

Roll: **20250904-60215**

Camera: **samsung Galaxy A54 5G**

Format: **1/1.56" 50MP**

Year: **2025** Month: **September**

Subject: Hope to Edale

People:

Clifford Wesley Fulford

Notes:

I had been thinking about this walk for sometime but rather lacked the courage to undertake it. At over one and half thousand feet the summit of Lose Hill would be the highest climb I'd undertaken since my heart attack in 2016.

Coincidentally the U3A Peak Walks group planned to do much the same walk, starting from Castleton, on Thursday 4th September. If I could have gotten to Castleton on time by public transport I would have opted to join their party at the start but my best bet seemed still to take the train to Hope and make a direct assault on Lose Hill. With a closer starting point, albeit with a steeper but shorter climb, I reckoned that the probability was that I would meet the group somewhere along the Great Ridge footpath to Mam Tor.

Lose hill proved to have one of those rolling summits which, when approached from the south, constantly looked to be within twenty minutes reach, only to reveal higher ground as each target was reached.

The weather, up until about midday, was warm and dryish but then a very light rain began to fall. As I reckoned I was drying out as fast as I was getting wet, I decided against putting on rain gear, for fear of a sweat induced soaking. I was also holding back on the rations, hoping to reach the top before taking my repast. It wasn't too long before I reversed both decisions. I ate my energy bars and a banana and donned a water-proof top.

The fine rain became more substantial as I thought, for the third or forth time, that I was with twenty minutes of completing the climb but then the muscles in my right leg began behaving most oddly. A series of spasms in four or five of the muscles, fractions of a second apart, started occurring rather like the playing of the strings of a harp and I began to seriously doubt that would be able to continue to stand. As the comparatively level ground of the Great Ridge was, I thought, much closer than that of Hope, I decided to keep going in the hope that once at the top a more relaxed gate might solve the problem.

As I reached the top, a rain cloud enveloped the summit. There were three walkers from the west that arrived at the same time as me. We exchanged some words upon the merit of the view gained by each of our efforts. They didn't hang about but opted to plummet straight way down the path I had climbed. I paused to take pictures and to post to Facebook, then I set off for Hollins Cross, a little surprised that I had neither sight nor sound of the U3A walking group.

The rain became heavier, streams were forming on the rocky declines which were rather inspiring but now my left leg was threatening to cramp. I struggled into my waterproof over-trousers, and it really was a struggle trying so to do without triggering a major cramp. The additional warmth of the over-trousers did prevent the development of a serious cramp in my left leg. It was one of the kings of muscle tearing cramp, the sort that would have me on my back at home, but alone, on high ground, in the rain there was no option other than to grit my teeth and continuously force one leg to step in front of the other. After about fifteen or twenty minutes of this my brain seemed to be winning back control of the muscle contractions and for a time I began to think that passing Mam Tor and circling back to Edale might be an option. By the time I reached what I thought to be Hollins Cross I had reverted to plan A. Plan A was to get down to Edale as quickly as possible without braving any hideously steep tracks.

The expected location of Hollins Cross did not look at all as I remembered it from fifty years ago so I tried using the OS app on my phone to get a definitive location. The phone had become little short of useless in the rain but briefly indicated that I was not yet at desired spot. I walked on. It was not long before I reached the hill fort at Mam Tor which confirmed for me that what I had thought was Hollins Cross was indeed that place, and so I turned once again and headed back east.

The path down to Edale valley was rapidly becoming a bona fide stream. Eventually the rain stopped, the sun shone warmly and brightly which induced me to start removing the waterproofs. Trying to remove the over-trousers while fighting the return of cramp proved beyond me so I thought it best to wait until I was

indoors. As I approached Edale a new rain cloud rolled in. I was somewhat tardy in re-donning my waterproof jacket and the effort therefore proved futile, I was soaked to the skin.

The Rambler Inn has changed much since the late 80s. It was a cold barren sort of place, devoid of cask ale or food. Children were not allowed and despite the name, ramblers were discouraged. It is now warm and welcoming and serves good quality meals all day from twelve, which I think pretty unusual in country pubs, and the U3A walking group is often severely taxed in trying to make harbour in time for lunch.

Having ordered the award winning steak and ale pie, after consulting with both bar staff and chef, I headed for the lavatory where I was finally able to remove my over trousers by sitting on the loo and removing my boots first. I dried the sleeve of my fleece, which otherwise had remained dry in my back pack, with the hand drier. I swapped the fleece for the wringing wet walking shirt I was wearing.

On returning to the bar I found my dinner already on the table (which was a bit disappointing actually, as it would seem to indicate the use of a microwave oven).

Staff and locals were charming, helpful and engaging. Chatting with a young lady who, despite having recently walked the whole of the Pennine Way herself, was mightily impressed by my efforts with Maggie in the seventies to perform a similar feat. "It would have been really different then, the mud must have been so deep." I recounted the tale of my detached quad and our need to find shelter that night with "my girlfriend" doing relays to get both back packs down to a roadside farm and she responded straightway with, "You should have married her." I have no idea why she assumed that I had not and I was rather nonplussed. We then strayed on to the topic of children and she spoke of her thwarted desires and how she took solace in her nephews and nieces the which took us on to the subject of Cosmo and the removal of his kidney at just seven months old. I showed her a picture of the little fellow and we agreed that his gleeful smile gives us hope in respect of many things.

While in the Ramblers I booked the return journey to Nottingham (which disappointingly appeared to be £26, when the day before it had been £14.30) leaving at, what I remembered as, 16:35.

Edale station was right next door so I arrived in good time but I was surprised to find that the next train was shown as being 16:32. I checked the ticket on my phone and found it was indeed 16:32. A totally trivial matter that I'm sure has you puzzled as to the reason for it's inclusion. Bear with me.

I was expecting to suffer from cramps again when sitting on the train but I got lucky all the way home. The battery on the phone was getting low, there were no charging points so I pulled out my power pack and attempted to recharge from that. Unfortunately something, phone or cable, was damp and the phone sounded a loud alarm and refused to charge. When I got to Sheffield I could not find the right platform for Nottingham so I tried to check the e-ticket, the low charge however made this impossible for me to read. I did eventually find the right platform and once aboard tried again to charge the phone but could not. The low light on the train however did allow me to see the screen, but the EMR application no longer showed me my return ticket. I began to get worried in respect of a forthcoming ticket inspection. I checked my Paypal account and found no payment had gone through either so with only seconds of power left I booked another ticket for a later train, which was now £23 and hoped that that would do.

When I arrived at Nottingham the phone was completely dead. Unable to show my ticket at the barrier I was directed to someone more senior who dismissed my explanation and took me to a charging point where I was directed to plug in my charger. At first the phone appeared to begin charging and looking very smug my interlocutor marched off. After 15 seconds the phone started protesting loudly and I was able to call the chap back, he read the dire warnings on the screen and conceded that I needed urgently to unplug the device, that "you have tried" and waived me through the barrier. I confess part of me wished that I had not bought that second ticket on the train.

That night I suffered astonishingly excruciating cramps in both legs simultaneously, when I tried to stand after sitting on the sofa. Walking while crouching I made it to shower where hot water and massage got me to the point where I could make it into bed.

The resulting tears in the muscle tissue caused ongoing pain for the next two days, but you know what? I am so glad I did that walk, that nine years on I braved the climb and on my own too and I look forward to doing it again, perhaps extending the walk a little and spending some time at Mam Tor hill fort.

Dates:

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

Frames:

105720 (0)	0409	10:57	Hope.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/993
110113	0409	11:01	St. Peter's Church	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/912
110204	0409	11:02	The Old Hall Hotel	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1024
110413	0409	11:04	Blacksmith's Cottage	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/549
111111	0409	11:11	Curry Cabin	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/880
111117	0409	11:11	Woodroffe Arms	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1096
111522	0409	11:15	Lose Hill from Townhead	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/179
111546	0409	11:15	Lose Hill from Townhead	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/655
111926	0409	11:19	Hope Cement Works	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/518
112316	0409	11:23	Rural landscape	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1002
112330	0409	11:23	Limits on the bridge.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/123
112345	0409	11:23	Sag vertical bridge.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/159
113120	0409	11:31	Hope Cement Works	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/314
124021	0409	12:40	View in rain cloud.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/169
124631	0409	12:46	Ridge path from Lose Hill.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/189
131236 (1)	0409	13:12	Ridge path in the rain.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/251
131236	0409	13:12	Ridge path in the rain.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/251
135451	0409	13:54	The Great Ridge in the rain.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/569
135529	0409	13:55	The Great Ridge in the rain.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/561
140151 (0)	0409	14:01	The Great Ridge in the rain.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1949
140742	0409	14:07	Descending from Hollins Cross.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/982
141449	0409	14:14	Descending from Hollins Cross.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/2165
141604	0409	14:16	Descending from Hollins Cross.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/254
142237	0409	14:22	Self portrait.	3.72	50	<i>f2.2</i>	1/383
142429	0409	14:24	More rain on the way.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/4739
144952	0409	14:49	The Rambler Inn.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/100
161250	0409	16:12	The Rambler Inn.	5.54	250	<i>fl.8</i>	1/33
161324	0409	16:13	The Rambler Inn.	5.54	320	<i>fl.8</i>	1/25
161434	0409	16:14	Edale Moor from the Rambler Inn.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/623
161508	0409	16:15	Edale Moor from the Rambler Inn.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/850
161747	0409	16:17	Edale Moor from the Rambler Inn.	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/1094
161954	0409	16:19	Edale Station	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/454
161957	0409	16:19	Edale Station	5.54	40	<i>fl.8</i>	1/519



20250904_105720(0).jpg



20250904_110113.jpg



20250904_110204.jpg



20250904_110413.jpg



20250904_111111.jpg



20250904_111117.jpg



20250904_111522.jpg



20250904_111546.jpg



20250904_111926.jpg



20250904_112316.jpg



20250904_112330.jpg



20250904_112345.jpg



20250904_113120.jpg



20250904_124021.jpg



20250904_124631.jpg



20250904_131236(1).jpg



20250904_131236.jpg



20250904_135451.jpg



20250904_135529.jpg



20250904_140151(0).jpg



20250904_140742.jpg



20250904_141449.jpg



20250904_141604.jpg



20250904_142237.jpg



20250904_142429.jpg



20250904_144952.jpg



20250904_161250.jpg



20250904_161324.jpg



20250904_161434.jpg



20250904_161508.jpg



20250904_161747.jpg



20250904_161954.jpg



20250904_161957.jpg



20250904_105720(0) - Hope.



20250904_110113 - St. Peter's Church



20250904_110204 - The Old Hall Hotel



20250904_110413 - Blacksmith's Cottage



20250904_111111 - Curry Cabin



20250904_111117 - Woodroffe Arms



20250904_111522 - Lose Hill from Townhead



20250904_111546 - Lose Hill from Townhead



20250904_111926 - Hope Cement Works



20250904_112316 - Rural landscape



20250904_112330 - Limits on the bridge.



20250904_112345 - Sag vertical bridge.



20250904_113120 - Hope Cement Works



20250904_124021 - View in rain cloud.



20250904_124631 - Ridge path from Lose Hill.



20250904_131236(1) - Ridge path in the rain.



20250904_131236 - Ridge path in the rain.



20250904_135451 - The Great Ridge in the rain.



20250904_140151(0) - The Great Ridge in the rain.



20250904_140742 - Descending from Hollins Cross.



20250904_141449 - Descending from Hollins Cross.



20250904_141604 - Descending from Hollins Cross.



20250904_142237 - Self portrait.



20250904_142429 - More rain on the way.



20250904_144952 - The Rambler Inn.



20250904_161250 - The Rambler Inn.



20250904_161324 - The Rambler Inn.



20250904_161434 - Edale Moor from the Rambler Inn.



20250904_161508 - Edale Moor from the Rambler Inn.



20250904_161747 - Edale Moor from the Rambler Inn.



20250904_161954 - Edale Station