back to Ambleside where we had coffee at the White Lion. Here we sat in an attractive little alcove off which a continental bar opened where displayed on the shelves were whisky rum etc and gaily coloured liquors in the tiniest bottles and on in increased sizes. There were a couple of attractive lakeland scenes. We stopped at a little shop to buy some Beatrix Potter books for the children. She died in 1945 at her home 'Hill Top Farm', quite near Hawkes Head, which has been taken over by the National Trust and is today a show place. She was a woman with a beautiful mind quite unworried by her very lonely childhood year's strict natural upbringing. We also bought a copy of 'The lure of the Lakeside' charmingly written and beautifully illustrated. This little shop was overflowing with lovely looks of all kinds. The little old lady who owns the shop is badly crippled with rheumatism and she was delighted when I returned to the shop to return to her 5/- change too much that she had given me. We came in here Sidburgh-WhiteHotel after having had a picnic lunch on the hilltop on the way. We just sat in the car, as it was too cold out.

Again at the White Hart we were very comfortable, at my age I am all for comfort. This holiday we find is costing a lot more than the 1939 One. Instead of looking for the small houses with bed and breakfast we look for a place which offers a little more than the others give. Quite wrong of course with our bank balance. I should really going and ask for terms as I used to do before and if too high pass on to the next. Although Sidburgh has the odd narrow streets and pavements it is a rather nice little town. There is here a very good boy's Grammar school with enormous and well kept playing fields. Geoff and I went into the little church opposite this afternoon. I don't think I have seen one with so many stained glass windows and all so beautiful and I am sure the vicar must love his church. Behind the altar a huge window depicting Jesus walking on the Sea of Galilee, it really is a masterpiece with its five long panes. In the background is the little town with ferns and shrubs coming on into the foreground where there are

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