

Today's Journey

Today's journey without the history

It started off at 10.07 Matlock bus to Bakewell, suddenly a man slumped forward and the ambulance had to be called. He was totally confused, didn't know his name, in fact never spoke at all. Another bus came and everyone got on that, I spoke to him and he finally told me he wanted to go to Bakewell, but didn't respond to being asked his name, where he lived or who he was meeting. Totally blank, poor chap.

Of course this put us out with our connections, but that was circumstance and it was more important that the old man get treatment. Having said that it gave us a bit of time in Bakewell where we took some photos of Holme and walked round the town.

We eventually got on the Hathersage bus and on arriving at Eyam saw it was Carnival day, with men on stilts and Eyam Flying Club, as they were called all dressed up as either "Flying Scotsman, or Flying Doctor, a fisherman was Fly Fishing, someone dressed as a pig carried the legend "pigs might Fly" and a man with enormous ears carried a name "Jumbo Jet ".

Unfortunately they couldn't fly, and we crawled behind them in the bus as they slowly made their way into the village centre.

It was also Eyam Well Dressing and the village was crowded. The BBC were also there.

Our arrival at Hathersage saw that it was their Horticultural Show. Here Patricia said she wanted to go to a gift shop she had been in before, but couldn't understand why there were not any motorbikes. She had specifically asked to go to Hathersage for this purpose, it turned out to be Hawes in Yorkshire she was thinking off. Yes I think you know her sense of direction is not very good, to put it mildly.

When the bus arrived she asked for Fox Holes not Fox House, she thought we were going to Dove Holes! I don't know why we don't get lost more often!

At Fox House, the big pub on the way to Sheffield we set about walking through the Longshaw Estate when we came across the Longshaw Sheepdog Trials. Everything was happening this day. Whistles and come by here echoed across the huge field where the sheep looked like dots. We carried on stopping off at the Grouse at Nether Padley before walking the "edges", the cliffs above Froggatt through to Baslow. Very grand views of the villages below and into the distance. The old mill at Calver made us think of all those apprentices who must have longed to walk the edges as we were doing. How many actually made it, many died before they had a chance.

Some sheep came and started to eat whatever they could find from our bags, and our meal was interrupted again by climbers coming up the cliffs to the very spot we were sat.

Today's Journey by Mike and Patricia Spencer



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In the sky above old planes were performing a manner of aerobatics ,whether it was for a film or part of Chatsworth's goings I don't know, but it looked very realistic.

At Baslow we looked down on Chatsworth Park just as forty hot air balloons rose into the air, and the sky added it's own spectacular show by forming a rainbow coloured cloud above us, not a rainbow, for the day was perfect, but a cloud edged with beautiful colours.

We caught the last bus out of Baslow after running for it and flagging it down. That was close. On the way home the blanket of mist above the Derwent Valley stretched out like silk over the fields. A brilliant day.

It just brought home how important Village Community life is and must have been back then. The landscape can hardly have changed, the customs haven't moved on either. Derbyshire Country Life is alive and kicking.

Sorry not turned into an Historical Journey, just to much to record and search out.