

HOLIDAY SPENT AT KELD.

July 24th. - Aug. 3rd.

1937.

Saturday.
July 24th.

Departed from Leeds Bus Station 10-50 a.m. arriving at Catterick at 12-50 p.m. Alighted here and whilst waiting for the connecting bus for Richmond (which was not due until 1-31 p.m.) had coffee and cakes. Very shortly the bus arrived and at 1-42 p.m. arrived in Richmond. The problem now was how to dispose of our luggage whilst we had lunch, but presently Nellie noticed a sign above a Barber's shop saying parcels could be left there and although ours was not exactly what might be termed a parcel, on enquiring if we might leave it, ~~there~~, the barber who had left his customer in the middle of a haircut, readily consented to our doing so. Thanking him very much, we departed and crossed the market place to Jackson's Cafe where we had a most generous lunch of boiled ham, bread and cakes at a very moderate charge. Feeling very much refreshed after that, we had a walk round the castle walls which ran high above the river. By the time we had been round, it was time to catch the bus for Keld, which left Richmond at 3-20 p.m. so collected luggage and then boarded the bus for the last stage of our journey. Being Market Day, it very soon filled up with the local people taking back their week's supplies. ~~Only two were people besides ourselves going as far as Keld, the majority of the people getting out at Reeth, Gunnerside and Muker.~~ At Reeth found we had to change buses, but found the country people most helpful in assisting us with our luggage. After a delightful ride up the dale in which we saw a number of rabbits, arrived at Keld (4-55p.m.) and to our surprise found that the other two people who had ridden up with us were staying at Butt House along with us. At tea time we were joined by two other guests who introduced themselves as Vera and Harry, one from Shipley and the other from Baildon.

After tea Nellie and I had a stroll down to the Catrake Falls, calling on the way at the village institute just for old time's sake, and were met at the door by two youth's who were camping in the village and were most anxious to go for a walk with us, but being rather young we eluded them, though when going up the Kirkby Stephen road we saw their tent so bent down until we had passed safely by it. On our return had supper and went to bed.

Weather:- Mainly fair apart from a little drizzle in the evening.

Sunday.
July 25th.

Made the acquaintance of Rose who had cycled over from York the previous day so as to spend Sunday at Keld. A very pleasant girl whose visit was all too short.

After having breakfasted six of us from Butt House went to the Congregational Church for morning service, and were much amused by the very tinny bell that rang just previous to the commencement of the service. Mr. Mee (one of our own boy's) preached the sermon his subject being "Look up, not down, look out, not in, look forward, not backward", but omitted the finishing bit about lending a hand. However, suppose that wasn't necessary for his sermon. The congregation was very scanty, but nevertheless I enjoyed the service very much as there was such a serenity and quietness about it all. At the conclusion made ourselves known to Arnold, but he didn't seem to recollect who we were.

Had dinner, then having given it time to settle, the whole party of us walked down the road nearly to Thwaite and back and arrived back just in time for tea.

In the evening ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ we attended once more the little Chapel for evening service when the congregation was a little larger than it had been in the morning. Felt rather amused when we arrived as quite a number of the village boys were stood at the gate and one of them (L. Rukin, the organist) plucked one of Arnold's roses, besides which we noticed he had changed into a grey suit.

To complete the day had a long walk up the Kirkby Stephen road, where along the banks dozens of rabbits were to be seen. Then home to supper and bed.

Weather:-

Rather cold in the morning, but gradually getting warmer during the latter part of the day, and fine.

Monday
July 26th.

Down about 9 a.m. for breakfast, after which spent about an hour writing correspondence so as to be free from writing for the rest of the week. Having done this and the rest of the party having finished theirs, we decided our morning walk should be to Muker, going by the road and returning over the fields. On returning lost the footpath so Nellie and I scrambled over a wall to ask a man farming in a neighbouring field whom turned out to be none other than the organist. As Nellie popped her head over the wall first, she made the enquiry, and very soon we were back on the path once again. whilst the others were very much amused when they saw to whom she had been speaking. Managed to arrive back in Keld just half an hour late for dinner, but knowing where we had gone, Miss Waggett was quite prepared for our being late back. Not wishing to overdo things spent the remainder of the afternoon lying in the field adjoining the house, until finding it rather cold one by one we adjourned to the house.

By 7 o' clock (having had tea) we were all ready for a good walk again, and as Jessie (Mr. & Mrs. Wilson's daughter, who only arrived Sunday night) had not been on the Kirkby Stephen Road to see the rabbits, ~~decided to go that way for our evening walk.~~ After having climbed a good way up this road, thought it would be nice to return a different way, so approaching a farm-house where a man was stood Mr. Wilson and Harry made enquiries ~~for returning a different way,~~ and were told if we crossed the moors by Hilltop Farm we could come over Raven's Seat, then down a cart track we should eventually come out at a bridge quite near Keld, but this was not so easy to do as it sounded, and once or twice enquiries had to be made at farmhouses to put us on the right track again, and it was only after much scrambling up and down hills that we eventually got back to the Kirkby Stephen Road. By this time most of the party who were not as accustomed to as much walking as we, were quite tired, so after having supper all retired to bed, ready for the morrow.

Weather:- Cold in the morning, but gradually getting warmer as the sun became more powerful.

Tuesday
July 27th.

Not yet managed one of my early morning walks, in fact, only just manage to get down to breakfast for nine.

Today, we had Swinner Gill as our goal, so Nellie, who acted as guide, set off with map and Guide Book. Crossed East Ghyll, then away over the hill to Cracked Pot House, where we rested a while, whilst three of the party climbed a hill to survey the landscape. Eventually came to Swinner Gill Kirk, which we thought was Swinner Gill itself, ^{having been} there seven years ago and told this was so, ~~and~~ ^{to get up to} ~~then~~ had to climb down the hillside which was rather slippery, ~~and~~ which everyone was not desirous of doing. However, having got so far, I decided I would show them the way down, and showing off my art of mountaineering (or is it pot-holing when you are descending?) was soon well down towards the bottom, when suddenly up popped a frog right in front of me and then another and another, and having a horror of them, I wasn't two minutes in climbing up that fell again and in spite of all entreaties from the others, nothing would induce me to go down there again, but instead I found a bank of shale where frogs could not hide, and I slid down this to the bottom, whilst in the meantime the others (with the exception of Mr. & Mrs. Wilson who found it rather too precipitous to climb down and had gone on ahead) had caught a frog and had it swimming in a stream, which I was trying to cross to reach them, and whilst doing so, saw a dragon fly going down the stream. Was jolly glad it was not coming upstream for although they are considered pretty to look at, I prefer seeing them from a long way off. Presently we heard a shout from Mr. & Mrs. Wilson, whom we found, had discovered the Gill, so we all made off up the stream until we came to where they were, and here we stayed awhile looking at the falls and also the cave, where it is said the dissenters used to hide when their services were disturbed. (Shouldn't have fancied it myself, particularly as there might have been some frogs inside the cave).

On the journey back heard quite a number of grasshoppers, so Harry who had very keen eyes, soon had one caught to show us through Mr. Wilson's magnifying glass, how pretty it looked, then after we had all examined it (me from about a foot away) he let it drop into the grass again.

After having our mid-day meal, all adjourned to the neighbouring field for a game of cricket, and were joined later on, by Arnold Mee, who of course, ^{is} ~~is~~ now Minister of Keld Cong. Church. Whether it was due to his strength or not I cannot say, but very shortly afterwards the bat broke, so the game had to be postponed until a new one was carved out of another soap-box. In the meantime, Arnold, who said he was

(dissected)

(July 27th. contd.,)

supposed to be on an errand for his wife departed on his mission, whilst we, when the bat was finished had to adjourn for tea and so ended the first day's cricket.

In the evening rain began to fall, but undaunted we donned our macs and sou-wester's and tramped towards the summit of Tan Hill, but unfortunately owing to lack of time did not manage to reach the top, On our return journey we found the rain had stopped and so were able to take off our sou'westers. Then we tramped briskly back to Keld arriving about 9-30 p.m. Had supper, talked a little, then bed.

Weather:- Fine until evening, then had a sharp short shower.

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Wednesday. - July 28th.

~~August 1st.~~

After breakfast decided to go over Kisdon (the Corpse Way) to Muker, and found the journey very pleasant, besides having a splendid view down the valley. On reaching the village we all sat down on a seat whilst Mr. Wilson and Harry brought cooling drinks for us from a nearby shop, which greatly refreshed us for our return journey. Before leaving however, I went to find something that would relieve my neuralgia, it having troubled me somewhat the previous night, but there being no chemist shops, asked at the small village shop and was given a small 2d. bottle of toothache mixture, which although so very inexpensive proved successful in-so-far that I had no more trouble in that direction.

We had hoped to go back by the river path, but on enquiring from one of the haymaker's as to the quickest way back he advised the road, so rather disappointedly we began our upward trek back to Keld and what a long way it seemed travelling by the road. Still we kept steadily on and managed to get back to dinner just half an hour late. After this meal everyone was still feeling tired with the exception of myself, whom the dinner had revived, so while they were all in the garden having forty winks, I decided to go in search of Kisdon Falls so that I could take the rest of the party the following day. On the way down to East Ghyll met artists in every field, in fact think there must have been an 'Artist's Excursion' for they were sat here, there, and everywhere, all busy painting the beautiful scenery with which Keld abounds. Wandered on for some time, but could not find the Falls, so eventually seeing some rabbits in a shady nook down the hillside sat down to watch them. Then wandered slowly on towards East Ghyll Falls and sat right at the foot of them and wrote notes.

Went back for tea, then as the whole company were feeling quite fit again, went into the field to play cricket again and to try out the new bat. Being rather a heavy ball however, we had not played long before ~~the~~ it broke, so all retired indoors to play tip-it; personages; I spy; and other games, till supper time arrived, and put an end to our games.

Weather:- Dull and cold in the early morning, but very hot and sunny towards noon, and for the rest of the day.

Friday

July 30th.

Up at 7 a.m. so called Vera up, she being determined to have a morning walk before returning home on the morrow, then went as far as the bridge to watch the rabbits and see if there were any trout jumping up in the river. Returned for breakfast, then took our friends to see Kisdon Falls, looking out on the way for two trees to which I had tied toffee papers, so as to guide us to the part where we had to commence climbing down. Soon found it, and were not long before we had descended to the bottom. Stayed awhile taking photographs, and as usual threw a few stones down the falls before leaving, then all scrambled up again and walked slowly back to the village for lunch and for once were early.

In the afternoon had another of our famous cricket matches, Ladies v. Gentlemen, when they had the valued services of Arnold, and the game proceeded merrily, until the dexterity of the men, (whom being less in number than we,) we always allowed to have first ~~swipe~~ ~~proved altogether too much for the ball and with a mighty~~ swipe from one of our friends, it parted company. Not being able to make balls as well as bats, Vera and I ran to the Post Office to obtain another, but to our dismay found that they hadn't any more, and the nearest place we could possibly obtain one, would be Muker, which of course, would take us a couple of hours to reach, so very disappointed we started off down the field to tell the others that the match would have to be abandoned, when we espied Mrs. Waggett at the garden gate holding a ball in her hand, which she said she had found in the house and which we could borrow for the rest of the afternoon. So play was resumed and it was not until we heard a violent bell ringing from the vicinity of the garden, did we realise it was tea-time.

Then most of them had some packing up to do, so Nellie and I stayed in the ~~Drawing~~^{Sitting} Room and read until they had finished, then all played Lexicon until supper time.

Weather:- Sunshine until evening when it turned a little dull.

Saturday.

July 31st.

Up by myself this morning, so strolled to the cobblers to see if he had finished mending my shoe as the sole was parting company with the uppers. When I arrived found they were not yet up, so walked about a mile further on and then came back, but still seeing no sign of life remembered his mother saying he would in all probability be gathering rasps in the back garden and on walking round found that was the case. Had shoes retrieved then went back for breakfast. As soon as this meal was over Harry and Vera said goodbye to us and caught the 9 a.m. bus for home, and after they had gone everything seemed very quiet.

Not wishing to tire the Wilson's, especially as it was very hot, we suggested just going as far as Catrake Falls and lounging about there, so for about an hour or so scrambled about on the rocks and played 'ducks and drakes', then thought we would like to go a bit further as we were a bit tired of being there all the time and had quite a long time to wait before lunch, so walked slowly over the hills above East Ghyll, until finally finding the heat too overpowering sat down under the shade of a tree, and did not get any further.

After dinner it was time to say goodbye to the Wilson's as they too were going home, and after they had gone felt like orphans of the storm. Being too late to go a long walk we each took a book down to the riverside and stayed there until tea-time, when we made the acquaintance of two new arrivals Mrs. Earnshaw and her daughter Winifred from Hull. Were glad when the meal was over as Mrs. Earnshaw talked so much that we couldn't get on with our tea for having to answer her, besides which her conversation was somewhat boring.

Nellie and I went exploring for Birkdale Tarn, which according to the map was about four miles up the Kirkby Stephen Road, but just as we reached the moors, big black clouds loomed into sight and we began to feel rain-spots, so having no macs with us, very reluctantly turned back as there was no where to shelter up there if a storm broke. Reached the village too early to go in for supper and not wishing to meet Mrs. Earnshaw again too quickly, walked a little way down the dale. On returning found we had once more a new acquaintance, this time a young girl from York called Rose, who had cycled over from York for the week-end. Liked her very much and was sorry she was only staying the week-end.

Weather:- Fine and warm, though very much like a thunderstorm in the evening.

Sunday.
August 1st.,

Felt quite annoyed this morning as was unable to have morning stroll owing to have to wait for bathroom and only just managed to get down in time for breakfast. Three boy trampers from Leeds joined us at this meal before setting off for Brough. Didn't envy them as they had huge haversacks and it was a boiling hot day.

Nellie and I went to the Congregational Church again, it having quite taken our affections. On arriving heard strains from the organ, so thinking we were late, hurried in, but found only Lawrence playing opening voluntaries, and wondered if it was specially for the benefit of visitors, as the previous week when they evidently did not know they were having any, the service started straight away with Mr. Mee announcing the hymn. Only about half a dozen people there including ourselves, and Nellie and I seemed to be singing duets all morning. Enjoyed the quiet little service very much,

It being only 11-30 a.m. when we left, decided to go a short walk, and turned down the village street towards the path to East Ghyll Falls, and saw on the roadside a hedgehog that had apparently been hit with a car as it was half dead then and when we came back had expired so covered it up with leaves as it was not very nice to look at. On coming to the little path at the commencement of the walk to the Ghyll, decided to return to the house and change our shoes as those we were wearing were not very suitable. On reaching the Church again met Lawrence and were just about to speak to each other when Arnold came out and asked him to go and practise some music for the evening service. (Felt like biffing him)! So changed shoes and went in the opposite direction until time for dinner.

Having let this meal digest, began walk to Muker, as we intended going on one side of the river and coming back on the other. When passing Kisdon Mount heard a rather charming Tenor voice coming from high up in the hills, and looking up saw a youth (whom we guessed as Lawrence) rounding up the sheep and singing at the same time. Evidently he was practising for the evening service, which was to be given by the Keld Singers, assisted by Mrs. Mee. However, having no time to linger, we continued on our journey, passing the 'monkey bridge' and on through the hayfields until eventually Muker came into sight, so sat down by the riverside to rest a little as we knew we had rather a strenuous walk back on the other side. Having to be back for six, we had not much time to rest, and commenced our walk back on the other side. All went well until we came near to Kisdon Falls, then we found that we had taken a wrong path and had come to a dead end, there being nothing but sheer rock before us, so Nellie decided to retrace her steps, but I was determined that I would get over ~~the~~ those rocks somehow for as I was further ahead than Nellie, to go back, meant walking through a bed of nettles, which had been bad enough coming through, so looking

Aug. 1st. (contd.,)

round the rock I saw one part where I thought with a bit of luck I could manage to draw myself up, and after a bit of a struggle did eventually reach the top and found myself on a path, which was evidently the one we should have taken.

Thinking Nellie had returned to Crack Pot Hall, I went blithely on my way until I reached the most formidable part of the journey - a narrow path across a bank of shale where to slip meant dropping into the falls 30 or 40ft. below. So creeping along very carefully I got to the middle, then chancing to look down, completely lost my nerve, and had to finish the journey on hands and knees, and breathed a great sigh of relief when I reached the other side. The rest of the journey being quite easy, I was soon back at the Scout's Camp (situated at East Ghyll), and Mr. Armstrong chancing to see me waved for me to go across. Then he showed me round the various tents and explained several things about them, after which we chatted a bit, when in the distance we saw a white figure approaching, (no'twas not a ghost!) and which on closer inspection I recognised as Nellie, who was looking most troubled, and on meeting her soon found out the reason why. It appears that when I climbed up the face of the rock, Nellie thought I was going back after her, and after calling for me and getting no reply she came to the conclusion that I had dropped into the falls, as she did not think it was possible for me to have climbed up, and after going backwards and forwards over this piece ~~of~~ of ground and seeing no signs of me, she concluded at last she had better get help, and to her great surprise and relief, found me at the camp, whilst I was absolutely oblivious of all this.

Went back to Butt House after she had cooled down a bit, and immediately afterwards left for the evening service at the Cong. Church when a special service was to take place, being given by the Keld singers and Mrs. Mee and was to be entirely musical. As Lawrence was one of them, I had been looking forward to the service all week, nor was I disappointed for his singing was most enjoyable as was that of the others, but his tenor voice rang out so melodiously, that I shall always remember it. For once there was quite a good congregation, the scouts of course, helping to make up the numbers. After it was over, Mrs. Earnshaw and Winnie (who had been with us) accompanied us back up the lane, and on turning round saw all the boys who had been at Chapel behind us, (including Lawrence), so darted into the house to change our shoes for an evening walk, whilst they got ahead, but stopped on reaching the form near the Cat Hole Inn and sat down. However, on our re-appearance, they evidently didn't appreciate Mrs. Earnshaw being with us and they all disappeared. After our walk, had supper and ~~went~~ ^{went} to bed.

Weather:- A glorious summer's day.

Monday.
August 2nd.

Up very early and out for the usual morning walk. On retracing steps for breakfast, saw Mrs. Earnshaw and Winifred at the end of the bridge, so shouted to them and found my echo came back to me, probably because I was passing some round. However, once past, I shouted again and this time they heard me, and waited, and all three returned together.

Afterwards Nellie and I started out once more for the elusive tarn. On the way had to pass through a gate which said "Beware of the Bull", which instantly scared me as I think cows are bad enough, so decided we wouldn't go through that field, but would take a lower one, and had got nicely on our way, when loud shouts and whistlings reached our ears, so turning round found that the haymakers were calling for us to come back and telling us we had to go through the field where the bull was. Evidently they had no sympathy with us. However, there was nothing else for it, so uttering a prayer that we should safely reach the opposite side, we passed through the gate, and cautiously made our way across by the hedge bottom ready to bolt over as soon as it charged. All went well until we came to a barn and there stood right across our path was the beast. What were we to do? Nellie decided to go a little way up the hill and work round it, but I thought well if it does come after us, I am afraid I can't run up-hill, so regardless of the previous shoutings, I jumped over the wall into the forbidden field below, nor did I come out until I was well past that bull. By the time we reached the next field, we were so hot that we sat down to rest, nor did we get up again until we found it was too late to go on to the tarn so walked slowly back to the village and spent the rest of the time until lunch, in the village Institute reading the newspapers and books that are to be found there. As it was still very hot in the afternoon, went and sat down by the riverside (a favourite spot for motorist picknicker's), but as Nellie developed cramp had to move and spent the remainder of the afternoon sat in deck-chairs in the garden, that is until some visitors arrived for tea and as we were able to hear their conversation to Mrs. Waggett through the open window decided to move, and climbed up Kisdon Mount to have a look inside an empty house at the top. We were just peeping through ~~the~~ one of the windows when on turning round espied a couple of rams behind us, and they looked as though they were just about to charge at us, so we hastily departed and left the empty house in their keeping, and decided to do our exploring some other time. Returned back for tea.

In the evening set out on our second attempt to find Birkdale Tarn, but on reaching the moors it came quite dark and as the overhead clouds threatened ~~rain~~ rain, we decided somewhat reluctantly to return, as we were without macs. or coats of any description, so not wishing to get a drenching, hastily returned. Reached the village shortly before 9 p.m. and being still fine, spent the remaining time until supper time, by going a short walk down the road to Thwaite.

On returning for supper, found another newcomer - a boy cyclist from Birmingham, who had missed his friends on the road, and had come to stay the night.

Monday.
August 2nd. (contd.)

Talked to him for a little while, until suddenly noticed there were several 'Jinnie Spinners' flying around and not being very partial to them, departed to bed.

Weather.- Very hot and sunny until about 8 o' clock when it became rather dull and heavy as though a thunderstorm was threatening.

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Tuesday.
August 3rd.

Being our last morning in Keld, Nellie decided to rise early for once, and accompany me on my early morning walk. Did not go on the usual road as we should be going along that way later in the day, but instead went on the field path that leads to Muker. Walked for about half an hour before turning. On return journey were charged into by three sheep dogs which we at once recognised as those belonging to the Rukin's, nor were we wrong, for a little later Lawrence hove into sight with a basket on his arm, looking like Red Hiding Hood. All felt rather shy when we met so just said 'good-morning' and went our different ways. On reaching gate was just about to close it when we saw Lawrence was coming back so left it open and surreptitiously dropped my handkerchief on passing through, then hastened back to the village for breakfast.

After having had this meal, set out on a last attempt to find Birkdale Tarn, though first of all called at the Scout Camp to return map kindly lent by Mr. Armstrong. To get to the road we wished to be on meant either returning to the village, or to take a short cut, go through the field where the bull was, and having braved the animal once, risked doing so again. On covering $3/4$ of the field and seeing nothing of it, ~~Nellie remarked that they evidently hadn't put it out to grass yet, but~~ no sooner had she spoken the words that we saw it at the edge of the ford which we had to cross. Fortunately we got to the stepping stones before it came too near and were not long before we were through the gate at the other side. After plodding wearily up the Kirkby Stephen road for about an hour with the hot sun burning on us, came to the first of our landmarks - a cottage on the left hand side of the road, of which only the chimneys were discernible. After this came the stream (though hardly recognisable as such, it being so very dry) and followed this over the moors until we at last found the much looked for Tarn, which like the stream was half dry. It then being Noon and having to get back to Keld to catch the 3-15 p.m. bus for Richmond, we had not time to linger, though would have liked to have done so on the moors, which were looking very pretty with the heather opening out. However, it being down hill all the way back, we arrived just in time for 1 o' clock dinner feeling very hot and tired. Soon after this we packed our hiking shoes and other miscellaneous items which we had left out until the last moment, then said farewell to Mrs. & Mrs. Waggett also Miss Waggett, incidentally asking her to give my kind regards to Lawrence when next she saw him, and was quite unaware that his mother was just behind me in the shop, so when informed of this hastily picked up the luggage and fled to the bus stop.

In a few minutes ~~we~~ the bus arrived and dear old Keld was left behind. At 4-55 p.m. we arrived in Richmond, and after waiting 30 minutes caught a bus for Catterick, where having an hour to wait for the connecting bus to Leeds, had tea, which was very disappointing indeed, for when we

/did get attention, which was only after a long while, they brought us eggs which were entirely unfit for consumption so just ate the bread and butter, for by the time the waitress reappeared we had no time for cakes - our bus being due, nor were we sorry, as they charged so exorbitantly.

Soon after leaving the cafe, three buses appeared all marked for Leeds, and the first two being full, we were found two odd seats in the third one.

At 8-40 p.m. we were once more back in Leeds with mother waiting at home to greet us, and ends my epistle of a delightful holiday in our beloved Yorkshire Dales.

E. H. Smith