

Roll: **20250606-60125**

Camera: **Samsung Galaxy A54 5G**

Format:

Year: **2025** Month: **June**

Subject: Edges Froggatt, Curbar and White.

Notes:

I first saw Grindleford Station in the 1970s and fantasised then about catching a train from there. The station was unmanned and there was no way to buy a ticket. Nearby was the Grindleford Station Café which was already famous for its giant Yorkshire Puddings, generous portions and low prices. The first time I visited the café was in winter, it was freezing outside, inside it was warm and steamy and full of enthusiastic walkers and climbers.

This week I decided against joining the USA Peak Walk on the Thursday as I was still nursing the Achilles tendon in my right leg, the Met Office was predicting heavy rain all day and I was not confident that, if the tendon was giving my gip and I was soaking wet, the outcome would be anything but miserable. Additionally I was contemplating using public transport and the train would get into Grindleford around nine, leaving me only 30 minutes to find the assembly point at Hay Wood car park and, on unfamiliar paths, I was not sure I could make that.

The forecast was for sun and light showers on the Friday and the Achilles had behaved all day Thursday so, having discovered that it was cheapest to buy a single ticket there and an off peak single on the return, I obtained an electronic ticket for the 7:44 in the morning to Grindleford.

The trip went well, although changing at Sheffield was a little hairy, as there was nothing to indicate which train services stopped at Grindleford and I had in the end to go to the enquiry desk. Turned out it was the Manchester Piccadilly train via the Hope Valley line.

I cannot really explain, even to myself, why I was so overjoyed arriving at Grindleford. Perhaps it was mixed with memories of walking in the winter on Curbar Edge with my Dad and my brother. Suddenly the Peaks seemed really accessible from Nottingham for the first time since the Beeching cuts of the mid nineteen sixties.

It seems so hard now, driving for three hours to undertake a three hour walk, yet I used to travel from London to do the same and thought nothing of it. Travelling by train is such a different kettle of fish, I can sit and read or browse the internet and when I start the walk it is as if setting off from my own front door after breakfast. I think I may buy a small flask and take coffee and croissant with me on my next trip to enhance the experience even further.

It was a truly glorious day, fresh and breezy but bright, with fluffy white clouds and no rain at all. I had replaced the insoles in my boots and the Achilles tendon, with this additional help, performed well.

I was surprised to see the burnt moorland around the change from Froggatt to Curbar Edge. I had heard on the news about the moorland fires earlier in the year but had assumed it would be largely overgrown by now.

The walking was swift and it was a joy to find that the confusing area near the car park at Curbar gap and the pointless children's playground had gone. In its place there was a well organised picnic area with a stunning view across the Derwent Valley. Here I was able to sit and remember Mum, Dad and my Border Collie, Suzie. The only downside was that my mind kept trying to go home to Bridgford to tell Mary that it was all alright and that the choice of site for scattering of the ashes had turned out well after all. This not unnaturally, brought on the sad reflection that Mary too is dead and that I will never be able to placate her ire or indeed tell her anything again.

There was a time when if you climbed to places like White Edge and you saw anyone at all they would be blokes wearing cagoules, beards, high ankle walking boots, two pairs of red hiking socks and a woolly hat. On their backs they would carry framed backpacks or sagging knapsacks. They would be equipped with maps, compass and a water bottle. Nowadays such walks are often slabbed with stone, presumably lifted into place by helicopter, and the climbs, as from Curbar Gap to White Edge, have staircases cut into the hillside. This in part explains the change but mostly it comes, I think, from a change in the popular imagination. As I climbed, a young woman came running down the hill in trainers, shorts too small to cover my embarrassment and only a t-shirt to stop her catching cold. Shortly after I was overtaken by two slightly older women, perhaps in their thirties, similarly attired, they passed at quite a pace, chatting intently to

each, other as they disappeared into the distance. To my chagrin, An hour later they passed me again, as they ran a second circuit.

I had a couple of halves of Pedigree in the Grouse. The bar staff were as cross as ever, complaining bitterly of the stress of having three people at the bar waiting to be served. (The Grouse can boast of at least fifty years of miserable management and cross bar staff. They have never welcomed walkers although these constitute I imagine, most of their trade. Both dogs and children are banned from the lounge bar. Notices proclaim that walkers should refrain from entering at the front of the building, that having gone round the back, when ordering at the bar (the only place one can order) one must not step on the carpet and those lucky enough to have been served drinks to take to the benches outside must under no circumstances eat their own sandwiches or Kitkats.) I started recording another conversation with Max who came by. It was the first for a couple of years but being unsure how long it would take to walk down to the Station Café, I set off before our reunion was complete, as I wished to be sure of getting dinner before catching the train home.

At the café the girls behind the counter seemed a little dozy and not at all helpful but they were friendly enough. I did not want sausages in the giant Yorkshire as I had had the same for breakfast but I did want hot veg, not the salad which accompanied the alternatives on offer. The idea that I might be served something other than exactly what was on the menu perplexed the girls deeply. I had just given in and ordered the sausages and mushy peas, when I saw a specials board advertising "stew" in a giant Yorkshire. I cancelled the first order and switched to this option which the girls had not mentioned.

I had been sitting for a long time reading at the table nearest an cheerfully blazing open fire, when one of the girls started calling to ask me "Is this yours?" I thought she was indicating that I had left something on the counter, possible my stick but no, on checking I found that I had it with me, I had my bag, hat wallet and mobile phone, what could it be? The girl appeared to be pointing at something but eyesight is poor and I couldn't, at that distance see anything on the counter that shouldn't be there. I went over to try and ascertain what it was that she was concerned about. She stabbed a finger at a serving area off to my right, where a dinner, my dinner I surmised, was getting cold. "Is this yours?" she said again. I did think that she should really be the authority on that but I kept my mouth shut. The two very loud, station style announcements I'd heard earlier but had not been able to understand a word of, now made sense. It would have helped if the girls had explained the procedure when I made the order but as I mentioned, they did seem a little dozy.

The stew and Yorkshire pud were excellent and there was a surfeit of chips, I probably ate more than was good for me but did manage to combat my nature to a degree and left a few. I was disappointed that when I took my crockery to appropriate station for washing and visited the lavatory, the staff took the opportunity to turn up all the chairs, excepting mine, which, being a full half an hour before closing, felt a little unfriendly.

The trip back was largely uneventful although, once again, the lack of signage or platform staff, was a handicap when trying to find my platform for the second leg of the return journey. After visiting the information desk in the station foyer again it turned out that I needed to catch the train to Norwich.

Having located the right platform and ascertained that it would be a further twenty five minutes before the train's arrival, I opted to wait in the buffet. There I read a poster advertising a BLT with "smoke flavoured bacon" and "smooth mayo". Enticingly it came wrapped in plastic and cardboard. Dreading to reflect on the nature of "smoke flavoured bacon" and "smooth mayo", (is there, I wondered, a "rough mayo", perhaps purveyed by a less cultured commercial opposition), I had cause to reflect upon the ersatz nature of contemporary society and to hanker for the days of the handmade, albeit slightly curled, British Rail sandwich, perhaps filled with smokey bacon, lettuce and tomato but no mayonnaise at all.

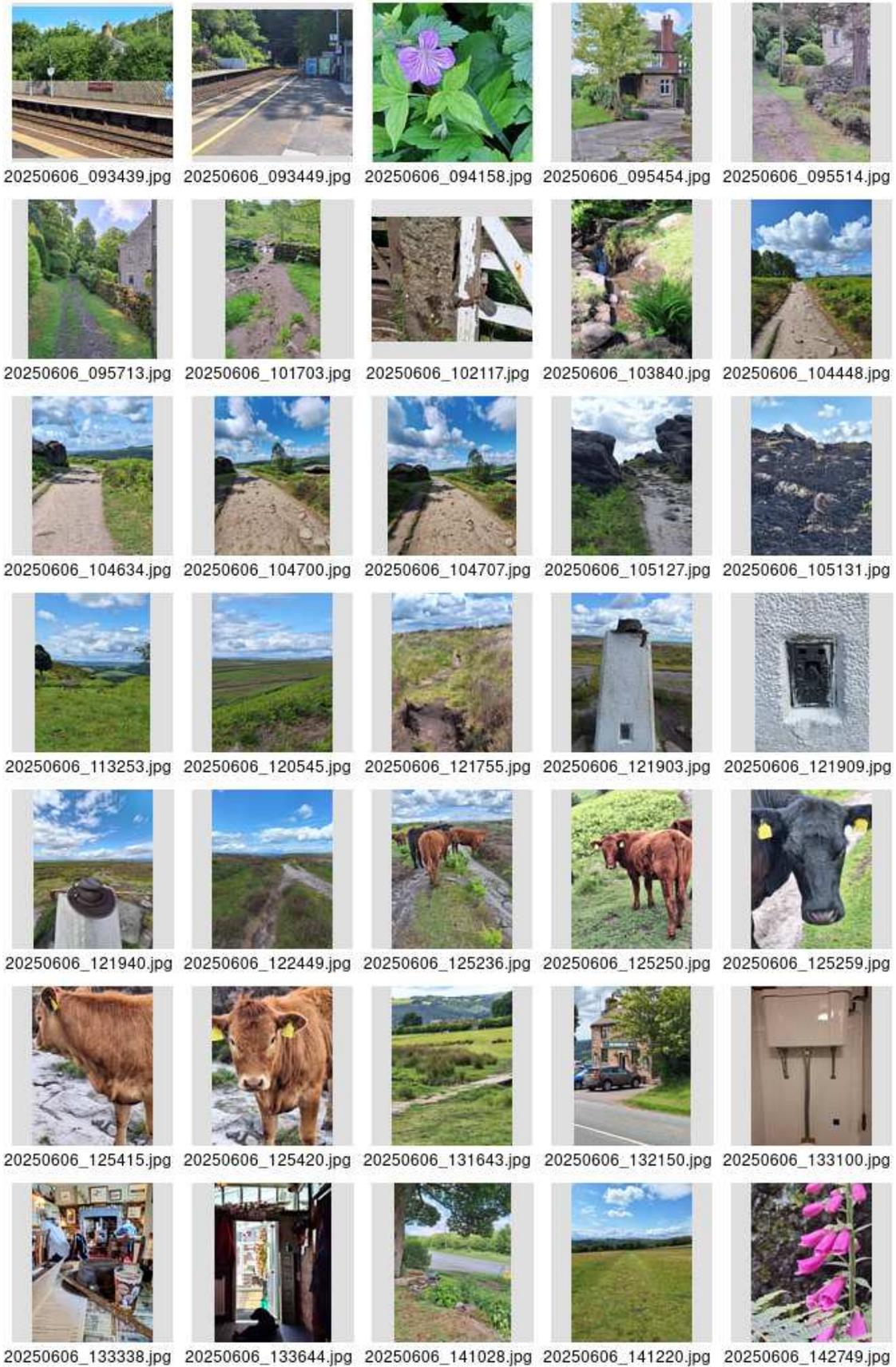
I finished the evening with lovely pint of Bitter in the Strat, the name of which escapes me entirely. I thought I might finish the chat with Max that I had started in the Grouse but sadly I found the record had been lost somewhere on the internet perhaps to drift as disconnected bits and bites in cyberspace forever.

Dates:

Times and dates are taken from the EXIF metadata. The chronology has been checked and I believe it to be accurate.

Frames:

093439	0606	09:34	Grindleford Station	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/28
093449	0606	09:34	Grindleford Station	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/13
094158	0606	09:41	Geranium	5.54	50	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1
095454	0606	09:54	House in the Dales.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/6
095514	0606	09:55	House in Grindleford	5.54	50	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1
095713	0606	09:57	House in Grindleford	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/3
101703	0606	10:17	Wall and brook.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/3
102117	0606	10:21	Padlocked gate.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/56
103840	0606	10:38	Babbling Brook	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/3
104448	0606	10:44	Footpath	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/50
104634	0606	10:46	Footpath	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/22
104700	0606	10:47	Footpath	1.74	40	<i>f2.2</i>	1/19
104707	0606	10:47	Footpath	1.74	40	<i>f2.2</i>	1/19
105127	0606	10:51	Footpath	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/26
105131	0606	10:51	Wildfires	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/7
113253	0606	11:32	Derwent Valley from Curbar Gap.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/33
120545	0606	12:05	Derwent Valley	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/22
121755	0606	12:17	White Edge trig point	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/25
121903	0606	12:19	FB S3212 Trig Point	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/37
121909	0606	12:19	FB S3212 Trig Point	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/20
121940	0606	12:19	FB S3212 Trig Point	1.74	40	<i>f2.2</i>	1/20
122449	0606	12:24	Blue sky and clouds.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/34
125236	0606	12:52	You shall not pass.	5.54	40	1.8	<i>fl/1218</i>
125250	0606	12:52	You shall not pass.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1
125259	0606	12:52	Black cow 300960 on the footpath.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/2
125415	0606	12:54	Cow on the footpath.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/3
125420	0606	12:54	Cow on the footpath.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/2
131643	0606	13:16	Grouse Inn from a distance.	40	1.8		<i>fl/914</i>
132150	0606	13:21	Grouse Inn.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/18
133100	0606	13:31	Splash down, Grouse Inn.	5.54	250	<i>fl.8</i>	1/
133338	0606	13:33	Lounge bar.	5.54	320	<i>fl.8</i>	1/
133644	0606	13:36	Dog in doorway.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/2
141028	0606	14:10	Outside the Grouse.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/8
141220	0606	14:12	Longshaw	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/45
142749	0606	14:27	Foxglove.	5.54	50	<i>fl.8</i>	1/
143230	0606	14:32	Idyllic.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/20
144203	0606	14:42	Grindleford Station Café.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/22
144308	0606	14:43	Grindleford Station Café.	5.54	80	<i>fl.8</i>	1/
152746	0606	15:27	Chairs up.	5.54	250	<i>fl.8</i>	1/
153305	0606	15:33	Waiting for train.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/9
162852	0606	16:28	Smoke flavoured bacon sandwich with smooth mayo.	5.54	125	<i>fl.8</i>	1/





20250606_143230.jpg 20250606_144203.jpg 20250606_144308.jpg 20250606_152746.jpg 20250606_153305.jpg 20250606_162852.jpg



20250606_093439 - Grindleford Station



20250606_094158 - Geranium



20250606_095454 - House in Grindleford



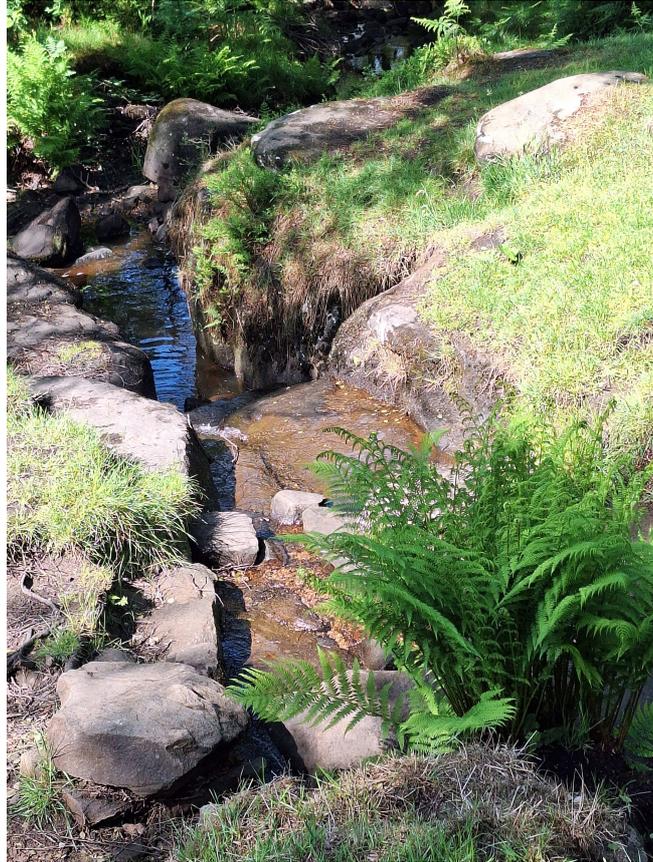
20250606_095713 - House in Grindleford



20250606_102117 - Padlocked gate.



20250606_101703 - Wall and brook.



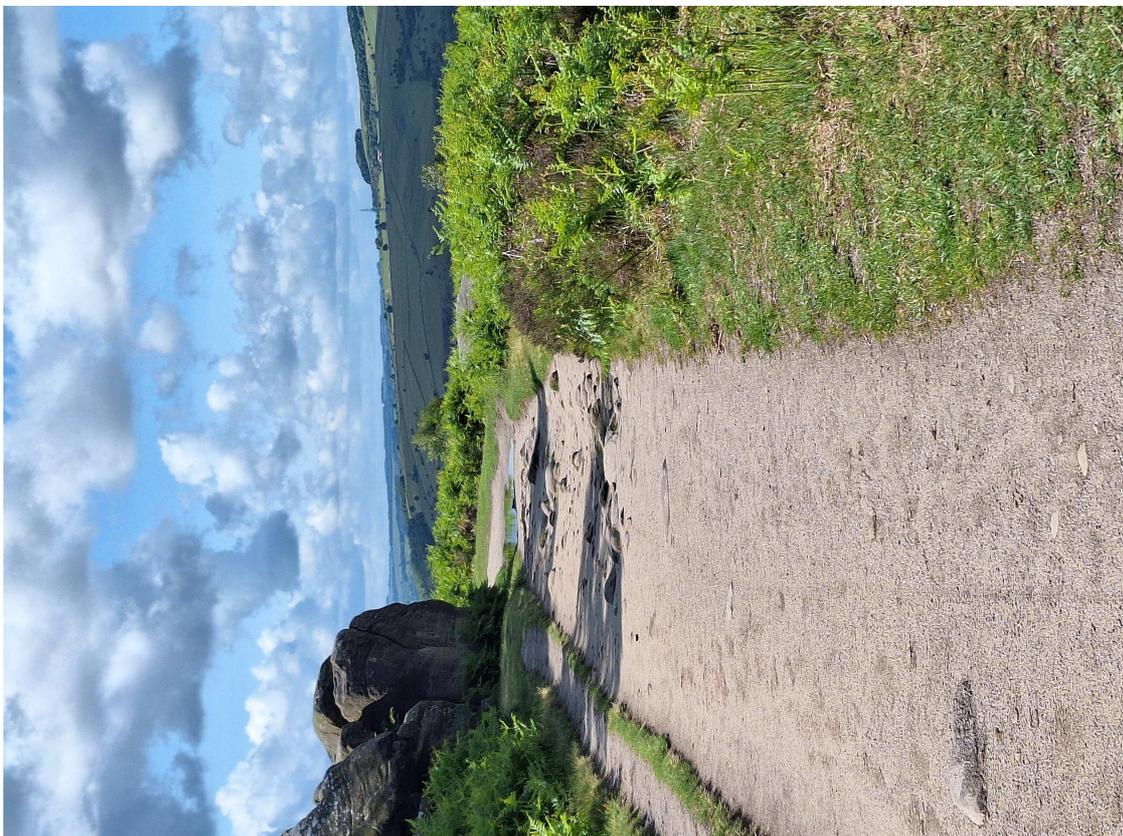
20250606_103840 - Babbling Brook



20250606_104448 - Footpath



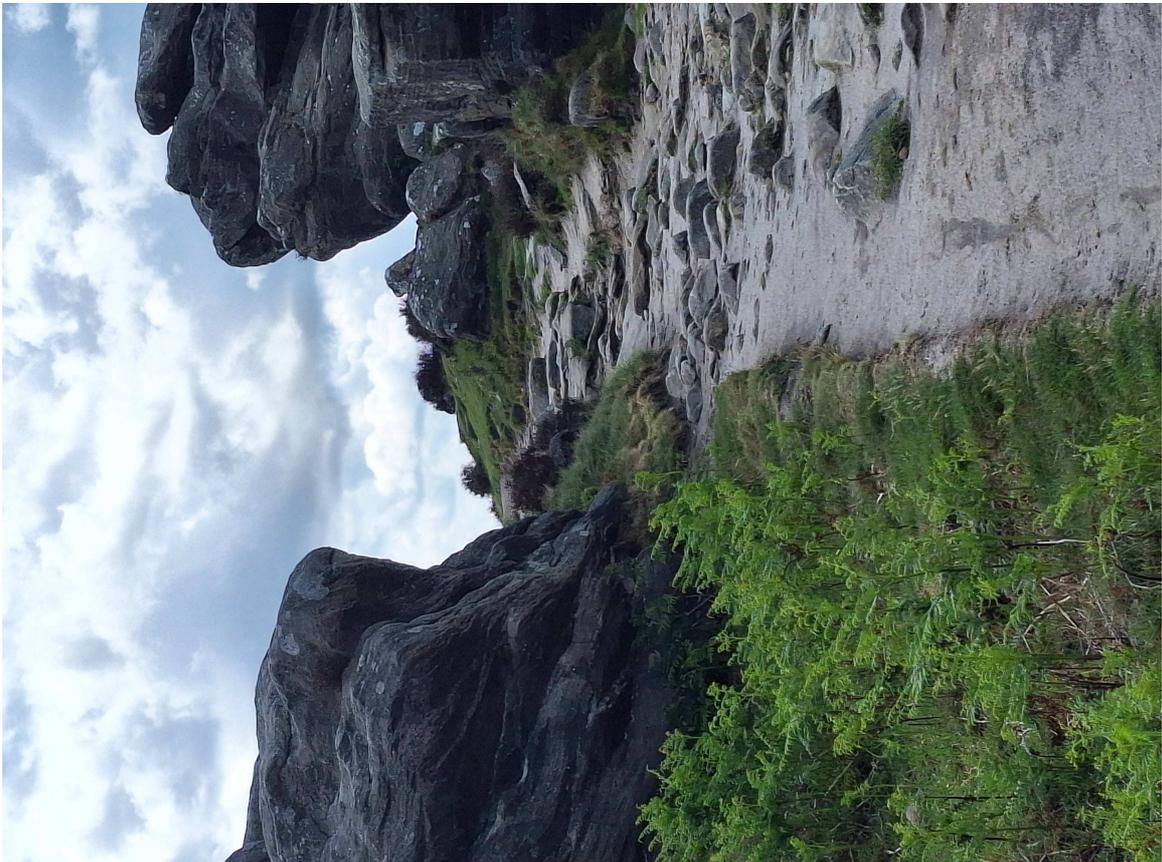
20250606_104707 - Footpath



20250606_104634 - Footpath



20250606_113253 - Derwent Valley from Curbar Gap.



20250606_105127 - Footpath



20250606_120545 - Derwent Valley



20250606_105131 - Wildfires



20250606_121755 - White Edge trig point



20250606_121909 - FB S3212 Trig Point



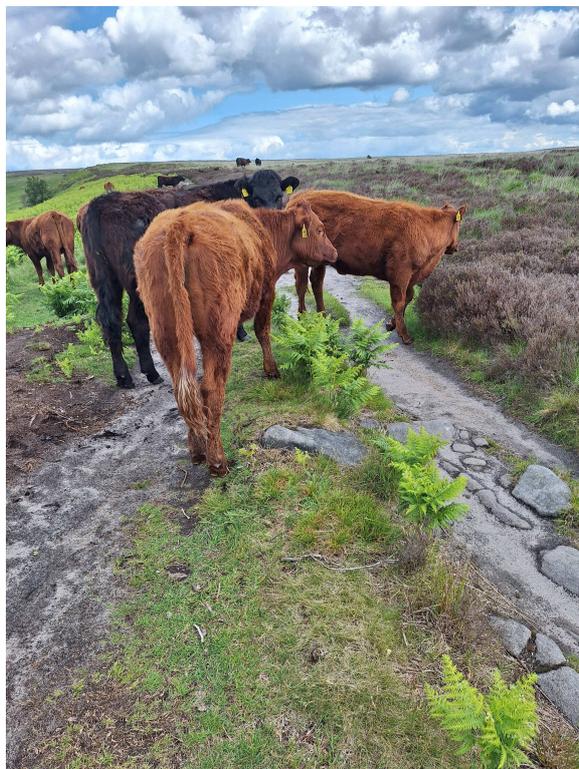
20250606_121903 - FB S3212 Trig Point



20250606_121940 - FB S3212 Trig Point



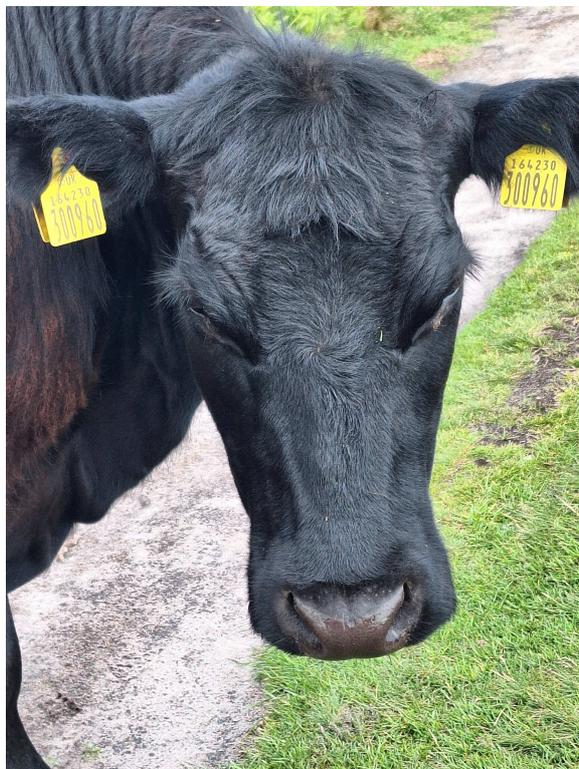
20250606_122449 - Blue sky and clouds.



20250606_125236 - You shall not pass.



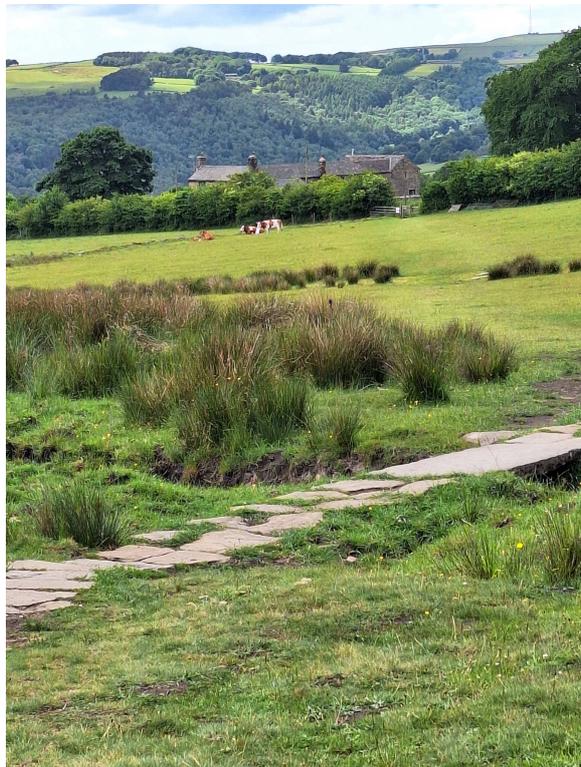
20250606_125250 - You shall not pass.



20250606_125259 - Black cow 300960 on the footpath.



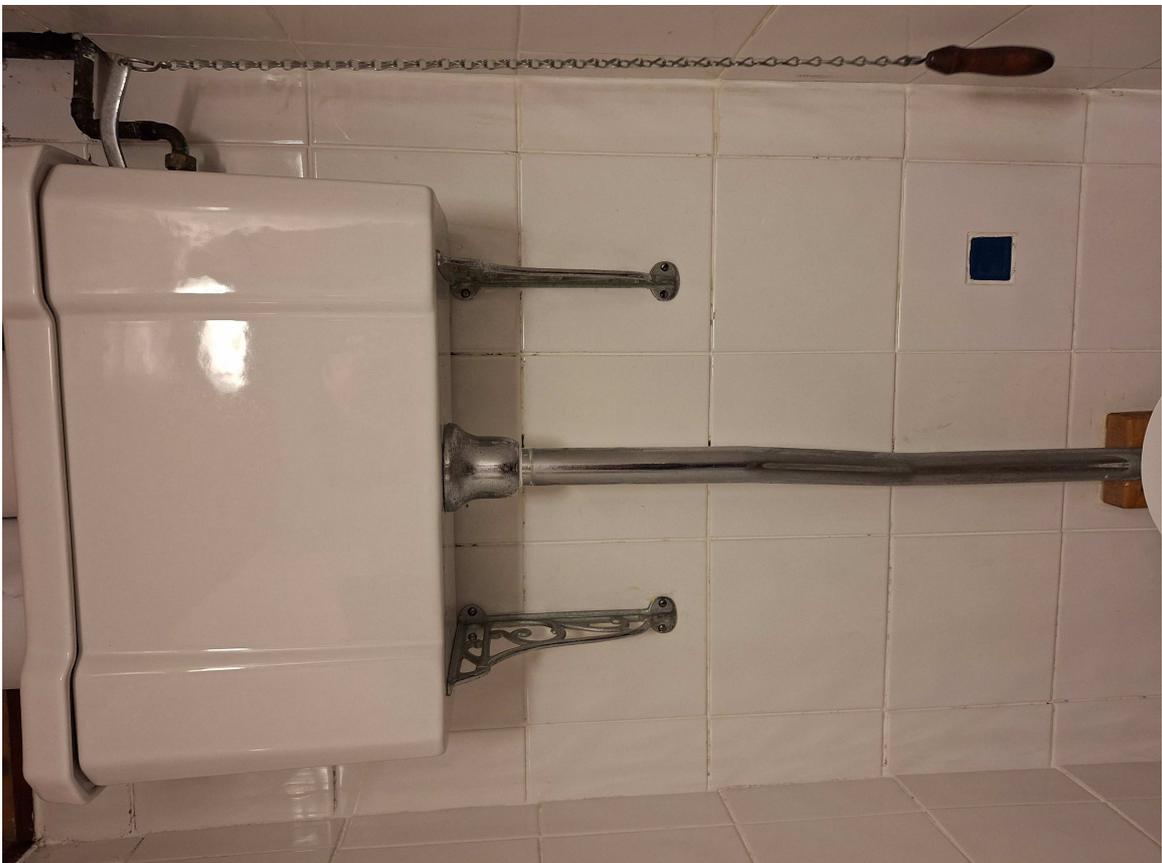
20250606_125420 - Cow on the footpath.



20250606_131643 - Grouse Inn from a distance.



20250606_132150 - Grouse Inn.



20250606_133100 - Splash down, Grouse Inn.



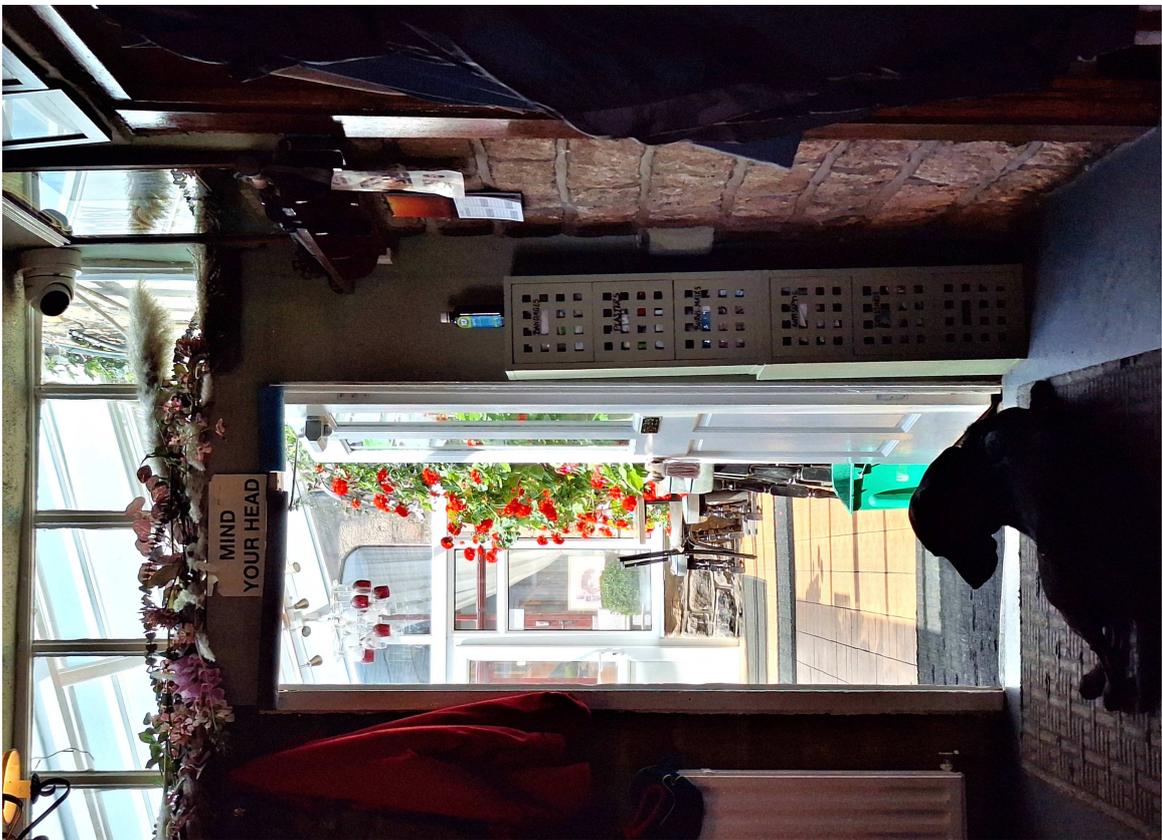
20250606_133338 - Lounge bar.



20250606_141028 - Outside the Grouse.



20250606_141220 - Longshaw



20250606_133644 - Dog in doorway.



20250606_142749 - Foxglove.



20250606_143230 - Idyllic.



20250606_144308 - Grindleford Station Café.



20250606_144203 - Grindleford Station Café.



20250606_152746 - Chairs up.



20250606_153305 - Waiting for train.



20250606_162852 - Smoke flavoured bacon sandwich with smooth mayo.