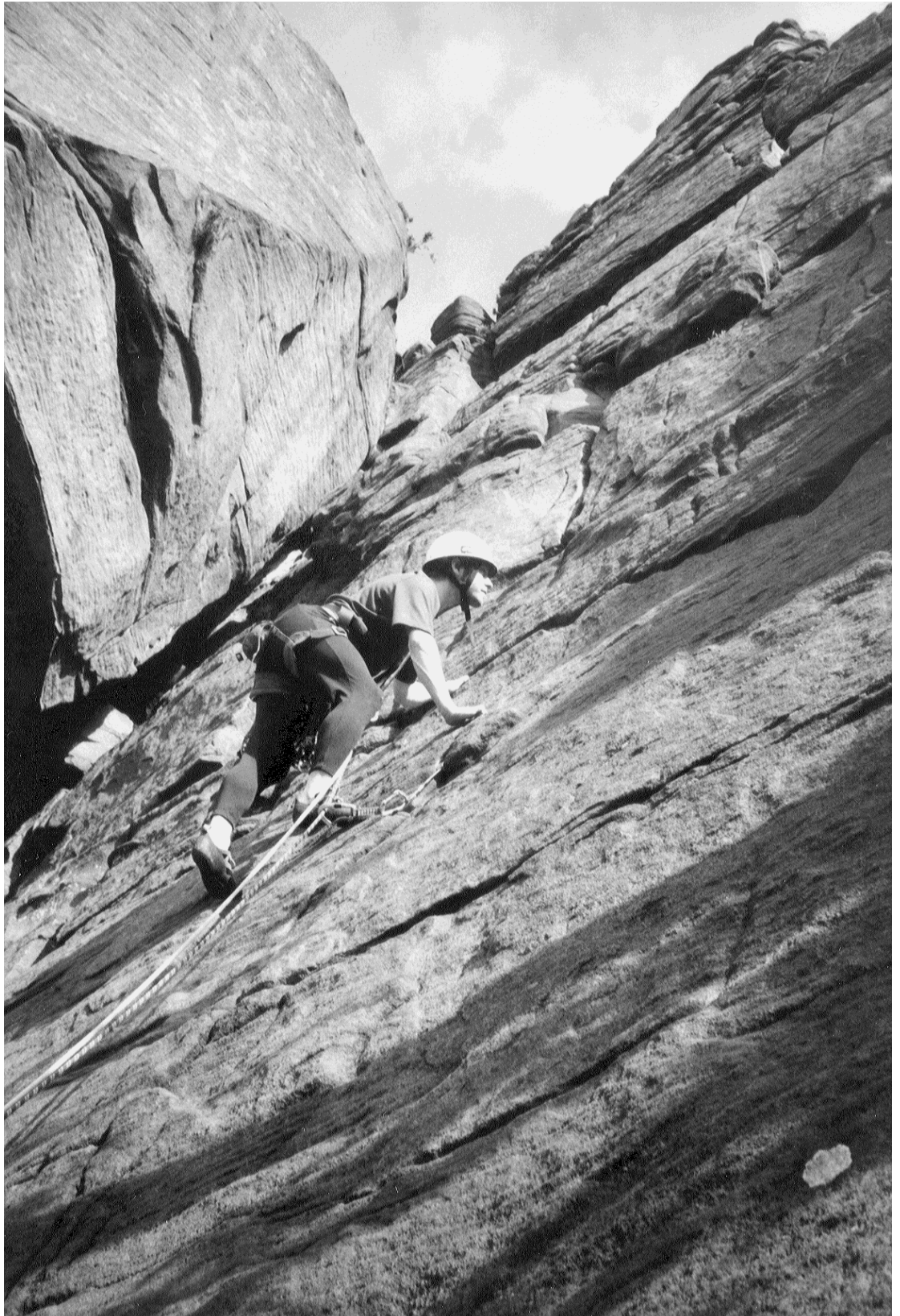


Yorkshire Rambler

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"Nimble footwork to reach the crack above" (Staffordshire Gritstone Guidebook) Daniel Wood on Maud's Garden, The Roaches

Foreword

As my Presidency draws to its close, it is time for some reflection on my part. Whether or not I ever expected to become President of the YRC is now irrelevant. As in every sphere of life it has had its ups and downs. Members will read further on in this issue about one aspect that I must inevitably view as a 'down'. But I know that I will look back on this period of my life as one of my finest summits. I have received tremendous support and, at the risk of repeating what I have said previously, it is a source of wonderment to me how and why this club operates so effectively. It would be naive to believe that every member, past & present, viewed every other member or indeed every President as an equally fine chap. Life is not like that. Nevertheless we must all thank other members, past & present, for creating something that contrives to contribute so much pleasure, support and good fellowship to our lives. It is a happy privilege to be a member

I hope that membership will also be a happy privilege to new members Alan Clare, Mike Ellacott, Bill Hawkins and Richard Kirby, all elected since our last issue. Let us have the pleasure of your company on many meets, chaps!

I understand that some members look upon me as ever so slightly eccentric. Well, you are now going to enjoy the pleasure of the Presidency in the hands of a real eccentric. I can hardly wait. One doesn't need to wish Albert "Good luck". Albert makes his own luck.



W C I Crowther, President

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The opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the YRC nor its Officers

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Corbetts Meet, Spring Bank 2000

Whose idea was it this time?

Seventeen years after the Munro meet members expressed some surprise at the circular giving advanced notice of the intention, depending upon support, to repeat the exercise on the Corbetts. It is not unusual for Club business to be discussed on meets, (and decisions made), outside of the committee. It was a casual thought, probably due to an excess of oxygen and red blood cells, expressed by a member returning from an acclimatisation trip. Whimsy became firm intention at base camp under Bolivia's Volcan Sajama as members with heightened levels of oxygen and red cells having just returned from its summit, planned ambitiously. Even allowing for the situation, it is one of the strong features of our Club that there was never any doubt that sufficient members would commit themselves to the enterprise.

The organising group Iain Gilmour, Alan Kay, Alan Linford and David Smith simply had to sit and wait, perhaps with some apprehension, for the gaps to be filled. Encouraged by a statement and example from the BBC Children's Christmas Lecture entitled 'The Arrows of Time' in which the lecturer, explaining the 'Chaos



Unremarkable summit cairn see through mist

Theory', used a photograph of the Grand Teton mountains with the caption 'Order came out of Chaos'. Do meet leaders know that, for years, they have been applying this most complex mathematical theory?

The Arrangements

The 220 Corbetts had to be assessed and grouped for different abilities and available time. Whilst there are charts for this a better grouping had already been established by Elspeth Smith and this was adopted in its entirety. Level of difficulty and access problems were established using the encyclopaedic knowledge of the late Eddie Edwards, even down to the day gates were locked and the races on Jura. Members exchanged hills and eventually had the right amount to do in the time available.

All participants made their own arrangements ascending hills in pairs, groups, or alone, and in some cases with support. This may seem to produce a fragmented meet as



Roshven

participants are spread over a large area and unlikely to meet, and that is true, but it produces other benefits. Before, and after, the event there is a lot of discussion and interchange of letters, phone calls, e-mails, bringing members into contact with each other sharing knowledge and experiences. In these exchanges interesting facets of the Club emerge. Two e-mails one week before the meet, illustrate the diversity of the Club, the first, 'information all clear, plans made, good luck'. The second 'can you tell me what Corbetts I have to climb?' From a prominent member 'I have only been on two Whit meets, this and the Munros and thoroughly enjoyed both.' Joy to the ears of the organisers.

Extracts from logs

The event also moved the Club into the new technology of mobile phones. David Laughton purchased one to run the communications centre, which proved to be useful and effective. Equally so to mount a rescue plan for Derek Bush who was marooned on a site with no facilities and his shower had failed. Technology again in the form of a Walkman, *Desert Island Discs* and *I am Sorry I Haven't a Clue* helping divert (only attention, not direction) Michael Smith through mist and fog on the hills above Loch Eilt. No reports of GPS being used, surprising, as nobody reports being lost. I can only put this down to single-minded concentration on the job in hand and not making proposals for correcting European, World and Club politics.

In a similar vein a number of reports mention the constant distraction of adjacent unclimbed Munros. Alan

Kay will have to hump his camp back into Contin to complete his Munros.

David Smith, as always, can be relied upon to maintain the Club traditions, shunning all technology he navigates in Scotland by keeping the sea on the left, only to realise that for his section the sea was always on the right? David and Elspeth are the only group to register better routes than those suggested in the SMC guide.

Those who've enjoyed excursions with Duncan Mackay will not be surprised that he missed the ferry to Knoydart and had to pay a fisherman to be taken across. He found a large hole in the ground in Coire nan Gobhar, a missing bridge not at 793042 on Beinn na Callich requiring a striped wade. The misery of a plague of midges was mitigated by discovering an elaborately constructed ancient deer stalking track - a delight to follow.

On Jura, Gordon Humphrey's ascent of Beinn an Oir involved watching otters at the head of the valley, and took twice as long as some runners who'd just done all three Paps plus the hills at each end in under four hours.

Copies of the individual members' logs and photographs have been placed at Lowstern and Low Hall Garth and are available on disk.

It is clear from the listings that the younger members took on the task of the more remote and inaccessible hills, their reports of running, cycling, early morning starts, late finishes and long haul camps leave the reader breathless. The reports of course, do not give any indication of the age of the author, read the one of a more mature member who hauled in camp, up and away early (0530 one day),



First camp and Ben Aden

and rewarded by coming across a newly born fawn.

Having completed the ascent of Askival and Ainshval, Albert Chapman and George Burfitt thought they would take in a tour of Kinloch Castle. In 1964 the Club had a successful meet there as a result of Albert's friendship with Lady Monica Bullough. He mentioned this to the guide at the castle, who started off the official tour with, "We're privileged today to have Lady Monica's toy boy with us."



Fawn on Carn a'Chuillin Derek Smithson

All members report the delight and pleasure of finding their own way over unmarked hills, some ascents rather dreary, but most hills interesting and the SMC guide accurate and useful. A number of reports register the point that this type of meet provides the opportunity to go into areas and onto hills that they, by choice, would not have considered and enjoyed the experience. Derek Smithson comments 'very grateful for the opportunity to see the wonderful views from the mountains near Barrisdale off Kinloch Hourn and to camp in near wilderness again'.

Kevin Brown mentioned 'stunning views and a lovely run down from Mealloch Mor' and 'a great sense of journeying through the hills'. Kevin hardly seems to have stopped for breath finding the South Cairngorm ideal for running. He recorded some remarkable times between his start and finish points with the Corbetts topped as a matter of course. Nine in total, four in the very hard category. One day, of nine hours, was from

Blair Atholl station to Tromie Bridge over Beinn Meodhonach 901m, Beinn Bhreac 912m, Leathad an Taobhain 912m, Carn Dearg Mor 857m, two extra tops to make sure of the top and cycled on to Newtonmore. Alan Blackshaw had cached the cycle at Tromie. Kevin travelled light with a *KIMM* sac, windproofs and food (mainly jelly babies) and wore studded fell shoes. A fuller description of his contribution is given towards the end of this report.

The organisers were concerned about the President and his heavy responsibilities having given him 13 hills to do in Glen Sheil, five of them in Eddies 'H' category, but in true YRC tradition of support for its President, Tim Josephy dropped in and climbed five of the Northernmost hills.

There were few reports of any problems. A notable one was David and Elspeth getting caught up in a mortality check (of deer) on the Attadale Estate.

Roy Wilson in the Southern Uplands, having carefully planned his routes, found forests and tracks to have

disappeared, disconcerting in the mist and rain. He admits to mistaking Loch Minoch for Loch Harrow and thrashing by compass through a forest that did exist to get back on route.

Darrell Farrant on Ben Tirran in Glen Clova found the subsidiary and lower summit to be called Ben Tirran, the true summit is called The Goet more shapely and with a trig point. All letters to the SMC.

Wildlife

Several reports of close encounters with Golden Eagles, each one a sight never to be forgotten.

Roger Dix, in addition to his Eagle, seems to have encountered most wildlife reporting at least fifty mountain hares in their winter coats on Auchnafree hill and more birds than most. Two pairs of Ring Ouzel on the track to Auchnafree, several Twite the darkish pink rumps of the males clearly visible, a single Golden Plover (few around this year) and later a pair on Meall an t'Sealladh and most heartening of all several



Carn a'Chuillin summit

Skylarks were found on most of his hills. Alan and Angie Linford were treated to several visits of two pair of Bullfinches on, of all places, the Tyndrum Camp site. Other sightings included Ptarmigan, Dotterill, Buntings, Red Grouse, Curlew, Buzzard, Tufted Duck and Red Breasted Mergansers.

Ken Aldred found a Spotted Orchid at 700m, must be the upper limit. Derek Smithson also rewarded with sighting of a fox and Red Squirrel. Many groups report hares in large numbers many still in winter covering, Ray Harben, in awful weather, met a hare on the summit of the Sow of Athol also suitably dressed.



Green Plover's nest on Clisham

The weather

The only threat to the success of the enterprise was the weather. This turned out to be very mixed for all groups. Equally shared were wind, snow and hail storms, rain, heavy rain, very heavy rain, rivers in flood, mist and sunshine. The worst weather set upon Raymond Ince and his group, having had a fine day on Clisham despite being literally blown over, moved to Skye only to find the conditions on Glamaig so treacherous they abandoned the ascent a short distance from the summit. They had run out of time so David Smith and Iain Gilmour, independently, motored over to Skye and completed the ascent in better conditions. Global warming may be the cause of many groups

suffering from midge attacks, not normally experienced on this meet. John Schofield claims the worst attack while Bill Todd describes his legs as a *medical curiosity*. Ken Aldred and his group wish to record seeing some blue sky.

The Result

In the event all 220 Corbetts were climbed over the Whit holiday by 63 members, six prospective members and guests, nineteen ladies and two children, each making their own contribution in a different way. 26 people ascended the last hill on Saturday 3rd, June (about average for a YRC meet) and nineteen sat down to a celebration dinner in Newtonmore.

For the last hill, Carn an Fhreiceadain, the meet enjoyed wall to wall sunshine, with the pleasure of sunbathing on the top with John Lovett and chatting about old times. It had been a long time, too long, since John climbed a Scottish hill and the day was a memorable event for him. John Barton, waiting to see how he was after 'ten days trailing around in Turkey' managed to make the meet and topped out Fhreiceadain on the Friday, again in beautiful weather, before dashing off to Inverness. John at the age of 75 would be the oldest member on this meet. Harry Stembridge at 81 was the oldest to top out on the Munro meet. Some wit has suggested doing the Graham's in seventeen years from now. Who will be the oldest to top out then? - It could be you!

Alan Linford

Kevin Brown's notes on his...

Quick trip round Atholl's backyard

23 May: I drove a Fiat Seicento (just takes a rucksack) from Pitlochry and parked by the bridge near Straloch. Out on the mountain bike in driving rain and quickly up Glean Fearnach with cloud at 550m. Smooth track to Daldhu then rough and rocky to the walled ruin (994717).

Left the bike by a wall and headed SW up a broad valley to an obvious stream junction from where a bearing took me into the cloud and up steep bilberry slopes to reach the top of Ben Vuirich, 903m. Trig point surrounded by a stone wall with an opening to the South.

With a strong South wind and lashing rain I didn't dally and took a bearing down steepish ground back to bike. The head of Glen Loch was magnificent in pastel colours as I emerged from cloud. By bike I was

back at the car, three hours after setting off.

With dry clothes and lots of food I drove towards Pitlochry and parked near Baydo (985614). Then I walked and ran west through deep heather to pick up the forestry boundary. Deer tracks, even minor ones, were better than nothing. I continued to northern tip of forestry and from there up a rough streambed and into the cloud again.

I reached a minor cairn on Ben Vrackie and then headed west to summit cairn, 841m, and memorial to John Gray with plaque giving names of nearby peaks. After a brief pause I descended by same route to the car taking care on the rough ground beneath the deep heather (2½ hours).

24 May: From Dalnacardoch Lodge on the A9 I cycled north up a good track with the pudding basin top of An Dùn visible in the distance.

After a technical fault and a tumble I retreated to Pitlochry for a new front wheel spindle! Losing 1½ hours to the bike I quickly reaped the benefits of cycling and still reached Sronphadruig Lodge sooner with the delay than I would have done on foot.

After passing a new concrete bridge above the lodge I left the main track and continued north on a narrow path to east of An Dùn. Ditched bike when level with the loch and headed directly up the steep sides to reach An Dùn's windy, flat top, 827m, and fine clear views all round. A sheltered grassy hollow to the south would make a superb bivvy.

Dropped quickly back to the bike, walked and cycled the narrow path along the side of the loch. An eagle circled and landed on the crags above. Reaching the north end of the loch I

crossed the river and joined a well made track, still heading north. So good it was that I overshot my intended starting point up Maol Creag an Loch.

The bike left by a stream (732818), I struck up the hill to the South. Studded fell running shoes were useful here as the ground was steep and slippery. I reached the small pile of stones on the summit of Maol Creag an Loch, 876m, in good visibility and saw a much larger pile of stones about 800 m away to the south. Just in case I trotted over to the county boundary cairn (confirmed lower by altimeter) and backtracked to the bike with rain and strengthening wind from the south.

Continuing on the bike I crossed the Allt Gharbh Ghaig and passed imposing Gaik Lodge with its avalanche slopes beyond. White horses on Loch an t-Seilac as I continued north to the bridge over Allt Bhran next to a newly built house, meeting tree planters and cheery hydro workers on the way.

The bike was left near the bridge (763903) and I headed north then east to reach summit of Meallach Mor, 769m. After enjoying great views of Corbetts to come from the top there was a lovely run back down the same route to the bike. North from here the track became tarmac and I sped down Glen Tromie to Tromie Bridge and then Newtonmore (seven hours from 2nd start).

25 May: After catching the 7.29 train from Kingussie to Blair Atholl I was passing the castle gates by 8.15. Keeping west of the river Tilt to start with I ran north to Gilberts Bridge. After an elaborate wooden ladder over the deer fence I continued to the north-east, through the forest above the roaring river Tilt. On crossing another bridge I left the Tilt and headed up a minor stream towards my first hill. Thinking of the effort to build them I crossed yet another elegant stone bridge at 884724 before heading up the long rounded ridge to reach the summit of Beinn Meodhonach, 901m.



Time to relax on the final top, Carn an Fhreicheadain

On the ascent I was surprised by a large square cairn, to the east of the main ridge and well below the summit. From the top I picked up speed and ran north, passing east of Carn a Chiaraidh and in good visibility crossed boggy peat hags to a stream junction (878806). Snoozed and sunbathed beside a white sandy stream shore for a while at this magical, sheltered spot and ate another pack of jelly babies.

From the junction I ran up the minor stream, meandering in a grassy dip

before striking to the north-west to reach the summit of Beinn Bhreac, 912m, skirting two snow fields and startling about 100 red deer. With wind and high cloud there were tremendous views from this remote summit. I ran to the north off Beinn Bhreac and kept to high ground. With good going underfoot I managed to run west and north to Leathad an Taobhai.

Stop Press! See also final pages

Attendance:

President, Ian Crowther	David Handley	Alister Renton
Ken Aldred	Ray Harben	Chris Renton
David Atherton	Carole Harben	Joyce Renton
Dennis Armstrong	Colin Hawkins	Neil Renton
John Barton	John Hemingway	Harry Robinson
Alan Blackshaw	David Hick	Clive Rowlands
Marcia Blackshaw	Christine Marriott	Arthur Salmon
Alan Brown	Gordon Humphreys	Graham Salmon
Kevin Brown	Fiona Humphreys	Roy Salmon
Buckner Ian (PM)	Howard Humphreys	Margaret Salmon
Victor Bugg	Raymond Ince	John Schofield
George Burfitt	Tim Josephy	Pat Schofield
Derek Bush	Alan Kay	Euan Seaton
Yvonne Bush	Julia Kay	David Smith
John Casperson	Mike Kinder	Elspeth Smith
Albert Chapman	Cliff Large	Michael Smith
Alan Clare (PM)	David Large	Helen Smith
Clifford Cobb	David Laughton	Richard Smith
Roger Dix	John Lovett	Fiona Smith
Gwen Dix	Betty Lovett	Derek Smithson
Stuart Dix	Alan Linford	John Sterland
Andrew Duxbury	Angie Linford	Mike Thompson
Barbara Duxbury	Bill Lofthouse	Bill Todd
Derek English	Duncan Mackay	Juliet Todd
Darrell Farrant	Emille	Richard Webb (PM)
Iain Gilmour	David Martindale	James Whitby
Sarah Gilmour	John Martindale	Frank Wilkinson
Mike Godden	Rory Newman	Roy Wilson
Richard Gowing	Sue Thompson	Alan Wood
Elizabeth Gowing	Frank Platt	Peter Wood
Ralph Hague	Colin Rankin (G)	Michael Wood

Svalbard

David Laughton

Svalbard consists of a group of islands situated between latitudes 74°N and 81°N lying some 500 miles north of Norway. The north coast is therefore only some 600 nautical miles south of the North Pole. This has made it an important staging post for explorers either attempting or returning from attempts on the Pole. Accordingly names associated with Svalbard include Nansen, Amundsen, Andree, Herbert, and Fiennes, which made it doubly attractive to me as an enthusiast for Arctic history.

The largest island is Spitsbergen with three other sizeable islands, North East Land, Edgeøya and Barentsøya plus many smaller islands. As its name implies, Spitsbergen has jagged, alpine peaks, the highest of which is 1717 metres. Most are extensively glaciated with many coming down to the sea. North East Land is almost completely covered by an ice cap said to be the third largest in the world - after Antarctica and Greenland.

I first went to Spitsbergen in 1982 when I joined seven others to charter a 70ft wooden ex fishing boat (with its owner cum skipper and cook). We flew out to the "capital" Longyearbyen and sailed north up the west coast. Each day we landed by dinghy to walk on the tundra or to scramble up scree or moraine slopes to minor summits or to visit one of the many huts left by whalers, trappers or expeditions. In the NW corner we visited the site of the old whaling station of Smeerenburg. This flat plateau, surrounded by impressive mountains unbelievably had a population of more than 1000 around 1640 - mainly British, Dutch and



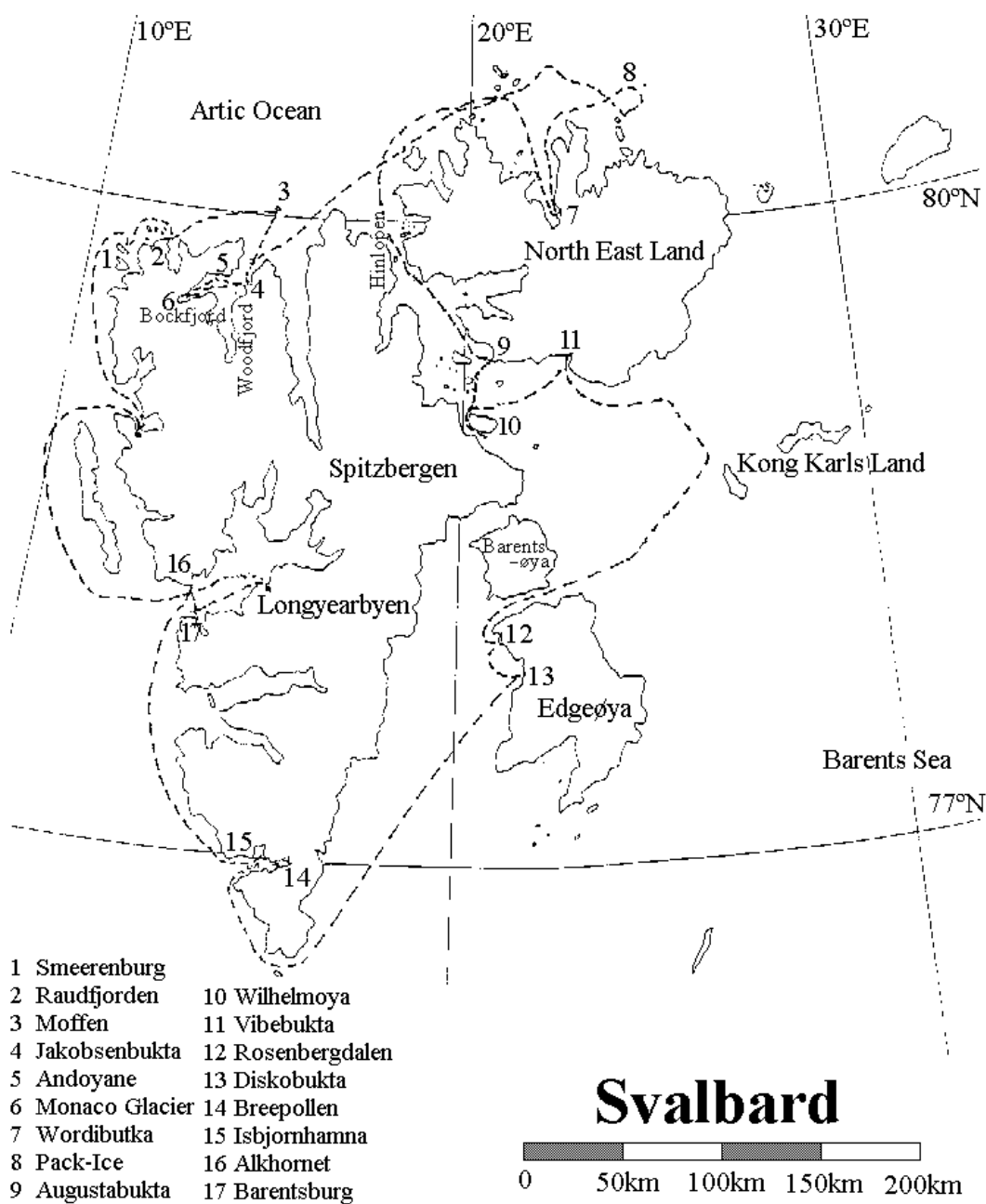
Danish whalers. All that now remains are graves and the horseshoe-shaped furnaces that once rendered blubber.

Along the north coast we started to meet pack ice and saw our first Polar Bear. We sailed south into the narrow Woodfjord, flanked on both sides by glaciers and snow or rock peaks, and anchored in a small side fjord, Bockfjord. Here we landed to attempt our first significant peak, which we estimated to be around 1000m. The lower slopes were reminiscent of the wilder Pennine peaks but here the ground was solidly frozen only a foot or so down. Higher was deep, soft snow - hard, unpleasant work. However, when we reached the summit we had the reward of impressive views into the central mountains of Haakon VII Land. Down to the beach for a BBQ and a good nights sleep aboard the gently rocking boat. Next day back to the north coast to head east in an attempt to reach North East Land. Unfortunately this had to be abandoned due to pack ice. We did manage to push through scattered pack to reach 80°N at Moffen Island with its small herd of walrus. Then slowly back to Longyearbyen, in improving weather to fill in gaps left on the way up.

Not having landed or even seen the other major Svalbard islands has rankled ever since 1982 and it left a gap in my objective of travelling around the whole of the arctic landmasses. In recent years ice-strengthened Russian "research" vessels have started offering "adventure" cruises all over the Arctic (and Antarctic) and I have twice visited Greenland on the 236ft Professor Molchanov. This year I decided to sign on again when she was due to attempt a circum-

navigation of Spitsbergen with the possibility of getting right round the whole Svalbard group if ice conditions were exceptionally good. As we were not leaving until late August I thought we had a good chance of success.

The 39 passengers, including people from six different countries, embarked at Longyearbyen. Fortunately our itinerary involved little duplication from my earlier trip as, to give as much time as possible in the north



and east, we sailed overnight up the west coast which I had got to know fairly well in 1982. We did visit Smeerenburg again, much cleaned up in the last eighteen years but still bearing reminders of the hard times experienced by the old whalers and sealers. Over lunch the ship sailed north and east and by mid afternoon we were anchored in the beautiful Raudfjord. The zodiacs took us under huge cliffs full of Kittiwakes then along the front of a glacier at the edge of which we landed to scramble around the glacier edge. On the way back to the ship we landed on a small island which had until recently been the nesting site of a large number of geese, probably Barnacles.

Back aboard the ship headed northeast crossing the 80° "landmark" soon after 10pm, still of course full daylight, with a hazy sun. As we toasted this milestone, Moffen Island appeared ahead. This was for me another duplication but last time we had had to push our way through large pans of ice and saw only two walrus lying on the shore; this time there was no ice and a pod of perhaps eighty walrus. Overnight we sailed into Woodfjord but this time anchored fairly near the entrance. Early next morning we landed on the east shore

to do a long walk up to the head of a valley. The weather was perfect and very soon we were stripping off the layers of clothing needed in the zodiacs. Back aboard the ship moved across to a group of small islands off the west shore where bears had been seen on previous trips. No luck so we pushed on into a side fjord, anchored and set off to explore by zodiac. A white shape lying above the rocky shore proved to be our first Polar Bear of the trip. We got to within 30ft but it took little notice of us as it dozed, got up, turned around and went to sleep again. The outboard motor was kept running in case it took a greater interest. Later in the trip we saw a further seven Polar Bears, usually out on the pack ice.

Now at last the highlight for me - we made it to North East Land. Scenically nowhere near as spectacular as Spitsbergen but an ambition fulfilled. Our first landing was at the head of Rijpfjord where we went ashore near the ruins of a German radio station which operated during the war supplying weather reports, presumably to their forces trying to intercept the Murmansk convoys. The two wooden huts were still littered with soggy German books, radio manuals etc left some

fifty-five years ago - very few people visit this spot. There had been some pack ice as we entered the fjord but when we came out and turned east we met much more. To the north lay a group of fairly large islands with a small one a little further out being the northernmost point



of Europe. We spent the day cruising in the area initially trying to get ashore but when that had failed attempting to get round to the east coast of North East Land. Unfortunately we again failed but did get good views of bears, walrus and Bearded Seals on the ice.

Once it became clear that our complete circumnavigation was not going to succeed we retreated until we could head south through the Hinlopen Strait between Spitsbergen and N. E. Land. We entered the strait around midnight. I had gone to bed but was awoken by crashing and banging. Looking out of the porthole I saw we were completely surrounded by ice so got up and went onto the bridge (we had free access to the bridge at all times). Although it was still daylight it was foggy, the ships searchlight showing virtually solid ice ahead. The ship is not an icebreaker but has reinforced bows and she was crashing her way through, the captain directing the route. Eventually I returned to bed and soon could hear that we were in clear water. Next morning, under a clear blue sky we landed on the west coast of North East Land on a beach occupied by a large herd of walrus. As we approached in the zodiacs four walrus swam across to meet us and by the time we were ashore about a dozen had come into the shallows and were wallowing about. This attracted a flock of Arctic Terns, presumably picking up food brought to the surface, an Arctic Skua attacked a Black Guillemot and robbed it of its food and later a skein of Pink Footed Geese flew over. The walrus got more and more inquisitive and eventually started rubbing their bristly noses and sharp tusks on the dinghies - they even allowed us to touch them, a marvellous morning. Later that day we made another

landing on a small offshore island for a walk over very boggy tundra, seeing reindeer, ptarmigan and an arctic fox. A final landing on the south coast of North East Land - this time on a completely different terrain, a huge stone desert beside the large ice cap. Completely flat, it was covered with flat pebbles, many containing fossils. Well inland we found many isolated whale bones, each covered in lichens with small plants growing around fed by the nutrients from the bones. Obviously it had been the sea bed relatively recently, the land having risen as the ice cap had retreated.

South now through the strait, between the islands of Barentsøya and Edgeøya, to make two landings on Edgeøya. One for a good long walk up onto a ridge eventually dropping back down to the coast at a collection of huts, still in good condition, probably used by scientists. The other to a Gordale type canyon full of Kittiwakes and their young. A family of Arctic Foxes were actively picking up dead birds and a long dead reindeer lay at the foot, the foxes showed curiosity rather than fear of us. Time was drawing on so a long overnight sail took us around the south tip of Spitsbergen back to the west coast and into the spectacular Hornsund - a deep fjord with impressive peaks and glaciers. It was misty when we arrived but this cleared and we did a couple of zodiac trips with one landing at the foot of a glacier and a last Polar Bear. There is a Polish research station on the north shore of Hornsund to which we accepted an evening invitation; seven or eight scientists were to spend the winter there. later, heading north, we had the only rough seas of the voyage but it calmed down in the morning as we entered Icefjord. One last landing for a late evening visit to the Russian

coal-mining town of Barentsburg on the south side of the fjord a few miles west of Longyearbyen. Not many people wanted to go ashore, it was 11pm and the bar was doing a lot of last night business, but fifteen of us went. Despite the time the Russians opened up the museum and laid on an

English-speaking guide, later we wandered around the town. At this latitude we got a very colourful sunset at midnight. A final day was spent wandering around Longyearbyen then home via Oslo and Copenhagen. Objective almost but not quite achieved.



Hornsund



How it Really Used to Be!



Number Two

by a “Has Been”

“Trog wants somebody to climb with.”

“Who’s Trog?”

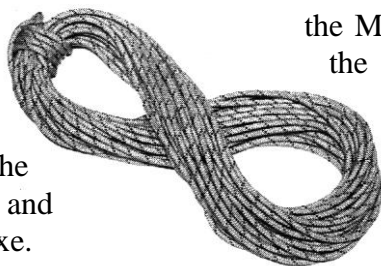
“Him over there, the lad who spends all his time in his tent.”

“Who is he?”

“Don’t know, but he’s a good climber. Done some hard stuff in Wales.”

Thus it was, on a lovely morning in July 1962 I caught the Funicular to Montnvers with Trog, to begin my Alpine career on a rock route called the Brioche. I had never been to Chamonix or the Alps before but it was easy to see the mountains were out of condition, as we were in a storm cycle. Paul and David had assured me the Brioche was an all weather climb, first done by Lionel Terray about ten years earlier. All this was very interesting but I had not come to climb, but to travel about and had merely hitched a lift with David Witham and Paul Ross.

Trog was a bespectacled, rather quiet lad who had all his gear in an Army knapsack slung over one shoulder and a rope over the other. I had my boots and a ninety centimetre axe.



From Montnvers we dropped down to the Mer de Glace, much bigger than today, and scurried up the valley along the glacier edge. I had always understood Alpine days started at a slow pace that could be kept to all day, but this was like the old style Le Mans start. Added to this I started to hear a series of wicked zips and dull thuds. On looking up I could see large stones landing on the snow slopes just above us. Naturally there was not a helmet in sight and it was a bit worrying. The nearby hurrying climbers did not seem perturbed so we carried on.

At the base of the buttress I understood why Trog had been rushing. There was a queue, each rope with a guide and the first party was about a rope’s length up. Undeterred, Trog sauntered along the base of the cliff and then said “This’ll do.” We promptly roped up and he set off up a steep unclimbed crack at a great rate. In turn I followed and with Trog leading, our alternative start soon passed all the other ropes. We joined the standard route via a sloping layback crack which I went into wrong way round, so was hanging out of the crack and my rucsac felt very heavy. After re-arranging myself life was much easier.

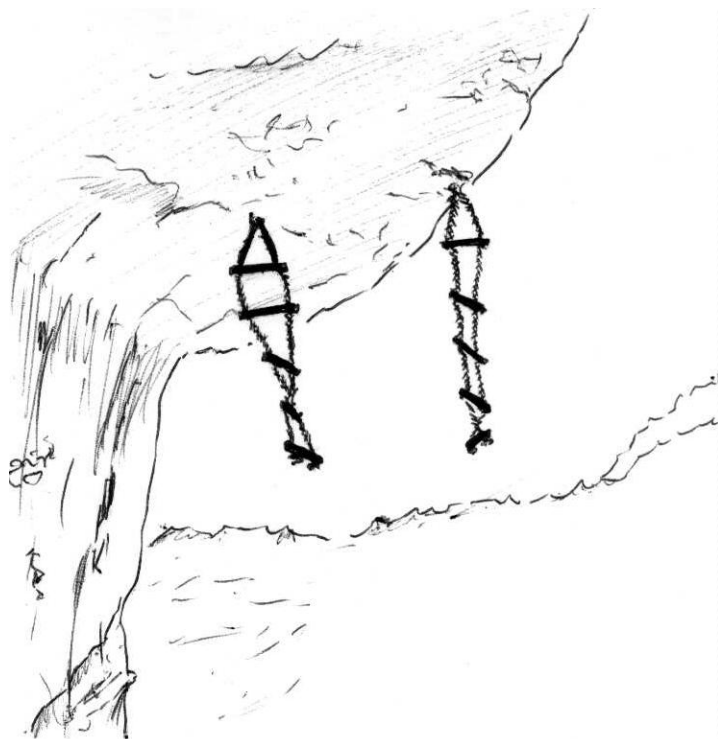
Trog really could climb, neat and economical in gesture and word, with fine balance. He assumed I could too and offered advice only when asked for it. We both enjoyed it as pitch followed pitch more easily after the initial steep section. The views across the Mer de Glace to the Drus and up the valley were quite stupendous while the day was warm and pleasant.

While encouraging me to climb with Trog David had mentioned the route, while a

good standard for a first route, was a bit awkward at the top and étriers made it easier. Paul had merely smiled.

As we climbed a large bulge became prominent and even Trog looked at it in a quizzical sort of way. Needless to say we had no étriers but my faith in him was justified when, on reaching the foot of the bulge, we spied two étriers dangling from pitons. Unfortunately they belonged to a guide and we were guideless, bringing no money into the Chamonix valley. In those days most hardish or tricky routes were still done with guides, the Chamonix Corps des Guides being, with good reason, very proud. Fortunately though, the client was no climber having been, more or less, dragged up the pitch so the guide was likely to lose his étriers, no mean expense.

In such circumstances it is amazing how quickly one latches on. Trog was up the étriers and over the bulge like a shot. As I started up he remarked quietly to bring them up. In 1962



étriers were rarely used in Britain and I had never handled any let alone recovered them from an overhanging bulge, while standing in them. My recently taken B.Sc. in physics informed me that unclipping them while standing in them offered an unhappy future!

The guide was encouraging - he wanted his étriers - but in rapid French. In the end all was well as I stood on the anchor pitons and first hung on the upper étriers and then found a handhold while unclipping the second.

That was it! We sat on a flat slab and watched the guide and client share fruit and cheese and other nice things and then set off down a snow field. The long ice-axe was good for glissading, so I was alright but Trog produced a piton hammer, squatted down and with great aplomb, managed to glissade albeit slowly.

I never spoke to or saw Trog again.

The following day and the next I found myself leading the ice boss on the Forbes arête on the Chardonnet with Dennis Gray and two others, one with an arm in plaster. On the way down we were engulfed by a blizzard and I broke the world long jump record jumping down, last on the rope, over the bergschrund - so much for telling them I was a tyro! But that is another story.

Dennis Gray adds: The other two were Dez Hadlum, who had his arm in plaster and now lives in Denver, Colorado, and Hank Harrison of Derby.

Getting the most out of Ski Poles

David Smith

Is the now popular telescopic ski pole an aid or a fashionable accessory? Watching many hill walkers I think the latter is becoming the case as so many flop them back and forth like Georgian dandies as they walk along. They can, though, be of great assistance, particularly on difficult terrain, if used sensibly. However certain fundamental points are worth considering.

Firstly, their strength is along their length, like the spoke of a bicycle wheel, strong under longitudinal pressure, but weak when side pressure is exerted.

Secondly, the locking system that is used to lock it at a required length is completely safe when tightened correctly.

Thirdly, when pressure on the ski pole is exerted whilst walking, that pressure has two components, vertical and horizontal. The longer the pole, the greater the horizontal force or the force pushing you forwards. The shorter the pole, the greater the vertical force and the greater the load taken from your legs when carrying a heavy rucksack.

Fourthly, The length should be varied to match the terrain.



Using the pole to speed movement – Set the pole as long as practicable, exerting pressure alternately, left then right supporting the leg that is moving forward. Bring the pole to the foot position, but never in front of it.



This provides the greatest assistance in a forward direction with a minimum force downwards. Allowing the pole to be placed forward of the feet gives a negative effect.

Ascending steep slopes

– Keep the pole behind you to minimise slip and to aid upward movement. Adjust the length to suit the slope. On rocky ground one pole is often safer than two, as you can quickly grab hold of a projecting rock more easily in an emergency. On very steep ground it is sometimes safer to completely close up the pole and use it like an ice axe. Completely retracted it is at its strongest when a levering action is used.

Descending steep slopes

– The pole should be as long as practicable, trust the locking system and keep the pole down slope. Like a three-legged stool it gives greater stability.

Traversing

– When traversing on steep ground lengthen the down slope pole and shorten the other one.



Crossing streams

– Poles are particularly useful when crossing streams or bogs. Usually the longer the better and use like a vaulting pole when jumping across, though taking care not to use as a lever. When crossing cautiously between boulders across a stream, face slightly upstream with the non-moving poles and legs forming a tripod. Wading in deeper fast-flowing

conditions with a small companion, cross together with the stronger person upstream but facing downstream.



Safeguarding on steep snow – If your companion slips on a snow slope whilst roped, quickly make a tripod with your body and the two poles pointing down the slope, then brace until they come to rest.



General – Be prepared to adjust the pole length to suit the terrain and direction of travel or to put in your rucksack. For boggy ground or on snow conditions a large basket is better than the smaller ones. Adjust the hand straps neatly over the hand when gripping the handle. The traditional ski pole handle is generally preferable to the walking stick handle, as it becomes a more positive extension to the arm, particularly when going downhill. Four section poles are more convenient for storage in a rucksack. Shock absorbing models do minimise jarring when used on hard surfaces.

After use – Especially in wet weather, separate each section and leave to dry inside and out. If the inside develops a white oxide deposit remove it using a suitable stick with a piece of cloth attached to its end or adjusting the grip collar such that it will scrape the oxide from the larger section. Keep the thread of the locking system clean and slightly greased.



Getting a breath of fresh air one Sunday

Wiser Now

After a wet week Saturday had been better but domestic routines kept me busy. Sunday dawned bright then light rain set in but by mid-afternoon I was ready for a breath of fresh air. The kids were at the computer playing games. “No good, ruining your eyes. Come on! We’ll go out for a leg stretch.”

Collecting the lads friend from across the road we drove towards the Dark Peak’s Longendale. Skies glowered, a downpour, then grey skies again.

Parked and set off by the stream up Black Clough and head up one of the smaller cloughs draining Bleaklow. Playing about we jumped from stone to stone making slow progress mostly by the true left bank. We reached a sill, a waist high step with clear water flowing over the edge and down onto the bedding-plane below just as if it were a designed water garden feature. We can’t have been a kilometre from the road.

Then the rain restarted and already wet, wearing cheap waterproof tops and wellies, we called a halt and started slowly back down the streambed. I warned the kids to take care on the slippery rocks. Something then made me turn and look over my shoulder.

That water feature, now a curve of brown water, gushed out almost horizontally, extending out further and wider as, in horror, I watched. I shouted to the two youngest, picking their way across stepping-stones some way ahead, to get up onto the steep bank. Without panic they did just that. We were on the steeper, stream-cut side and upward progress on our

rising traverse was slow. We kept above the still rising, swirling, and foaming water. In the narrow gully the noise was frightening but I managed to get the idea across to the other two on the far bank that they needed to be higher and the older held the eight year-old's wrist as they scrambled up through small trees then made their way back towards the main clough.

Our progress was halted by an old landslip and I appreciated how well rooted the heather was as we scabbled our way up sodden fine shale to the flatter moor above. We tried first down stream, then up, to cross and rejoin the youngsters. However, the only spot that looked remotely possible meant crossing a few metres of fast water, going over a boulder then relying on an overhanging tree for support. Tempted we moved a thick tree branch into the stream for support. Immediately it was carried away, jammed and was smashed in three by the flow. We decided to stay on our present side and descended to the lower, larger clough.

The rain was continued and we were wet, cold and concerned. Arriving at the first stream way, we found it too was impossible to cross. Then I spotted a walker on the far side, shouting inaudibly over the water's din, and gesticulating to one side. I understood that he'd seen the others and they were OK and something about police. They, I later discovered, had been summoned by mobile phone, taken one look at the situation and called the Rescue. Meanwhile, another MRT, returning from a training session, had seen

the police car and pulled over to see if they could help. I first saw them racing along the bank and going into huddle discussing safe options for crossing.

Others had circled round on the hillside and came up behind us to help us down. They tried to cross at one point but gave up, then found a better spot and helped us safely across.

Meanwhile, out of sight, the youngsters had been reached, reassured, checked over by the medic and extracted via a Tyrolean traverse across the gully. This part was later considered to be the best part of the day by the lads. It was also the photo-editors' choice. The walker had stayed around to video and photograph the excitement. We made some nationals, a whole page in one tabloid, several regional papers and big splashes in the locals plus a feature on the TV regional news.

I squelched my way down the path to a waiting Landrover to be reunited with the youngsters who were being stuffed with chocolate and generally being fussed over.

Details taken, I drove back, late for Sunday's meal, to explain to neighbours and wife the delayed and dampened children. My wife was already fielding calls from the press.

This weekend they can stick to their video games.



The Ingleborough

Cave Box: Its connections with Giggleswick School S.A.Craven

Ingleborough Cave, about 2½ km. north of Clapham, must be familiar to every pupil, old boy and staff member of Giggleswick School. It was discovered in September 1837 when estate workers broke the stalagmite barrier at the entrance, thereby exposing about ¾ kilometre of stream passage which was immediately opened to tourists¹. This was the first cave dig in the northern Pennines, and was the first northern cave to be surveyed.

One of the early visitors was the Rev. George Style, Headmaster from 1869 until 1904. He was accompanying Prof. T. McKenny Hughes (Geology, Cambridge); John Birkbeck III (Anley House, Settle); R.H. Tiddeman (Geological Survey); the Rev. E.T.S. Carr (St. Catherine's College, Cambridge); and the Rev. W. Marriner (Baughurst Rectory, Basingstoke; attended School 1846 - 1851). Shortly after the Great Flood of 1872, they attempted to extend the cave in the direction of Gaping Gill².

The first custodian of the Cave was Josiah Harrison, who held office until his death in 1888. He is said to have kept a visitors' book³, but its location is unknown. Josiah Harrison's grandson, Henry Harrison, was appointed custodian of the Cave in 1888, at the young age of 22 years⁴. He kept two complementary visitors' books, both of which have survived.

The major book is 19.5 x 16.0cm, bound in red quarter leather and corners. On the outside cover has been tooled in gold:

AUTOGRAPHS AND QUOTATIONS

Written for
B. HARRISON,
Clapham,
Yorks.

Few of the signatures are dated. There are 24 blank sheets, followed by 70 pages autographed on one side of the paper, and a further 64 blank pages. The reason for this unused paper remains a mystery, especially as there is another, smaller and cheaper, paperback booklet in which some of the autographs have been repeated. This booklet is 17.8 x 11.2cm with 12 pages autographed on both sides of the paper. All these signatures are dated.

Of the over four hundred autographs there are 27 which have connections with Giggleswick School, four of which are reproduced here (Fig. 1). All 27 are transcribed below (in bold), with Harrison's comments in standard font, and my comments in italics.

Harrison maintained his book until his death on 16 December 1938 after nearly half a century of service⁵. The paucity of dates makes it impossible to date the commencement of the book. The earliest date is that of Prof. G.A. Lebour of Sheffield University on 13 June 1899, but does not appear on the first page. This signature is on a separate piece of paper which has been glued into the book, suggesting that the album was acquired after Lebour's visit. On the other hand, Harrison may have simply mislaid the book. It is clear from the many blank spaces, and from the smaller paperback book, that the autographs were not written in chronological order.

After Harrison's death in 1938, the autographs passed to the Lord of the Manor, Sydney James Farrer, who died in December 1946⁶. Sometime thereafter Eli Simpson of the British Speleological Association borrowed the books from his widow, Violet M.F.Farrer. Simpson failed to return them⁷. After his death in 1962 they were acquired by Messrs. Richard Hollett & Son of Sedbergh, from whom I bought them in 1933⁸.

Autographs in the Ingleborough Cave book (in alphabetical order):

Monica Assheton

Miss Monica Assheton, second daughter of Ralph C. Assheton Esqre. of Downham Hall.

Her father was governor 1877 & 1898.

E.A.. Bell M.A.

Formerly Junior Student of Christ Church Oxford Giggleswick Grammar School Staff.

Appointed assistant master in 1911.

John Birkbeck

Lieutenant-Colonel John Birkbeck 1/6th Battalion Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment. Son of John Birkbeck a squire of Anley, Settle, Yorks.

The father was governor 1872.

Smith Bracewell.

Smith Bracewell Esq: Government Geologist. Georgetown, British Guiana. Pupil of Ernest Evans Esq: 'Burnley Technical School', and later at South Kensington.

2 Mar. 1936.

? Hubert Smith Bracewell of Bank House, Colne who attended school June 1877 - December 1893.

Thos. Brayshaw.

Solicitor. J.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire. Antiquarian.

Best known for his 1932 book "A History of the Ancient Parish of Giggleswick".

Brayshaw attended School January 1867 March 1874, thereafter he served the School successively as Old Boy, Clerk to the Governors, and Governor⁹.

B.R. Brewin

Major Bertram Robert Brewin. M.C. died at the Cottage Haughton-le-Skerne, age of 50 A major of the Third-Sixth West Riding Regiment. youngest son of the late A. Brewin Esqre. formerly a Master Giggleswick Grammar School.

Brewin Sr. was Writing Master at Giggleswick School 1859-1872.

Brewin Jr. attended School 1882-1890.

John J. Brigg

John J. Brigg Esq: of Kildwick Hall. Attended School August 1862-July 1880. Governor 1910.

Wm. Anderton Brigg. YRC. Editor.

Mayor of Keighley, 1912 to 1916
Trinity Coll: Camb. M.A. LL.M..
1886. Called to the Bar, 1886.

Attended School August 1862 - July 1880.

C.W. Buck

Dr. Charles W. Buck, M.R.C.S. Died on Tuesday, Nov. 22nd. 1932 aged 81. Dr. Charles William Buck, after first entering Owen's College, Manchester, took the degree of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1875. Married a daughter of the late Archdeacon Watkin of York,

Interested in music, and President of the Settle Naturalist Soc:
Attended School August: 1852 - Easter 1869.

E.D. Clark, M.A.

Formerly scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. Giggleswick Grammar School Staff.
Appointed assistant master in 1906,

Alban Claughton F.R.C.O.

Eldest son of the late Canon Claughton of Worcester cathedral. Music Master at the Grammar School, Giggleswick. 2nd. Lieut: 20th R.F.
Appointed assistant master in 1906.

W. Boyd Dawkins 18 Aug. 1917.

Sir William Boyd Dawkins, F.R.S. Geologist & Archaeologist. Professor of Geology Victoria University of Manchester. M.A. D.Sc. F.R.S. F.G.S. F.S.A. Author of "Cave Hunting." etc. Died on Tuesday, Jany: 15th. 1929. at his home in Bowden, at the age of 91.
Governor 1888, Dawkins was previously at the Cave in 1871¹⁰.

A. C. Dyer

A.C. Dyer Esq: M.A. Cantab. Giggleswick School, 1920-29. Headmaster Lord William's School, founded in 1570. Thame. Oxon.
22 Aug.1933.

J.R. Wynne Edwards

The Revd. John Rosindale Wynne-Edwards. M.A. Ch:Ch: D[eaconed] 1897. P[riested] 1898. (Glouc:) Asst. Master Cheltenham College. 1897-1902. Lic: Preacher Diocese Ripon from 1902. Head Master of Leeds Grammar School from 1902.
Attended School June 1864 - July 1882; appointed assistant master 1887.

James Anson Farrer

Educ: at Eton. [Five years pupil of Dr. Warre, at Eton.] Balliol Coll: Oxon. 1st.cl.CL:Called to the Bar at Middle Temple. 20th. April 1875. J.P. for Yorkshire. High Sheriff. 1897. Contested South Westmoreland as Lib: 1892. & Skipton Div. of Yorks: 1895. (Born on the 24th. July 1849.) (Died at Ingleborough on the 21st. June 1925.) Author of "The New Leviathan", "Paganism & Christianity", "Primitive Manners & Customs", "Military Manners & Customs", "Books condemned to be burnt." etc: etc:
Governor 1891 .

John Foster

Born at Lawkland. Aug: 22nd. 1849. Died. July 10th. 1920. Educated at Horton-in-Ribblesdale Grammar School under the late Revd. Wm. Tomlinson, and subsequently at Giggleswick G.S. For 30 years Master of the "Penyghent Beagles." Member 'North Ribblesdale Archery Club.'
Foster was son of J.W. Foster of Lawkland Hall, and attended School 1849 - 1864.

Ernest B. Grant

M.A. Queen's College. Cambridge. Giggleswick Grammar School staff.
Appointed assistant master in 1910.

H.M.F. Hammond

M.A. Second Master Giggleswick School. Formerly scholar of Emmanuel Coll: Cambridge
Appointed assistant master in 1896.

Collection of AUTOGRAPHS inscribed for H^y: HARRISON Colapham Goggles

J. Maurice Hunter B.A. (Oxon)
 — BOARD OF EDUCATION, WHITTHALL, SW. —

L.R. Amnerus, M.A., Oxon
 — ROSSALL SCHOOL STAFF. —

E.H. Arkwith D.D. (Cambridge) HON. CANON
 — CARLISLE. —
 S. 1888 (LOND.) P. 1889 (L'ANT) HEAD MASTER S.E. COLL. RAMSGATE, 1889-91. CHAPLⁿ OF TRIN: COLL: 1899
 VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL, CAMBRIDGE, 1893-1896. NOW VICAR OF KIRKEY LONDVALE.

E. O. Tancock, B.A. Cambridge.

SON OF THE FEYS CHAS: COVERDALE TANCOCK, D.D. EX. COLL: OX: 1880 (WIM.) ASSISTANT MASTER *Quoted House*
 SCHOOL, 1875-86. HEAD MASTER ROSSALL SCHOOL, 1896-96. HEAD MASTER TONBRIDGE SCHOOL, KENT, 1899-1907
 — GIGGLESWICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL STAFF. —

John Foster Born at LAWKLAND, Aug 22nd 1849. Died July 10th 1920. Educated at
 Horton-in-Ribblesdale Grammar School under the late Rev^d W^m Tomlinson, and subsequently at GIGGLESWICK G.S.
 For 30 YEARS MASTER OF THE PENYGHENT BEAGLES. MEMBR NORTH RIBBLESDALE ARCHERY CLUB.

F. Haworth, M.Sc. (Victoria) Died Sat. Jan. 27th 1924. Aged 59.
 ASSISTANT MASTER BOYS' MODERN SCHOOL, LEEDS. PRESIDENT Yorkshire Speleological Association.

Alban Cloughton F.R.C.O.
 ELDEST SON OF THE LATE CANON CLAUGHTON OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL. MUSIC MASTER AT THE
 Grammar School, Giggleswick. 2nd LIEUT: 20th R.F.

E.D. Clark, M.A.
 FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
 — Giggleswick Grammar School Staff. —

Four Giggleswick schoolteachers: page 16 of Henry Harrison's autograph album.
 This shows the original autographs, embellished with Harrison's beautifully neat
 and legible comments.

P. Haswell B.A.

Formerly scholar of Sidney Sussex
 College, Cambridge. Giggleswick
 Grammar School Staff.
 Appointed assistant master in 1911.

Arthur Ingilby

Reverend Arthur Ingilby. J.P. Harden.
 Son of Christopher Ingleby of
 Lawkland Hall, Dec: 9th. 1852. B.A.
 1874. Trinity College, Cambridge.

Formerly Rector of Oban. Argyllshire.
1881 - 1896.
Governor 1898

W. Morrison

M.A. Oxon. M.P. (L.) Plymouth,
1861 – 74. M.P. (L.U.) Skipton Div:
J.P. W.R. York. [Sheriff 1883.]
Malham Tarn. b. 1836.
Water Morrison was Governor 1864.

Chas. F. Newman

R.R.G.S. Y.R.C. Université de
Grenoble. 1919. Nautical College,
Pangbourne. Senior Modern
Languages Master at Giggleswick.
1911 - 1914. Sedbergh. 1914 - 1919.
R.N.D. 1914. 2nd Lieut. K.O.Y.L.I.
1915. R.F.A. 1918.
Appointed Assistant Master in 1911.

W. Byron Scott

St John's College. Cambridge.
Chaplain of Giggleswick Grammar
School.

C. Scriven Y.R.C.

Captain of the 2nd Yorks. Royal
Engineers. Volunteers. Captain 155th.
Co.. Royal Defence Corps. 1914 - 17.
*Attended School August 18th, 1863 -
December 1877.*

E.O. Tancock. B.A. Cambridge.

Son of the Revd. Chas: Coverdale
Tancock. D.D. Ex: Coll: Oxon:
D[eaconed] 1880. P[riested] 1881
(Win:) Assistant Master Charterhouse
School, 1875-86. Head Master
Rossall School, 1886-96. Head
Master Tonbridge School. Kent.
1899-1907 Giggleswick Grammar
School Staff.
Appointed assistant master in 1908.

Leonard Watkins.

Late Scholar of the Royal College of
Music (London.) Violin. Giggleswick
Grammar School.
Appointed assistant master in 1892.

Godfrey Wilson

Taught Art at Giggleswick School,
and lived at Kern Knotts, Stainforth.
He assisted in the rescue at Gingling
Hole in October 1934¹¹, and went on
to be a founder and active member of
the Cave Rescue Organisation¹².

Notes and References

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A Reminder of the YRC

Jeff Hooper

I was driving through Starbeck (an area between Harrogate and Knaresborough) the other day and I noticed the large green space in the centre of the community. It is next, to the church there is a children's, playground in one corner, saplings are turning into mature trees along front and there are some flowerbeds with roses. In the sunshine it was a pleasant scene giving a breath of fresh air in a built up area.

When I first came to live in Harrogate and well into the 1960s, that green space was an anomaly, it was field of lush grass with a five bar gate and was full of cows, but surrounded by roads houses and shops. At one corner of the field stood a low built white walled house roofed with large Yorkshire stone flags. It was of Elizabethan origin, the oldest in the town, which left it open to demolition by the philistine council in 1968, when they needed ground to build a new care centre. Next to the house stood a pair of imposing gate columns; all that remained of Belmont House which earlier had stood at the rear.

During my early years in Harrogate, before I had been elected to membership of the YRC, I would sometimes see an old man in his seventies, with a wispy beard and wearing a cloth cap and an old tweed



jacket, come out of the Elizabethan house to go shopping. He carried a basket, balancing the handle on his right arm, bent at the elbow, because the lower forearm was missing. Occasionally in bad weather I would see him up on the house roof adjusting the stone flags. The old man lived with one of his sons, who sometimes did motorcycle repairs for me and at those times I met the old man. He spoke in a gentle manner with a rather high-pitched voice.

It was only after he had died and I had access to the early YRC Journals that I discovered that this old man was none other than Erik Addyman, with



the ascent of Gardyloo Gully in 1911 to his credit¹. He was one of the main participants in the Siege of Mere Gill² he wrote Scawfell by Ski³, and had numerous other memorable mentions in the annals of the YRC, including Gaping Gill in 1907. I was told that he lost part of his right arm in an accident involving a glider winch. Now I regret that I missed the opportunity to find out more about the early days of the YRC.

What has the field of cows to do with Erik Addyman? The gateposts of Belmont House were the only remains of his family home and the field was his property. On the south side of the field council houses had been built in the 1950s and on the east, private houses. The church is on the west and the main Harrogate to Knaresborough Road is on the north. With tenacious obstinacy Erik resisted every attempt and offer of the builders to get his

land, he preferred the grass field, which he let out for grazing. Eventually, as time passed, it was realised that green space was worth preserving for the community and is now known as Belmont Park. Perhaps it should have been named Erik Addyman Park. (It was not all that was left when he died: in a building behind the garage were several cars from the early days of the twentieth century).

After I wrote the above, whilst looking for an illustration, I came across the following, quoted from *More about a Village Called Starbeck*, written and published by local schoolmaster and historian, Gordon Beer in 1986. I think members will find it interesting.

“Erik, spelt with a ‘k’, (his father was at one time the Norwegian Vice Consul) was born at Belmont House in 1889. He was educated in Harrogate and at Aldenham School in Hertfordshire, before moving to Kitson’s College in Leeds where he trained as an engineer. During the first World War he was in a reserved

¹ YRC Journal Vol.III p320 & Vol.VIII p9

² YRC Journal Vol.IV p30 EE Roberts

³ YRC Journal Vol.III p209

occupation at the School of Mines in Portsmouth researching into depth charges, later he transferred to the Arrol Johnson Engineering Works in Dumfries. He designed the Beardmore Atlanta aero engine and also the Vortex carburettor.

At the end of the First World War, Erik lived in the White House ... and it was from here that his many interests flourished.... He was employed as Locomotive Superintendent at Starbeck and at Neville Hill, Leeds. He became involved in climbing and potholing, leading to his selection as expedition reserve on the ill-fated Mallory-Irvine attempt to conquer Mount Everest in 1924. Using the outhouses behind the White House, he constructed five or six motorcars, and of the two surviving, one is possibly in the Huby/Weeton area, and the other is owned ... [locally].

In the early 1930's Erik tried his hand at gliding and then decided to manufacture his own machines in the Billiard Room of Belmont House! All his gliders have survived and are preserved by the Northern Aircraft

Preservation Society in Stockport, Lancashire. Some ... older friends can recall helping Erik push his gliders on to... the school field. Unfortunately a serious [gliding] accident between Pickering and Whitby resulted in fractures to both legs... [and resulted in] the amputation of his right lower arm.

With his handicap he was driving one of his cars down the drive of Belmont House, to the White House and the main road ... unable to use the right hand operated brake. Rather than run out on to the main road he rammed the wall of the Lodge causing considerable damage to his car. He walled-up the wrecked car at the rear of the White House garage" ... where it was discovered in 1968.

"The gliders are safe. Two of the cars are known to remain. Belmont House has gone. The White House has gone. All that remains is the stone pillar. Perhaps to those of us who know, it is like a memorial to a forgotten Starbeck [and YRC] character".

Erik resigned from the YRC in 1928 and died about 1967.



Life after the Munros

Elspeth Smith

It was at Gerry's hostel in June '94 that I met the man who was determined not to finish the Munros. He had been up 276 of them (in the days when there were only 277) and had decided not to complete them in case it meant he stopped walking on Scottish hills altogether. It seemed an odd attitude but it did make me think! Assuming David finished them, as he did later that summer, then I had to finish them, and then what?

Obsessions work differently in different people. The pace of completion towards the end accelerated quite tremendously, and as the logistics for arranging the "final" ascent were complicated, it meant that I had the whole of the spring season of 1999 to fill before I actually climbed Ben Cruachan at the end of May.

The example of Eddie Edwards, the growing appeal of solo walking and finally buying the Corbett guide, all worked together to point in the one direction, (though I was slightly diverted by the sadism of our son who gave me a guide to the Grahams!) Over the years since my father first introduced me to Scottish hills in 1947 with the ascent of Merrick, I discovered that I had climbed a dozen Corbetts; 208 to go. It seemed just about within the bounds of possibility, so the planning

started. For me, much of the enjoyment is in the initial planning, the brooding over maps and books, and of course in modifying the plans on the ground!

Bitter experience on the Munros meant that I was determined to do the really hard days in the first few years, so that the whole exercise should get progressively easier, anno domini permitting. There are still half a dozen 'awkward' tops to do, but by and large the really long days are already behind me. It was last summer that I first had the experience of turning my Landranger map over twice, south to north, walking right across a folded section, and then retracing my steps. Beinn Bhreac, like so many Corbetts, should ideally be climbed on a through route, or combined with Munros; but then few of us take good advice, or start with a clean sheet. A tiny cairn marks the summit – no more than a dozen stones, and in mist it would be very hard to find. The real delight is in route-finding on pathless hills. Unlike their big brothers, many Corbetts are still uneroded by passing feet, and the short-cropped grass and heather on the Atholl hills is a joy to walk on.

I suppose the main attraction of both Munro and Corbett bagging is that is

Suliven



gets you to new areas, though I can sympathize with the man who said he'd rather go up An Teallach 284 times than do all the Munros. I should never have travelled the length of Strath Vaich, nor looked at the hills to the south of Loch Tay with their

myriads of mountain hares, had there not been Corbetts there. I would certainly not have returned to the far north after doing the Munros in zero visibility, and so would have missed the glories of Quinag and Cranstackie.



Quinag's south top



Beinn Chabhar

A Reet Teide Descent

Roy J Denney

I have recently made my fourteenth visit in the last three years to western Tenerife and have explored the area fairly comprehensively with friends I have made locally. The Santiago Del Teide region forms the largest part of the western end of Tenerife and can sport glorious sunsets and fabulously clear skies. This clarity is why many of the worlds top astronomical observatories are based there. It takes in the small inland towns of Santiago and Tamaimo and the coastal resorts of Playa de la Arena, Puerto Santiago and Los Gigantes where my business interests are based. This last village is named after the giant sea cliffs (close to 2000 feet high) which overlook it. I have seen climbers on these at times but they look fairly grotty to me.

Our larger complex is sat back into the side of these cliffs where the angle becomes slightly kinder and hang gliders have leapt from the edge some 800 feet above us to sail over us and down a further 600 feet to the coast.

From the coast can clearly be seen the Island of La Gomera, Columbus' last landfall before the Americas.

Mount Teide itself is easily reached by coach or car and provides endless miles of real wilderness walking over jagged volcanic rocks or near dessert. The slopes off on both the north and south sides are extensively wooded with the north being greener and moister than the arid south.

The seas are surprisingly warm being in the Gulf Stream and whilst long hours of hot sun are enjoyed there is normally a light breeze keeping the humidity down. Whale and dolphin abound and I regularly take an

opportunity to swim in the clear waters of the bays.



A tortuous road over the mountains to the extreme western tip of the island takes in the ancient and fascinating hill village of Masca, clinging to the sides of a deep gorge.

During a recent trip Doreen and I took a taxi to Masca. There we joined a small group with two professional guides to walk down the gorge to the coast. It descends about 2500 feet in two miles and at times requires some very sure footing. It would be hard to class it as v.diff. but several points involved many of the party requiring assistance and I do not think I would ever be able to persuade Doreen to do it again.

This dramatic cleft in the mountains faces due west into the prevailing winds and as such has its own microclimate with plants found nowhere else on the island.

It has to be said that, even sheltered as we were from some of the sun by the high gorge sides, I was relieved to arrive at the coast and throw modesty to the winds to go straight in.

I was even more relieved when the boat that had been commissioned to take us off arrived. Few of the party could have coped with a return climb which would have been a very real challenge to many of you given the climatic conditions. I have since heard that during very heavy seas recently, the rescue services had to spend eight hours retrieving trapped walkers at the same spot.

If any members would be interested in going out to this area I am well placed to arrange first class accommodation.

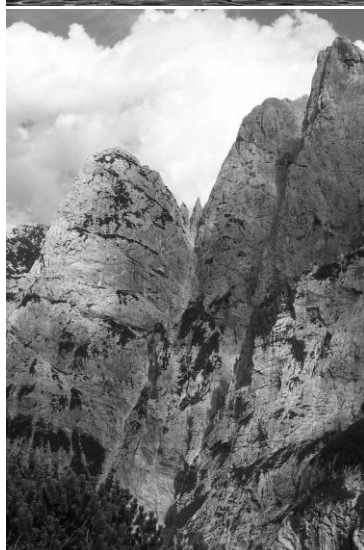
Slovenia

Michael Smith

Slovenia's Julian Alps afford quiet footpaths provided you avoid the popular routes up Triglav. Prices are favourable, English is widely spoken and the impressive Karst scenery rises steeply from warm green valleys.

That greenness is a result of the rain. Perhaps we were unlucky but, in the mountains near Bohinj during July, most days brought the odd shower and several maintained heavy showers through the day or night. August is reputedly drier as is the Bovec side of the range. Ljubljana city, the Postojnska Jama (caves) and Predjamski Grad (castle), perched on a cliff face, are all within reasonable driving distance should the mountain weather prove too much. The railway tunnels west from Bohinj through the mountains and carries weekly steam-train excursions. Eastwards it is a short trip to Bled (top).

Those steep valley sides mean a strenuous start for those based in the valley. Using apartments and huts, both modestly priced and bookable in advance, would appear to provide a



convenient means for keeping high in the mountains and making best use of limited time and good weather.

George Speceley's recent article on Triglav, the Soča/Trenta valley and the Vršič pass⁴ described the main approaches to Triglav and its ascent from the south. I decided on the west ridge or Plemenice route, the *most rewarding but also the most demanding of the three normal northern ascents ... in some places really exposed*⁵. From the Aljažev dom (hut accessible by car via the Vrāta valley) it was 2000m of ascent for my son, Richard, and me, much of it on steep ground. Several buttresses are only climbable without gear because of well-placed metal spikes and hoops. Great care and a head for heights are essential.

George mentioned rumbling thunder and in case of a storm (most memorials in these mountains commemorate those struck by lightning) there is a small metal cylinder, to act as a Faraday cage, on Triglav's summit and a more capacious refuge a little

⁴ *Triglav for the Elderly*, Yorkshire Rambler, Issue 12, Winter 1999, p76-9. See also *Old Places, new countries*, Sylvie Nickels, Caravan Club Magazine, Jan. 2000, pp58-9, for a straightforward overview of the area.

⁵ *How to Climb Triglav*, 1994, Stanko Klinar, Ljubljana & available in the Julian Alps, p23

lower. We shared the summit with scores of others basking in sunshine, taking in the vista and feeding the choughs.

Our descent was to the south, initially an exposed arête to the Triglavski dom na Kredarici (hut) for a drink then across to the Dom Planika for the night. Incidentally, all the huts provide sheets though the particular one we wish to take a pillow slip.

It seemed a long way up to this hut for George and he blamed that on his advancing years. Without this excuse we found it to be a long walk down to Slap Mostnica (waterfall), steep in parts, winding through pastures and woodland. A more popular route down is further west passing a string of small lakes and then Slap Savica (waterfall in photo).



There is much more to the Julian Alps than Mount Triglav.

The waterfalls are impressive, hut-to-hut routes abound, there is well documented sport climbing, sedate canoeing and exciting kayaking, even paragliding.

After a spell on the Istrian Peninsular at Piran we returned, now dry, to the Soča valley, via Trieste, and set up base in Bovec.

An ascent of Rombon, 2208m, directly from the village took us through the supply lines and front line trenches of the Italian front to, just before the summit, the Austro-Hungarian, lines. Stepping over tangles of rusted barbed wire and passing the remains of shoes, belts, shrapnel and piles of unused shells was both fascinating and sobering. The next day a

slide presentation at Kobarid explained the story of that front.

The ascent required plenty of energy and the odd short scramble. The surprisingly grassy summit ridge we traversed, continuing along the front lines to a col with clear markings to the summits either side. There was no sign on the vast limestone plateau, though, of our route down. After an abortive sweep search we headed off on a compass bearing skirting deep potholes and scrambling down small cliffs. Eventually we merged with the marked path just above pastures and woodland.

A few days later I spent half a day making a circuit of Mojstrovka (2332m) from the Vršič pass. The ascent on the western side was a scramble and running the scree back to the pass, a joy. A short hike up the other side took us to a view of a *face* on the rock and

the steep buttresses shown on the other page.

There is plenty of variety in these mountains for anyone interested in the planned meet. We drove the thousand miles each way (do buy the Austrian vignetten and don't exceed speed limits in Slovenia) but it may be better to fly out, travel light, rent an apartment, use huts and eat out.

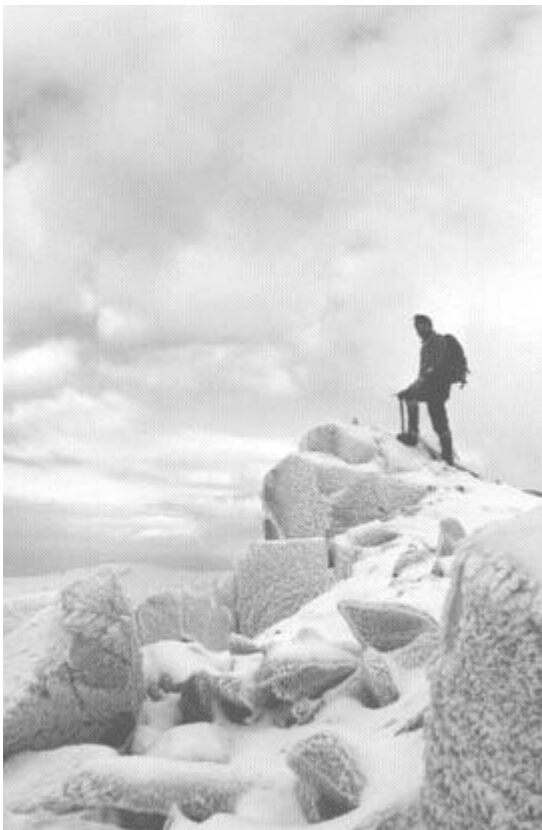
Descending Triglav's popular ridge





Glen Etive during February 1985 with Ian Crowther,
Simon Goodwin and Peter Swindells

Photographs from Ray Harben's Collection



In North Wales during January, 1986 David Hick on
the ridge above Llech Ddu, Carnedd Dafydd



April, 1989 at the One Ash Grange Barn Meet, near Monyash, Derbyshire. Includes Davids Smith, Martindale and Hick as the nearest three and Laughton investigating the van

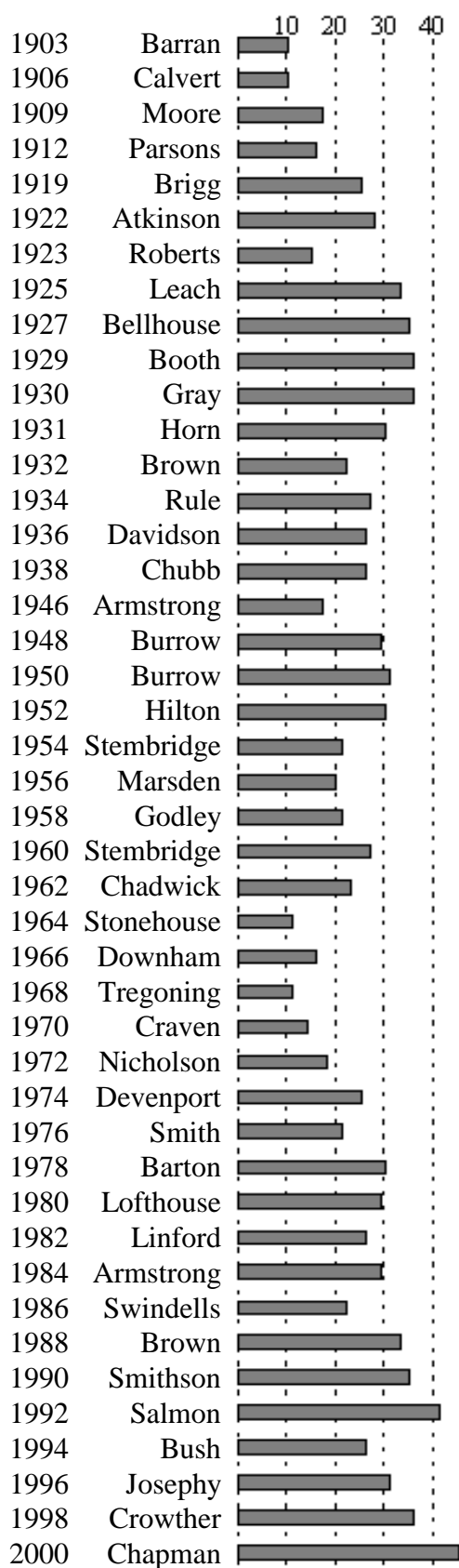


April 1989, Bradford Dale, Derbyshire with Arthur Salmon, David Laughton, John Sterland and Cliff Cobb

Experienced Presidents

Michael Smith

Presidents' years of prior membership...



The chart lists, in chronological order, the YRC's Presidents with their number of years membership before assuming that office. The first two are omitted, as they couldn't have had any track record of membership in the newly formed Club. On the left is shown the year they took the office.

The Presidents' average prior membership of the YRC is twenty-five years.

Inevitably in the first thirty years the Presidents' experience with this Club was less but gradually increasing. Then during the late '20s and early '30s there was a run of more experienced Presidents.

If the average 25 years is taken as a typical apprenticeship then the effects of the two World Wars in preventing many potential members from pursuing their mountaineering interests, should reduce the availability of experienced Presidents. The expected dip can be seen around 1964-70 from WWII. That from the WWI may be disguised by Chubb's retention of the office for the duration of WWI.

Over the last generation, the general trend has been towards increasingly experienced Presidents. Though Peter Swindells and, perhaps, Derek Bush are exceptions here. Peter introduced some of the most sweeping changes in the management of the Club and raised expectations of its activities.

Of course improved general health and continued activity into later years make it easier to find suitable Presidential material with more experience.

Our new President, Albert Chapman, has served a 45-year apprenticeship. In this respect he is our most experienced President yet.

Thoughts on Safety

Derek A. Smithson

Safety is a way of life, a culture, and not simply a set of imposed rules or a matter of equipment. It is an acknowledgement of fear, a conscious assessment of risk that seems to be too difficult for some to recognise.

I live near the sea where submerged rocks wreck ships, even big ships, demonstrating Nature's terrible power. The safety of small fishing boats depended, at times, on alignments of specific streetlights and buildings by which the fishermen guided their vessels through the rocks.

Working in a shipyard, making steel ships from pieces sometimes big enough to crush you, I would walk single plank scaffolding across engine room casings. Such planks could tilt so that you'd fall twenty metres into the ship's hull. A fellow worker would hold a spanner while you swung a hammer to strike within a fingers breadth of his hand.

These places were dangerous but there was a culture of safety which was skill dependent. If someone could not swing a hammer accurately, it was not required of him. We did not think of hard hats, safety harnesses and safety boots. We were proud, stupidly proud, of looking after each other and ourselves. One hand for the ship - one for yourself.

Coming from work to mountaineering I advocate an approach of examining the potential for accident. Choose companions carefully then trust in their and your own skill. Recognise the limitations in both.

One of the keys to safety is fear because fear is an indicator of risk. Though, in ignorance, fear may not be

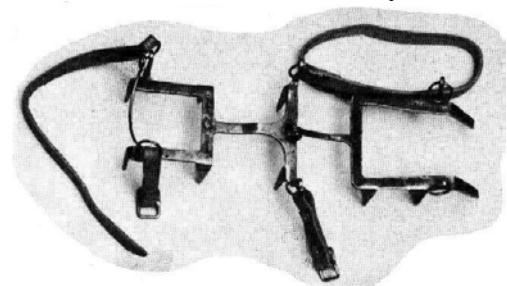
felt even when the risk is great. For example, those who have only climbed on indoor walls may not be aware of the fragile nature of the real wild rock and the insecurity of a placement when the rock is not manufactured to a standard. Nature cannot be relied upon.

I am certainly not advocating that Nature should be adapted to remove all risk. Indeed, perversely, increasing the risk may improve safety. Attempts, by well meaning authorities or individuals, to reduce it may be encouraging accidents. If, for instance, there were no cairns or waymarks for the first kilometre in all directions from any road-head, there would be fewer accidents. The sense of being lost would strike the inexperienced before they needed a rescue team to help them. Perhaps two or three kilometres would be better.

Instead of training individuals in safe ways of mountaineering they are attempting to banish danger and, by so doing, destroying adventure, destroying the excitement and pleasure of measuring risk and deciding. Others provide so many safeguards that we may fail to safeguard ourselves.

We cannot un-write guidebooks, but waymarking and fixed safeguards lead people into difficulty rather than protect them.

When I started climbing there was a view that crampon should not be used in Britain because they were



unnecessary and could lead you into danger where you had not the skills to extract yourself. Now all the safety posters say that all walkers should have crampon for winter hill walking. My experience is that feeling out of control is a most powerful deterrent, the most powerful safeguard from entering dangerous situations. It is not the carrying of the crampons that protects you but having the experience to know when and how to use them.



A gully leading to the south top of Buachaille Etive Beag

The inexperienced are not being educated to fear things. Their media heroes are either immune to fear or overcome their fear. They never back down, never retreat and always survive. Where can the present generation go to experience fear and learn to recognise danger. Tree climbing seems to have gone out of fashion, railways are securely fenced off, recreational spaces between housing are manicured and waterways protected.

A boy climbed the fence, climbed on top of a railway wagon and made fatal contact with the electric wire above. There were media suggestions that the railway company was at fault for not

preventing it but no suggestion that the child should have been better trained to fear the unknown, look for danger and avoid it. The young are not allowed to experience danger and to measure it by their fear.

Mountaineering includes testing ones nerve and most of us accept this. We go as far as we dare. However this runs contrary to the human ethic of self-preservation. So all the authorities feel a need to take the risk out of everything in case they are blamed or because they feel a responsibility for others.

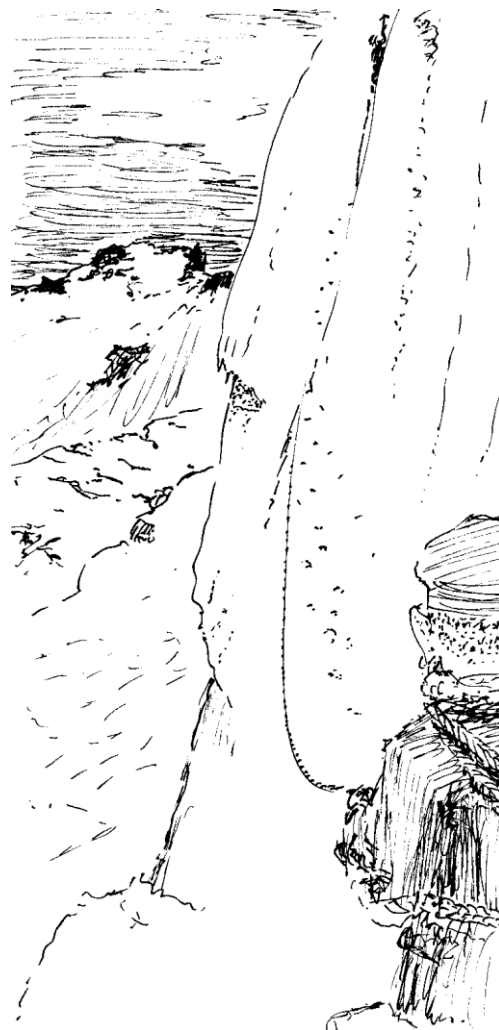
A major limitation on safety is ambition. 'Adventure' holidays are popular because punters hope to achieve their ambitions by being taken safely to places they dare not tackle themselves. I do not rate adventure holidays as mountaineering or climbing.

However, the drives of ambition are not limited to reasonable actions. Ambitions to top a peak or a route may be followed regardless of the potential danger. Just buy the right equipment and use it as the instructions say, all will be well. If not simply reach for the mobile phone, flares or whatever and the rescue team will solve your problem of survival.

However there are tremendous forces tempting people into danger. There are the commercial interests. Switzerland's Zermatt, rather like Norway's, benefits from the close proximity of the Matterhorn - the last great well-known peak to be climbed

in the Alps. People would go to sit under this fabulous peak and enjoy the view, but far more come when they think they can be heroes and actually climb it. The guides look after them, but some do not see that they should need to pay guides, so they go alone. The unlucky ones die and if these were allowed to become numerous then the visitors to Zermatt would be fewer and the profit less. The guides rescue a lot. But cheaper and apparently more public-spirited solution is to provide fixed ropes and safe shelters. They don't just want the competent to visit, they want everyone to come and leave feeling that they are great mountaineers and tell their friends to visit. But unpredictable Nature lies in wait for the unwary and ignorant. A few more deaths on mountains would do much to improve safety and respect for Nature, who is all-powerful and favours no one. Of course it would also mean greatly reduced income from aeroplane tickets, accommodation, mountain clothing, specialist equipment and the huts. It might though improve the business done by guides.

The mainstay of mountain safety is controlled fear. A rope is a help, but is only as effective as the skills of those attached to it. These skills must include the judgement of the potential for accident. Reinhold Messner wrote in 1971, "Faith in equipment has replaced faith in oneself". Before the days of ice screws I found myself on near vertical ice over a drop of about 1000m with good steps cut by a previous party when the leader ran out of rope. We judged it safest to both climb without belay until the leader cleared the ice. I still believe this was a wise decision because for the leader to descend had a greater potential for



disaster but it is a situation I remember to this day, with awe.

But first place, above that of the rope, for assistance may be better claimed by the compass, with a map coming a close second. And the compass is one piece of equipment in which more faith should be placed than in human judgement. Getting lost is one danger easily recognised by the fear it immediately induces as soon as you appreciate the situation.

Let us go out into the hills prepared to listen to those internal warnings.



Mount Kinabalu in the Rainy Season

December '99

Paul Glendenning



It's nearly a year since we climbed Mt Kinabalu, and as it's the only mountain we've got round to climbing since we moved to Singapore, it's about time I wrote an article for the YRC about it!

Mt Kinabalu is the highest mountain between the Himalayas and New Guinea. It was first climbed by Sir Hugh Low in 1851 and "Low's Peak" is the name of the highest summit, at just over 4100m. The one mile deep Low's Gully is also named after him and you may recall it achieved some notoriety a few years back when a British Army expedition got lost in it after attempting an abseil descent.

There were ten of us on this trip, mostly from the church we attend in Singapore. We took a flight to Kota Kinabalu in Sabah (Sabah is one of the Malaysian sections of the island of Borneo). From there we took a bus to the Mt Kinabalu Park HQ (1866m) and stayed in a dormitory in one of the cabins overnight. The climate seemed reminiscent of Scotland or the Lakes which was refreshing after the heat & humidity of Singapore.

The morning dawned with a clear sky and beautiful views over to the summit in the distance. You are obliged to have a guide for every 5 people to climb the mountain, and they organise these for you when you turn up at the Park HQ Office. After a breakfast on the sunlit terrace we headed off up the hill with our two guides. The guides actually did very little other than walk with us although

if their English had been better or we spoke Malay we could have perhaps quizzed them about the plants.

The track ascends steeply through rainforest, punctuated by lots of steps, occasional shelters to rest and occasional large water tanks to top up your water bottle. It climbs the 2235m to the summit in just over 8.5km. The rainforest and views are spectacular and from time to time you see interesting flora & fauna such as "pitcher plants" which catch insects in a bulb-shaped cup.

It took us four or five hours to reach 3272m where there is a hut called the Laban Rata Resthouse. Most people break the climb here and stay the night. Laban Rata is backed by spectacular, seemingly sheer, rock faces disappearing into the mist towards the summit with water streaming down them. The food and accommodation at Laban Rata is good and if I was to do this again in better weather I would consider staying two nights in order to spend more time exploring the summit.

Departure from Laban Rata was round about 4am. The climb now changes totally in character as the tree line is left behind and you slog up through scrub and then across rough granite. Fixed ropes are located all along the route over the rock to Low's Peak. On steeper sections these come in handy to haul on, but perhaps more importantly they prevent anyone from getting lost!



Initially we enjoyed the sight of lights in the valley way below and the snake of headtorches below and above (you won't be climbing Mt Kinabalu on your own! At least, not by this route). However, as we climbed we gradually became engulfed in mist, and when the dawn arrived it was drizzling and claggy.

The summit plateau is an extraordinary terrain of huge rough granite slabs with Low's Peak rising from it as a rocky point. Apparently the sunrise over the South China Sea is tremendous! Well the views we experienced were a bit different – bedraggled walkers & wet mist (hmm...now where abouts does this remind me of?).

After the summit photos we retreated across the granite desert back to Laban Rata for some well-earned hot drinks. On the way one of the guides finally came into his own, not by guiding but by carrying Joanne (one of the two female members of our party) on his back down the steepest section of fixed ropes, but without

need of any ropes to hold himself. Needless to say, everybody was suitably impressed and Joanne was suitably terrified. I ought to say that the only other female in our group (my wife, Lesley) made it with energy to spare as usual!

By now it was raining properly and the descent back town to Park HQ was seriously wet. At the bottom, Lesley, our friend Rob & me, got into a bus to take us the last mile and a half along the road. We waited for about fifteen minutes, dripping in the bus, before after questioning the driver several times, and being told “a few minutes, a few minutes”. We eventually ascertained that it was broken down and wasn't going anywhere. Welcome to Malaysia.

At the Park HQ, four of us chartered a mini bus to the Shangri La Resort in KK where we staggered into the foyer looking like we belonged in a climbing hut. Anyway the luxury was well received and the massages were unusually popular.

From the Retiring President's Address to the AGM

Members will recall that I wished to pursue a number of objectives during my Presidency. One very important one was to do my utmost to try to bring about an improvement in our tenure at Low Hall Garth (LHG), with a view to upgrading the facilities which we provide there, hopefully incorporating an extension to the buildings by taking in either the next door barn or, better still in my personal view, the adjoining cottage. I cannot honestly say that I approached this objective with any degree of optimism; a number of intelligent, educated and skilled members have made similar attempts in the past, the most recent being the previous Hon. Treasurer, Alan Kay. He told me plainly that I would probably get nowhere at all, no matter what I said or did.

Nevertheless, I felt I must make one last concerted effort, if only because so many members have such a great regard for LHG, and don't want us to lose it.

No matter what affection we have for LHG, there are not enough members bed nights spent there per annum. There are a reasonable number of visitors' bed nights. We do break even or make a modest profit but it remains the case that the hut warden and his assistants do their work largely in order to provide cheap accommodation for *non members* with only a *very small profit accruing to the Club for all their efforts*. This is unsatisfactory.

If we could significantly improve the cottage then it would be possible to increase the member and family usage and so justify expenditure and effort. But this requires the landlord's cooperation and most particularly, a long lease.

Regretfully, I have to report that I, and the active sub-committee that I

appointed to pursue the matter have got nowhere at all. Every point of argument imaginable has been thought of and used, right up to the highest regional level, all to no avail. Every point for discussion has been dismissed or sidelined. There has been no meeting of minds at all in my view, and I can only come to the conclusion that the landlords are not very interested in us as tenants and would probably prefer us to vacate the property but cannot bring themselves to attempt to end our tenancy because we are who we are, have been good tenants for fifty years, and they fear the possible consequences if they attempt to make any move to evict us.

I have therefore not succeeded in this objective. I can say that I was warned to expect nothing else, but that does not make me feel much better about it.

So what now? It seems that the best we can hope for at LHG is to rumble on as we are, with maybe minor improvements, but the situation is far from satisfactory.

My personal view is that the club must seriously face the uncomfortable situation that with LHG we are on a road to nowhere. There is plenty of alternative accommodation in the Lake District, and in Lowstern we have a magnificent clubhouse, arguably the best in the Yorkshire Dales. This is now our principal *quid pro quo* in respect of reciprocal rights. Kindred Clubs are pleased to stay at Lowstern and to praise it. I would like the club to address itself to promoting another cottage elsewhere in the Yorkshire Dales; Upper Wharfedale perhaps, or Swaledale, and in doing so provide a further hut that members, families and visitors actually want to use regularly, as they do Lowstern now.

I really think that the time is nigh to make difficult decisions about LHG.

Book Review by David Handley

The Vintage Book of Walking

Editor: Duncan Minshull

Vintage 2000 ISBN 0 09 927667 4

This unusual and fascinating book includes over 150 extracts from writers hugely separated by time (Xenophon and Hillaby) and experience (Jane Austin and Werner Herzog), not to mention Oscar Wilde and Albert Speer !

Your vocabulary may be expanded by the word 'festinate' which means to accelerate or to be hurried or hasty. Apparently walking encourages bolder thought, or so says JJ Rousseau. According to Apsley Cherry-Garrard, walking wards off madness. Can any YRC member confirm this assertion?

As you may now have realised, this tome describes walking in all its manifestations, not necessarily hills and mountains - a bit like a book on climbing that includes accounts of going up the stairs, mounting a chair to reach a top shelf or ascending St Paul's dome.

I was surprised and delighted to see my old headmaster, Maurice Marples, make an appearance. He recounts how in 1809 one, Captain Barclay, took up the challenge of walking 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours and succeeded! This seems to give a new dimension to the idea of a long walk. Any proposals for the year 2001?

Resonances of the YRC are touched upon by A H Sidgwick when he talks of the conversations engaged in by walkers. The natural babble of the first few miles, the spontaneous monologue, requiring no listener or reply. The rare intrusion of intelligible statements or discussions on matters of weather, the pungency

of wedding cake in the wind or the utility of hard boiled eggs!

Two quotes to conclude;

'But in the darkest hours of urban depression I will sometimes take out the dog's eared map and dream awhile of more spacious days; and perhaps a dried blade of grass will fall out of it to remind me that once I was a free man on the hills, and sang the Seventh Symphony to the sheep on Wetherlam...' Sidgwick 1912

And... *'Pedestrianism, in the estimate of English landlords, carries the most awful shadow and shibboleth of the pariah.'* De Quincey 1822

A good stocking filler.

Captain Barclay

The Great Pedestrian

The last Laird of Urie, Captain Robert Barclay-Allardyce (the Allardyce was added when he married an heiress of that name whose lands extended those of Urie), was known as *The Great Pedestrian*. Many tales exist of his walks over the Scottish hills, such as his twenty-eight mile walk from Urie to Crathynaird, staying less than an hour and then walking as far again back home the same day.

His most famous record was that mentioned opposite, walking 1000 miles in as many hours. This he accomplished over a measured mile on Newmarket Heath, subject of about 10,000 wagers and witnessed by large crowds. This was in 1809 and five days later, he embarked with his regiment for the Napoleonic Wars as part of the Walcheren Expedition.

See www.clanbarclay.com

Chippings

On 19th August **Adrian Bridge** made the round of the Cairngorm 4000s in a touch under twelve hours, starting and finishing at the car park just before the bends on the ski road. He took the anti-clockwise route accompanied by, as he put it, three other old codgers. On the higher ground they had rain for a third of the time, cloud or fog for two-thirds and clear views for around thirty minutes. Down in the Lairig Ghru they were encouraged to keep moving by the midges who swarmed into action at the slightest sign of them stopping. "When it was good, it was very, very good, but when it was bad...!" Adrian noted the mess from the Cairngorm train installation.

Coming down the path from Ben Dearg, past the Horns of Alligin, **Iain Gilmour** met an elderly Mancunian mountaineer slowly descending with the help of a rough wooden stick. Iain had seen him previously some three hours earlier, and now asked him if he had enjoyed the day. "Oh yes, I have just been up at the loch with my fishing rod. I have a six-piece rod in my rucksack and enjoy an hour or two fishing in superb surroundings. The trout are only about four to the pound in weight, so I just throw them back, since my hooks have no barb. When you are too old for the hills, fishing provides a useful alternative."

Tom Price is known to some of our members, an occasional attender at our meets, our principal guest at the 1975 Annual Dinner, and a former BMC President. He has recently written a book worthy of our attention; it is *Travail So Gladly Spent*, published by Ernest Press at £17.50. Already it is one of four on the short list for the Boardman-Tasker Award. It is less an autobiography but more a series of essays covering his active and varied outdoor life, including portraits of many of the friends he made along the way. A full review will appear in the next Yorkshire Rambler.

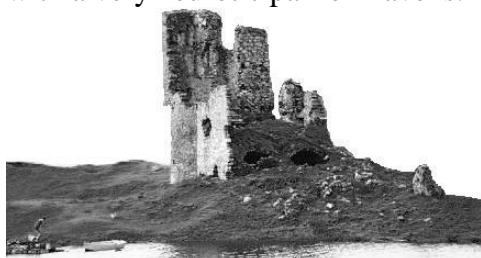
Two memorials to Maurice Wilson will soon be in place. The first is a plaque at the top of Honister Pass. The second, a seat near the larger of two small ponds adjacent to the Lord Stones Cafe. These ponds are not shown on maps. The precise location is yet to be confirmed but is expected by **Alan Linford** to be somewhere around 93-528033. Keep your eyes peeled.

Martyn Wakeman has recently returned from nearly four weeks in Pakistan during which he trekked to Concordia in the Karakorum and across a high pass (measured at 5650m by his GPS but claimed as

5940m) called the Gondogora La. He had excellent views of K2, Masherbrum, Gasherbrum, Broad Peak, and the like. He was impressed with the local people's culture and thought they "seemed to have got it right in so many more ways" than we Westerners. The stark and huge landscapes with numberless unclimbed and un-named 5000-6000m peaks are sure to have him returning equipped to attempt one.



On his return from Assynt where he was walking and climbing with a group from his old school, **Duncan Mackay** recommends the Assynt Field Centre as good accommodation. B&B was £10 per night and included excellent showers. They had some wonderful days up in the hills in incredibly good weather. Duncan also spent some of the time camping at Ardreck Castle sharing the campsite with a very neurotic pair of Ravens.



Also on the topic of accommodation in Scotland... **Derek Smithson** while gaining agreement to use the Steall Hut found out about the list of Scottish Clubs' huts published by The Mountaineering Council of Scotland - price £2.50. It also has information on some commercial bunkhouses.

The last issue was well received with several members commenting on the improved quality of some of the photographs resulting from the use of a new printer. There is an associated doubling in the cost of printing.

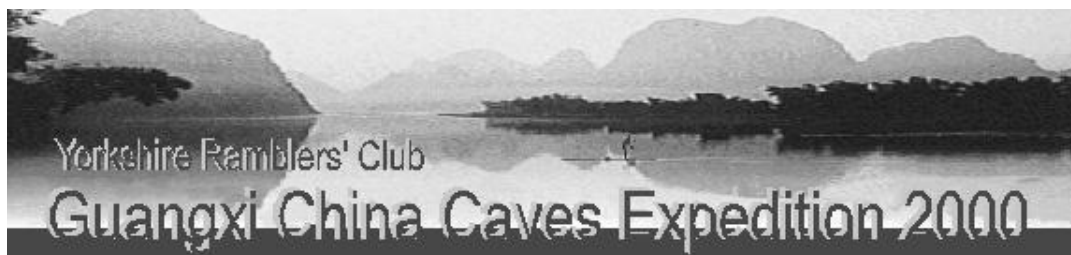
Richard Gowing's name was omitted twice: once from the attendees at the 1999 Dinner and then as the reporter of the Reaps Moor meet. Apologies.

The BMC have added a Regional Access Database (RAD) to their recently revamped website, (www.thebmc.co.uk) covering 569 crags and uplands in England and Wales. This is updated daily and gives details of the following apply:

seasonal 'bird bans',
special parking or approach advice,
any delicate access arrangements,
group use restrictions or regulations.
This facility relies heavily on information from the likes of us. If you have any updates contact Dave Turnbull on Accessdt@thebmc.co.uk, or on 0161 438 3310.

The Alpine Club draws to our attention the availability of the 238 page Index to the Ladies' Alpine Club Yearbooks 1907-1975. At £12 (inc.p&p) it includes listings by people, areas, the club, appendices and a general index.

The AC's Himalayan Index can be reached through their website (www.alpine-club.org.uk). It covers 4700 references to articles (mostly in English) across 5500 routes on 2600 peaks.



Saturday, 30 September saw the Club's Guangxi caves expedition fly from Manchester first to Shanghai then on to Guilin, in southwest China, where they established themselves in a hotel that will serve as their base close to the caves (marked on the map opposite). They are expected back 20th October.

The team consists of:

- Ged Campion, Leader
- Bruce Bensley, Photography
- Arthur Salmon, Environmental monitoring
- Graham Salmon, Surveyor
- Alister Renton, Communications
- Shaun Penny, Caver
- Harvey Lomas, Rescue
- Alan Fletcher, Research
- Jon Riley, Medical and equipment
- John Whalley, Photography
- Stewart Muir, Treasurer
- Tony Penny, Cave decorations
- Mike Pitt, Logistics
- Pascal Bottazzi from France, and
- Arthur Clarke, Tasmanian Botanist



A full report is planned for the next issue of the Yorkshire Rambler.

Scottish Winter Meet

The Smiddy, Glen Etive

9 – 11 March 2000

This year our Glen Etive meet was to be our 25th visit to the Grampian Club's hut at InbhirFhaolin.

It was also planned to put the date back a few weeks to enjoy the more Spring-like weather of March.

However, owing to a double booking by the Scottish club our meet leader was left high and dry. With luck and perseverance he booked a Scout hut on the shore of Loch Etive called 'The Smiddy'.

Our meet leader was certainly not high and dry on the Friday as he led a party of four on Ben Starav. They were turned back by heavy rain and wind 500 metres from the summit.

When the writer arrived, late Friday afternoon, in rain and sea mist he could be excused for assuming it to be the wrong hut. The furtive looks from half-clad bodies amidst the cooking smoke and drying clothes gave an instant picture of illegal immigrants recently dropped by a foreign trawler.

The Smiddy was adequate but lacked the atmosphere of InbhirFhaolin. I enjoy the latter's long one-level communal bunks and rather than the three tier Low Hall Garth style which The Smiddy offered.

Saturday dawned brighter. The President and his vice explored the slabs of Trilleachan. A party drove round to Appin and Loch Creran and enjoyed the western rock ridge onto Beinn Sgulaird.

The writer's party did the round of Ben Starav and Glas Bheinn Mhor:

not much snow and rather wet underfoot. Impressed with the rich deep green of the Scots pine tops. The ski lift was closed through lack of snow.

Adrian Bridge and Euan Seaton motored to Ben Nevis and climbed Observatory Ridge in mixed conditions taking six hours (reported in the last issue).

A much better day and a typical Etive evening with good banter and jolly talk of years gone by.

Sunday normally a short day but Adrian and Roger climbed Ben Lawers and the Lancastrian ex-presidents climbed Beinn Dorain from Bridge of Orchy on their journey south.

It is always difficult to foresee the Scottish weather and we remain hopeful of a good weekend, next year, for our 25th visit to InbhirFhaolin.

Albert Chapman

Attendance:

The President, Ian Crowther
Adrian Bridge
George Burfitt
Derek Bush
Albert Chapman
Roger Dix
Iain Gilmour
David Handley
Dave Hick
Gordon Humphreys
Howard Humphreys
Alan Linford
Dave Martindale
Euan Seaton
David Smith
Barrie Wood

Lowstern
Potholing and
Gear Exchange
31 March -
2 April 2000

For a potholing meet, there was a great deal of activity above ground! Ingleborough was approached from all directions. The west side of the Howgills was visited with a party tackling Carling Gill on to Ulgill Rig and on to Longrigg, and Wildboar Fell via Ais Gill and the Morcock attracted a third party. The caving group abseiled into Lancaster Pot and eventually emerged from Wretched Rabbit.

After an excellent meal, prepared by David Handley and colleagues, the exchange, or sale, of gear gathered pace. In fact, for your correspondent, it necessarily started almost from the moment of arrival on Friday evening,



with the purchase of an old but very sound down sleeping bag, because of his carelessness when packing. It will be interesting to follow up with the proud owners of some of the bargains to see if they actually lived up to their promise!

Attendance:

The President, Ian Crowther

Ken Aldred

George Burfitt

Derek Bush

Albert Chapman

Alan Clare (PM)

Derek Clayton

Derek English

David Handley

Richard Josephy

Tim Josephy

David Laughton

John Lovett

Alistair Renton

Harry Robinson

Graham Salmon

John Schofield

David Smith

Michael Smith

Bill Todd

Nick Welch

Easter Backpacking Meet

The Cairngorms

21 - 24 April 2000

Five “senior” members and two younger members attended this meet, the first formal Easter meet for a number of years.

Four of the older members left Blair Atholl on the Friday morning, slowly making their way up the beautiful valley of the Tilt, past the Falls of Tarf (which were in spate) to camp in blustery conditions near the ruins of Bynack Lodge. Here, quite unplanned, they met the fifth “oldie” who was camping nearby.

Next morning, whilst the President returned to Blair Atholl, the rejigged group of four, having declined to ford the Geldie, followed the south side of the Dee to Linn of Dee, then Glen Derry, until a burn in spate brought proceedings to a halt about seven kilometres north of Derry Lodge. A long legged member of the group did manage the crossing, and went on to ascend four needed “Tops”.

Next morning, with water levels lower, the group met up again beside Loch Avon, and then descended the appallingly eroded mud track in Strath Nethy, to overnight at Ryvoan Bothy.

Next day the four hour walk out to Aviemore was completed by eleven o'clock and the group returned to Blair Atholl by train.

The two younger members started their trek about three hours later than the first group, and taking a more westerly route, overnights at the Tarf Hotel bothy; next day they climbed the two Munros to the north, Carn an Fhidleir and An Sgarsoch, and descended to camp near White Bridge.

Then taking a fine route, they climbed Beinn Bhrotain and Monadh Mor, and on to Braeriach, descending to camp near the site of the former Sinclair hut. Next day they descended to Aviemore via the northern part of the Lairig Ghru, arriving about two hours after the first group.

Thus quite different routes were taken by the two groups, both nevertheless first class mountaineering outings in a glorious part of Scotland.

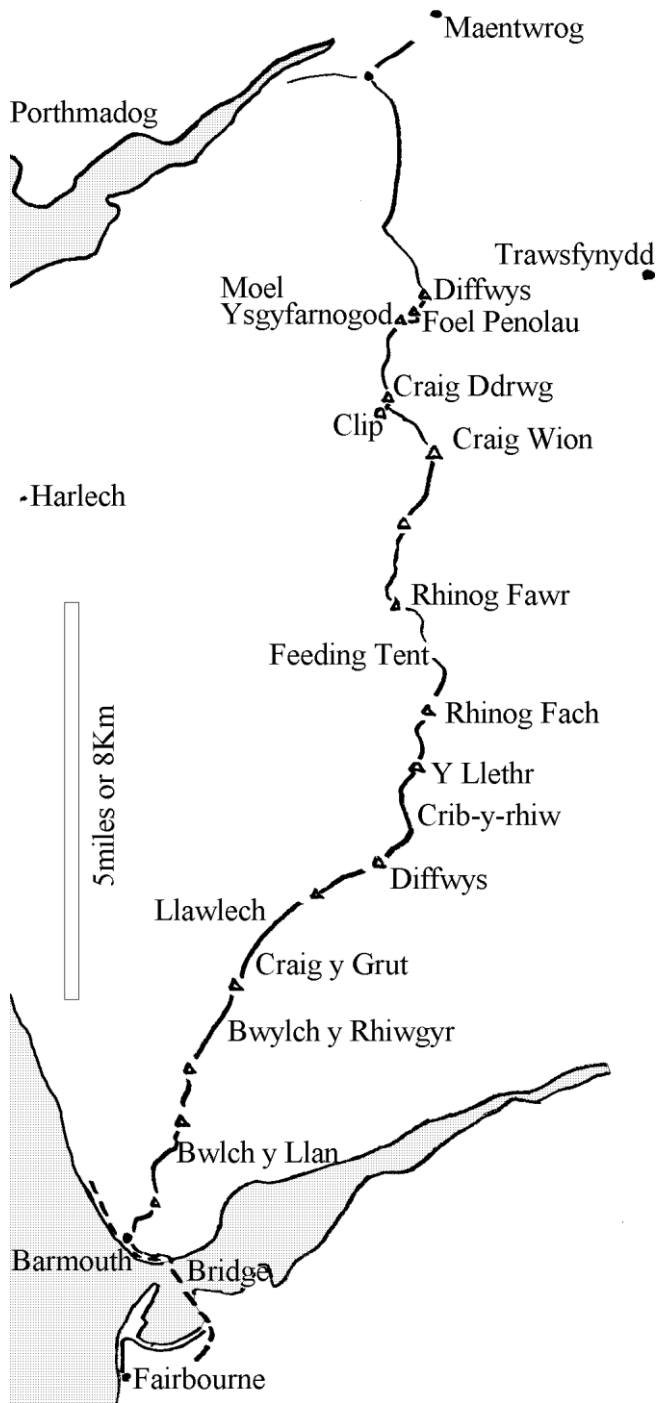
Attendance:

The President, Ian Crowther
Iain Gilmour
Alan Kay
David Large
David Smith
Derek Smithson
James Whitby

I Leave Tonight From Euston

I shall leave tonight from Euston
By the seven-thirty train,
And from Perth in the early morning
I shall see the hills again.
From the top of Ben Macdhui
I shall watch the gathering storm,
And see the crisp snow lying
At the back of Cairngorm.
I shall feel the mist from Bhrotain
and the pass by Lairig Ghru
To look on dark Loch Einich
From the heights of Sgoran Dubh.
From the broken Barns of Bynack
I shall see the sunrise gleam
On the forehead of Ben Rinnes
And Strathspey awake from dream.
And again in the dusk of evening
I shall find once more alone
The dark water of the Green Loch,
And the pass beyond Ryvoan.
For tonight I leave from Euston
And leave the world behind;
Who has the hills as a lover,
Will find them wondrous kind.

Copied from Ryvoan Bothy door
and included in Brown's Poems
of the Scottish Hills

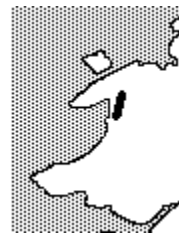


Long Walk, Rhinogs

23 – 25 June 2000

At 22 miles the Traverse was short in comparison with recent annual Long Walks. The combined ascent of 7000 feet, rough going over rock in the north and the climbs up Rhinog Fawr and Rhinog Fach resulted in completion times on the Saturday of between twelve and fifteen hours.

The route, from north to south, was from the Ceunant Valley to Foel Penolau, Moel Ysgyfarnogod, Clip, Craig Wion, the ‘Roman Steps’, Rhinog Fawr, Rhinog Fach, Y Llethr (highest point), Diffwys, Barmouth and so to Fairbourne.



The Rhinogs seen, on Sunday, from near Trawsfynydd to the east of the ridge



Diffwys Y Llethr, Rhinog Fach

Rhinog Fawr

At Y Lethyr there was a marked change in the landscape from the glaciated slabs and rock exposures on the tops to the north and the grassy whalebacks to the south. The weather was mainly dry with bright spells. From the Traverse there were fine views over the Mawddacch and Dwyryd estuaries at Barmouth and Porthmadog and across to Snowdon and Cader Idris.

Fourteen did the traverse: ten within the day on Saturday and the remaining four returned to complete on the Sunday. Ten went north to south and four south to north. The support party laid on much appreciated refreshments mid-traverse at Bwlch Drws Ardudwy though they had to await Tim's arrival to find the food that had been too well concealed in the heather on the previous day.

Fairbourne Village Hall provided good accommodation for the meet and an excellent evening meal was served and enjoyed on Saturday evening.

Sunday was the better day with plenty of sunshine. Cader Idris was the most popular climb for those out on the hill.

Six Gritstone members joined us and we are all grateful to Tim Josephy for

organizing the meet and for the choice of an enjoyable and challenging Long Walk.

Richard Kirby

Attendance

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club
 The President, Tim Josephy
 Dennis Barker
 Chris Bird
 Adrian Bridge
 Alan Brown
 Richard Gowing
 Roger Dix
 Stuart Dix
 Richard Josephy
 Richard Kirby
 Harvey Lomas
 Harry Robinson
 Arthur Salmon
 Michael Smith
 George Spenceley
 Nick Welch
 Frank Wilkinson

Gritstone Club

John Anderson
 Dennis Beard
 Cliff Duckworth
 Malcom Hopkins
 Ken Peart
 Peter Roberts



Craig Wion Clip, Craig Ddrwg Moel Ysgyfarnogod, Diffwys

Grampian Speleo Hut Inchnadamph 6 - 9 July 2000

This weekend near Inchnadamph started on the Tuesday and finished the following Monday. The early arrivers got the best of the weather, but on Sunday there were good views from Cul Mor. A cold wind persisted and kept the midges away. The hut is almost ideal, but for some reason large quantities of food and drink were lying about. The Grampian Club members arriving after most of us had left started throwing it away, but not the whisky.

Richard Gowing arrived first and walked up Cul Mor in the afternoon and then the next day three of us did Suilven from Lochinver to Inverkirkaig. The fourth member, Rowan the dog, was restrained from attempting the smaller summit because of the steep rock. It remained dry and dull all day with extensive views.

Thursday, the official start of the meet was best for weather, with the early rain clearing away to give us sunshine and a cooling breeze. The views were outstanding from the isolated mountains of Conival and Ben More Assynt. All the mountains are isolate here giving extensive views over moorland and lochans. The whole traverse from west to east was magnificent and even the descent via Dubh Loch Mor and a bealach gave pleasure. This day four more members arrived, leaving only Denis to arrive on Friday.

We then had two days of poor or awful weather. It rained and a cold wind persisted. This did not bother the cavers who enjoyed exploring the Rabbit Warren and the Waterslide in

Cnoc nam Uamh. This weather did encourage gentle walks, exploring the fishing potential and locating other caves. A good walk was organised from Lochinver to Elphin. The views were mostly moorland and lochans for the clouds were down to about 400m.

Before most of the party departed on Sunday another longish day in mist wind and rain was undertaken by the presidents, past and present. This invo Šlved a mile or two over boggy moors to Lochan Tuath where an easy gully led up to the bealach just south of Sgurr an Fhithleir. The party groped, guessed and even used a compass to ascend this top and the main top, Ben More Coigach before avoiding Speicein Coinnich to descend via Beinn Tarsuinn back to the car. A good day on a fine mountain, according to the pictures in books.

This left the two remaining members to break out of the rain and mist, which is all they had seen, to climb Cul Mor and be rewarded by wonderful views. just before they got back to the hut the rain returned.

This was a meet with limited peak bagging and only one caving outing, but the good fellowship continued long after the writer was in bed. Thank you, Harvey!

Derek Smithson

Attendance

The President, Ian Crowther
Harvey Lomas
Denis Barker
Roger Dix
Richard Gowing
Tim Josephy
Richard Kirby
Derek Smithson

The South Pennines Meet The Boarshurst Centre 5 – 6 August 2000

This is the second meet that the writer has attended at this centre, and both meets have been outstandingly successful.

The centre itself is as good as any the club has attended with first-class cooking, sleeping and toilet facilities and all twenty-one folk attending were accommodated very comfortably. In fact the attendance consisted of the President, twelve members, six guests and two prospective members.

The first evening was spent in the *Cross Keys*, perhaps a mile-and-a-half from the Centre where animated conversation took place and a certain amount of lemonade was consumed. One is forced to the unavoidable conclusion that the country would be in far better hands if run by the YRC than any of the current contenders for Parliament. Saturday morning dawned fair and somewhat overcast with a slight breeze – ideal walking weather and parties took off in various directions at nine o'clock to conduct an in-depth survey of the area. Some went on an industrial sightseeing tour along the canal to Millbrook and Tintwhistle whilst

others went up to Chew reservoir and walked along Scarp End, down a gully and along to the top of Dovestones Reservoir thence back to Boarshurst passing the “Cross Keys”. By mid-afternoon the weather had become very warm and members topped up their tans. It was felt that it would be ill mannered not to renew the acquaintance of the Landlord, however, and so the best YRC tradition of ‘chatting up the locals’ was maintained. Individuals climbed to the Obelisk (photo below) and Laddow Rocks and various other forays were undertaken before gathering at the centre for an excellent evening meal with a splendid choice of wines and beer.

Those who had the strength to stir after their evening meal once again joined the locals and helped entertain with sterling renditions of partly remembered folk songs and one of our hairier members produced a never-to-be-forgotten episode on his squeezebox

Sunday morning dawned overcast with a slight drizzle, some members went off early, some went for short walks and some went clay pigeon shooting. Keith Raby and Chris Bird know the local shooters well and arranged for those of our number who could be tempted to attend a sporting

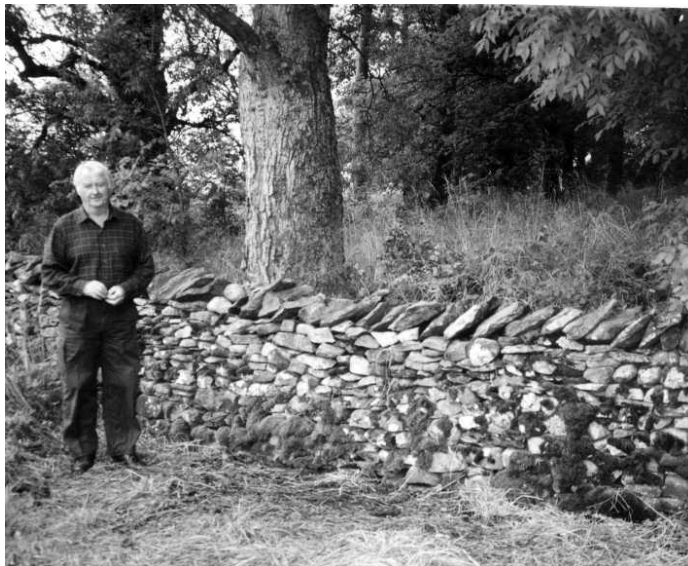


clay shoot where we all had 75 shots at a range of exceedingly difficult moving targets.

The eight folk who had a go included the president and whilst none covered themselves with glory all enjoyed a very different morning. Amongst the range of abilities on display the President was well to the middle of the field and Roy could at least boast that he did not come last.

Altogether a pleasant and enjoyable meet in all respects. Our thanks are due to Roy Denney and Keith Raby for organising the event.

John Schofield



Drystone waller, Derek Collins with his handiwork, near the front gate

Attendance at South Pennines Meet:

The President, Ian Crowther
 Chris Bird (PM)
 Alan Clare (PM)
 Derek Clayton
 Andy Collins (G)
 Roy Denney
 Mike Hartland
 David Hick
 Derek Homer (G)
 Colin Hynard (G)
 David Laughton
 Harvey Lomas
 Dave Martindale
 John Moir (G)
 Steve Pugh (PM)
 Keith Raby
 John Schofield
 David Smith
 Martyn Thomas
 Tim Wilkinson (G)
 Paul Williams (G)

Attendance at Working Meet:

The President, Ian Crowther
 John Schofield
 Iain Gilmour
 Richard Kirby
 Richard Gowing
 Derek Collins
 Roger Dix
 Ken Aldred
 Mike Godden
 David Handley
 David Smith



Lowstern Working Meet 25-27 August 2000

About a dozen members turned up for the first Working Meet at Lowstern under the direction of our new Hut Warden, Richard Kirby. Besides the usual tasks of cleaning, gutter clearance and so on, and repairs to drystone walling by

our own expert, the main job undertaken was to construct and fill a woodshed, comprising a simple wooden framework surmounted by corrugated iron sheet overlapping the field wall at the rear. In the course of the weekend members of the forthcoming China Expedition put in a brief appearance, training with an excursion on heavily-laden mountain bikes. The new lawn surmounting the ha-ha provided a congenial setting for the lunch break, and the new Warden



Richard Kirby, David Handley, Roger Dix and Iain Gilmour take a break

acquitted himself well in catering for the hungry workers.

On completion of the programme of work, those remaining on Sunday walked up via Clapdale Farm, past the CPC's encampment at GG providing August Bank Holiday trips down the main shaft, to join the path down towards Sulber Nick and descend Crummackdale, returning via Norber to Clapham, where the party visited an exhibition of paintings by a former member.

Richard Gowing



Mike, Ken, David Smith, Richards Kirby and Gowing, Roger and Ian



Early stages

Low Hall Garth

Fiftieth Anniversary Meet

6 - 8 October 2000

When the Club took over the tenancy of our beloved Low Hall Garth from the National Trust in 1950 there were thirty members present to commemorate this auspicious occasion. Sadly there are now only six survivors of that original group, but George Spenceley as one of them, and indeed as first Warden of the hut, felt it absolutely appropriate that we should have a special celebration to mark our fiftieth anniversary. The remarkable thing was that for the commemorative dinner on the Saturday night, there were again exactly thirty members and guests.

The first arrivals were on Thursday night and Friday morning, so that there were excursions on the Friday in fine, bright conditions to Pike o' Blisco and to the Carrs ridge, Swirl How and Wetherlam. By the evening the hut was full, the car park was overflowing, and the Three Shires was

doing a roaring trade.

Unfortunately a warm front had come in overnight, so that conditions on the Saturday morning were dismal in the extreme. Understandably activities were quite various, but pride of place would go to the party that braved the elements to complete a round of Pike o' Blisco, Cold Pike, Swirl How, Prison Band and Greenburn. Three members found it necessary to do some shopping in Windermere and collect some equipment from Lowstern, whilst the Presidential party informed the writer that "great things had been done". An alternative account suggested a detailed study of the Britannia in Elterwater, which included an animated conversation between our Meet Leader and a lady Educational Psychologist, who appeared to have attitudes that collided.

The dinner was a truly memorable occasion. George had even had a souvenir menu printed in club colours, and had master-minded a sumptuous feast that satisfied even the heartiest appetite. It was a privilege to





Ian Crowther, Tom Price, Harry Griffin and George Spenceley

welcome two distinguished guests, Harry Griffin and Tom Price. Harry, now aged ninety, had also been present in 1950, and he gave a charming after-dinner speech, laced with much wisdom and wry wit. His

description of having to deal with an owl that had flown into his dormitory at the Glen Doll youth hostel reduced us to helpless laughter.

The Sunday was a rather more sombre occasion, as we had been charged



Tony Smythe, Mike Hartland and Ken Aldred

with scattering the ashes of our great friend, Eddie Edwards, whose premature death on the hills earlier in the year had deeply saddened us all. Eddie had been one of our number for seventeen years and had almost certainly climbed more British mountains than any other member. The chosen spot for the ceremony was at the head of Langstrath, and most of us set off from the Old Dungeon Gill and walked over Rossett Gill and down past Angle Tarn. We chose a beautiful little plateau just below Allen Craggs with a superb view down the full length of

Langstrath. It had been a clear, bright day up to this point, but as the nine of us gathered, a sudden angry squall swept in over the hills. We paused for a few moments as we saw that it was soon likely to clear. The sun then broke through, and we gathered in a circle as the President spoke a few poignant words of memorial. Ian then committed Eddie to his beloved mountains and at this precise moment a vivid full rainbow arched across the dale. We could not have considered a more fitting farewell. Darrell Farrant

Attendance: 30 members and guests

The President, Ian Crowther
 Ken Aldred
 Dennis Armstrong
 Dennis Barker
 Chris Bird
 Alan Brown
 Derek Bush

Clifford Cobb
 Robert Crowther
 Andrew Duxbury
 Darrell Farrant
 Iain Gilmour
 Mike Godden
 David Handley
 Mike Hartland
 Alan Linford
 John Lovett
 Frank Platt
 Chris Renton
 John Schofield
 Tony Smythe
 George Spenceley
 Harry Griffin (G)
 Tom Price (G)
 David Smith
 Michael Smith
 Martyn Thomas
 Bill Todd
 Alan Wood
 Peter Wood (PM)



Langdale Pikes from Blea Tarn, Sunday

Ben Mor Coigach, Ben an Eoin and Loch Curremin from Cul Beag, Corbetts Meet, Bill Todd



STOP PRESS

Sheil Bridge and Fisherfield Forest

Tim Josephy's Corbetts

Day 1 Saturday - Left campsite to climb Sgurr An Airgid, 841 m, before breakfast. Blue skies, warm and windless. Back 0845.

Set off again at 1000 to walk to Sgurr Gaorsaic, 839m. Splendid approach up the valley to Bealach an Sgairne, all very scenic. Rain from midday but still warm. Sgurr Gaorsaic was horrible - steep bog and heather all the way and thick mist at the top. Diverted to the Falls of Glomach on the way down - big mistake as it involved four miles of peat hags and deep bog in the valley above the falls. Spent ages trying to find a place to cross the river until I realised I couldn't get any wetter, so just waded, waist deep. All redeemed at the falls, a truly magnificent sight in spite. The weather cleared somewhat walking up Glen Elchaig. I had intended to bivouac at Iron Lodge but someone was already there. Not wishing for company I carried on and found a little hollow on the slopes of Aonach Buidhe. Settled down at 10pm for a comfortable night.

Day 2 Sunday -Up early for Aonach Buidhe, 899m. Fresh snow, quite deep on the top. Featureless ascent until the summit ridge, then dramatic views into the northern corries glimpsed through breaks in the clouds. Back to the bivouac for breakfast then the old stalkers' track to the top of Faochaig, 868m. Here the weather fortuitously cleared for the tramp to Sguman Coinntich, 879m, a trackless confusing set of ridges which I doubt I'd have followed successfully in the mist. Snowing again on the ascent. Cut down through rough ground to a stalkers' track leading to a bridge across the River Elchaig - no bridge! Faced with a three mile walk up the Glen to the Glomach bridge and a 3 mile bog trot down the other side, I decided to walk down to Camas Luinie hamlet at the foot of the glen in search of any walkers for a lift back to Shiel Bridge. Not that I had seen any walkers all day. Sure enough the hamlet appeared deserted, but a sign advertised mountain bike hire. Having negotiated the hire of a bike for £5, the proprietor took pity on me and offered to drive me to Sheil Bridge for the same price - a round trip for him of 24 miles. Another example of the friendliness and generosity of the inhabitants of Northern Scotland.

Day 3 Monday - Drove to Poolewe and pitched the tent on the campsite. Set off just

before midday intending to stay out two nights. Perfect Scottish spring weather, lovely views of Loch Maree on the approach to Beinn Airig Charr, 791m. Good path up this fine hill deservedly popular and closer to the road than most hills around here. Cut down quite easily to the southeast to pick up the good track up to Carnmore Lodge. Magnificent country - remote, wild and scattered with huge crags - a climber's paradise. Detoured off to climb Ben Lair, 859m, just a long climb up a gentle slope but made memorable by the awesome north face which was followed all the way to the top. At over 1000ft high and 1½ miles long, it is one of the biggest cliffs in Britain.

Back to the track and up to Carnmore by Fionn Loch, to find the bothy has been re-roofed and was occupied by several Gritstone Club members. It is a small world they are the only people I was to see on these hills.

Day 4 Tuesday - I had intended to walk out East over the remaining Corbetts, but a boot sole had parted company on the descent from Ben Lair. Inspection revealed the whole footbed had collapsed - retreat necessary. With the help of some binder twine and the good wishes of the Grits, I made it to the utterly undistinguished Beinn Chasgein Mor, 856m, and back to Poolewe, some fifteen miles. Amazing stuff, binder twine.

Fortunately, Poolewe is home to the Slioch outdoor clothing factory so I was able to buy a pair of indifferent boots at an exorbitant price.

Day 5 Wednesday - Drove round to Corrie Hallie and walked in to Beinn Dearg, 910m and 820m. Fine sunny day. The walk in is long and involves crossing two rivers. This beautiful mountain, looking like a miniature An Teallach appears impregnable, but in fact the ascent via a hidden corrie on the south side is quite easy although spectacular and almost entirely trackless. Both tops offer panoramic and exposed viewpoints and the easiest descent appears to be from the col between the two. As I dried off after re-crossing the rivers, I thought this had been one of the best mountain days I could remember, and apart from a couple of fishermen, not a soul in sight.

Day 6 Thursday - A short day. Drove round to park below Sail Mhor, 767m, an easy and rather ordinary hill although the approach is enlivened by some fine waterfalls and some stunning coastal views. Down early to face the marathon journey home.