

**BRADWELL C. P. SCHOOL JOURNEY.
THE LAKE DISTRICT
EASTER 1961.**

The aim of our journey was to explore The Lake District in the vicinity of Ambleside, and to climb Wansfell Pike and Helvellyn if possible. In addition, to study local characteristics and to search for information for the 'treasure hunt' to take place towards the end of our visit.

Thursday April 6th.

The long awaited morning had arrived, and twenty-two excited children (*aged 10 and 11, last two years at Junior school*), complete with duffle-bags, rucksacks, etc., promptly gathered at Town End at 7.50 am. A good crowd of parents and relatives gave them a hearty send off. The heavier luggage had been deposited at school the previous evening for transport in Mr. Bryant's car by Miss Booth.

A dull, poor weather forecast could not mar the children's happiness. Their spirits were high and sunny faces counteracted the gloomy weather outlook. 'Plain sailing' to Chinley, where we anxiously awaited Mr. Bryant (*lived in Taddington*) and our (5) Flagg friends. The rest of the journey was comfortable with trains up to schedule all the way. Rain accompanied us all the way after leaving Manchester Victoria Station. However, on our arrival at Windermere Station the rain had ceased, but thick mist enveloped the countryside.

A short but picturesque bus ride via the eastern shore of lovely Lake Windemere brought us to our destination at Rothay Manor Hotel, Ambleside.

For the majority of the children this was their first acquaintance with The Lake District, but from the few who had been members of the previous party in April 1960, (*there was another trip in 1962*) the comment was overheard, 'It is good to be back again' All were absolutely thrilled with everything.

As Miss Booth had not yet arrived, we were anxious about her safety en route, but before lunch was over, the luggage laden car VRB. 687 appeared in the drive and Miss Booth's happy countenance at the wheel allayed all our fears. Her late arrival was due to the fact that she had taken the opportunity of calling to see a friend near Chorley.

Lunch over, luggage distributed, bedrooms allotted, a general wash and brush up, and all were ready to be out. In the meantime the mist had rolled away from the hill tops and the surrounding scenery looked very inviting.

Our afternoon stroll took us in the direction of Wansfell Pike at 1587 ft. above sea level, and although it was not our intention to reach the summit, we plodded on and finally made it. The effort was certainly worth-while, especially as we had failed to reach the highest point on our

previous attempt in 1960. Extensive mountain ranges, lovely Lake Windermere, the peaceful valleys of the Rothay and the Brathay, Ambleside, Rydal, and Grasmere were but a few of the many interesting places visible from the pike. The downward route, through bogs and mountain streams, was rather hazardous, but the spills and thrills caused much amusement, and the afternoon's outing was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Dinner over, letters and post cards were written to inform parents of their safe arrival, and to give their first impressions of Rothay Manor Hotel and Ambleside. Some telephone calls were also made.

In spite of early rise, a long train journey, and a fairly strenuous hike, some of the children were still very much 'alive' and ran off their energy in the spacious gardens of the hotel. Then to bed to enjoy the 'smashing' bedrooms, about which many of them had commented on their post cards.

Friday April 7th.

The children were up and about early to explore the neighbourhood and make the most of their first full day in Lakeland.

Our morning ramble was through the delightful town of Ambleside where the children were given half an hour to wander at leisure to view the shops along the main street. Some were so keen to spend on gifts for home, while others availed themselves of various badges with which to adorn their rucksacks and duffle bags.

The quaint little house on the bridge over the Stock Beck, was a source of interest and many snaps (*photographs*) were taken from various viewpoints. A little further on we left the main Rydal Road and followed the footpath to the left which led us to Miller Bridge, the picturesque packhorse bridge of single stone archway spanning the River Rothay. This again brought a halt for snaps, as did the lovely waterfall not far hence. Rothay Park was the next attraction. Here swings and massive wooded rocks claimed the attention of the children for another half hour. A short walk brought us back to Rothay Bridge where we halted once again to view the neat gardens with stone adornments at 'Seven Gates' a delightful cottage on the riverside opposite our hotel.

By the time lunch was over, the sun had broken through so we took the opportunity of the fine afternoon for a sail on the lake. A short walk via a park brought us to Waterhead Green. Here Wordsworth's poem became a reality, for 'beside the lake, beneath the trees, daffodils in their thousands were fluttering and dancing in the breeze'. These were much appreciated by the children who decided they were worth 'snapping'.

Down by the promenade our boat The Spray was just ready for off, so when Mr. Bryant had booked our fares we excitedly boarded her. A rather stiff breeze and flying spray (our craft was

appropriately named) called for mackintoshes and hoods, and all enjoyed a thrilling sail to the islands near Bowness and back again. The climax came on our return journey, for just as we were approaching Waterhead Bay, water skiers sped past us and then returned just before we drew in at the landing stage.

Once more ashore, Mr. Bryant took the children for a stroll through Ambleside town while Miss Booth and Miss Fischer went shopping to buy in provisions for the packed lunches needed on the morrow. After our evening meal, the whole party accompanied by Mr. Bryant went to the first house at the local cinema to see a Charlie Drake film. While they were out Miss Booth and Miss Fischer packed thirty lunches in readiness for the day on Helvellyn. During the evening a phone message from a parent told us that it had been a miserable day in Bradwell, so we considered ourselves very fortunate up in Lakeland - we had enjoyed a lovely fine day.

Saturday April 8th.

What a relief to find a lovely sunny morning for our full day's climbing on Helvellyn. Immediately after breakfast flasks were filled in the kitchen of the hotel and packed lunches distributed among the children. Off we went to catch the 10.18 am bus at the bus station. The sight of a S.U.T. bus in the Ribble garage caused some excitement. From the top deck of the bus marvellous views were to be seen as we travelled for about eight miles along the eastern shores of Rydal Water and Grasmere and through the lovely villages named after them. At Grasmere the 'Lion and the Lamb' crags could be plainly seen from the opposite viewpoint where the rugged rocks met the skyline. At Wythburn on Thirlmere (the chief source of Manchester's water supply) we alighted, but our kindly conductor arranged to meet us at about 4.0 pm on our return journey.

The climb started up the steep ravine through the pretty avenue of fir trees. As the ascent became steeper, our speed decreased, except for a few very energetic youngsters who would persist in getting ahead. To keep a check on their progress, a bright yellow scarf was attached to a stick and carried by the forward party, and from then onwards this became our 'Standard'.

From time to time we caught up with another party of Junior scholars from Birmingham whom we discovered had been up Helvellyn on the same day as we had been there last year. On we plodded, halting at intervals to regain our breath and to view the wonderful vistas below us. We decided to master the rather rough piece known as High Crag before the lunch stop, so on we went following the cairns along the rough pathway. The stiff climb and the heat of the day caused many to strip off gloves, scarves, cardigans, etc. We enjoyed our packed lunch and drinks as we sat on the grass approximately 2900 feet above sea level. Refreshments over, we again plodded on and eventually reached the summit at 2.0 pm, halting on the way to read the

monument to John Leeming and Bert Hinkler†. The view from the summit was wonderful and well worth our effort. We were certainly not alone; many other climbers were enjoying the scenery too, and some were picnicking up there. The glorious sunshine, and the deep snow on the sheltered sides of the sheer precipices seemed somewhat incongruous. Below to the east lay Red Tarn, and further down in the distance Lake Ullswater. Away to the south, Windermere and Coniston were plainly visible.

When all our amateur photographers had finished, we commenced our downward trek, which I think, was more tricky and more hazardous than the ascent. The zig-zag paths alongside Nethermost Pike and Dollywaggon Pike were very stony in places and made 'hard going'. As Grisedale Tarn came into view, much land had still to be crossed. Alongside the tarn a short halt was made for a snack before yet another strenuous climb was made over the next ridge. This again proved rough going and several children appeared to be tiring and started to lag behind. Miss Booth and the few stalwarts raced well ahead and were out of sight by the time the others reached the picturesque waterfalls which tumbled into Tongue Ghyll - the rocky valley leading to the main road a long way hence, and to our bus.

In spite of our slightly late arrival at the appointed 'pickup' ^e place, our kindly bus driver and conductor had waited for us. We appreciated their consideration.

Back home at Rothay Manor Hotel, we stripped off our muddy attire, washed and changed for dinner. To our surprise, the children were out playing ball games within a few minutes of changing; they had certainly not been taxed to the full. How we enjoyed our dinner that evening, and how the children's faces glowed after their day in the mountain air. They all looked the picture of health. The evening was spent in the lounge where Mr. Bryant organised paper and pencil games. It had been a wonderful day and all were well pleased with their achievement.

Sunday 9th April

This was our only wet day. The morning was set apart for attendance at St. Mary's Church Ambleside. There was a full congregation. After the service we viewed The Wordsworth Memorial Window, which was presented English and American admirers, The Wordsworth Chapel, The Altar, The Lectern Bible presented by Mary Wordsworth, and the rush-bearing mural painting on the west wall.

After lunch, games and competitions were arranged in the lounge, as the weather was still too wet for outdoor pursuits. A general observation competition (prepared by Mr. Bryant) proved very interesting. All the answers could be found in and around the hotel or from The

Lake District O.S. map at hand. The evening too was spent in the lounge where the children again enjoyed games and gramophone records.

Monday April 10th.

This being Kathleen Buxton's birthday, we sang Happy Birthday to Kathleen while at the breakfast table. The mail from home was distributed to all concerned, and the contents of letters discussed.

Our programme for the day commenced with a coach ride, the that was coach specially hired for our party, awaited us not far from the back gate of our hotel. Once again we followed the route to Grasmere, the conductor pointing out places of interest on the way. These included Wordsworth's Seat and Dora's Field. Our first stop was at Cottage, the home of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy for about eight years, and where much of his best work was produced.

Post cards, booklets etc. were purchased at the little shop, while we waited for our turn to view the Cottage, as there was another party going through at the time. As we stood near the gate, a foreigner took a colour-snap of our queue, much to the delight of the children. Inside the Cottage, exhibits were explained by the guides as we toured the tiny dark old-fashioned rooms, which were full of very interesting relics of bygone years. Then we walked round the lovely terraced garden orchard at the rear of the Cottage, and down the little stairway of stone steps from the moss-covered hut where Wordsworth loved to sit, and where he composed many of his verses.

Grasmere Church dedicated to St. Oswald, was the next place of interest to be visited, and here we saw the memorial tablet to W. Wordsworth and noticed the rough-hewn beams resting on massive pillars. In the south corner of the peaceful little churchyard, under the shade of one of his yew trees and beside his beloved Rothay Wordsworth lies buried together with other members of his family. Several snaps were taken of this peaceful corner.

Back to our coach and on to the next stage of our journey. Returning via the east shore of Lake Grasmere, we alighted at The Wishing Gate where we started our ramble over Loughrigg Terrace. The first part was rather stiff but the higher we climbed the lovelier were the views of charming Grasmere in the valley below. Once over the ridge our path was much easier, and away in the bottom of the valley, on the other side at Chapel Stile, our coach appeared in the distance as a tiny Dinky toy.

All aboard, our driver then took us via Elterwater and Skelwith Bridge to Rothay Bridge where we turned round to follow the road southwards to the castle on the Lancashire side of

Lake Windermere. Wray Castle is now a Merchant Navy training school. After a pleasant walk round the grounds of the castle we returned to our coach for a short ride back to our hotel.

While we were enjoying our morning's excursion, Mr. Bryant was travelling the 'Treasure Hunt' route and preparing the afternoon's programme.

Lunch over, the children were grouped in teams, and leaders were supplied with a list of clues. Then Mr. Bryant transported the teams in relays, Miss Booth set them off at Spy Hill and Miss Fischer brought up the rear to be picked up later. When all groups were off, the teachers toured the route to keep a watch on the children and to check up on various answers. The Treasure Hunt was thoroughly enjoyed, and all groups finished the course.

The evening was spent in the lounge - games and records again occupying the time. As this was Kathleen Buxton's birthday and David Peck's on the morrow, the children were given a special treat before retiring to bed. While Mr Bryant kept the children occupied in the lounge , Miss Fischer prepared a surprise in the dining room. Miss Booth had kindly provided chocolate cake and fruit drinks for a surprise birthday supper, but unfortunately she was unable to share in the fun as she had retired to bed soon after dinner owing to not feeling well. What excitement followed when the children finally went upstairs to bed. While the children were partaking of their extra treat in the dining room, Mr. Bryant had been around the bed rooms to play tricks. Then came the fun as hidden pyjamas were sought, and 'apple-pie beds were discovered.

Another happy day over.

Tuesday 11th. April

Our last day had arrived and the morning was taken up with present buying. Before leaving the breakfast table a collection was taken for a gift of appreciation to our maid (Wendy) and other helpers. Immediately afterwards, bags were packed and deposited in the games room. Then off on our shopping expedition for gifts and souvenirs to take home to relatives and friends.

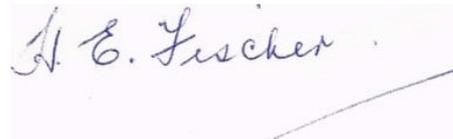
Back at Rothay Manor Hotel, the hour before lunch was one of excitement as girls and boys displayed their various purchases, and parcelled them up in readiness for presenting on their return to Bradwell.

At approximately 2.30 pm after bidding farewell to our kind hostess, we set off on our homeward journey. Miss Booth drove off with VRB 687 fully laden, and the others left to catch the bus at Ambleside Bus Station. As we travelled to Windermere Station we took our final view of the lake in lovely sunshine.

Trains were all up to time, and the journey was comfortable with friendly fellow travellers. During the rather long wait at Manchester Central Station, those who so desired partook of refreshments at the cafeteria service on the station.

The diesel engine which drew our train from Manchester proved a source of interest to the boys, so Mr. Bryant asked the driver's permission for them to view it. The engine driver kindly consented to this request, but preferred the inspection to take place at Chinley rather than at Manchester as more time would be available there. Needless to say, the boys were delighted. On our arrival at Chinley the engine was viewed and toured by the boys. We then bade farewell to Mr. Bryant and our Flagg friends, and boarded our train for Hope. There our bus awaited us, and before long we were back at Town End where parents had gathered to welcome us home. How the tongues wagged as we proceeded to Mrs. Waining's for the luggage which Miss Booth had safely delivered there before our arrival

So ended another very enjoyable school journey.

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "A. E. Fischer". The signature is written in a cursive style and is positioned above a horizontal line that extends to the right.

The Treasure Hunt.

1. What farm is next to its cottage?
2. What bird is in the hollow tree ?
3. Now cross the stream read the contents of the tin can.
4. What sort of water do the W. A. and District Angling Association issue a notice about ?
5. What grows on a tree near a caravan ?
6. A lout left a Kellogg's Ford Anglia (a) what sort of lout (b) what car number?
7. How many times does C.R. Shepherd go to work on Sunday?
8. Should he be a or ?
9. What is there at Skelwith Fold?
10. What shape is the ventilator at Brathay Hall
11. What shape are the semi-circular windows?
12. What is the Lancashire motto?
13. Draw the sign between Lancashire and Westmoorland.
14. If Christmas Day is on a Saturday, what time does the last bus leave Hawkshead for Ambleside?
15. After the notice for Croft Hotel, how many men should be yawning ?
16. At the same place who has gone away ?
17. How many times on the Rothay Bridge ?
18. What two letters must be put into Mr. Graveson's name to spell what he sells?
19. After Miller Bridge what is -S-?
20. What is 'packhorse whiskers'?
21. Who points at Morecambe?
22. How old was J.P. in 1900?
23. Who hopes you enjoy sitting on this seat?
23. What is wound on a bobbin?
24. What colour gate has a hinge like this ? ?
25. Is this house spelt. ? Name the house.
26. Name three tools used by Mr. Jones
27. How many stepping stones?
28. What can't you see beyond the stepping stones?
29. What is the occupation of Messrs. Musgrave's Ltd?
30. How many wooden posts from the stepping stones to the main road?
31. How many can ride along this road?
32. How far to Keswick?
33. Whose College for teachers

The Groups (including 5 'Flagg friends')

1. Brian Hamilton, David Peck, Kathleen Andrew
2. Margaret Williams, Gloria Johnstone, Trevor Wain
3. Muriel Walker, Michael Hamilton, Diane Gill
4. Maureen Edwards, Wendy Dakin, David Cooper
5. Kathleen Buxton, Philip Rooke, Wendy Frith
6. Chris Judge, Christine Holland, Lesley Brammer
7. Audrey Armstrong, Ruth Dearden, David Revell
8. Brian Topley, Leslie Waining, Susan Rooke
9. Fred Waining, Gwen Findlay, Trevor Wharton

† The first to land an aircraft on a mountain in Great Britain the plaque reads:

'THE FIRST AEROPLANE TO
LAND ON A MOUNTAIN
IN GREAT BRITAIN
DID SO ON THIS SPOT
ON DECEMBER 22ND 1926
JOHN LEEMING AND
BERT HINKLER
IN AN AVRO 585 GOSPORT
LANDED HERE
AND AFTER A SHORT STAY
FLEW BACK TO WOODFORD'