

The †Dales Diary_ -

An everyday story of simple ConstructionΩ folk- (No, no, wrong)

A simple everyday story of Construction folk. (That's better)

Sunday afternoon:

arrive onm site and help put tents up, especially mine. I find that I'm going to be sharing with Nick, Howard and Doug©(fair enough). It rained all the way up the motorway, but it stopprd before we arrived (thank Christ (who?) for that) One of the seams of the bag that I made specially for this field trip has started to come apart, but luckily hHoward has got some cotton and a needle, so I can sew my bag up.We walk along Lathkill Dale for the first time(Christ it's steep) Trout in the stream further down(fish for tea one day, eh?) The water is also very clear-surprising.Mik√ and I pick some of the indiginous flora(just for the record, you understand)I think we had soup and brea d and stuff for tea.After that, (fools that we are,) we walk the 1½ miles to the Pub, through the Dale, and when we finally arrive, the first pints don't touch our throats(deliberate plural). Feeling pleasantly mellow, we start running back to camp, but we soon see the folly of that, and we stumble back through the Dale- the killer was the final hill- a good 1:1 that. Bed.

Monday.

Tell me if I'm wrong, but it's only 6-30.a.m. , and everybody (apart from the civillised chaps in my tent) seems to be up and about - may as well get up too- it's a nice morning anyway(bloody cold though).Breakfast tastes good- egg, bacon, sausage, bread and bup .Off to Bakewell at about 8.30-it looks like quite anice place. Before we go to the market we have aquick look around(I draw my last remaining £5 from the bank- groan) We have a cuppa and then go to themarket- a fw few bargains- thick denim at 80p a yard (38" wide) and self-adhesive mirrors about 9"x2', but I can't afford to spend any of my last precious gazoomies on them, I'm afraid.There's a sheep and cattle markeg there too- smells a bit (only to be expected though). Click, click, click go the cameras.Mik gets a tape-recording of the cattle auctioneer, which should go well with the slides when we get back to college.Oatcakes, fruit, and cheese etc. are bought for lunch back at the camp.

This afternoon we go to Arbor Low, but I'm pre-armed with some Clan tobacco.I find Arbor Low disappointing- I expected it to be something like Stonehenge, bug all the stones are lying down, and they're pretty small too. From there we walk past a clay pit, where I pick up some nice stones(limestone etc.) and follow a disused railway line- the tracks have been taken up and we look at a brickworks.Nobody in sight- they must be having as tae breakΣ, because we heard a hooterm go just before we arrived.On to a town called Middleton-by now I'm really hungry and tired.Lyn, Rysiek, Cliff, Colin®, Howard and I break away from the rest of the group, because we want to get to Middleton before the shops(doubtful plural) SHUT, AS IT IS ABOUT 60' CLOCK(sorry- I didn't mean to shout.)We reach Middleton, only to find the - yes, you guessed ig- no shops open.This is almost the end, but we are revivex a bitm when we hear that there is a shop that stays open until 7o'clock in Youlgreave, which is only anoyher mile along the road,so we push on. In Youlgreave we gorge ourselves wiyh pofk pies, pasties, faggots and pints of milk. Colin has a while Jamaica ginger cake to himself.we eat sitting on a nench in front of a strange round stone object, in the middle of the road.This must be the square- the ares, not the round object. There is no sign of the others, so we decide to make our way back to camp, using Mike's\$ map that I forgot to give back asfter he asked me to hold it for a couple of minutes, and directions from the butcher in Youlgreave.We make it back to camp very easily and enjoy this last lap of the walk very much, after our sdtop for refreshments .The others are already back and cooking tea- glad to see usback safely,nonetheless.That evening we go to a different pub, csllled The royal Oak, which is further away than the one we went to last night, but we have learned our lesson- we go in the cars.This pub is nice-it is quiet, unspoilt,serves an excellent brand of lager that none of us have heard of before,and it has a dartboard.I play badly that night.The landlady is a buxom wench called Diana, and she is glad of the trade, because the place is usually very quiet during the week- it even has a log fire.We leave there more pleasantly mellow than last night.Bed.

The Dalew Diary- continued.

Today (start again)

Tuesday. (right)

Today Doug, Nick and I explore thr old mine shafts and caves and-mine-in Lathkill Dale.I take the precaution of making a flask of tea to gake with us(goad thinking). Unfortunately, most of the mines are blocked off.I thought that I'd lost my wallet this morning,and I drove to Youlgreave to ask if it had been handed x in at any of the shops, but it hadn(t.When I got back to,camp,I find it inside my raincoat(I tell everybody that I've found it and then curl up and die).On ghe way down to the Dale,we buy some of the nicest scones that I have ever eaten,and Nick takes a photograph of some day-trippers having a picnic in the middle,of the road, on a little patch of grass, with allthe openland that they could want around them(typical).This evening I take a photograph of the sunset to finish off a colour-slix film,and a couple of Lyn, Cliff, Colin and Howard on or around the swing, which is a length of rope that Colin brought from college, with a small piece of wood tied onto the bottom.Before this I climbed up the tree and moved the rppe further along the branch onto which it was tied.

The first pub we go to fhat night is The"Pack-Horse" in Crowdecote. The Landlord put a raincoat on to change an empty beer-barrel,"in case it splashed", and asked his wife to remind him to buy a new raincoat next time he was in London,to which his wife replied in extremely nsa nasal voice- "Yes dear".He sounded like a right screaming snob. From there we went to the Royal Oak,and stayed there until closing time.Bed. Wednesday.

Weather sunny, but changeable.Usual breakfast of egg,bacon and sausage.Today we walk right to the end of Lathkill Dale,where the river widens out considerably,xxxthe trout get bigger(xnobody has caught oneyet)and the wiers get bigger too.Just over thebridge that we cross to join the road, we meeta stone-waller,who does this fora living, as opposed tothe old man we met on monday,who is retired and does it for fun(also to keep the walls intact)We promise to send today's stone-waller a photograph of himself(quite a few are taken),Today's man tells us to look,out for his house in Alport,which is where we are going now.Alport is very small indeed, and as well as the stone-wallers house, we see a lovely disused mill.Lyn and I go inside,xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxand take photographs,while the others take phoyographs of us going inside and taking photographs.We climbed the steep hill out of Alport and wended our way through the fields to Youlgreave,approachingit from a different direction.There we had yet more pies and pints of milk,and had a look imside "Thimble Hall" a one-up one-down, each of the rooms being an approximate 7' cubes.Apparently families have been raised inthere in the past,but now it is only opened at well-dressing time.We tak a different route back to camp and arrive just before it starts to rain.Howard,Colin, Josµ and I only have one pint at the Royal Oak this evening,but we take a bottle of wine back to camp with us and we drink it.Bed. Thursday.

Wet'n'windy.Corn-flakes and maple syrup for brekkers(just for a change) Today we go to a quarry,which proves to be one of the best outings of the whole trip.We walk all round the outside of it and then go through the processing plant, where they crushthe rock, grade it and process it.The Noise is unbearable at times.We stagger out deafened and dust-covered(but happy).After that we walk down into the heart of the quarry, where they actually extract the rock(dat;s where de action is babe)Thwy have uncovered an old lead mine shafg and we are given lumps of rock with lines of lead ore in them.We also pick up multifarious fossils.After that we bid farewell to the quarry and x drive back toCromford and had some rather nice but expensive fish and chips, and a drink for lunch.Still feeling dirty, but refreshed,we go to have a look at Richard Arkwright's first mill and the surrounding buildings, which are now used by a dye-manufacturer.It starts to rain very heavily,so we adjourn for a cuppa in a steamy little transport caff.At least you get a decentθsized mug.The rain stops, so we truck up to the actual Sir Richard Arkwrihg Mill- the sun comes out on the way up (hurray).We have to wait for Cliff,Mik,Colin and :yn to arrive, because they've been to Matlock for a swim(I could have done with one too)We manage to get into the mill, because Mike did an exhibition for them once apparently,but we're only shown the old mill,which is unused, and the generator powered by the river, because they don't want their work interfered with.The river is thw Derwent.

Yet more of the Dales Diary.

Thursday (continued)

After looking around the mill, the girls decide to go to Sheffield, but Robin, Doug, Dave and I want to go to Matlock to have a swim, so that's what we do. The others go back to camp to meet Paddy, who is coming over from Ireland today. Although we haven't got our swimming costumes or towels with us, we hire them for 25p (and 50p deposit) inclusive of the cost of the swim, which with the shower afterwards is most enjoyable. Glowing with "apres bain" and cussons Imperial Leather, we drive back to camp. Paddy has arrived (relief all round). I posted off my Kodak film in Matlock, so I hope that it's back in time for the slide show. Dinner, then up to the royal Oak. Mik and I play darts brilliantly (even though I say so myself) and we win all but one of the games that we play. This evening the regulars are in the pub, so we can't sit in the corner by the fire - a small price to pay, I suppose, for having a decent pub to go to. Yet again we stay there until closing time. Bed.

Friday - the penultimate day.

Up reasonably early, and I have a cooked breakfast. The weather is dubious, but we go ahead with our plans to climb Great Tit hill, which is next door to Big Tit hill, affectionately named so by Lyn a couple of days ago. We drive to Longnor, and leave the cars in the square. The girls dive straight into the pub and have a brandy apiece to stave off the effects of the wind, which is whipping around a bit viciously outside - I have a snort of Jos's, which warms the cockles of something or other. After losing our way a couple of times we find the right route and we work our way through the fields and a nice red-painted kissing-gate to our goal. Mike and Mik stay at the bottom of the hill because they are going to take a photograph of us all on top of the hill - before we go, we discuss the possibility of spelling out the word "construction" in semaphore when we are on top of the hill, but we discard that idea, because we aren't sure of how to spell it anyway, and at that distance, it would probably not be decipherable anyway. With the best will in the world we climb the hill, which must have been all of $89\frac{1}{2}$ degrees if it was a day. At last we reach the top, and panting in the rarefied atmosphere, we hang on for dear life against the gale-force wind that was blowing. When we have sufficiently recovered, we stand in a line holding hands and with one leg (each, that is) in the air, we pose for Mik and Mike. After that we take photographs "a plenty" of the surrounding land-forms, Howard and I take tea and sandwiches and we all enjoy watching Mik and Mike struggle up the hill. One of the most interesting hills below us was named "The Cornish Pastie", because it really did look like one.

As soon as Mike and Mik are ready, we push on - we have decided to follow a gorge, instead of climbing another hill, as was suggested. On that little lap of the journey we saw lots of sheep, including a few dead ones, a couple of farms with junked cars all over the place, a couple of men doing some work on a farmhouse for the farmer, who was away in Spain at the time, and a lovely multicoloured roof - the tiles were divided into three areas of colour - the overall effect was very striking, so I took a photograph of it. On top of a hill not far from Longnor on the way back, I pointed out a strange round stone object about 10' high and 6' in diameter to Mik, who thought it was probably a mine-cap. We then proceeded back to Longnor and arrived on the same road that we had entered it in the cars. While we had been sitting down having a rest earlier and eating some chocolate, Howard and Nick had walked on ahead, being the stout fellows that they are (anx mad, of course), so we waited for them in the cars in Longnor, in case they had got lost or come back on a different route. Also, we met Jos, who was waiting for Lorna and Jane, who had decided that they couldn't take the strain somewhere along the way. They didn't turn up and neither did Nick or Howard, so we left a note for xxxxxxxx them saying that we would pick them up in the pub at seven if they weren't back at camp, and we took Jos back with us.

That evening, we decide to do something a bit different from just going to the pub as we have done every other one and a sort of semi-al fresco barbecue is decided upon. Mik and Cliff are despatched to the off-licence to buy some xxx suitable alcoholic beverages, and a porch which serves as a windbreak as well as an extension xxxxx is attached to my tent. Howard and Nick were back at camp when we arrived, by the way - they had gone back with the girls. As soon as the beefburgers and other appropriate fare were cooked, the party gets under way. The drink lasts very well, considering the number of people in the group, and Lyn and Mike take candid snapshots of everyone in various stages of inebriation (NUff said) I consider watching the sun rise, but I haven't got the stamina to wait up that long. At some point during the night - bed (I think)

The continuing saga of the Dales- part the last.

Saturday.

While we are having breakfast, we present our little tokens of affection to MIKE and MIK- to Mike we give a pint glass, an ashtray, a bar mat and, most important, a bottle of the lager, affectionately known as Jungle Juice, as a happy reminder of the xxxx nights spent boozing in the royal Oak, and to Mik we give three bars of Kendal Mint Cake, which is guaranteed to keep him happy for hours when trucking over hill and dale. Actually, the bar mat was for both of them and was signed by all of us. Quite a poignant scene it was there in the tent. After that, sadly, we had to pack all the tents up, ready for the trip back. Cliff, Colin and Doug decide to stay over for the weekend, and as soon as we are packed up which takes xxxx some considerable time, we bid farewell to sunny Haddon Grove Farm and set off for home (blech) Home^ about four. Unpack, etc. etc.

Epilogue

Monday.

Back to college- yes, it's readjustment time, folks.

Le end.

* spelling mistakes & typos left in where space allows to preserve page layout [and for humour?]

† This is no doubt a humorous reference to a long-running radio programme, *Mrs. Dale's Diary* [The Light Programme, pre-Radio 2; mornings, 1960s? Similar to *The Archers*]

Ω This was the name of the faculty in which I worked.

© Howard Batchen, Doug[ie] Morris; can't remember Nick's family name

√ Mik Smith, one of the tutors [photo somewhere: not available here]

Σ note above the text, handwritten: THEY'RE ALL SCOTTISH APPARENTLY!

® Lyn Tsan [previously Tappenden], Rysiek Mundziel, Cliff Dressel, Colin Mead

¥ Mike Rowbotham, one of the tutors

∫ What car was I driving: was it my own? Don't remember what it would have been!

μ This might have been a female Jos but family name unknown

→ Stubbs: I believe he took his wife's name when he married later

° Dave Clark was from Stockton on Tees, strong accent, he started his own joinery business later

π an Ulster lass, can't remember her family name

ø nope, sorry, can't remember

^ Where was home then? Can't remember; could have been a poky bedsit in Redlands, Bristol.