

### **In search of the 'Over Exposed': Part 3**

THE wreck site is close to the summit and we joined other walkers, respectfully wandering through the debris; little was said. The tail-plane survived the crash intact but was later destroyed so as not to encourage visitors. Why is it that people, us included, seem drawn to the site of a disaster? (Which visitor to the Tower of London does not go to the place where Ann Boleyn and Katherine Howard lost their heads?). The landing gear and parts of the engines can be seen and the ground is littered with large pieces of buckled aluminium, some still gleaming bright as on the day the plane made its last flight. A memorial stone bearing a plaque stands in amongst the wreckage. Over the years visitors have laid out crosses of white stones set into the black peat.

WE were lost in our own thoughts for a while but it did not seem right to dwell there too long; anyway we still had some distance to go. The descent was initially easy as we found a gully containing wreckage going south-east, in the right direction for us. Once off the slope and back on the 'level' we were in amongst the bogs again and trying to avoid two streams that the map showed as crossing our route. The Pennine Way was regained and we headed south along Devil's Dyke to a junction of tracks with the curious name of Old Woman, where we would turn west back towards Glossop. Our route from here all the way back to the start lay along a track called Doctor's Gate ('gate' is an early name for a road). For a long time it was believed to be the course of a Roman road, and is described as such on older maps but this is not borne out by modern archaeology which puts the road elsewhere. It is now considered to be a late-medieval packhorse trail financed by Doctor Talbot, a sixteenth century vicar of Glossop. (It would have been the only route from Glossop to the east until Thomas Telford's Snake Pass road enabled the passage of wheeled vehicles in 1821.) The rocky path follows the valley cut by Shelf Brook, initially high up and exposed. Eventually the track descended to join the brook where more boggy ground had to be crossed before reaching Old Glossop, five hours and ten miles after we had set out.

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