

Foreword

Many walkers and ramblers may take for granted their right to enjoy the Peaks, whether by footpath or wandering the open moors. But how many realise these "freedoms" were not easily gained. GHB Ward, dubbed the "Prince of ramblers" by his contemporaries, did so much for us to help regain these freedoms and our understanding of the Peaks.

He captured the stories and tales, and

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interpreted this fantastic landscape for us making every footstep in it an adventure, a journey of discovery. He continues to live on through his researches, writing and campaigning spirit.

His work inspired and continues to inspire many people and in his later writings he offered us the challenge to carry on that which he started.

Those of us of a later generation recognised the magnitude of his work and were only too willing to

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take up his challenge. In the year 2000 Parliament passed the Countryside and Rights of Way Act which gave us the right to enjoy all our mountain and moorland, something GHB could only dream about but never saw. We can now freely enjoy and understand our Peakland. Thanks to GHB and those he inspired. (Look out for his commemorative plaque on a rock near the summit of Losehill or "Ward's Piece").

Terry Howard, Sheffield Campaign for Access to Moorlands (SCAM)

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Ward's Clarion Call

"Fourteen Sheffields responded to an advertisement I inserted in the Clarion (newspaper) and, on the first Sunday in September 1900, walked the usual round of Kinderscout, from Edale station. And this to my knowledge, the first workers' Sunday Rambling Club in the North of England (or South?) was formed."

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In this second edition of the Sheffield Clarion Ramblers podscroll we take a closer look at the man behind the original "worker's Sunday Ramblers Club". You will discover what shaped his personality, plus visit the Peak District landmark presented and dedicated to him.

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G.H.B. Ward

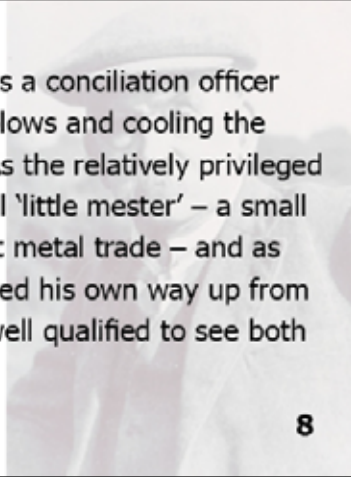
G.H.B. Ward was born in Sheffield on 12 June 1876. By the age of 21 he had served his apprenticeship at a local iron works and qualified as an engineer fitter. Around the same time he was also drawn to the growing socialist movement and became an active trade unionist.

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Ward's political career began in 1903 when he became the first Sheffield Branch secretary of, what would become the Labour Party. During the First World War he was posted to the Ministry of Munitions in Whitehall, London.

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His civil service career as a conciliation officer involved softening the blows and cooling the heat of class struggle. As the relatively privileged grandson of a successful 'little mester' – a small businessman in the light metal trade – and as someone who had worked his own way up from the shop floor, he was well qualified to see both sides in a dispute.

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Moor Memories

In true S.C.R. Handbook manner we have interspersed this podscroll with contemporary information gathered from Peaklanders too. Moors for the Future are building an oral history collection to this end, and short transcribed excerpts illustrated here contain recollections of life on the moors during the last century.

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Moor Memories - Mr Johnson

"I'd been on there with the Clarion Ramblers and I can tell you about the personality of GHB Ward who was a fascinating man. He was very intelligent of course, spoke many languages, had been involved in the Spanish Civil War to some degree..."

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"...He was related I think to Ward's the bookshop in Sheffield and lived at a place called Storth Lodge which is right up on by the Peacock there, there's a isolated house just overlooking the moor. And he was a man who was very strong. He died in his late 70s, he was a lecturer, he did a lot of lecturing and a very attractive personality."

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Honours

Ward retired in 1941 and was offered an O.B.E., which, as a socialist true to his principles, he refused. However, he did accept two later honours, and it is these that this podscroll will focus on.

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G.H.B. Ward is chiefly remembered as a Rambler. He often referred to it as 'the trinity of legs, eyes and mind' an activity in which looking and thinking are as important as walking in the fresh air, and it had a key role to play in his particular kind of socialism – that of character building.

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'A Rambler Made is a Man Improved' was one of the slogans printed on the original handbooks. Taking to the hills involved looking, exploring, breaking new ground and battling with the elements.

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Take the 1st left to head along the bridleway to HardencloUGH Farm. As you reach the second set of farm buildings (2), go through the gate and head left towards Hollins Cross. Continue along the path.

23



“It is a pity that the old day-return, out to Woodhead and return from Edale or Hope has been allowed to lapse... there is great incentive to walk to these remoter moors, and to be free of transistor radios, collapsible cooking ranges, picnic sets and so on.”

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From the next gate (3) – image above taken just before and to the left of the gate – our destination is clear. Ignore the public footpath on the left (4), which heads downhill (we’ll return that way later). Continue uphill to soon reach Hollins Cross (5).

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Medieval Castletonians despised the Edaleites:

“Before 1634, when Edale obtained its first curate-in-charge and church, Edaleites attending Holy Communion service at Castleton had to enter church by the Devil’s Door (North) with the diseased lazarettes from the Lesser Spittle (hospital) which lay off the Edale bridleway, via Hollins Cross”.

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Cairn at Hollins Cross



In the valley that has opened up in front of you, Castleton is on the left, Mam Tor is on the right and Winnatt's Pass is almost directly ahead. The Kinder Plateau dominates the skyline behind you.

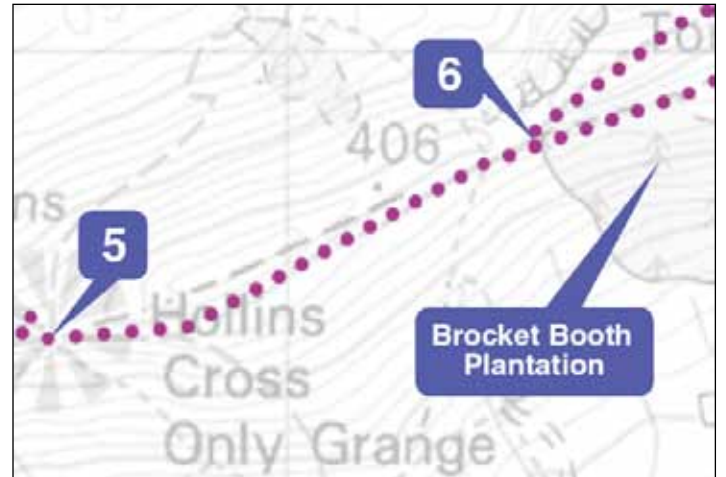
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"...what practical use is heather?... Well, one of its uses was to provide the old-time dyer with colouring matter. If heather-tops are boiled for two hours, and one ounce of alum added for each pound of wool to be dyed, you get purple."

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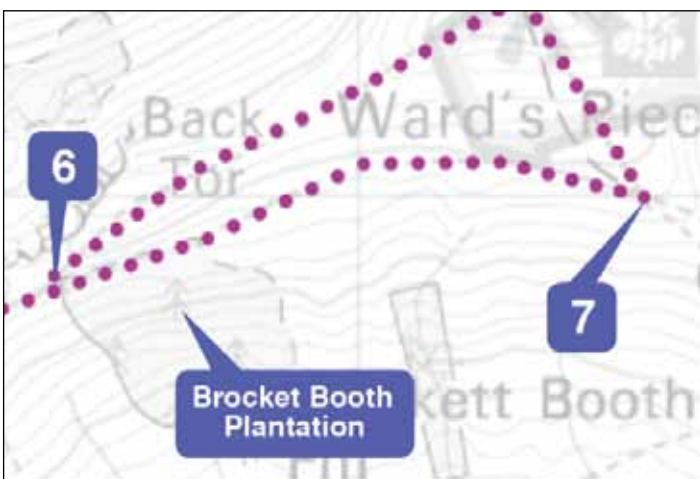
Turn left and continue uphill. Ignore the footpath further on (on the left over the stile). This heads up to the lonely tree on the rocky outcrop of Back Tor – we will return this way later. Continue ahead and through Brocket Booth plantation.

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Follow the path across the fields. On reaching a stone cairn turn left (7). As you head up the stone pitched path to Losehill look to your right; Winhill Pike stands across the valley.

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"The view from Lose Hill – an extract from an article by G.H.B.W. in the Sheffield Guardian, May 1st, 1914.
The view – never mind it! 'Twas all blue mist and you couldn't see 5 miles. Edward Carpenter said it was the smoke coming over Manchester – and without doubt the smoke from these two

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Hells of S. [Sheffield] and M. [Manchester] does make a big difference to the atmosphere of the Peak. When a few Directors have done a 'few months hard', and we have compelled property builders of new houses... to put in smokeless fireplaces, there may be a difference."

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"The Kindred Mind – To G.H.B. Ward
Losehill is thy memorial,
That Peakland view of vale and fell
Each feature that doth wanton wind
To keen impress the kindred mind.
May thou still draw the rambles' feet
To honour thee in such retreat

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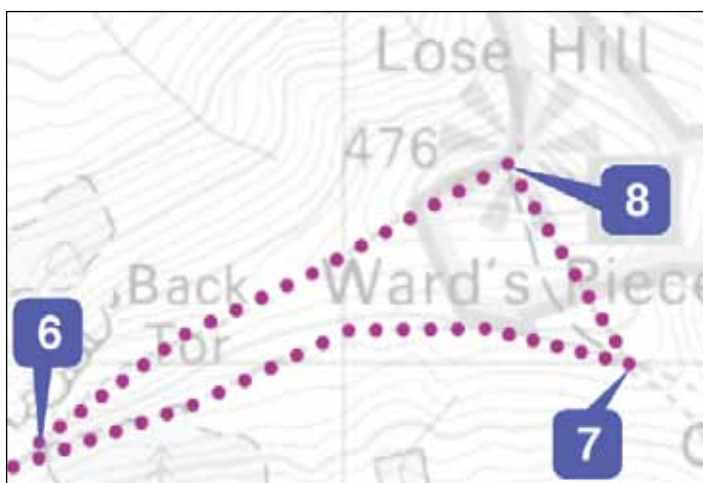
In every season's mood and hue
That marked thee as a leader true.
May thou live on as long as these
Far stretching ways that souls appease
Thou haunter of the Kinder Scout
And all the fair foothills about.

Thomas Greenhalgh."

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The panorama on Ward's Piece (8) provides a useful reference point to all the landmarks on the skyline. When you are ready, continue along the path past the lonely tree, turn right after crossing the stile (6) and onwards to Hollins Cross (5).

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"To the summit of Lose Hill, 1,563ft., some toiled, others with agility and swinging step came, seemingly in an never-ending stream, old and new friends to witness one of the greatest moments in G.H.B.'s life. They came in one's, two's and groups until the summit was literally covered with 'open air' lovers, and this was to be called for ever

"Ward's Piece'."

45

"Sheffield, Peakland, in fact, Britain, gathered to pay tribute to the work of Bert Ward, the pioneer freedom fighter for rights of access to the countryside for all. On April 8th, 1945, in glorious sunshine, 2,000 rambles gathered on Lose Hill to see Bert given the deeds of 54 ½ acres of 'Ward's Piece' on Lose Hill summit itself.

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When the deeds were first handed to G.H.B. Ward he thanked everyone who had participated in this gift stating 'this is the first time I have been a moor-owner.' He handed the deeds over to the National Trust, and with vibrating voice said: 'This piece of land will belong to everybody for all times'."

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Moor Memories - Don Johnson

"...in Derbyshire they commemorated a piece of land to him called Ward's Piece, which is at the top of Lose Hill. He used to dress like an Edwardian gentleman. That is to say, he used to wear tweeds, quite often what we used to call plus fours or plus twos, like trousers, not waterproof or anything like that."

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Turn right and head downhill, on the footpath towards the head of the valley, taking the right hand footpath (4) down past the farm and to the road (9).

You are heading for the church in the village in the distance.

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Moor Memories - John Bunting

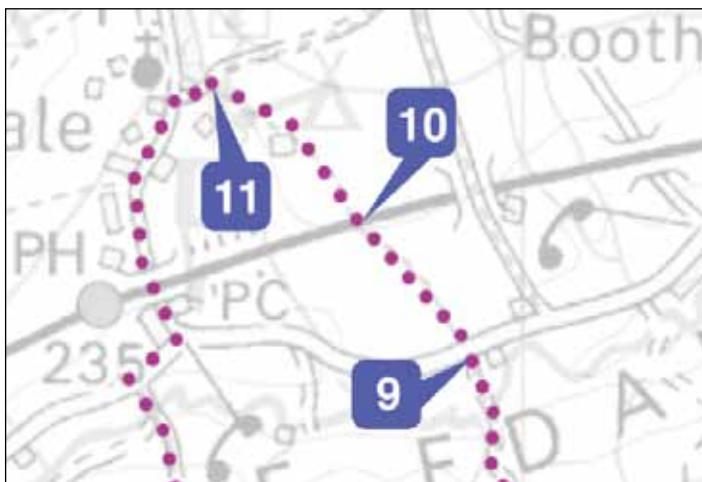
"And people like GHB Ward and Sheffield Clarion, he was really the main campaigner for national parks because we expected we'd get everything when we got national parks, in the event we didn't. There were Barbara Castle, I remember her speaking, she were only a young lady."

51

Cross over the road and continue along the public footpath, passing under the railway bridge (10).

Turn left after passing the campsite (11) and over the stream. Turn left onto the road – Edale Church is on the right – and follow the road back to the car park.

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Quotations and poems

Listed under each ramble in the annual handbook, Ward would add a poem or short literary quotation from writers who shared a passion for walking, looking or breathing fresh air – whether they were revered writers such as Wordsworth, or less well-known authors.

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“Memories of days on the heather,
Days in the wind and the rain,
Oft-times days in the sunshine,
And none of them days in vain.”

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As you walk down the road, away from the church, you will see on the left 'The Moorland Centre'. This was opened in 2008 and tells the story of the Peak District moorlands. It is well worth a visit.

56

When more than half-a-century's worth of Ward's essays are listed from the original handbooks the result is quite staggering. It is a wonder how a man in full-time, non-academic employment, ever found the time to write them, given the amount of research each one represents.

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There are articles about tramping in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the more northern Pennines, and place such as Madeira and Spain's Galicia, but the majority of Ward's articles are about the moorlands and valleys closer to his home.

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“Due to attend the annual degree congregation of Sheffield University...to receive an honorary degree of Master of Arts was unable to do so as he was ill in Nether Edge Hospital... not to be denied an honour so richly earned by his work for rambling, for the degree congregation was repeated privately three days later in the boardroom of the hospital.”

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“All through this year, the grave illness which beset Mr. Ward was constantly in the thoughts of the Executive Committee, and his absence from meetings caused great concerns to all its members. ...on October 14th, 1957, Mr. G.H.B. Ward, founder of the Federation and Area died and was cremated at the City Road Crematorium...”

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in the presence of a large assembly, among whom were gathered many friends, ramblers, and members of societies who had regard for Mr. Ward, and for the things he had done and stood for.”

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“I spoke with him a few days before he died, conversation was difficult, but the old spirit never flagged. From a brief mention about the attempted 'motorisation' of the Manifold Valley track, he reared up in bed, and his finger wagged in the typical Ward manner: 'you musn't let 'em get away with it,' he said, 'you mustn't let them do it.'”

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Besides founding the Sheffield Clarion Ramblers Club Handbook, Ward also successfully campaigned for the Ordnance Survey to amend some place names, and was involved in founding the Hunter Archaeological Society, the Hallamshire Footpath Preservation Society, and in 1926 he founded the Sheffield and District Federation of the Ramblers Association.

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“G.H.B.W. was a brilliant man, with great gifts and great attainments. He also had tremendous vigour. I remember a holiday at Sedbergh, when I was 35 and he was 65, and how he would race me up or down the fells whooping with delight. I still have the inspiration of the ideals he implanted in us in those early days”.

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ORDNANCE MAPS

2½" 1" ¼" to mile
Bartholomews ½" to mile

H. KIRK

Newsagent and Tobacconist

16a Tudor St. Sheffield 1

Phone Sheffield 25698

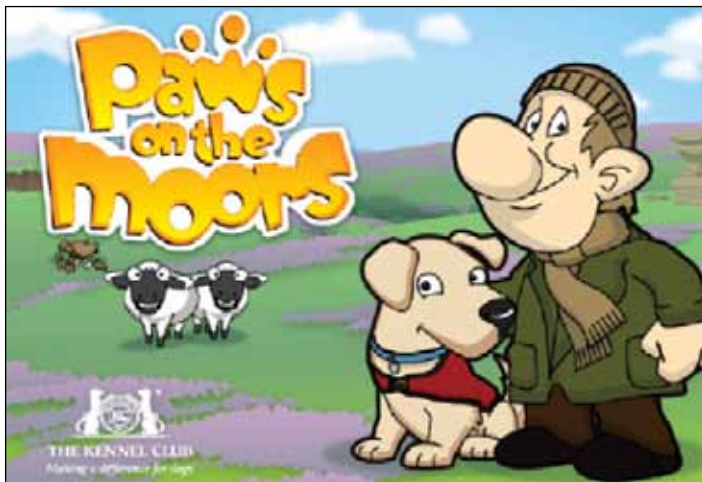
Down by the side of Central Library
Surrey Street



Moor Memories - John Bunting

“We were hoping for the freedom to walk. We fought for it and some of my colleagues died fighting for that freedom and when we come back it were no different to before we went. So that were the motivation, we thought we had the right to walk on it. And at the end of the day we wanted to preserve it which we have done.”

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Responsible dog owners are welcome on the moors:

Please keep your dog close by, under close control and in sight; however always use a 2 metres lead:

- Between 1st Mar - 31 July when rare moorland birds lay their eggs on the ground
- Near farm animals - all year round.
- If you cannot rely on your dog's obedience

Visit www.pawsonthemoors.org.uk before visiting the moors.

Acknowledgements

Great thanks goes to Terry Howard for his foreword, and Don Johnson and John Bunting for allowing their memories to add colour to this podscroll.

Supported in partnership by:



