



# DUNSCAR FARM

Tourist Board  
Inspected



## Bed & Breakfast

Contact: Janet Glennerster

Castleton, Hope Valley, Derbyshire, S33 8WA - 01433 620483



A warm welcome awaits you at Dunscar Farm, our family run farmhouse in the heart of Derbyshire's beautiful Peak District. We are situated on the outskirts of Castleton in the Hope Valley, at the foot of Mam Tor. At Dunscar we offer a relaxed farmhouse atmosphere that is an ideal home for the walker, and anyone who loves the outdoors, or even if you just want to go sightseeing.



A warm welcome awaits you at Dunscar Farm, our family run farmhouse in the heart of Derbyshire's beautiful Peak District. We are situated on the outskirts of Castleton in the Hope Valley, at the foot of Mam Tor. At Dunscar we offer a relaxed farmhouse atmosphere that is an ideal home for the walker, and anyone who loves the outdoors, or even if you just want to go sightseeing.



Dunscar Farm is an ideal base for you to explore the variety of sights the Peak District has to offer, encompassing some of the most beautiful and varied walking routes in the country, including the start of the Pennine Way.



The farm was established in 1700 and is kept as permanent pasture, essentially given over to sheep farming. The farm was given to the National Trust in 1995 by the then owners, and was the first property acquired by the National Trust in its Centenary Year.



Each neat, clean room with views across the Hope Valley has its own tea & coffee making facilities and colour television. All rooms are ensuite or have private facilities. Start the day with a traditional cooked breakfast cooked on our farmhouse Aga, with a choice of fruit juices, cereals, toast and preserves served with tea or coffee.



Castleton has much to offer with its castle and famous show caves.



# DUNSCAR FARM

Tourist Board Inspected



## Bed & Breakfast

Contact: Janet Glennerster

Castleton, Hope Valley, Derbyshire, S33 8WA - 01433 620483

### The Mail on Sunday

## Silence and the spring lambs

It was Good Friday. The roads were clogged with cars, Castleton and its famous caves were heaving with trippers. But we left the hoi polloi far behind as we drove down the farm's long, private lane through sheep flecked meadows.

Feeling very much like city slickers we parked in the yard amid a hive of agricultural bustle. Young girls were laying straw in an outhouse for the pregnant ewes and a strapping lad was soldering a tractor. Mrs. Glennerster evidently had a lot on her plate at this time of the year, but made us welcome.

Inside the farmhouse it was ever so spruce (at least until I managed to deposit mud on to a carpet) and farm smells were noticeably absent.

Ovine paraphernalia, such as shepherds' crooks, sheep photos and toy sheep, smothered the public areas. Our bedroom - the family room - was enormous, furnished with simple modern pine furniture and kitted out with fresh flowers, mineral water and a hair dryer.

Before settling in, we armed ourselves with National Trust walking leaflets from our bedroom and enjoyed a fabulous hike down a footpath across the farm and up and around the bowl of hills that encircles Castleton.

The next morning we were woken early by a chorus of bleating sheep. Downstairs a chipper Mrs. Glennerster (five sets of twins were born the previous night) served an exemplary farmhouse breakfast. The piece de resistance was a giant cooked platter with Derbyshire oatcakes. The baked beans couldn't fit on the plate, so were served in a separate dish.

This unpretentious working farm was just what we wanted: an ideal walking base, reasonable value and - bleatings aside - thoroughly peaceful.

## Sorry, we are a non-smoking establishment



We are pleased to offer a room with disabled access and facilities.

### How To Find Us

