

Observations on a Summer Perambulation by Bob Howe

It was a bright summer morning when a gang of Old Blokes convened outside the Fox and Hounds in Ainthorpe.

Outside, probably because it wasn't open yet?

Everyone expected duly arrived apart from Ray, who it turned out was breaking many speed limits (and possibly taking shortcuts?) in his efforts to arrive just too late. As the big hand passed 6, Glyn led our disparate group off down the hill towards Danby on what was going to be a "Flat Short Walk".



Within a mile we were being accosted by a local farm lady who told us in no uncertain terms that the Footpath doesn't come this way. No problem really, but not an auspicious beginning. We then arrived at Danby Castle which is the remains of a major dwelling which dates originally back to Saxon times or before, but is famous for being the home of Catherine Parr, one of Henry's 6 wives.

It seems ironic to me that this is now a venue for Weddings, given Henry's penchant for wedding cake.

Catherine was also married four times though and outlived the old Tudor monarch.

Glyn had starred here by pre arranging a look around the castle remains and Court Leet room.



It was at this point that after the lady of the house had greeted us with a cheerful hello, her husband arrived and started bollocking us for not reading the 'no entry' sign. All was swiftly sorted out though.

The remains of the castle proved a real talking point as we "experts" tried to figure out what was what. Glyn again came to the

rescue with a guide book.

It would appear that there have been many versions of Danby Castle on the site and parts of all the incarnations remain today.

A fascinating building.

We then got a call from a lost soul - Ray had arrived and was currently taking a shortcut over Danby Rigg (what a surprise!) to meet up with us in little Fryup Dale.

In lovely weather and fortified by loads of Brambles en route we found ourselves reluctantly ordering coffee and bacon sarnies at the Hub.

What a splendid addition to Fryup Dale this place is and replete after our Tiffin, taken may I, say with one of the best views in the area, we set off toward Dale head.

We were then joined by a small, slightly shop soiled, vagrant - no not Ray! - this was Treacle a small terrier which we know to our cost, lives at Stonebeck Gate Farm.



The conundrum is that Treacle didn't follow us, but led our motley crew around Glyn's chosen route.

There's a view that Glyn had subcontracted part of his walk to a "local guide", after two bollockings earlier, but we'll never know and it was a great route with lots more Brambles to eat.

I should point out that we were still awaiting Glyn's forecast "flat short" part and I seem to have missed that altogether - a senior moment I guess!

After dropping Treacle off at home on our way we climbed the "flat" path up onto Danby Rigg and in due course our weary group arrived at the now open Fox and Hounds.

You'll never guess what happened next

