

Today's Journey

Aston, Shatton and Castleton

Having attempted to get away on Monday, finding the Trans Peak packed to the rafters we opted to try Friday instead. Different area as well. So Peak Forest lives on for another day. The weather was glorious, and it was warm getting warmer. The Great Longstone allotment holders were already tending to their plants. They live in a nice spot just below the aptly named Sunny Bank. The bus, almost hemmed in by tightly packed cars, squeezes through successfully like a size fourteen woman trying to get into a size twelve dress.

Having negotiated the tight fit, it makes haste towards Monsall Head. This has to be up there as one of the finest views in Derbyshire. Being slightly higher on a bus than in a car you can appreciate the full scope of this majestic scene.

The walls of grey, sectioning of the fields are for the most part whole. On or left in the distance is the massive cement works and on our right in total contrast a field with masses of buttercups, still, like myriads of golden goblets waiting to be filled with heavenly wine, but there is no sign of the taps being turned on. It's a beautiful blue sky. Maybe it was a similar blue sky when **Solomon EYRE** was thacking the houses roundabouts. **Francis WHITE** as Overseer of Great Longstone paid him seventeen shillings and three pennies in July 1776. Earlier in 1740 **Ann SELLARS** walked proud in her new autumnal coat that the Overseers had paid for that September.

Black covered rolled hay lay waiting to be picked up, looking like scattering of liquorice allsorts. On ward through Wardlow, Wardlow Mires and its cafe, long before that arrived on the scene **Francis JAMES** around the early 1630's and **Henry JENKINSON** in 1638 lay sleeping as their respective Wills were proved. We then swing left up the hill to look upon Peters Rock emulating a ziggurat in the dale below. Another left and yet another barn playing host to a tree growing through its roof. More compartmented fields looking like a host of cleared snooker tables.

On into Litton. The locals have been good, no one is in the stocks. Perhaps William WRIGHT lived up to his surname and never did a thing wrong, so never found out what it was like to be placed in them, sat upon the village green, with roads from three sides bringing all and sundry to look upon the culprit, and throw a few things as well. William, from Litton died around 1635 and had his Will proved around the same time.

Down the hill the bus bounces, turning right for Tideswell. The dale is

adorned with bunches of large daises that grow on the bankside of the road. Could **William ROSCOE** have walked those fields when he was mole catching there in 1830. At four pounds it was the biggest amount paid out of **John BAGSHAW** account as Overseer. John, in February 1831, had to pay one shilling for the journey to Peak Forest concerning the removal of **Henry MARCHENTON**. Today, he could have had a Derbyshire Wayfarer and travelled all day. Leaving Tideswell and it's wonderfully named Cherry Tree Square we head via Hucklow and towards the crossroads at Windmill. Set into the wall there is the smallest letter box, on seeing it Patricia remarks "now I know why they made notelets". Even the stamp would find it hard to get in.

The bus takes the long road to Bradwell and on into Hope. We get off just before the village and make our way to the railway. From there we will walk to Aston.