



In its north-western corner the Peak District National Park extended almost into the suburbs of places like Saddleworth. This is a view taken a mile or so outside the Park boundary above Swineshaw Reservoirs near Stalybridge in May 2006, and if we could see just a little further to our left we'd have a clear view of the high-rise buildings in Manchester city

centre. It was an area he frequented often; his first teaching post was close by this corner of the Peak District, so too was L.S. Lowry's last home in Mottram. He was a great admirer of Lowry's work and even illustrated some of his own books with pen and ink sketches.



A digital image of Hathersage and Stanage Edge, one of the longest Peak District edges that stretches for almost the entire skyline in this May 2010 view through what appears to be an old field gateway on Eyam Moor. To the right of the two pillars, beyond the carpet of heather and bilberry, we can just make out the spire of Hathersage's parish church, in the graveyard of which can be found Little John's Grave.

Being a climber, Roger practised and honed his skills on the gritstone edges of the Peak District – from which there were many to choose. In a *Country Diary* from 2010 he wrote that, *The climbing routes on Bamford Edge are not particularly long but their superb position makes them memorable; the effect is of a lofty mountainside far above the everyday world.* Here we can see a party of climbers on Bamford Edge on a wonderful winter's day in December 2004 above a field of golden bracken and the dam wall of Ladybower Reservoir.







These are some views from the top of Derwent Edge looking west. Scattered along its length are an assortment of isolated gritstone pinnacles or tors, many of which have been weather-blasted over the millennia into weird shapes and been given supposedly descriptive names such as The Coach and Horses, The Cakes of Bread, The Wheel Stones, etc. One of the most well-known is this one, the Salt Cellar. The winter view is from March 1986 and shows the Salt Cellar, caked in snow and ice, in front of a magnificent sunset over Kinder Scout. In *Peakland Days* (1970) he writes that, . . . *the central part has been weathered to form a narrow stalk supporting the more resistant upper mushroom. Many have been the scramblers marooned on top of the Salt Cellar after climbing on to it, unable to make the more difficult descent.*



Almost exactly the same view but this one was taken on a balmy summer's day in May 1981. The water in the valley bottom is the northern arm of Ladybower Reservoir.



Bradfield Dale is a part of the Peak District that falls within the north-western boundary of the city of Sheffield and Roger often visited its moorland slopes and three reservoirs. Common to all of these views is the stone tower known as Boot's Folly, built by Charles Boot, (son of Henry Boot, founder of the famous Sheffield construction company) in 1927, allegedly to create work for people during the depression. The spring sunshine of April 2001(*left*) catches his tower sitting on its ledge above Strines reservoir. The September 2006 view with Guernsey cows (*centre*) gives a better view of its distinctive castellated architecture. The cluster of stones on the skyline is Dovestone Tor. A picturesque winter scene (*right*) from February 1986 shows sheep eating hay as the sun sets over the distant Boot's Folly.



One of the honeypots that Roger avoided on high days and holidays was Dovedale, particularly at the spot where it emerges from the limestone plateau near the villages of Ilam and Thorpe. At this distance with a flock of sheep grazing contentedly in the foreground, the crossing of the River Dove on the stepping stones by hordes of visitors was both out of sight and out of earshot. Even an on-line guide to Derbyshire's tourist attractions warns, *Keep away on sunny weekend afternoons*, and Roger too wrote, *So popular has Dovedale become that a broad path has had to be constructed to keep the mud at bay. The route along the bottom of the dale is now little different to one through a public park.*





Higher up the Dove Valley its sides open out and it loses the hemmed-in feeling of its lower reaches. Up here we also find three of the White Peaks most shapely hills. This is a view of the remaining mounds of Pilsbury Castle from May 1999. The red tractor has been parked perfectly and the solitary tree has yet to grow its new leaves. But it's the background landscape that draws our eye, because these are the impressive profiles of Hollins, Chrome and Parkhouse Hills, remains of an ancient atoll when this part of the Peak District was covered by a tropical sea. Chrome and Parkhouse Hills are a designated SSSI because of their geology and flora.

A fall of winter snow in December 2004 blankets Parkhouse and Chrome Hills. There are several exhilarating walks that take in both summits. In *Walking in Peakland* (2001) he writes that, . . . *continued activity on the part of frost, rain, wind and sun has dramatised their profiles – a process which is still going on. It is an interesting exercise to imagine what these twin hills will look like in another 5000 years!*





Another of the White Peak's much-visited dales is the Manifold Valley, a lush green vale enclosed by steep sides and limestone cliffs at the very southern extremity of the Peak District National Park. There is much of archaeological interest in this valley to be found in the concentration of ancient caves along its length. This was also the route of the delightful Leek & Manifold Valley Light Railway that used to carry milk from the dairy farms in the area to the mainline at Waterhouses. Sadly, it only lasted from 1904 to 1934, dogged by a fairly perceptive observation from a navy building it that, *it starts from nowhere and finishes up at the same place*, but its route through the winding valley bottom can still be walked or cycled today.

