

Roll: **20221117-20246**

Camera: **Canon EOS 5D Mark III: E53**

Film: **Full frame digital**

Subject:

U3A Walk from Buckminster.

Notes:

Heavy rain in the morning while driving to Buckminster. Arrived early for once, around 9.30. Three or four others turned up but predicted cancellation once Simon arrived, and so it proved. Simon thought sections of the route would be impassible and even if this were not to be the case it would be a miserable business.

I decided to give it a go on my own. It had been a nearly 25 mile drive to get there and I was buggered if I was going to drive a 50 mile round trip and not get a walk at all.

An OS map of the route and been included with the email giving details of the walk and I had printed this out. I had not downloaded a map to my phone. There was a goodish signal in the car park so I accessed the OS on line and plotted the route on a very basic map as the usual premium topological map was not available. Still I thought it would be good enough given I had the printed version. Sadly in the heavy rain the printed map was done for in the first twenty minutes.

The impassable bits were soon found along a broad track way called the Drift as it plunged down hill through Jackson's plantation to Cringle Brook. Heavy equipment had produced deep flooded ruts with soft raised sides, no more than twelve inches wide, which were a struggle to navigate with no stick (forgotten in the boot of the car), on ones own and would have been a nightmare with a party. Someone would surely have ended up in the drink.

I was surprised to note that as the footpath headed across farmers fields the free draining Lincolnshire loam, mixed so liberally with what I assume is ironstone, produced little, if any, mud so progress was relatively swift.

Saltby Airfield I took to be a private landing strip for Saltby Heath Farm and only discovered otherwise, days later when reviewing the journey with the aid of the OS's on line maps.

Although the weather occasionally brightened up, it never completely stopped raining and once past An-nises Plantation, I had to acknowledge the rain had soaked through my "waterproof", my shirt and vest. I thought my shorts were also wet but this subsequently proved to be an illusion.

By the time I turned South toward Sproxton I knew I was very tired and was close to wanting the walk to end. I resolved to take the easier path should circumstances afford a choice from then on.

Sproxton was an attractive enough village and I thought I recalled that a stop there had been proposed to take tea in local cafe. I have since reread the walk description and coffee was to be taken at Sproxton Church but I opted to keep going rather than seek refreshments given how wet and tired I knew myself to be. Another doubly good decision as searching for the cafe would have extended the journey and buffed up an incipient sense of misery.

I had drawn the route along the road after Sproxton but I noticed a foot path across the fields that looked to be the shorter way. The printed map was, as I mentioned earlier, destroyed and so I could not double check what had been planned but opted for the braver course. The decision again proved to be the right one and had I searched more diligently I might have saved a further four or five hundred yards by continuing on a path marked along the side of Parkside Wood but this I did not spot and I finished the walk on the road into Buckminster.

Back in the car park I removed my sodden clothes and zipped up a dry fleece that happily I'd left in the boot thinking the day too warm to wear it on the walk. I then drove to Walton on Wolds a stunning, brilliant, inverted Tardis of a pub with a thatched roof, and open fire, a charming bar maid, steaming hot home made soup and lashings of bread and butter. A place by the fire and a pint of Robinson's Dizzie Blonde completed my joy.

After about an hour when I was contemplating another drink and possibly staying for the afternoon I noticed that the barmaid and I were the soul occupants and enquired as to the usual opening hours. It turned out, as I had begun to suspect, that once I had left, the bar maid would locking up for the afternoon and leaving the premises too, so not without pangs of regret, I insisted on departure. I confess my resolution would not have been that firm had there been the slightest hint of resistance.

I suppose it ought to be needless to say that on the drive home the clouds did lift and the rain stopped for a while but there you are, I've said it anyway.

Such a shame Max could not have been with me. Two or three years ago he would have loved that walk.

Seven miles in total, slightly more than predicted, a bit more tiring than it would have been in better conditions but more than enjoyable enough to justify the drive out.

Dates:

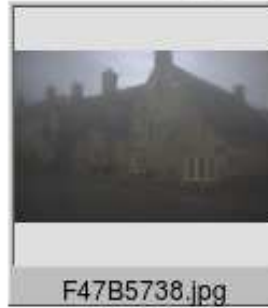
Dates and times are verified from original exif data.

Frames:

F47B5708 20221117 10:35:17 Jackson's Plantation.
 F47B5710 20221117 10:35:28 The Drift.
 F47B5711 20221117 10:43:52 The Drift.
 F47B5712 20221117 10:53:54 The Drift.
 F47B5715 20221117 12:18:55 Hillcrest.
 F47B5719 20221117 12:23:49 St. Bartholomew's Church.
 F47B5724 20221117 12:30:48 School Hill.
 F47B5727 20221117 12:32:05 Cottage.
 F47B5728 20221117 12:32:30 School Hill.
 F47B5731 20221117 12:35:06 Gates - posh property.
 F47B5732 20221117 12:35:52 Church Lane.
 F47B5733 20221117 12:52:55 Autumn Leaves.
 F47B5734 20221117 12:54:17 Autumn Leaves.
 F47B5736 20221117 15:10:10 Royal Horseshoes.
 F47B5738 20221117 15:10:52 Royal Horseshoes.



F47B5708 - Jackson's Plantation.





F47B5710 - The Drift.



F47B5711 - The Drift.



F47B5715 - Hillcrest.



F47B5719 - St. Bartholomew's Church.



F47B5724 - School Hill.



F47B5727 - Cottages.



F47B5728 - School Hill.



F47B5732 - Church Lane.



F47B5733 - Autumn Leaves.



F47B5736 - Royal Horseshoes.