

Roll: **20230921-20297**

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

Film: **Full frame digital**

**Subject:**

U3A walk from the Dirty Duck to Harlaxton and back.

**Notes:**

The walk started and finished at the Dirty Duck, Woolsthorpe Wharf, Woolsthorpe by Belvoir in Lincolnshire. The Dirty Duck was just thirty five minutes drive from Edward Road, the last ten minutes of which was through some very lovely countryside in the Vale of Belvoir.

The pub was looks to be a fairly modern brick built property which I would have placed somewhere in the 1930s to the 1950s but the Bottesford Living history site places it in the 19th Century when it was called the Rutland Arms, although it is claimed it was always known as the "Dirty Duck".

The walk was along a restored section of the Grantham Canal to Harlaxton Wharf and then back along footpaths through fields and then a brief rest at Denton Reservoir along the disused railway.

I was surprised and pleased to find that I found the pace a little slow as during the previous three or four walks I had found it a struggle to keep up. My feet were protesting vigourously even so at the end 6.3 miles.

The pub has a lot of land, some of which is given over to a large campsite and there is a substantial brick built toilet and shower block off of the car park.

The beer in Dirty Duck was off and unpleasantly sour. I started with half of Newton's Drop bitter from Grantham's Zest Brewery. I tried to believe that my problem was just that of encountering a brew that was completely new to me and battled with it manfully for a while but in the end had to take it back.

The staff were immediately sympathetic and offered to change it for a glass for Batemans' XB or Doom Bar. I should perhaps have gone for the Doom Bar as I suspect it was the better selling of their real ales (my brother has a theory that you only find Doom Bar in pubs that really don't want to sell real ales) but I chose the XB and although not as bad as the Newton's Drop it was also sour.

To eat, I had the "pie of the day" or "Pie of the Moment" as it was designated on the till receipt. The pie was, predictably, a steak pie but none the worse for that. Happily it was a proper pie, free standing in it's own crust and not bad at all. The vegetables were a bit sparse but pleasant enough and not over cooked. The gravy was in short supply arriving in it's own eggcup sized bowl perched on the plate, an unnecessary affectation I thought but perhaps part of the establishment's portion control? There was though plenty of mash.

As I drove home I found that I was unreasonably tired but unsure if this was entirely due to the walk. Once home, after a cup of tea I showered and slept for a couple of hours.

**Dates:**

Dates and times are verified from original exif data.

**Frames:**

F47B7348 20230921 12:58:43 From the Dirty Duck.  
F47B7349 20230921 13:02:31 The bar.  
F47B7353 20230921 13:05:34 View from the beer garden.  
F47B7355 20230921 13:06:17 The Dirty Duck.  
F47B7356 20230921 13:06:46 Bridge 61.  
F47B7357 20230921 13:07:21 By the canal.  
F47B7358 20230921 13:07:46 28 miles to the Trent.  
F47B7359 20230921 13:08:51 From the bridge.  
F47B7360 20230921 13:09:05 Woolsthorpe Locks.  
F47B7364 20230921 13:10:50 Beneath the bridge.  
F47B7365 20230921 13:10:58 The lock house.  
F47B7366 20230921 13:11:25 A good un.  
F47B7367 20230921 13:11:39 Another Beeching victim.  
F47B7368 20230921 13:12:54 Woolsthorpe lock.



F47B7348.jpg



F47B7349.jpg



F47B7353.jpg



F47B7355.jpg



F47B7356.jpg



F47B7357.jpg



F47B7358.jpg



F47B7359.jpg



F47B7360.jpg



F47B7364.jpg



F47B7365.jpg



F47B7366.jpg



F47B7367.jpg



F47B7368.jpg



F47B7348 - From the Dirty Duck.



F47B7353 - View from the beer garden.





F47B7355 - The Dirty Duck.



F47B7356 - Bridge 61.





F47B7357 - By the canal.



F47B7359 - From the bridge.





F47B7364 - Beneath the bridge.



F47B7365 - The lock house.





F47B7366 - A good un.





F47B7367 - Another Beeching victim.



F47B7368 - Woolsthorpe lock.