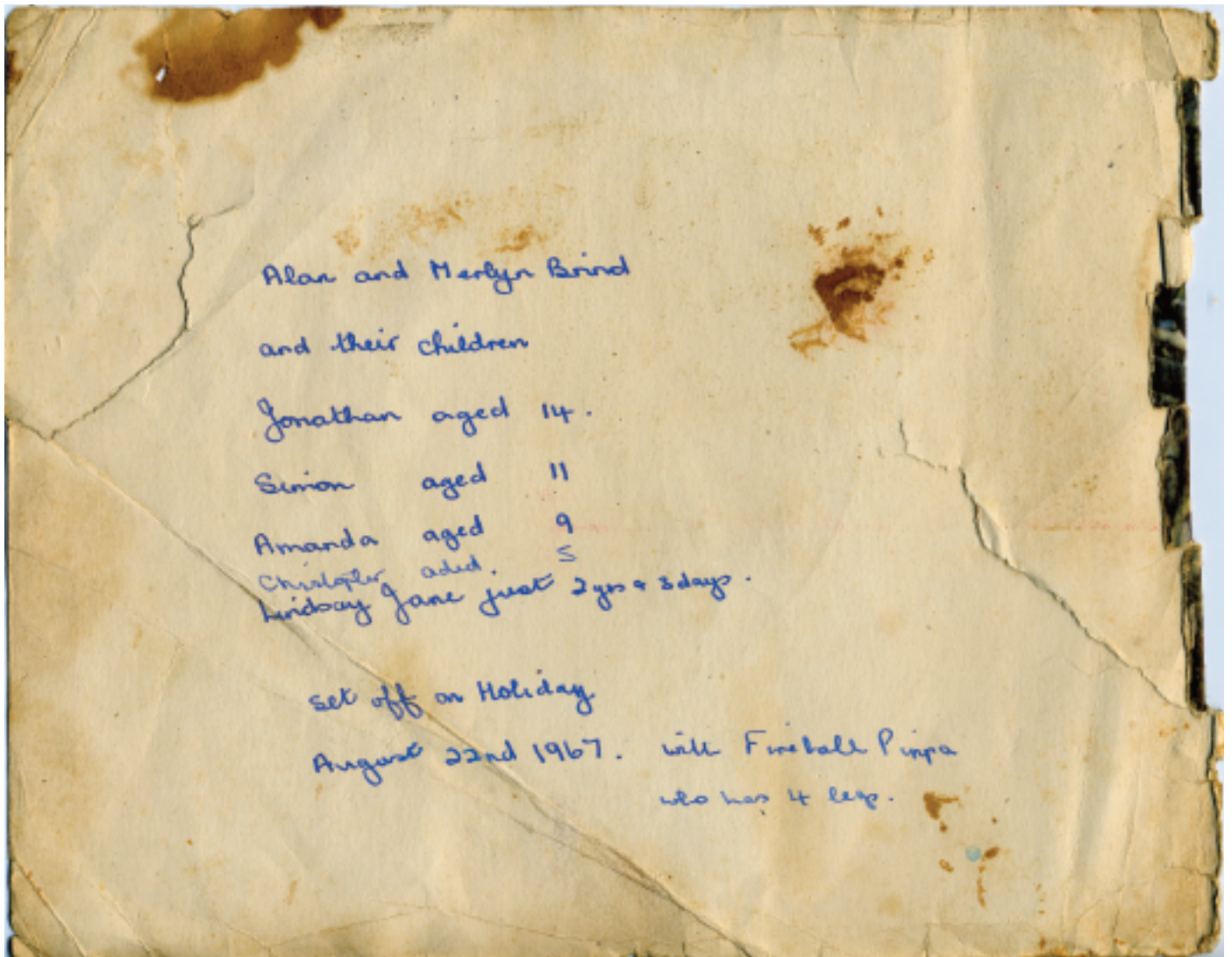


Brind family holiday probably in 1967.

Written by Merlyn Brind

Starting out with a disaster, then up the A1 to Yorkshire. Across to the Lake District. Then over to Cheshire. Then North Wales and a dash home via the M1.



Alan and Merlyn Brind

and their children

Jonathan aged 14.

Simon aged 11

Amanda aged 9

Christopher aged 5

Lindsay Jane just 2 yrs + 3 days.

Set off on Holiday.

August 22nd 1967. with Fireball Pippa
who has 4 legs.

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After a disastrous start to the day - we broke down less than five miles from home but with luck and help - we got going again after several hours - and drove non-stop to Yorkshire all the way up the motorway - A1.

Saturday 22-8-67.

Today we went into Yorkshire for the first time. We noticed the red soil, and saw our first slag-heap. We camped for the night between Scarborough and Filey: A very windy site but a lovely view, close to the sea and very steep cliffs.

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23rd.
We went shopping and did our shopping - a draught shield for the tent - a tennis racket for Simon a tea towel with a map of the coast, and a crested tea spoon. It is an old town with lots of steps up and down to the Beach. Cold and windy.



FILEY BRIGG.

Then on to Scarborough, we saw the ships in the Harbour, the had our tea in a fish and chip shop. We had a lovely time on all the rides - Helter-Skelter and Bumper Cars - Roundabouts and all the rest. We bought a crested bell and a mug with Jonathan's name on it. We also went to the castle - a ruin - and climbed up to the top - right on top of the cliffs - A glorious view.



SCARBOROUGH CASTLE

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Filey Brigg

Scarborough Castle

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Monday

We went to Robin Hood's Bay a fascinating village with very steep roads and steps everywhere. We had lovely hot meat pies and sat viewing the sea to eat them. It was a cloudy day but pleasant. We bought a crested tea spoon. Simon, Mandy and Christopher had a ride on the horses on the beach.

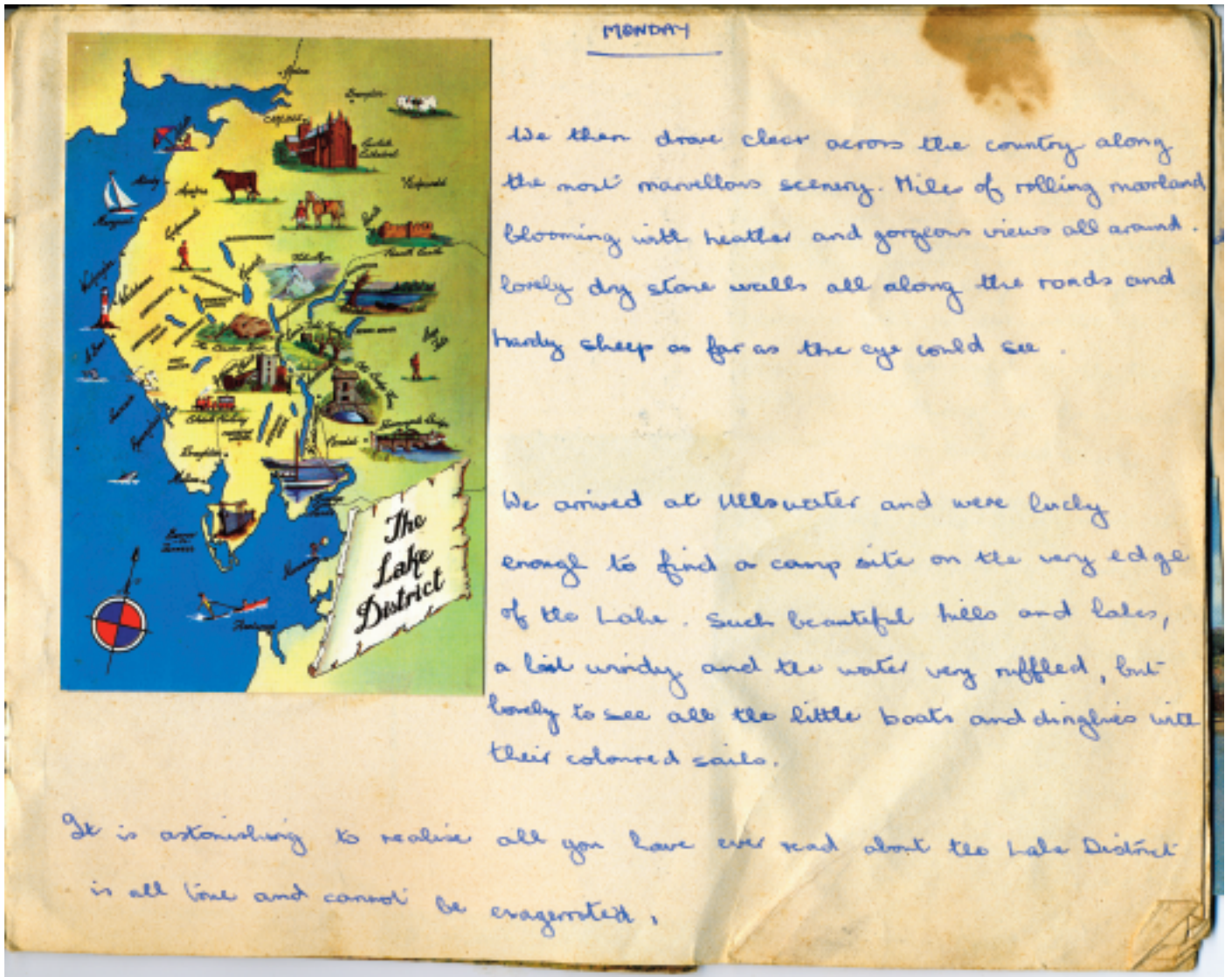


Robin Hood's Bay Yorkshire . (The Back of the
Postcard reads)

The little fishing town descends
steeply to a fine bay between
Scarborough and Whitby. The bay is
bounded by North Cheek, or Ness Point,
and South Cheek, where the cliffs
reach 585 feet.

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MONDAY

We then drove clear across the country along the most marvellous scenery. Miles of rolling moorland blooming with heather and gorgeous views all around. Lovely dry stone walls all along the roads and hardy sheep as far as the eye could see.

We arrived at Ullswater and were lucky enough to find a camp site on the very edge of the Lake. Such beautiful hills and lakes, a bit windy and the water very ruffled, but lovely to see all the little boats and dinghies with their coloured sails.

It is astounding to realise all you have ever read about the Lake District is all true and cannot be exaggerated.

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Tuesday 25th.

It is beautiful site although the facilities are deplorable, and most of the campers are complaining bitterly. The weather is bright and sunny but quite cold.



ULLSWATER

We drove into Penrith for our shopping - Market Day - we bought lovely fresh lettuce and radishes - spring onions too from the W.I. stall.

A crested tea spoon and our food - also some delicious cakes which we ate in the car and some local made toffee.



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THE RIVER DERWENT
BORROWDALE.

We then drove on Derwent Water
on the way to Borrowdale-- came back
along the other side of the lake the
most beautiful scenery yet-- the hills
--fells-- were blue in the sunshine--
the day was brilliantly sunny--and
Jonathan insisted on climbing an
enormous fell we estimated it at
3500'-- he got right to the top, we
watched him through the binoculars
and came down hot and thirsty.

5,053' SKIDDAW
AND DERWENTWATER
JUST ABOVE BORROWDALE
GLI090



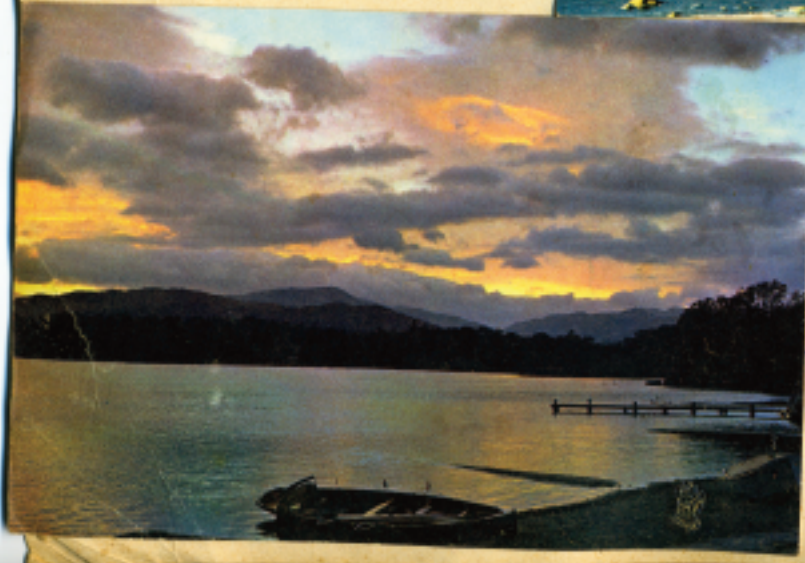
We then drove to Derwent Water on the way to Borrowdale-- came back along the other side of the lake the most beautiful scenery yet-- the hills or fells were blue in the sunshine--the day was brilliantly sunny and Jonathan insisted on climbing an enormous fell we estimate it at 2,500'-- he got right to the top, we watched him through the binoculars, and came down hot and thirsty

The weather changed very suddenly to a drizzly mist and the clouds actually touched the tops of the hills. We found a waterfall at the Lodore Hotel and Alan and Jonathan climbed to the top. It was a fascinating place.

Later the children paddled in the Lake (Derwent) and Jonathan tried to catch a fish. We saw two steamers on the Lake.



DERWENT WATER CUMBERLAND
FRIAR'S CRAG & GRISDALE PIKE



WINDEREMERE
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Derwent Water, Cumberland, Friar's Crag & Grisedale Pike

Winderemere Westmorland



Wednesday 26 August

We bought a skirt length of lovely blue Scottish tweed as a present for Mum. We decided to move on to see as much as possible of the lakes. We went to Windermere, through the Kirkstone Pass very dramatic and rather scaring as it was a low wet mist all the way and a very narrow twisting road-- we could only imagine what the drop was like we passed through Bowness-- Windermere, Coniston, Ulverston, Kendal and Ambleside. We then had trouble finding a camp site-- there had been a bad storm and the grounds were very boggy and the first two we tried were full. It was after eight before we found this one. A most beautiful spot at the Head of Langdale.

The Langdale Valley is the most beautiful Camp site we have ever seen but the facilities very poor "A mile to the loo" is no exaggeration and everybody gets into their cars to go in procession, quite amusing at first but very soon it gets annoying.



DERWENT WATER

We found these cards in a tiny village shop and thought they must be very old.

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GRASMERE .

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Thursday 27th

It rained very heavily all night and most of our clothes were wet or damp.

We drove to the coast through the Wrynose Pass and Great Langdale Pass, both very twisty and with very poor road surfaces. We went to Millom a very scruffy little steel town and were glad to leave. It rained nearly all day we did our shopping and went back to Langdale.

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Friday 28th

We had a leisurely walk to the village of Langdale and bought our food then came back the pretty way, and found some lovely green stones. We stopped at a cottage and had a very welcome cup of tea - lemonade for the kids. We saw a stone quarry and watched the fascinating machine actually cutting huge slabs - we took it to be granite - like slices of bread.

As we passed the quarry a man came out and told us to take shelter as they were blasting. We waited a few minutes and heard a loud bang then we were allowed to come out.

After dinner we went to see Dungeon Ghyll and Alan & J.A.S.C. climbed nearly to the top. It needed ropes to get all the way - we saw several parties all with climbing gear. Also a coachload of typical American teenagers!!! most of whom were very taken with Lindsay asleep on my lap in the car.

We then drove into Ambleside and bought a new dog's lead - Pippa had chewed clean through the old one - and some tacks for the wind break - the shops were almost closing and we were not able to do much but saw some lovely things.

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A day of disaster! We drove about a hundred miles and could not find a camp site, the map was misleading and every one we asked directed us to somewhere different and we could not find any of them. We ended up at Peel outside Blackpool, and went into Blackpool and saw the Tower. The Golden Mile was a bitter disappointment - it poured with rain - the illuminations were not on - and it seemed like a very second-rate Southend to us - very shabby and seedy, but of course hardly at its best. We missed the road again coming back to the camp (drove all round the Air Port) but landed back in the end at 12.30 and got to bed.

Sunday 30th

The weather was very bad so we moved on again to Cheshire, again we had the utmost difficulty in finding a camp site - the one named on the map no longer exists - we were directed all over the county and in the end found a very pleasant site in Acton Bridge, right beside the river with very good toilet facilities but expensive. We met some very nice people who had toured Wales and they said there were plenty of sites there - so we have decided to move on.

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Monday 31st.

We took all the dirty washing to a launderette and got it all clean and dry. Then stopped in Northwich. Later we decided to go into Liverpool and see Aunt Ivy and Uncle Tom. We had a lovely visit, they made us very welcome and we had tea and the kids played snakes and ladders. Uncle Tom did not seem too well, but showed us all the house. In the evening we went around Liverpool saw the docks and the new Roman Catholic Cathedral and walked all round the outside - very impressive - but rather spoiled by the discovery that the carvings were made of plastic!

We drove through the Mersey Tunnel -

I did not realise that it was called the Birkenhead Tunnel!

Tuesday 1st Sept.

We drove through Chester to Wales, the first miles were terrible - depressing and ugly - but when we got to Colwyn Bay we saw the beauty for the first time. We entered the Snowdonia National Park Area and found Camp Site all along the way. We settled on this one at Pendyffryn Hall right under the mountain. It is rather a noisy site but beautiful - the sea clearly visible across the road.

Wednesday 2nd Sept.

We set off this morning to see Conway Castle very impressive and in a good state of preservation - you could see what it was like to have lived in such a place. The turrets very high and the climb quite an effort and dangerous at the top. Lindsay tried to see over the top, and nearly gave us all heart failure.

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Later we met the poor young lad, we helped him and got an ambulance and the Police (another one) to help him they took him back to Dolgarrog where he said he lived. We then went off to Lanrwst and found it was Market Day, bought what we needed Alan bought a crested tea spoon.



We visited the Swallow Falls, what impressed us most was the dirty water but quite a sight.

We then drove along a valley with hills all around and through Bettesda. The scenery was lovely but spoiled at the end by slag heaps.

Friday

The weather was so wet we decided to give up and return home which was fairly uneventful.

The detail that remains most in my memory is motoring down the M1 at 82 m.p.h. and being passed as if we were standing still by several oriental gentlemen in a brand new Rolls-Royce.

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A very eventful holiday seeing more of the country than I have ever seen before-- the only complaints I have are against the weather-- the wet and windy days seemed to follow us wherever we went.

NOTES: This could be from 1967 or 1968, but it is likely to be 1967. None of the dates make any sense so perhaps Mum added them a while later and got the start date for the holiday wrong and then worked forward using that incorrect date. Anyway the ages listed at the start of the book suggest that the holiday was taken in August/September 1967.

Given the considerable detail the account contains, it seems likely Mum wrote this during the holiday, or at least took notes and then copied them into this book when she pasted the postcards in.

The young boy we helped was walking down the road in a very precarious manner, only inches away from the traffic. Dad stopped the car. I jumped out. Ran over to him and knocked him over on the side of the road. Mum was evidently trying to conceal some of the details here (perhaps she thought I had been too violent).

The police officer whose foot we probably ran over was on point duty (directing the traffic). As we drove slowly past him he bashed heavily on the roof of the car, so we guessed he must have been in pain.

When I first read this in 2010 (*I can't remember seeing it before*) I said to my Dad that was a very eventful holiday. "They all where," he replied.

Jonathan Brind
September 2010.