

Walkers and Ramblers in the Province of Yorkshire North & East Ridings

On Sunday 24th September 2006, we started our walk from the village of Hunmanby, ably led by our walk leaders David & Maureen Chambers. The weather was very good, albeit a little damp underfoot from the heavy rain the previous night.

We set off through the village, passing the primary school and other points of interest along the way. On leaving the village we arrived in fields which, although well walked, were still very damp and at times boggy. Never mind, onward and upward we all thought, although it was very early in the walk to be caked with mud!

A delightful little bridge soon came into view and proved to be a good spot for a photo call. Even Holly, Graham and Margaret Miles dog, kept still and posed. Off once more, up muddy steps and into fields before eventually arriving at a main road.

Turning right, we continued over the level crossing before turning left down and through a thicket and yes, you've guessed, we managed to find yet more muddy pathways. Having arrived at the edge of the golf course, we paused, wondering about the correct protocol for crossing. We did not need to wonder for long before a broad Scottish accent informed us "walkers have right of way". The cry came from the back of our group, but the lady in question quickly arrived at the front to lead the charge across the fairway.

Having missed all the stray golf balls we passed over a wooden bridge and down into Primrose Valley itself. Fortunately, the tide was in our favour so we had the opportunity to walk along the beach. As dogs were not allowed on the beach, Holly left for a few minutes allegedly to take some much needed liquid refreshment. Or was it her owner who required the liquid refreshment?

The beach looked resplendent as we walked along to Cobble Landing, turning left up Arndale and right at the top where we had our lunch stop. The views were breathtaking until a ground mist rose from the cliff top due to the heat.

After a well-earned break we started off again along the Wolds Way until it parted company to join the Cleveland Way, observing the views of the cliffs as and when they came into view. We eventually had to leave the coastal path, turning left to walk alongside an old tip and then on to Parish Wood. Once through the wood, we entered a housing estate (whoops, a desirable residential development in this part of the world), then onwards into the old town and down Arndale to the beach at Cobble Landing.

After a comfort break we were just about to re-start when a quick head count revealed we were one adrift, but we need not have worried for the Scottish voice came to the fore again, saying "don't worry he will have gone looking for an ice cream". Several of us decided to do likewise and are now convinced that Deputy Provincial Grand Masters are really full of good ideas!

Off again, heading south along the promenade dreaming of the former glories of this Victorian Seaside resort, when we were suddenly rudely awakened by Sweeney Todd

(alias David Chambers) advising that the “North face of the Eiger” beckoned. We therefore turned off the promenade and climbed straight up the stairs and onto the main front of Filey with all its resplendent houses and gardens on show.

Arriving at the Filey Golf Clubhouse we followed the path over the railway line, not a train in sight (Group Joke) and passing the caravan parks, carried on to the main road which we crossed before making our way through the fields back to the village of Hunmanby.

After de-booting we enjoyed a very welcome cup of tea and a lavish spread of home-made cakes at the home of David and Maureen Chambers, after first being introduced to their chickens, sheep, pigs and not forgetting the Chinese Goose. A lovely day out with very enjoyable people (and Holly).

