

Trip Report: Derbyshire

Date: 16th February 2014

Group: Tony (leader), Lynn, Mike, Lesley, Mike H, John, Colin, Lynda, Brian, Ali, Dave, Jeff, Steve, Sarah, Dogs: Roxy, Nicky and Cody

Route: The Great Ridge, Edale

Total Distance: 13.3 miles

Total Ascent: 1968 ft

Weather: Very windy at first, sunny all day

This second 'classic' walk in the BUMs 10th anniversary year may have met the same fate as the first one if the leader had not made a late executive decision and switched the day from Saturday to Sunday and thus avoided another damp and dismal trudge across the Derbyshire fells. So it was that we departed Bunbury on a bright and sunny Sunday morning, (only after we'd woken up by phone an over-slept and eventual no-show Caryle) and we rendezvoused at Mam Tor car park with Ali, Dave and our newest members Steve and Sarah.

The pressure was on the leader right from the start when Lynda demanded to see if he'd brought the emergency shelter, which he had, phew !

There was the proverbial icing on the wedding cake when Ali and Dave announced they were to be married the following Saturday. Many congratulations to both of them we cried, and with smiles on our faces we started the short climb to Mam Tor (517m). The top was very, very windy and doing our best to stop ourselves getting blown to Sheffield we followed the Great Ridge towards Hollins Cross, with John and Colin leading from the front. John looked very dapper (if slightly unconventionally dressed for a BUMs walk in the hills) and did look a bit like he was on a photo-shoot for 'Horse and Hound'.

After Hollins Cross and with great views across the Edale Valley we climbed Black Tor with its lovely wooded escarpment and then on to Lose Hill with its topograph at 476m. By now the wind has eased and we started our descent into Hope Valley towards Townhead Bridge over the river Noe. The descent was wet and slippery in parts and Dave lived up to his nickname and nearly went over a few times so we thought it would be a good opportunity to stop and have a coffee break in the sunshine.

The wind had left us and the sun was out as we walked along an old Roman road northwards and now the only threat we faced were mountain bikers who at times seemed at times to travelling towards us as fast as Ben Hur.

After Hope Cross (which looked like a large stone tent peg) we headed west and after Jagers Clough (one, two) and more mountain bikers we stopped for our lunch.

The next few miles to Edale were a series of stiles and fields, fields and stiles and crossing a lovely narrow stone bridge with Lesley telling us all about a photographer's rule of thirds we arrived into Edale.

At Edale the group was tiring a bit and we still had a slog up Rushup Edge ahead us and so a decision had to be made to change things a bit. The leader couldn't make up his mind which of the two routes to take, so he chose the boggy one. The final two miles were wet, muddy and a slog uphill back to the cars, not a great idea to finish a walk with an ascent to the car park.

It was all back to the Yew Tree for dehydration and a power cut, all except Jeff. Now I wonder where he waltzed off to ?

Tony

Jim