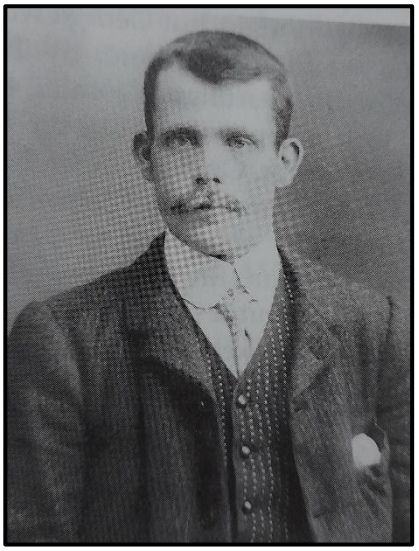
Keld and the Two Great Wars

Looking at Keld today, one can hardly imagine a faraway World War reaching this remote village or having any significant impact on the families that lived here. Yet the first world war from 1914 – 1918 had a devastating effect on the village and wider upper dales community.

Four young Keld men left their rural lives, family and friends and never returned home. It is almost impossible to imagine the heartbreak this caused to the families, and the impact this had on such a small tight-knit community.



Robert Rukin was the oldest of the Keld men to be called up, which was in 1916 when he was 34. He was born in April 1882. He went to Keld School and then began work as a shepherd on the family farm. Robert and his two brothers, John and James, were members of the Keld Band, he played the tenor horn. Like his brothers, Robert paid his subscription regularly to the Keld Literary Institute (which was in the very room we are in now!). He borrowed books and came here to read the newspapers in warm and quiet surroundings. This was the world he was abruptly taken from in the autumn of 1916, when he joined up at Richmond and was sent to West Hartlepool for basic training and witnessed the town's bombing by a Zeppelin.

One can imagine the shock to a countryman used to the solitary life of a shepherd in remote Keld to find himself living in close quarters with so many others and subjected to a strict, regulated military regime. He described the routine in a letter to one of his sisters, dated 17 October 1916, as follows: '*We have a bath every week. …..there is about 47 that sleep in the same room as I do.*' Ten days later, writing to his brother, he admits: *'I often think of you all when I am in bed at night. Remember me to all my friends at Keld.'* and goes on to write *'Talk about Keld and Thwaite being lonely, but they are nothing to where I am at*' Robert's poignant letters home reveal a country lad desperately trying to keep up his spirits up by concentrating on what was happening back home here in Keld.

Robert wrote home many times between October 1916 – 26th Sept 1918, his mother wrote to him on the 16th October. The letter conveys how much the women suffered too in this war. It is full of family and village news including the news that his little niece, Jenny, is longing for 'Uncle Robert' to come home. His mother begs him to write as they have not heard from him for several weeks. Sadly by the time she wrote this letter, Robert was already dead. Eventually her letter came back to her, marked 'Killed in Action'. Robert died on 29th September 1918 aged 35 years and was buried in grave A.18 in Epinoy, France.



William Waller Hutchinson (known as Waller) attended Keld School and after leaving he was looking forward to becoming a cobbler and was apprenticed to James Parrington the clog maker at Bridge End in 1915. His mother Harriett ran the Cat Hole Inn on her own as her husband, William, went to Shildon to look after the pit ponies and it was from Shildon that Waller enlisted.

He was called up in early 1917 and by early March 1918 he was in France with the Lincolnshire Regiment. A week later he was wounded. It was on the second day of the Battle of St Quentin, which opened the Somme Campaign for 1918. He wrote to his mother, *'Just a line hoping it finds you alright, as I am as well as can be expected. . . . well I had not got it so bad as it might have been, it was a bullet went in one cheek and out the other, it went through the roof of my mouth, and knocked all my top teeth out except three at the back, I can't eat anything hard, as my mouth is very sore.'* His mother was frantic with worry. He was brought back and stayed at both Halifax and Leeds hospitals until his injuries healed. By 10th August he was in Cork for training and then back out to France a week later.

A letter to his mother from his longstanding friend Frank Collier dated 10 October says he is sorry that Waller was ill again and in hospital, yet Waller made no reference to his condition in his letter to his mother as he did want to worry her, however another letter dated 6 November brought different news.

Dear Mrs Hutchinson, I am writing this letter for your son Waller, to whom I have been talking in one of the Wards where I am chaplain. He has had this Influenza for several days, and does not feel up to writing himself yet, so I said I would send you these few lines to let you know where he is and what has happened, so that [you] will not worry. He hopes to write himself before long. Yours sincerely, J.B. Simpson.

Frank wrote again five days later on 11 November 1918 *'I am writing again because I want to tell you how sorry I am that your son Waller did not get over his attack of influenza. He was such a good and uncomplaining patient and yesterday when he could hardly talk, I sat with him for a little while and he held my hand and seemed happier like that, and I asked him if I should send his love home to you both, and he smiled and whispered 'Please do.' He passed away this morning just before two o'clock. We laid his body to rest this afternoon in the hospital cemetery not far away, and he was borne to the grave beneath the Union Jack. The authorities take good care of these military cemeteries, and a neat, wooden cross will be erected over his grave before long. Please accept my deep sympathy with you in your loss. Yours sincerely, J.B. Simpson.*

It seems a supreme irony that Waller Hutchinson survived his wounds, went back to France, but never saw action, and died on 11th November, 1918 Armistice Day of Spanish flu. He was just 20 years old. His mother who didn't get the notification for a day or two must have believed he was safe once the war had ended. She could only have been partly

consoled by the many letters of condolence from family, friends and guests of the Cat Hole; her heartbreaking situation made even worse by the fact her husband, William, was at this time working away up in Shildon.



Richard Alderson was born at Skeugh Head, above Angram, 14 June 1896, went to Keld School and on leaving school he worked on the family farm. Like Rukin and Hutchinson, he played in the Keld Band. He joined up in 1916 at a recruitment evening in Satron, and his first tour in France resulted in him being wounded during the battle of the Somme. He was sent to England to recuperate, and this allowed him to come back to Keld for the funeral of his sister, who had died young leaving two little boys. This was the last time his family would ever see him and before he left Keld he said a number of times that he did not believe he would ever return home. He was back in France in early 1917 and was killed in a raid on 26th July 1917 aged just 21 years old and has no known grave, during raids no one wore identity discs for fear of capture, so all the bodies were just buried together. This must have caused such anguish and lack of closure for his family.

Thomas Clarkson born in 1888, at Hartlakes. was the youngest child of John Clarkson, coal miner and horse driver, and his wife, Ann. Thomas's mother, Ann, had died in 1909 and his widowed father, John, was lived at Greens, Angram. Thomas was working as a farm labourer when he enlisted at Richmond in June 1916 and was posted to the Yorkshire Regiment (The Green Howards) Although not a conscientious objector, he always stated he did not want to kill anyone. Later he was transferred to the Durham Light Infantry.



His unit left for France on 8 October. Thomas lasted six months before being seriously wounded in the head on 14 April 1917. On 19th he was sent home and was in the King George Hospital in London. They sent an official telegram to his father the next day reporting that he was dangerously ill. His father didn't go to see him, but his brother Jack (my great grandfather) did. Thomas developed meningitis and died ten days later on 30th April. He was 27 years old. His body was sent home for burial, and his grave is in Muker churchyard. In many ways Thomas was lucky, as he did return home but the other 3 men's bodies were not returned home.

The Clarkson family sent a letter to the Alderson's saying *'Very sorry to hear of the death of your dear son. I have felt very uneasy since I received his last letter saying he had no faith of coming back to us all. He has been able to see further than we could. For your dear son and our dear brother, Tom, it should never have had to be if this awful war had never begun. It feels so hard when it has come so near to us all, it is so hard to bear'.*

Certainly, the Keld families were never the same again. Mrs Rukin never got over Robert's death. Mrs Hutchinson successfully kept the Cat Hole for another thirty years Her grandson Billy says he was close to his grandmother but never heard her - or indeed his father (Waller's younger brother) - mention Waller. It wasn't all silence though: the family did keep his name alive and still do. Two of her grandsons William Hutchinson and William Waller Metcalfe were both named after their uncle

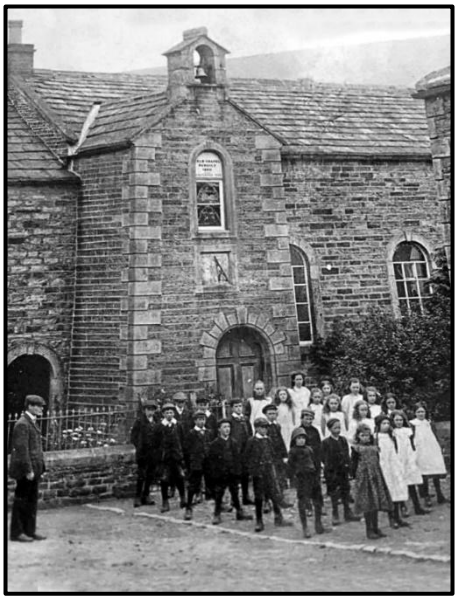


Like Mrs Rukin, Mrs Hutchinson kept the letters - not only the letters from Waller but also those from friends and guests who sent condolences. We can read the letters today after almost 100 years because the mothers kept them and passed them on to their daughters who treasured them in their turn. The Clarkson and Alderson families adopted the stoic matter-of-fact way that dales folk have and never spoke of their lost sons. They all seem to have handled their grief by shutting it away and getting on with daily life. It wasn't just the grieving families. There were the Keld institutions like the Band)(which lost three players) and the Institute which had a close-knit members group. The village paid its own tribute in 1921 when it unveiled the memorial at Butt Rigg at the top of the main road, and there has been a ceremony here every Remembrance Sunday since.



Back: Ralph Alderson, Christopher Metcalfe, James Alderson, Simon Scott, Robert Rukin, Richard Alderson, John Rukin, Cooper Metcalfe
Front: Ralph Alderson, Waller Hutchinson, James Rukin, James Iveson

Everyone in the village played a part in the war effort, knitting socks and scarves and raising money for tobacco and other 'comforts' to send to the soldiers. The pupils of Keld School played an active role in supporting the troops. In October 1914 they received a circular on 'Why we went to war'. From then on there are frequent references in the schoolmaster's journal to efforts made by the children to raise money to help improve the lot of soldiers. In October 1915 Lucy Hutchinson, Chrissie Waggett and Jessie Parrington sold flags and sent the proceeds to buy comforts for soldiers. In December, Ralph Scott, George Clarkson (my grandfather), Bob Hutchinson and Mary Kilburn sold Christmas cards for soldiers' and sailors' comforts. In 1916 the children sent parcels to a British prisoner of war in Germany. In 1917 Keld held a week of action on behalf of the local servicemen, which involved house-to-house collections, and a whist drive, supper and a dance held at the Cat Hole Inn. The children tended a school garden in a field across the road, the school journal details a rota gardening system. This helped ensure families in the village had fresh vegetables and fruit.



So Keld had lost four of its sons and the village was never quite the same again. And then just over twenty years later the village and country had to endure yet another world war. In 1935 a young girl, Joan Mee, arrived to live in Keld from Shipley when her father took up the position of Minister for the Congregational Chapel in Keld. She is now in her 90's but returns to the Manse every year as she still feels Keld is her true home. Joan began to write her memoirs some years ago and has kindly shared these with me over the past few years.

She distinctly remembers the 3rd September 1939. The announcement of the war stuck in her mind because of the manner in which it was relayed by her father to his congregation in the Chapel. That morning he took the fully charged and very heavy wireless from the study of the Manse into the Chapel and turned it up to maximum volume so that everyone could all listen there in deep silence to Mr. Chamberlain's announcement of the Declaration of War, a most solemn occasion followed by an appropriate service. The previous war, or Great War, was still a close memory for most people, and the four names on the tablet in the Chapel and also on the War Memorial on Butt Rigg were those of well-remembered and dearly loved local men.

Joan's father was duly appointed as Air Raid Warden for Upper Swaledale and the Dale Head, which must have been among the largest areas coming under one man's responsibility in the entire country. When a warning was issued, someone down the dale would telephone through to the Post Office on Keld l, Chrissie would come down to the Manse with the message, and Rev Mee would mount his dimly lit bicycle and cycle around the village and farms to alert everyone he considered should be warned. By the time he got home there would be another message to tell him that the Alert was over — and then he

would have to go back out on his bicycle, repeat his round and pass on the latest information.

Even before the war was confirmed, fear was already evident in the village and any stranger was suspect. Joan remembers their friends, the Redmans, had brought a German friend to live in their cottage opposite the Manse and the local people in the village were unfriendly to this stranger. Almost certainly he was a Jewish refugee, but probably this was an unfamiliar concept in Keld where no-one wanted to know this stranger with his heavy accent

During this time the village had a significant influx of evacuees. The north-eastern cities with their docks and industries were in great danger and were to be bombed extensively. Villages in Swaledale were to take in children from Tyneside and Rev Mee had to find homes for them, even billeting them where they were not wanted if necessary. Some of them were temporarily given rooms in Lord Rochdale's spare hunting lodge beside the road above the village (now Keld Lodge), but generally they were found private hospitality. Most of the farms were willing to take them but not all of them wished to keep these children once they had arrived. A farmer's wife who took immense pride in her home, which would be impeccably clean, and who had taught her own children good manners, could not easily accept the very different ways and behaviour of strange children from city slums, some of whom were barely house-trained. And by no means were all of the Tyneside children happy to come to such a remote place. Some of them even refused to leave the coach which had brought them to such a wild area, having discovered that the nearest cinema was twenty-three miles away and that the nearest fish and chip shop was in the next dale at Hawes. The prospect of empty moors with only sheep upon them filled these children and any mothers who accompanied them with horror. Familiar streets were what they wanted and they would rather risk the German bombs, so they promptly went home. But some stayed and learned to love the dale and the people who had taken them in, and there were at least a couple of boys who wanted to stay when the war ended and would go on working on the farms.

One evacuee was Cicley Hoye, she was just 8 years old and from Askew Mixed Infants School in Gateshead and arrived in Keld in July 1940. She recalls being taken by tram car to Central Station in Newcastle, then by train to Richmond where they caught a Percival's Swaledale Bus. Some were dropped off at Gunnerside, others at Muker but most came up to Keld with their teacher, Miss Andas. They were deposited in the village hall and Cicely remembers feeling very frightened in these strange surroundings and standing on her own in the hall. One of the billeting officers was Mr Waggett, the Keld Post Master, and without saying a word, he walked up to Cicely and wrote his name on her label so ensuring she would be staying with his family at Butt House.

Cicely was fortunate as Butt House was a seven bedroomed house with electricity and bathroom with flushing toilet, most of the other houses in the village still had outside earth closets at this time. It also had its own private water supply when the other houses used the communal tap. Cicely was terrified to be in such a huge house as her home in Gateshead was a small terraced house. She joined a Concert Party during the war years called the Blackout Belles, this group was created by Joan's mother, Mrs Mee, and Albert Wright of Skeugh Head, who was a former school master and had been a talented entertainer. They practised sketches, monologues and singing in the Manse and held concerts in the village halls throughout the dale. These concerts were then followed by a supper and a dance and raised funds for Red Cross Parcels for POW's. Mrs Mee was very committed to trying to raise local people's spirits in such dark times, and to provide a much-needed distraction to the ongoing war. After the war ended the group continued to entertain and changed their name to the Victory Belles.



Cicely, Chrissie, Mr & Mrs Waggett

Cicely became good friends with Joan, Chrissie and my auntie Nora; they helped with the chores, fed the hens, roamed the woods and the hills together, sharing secrets. Joan remembers that Cicely as her first close friend. She lives in Newcastle now and they have occasionally met in recent years. Cicely often returned to Keld to see Chrissie, Mr & Mrs Waggett's daughter, Chrissie.

In addition to the Tyneside contingent from Gateshead and Sunderland there were a few private evacuees whose parents had made their own arrangements for their children. Two of these, Keith and Gordon Wilson, were the sons of a doctor who had been coming regularly for summer holidays to Mrs. Rukin's at Park Lodge, and the boys stayed there for the entire war.

The Wilson boys were responsible for the gathering of old Keld school pupils in 1992 when this photograph was taken outside the school in 1942 was published in The Dalesman and at their instigation repeated fifty years later. This provides an indication of how much affection and regard they still held for Keld some fifty years later, and for the friends they made while here.



The sudden and sizeable influx of new children presented challenges for the small village school. The real change for the community came with the need for space in which to teach the significant increase of pupils. This was when the Public Hall came into daytime use for education, and now Miss Marshall, the schoolmistress, found herself in charge of two buildings and extra teachers, not to mention some very different children. Somehow it

was all made to work and Joan recalled how good the quality of teaching had been in that remote school under such difficulties. So good, in fact, that when Joan moved away to her next school, she was well up to the standards of her far more sophisticated contemporaries.

Joan's mother, Mrs Mee, was invited to give a BBC radio broadcast in December 1940 on the life of the evacuee children. She recalled how on arrival, the children's faces lit up with excitement on hearing they would be staying at such grand sounding homes as Starling Castle and Crackpot Hall and what they must have thought when they realised these were in fact just a cottage and a farm! She mentioned that although at first the children missed their fish and chips and the cinema, they soon settled into rural village life, and the boys in particular learnt a lot about farming and unfortunately pig killing!

Another wartime experience was the fitting of the gas masks with their perforated porcine snouts and peculiar rubbery smell; each came with its own cardboard box, and was supposed to be carried almost everywhere one went, carefully labelled with name, address and identity number. Some children acquired canvas cases to take the wear and tear, and they were worn with the leather strap across the chest. There were also special 'gas cradles' for babies, these looked awful, a bit like a small mummy case with a transparent mask inserted.

Another very obvious memory were the blackouts. Not a chink of light must show once darkness fell no matter what the circumstances, so thick black inner curtains must be made and hung inside every window. Large windows in public buildings such as schools had brown paper strips gummed across them, criss-crossing in diamond shapes, in case of bomb blast and to prevent injury from flying glass. Keld had no electricity so there were no bright lights anyway and the risk of showing an illegal crack of light was minimal, but cars had their headlights masked so that only a narrow slit or a tiny cross in the middle would let the light through, and that can only have been to allow other drivers to know you were there: as an aid to seeing the road they were just about useless. Then there were the Ration Books and their tiny allowances, then Clothes Coupons, and Identity Cards which remained compulsory until the autumn of 1950.

Farming was a reserved occupation and as the family farms had always managed with few, if any, unrelated workers almost no-one could be spared to go to war, although there were some volunteers from further down the dale. This must have been a blessing to many families with the memory of losing four local men to the earlier war still vivid.

Nevertheless, the men of Keld in common with the rest of the country wished to serve somehow in this, the Darkest Hour. The Local Defence Volunteers, formed in May 1940, were later named The Home Guard by Winston Churchill, and Keld had its own platoon. Although it wasn't entirely Dad's Army because some of them were comparatively young men who were eager to join and spend their nights on guard duty watching the skies and looking out for possible enemy planes and paratroopers. Initially without guns, except for the gamekeepers, they brought what weapons they could, including pitch forks, but once armed they got in some good practice shooting grouse with ammunition also provided by the gamekeepers, and they met in the gamekeeper's lodge on the Corpse Way track up Kisdon. It may have helped that two of these men had served in the First War. A particular

requirement was to watch for and report the flight path of the Luftwaffeʳs bombers along the east-west line of the Swale: the German pilots used the river to guide them by moonlight towards the west coast ports such as Liverpool and even Belfast.



There were also Home Guard Platoons in Arkengarthdale, Muker and Reeth. Hill House (now the Burgoyne Hotel) was requisitioned to become the Reconnaissance Battle Camp. This was to train personnel to be involved in protective reconnaissance i.e. the gathering of information of enemy movements. Officers stayed at Cambridge House, the men slept in the Methodist Sunday School (now the museum) and woodyard on straw mattresses, and a canteen set up by local women was situated in the Mews behind the Kings Arms. An assault course was built along the Arkle Beck as far as Castle Farm.

Back in Keld, the public hall soon became the centre of village and dale life and during the War it was indispensable. Pressed into use as an extra school room on weekdays it was open to all kinds of activities on most evenings. Joan remembers a visiting drama group, one that presented Dickens' Christmas Carol to the children's delight, but more often there were dances, the music provided by a local farmer with his accordion or by a small visiting band. There were also dances in other villages, generally reached by motor-bike. Even at the head of the Dale some dances were occasionally held in other buildings, one of them being the hay-loft at Hoggarths Farm.

Joan remembers the singing of Christmas Carols around the farms and villages, but was considered much too young to go out with the singers but she heard them around the village before they set out for the outlying farms and hamlets. Goodness knows what time they all got home again, but there must have been some rather belated milking times the following mornings.



(Joan Mee middle girl front row)

Mrs Mee brought with her some memories of her own background in Lancashire Congregational Chapel life and introduced these events, such as anniversary services, to Keld. The boys dressed smartly and the girls all wore bonnets for the occasion and there was a special tea to follow. Photographs were taken, of course. The Sunday School meetings were generally held in the back pews of the Chapel and not many children were able to come as most of them lived well outside the village. The Scotts from Park House often stayed with their grandmother,

old Mrs. Scott at Rose Cottage, a few came from as far off as Angram, and numbers grew when the evacuees arrived. The children studied Bible stories and collected pictures in small albums as well as performing in the Anniversaries.

Another activity which went on in farm houses and in the front room of the Manse was quilting. Groups of six or eight ladies would gather round a temporary trestle table upon which was stretched a double fabric sandwich enclosing a kapok padding. They would sit, three or four a side, and stitch the patterns already pencilled and pricked out on the fabric, using neat little running stitches which held the fabrics together and finished the quilt. The quilting party would move from house to house on different nights and it was an opportunity for gossip and catch up on any news of the war while making these beautiful and warm bed covers which were a feature of the Yorkshire Dales.

Proddy or clippy rugs, were another contribution to the households, but these were the product of thrift, well-practised from before the war when waste of any sort could not be afforded; during the war such a habit of mind was even more necessary. Again, a trestle table would be put up and hessian, sometimes taken from used sacks, stretched over it. Bags of old fabrics from used clothes and anything else such as curtains or even stockings, were all cut into short strips. These would be pegged into the hessian, sometimes in a pattern and at others at random, probably depending as much on the variety of colours available as on ingenuity and time. These made good hard-wearing hearth rugs to put in front of the kitchen range, and every house had them on the stone floors. The evacuee girls learnt these skills and then took them back to Tyneside with them after the war.

As farming was a reserved occupation there was a good mixed community throughout those difficult years, and many of the young men who were not called up found their relaxation and pleasure in music when not on guard duty. Both Brass and Silver Bands were as popular in the Dales as in the industrial towns and there was always a Band available to play at the War Memorial every November and on other special occasions, but singing was important to everyone and the local male voice quartet, called the Keld Singers was well loved outside of Swaledale and a cause of pride within. There was one local song they always sang for us and for others outside the dale: Beautiful Swaledale.



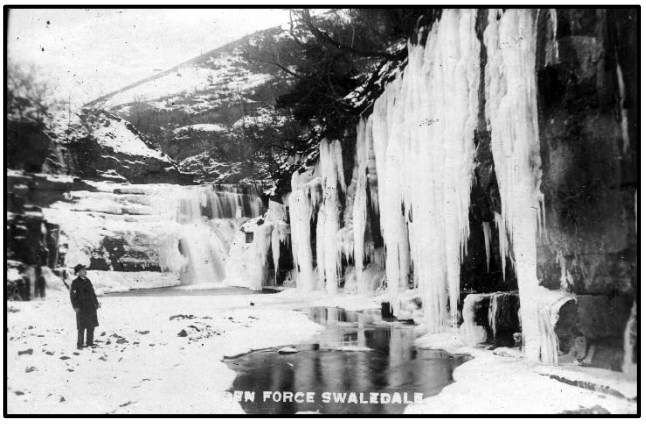
The Keld Singers

Occasionally the war beyond the sheltered world of Keld broke through, such as the night when an RAF plane crashed on a remote part of the fells and the crew were brought down to the village. This would have happened in 1940 or perhaps 1941, and quite possibly it was the weather which caused the accident and then kept them in the village, for these were two unusually bad winters in a place where bad winters were the norm. These young men certainly livened Keld up as they joined in singsongs round the harmonium at Park Lodge and older girls found new partners for the dances. It did not appear that the wreckage of their plane can have been well guarded for small pieces began to circulate around the

school, and 'aeroplane glass' became a prized material. An evacuee boy called Ronnie made Joan a ring from one small fragment, and she was so very proud of it. There were a number of other crashes on the moors, one of them near Skeugh Head where two Dutch airmen were found dead after their parachutes failed to open in time. A search found them and a gate was used as a stretcher to carry the bodies down to Skeugh Head, then William Alderson wheeled the bodies down to Angram in a barrow where an ambulance waited. For some years after the war, the parents of the two men would come to Angram on an annual pilgrimage and be taken up to the site of the crash.

Petrol rationing would have prevented any leisure outings but Rev Mee would have had an extra allowance for his work which shortly included lectures to the troops down at Catterick Camp. What did amaze Joan is the fact that he was very nearly blind, yet drove in the dark and with almost no lighting to these engagements. So far as she is aware, he never had an accident. However she did have one small anecdote from those dark days: her father was visiting an elderly church member in Reeth whose eye-sight was at least as bad as his, and she generously made him a cup of coffee using the instant dark liquid called Camp Coffee which was then available. Her larder was in darkness, the kitchen light dim, and when he came to drink it, it tasted awful: she had used a bottle of gravy browning. Bless him, he never told her, just drank it meekly and said 'Thank you', working out later what had happened and sharing the joke with his family.

It was almost certainly the difficult winters of 1940/42 when lost aircraft were wrecked on the moors, which led to the end of the Mee family's days in Keld. The cold was extreme, and Joan never did like that, weeping with 'hot-ache' in her hands when other children were revelling in snowballs; but the fallen snow was spectacular forming great drifts the size of barns while the roads were blocked for days. One spring at the bottom of the village never froze, so there were long queues with buckets to get sufficient water for immediate use. Narrow passages perhaps four or more feet deep, were dug out to connect houses, then extended to reach the tap at the spring head like rabbit-runs and formed an interesting pattern. The waterfalls froze solid into the likeness of sculptured organs. These were the winters when farmers suffered serious losses among their flocks, for the sheep would seek refuge in the lee of walls during a blizzard and stay there. With any luck a small group might keep each other warm with their breath and woolly coats, and an experienced man with a good dog might look in the right places and find them before digging them out, but it was tough for everyone and meant financial losses which could not be afforded.



Most children stayed in the school until they were fourteen, and a few others may then go on to Grammar School down in Richmond where they would lodge with friends or family. It was at this time that Joan's Grandfather Mee stepped in and insisted that Joan should attend Milton Mount College, founded in about 1870 for the daughters of Congregational ministers. The key issue was how could Joan enrol, given the wartime

conditions and the distance between Keld, in a remote part of North Yorkshire, and the school in North Devon. In the end she took the entrance exam sitting at one of the desks in the Public Hall, and passed, and Rev Mee put himself forward for one in a village only twelve miles from Cambridge.

So the decision was taken and the congregations were informed, and that meant that the news ran down the dale and further like wildfire.

Joan recalls nothing about the packing up of the household goods, which her father must have done more or less on his own. All that she does remember is the vast railway container which was parked in front of the Manse being loaded up with their possessions before disappearing into the unknown. This was in the middle of the war and removals for any distance must be done by rail. After an emotional last service in the Chapel, Rev Mee and Joan set out in the Morris. Not surprisingly this was to be the last major drive he ever made, and that last journey down the top end of the Dale sticks in Joan's memory. It was August, 1942 and the haymaking was being finished, so there were plenty of people out in the fields as they passed. They were watching out for them and came to the walls by the roadside between Angram and Thwaite to wave good-bye while others stood in the front of their houses to make their farewells. It seemed normal to Joan at the time, but on reflection it was quite a tribute, and she has never forgotten it. So, Joan left Keld and went to Burwell, and there could not be two more different places.

Helen Guy

Sources:

'A Family Mosaic' by Joan Moody

Research of Gillian Figures