

Trip Report

Flash, 25th November 2022

Distance: 8.15miles

Descent: 1598ft

Human Participants: Richard (Leader) and Della Calder, Steve and Sarah Hammond, Lesley Arrowsmith, Tony and Lynn Quinn, Andrea Percival, Heather Foster, Jim Grant, Colin Christie, Mike Hiscock, Mark Hallett, Neil and Ann Bodfish, Ali Franklin, Mike and Selina Willis, Chris and Chrissie Latter and Dave Barker.

Canine Participants: Ponia Quinn, Jasper Barker (never heard a peep) and Delilah Franklin

Well, quite a turnout. Awaiting ratification from stato. to see if this is a record for a mid-week walk, must be up there somewhere. Glad you could all come along and enjoy the splendid weather we were blessed with.

Miraculously everybody found their way to the correct Peak District lay-by in the middle of nowhere even though some were approaching from places other than Bunbury, bodes well for those who like car treasure hunts (not many I'd wager!). A bonus was we were the only users which was good considering the number of cars involved in transporting the masses.

Walking began at 10:13 and made our way down to the old Dane Bower Colliery chimney which is all that remains to give any hint that there was a coal mine here. Apparently there was a shaft and an adit at river level, no sign of these now. Once we were down to the River Dane we followed it to Three Shires Head where an early coffee break was taken and Lesley attempted a calendar photo. Trying to avoid the cliché shot of everyone on the bridge I suggested ladies on the bridge and blokes under it on each side of the river. After some frustrating cat herding we managed to get people in the right places and Lesley got her shot with a backup shot being taken by Jim.

Setting off, some were surprised not to be going "the usual way" following the river, as we headed off up a rugged path away from the Dane and up towards Knotbury where we were treated to a fine silhouette of Ramshaw Rocks in the distance. Before reaching Knotbury we turned off the road and headed across the moor over Turn Edge and back down through an oak wood and headed across fields towards Spring Head. Passing round the side of the farm along a narrow snicket most people coped with the low hanging telephone wires except Jim who nearly garroted himself as he emerged from the snicket, luckily his cat-like reactions saved him from serious injury.

Our route now was toward Flash Bottom (fortunately no one did) but before we got there we were to turn left and head uphill towards the minor road leading into Flash. It was at this point that the leader lost the route and after negotiating a couple of electric fences it became clear we were well off track. Fortunately with the help of three independent GPS devices in broad daylight we were able to rejoin the intended track and soon passed a

council "Pedestrians" sign which confirmed we were going the right way. This particular series of paddocks had quite a few horses and ponies but the most amusement was caused by four fine donkeys who came to see us and began regaling us with a cacophony of high volume "ee-aws" as we walked through their paddock. Our next little treat from the animal world came in the form of three Alpacas, a cream one, a brown one and a black one. They were very curious as to who was walking through their patch. Luckily for us we had the Alpaca Whisperer with us (Mike H) and he chatted them up and discovered they were only about a year old and judging by the rarely used path we were on they may not have seen BUMS before so were obviously quite excited.

Exiting the fields onto the minor very steep road leading up to Flash we passed another ruminant in a small walled paddock who looked like the chief sheep sh*gger of the district judging by his very red brisket, a sure sign of a fully charged with testosterone lamb making machine. Flash is reputed to be the highest village in England and we had no reason to doubt that claim after walking up the road.

Turning off the road our stomachs were sending us messages along the lines of "when are you going to stop for lunch?". We soon reached a walled lane which seemed like a good place to perch within and keep us out of the cold wind blowing across the hillside. Everyone seemed pleased with this choice of dining area and chomped away on their various vitels whilst chatting and observing the birdlife fluttering around and about. Chris Latter saw a rather nice little raptor which could have been a Merlin or a Hobby, he hasn't confirmed which yet!

Lunch over we followed the walled lane through a tricky gate (we had deviated off the official path for the sheltered lunch spot) and then picked up a path over Wolf Edge. To be honest after all the wildlife we had seen thus far I was gutted there were no wolves to be seen, they were probably hunting in Buxton. After a particularly knarly descent down the moor we reached tarmac again and walked up to Readyleech Green where we took to the fields again to head over Knotbury Common and down into Blackclough. A steep boggy climb brought us to a small house sitting on the edge of a clough with two styles next to it. One lead into their garden and the other lead around the house. Some confusion arose here and after a good natured chat with the homeowner who claimed the path into her garden was about to be diverted we took her suggestion of going around the house and picking up our intended track without too much extra distance.

We were now heading back towards Reeve-edge Quarries along a pleasant flat track and once in the quarries we soon dropped down to a precarious river crossing on loose slippery stones which everyone managed to negotiate with no trouble.

A final few hundred yards in the quarries on the other side of the Dane brought us back to our cars and the end of a splendid day even if I do say so myself.

The rest is as all previous reports. Thank you all for your company, it was a great day out.

Richard Calder