

An Ainthorpe Childhood - by J P Lynas

Ainthorpe is a hamlet in the North York Moors National Park, along the 'higher road' between the villages of Castleton and Danby (Dale End or Danby End), which are both in the valley of the River Esk, which flows into the North Sea at the port of Whitby. The main road branches into the hamlet through 'Strait Lane' and rejoins it again slightly lower down towards Danby End, which is the main part of the village. Ainthorpe has the 'Fox and Hounds' Public House and several old houses and farms such as Maylin End (once a vicarage) and Beech Farm and Congrave Farm, which stand on either side of the main road. Lower down stood an old thatched cottage (now demolished), called 'The Nest'. Just short of the 'Strait Lane' entrance is a 'T' junction on the main road, where a lane 'Yall Flat Lane' leads due South towards the head of Danby Dale, past the parsonage, towards the Church of St Hilda; then past Botton Village and up to Danby Rigg and the main Castleton-Blakey road. The moors close in on either side, with farms at the edge such as Honey Bee Nest, Stormy Hall, Botton Lodge and Holly Lodge. Danby Beck flows along the floor of the Dale through Mill Woods, to join the Esk. At the road T-Junction stands the Church of England Primary School - always known as 'Lane End School' from its location.

My father was appointed Headmaster here in 1908, after various teaching posts in Guisborough. He was born in Guisborough in 1876, attended the Grammar School there, and I have a copy of the 'copperplate' hand-written letter of appointment to his first post as Monitor at the Northgate Boys School in the town at 'a salary of two shillings and sixpence a week!' He had been very active in the community, including 21 years continuous service in the Guisborough Church Choir, and we have the 'marble' clock (known to the family as 'Birmingham Town Hall') presented to him when he moved. At the time he was appointed to Danby School, the school roll was 68, and school closed for a fortnight in September for 'Harvest Holiday'. In 1915 my father was married at Danby Church to Edith Whiteley, daughter of the then Stationmaster at Castleton Railway Station - which may explain my continuing interest in railways!

I was born in the Schoolhouse at Danby on September 25th 1916. The house had two main rooms downstairs, plus a lean-to kitchen and cellar. Upstairs were three bedrooms, one of which was above part of the school. There was no bathroom or electricity, and an earth closet across the yard. The yard also contained a coalhouse and washhouse, the latter including a 'set pot' or built-in copper over a small fire-grate, also a large mangle with heavy wooden rollers. The roof of these two buildings was of tiles ornamented with a profusion of houseleeks. The house faced due South, my bedroom looking straight up the Dale. There was a rustic porch outside the front door, from which stairs led straight upstairs. There was a sizeable garden in front of the house, providing fresh produce for the family as well as plots for school.

The kitchen, which had been added at some stage, had a large stone sink with the only main water tap in the house, supplied (as was most of the village) from a small reservoir at the top of Ainthorpe near the tennis courts. The water had no filtration or treatment but was beautifully soft, and I do not recall that it ever ran dry. On each side of the sink was a large wooden cased hand pump, one drawing from an underground rainwater storage tank, the other from a well. Drainage from the sink was to a cesspit at the bottom of the garden, which as far as I know was never emptied, overflowing into the field below. The cooking facility was a large coal range across one end of the kitchen, having on the right a big oven (under which a tree-branch was pushed when a joint or Yorkshire Pudding was being cooked), while on the left was a built-in boiler with a brass tap from which the only hot water in the house could be drawn. The range was not 'closed' but kettle or saucepan could be placed directly on the fire. Lighting was by candles or wick oil

lamp in which the flame had to be raised carefully to avoid cracking or smoke covering the glass - later on we had a pump-up petrol gas mantle lamp, for which we bought 'aviation spirit' at 3 shillings and sixpence a 2 gallon can, because ordinary petrol clogged the fine jet in the vaporiser. There were small fire grates in the two downstairs rooms, and I believe in one of the bedrooms, otherwise no heating! There was a small table at which we ate in the kitchen, and a horse-hair sofa; on the wall was a large 'Vienna Regulator' wall clock presented to my father by Castleton Men's Club (of which he was Secretary) on the occasion of his marriage.

The schoolroom was attached to the house, and consisted of a large room divided by a slideable partition. The main part of the room had the Headmaster's desk, dual desks for the children, and a large tortoise stove with a stout guard over which clothes could be hung to dry. There were of course no school meals or school milk, children bringing their own food. The smaller part of the room, used by the infants, also had a tortoise stove and a side entrance from the playground, which surrounded the buildings on three sides. In the building were two small cloakrooms with basins and cold-water taps. Across one playground were earth closets for the girls and in the other an earth closet and a urinal trough for the boys. The only playground equipment was a swing.

Not surprisingly, I remember little about babyhood - I think I spent much time in a pram in the garden - there was no cat or dog with which to play, and I had no brother or sister. I remember crawling on the stairs and watching the sunlight pattern produced on the staircase through the keyhole. I contracted jaundice, and I remember Dr Jack (Alexander) on his horse at the back door saying 'nothing but water for 24 hours'. As I grew up, I was able to accompany my father, who did nearly all the shopping, to Castleton - about a mile over the Howe footpath. We used Thompson's the Grocers, and I was fascinated to watch an assistant reciting the names and counting out the daily newspapers for distribution. In summer we sometimes brought back homemade ice cream, which must have been liquid when we got home! Milk and post were delivered, and father's diary mentions buying a 9lb goose from Beech Farm at ten shillings, and chickens at six shillings and sixpence. I was taken to have my hair cut at the barber's wooden hut on Teapot Hill at Castleton - I was placed on a stool in the barber's big chair, and my hair was afterwards smoothed down with water in a dipper from a bucket - there was no running water!

I naturally attended Lane End School, where it was embarrassing to have some of my mistakes and misdeeds told to my mother at home! Starting in the infants, we had slates and slate pencils, which 'squeaked', whilst in big school we had paper and exercise books. Visual aids there were the blackboard on the easel, and a roll of thick brown paper which could be draped over the blackboard and had poetry, songs etc written on it in white chalk. When we could do 'proper' joined writing, we were taught such useful things as how to address an envelope for the post, and the old weights and measures like 'rods, poles and perches', learning our tables by repeated class recitation. I was lucky in being able to go home for dinner - most children had to walk miles to school (some from farms at the head of the Dale) unless brought in the farm cart or behind father on horseback, and brought something to eat. Coal for the school stoves and the house was delivered from Danby Station (a purchase of 6 tons 2 cwts of 'Hetton Brights' at 33 shillings and ninepence a ton is recorded in 1926). I readily acquired a broad Cleveland dialect, with such words as 'laiking' for playing in the playground (or in school!), 'felting' (hiding something), or 'lown' (a windless day). Father used to say that there was one language for the playground and another for the classroom!

We played games in the playground, cricket in the adjacent field, and went on 'rambles' up the dale and through Mill Woods looking at crops, hedgerows and wildlife. School competed in the

Eskdale Tournament of Song at Whitby, and gained awards. In the holidays, the family sometimes went to Scarborough for a week by train, lodging on the South Cliff with a lady who prepared food, which we had bought. I was very fond of the sands, and going in a 'paddle boat' on the Mere. We also went to West Hartlepool, staying with my aunt and uncle - he was also a railwayman! I enjoyed Ward Jackson Park there, with ducks on the lake and the occasional band concerts.

One of my special times at school was just before Christmas, when a large consignment of books for school prizes was delivered. These were stored in our dining room, and I was able to read many of them. I think every child received a book, with medals and broaches for those completing a year's perfect attendance. We had a girl who completed 5 years perfect attendance, for which she received a watch, and went on to complete 9 years without absence - she was Celia Hodgson, who walked daily from The Coums (above Ainthorpe, on the road to Danby Castle). She received a special prize and was featured in the 'Whitby Gazette'. Just before the Christmas Holidays, a large tree was erected in the big classroom, and one evening the two class teachers came to tea and later returned to decorate the school and the tree. Another annual event was a concert by scholars on Shrove Tuesday, including songs, dances, recitations and piano solos. Throughout the year there were local events in the school premises, including dances, whist drives and concerts - there was then no Village Hall. I remember a recital with a soloist in evening dress, on the improvised stage, using a large expensively bound score - probably from 'Messiah'. Each year, the Harvest celebrations (never held until the Harvest was in) included a packed church service (I recall someone unfortunately and noisily sitting on a bowler hat!) and a tea and dance in the school.

The Parish Church of St Hilda stands in a beautiful, if isolated, position about halfway up the Dale, about a mile from the School and 2 miles from Danby End. There is a detached stable and mounting-block, many local farmers used to come to church by trap or on horseback. The church building comprises nave, chancel and vestry, with a West End gallery housing a small pipe organ and the choir, to which access is by an outside flight of steps on the North side of the church. The massive tower contains three bells dating from 1698 (of which more later). Seating in the chancel was normally used by the family of Lord Downe or Mr Macmillan - a lay reader then residing at Botton Hall further up the Dale. My father was organist here for the whole of his 30 years as school headmaster, and trudged many miles to the weekly services, sometimes talking of walking on wall-tops in deep snow. He was also organist at the little church in Fryup. As I grew up, I walked with him to church, and after receiving music lessons sat with him on the organ stool and played an outgoing voluntary or accompanied a hymn. (My daughter, a qualified organist, on a visit many years later, found the key and played at the console as her grandfather had so often done). At services, there was a danger of books placed carelessly on the gallery rail, falling into the congregation below, and on the Sunday when communion followed the Matins service; there was much shuffling of feet as the choir descended the outside stairs to join the congregation below. The churchyard 'where rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep' offers spectacular views towards the head of the Dale, and I particularly remember a child's gravestone inscription:

'Tis Eastertide! Lo, all the world is gay with flowers
And God walks in His garden
One thought of God takes root in human soil
And Paddy comes to dwell a while on Earth.
'Tis Eastertide! Seven years have passed away
And God walks in His garden
One thought He has - the love He bears a child
She is with love and flowers and joy
We thank thee, Lord, for this.

One of the three bells in the tower was cracked, and the Parish Clerk (Daniel Medd) used to chime for service on the other two with a bell-rope in one hand and his foot on the other rope formed into a stirrup. Being able to ring properly, he found this frustrating, and was enthusiastic when a friend and I suggested the cracked bell should be repaired, he could teach us to ring and have three bells rung properly before service. After approaching the Vicar and Wardens, a faculty was obtained and the bell recast early in 1937; Daniel taught us to ring, and the three bells were raised and rung in rounds for Whitsun Service on May 10th 1937. My friend Charles Hartley and I continued to ring regularly before services from then onwards.

About this time, I began to have piano lessons from Mr A H Farncombe whose son became a well-known conductor - he came from Whitby and gave me lessons in our drawing room, which had a piano and an American organ. Heating was an oil-stove with a red window, and sometimes I was too cold to feel my fingers! Father's diary records one pound ten shillings paid for 10 lessons.

In 1924, building of a new church in Castleton began using local masons and a Danby carpenter (Mr J Underwood). It was built as a memorial to men of the parish who died in the Great War; dedicated to St Michael and St George, it replaced the old 'tin tabernacle' at the end of the village street, and was consecrated in 1928. My father was a member of the choir.

At about this time, I was bought a Raleigh bicycle with dynamo and Sturmey-Archer 3 speed gear, which enabled me to go for long cycle rides around the area. I visited Danby End a good deal where there was a Post Office and Booths Stores for groceries. There was a blacksmiths, where the forge was of great interest, and Huntrod's Garage which had a massive oil engine and dynamo supplementing the water-wheel and generator at Danby Mill in supplying electricity on overhead lines to much of the village - but not to the school or school house!

In 1930 there was a local bus service to Middlesbrough at 3 shillings return, and we used it to visit the dentist and for shopping. We normally had a set lunch at Hinton's restaurant and an appointment for me at the dentists (Binns & Collins) with the upright chair and the grinding drill on its long arm with which I had long and painful sessions. Shopping usually included a visit to Messrs Scuphams for radio bits - I was then building simple valve receivers. The bus ride - up the steep hill out of Castleton, over the moors by Lockwood Beck reservoir and through Lingdale and Guisborough - was an attractive trip, but I was worried by one particular bus which had its petrol tank in front of the driver, and when the engine backfired whist going downhill, there was a loud 'bang' and a flash came up beside the feed pipe! At home, activities included rigging up a light for our backdoor (which was along a dark passage), supplied by Leclanche wet batteries on a shelf.

The bicycle 3-speed gear proved most useful on the hills. A favourite short trip was up the dale, where in the Spring there were wild daffodils and cherry blossom, up past Stormy Hall Farm to the Rigg, with a drink of cool spring water from the trough on Stone Rook Hill, a look at Ralph Cross (any coins in the hollow on the top?) and back home through Castleton. Another ride was to Hob Hole and its little bridge, or through Ainthorpe along Kadelands to Duck Bridge and Danby Castle, round Fryup Dale and past the hill known as Fairy Cross Plain. On one of these runs there was a gated lane and a notice, which said:

"Six gates in next mile a great nuisance proved - Helped by kind donors, tenants and owners had them removed. Use well time saved!"

I got up as far as Danby Beacon (mainly walking!) and Limber Hill with its gradient of 1 in 3.

For some time I had owned a Box Brownie camera, which took surprisingly good photographs, but I was looking for something smaller and more versatile. I was given a folding Zeiss Ikonta by my parents, which took 6cm x 6cm square pictures - on it I took almost all my collection of photographs around the area. I developed my own films, using the Schoolhouse cellar under the living room, and produce mainly daylight contact prints. Although later on I built my own enlarger. I was following my father's hobby - he had a quarter-plate folding camera and produced some excellent pictures of Guisborough Church interior - I still have some of the negatives. He also had a cumbersome fixed enlarger, which carried the negative at the top and dark-slide holding bromide paper at the base. I don't think he did much photography after moving to Danby, as apart from school duties he spent much time in the garden, and regularly visited Charles Hardy (then Keeper at Danby Lodge some 2 miles away) to discuss gardening progress and problems.

The time came for me to move on to secondary education, and I was awarded what I think was then called a 'free place' at the County School (subsequently called the Grammar School), entering there in September 1928. We had an Entrance Examination, sitting cross-legged on the floor of the School Hall - which seemed to me enormous after Lane End School! Father purchased for me a railway Season Ticket (pass) between Danby Station and Whitby Town Station on the Esk Valley Line, which in 1933 cost two pounds three shillings and ninepence for the spring term. The train journey took about three quarters of an hour, but at each end of the journey there was a walk of about a mile. The only possible train brought us to school rather late, and after school there was a long gap - some of which could be occupied by doing homework at school, or in reasonable weather by walking along the harbour side - the corner by the swing bridge was thought to be the coldest place in the country in winter! The lack of a late train made it difficult to attend any evening event in Whitby unless staying overnight with a friend, and normally I didn't get home till after 6.30pm to complete homework and have supper, so eventually I had to give up piano lessons, with little time to practice. We had quite reasonable dinners in the school dining hall - a first course followed by a sweet or pudding - I remember one pudding I detested, which we called 'scented soap'. In a school Prospectus the meal was listed as '9 pence per child'. I enjoyed most lessons except Art, although with many others I drew and coloured quite complex geometric patterns on the cover of our exercise books! English was a favourite lesson, and I temporarily made my name early on by responding when our English teacher asked (not very hopefully) if anyone knew the meaning of the word 'gramarie' - it happened that I had been reading some of Mallory and Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King', so I was able to respond about Magic and Merlin the enchanter. I was awarded a first year form prize, and having discussed choice with the English teacher, I received Kipling's 'Puck of Pooks Hill', which I still have, and treasure. Much later on I chose 'The Oxford Book Of English Verse' as a Physics Prize, which choice caused some surprise! Having been moved up a form, I missed the early stages of Latin and eventually dropped the subject. I liked woodwork, possibly because my paternal grandfather was a cabinetmaker; for this subject we went down the hill to the old confectionery factory, which was semi-derelict with warnings about dangerous areas and was a bit spooky. In July 1929 there was a thunderstorm with torrential rain (my father's rain gauge recorded 11.4 inches over 4 consecutive days), resulting in the River Esk washing away a railway bridge in Arnecliff Woods; for some months our railway journey ended at Lealholm Station, from whence a United Bus took us up the hill and over the moors to Whitby. There was a further flood in September 1930 when a complete section of the bridge was deposited in the riverbed following damage to a supporting pier. I believe this section was retrieved and used again with an additional span when the rail link was finally restored over a much wider River Esk.

Several young people from Danby and district joined the 'school train' each morning. I remember particularly Charles Hartley from Maylin Hill - we used to meet at the lower end of Ainthorpe if

we were both on time, and almost run to get over the river and the railway bridge and into the station yard before the train beat us! There was also Joyce Robinson and Joan Rudsdale from the two Ainthorpe farms, two members of the Tones family and Bessie Leggott from further up the line at Kildale and Comondale, and Joan Hill the stationmaster's daughter joining us at Glaisdale. I enjoyed most of the school activities, wrote articles for the school magazine ('The Viking') and appeared in costume in various Shakespearian productions such as 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'As You Like It' - some of these were performed on the outdoor stage, which with its bushes and glades was particularly suitable for the former. In 1931 a well-equipped astronomical observatory, which had been set up by her late husband, was presented by Mrs Bruce to the School. With much voluntary help it was dismantled and re-erected on the playing field in 1932, and opened as 'The Bruce Observatory' in 1933. It included a refracting telescope with 5-inch diameter objective, on appropriate mounting, some 6ft long with several eyepieces, a siderail clock and a transit telescope. In due course I became Secretary of the School Astronomical Society, and learned a good deal about stars and the moon. I don't think there were any foreign school trips in those days, but we certainly visited ICI at Billingham. Whilst not excelling in games, I played cricket for my House, of which I became Captain, also a School prefect and Assistant Editor of 'The Viking'.

I took School Certificate and Matriculation in 1932, with credits in English Literature, History, Mathematics, French, with 'Good' in English and History and Distinction in Physics. After some debate on whether to continue in Arts or Science, I joined the Science Sixth Form, whose form-room was the Physics Laboratory - the Arts Sixth used the Library as the school was somewhat overcrowded. There was a small conservatory adjacent to the Physics Lab, to which we had to retreat when another Form used the Lab - there was a beautifully hard table there which we often used for table tennis.

I took Higher School Certificate in 1934 and again in 1935 - I was quite young and might have got a better result - but didn't. Each year, I reached the required standard in Pure Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry with a course of study in French and English Literature in 1935.

I became an undergraduate at Leeds University in September 1935, and was away from my Ainthorpe home for the whole period in term-time, staying in the Hall of Residence (Devonshire Hall). As each University Year began to approach in September, I looked anxiously for the date of Danby Harvest Home, which varied accordingly to the time when harvest was actually in, hoping it would be before University term started! In Leeds, I did a good deal of walking around Roundhay Park, and the adjacent countryside with an occasional lunchtime visit to my uncle at his office near Leeds City Station - another relative employed by the railway! I became Secretary of the University Photographic Society, being able to use the well-equipped darkroom to produce many prints and enlargements from negatives taken in the Danby area. I was preparing to apply for Associate Membership of the Royal Photographic Society and started to prepare a portfolio of large prints, but lacked time to complete this.

My father retired as Headmaster of the Lane End School in 1938, and moved to the outskirts of York, but I still made frequent visits to Danby, cycling through Hutton-le-Hole, over Blakey and either down through Castleton or into the Dale via Stormy Hall, stopping for a refreshing drink at the old stone trough and spring on Stone Rook Hill. I lodged in Danby with an old friend on Brier Hill, from whose gateway there was a superb view to The Coums and Ainthorpe.

In 1938 I graduated with a BSc Hons Physics Degree, Dip. Ed. And a Teacher's Certificate, and would probably have gone into teaching, but the war was coming and I applied for a Research

position at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, also to the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve. When I interviewed for the former, I mentioned bell ringing as a hobby, and was asked if I had read 'The Nine Taylors' by Dorothy Sayers. I did this, and was offered the job, but at the same time the RAF offered me an Armament Officer position, with a course at Manby in Lincolnshire which I accepted. I was able to attend, in uniform, as a guest, a Royal British Legion Dinner at the Downe Arms, Castleton. Whilst at Manby, I met my future wife, who was teaching at a local country school, and we were able to have our wedding in Louth before I was due to be sent to Canada to complete training - I was married in uniform as a Flying Officer carrying side-arms as this was September 1940 when invasion was expected! In the event my Canadian posting was cancelled and our course was shortened from a year to three months as we were urgently needed - I found myself as a Station Armament Officer with a responsibility for guns, rockets, bombs and shells and carrying out removal and demolition of German unexploded bombs on RAF Stations!

Post-Scriptum A Visit to Ainthorpe 60 years on!

In 1996, being retired and living in Somerset, our younger son Stephen enquired if I would like to visit Ainthorpe once again with him in September to celebrate my 80th birthday. Stephen and his wife were going up by car to York, where Caroline was taking part in a medical symposium - he would have some free time and suggested we could take the car and have a few days in Danby. He booked Bed and Breakfast for us at Botton Grove Farm, near the head of Danby Dale, and also arranged for me to visit Lane End School to meet the Head Teacher and staff and see one or two friends.

I travelled up by train to York on the Sunday afternoon, met Stephen and we drove through Hutton-le-Hole, over Blakey and down by Stormy Hall to Botton Grove Farm. After welcome by Mrs Tait and settling in, we went to the 'Duke of Wellington' at Danby End for an evening meal, afterwards a cup of tea and turn in at the farm. In the morning I woke to perfect quiet - only the 'bleat' of sheep on the farm. After an excellent Yorkshire breakfast, we visited Danby Church and went on to Danby Lodge - now a North York Moors Visitor Centre - where father used to visit Charles Hardy the Keeper. The Centre is very well organised, with maps and books and pamphlets, and I met two young ladies on the staff with old Danby names (Tyreman and Rudsdale). Then on to Duck Bridge, where the packhorse bridge remains but there is a new low bridge replacing the old ford across the Esk. The marker for 'height of water' was completely dry! We then went on one of my favourite cycle routes past Ainthorpe and on to Castleton, buying a new Danby book and looking for the one-time barbers hut on Teapot Hill - now long gone! Castleton Memorial Church, built when I was at school was locked, but we saw the site of the old 'tin tabernacle', now a grassed seating area. On to Danby End by the low road, remembering floods there; we bought filled rolls and drinks at the bakery behind the Post Office, and lunched on the Green amidst grazing sheep. There is a new Village Hall and public lavatory just below the Green. Back to Botton Grove Farm to change and pick up some papers before going to Lane End School at 1.00 pm. The front of School House looked much the same with a bathroom where the East bedroom was, my old bedroom still in the front. Most of the garden is now lawn, with a pre-fab classroom and garages replacing the old washhouse. Welcomed by Mrs Barbara Griffen, Head Teacher and Staff, we talked to children as they sat at tables in the big room, about what it was like 60 years ago when I went to school there - no electricity, hot water or canteen. Children asked lots of questions about 'how it was then' - was there uniform? So I showed them newspaper cuttings of 1924 and 1925 - girls in long dresses and all boys in shorts! I asked how many walked to school, a few hands went up and I told how in those days everyone walked, even from the top of the Dale, except sometimes in the farm cart or behind the farmer on horseback. I mentioned Celia Hodgson's 9 years perfect attendance, when she walked from The Courns, and how she received a watch and article in the 'Whitby Gazette'.

Having talked to staff and children and seen some of their work, I met several old friends who were contemporaries, and we left school about 3.15 pm and went on to Lealholm, looking for a second-hand bookshop, which was closed, and having tea at Shepherd's Hall Tea Garden. Then up Lealholm Bank, with memories of the United Bus taking us slowly up and over the moors when the railway was closed after the floods. Along the main road and down the 1 in 3 Limber Hill to Beggars Bridge and Glasidale Station, round Great and Little Fryup - the little church where Dad used to play for service after walking over the moor from Ainthorpe is no longer there. Along Crossley Side past Fairy Cross Plain to Danby Castle and the tennis courts where we used to play. Through Ainthorpe and Strait Lane to Castleton and up the Rigg to see sunset at Ralph Cross,

then an evening meal at 'Moorlands' in Castleton, a look at the school where I used to play chess with the Headmaster, and home to Botton Grove and so to bed.

On Tuesday morning I woke to see Danby Rigg, heather-clad, with fields up to the moor edge and cattle dotted around. We had a phone appointment to meet Joe Milner (with whom I was at school) and his wife, who were living in a mobile home on a farm at Clitherbecks on the road out of Danby running North. Joe remembered school and the cane behind the Headmaster's desk used occasionally, and he thought justifiably! We then went on to the Guisborough - Whitby road, diverting to look at Staithes and Runswick Bay, to Lythe and Sandsend (no railway viaduct there now). Finally into Whitby down Khyber Pass, through the well remembered main street, over the swing bridge and into the old town - jet workers, kippers and bookshops! We bought rolls at Bothams - still there - and lunched on the harbour side looking towards the Abbey. Then up Bagdale - walked so many times to and from school - up Downtinner Hill, pausing for a photo of the Grammar School and over the moors to Grosmont, where we joined the 2.50 pm steam train on the North York Moors preserved railway. We spent much of the journey hanging out of windows to take pictures as we climbed to Goathland and round the severe curves in Newtondale, finally to Pickering. Then back on the train to Grosmont and up to the Old Rectory where we met Anita (whose mother we used to stay with when on holiday in Whitby). After tea with her, back to Danby for an evening meal at the 'Duke of Wellington'.

Wednesday was cloudy - we packed ready to leave for York in the afternoon - then went to look round Danby Mill with its small museum of farming and other items, remembering that the waterwheel was used to generate the first electricity for the village. We went up to Danby Beacon, remembering celebration bonfires there, and seeing the plaque commemorating the Chain Home Radar station which I remember being built and gossip about it stopping cars on the main road. At Danby End again, we called on Eric Snaith who was blacksmith when I was at school and we used to gather round the forge. Had lunch in the small café at the bakery, it being damp outside. Then on to Danby Station to see the Whitby - Middlesbrough diesel train come and go. The monkey-puzzle tree remains, as in my schooldays! We then left for York, stopping for a drink at my favourite spring on Stone Rook Hill, and a last look at Botton Grove farm. My train was on time, and I was met at Taunton Station by my wife, completing a round trip evoking many memories of Ainthorpe, Danby and Whitby.