

# Yorkshire Rambler

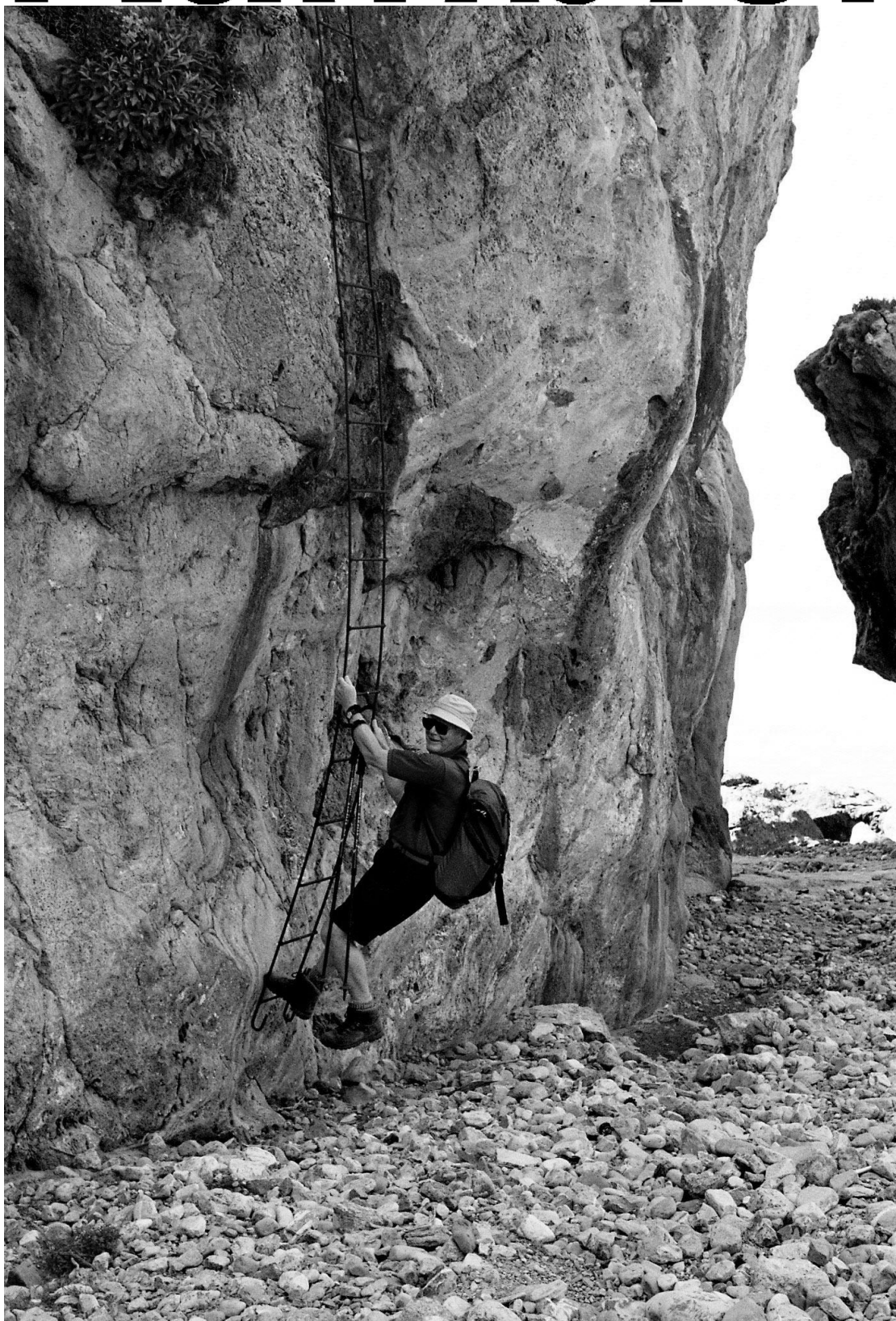
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Rob Ibberson in the Tripiti Gorge, south west Crete

Photo by Alan Kay

Ladder stile with simple wooden rungs nailed onto rails, Blacksburg, Virginia



## Foreword

I think it was just ten years ago, in 1993, when the Club gave the go ahead for the switch from a formal, infrequent printed Journal to this desktop published biannual monochrome bulletin.

While I was preparing that first issue Labour's John Smith died, South Africa was working towards democracy while India then Pakistan were testing nuclear devices, the EEC became the EU, an old power station was chosen to house a Museum of Modern Art and Charles' intimate phone call to Camilla was plastered across the papers. At the same time the Club was busy extending its range of activities.

That sounds like a long time ago and much has changed in the world since then. The Club is now much more active in the fields of caving and overseas meets.

Just as there was a feeling then that it was time to change from the Journal for capturing the spirit of the Club there is again pressure for change now to reflect new times. Desktop publishing has moved on, digital cameras are commonplace and the Club's fledgling website has taken flight.

This bulletin will probably be the last in this particular format and the last I shall edit. I appreciate all the support given by both the Committee and individual Members, plus one FRCC member, throughout the decade. Their work at various times in proofreading, typing, chasing material and maintaining records has been invaluable.



Editor

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

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# Mongolia

## 2002

### Albert Chapman

The Indian/Pakistani confrontation led to the cancellation of our planned YRC Nubra Expedition. The Members intending to go there then looked for climbing elsewhere. Some went to tackle the John Muir Trail in America, one to Greenland and others to the Alps.

Howard Humphreys and I decided instead to join a commercial trek to climb the highest mountain in Mongolia, Mount Khuiten at 4374m.

Mongolia is always associated with the name of Genghis Khan and his expansion of the Mongol Empire in the 13<sup>th</sup> century. After his death power passed to his son Ogedei who continued the military conquest to the West. His generals swept through Russia, Poland and Lithuania as well as swinging South in Hungary and Bohemia, poised to inflict more carnage while the rest of Europe prayed in their Cathedrals for a miracle. This

came in 1241 when the Mongols suddenly stopped, turned around and headed back to Mongolia.

Ogedei Khaan had died and Mongol custom dictated that all the noble descendants of his father, Genghis, must return home to democratically elect a new leader.



Europe was saved from carnage and adopting Mongolian as its main language.

In more recent times very little was known about this country which was hidden from the World by the cloak of communism. Since 1991 however with the break up of the Soviet Union, Mongolia has been an independent democracy and has become readily accessible to foreign travellers.

Mongolia is the sixth largest country in Asia, and one of the largest land locked countries in the world. With just 2.3 million people, this country also has one of the lowest population densities on earth and yet, as the visitor will discover, the open steppes are far from soulless as the hospitality of the nomadic herds people will show. The Altai Mountains of Mongolia form the tail end of an





almost continuous range stretching from the Gobi Desert through the Central Asian Republics to the Karakoram in Pakistan. Home to Argali sheep, lynx and the elusive snow leopard, these stunning snow capped peaks soar thousands of metres above desert plains in the Gobi Altai. The highest peaks in Mongolia, the Mongol Altai Tavan Bogd Five Holy Peaks lie at the intersection of the Russian, Chinese and Mongolian borders, almost 1800 kilometres due west of the capital city Ulaanbaatar.

The first major geographical expeditions to this region were in the 1920's led by the famous Russian Botanist, Potaniin, although no successful climbs of the snowy peaks were made at this time. Mount Khuiten was first climbed by a Mongolian team of Mountaineers in 1956. The 1960s and 1970s saw numerous expeditions from Czechoslovakia, Romania and Poland claim first ascents of other peaks in the region. The region opened up to western climbers in the early 1990s and first British ascents were made in 1992 by teams from Operation Raleigh. Since then, small numbers of mountaineers visit during the brief summer months

We flew Aeroflot to Ulaanbaatar via Moscow and arrived early on a sunny

morning in the capital of Mongolia to be housed on the sixth floor of a modern post-Russian style hotel. I spent the day visiting Buddhist temples and natural history museums.

Ulaanbaatar, or UB as it is called, is a pleasant lively westernised city if you ignore the huge power station on the outskirts and grey blocks of concrete apartments characteristic of Russian period architecture.

On our second day we stretched our legs on an acclimatisation trek over Mount Tsetseguun (2256m) the highest mountain in Bogd Khan National Park, just south of Ulaanbaatar. This National Park was founded in 1778, making it one of the World's oldest protected areas and one of 25 National Parks in Mongolia. Our trek started at the ruins of Manshir Monastery which was constructed in 1733 and was a major centre of Buddhism. Our five-hour walk took us through forests of larch and pine up to the summit where we had panoramic views looking North to Ulaanbaatar.

The following day a bus journey to the lovely Khustin Uul Nature Reserve which is famous for the wild Takhi Horses, a species which has been brought back from the brink of extinction.



Albert on the summit of Nirandal with a view towards China

offered tea, bread and yak's cheese by Kasakh herders.

On reaching the "road" head out kit was transferred to Camels and we had a pleasant five-hour walk over the last low foothills until the snow covered, glaciated peaks of the Altai Tavan Bogd came into full view.

Our bus took us for miles over dry trackless grasslands to a Reserve Visitor Centre where we collected an attractive dark haired guide and were directed to a small herd of these fabled horses.

Next morning we flew the 1500 km westward to Olgii City which took five hours including a fuel stop. We transferred to Russian built 4 x 4 jeeps. We were delayed initially at a check point on the outskirts of the City by a group of Government Vets who wanted us to walk through gas filled tents as a precaution against the spread of foot and mouth disease. The female inspectors wore masks, carried large smoke canisters and had the proportions of Russian shot putters. We managed to evade their advances and headed at great speed towards the distant Alti Mountains.

We broke our 180km journey by camping beside a river where we were welcomed by a family of Kazakh herders. They invited us into their Ger and plied us with Mare's milk and yak yoghurt.

Early next morning our bumpy ride continued. The terrain varied from undulating dry hills, to fertile river valleys dotted with white Gers and herds of yaks, camels, goats, sheep and horses. Stopped numerous times to be

Our base camp was delightfully situated on a grassy pasture by a stream at the side of Potaniin Glacier.

The weather had been good but the acclimatisation climb on Malchin Peak (4037m) next day was with rain, hail and strong wind.

The following two days kept us low down with rain and a dump of snow apparent on the mountains when the mist cleared.

We studied the almost tame ground squirrels gathering food and bedding for the winter. The predominating flowers were white gentians and carpets of Edelweiss.

Our ascent of Khuiten was to be made more possible by a five-hour trek up the centre of the Potaniin Glacier to a high advanced base camp. This would benefit us with more effective acclimatisation. The recent dump of snow increased our journey time to nine hours while evading the newly snow covered crevasses particularly as the day was sunny and warm which increased the care needed to locate the weak areas.

Our evening camp was superb with us perched on the ice against a rocky buff with three to a two-man tent and limited food as we had to carry everything up there.

Then it was an alpine start at 4a.m. with two roped parties heading for Khuiten. However long before sunrise we found the recent snowfall had not compacted and there was a danger of windslab movement. Our leader felt the need to bring the same number back as set out so with some regret we turned back after two hours and returned to advanced base camp.

The day was still young so we regrouped and set off for Nirandal Peak (4082m) which was basically little more than a snow plod. On the summit of this peak was a pole indicating the meeting of Russia, China and Mongolia. The day was sunny and clear. The views over Russia and the Chinese Altai fantastic with many unclimbed peaks and unvisited valleys.

This was our last night amongst the Altai at advanced base camp then a start was made at six for our journey back down the glacier before the snow melted and made the going more difficult.

Lunch at base camp and a leisurely walk over the flower covered rolling hills to the jeep head. An overnight camp and a six hour bumpy jeep ride broken with many Ger visits sampling fermented mares milk, yak cheese,

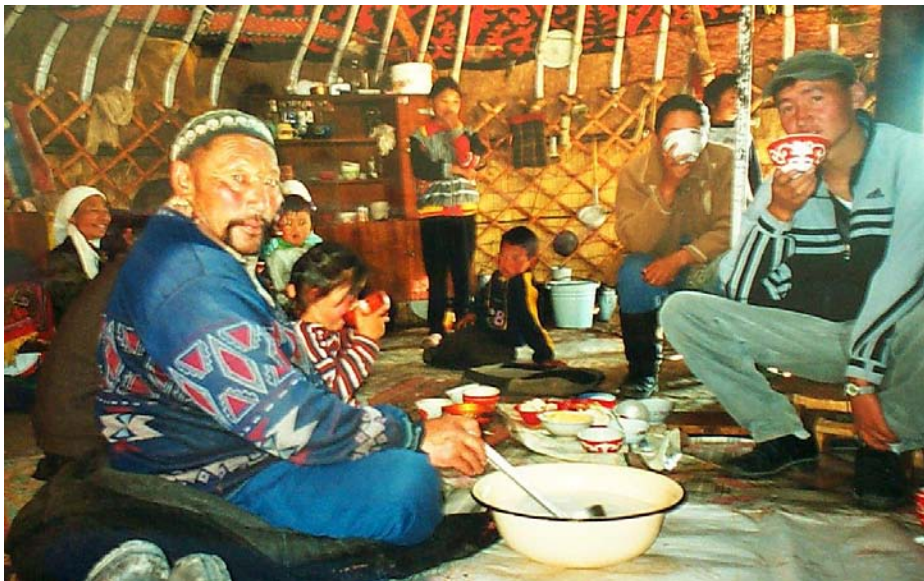
four times distilled cows milk. A spectacular visit to see and stroke magnificent golden eagles used for hunting during the winter by the Kazakh people.

One night was spent in Olgii City before our return flight to Ulaanbaatar. Our trek was very well organised under leadership of Fiona Garry from Keswick, ably assisted by Graham Taylor, an Australian living in Mongolia. Graham came to our 2002 Annual Dinner representing the Mongolian Alpine Club.

There is much more to Mongolia than open plains and rugged mountains. So on departure of our main group back to U.K. Howard and I travelled east to the lush forests and rushing rivers of the Khentil mountains.

In this remote charming wilderness area we lived in a Ger for two nights from where we swam and rode with Mongolian herders. So vast was this unfenced valley that after a night of thunder and lightning a herder asked to borrow my binoculars to find his herd of 100 horses frightened by the storm.

The Mongolians and the Kazakhs are delightful, friendly and highly hospitable people. I would certainly visit their country again.



Drinking fermented mare's milk in Kazakh Ger



# **RULES OF THE YORKSHIRE SPELEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION**

## **Part II**

Dr Steve Craven's second contribution is presented in the interest of preserving records almost a century old.

These rules were printed on 15.24 x 25.15 cm. paper in the possession of R.D.M. Burrow Esq., of Horsforth, Leeds, on 18 February 1972. The original date was 1907, and had been altered in ink to 1908.

(Page 1)

### **THE YORKSHIRE SPELEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION RULES.**

#### **I**

The Association shall be known as "YORKSHIRE SPELEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION."

#### **II**

The objects of the Association shall be: (1) to encourage the systematic exploration and survey of Caverns and Pot-Holes, particularly in Great Britain; (2) to procure and impart scientific and topographical information, regarding the underground water systems of limestone areas; (3) to serve as a bond of union for all persons interested in underground exploration; and (4) to issue a Journal or such other publications as may be considered advantageous to the Association.

#### **III**

All persons interested in the objects of the Association, as defined in Rule II., shall be eligible as members.

#### **IV**

*Originally this rule read:*

The Management of the Association shall rest in the hands of a Committee, consisting of a President, a Vice-President, a Honorary Treasurer, a Honorary Secretary, and four ordinary members, who shall retire annually but be eligible for re-election. Five to form a quorum.

*But pasted over is this amendment:*

The management of the Association shall rest in the hands of a Committee, consisting of a President, a Vice-President, a Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, a Honorary Librarian, and four ordinary members, who shall retire annually, but be eligible for re-election. Five to form a quorum.

(Page 2)

#### **V**

The election of members shall be absolutely under the control of the Committee, who shall decide upon a candidate's qualifications. Every candidate for membership must be proposed and seconded by members of the Association.

#### **VI**

The Association year shall commence September 1st, the Annual General Meeting being held on the first Tuesday in September, for the transaction of business and election of officers for the ensuing year. The proposer and seconder of the name of any member intended to be proposed as a member of the Committee, or for any office in the Association, shall

give at least fourteen days' notice in writing previous to the Annual General Meeting to the Honorary Secretary.

#### VII

The Committee have power to fill any vacancy among the officers of the Club during the year.

#### VIII

The Committee shall have power to elect suitable persons to be Honorary Members of the Association. Honorary Members shall have the same privileges as ordinary members, but are not liable for any subscription.

#### IX

Members shall pay an annual subscription of half-a-guinea, the subscription to be due on September 1st, except in the instance of the first year, when it shall be paid on election. Members elected after the 30th June in each year shall pay only the subscription for the ensuing year.

(Page 3)

#### X

No member shall vote or enjoy any of the privileges of the Association until he shall have paid his annual subscription, and the Committee are empowered to remove the name of any member not having paid his subscription within three months from the time when it becomes due, but may re-admit him on such terms as they shall think fit. Written notice of resignation must be received by the Honorary Secretary three months before the end of the Association year.

#### XI

The Committee shall at any time, upon the requisition in writing of not less than five members, call within fourteen days a Special General Meeting. The object of discussion to be transacted thereat shall be stated,

and no other business shall be transacted at such meeting other than that specified in the notice.

#### XII

Any member may be expelled by the votes of two-thirds of the members present at an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Association called for that purpose, of which due notice shall have been sent to him.

#### XIII

The Committee have power to make, alter, or rescind any rules which they may deem expedient for the successful working of the Association.

#### XIV

A copy of these Rules shall be supplied to each member.

(Page 4)

#### LIST OF OFFICE BEARERS.

President:

F. Haworth, M.A.

Vice-President:

J.W. Puttrell.

Honorary Treasurer:

R.F. Cook,

317, Roundhay Road, Leeds.

Honorary Secretary:

E. Simpson,

44, Sefton Terrace, Beeston Hill,  
Leeds.

Members of Committee:

O. Stringer.

A. Price.

C.E. Burrow.

D. Burrow.

*There follows an insert, obviously printed later and glued in:*

#### XV

No member shall publish any matter referring to the work of the

Association without the sanction of the Committee, and then, only in the name of the Association.

XVI

In the event of the Association being dissolved, all tackle, etc., shall be sold, and the proceeds divided among the members in proportion to their time of membership.

XVII

An Association Expedition shall be one that is determined on by the Committee.

XVIII

The Committee shall determine what photographs, either of plans or views, are suitable for sale to members, and the price of same.

XIX

All plans and photographs published, shall bear the name of the Association, and of the photographer or draughtsman only.

(Page 5)

XX

The election of members shall be determined by sealed ballot. Two adverse votes to disqualify.

XXI

No specimens shall be taken from any Cavern or Pothole during an Association Expedition.



Slaters' Bridge – a test of navigation and balance on a frosty winter's night when returning from the Three Shires to Low Hall Garth

# A Style Guide to Stiles

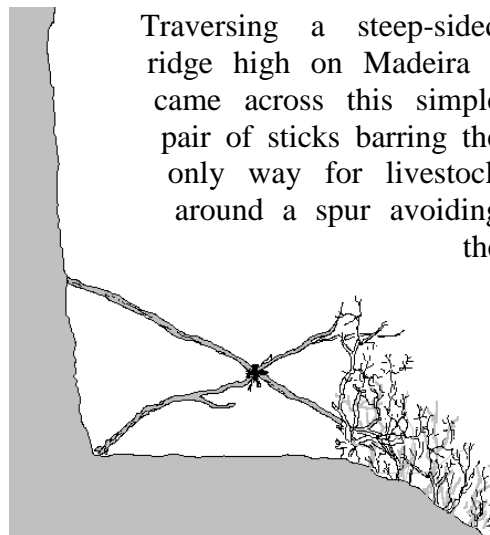
Michael Smith

Stiles represent different things depending on the beholder and the situation: as an alternative to a precarious balance moves over a poorly constructed wall or hawthorn hedge they are welcome; to infant or aged human or dog they appear insurmountable barriers; to the farmer they keep things in; for the forester they keep things out.

Over the last decade I have been keeping an eye open for the rich variety of stiles noting how they use local materials or are designed for particular conditions. This is not an exhaustive record of those observations but a collection of some of the types that caught my eye.

I suppose a stile is a means of passing through or over a boundary fence, wall, hedge or similar, often at a point where a path or route intersects that boundary. The number of 'or's in that attempt at a definition hints at the variety of solutions people have found to the problem. From the obvious narrow gap in a wall, through steps over an obstacle to carefully engineered constructions they have all been designed. Some better than others.

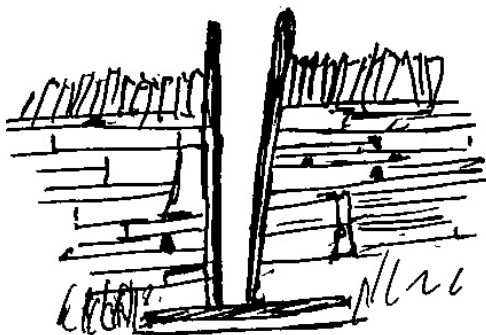
The simplest may resemble little more than a collapsed wall with badly packed stones forming a ramp over a wall. On the top to prevent animals crossing some small obstacle is added. On the surround to the hut Bryn Hafod, below Cwm Cywarch the barrier was a wire fence, in Moroccan fields I seen prickly pear and thorn used.



Traversing a steep-sided ridge high on Madeira I came across this simple pair of sticks barring the only way for livestock around a spur avoiding the

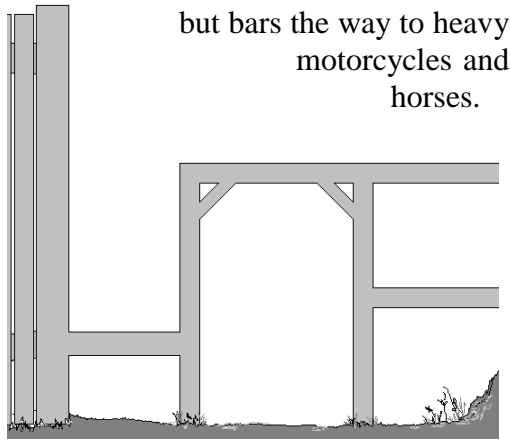
cliff above and sparse thorny hedge below.

Another simple form is the narrow gap. Too narrow for livestock and, unfortunately, some bulging rucksacks or over fed rambblers.



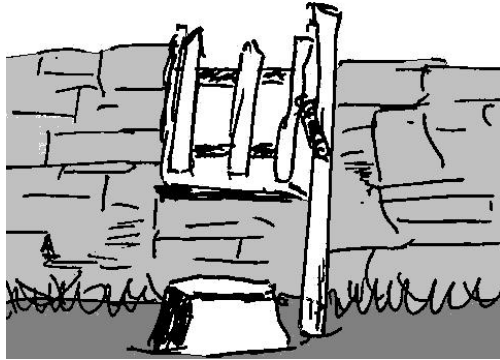
The shape of the gap can be varied to make passage easier for humans and their permitted accoutrements while restricting access for those with motorcycles. One stile has a wide gap at the base narrowing about chest height where handlebars would be. Local designs for these are made of bent tubular steel

In the Don Valley on the banks of the river not too far from Wharnccliffe Crag, this next stile made of rectangular cross-section welded steel tube appropriate given its setting in Steel City, lets pedestrians pass by stepping over a low rail, allows pushchairs under another higher rail

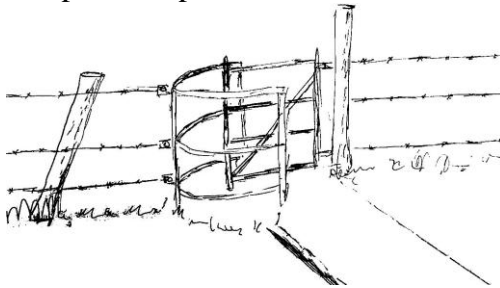


but bars the way to heavy motorcycles and horses.

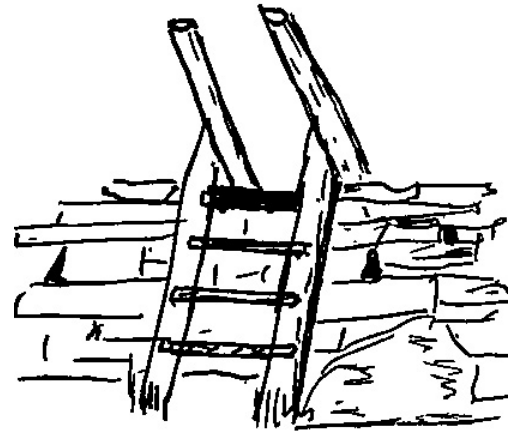
Gates across gaps are an improvement provided they are closed again after use. Where walkers can't be trusted to do this various designs automatically close the gate. Tilted hinges employ gravity, as do weights attached either to a cord or wire over a pulley or the middle of a chain or rope running from the gate to a fixed point away to one side. Those weights can be concrete, a rock, old can of water or a length of railway track. An alternative to gravity is to use a spring as in the example below from Onesacre Wood, Bradfield Parish in the Dark Peak.



Kissing gates are hardly stiles but are common and included here to complete the picture.



Ladder stiles can be inclined or vertical like those over deer-proof Highland forestry fences.



By Bar Pot close to Clapham, across the dales, I've seen ladder-like stiles with the top platform hinged at one end and sprung with a movement of a centimetre or so. This motion allowed a magnet to trigger a reed switch connected to a counter, all presumably part of some scheme for monitoring the usage of paths.

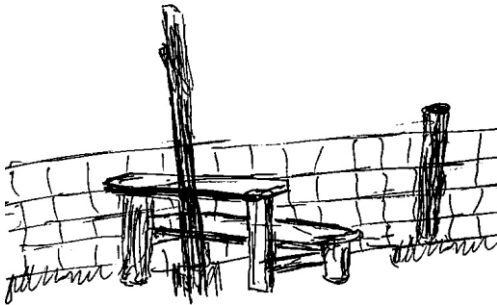


On Waen Camddwr, the Arans these classic ladder stiles stand out as clear markers when there is little sign of the way on the rough, boggy ground.

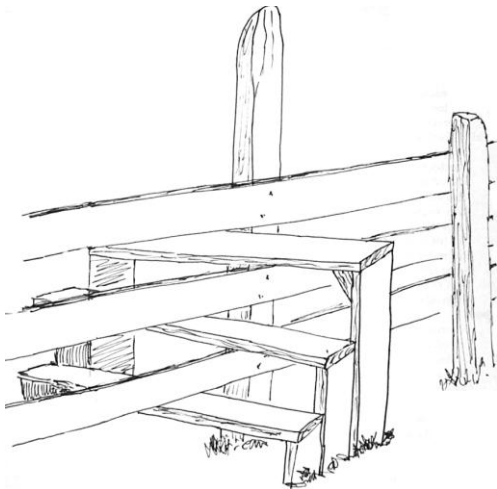
Alternatively, steps can be provided by throughs or projecting stones in dry-stone walls or various constructions of wood stone or metal for hedges or fences.



Both these examples are from the Dales near to Lowstern. The tall post aids balance and reduces the chance of damage to the wire fence. Off cuts of fenceposts are used for the step supports.

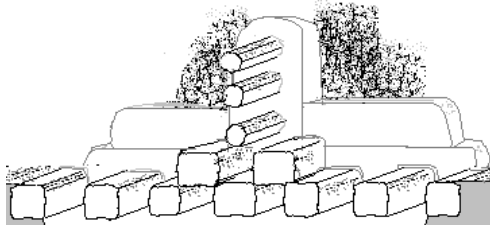
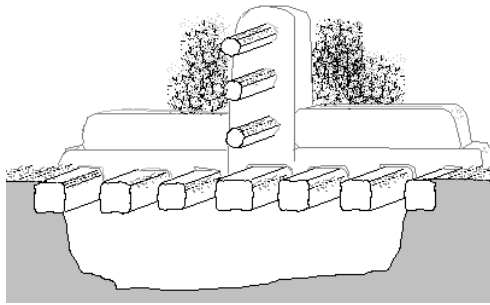


Above Rivelin Crags, on the outskirts of Sheffield was another stile formed from left over fencing material.



South of St Just, Cornwall, were the most substantial stiles I came across. Rather like cattle grids built over a shallow pit they were made from granite posts housed in granite end-pieces set into mature hawthorn hedges. The 'cut-away' sketches below give an idea of these. The width between the end-pieces was

more than a metre and weeds were sometimes growing up between the stones across the pit.



Near the source of the River Dove in White Peak is with elaborate wrought iron gated stile incorporating steps and post for keeping balance.



I wonder what other regional variations exist. Will park authority designs impose standard designs?

With thanks to David Hick for assistance with the illustrations.

## **New Year Wishes (On Ingleborough)**

**By Geoffrey Winthrop Young**

If I could seal  
a wish on younger eyes – then it should be  
that they should see hills undisturbedly,  
solitary, and in their own design.  
For I have seen so much can come between  
the heart of hills and mine,  
record  
and route, rivalry, quick report,  
all the cloud screen  
of human witness, dictionaries sport;  
and that these rainbows steal  
the selfless joy mountains can make us feel,  
the single light from summit and sunshine.

If I could seal a hope for younger time,  
Climbers to come – then it should be for you  
to know of only two  
verities, yourself and the hill you climb:  
only two voices, the mountain's and your own.  
Others are but echoes, of the human pride  
would make a sounding-board even of a hill-side:  
two voices only. And one,  
the small and still,  
magical voice of the hill,  
speaks only to you, for you alone.

Suggested by F David Smith and reproduced from  
the FRCC Journal Vol.9, No.3, p291, 1933



## Gleanings from the YRC Library by David J Handley

In the November of 1893 Cecil Slingsby addressed the Burnley Library and Scientific Society about his exploits on Mont Blanc and its Aiguilles. Here is a summary of a remarkable ascent of Mont Blanc.

On July 25 1879, Slingsby together with his friend Rev CJ Ord and with guide Franz Andermatten and his son Adolph set out for the peak. Andermatten was keen to do it in a day as most of the Zermatt peaks he had climbed without sleeping out. Slingsby pointed out that as Mont Blanc was 15,781ft, Courmayeur 4,098, for they intended to traverse the peak, and Chamonix 3,446 it meant an ascent of 11,681 and a descent of 12,335 – 24,016ft of ascent and descent. Franz cared little for this, it was only a mountain after all.

Left hotel at Courmayeur	00.02	
Stepped onto the Miage Glacier	04.00	
Reached rocks	05.30	
Reached old hut	06.47	
Began to climb steep gully	10.15	
Took 6 hours		
Summit of Mont Blanc	17.15	Total 17hrs13mins
Left summit	17.20	
Grand Mulets	19.20	
Soup left GM	19.40	
Couttets Hotel, Chamonix	22.10	
Having descended 12,335 feet in 4hrs30mins (a record)		
Out altogether 22hrs 8mins!!		

Breathtaking!

### Footnotes

Alpine guides were usually daring crystal hunters and chamois stalkers... then came a sad change.

‘A Bureau des Guides was established at Chamonix and the worst features of Trades Unionism came into force. It was decreed that guides, good, bad and indifferent should accept in turn the engagements... these rules

therefore are still in force, and to the incompetence of the guides is due in a great measure the large death roll of Mont Blanc.’

‘Climbing in the Aiguilles,’ he proceeded, ‘may fairly be about the finest sport in the world, even better than foxhunting, and that is saying a good deal!’



## Reviews

# Follow The Sun

A Traverse of the Alps on Skis  
By Peter Seamen



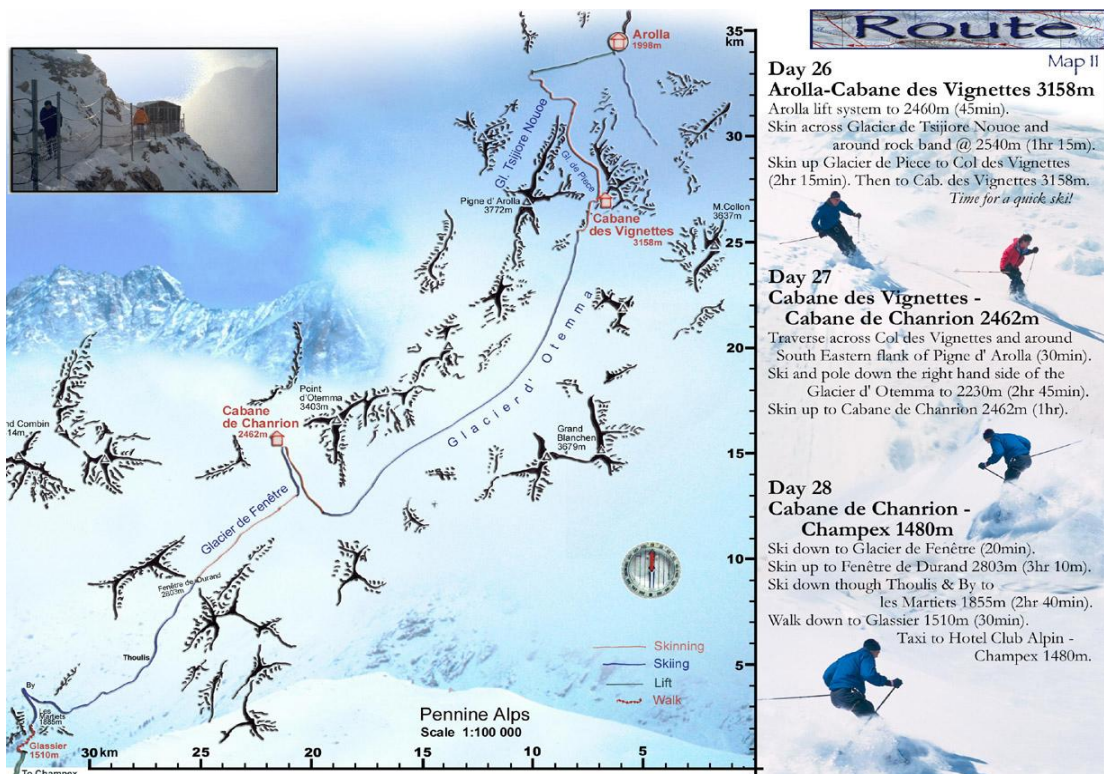
The first British traverse of the Alps on ski/foot was made by one of our early Honourary Members, Sir Martin Conway, in 1894, and Jim Wilson a Scottish skier made a notable traverse from Silvretta to Chamonix in 1968. In 1972 the British Alpine Ski Traverse made the first crossing by a lowland country without guides of the whole high mountain traverse. Alan Blackshaw was the leader of that party. To traverse the Alps on skis from Austria to the Côte d'Azur is still a serious relatively new undertaking, demanding route finding of a high order. The total distance is about 800km, and the total height to be gained is some 40,000 m.

Peter Seamen who is a friend of mine living (amazingly) in Balsall Common, was a member of a party of twelve

who undertook this venture. They started in Neustift in Austria and the skiing ended at Col du Turini, and they completed the journey to the sea by following the GR52 to the

sea at Menton. They took 52 days, taking a stage each year over five years. Peter describes each of those days in a most original way: a mixture of superb photographs of the mountains, supported by informal snaps of the participants in peculiar positions, a pithy narrative never too long for each day to tell the story, with montages of extracts of later recollections from other members to add humour. It is not your usual pictorial coffee table book, nor your usual long prosy narrative: "At dawn we found ourselves...di-dah di-dah".

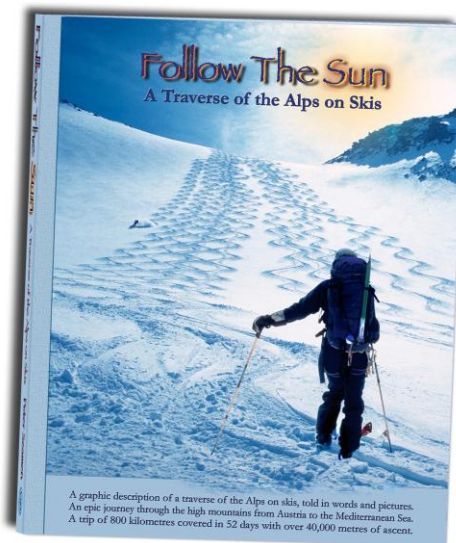
When I opened the pages and saw the contrasting formats of the pages, the different fonts used to distinguish the diaries and recollections, I thought of Wainwright's originality in the 1950s,





how he combined accuracy, helpful advice with humour. Peter has brought the same approach using up to date computer technology. It is a book of with colour photographs galore and yet with technical data (22 route maps with route descriptions and times) that will surely spur readers to go and do likewise.

The narrative is interpolated with practical experience gained and other considerations of mountaineering topics. There is a page on such themes among others as Mountain Weather, on Safety (“GPS is very accurate but it does not prevent you falling into a crevasse getting there”) Food and Fitness, Hints and Tips on the Use of Skis. There are also contributions from professional mountain guides on Avalanches, Route Finding, Mountain Safety and Mountain First Aid. There is a table of technical data, showing for



each of the 52 days of their journey, the kilometres skinned, skied and walked, together with the metres ascended each day. There is a table of all the 1:50000 maps used covering the traverse, but with the added proviso that 1:25000 maps were used for navigation.

I hope I have conveyed the essence of this amazing book, a labour of love produced privately, because of the difficulty of finding a publisher. Further information about Peter and the book can be found on [www.cyou.biz](http://www.cyou.biz). The website has an order form to purchase the book; or it can be obtained by writing to: Peter Seamen, 3 Meriden Road, Berkswell, Coventry CV7 7BE (01676 534469). For club members buying a copy direct from Peter, the price is £17.00 (inc p&p and a 2004 ‘Follow the Sun Calendar’). Cheques should be made out to Peter Seamen and included with the order along with a mention of YRC. The book can be ordered from any good bookshop, but the shop price is £17.95.

One last thing: there is a small contribution by one Dennis Armstrong on Page 53 describing his experience of ski mountaineering days in 1956, but don’t let that put you off! It is a book to savour.

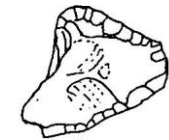
Dennis Armstrong

# Prehistory of Saddleworth and adjacent areas

**W.P.B.(Pat) Stonehouse**

115pp, 48 illustrations, around £10 including p&p, ISBN 0-9540702-1-6

Our late member, Pat Stonehouse had a lifelong interest in the environmental and human history of the Saddleworth moors. During a thirty-year period he carried out a series of scientific excavations in the area and collected



over 10,000 worked flints, largely from the Mesolithic Period. Pat maintained meticulous records of his work and wrote this book towards the end of his life, producing a summary of the prehistory of the area from the end of the last ice age, (around 9,000BC) through the Middle Stone Age, the New Stone Age, the Bronze Age and ending with the Iron Age. Two appendices cover the life of another

Saddleworth archaeologist, Francis Buckley active in the 1920s and 1930s and contributions on more recent developments in radiocarbon dating.

A recent academic review of the book by Coop at Loughborough drew attention to the “considerable importance” of its contents “especially the information on the Mesolithic period.” It praised the appendix as being “the best

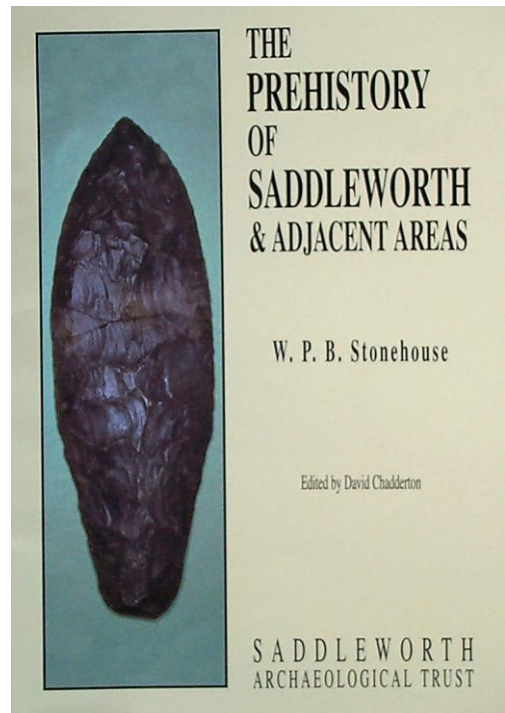


summary of recent advances in the field of radiocarbon dating that I have seen.”

The book was published posthumously just two years ago and is available from:

Saddleworth Archaeological Trust, Ceann, Friezland Lane, Greenfield, Oldham OL3 7EU, 01457 872092, kbbooth@talk21.com

Thanks go to John Hemingway for this reminder.



## **8<sup>th</sup> Annual Paul Nunn Memorial Lecture, Sheffield, October 2003**

This event packed Sheffield Hallam's vast Pennine Lecture Theatre to capacity with a warm and responsive audience on a cold night. Jim Curran's relaxed convivial links set the tone for the evening.

John Dunne filled the first half with a brisk chronological tour of his climbing development. Skipping school and cycling to Ilkley Quarry eventually led to the bold lead of New Statesman. Lines like that, rather than scrappy new routes on familiar crags, now hold his attention and have kept him busy in Ireland's border country.

John opened Malham to unaided climbing and controversially stripping bolts in Pembrokeshire asserting his ethical stance of leaving those you can't do for later climbers instead of chipping or drilling the route down to your standard. He has worked to influence China's developing climbing ethic – not easy when an imported rack costs the equivalent of two hundred local bolts.

A Himalayan venture was wrecked by a change in the weather just as they had everything in place and finished off by a playful dog biting his finger tip as they were about to leave. On the plane journey back the hand swelled alarmingly and several months on antibiotics followed. He didn't have better luck with animals on Half Dome. Hilariously he recounted an undoubtedly dangerous encounter at dusk alone and naked with a bear on a ledge at the foot of a climb, solved by jettisoning a large sausage down the slope. A tip for you lest you find yourself in this situation – don't flash your headtorch at it – that enrages rather than scares the beast. It didn't

put him off the western States though and spectacular-looking desert towers are his current interest.

After an interval chatting in the foyer we were treated to a '60s BBC film clip of a youthful Ian McNaught-Davis, of last year's Dinner fame, topping out on the Eiffel Tower, a stunt which earned him the last £400 he needed to buy a London house.

Mac's main presentation though was a 1956 trip - the first British trip to the Himalaya seeking a difficult line instead of the usual high peak. It was to Muztagh Tower, a mixed snow and ice route, with a team of four climbers and 108 porters. Little time was wasted on the recalling the walk in other than a shot of a raft made of thirty well-inflated goat skins. With Joe Brown and Tom Patey in the team they all topped out even though it meant a 7000m bivouac and frostbitten toes for John Hartog.

Mac's relentless banter, candid recollections of the team dynamics, sideswipes at earlier snow-plodding expeditions and boundless enthusiasm carried the audience all the way. The multi-stage flight out, the camp kit, clothing and climbing gear were all from a different era. These and Mac's low key account only increased the audience's respect for their achievement. A good choice for this event with its mixed audience.

The slide and film sequence ran smoothly and all was clearly audible. Having enough light to see John during in his presentation would have added another dimension to the experience. The funds raised help support a student studying women's contribution to mountaineering literature. It was another well-organised success and interest in these lectures shows no sign of waning. The Paul Nunn Memorial Lectures are always worth turning out for.

# Chippings

**Cliff Large** wrote:

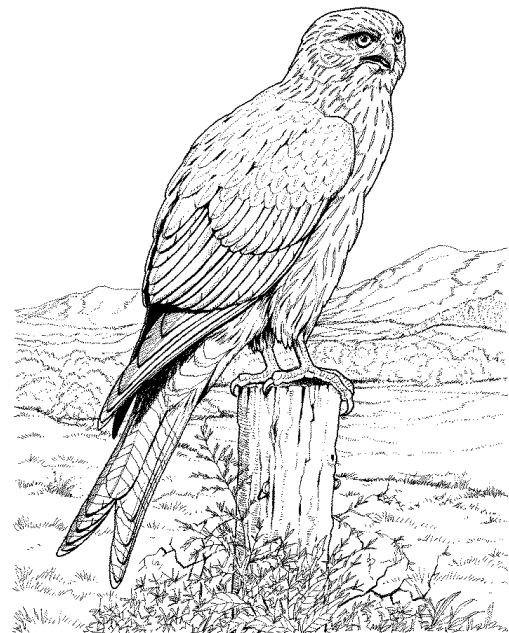
I found Roy Denney's 'Out and about' article in the previous issue of the Bulletin both interesting and enlightening. One small part is, I feel, worth correcting. This relates to the part where he said 'For many years now the corncrake has been restricted to Northern Ireland...'

Actually, 90% of the UK population of corncrakes are in the Scottish Islands while in Northern Ireland breeding has been only sporadic in recent years. Anyone who was on the Club meet in Harris and South Uist in 1997 was aware of corncrakes on both islands. One bird on Harris, not too far from the camp site used during the meet, was uncharacteristic of the species in that it was reputed to come out into the open when people went to look for it. This may have been true on some occasions but not when I went to visit the site.

Unlike several other birds mentioned in Roy's article, the corncrake is actually increasing in numbers due to positive measures taken to protect its habitat. Thirteen Special Protection

Areas have been created, twelve in the Scottish Islands and one in the lower Derwent valley in Yorkshire. This together with a scheme to pay eligible farmers and crofters to manage land in a 'corncrake-friendly' manner has led to an increase in numbers from 480 calling males in 1993 to 670 in 2002.

When staying on Barra last year my wife and I visited Eoligarry, one of the SPA's with a long established corncrake population. Corncrakes seemed to be calling all round but still none were seen. Probably we can look forward to a future where we may be kept awake at night in our tents by the rasping call of the corncrake as their numbers continue to increase.



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A chipping related to two of the archaeological sites included in Pat Stonehouse's book reviewed earlier in this issue relates to plans for generating electricity with tall wind turbines. Local pressure has probably prevented United Utilities using the flint site area in Readycon Dean below White Hassock. Instead they are proposing nine 350ft structures a mile or so further south by Dowry Castle above Castleshaw Roman Forts.

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From "Bless this Mess" by Jay Steele and Brett Bayne and contributed by **Derek A Smithson** is the following prayer...

#### A Prayer for Grace in Maturity

O Lord thou hast provided me  
This earthly body that you see,  
So as my parts begin to sag  
And aches and pains upon me nag,  
Let me accept with willing grace  
The wrinkles spreading o'er my face,  
The eyesight that begins to fade,  
And hair that's growing thin and  
greyed,  
My memory, though never strong,  
Gets dimmer as I go along.  
Please grant me patience through it all,  
Or better still an overhaul!

---

A prehistoric theme appears to be emerging in this issue. Just a hundred metres or so north west of the summit of Margery Hill, on Dark Peak's Derwent Edge, a Bronze Age cairn and burial site has been identified and is now fenced off to preserve it.

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Your editor walking with a friend over Bleaklow in September noticed grey areas in distant exposed peat (there's plenty of it up there). The diversion over peat hags to these wasn't over half a mile so we investigated and were surprised to find not areas of duckboard dumped prior to being laid out but pale grey artificial matting covering irregular areas. The non-woven fabric looked remarkably similar to material I have used to line coffins. This matting and other nearby areas bare areas had been seeded. There was an absence of sheep in the area too at the time. A conservation scheme perhaps.

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## Obituary

### Arthur Evans

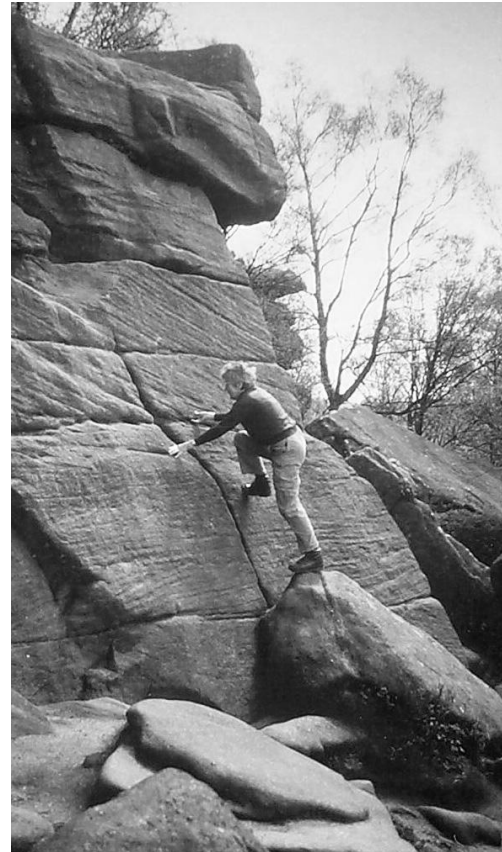
On Monday, 13<sup>th</sup> October 2003 Arthur Evans was found dead at home as this issue is going to press. He was 89 years of age.

An obituary will be produced in due course.

# Ladies' Meet Nidderdale 25-27 February 2003

The account of this meet was in the last issue.

At an old church above Pateley Bridge



Juliet at Brimham Rocks

The group lunch at Brimham Rocks



# South West Crete

6 - 20 May 2003

Snow fell on the coast of southern Crete in early April, just four weeks before our visit, and this was followed by nearly three weeks of constant rain. The last time snow had fallen here, the most southerly tip of Europe, was probably during the Ice Age, eight thousand or so years ago. Fortunately, eleven days before we were due to arrive, the rain stopped, and the climate reverted to that of a normal Cretan spring.

With Angelos our guide and his two colleagues Grigoris and Pavlos we drove to Elafonisi, a tiny settlement on the southwest tip of Crete, the starting point of our trek. A few miles from Elafonisi we stopped to visit the Monastery of Hrisoskalitissa, beautifully situated on a knoll overlooking the sea. It is said that from here a band of gold is visible, but only to the pure in heart; to us it was elusive but we had suitable compensation watching the sun gradually set over the Libyan Sea, golden colour in profusion.

We started our walk next day with a detour to wade across to hundred yards of so of knee deep water to Elafonisi Island, the site of an old lighthouse and a shrine to eight hundred women and children massacred by the Turks in the mid 18<sup>th</sup> century. The trek then started in earnest, with Grigoris leading us along coastal paths to Agia Kiriaki, five hours of fairly tortuous progress over rough paths, sharp rocks and soft sand, and quite an eye opener for those not familiar with walking in Crete. One of the small bays we passed was a perfect natural harbour, an embarkation point for British soldiers escaping to Egypt after the Nazi invasion of Crete; scattered on

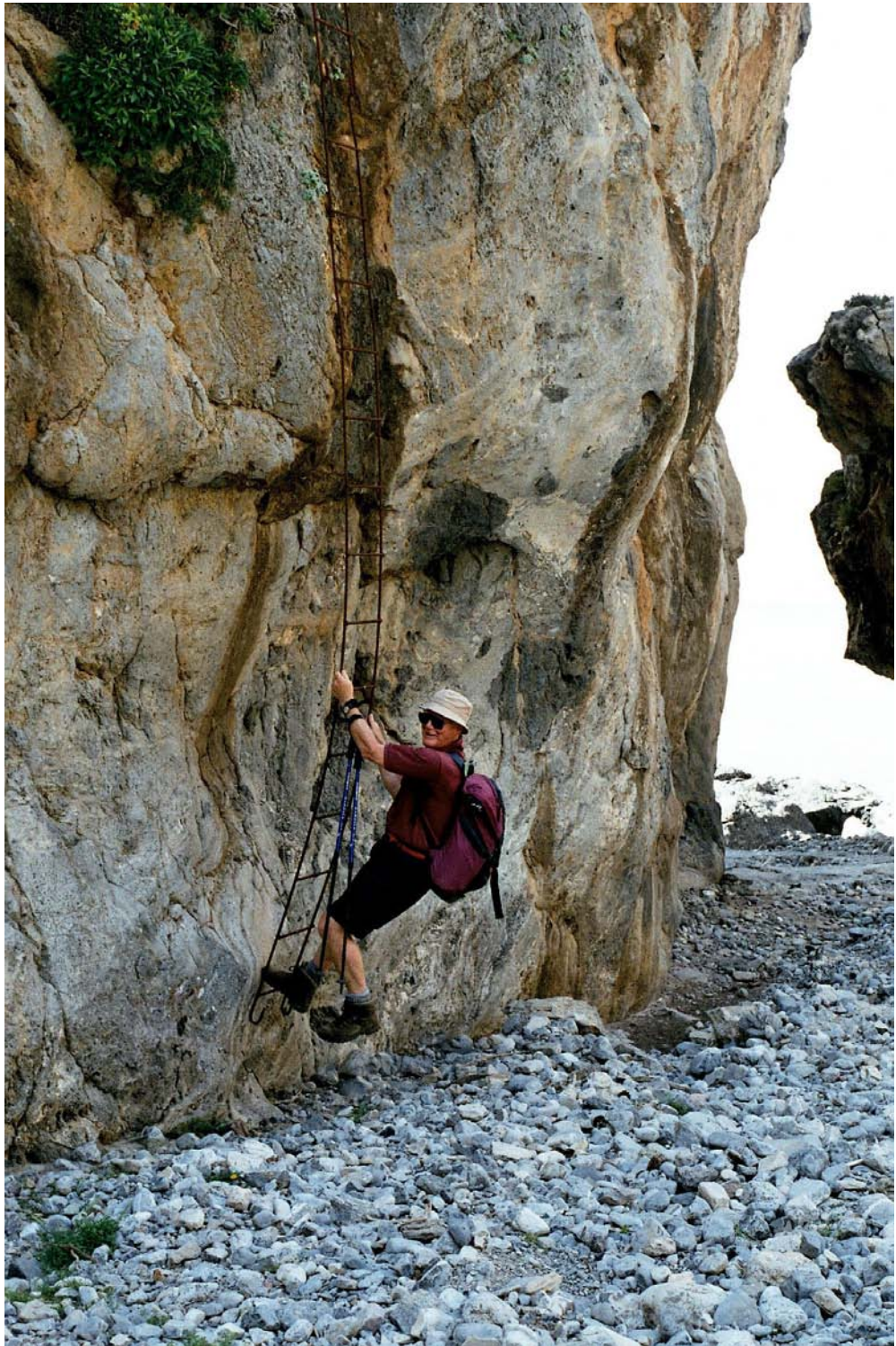
the shore hereabouts were fallen remains of pillars from Greek temples of two thousand years or more ago.

We overnighted in Paleochora and on 8<sup>th</sup> May, accompanied by Angelos, we walked to Lissos and Soughia. The going was a bit easier than the previous day, but the paths were still rough and care was needed at every step. Flowers in profusion were still in perfect bloom, including the dragon lily, a lovely three-foot tall aubergine coloured plant, but being a carnivorous plant it smelled like a dead goat. We descended into the Lissos valley, a secluded haven and the site of a pre Christian settlement, with the remains of a temple complete with mosaic floor, a necropolis, and two ancient churches built from the masonry remains of former buildings. Grigoris and Pavlos met us here with a sumptuous picnic lunch. Our onward route was a very steep climb out of the Lissos valley, followed soon after by an equally steep descent into a short gorge, which “disgorged” us on the shore a short distance from Soughia.

Our first real gorge walk took place on 9<sup>th</sup> May, when we drove to the northern entrance of the Irini Gorge, and walked down the seven miles of the gorge towards Soughia. In the mid 1800s, over 1200 women and children had hidden in this gorge complex, escaping from the attacking Turks, and from the nature of the terrain it was easy to see how they had done it. The gorge was wooded throughout, was narrow in some places, and in the mid and lower sections there were huge rock falls to negotiate. An occasional “bum slide” down slippery, twisting drops was necessary, and gave the descent a bit of extra interest.

We rested on 10<sup>th</sup> May, but took a speedboat back to Lissos so we could look again at that enchanting site.





Rob in the Tripiti Gorge

Sunday, 11<sup>th</sup> May was scheduled for one of the hardest days walking, from Soughia to Agia Roumeli, eleven miles and about 5000 feet of climbing. This challenging and scenically varied walk is undoubtedly one of the best wilderness walks on Crete, and one of the “classical” walks in Europe. Most of the route is on indistinct coastal paths of jagged volcanic rock, cliff tops or rocky shores, and there is little shade from the sun; the walk is not recommended for those who suffer from vertigo. Four of us, Alan, Julia, Iain and Rob, accompanied Angelos and Grigoris on a twelve-hour trek in temperatures in the 90s F, each carrying five litres of water. The route involved considerable climbing and descent as we passed the various ridges and gorges leading out to the sea. The views were superb, with distant headlands jutting into the Libyan Sea, and hillsides covered in low prickly plants and thyme. These areas are usually only frequented by fishermen and beekeepers arriving from small boats. Later in the morning we waved as the other members of the party used the ferry to leapfrog ahead of us. Many people who attempt this route summon help by boat, so we were delighted to finish the entire walk without mishap. Angelos led the way and timed our progress perfectly, stopping for a super picnic lunch after we had completed four of the five major climbs of the day. This walk could usefully be a two-day backpacking trip, for such superb scenery should be enjoyed at a leisurely pace.

Our stay at Agia Roumeli was at the apartments of Eve, a Swedish lady married to the owner of the Artemis restaurant, and on 12<sup>th</sup> May the whole group walked up the famous Samaria Gorge, eleven miles and 4100 feet of

ascent. Going slowly uphill we were better able to appreciate the spectacular scenery, and we had a pleasant gradual climb, followed by a very steep ascent towards the end. Despite the popularity of the route (the majority descend rather than ascend the Gorge) this is still a superb walk, and the Samaria National Park guards keep the path in good order.

We overnighted at Omalos, a small but busy mountain village and next day, with all three guides ascended Gingalos, the attractive 6800-foot peak that dominates the upper part of the Samaria Gorge. It was hot and fairly rough walking, the path occasionally teetering on the edge of steep scree and crags, in one spot passing through a spectacular hole in a cliff. Eagles, griffon vultures and chough soared on thermals or played around the crags, and there were flowers in abundance. At Linoseli Spring, half way to the col we had both cool fresh water and a grandstand view of the Pahnes range, which we were to climb in a few days time. From the col it was a steepish 30 minute walk/scramble to the first of two summit cairns, then across almost fields of crocus and tulips, finally to scramble over 300 yards or so of rough and razor sharp volcanic rock to the main summit.

We descended by the same route and stayed overnight at Soughia. Although next day was officially a rest day, we transferred by ferry to Hora Sfakion, finally driving up to Anapolis, a small, typically Cretan village high on the plain, well situated for the ascent of Pahnes.

However, next day, 15<sup>th</sup> May, with Pavlos we descended the Aradena Gorge. This gorge starts a mile or so from Anapolis, near a village deserted following a vendetta sixty years ago.



Rob with Pahnes behind

We chose to enter the gorge lower down, so walking from Anapolis on the hottest day of the trip (92 F in the shade) we descended towards Loutro, then on two thousand year old mule tracks climbed to the village of Livaniana, descended into the gorge and followed it to the coast at Marmara beach. Here we had a quick swim, then walked along a slightly

exposed section of the E4 coastal path to Loutro. The village is not accessible by road and we could have lingered longer over drinks, but we needed to catch the last ferry of the evening back to Hora Sfakion for the short and dramatic drive back to Anapolis.

Our party split into three separate groups next day; a quartet decided to

spend the day lazing on the beach at Loutro, a triplet caught up with domestic chores and explored Anapolis, and the further triplet comprising Alan, Iain and Rob, guided by Angelos, tackled the ascent of Pahnes.

The ascent of Pahnes, at 8047 feet the second highest mountain in Crete, was one of the principal objectives of the meet. Pahnes is often shrouded in cloud and buffeted by strong winds, and usually holds a lot of snow well into summer – these mountains are called the White Mountains with good reason - so a successful ascent couldn't be taken for granted.

Leaving Anapolis at 6am, we drove as far as possible up the dirt road towards Pahnes. The rough road loosened the vehicle's sump plug, and at a particularly violent jolt the plug fell out, followed by the remaining engine oil, so it was as well that we were immediately confronted by a snow bank blocking the road which forced us to stop. Fortunately we were able to retrieve the sump plug, and a quick call on the mobile to the village ensured that a supply of oil was delivered later that day.

After this unscheduled excitement we began the climb, the path crossing a series of steep snow slopes, interspersed by sections of shattered black volcanic rock. Except for the deep blue of the sky, the scene was virtually monochromatic, with the snow and rock patches resembling the colour and pattern of a Dalmatian dog. Incredibly in this barren landscape there were occasional patches of crocus and an unidentified but exquisite small blue flower. All around were secondary peaks, purely conical in shape, reminding us of the volcanic origin of these hills. After two hours we reached the Seli Rousos

(Red Col) at about 6500 feet, had a quick breakfast, then pushed on up the final 1500 feet or so of ascent, reaching the top at 11am.

We stayed on the top an hour, absorbing the wide-open scene, hills and more hills receding into the distance whichever direction we looked. We signed the summit book – we were only the third party this spring – began the descent, and then met the only other person seen on the hill, incredibly, a Yorkshireman from Boston Spa! The descent was completed in style, including a few superb glissades down the longer snow slopes; we retrieved the vehicle, replaced the engine oil, and drove down to Anapolis. The third major objective of the meet had been accomplished.

Our penultimate day of walking, Saturday 17th May, dawned cloudless, as usual, with a promise of heat, so Angelos advised a short walk down the Askyfou Gorge in the relative cool of the late afternoon. First of all, however, we visited an extraordinary museum in Askyfou of World War 2 guns, helmets, aircraft parts, etc, all collected by George Hatzikadis who was a boy of 10 in 1941 when the NZ, Australian and British troops were passing through these mountains en route to the south coast, and escape to N Africa. He had seen a Stuka brought down by Bren gunfire in the Askyfou Gorge, and the propeller and attached gear from the plane formed just one part of the exhibition.

The Askyfou Gorge was quite different from the other gorges, it was wider, more open with a fair amount of vegetation, including abundant scented sages, thymes, orchids, euphorbia, campanula and the famous Chaste trees said to have been used by

Odysseus' men to spin yarn for ships ropes, and many other more common flora. Griffon vultures wheeled overhead and a Scops owl was heard hooting in anticipation of sunset. Some members thought the gorge was reminiscent of the grander parts of the Yorkshire and Derbyshire limestone country, only much bigger with mightier crags – and tamer sheep. After about three hours we exited the gorge above the beach at Agia Nectarios, intoxicated with the whole experience.

Our last day of walking, Sunday 18th May, was a descent of the last of our gorges, the famous Imbros Gorge. There was early morning low-lying mist on the Askyfou plain, but it vanished as the sun got up. Accompanied by Pavlos we sauntered down this lovely gorge, and as it was Sunday there were a few other small groups doing the same. This gorge, about 5km long, has several areas of deep shade, and a few passages that are narrow enough to enable walkers to touch both sides simultaneously, so with something akin to a feeling of being “demob happy”, we enjoyed sauntering through these passages, taking obligatory photos of one another straddling the gorge. After exiting the gorge we drove a few miles to the coast at Frankokastello, where we dined at a taverna beside the seashore in view of the nearby Venetian fort – a lovely place to end our walking tour of Southern Crete.

A record of the flora seen during our visit was meticulously kept by Gabrielle, an impressive list of 79 species of flowers and 14 species of trees. There was, however, a noticeable lack of birds, nevertheless we did record seeing 11 species. Lists of the flora are available for anyone who might wish to see them.

Arranging the logistics and accommodation for the visit was a major undertaking, and the success of the visit was entirely attributable to the excellent work and planning done by Angelos and his two colleagues. They were excellent guides, helpful, considerate and highly professional. We very much enjoyed their company, appreciated all they did for us, and felt privileged to have been shown round part of the beautiful island of Crete by such delightful and knowledgeable people.

Many thanks are also due to our member Simon Stembridge and his colleagues at Filoxenia Ltd, tour operators at Barkisland, Halifax. The help and guidance they gave in arranging flights and liasing as necessary with Angelos was of the highest professional standard.

Alan Kay

#### Attendance:

Iain and Sarah Gilmour.  
Rob and Gabrielle Ibberson.  
Alan and Julia Kay.  
John and Pat Schofield.  
Adrian and Judith Wardner (guests).

Our guides: Angelos Asargiotakis and his two colleagues Grigoris and Pavlos, assisted on the last three days by Angelos' friend Nano.

# The Burren Ireland

23 - 31 May 2003

Three generations with more than a tenfold difference in ages from the youngest to the oldest walking along the highest cliffs in Ireland, the cliffs of Moher, to Hag's Head in glorious sunshine was an idyllic start to the week.

The designated base was Doolin though groups were scattered in cottages spread over a few miles. Ample high quality accommodation was found and booked over the internet and despite being scattered we kept in touch throughout.



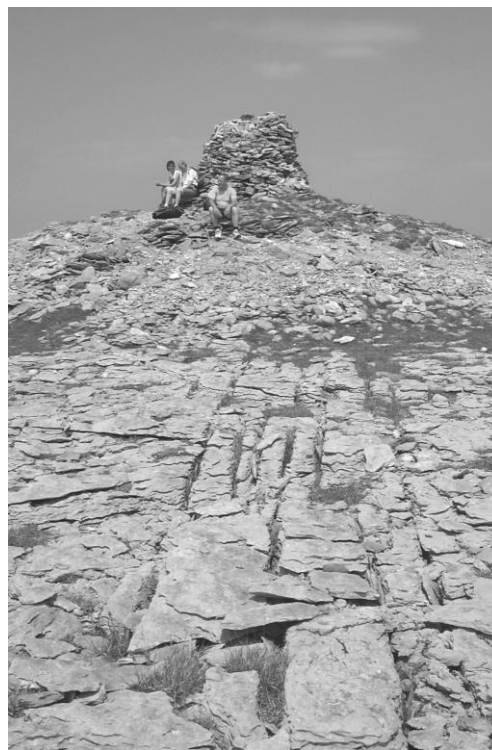
The area was steeped in history: Megalithic tombs; hut circles; hill forts; Holy wells; Spaniards landing on Crab Island and later hanged on a nearby hill; numerous defensive towers and a German submarine landing.



Most evenings were spent in a lively Irish bar with live music. It was a grand and sociable way to end each day, especially for the clan ensconced in a cottage just a couple of hundred metres away and no need to drive back. The organisers' cottage could be reached by walking along narrow country lanes provided you were willing to risk the late night Guinness fuelled drivers. One of

their party taking to the seaward footpath to avoid the cars nearly ended up over the cliff in the sea.

Footpaths were not numerous but the Burren Way provided a long clear track and access to the hills was not generally a problem. The extensive limestone dried quickly after showers and shone brightly in the sunshine.



There was plenty of caving for the enthusiasts and it kept them occupied all week and opportunities for novices

too. The whole area between the north end of the Burren and Spanish Point and inland as far as Inis Dónáin was explored thoroughly. There were ample opportunities for further visits further north or south.

Caving, walking and climbing were supplemented by watching wild goat, fox, hare, porpoise and seal, plus archaeology, cycling, horse riding, kite flying and building sandcastles. All made better by the generally good weather.

Thanks go to the Pennys for organising this meet and arranging group outings.



Tim prepares novices Helen and Fiona

Attendance:

- Alan Fletcher
- Bruce Bensley
- David Hick
- Christine Marriott (guest)
- Beth Marriott (guest)
- David Martindale
- Jim Rusher
- Michael Smith
- Helen Smith (guest)
- Richard Smith (guest)
- Fiona Smith (guest)
- Peter Smith and Karen (guest)
- Hazel Bonnington (guest)
- Richard Sealy
- Tim Josephy
- Tony Penny
- Val Penny
- Shaun Penny

The above list may be incomplete.

# The Long Walk

## 20 – 22 June 2003

### Galloway

Rhinns of Kells, Carsphairn,  
Sanquhar and Dalry

Although the writer would not claim any sado-masochistic tendencies, there is nevertheless something rather appealing about the club's annual long walk. This is the prospect of two days pleasant rambling over new countryside with the route already planned out and feeding stops and transport available on route. The only requirement is to keep walking and everything else is taken care of by others. The reality of course is not quite so simple, both psychologically and physically.

However, this was undoubtedly another well organised and successful YRC event. On the Friday evening a good number of members arrived at a remote midge-ridden hut in the middle of a vast conifer forest near to Clatteringshaws Loch in Galloway. We were up and off by 5am the next morning with 32 - 38 miles to go, depending on whether one was up to walking the last six miles down the road into Sanquhar. Early mist soon

disappeared and we enjoyed hot sunny weather for the rest of the weekend. Over the tops of the Rhinns of Kells we had good views over miles of endless forests and horizons. Apparently 25% of Galloway is afforested. We then descended down to the main road near Carsphairn for a welcome lunch stop, the only one en route. There then followed a long hot slog up to the top of Cairnsmore with marvellous views all round.

At this stage of the walk (approximately twenty miles and nine hours since starting) the suspicions of a number of us concerning the devilish route-plan were confirmed. There were roughly another four horizons to cross including numerous tops to ascend and descend with no obvious shortcuts or escape routes.

The hilltop at Windy Standard now boasts a vast wind farm. Visible from several miles away it takes a long time to get up close to appreciate their size. The huge blades of these white giants slice through the air with a gentle whooshing noise.

By the end of the day we were glad to be met with transport to Sanquhar village hall. However, three members in the advanced party spurned the offer of a lift and finished the first day's route on foot.

After an excellent evening meal and a night on the floor, the walkers were up again and away by six o'clock to follow a 28 mile section of the Southern Uplands Way to St John's town of Dalry. This was open and pleasant country with easy route finding. Again, there was only one feeding / drop out





point but this was a relatively easy day compared to the previous one.

The walk was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone who took part and our thanks go to all the hard work put in by Ian Crowther as meet organiser and other catering and transport volunteers. Although the logistics become a little more complicated, a two-day walk certainly enables more country to be covered and could well be considered for future long walks.

Attendees:

The President, Alan Kay

Adrian Bridge

Peter Chadwick & Lucy

Albert Chapman

Ian Crowther

Roger Dix

Graham Dootson (guest)

Iain Gilmour

Richard Gowing

John Jenkin

Tim Josephy

Cliff Large

Harvey Lomas

John Lovett

Arthur Salmon

Derek Smithson

Nick Welch

Frank Wilkinson

Roy Wilson



Photographs courtesy of Cliff Large showing:  
1 – Roger, Tim, Adrian, Lucy, Peter, Derek  
2 – Harvey, Alan, Roger, Adrian  
3 – Peter, Derek, Nick, Roy  
4 - Roger

## The Big Bike Ride

July 2003

It shouldn't happen to a meet leader! Victualling at base and on route planned. One hundred gruelling miles (or less if you so chose) mapped and measured, weather set perfect and a couple of pints enjoyed at the New Inn. On return there appeared to be more cars at Lowstern than anticipated – the hut was double booked! 12 men, women and children from the Skyline MC had arrived. What to do? They would use the main bunk room, we would use the two smaller rooms and the floor. A perfect solution under the circumstances.

Dawn dawned and continental breakfast was served. Or at least it was until the newly adjusted toaster burned the bread, created smoke and set off the fire alarm! (4.30am) Unfamiliar faces decided on an early foray onto Ingleborough. They were rewarded with a perfect early morn.

Cyclists away by 5.15 – a sight for sore eyes. The big day had started. Feeding points at Bolton-by-Bowland, Conistone with Kilnsey and Hawes were manned by three two-man teams. Perfect weather but a very long way. The miracle of mobile phones kept base in touch with the feeding points and the plans of stragglers and 12 hours approx later the first of those to complete the long circuit were back at base average age 67. Not a young rider to be seen. Disappointing that! For the record the ride touched on Ribblesdale, Airedale, Wharfedale and Wensleydale.

Seventeen sat down to a trencherman dinner and our good relationship with our new friends in the Skyline MC were sealed with gifts of wine.

Cycling is not encompassed in the YRC Rule 2 but had its debut during the privations of the foot and mouth times. It has been an unequivocal success and it was unanimously agreed it should continue as part of the Club's programme. The justification being that a number of Club members like to cycle and a biggish annual challenge is welcomed by them. The aim is to double the number of riders next year from members, their friends and relations. The future of the Club in terms of age may be fragile but for sheer doggedness we have more than our share of stars!

David Handley

9 riders  
8 supporters  
5 lookers on

#### Attendance:

Alan Brown  
Derek Bush  
Ged Campion  
Albert Chapman  
Derek Collins  
Ian Crowther  
Roger Dix  
Mike Edmundson  
Derek English  
Mike Godden  
Richard Gowing  
David Handley  
Mike Hartland  
Jeff Hooper  
Gordon Humphreys  
Rob Ibberson  
Richard Kirby  
Harvey Lomas  
John Lovett  
Chris Renton  
David Smith

## Lake District, Coniston

11 – 12 July 2003

Location: MAM hut discretely located near centre of Coniston village. It has great facilities and an impressive kitchen.

Present: Nine members with a probable average age around sixty seven years.

Weather: Near perfect.

Opportunities: Endless including Dow Crag in perfect warm sun.

Accomplishments: All the usual tops.

Considerations: Not a young man or a rock climber in sight. Why, oh why?

How can the Club re-energise its rock-climbing tradition? Do the meets fail to choose venues to attract young or old cragsmen? Are we in terminal decline?

Attendance:

Albert Chapman,  
Derek Collins,  
Derek English,  
Mike Godden,  
David Handley,  
Jeff Hooper  
John Lovett,  
F David Smith,  
Derek Smithson,

PS. Renton Senior attempted to join the meet on the Saturday but failed to find the hut!

David Handley



# Alpine Meet

**Randa  
Zermatt valley  
Switzerland  
2 – 26 August 2003**

After some uncertainty (in my mind at least) as to how many people were attending the trip, and where they were staying, some seven members and their guests had found each other by the evening of Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> August. Three of us camped at the pleasant Attermenxén site half-way between Randa and Täsch and I believe the remainder stayed in Randa itself. On the Sunday, whilst awaiting the rest of the party, James Whitby, David Smith, Albert Chapman and John Lovett strolled through the woods to the East of the valley reconnoitring the route to the Täschhütte and Peter Chadwick visited his family in Zermatt.

After some discussion it was decided that an ascent of the Alphubel (4206m) via the glacier from the Täschhütte (graded *Peu Difficile*) would be a sensible 'warm-up' and acclimatisation route and so Albert Chapman, despite the alarming noises from beneath his car, kindly drove a group to the the Täschalp thus eliminating 800m of steep ascent in very hot (~35°C) weather. After a snack in the restaurant it was a hot but pleasant walk up to the hut (2701m) where we settled in before the evening thunder storm. John had decided that the hills were a little on the large and steep side, and so the party consisted of Alister, Jane, James, Peter, Albert and David. As the hut appeared to be full, it was fortunate that we had reserved places that morning (although the warden didn't understand my recently acquired German, he spoke good English). The catering was good and the atmosphere friendly, confirming the comments in guide books. There were good views across the valley towards the Weisshorn and Schalihorn.

Despite an early morning start, it was remarkably warm which did not bode well for the snow conditions later. David, who had been feeling below par, turned back to the valley when we reached the glacier at about 3200m. The rest of us put crampons on and tied into one rope. Further progress was steady until Albert fell down a crevasse, necessitating a quick revision of rescue techniques (solved by Alister's use of brute force in simply lifting Albert out of the hole). When we reached the col of the Alphubeljoch (3773) a little after 8am we paused for a drink and assessed our options. (It should perhaps be noted that we had caught up with a group of three who had overtaken us earlier which included a gentleman with only one leg...). Albert had twisted his ankle in his fall and so Alister and Jane volunteered to escort him back down, leaving Peter and me to continue the ascent. At this point we started up the well-defined South-East ridge of the Alphubel, and it was clear that Peter was keen to make up for lost time as I was having to work hard to keep up. The ridge was very enjoyable – fine views but nothing too alarming. The snow was generally very soft, but the last few rope-lengths below the summit were surprisingly steep and icy, to the point where a slip would have been very difficult to hold. (The guide book says 45°, but I'm sure it was more in places). There were some in situ belay stakes, which were used by other parties, but their placement was somewhat eccentric – one of them was in a crevasse, and wobbled alarmingly.

At about 10.30am, a couple of hours behind the guide-book time, we reached the broad summit where there were several people admiring the spectacular views, particularly impressive were the Täschhorn and Dom immediately to the north. The Allalinhorn, which had been mooted as a possible second peak that same day, could be seen clearly to the south-east but looked rather large and distant. Pausing only for a drink and a photo we began our descent down the

crevassed snow slopes to the east that form part of the most popular ascent route from the Saas Fee lift system. The plod along the flanks of the Alphubel seemed endless as, despite the existence of a track, the snow was very soft, the sun was very hot and the size of the crevasses awesome. Stopping for a rest was inadvisable as if the snow we were walking through was anything to go by, then there wasn't much holding the ice-cliffs above us in place.

The going was slightly easier after we reached the Alphubeljoch again, and we passed the scene of Albert's accident without further incident. At the bottom of the glacier we caught up with the other three, and it was clear that Albert had been wise to turn back as he had a pronounced limp, and we all made slow progress down the path to the hut for a much-needed drink. Somewhere along the way Jane had picked up severe blistering on both feet, which looked very painful and was to curtail any further mountaineering activity by her.

That evening a very pleasant meal was had with all members and their guests in attendance, but it became clear that we were running low on active alpinists. Wednesday was a rest day with much thought given to the wisdom of various objectives in the unusually hot and dry conditions. Peter and Alister had tentative plans for the Zinal Rothorn, but these were to come to nought when Alister slipped on some stairs in his apartment and hurt his back (he should have camped!). At this point the meet began to fragment as several people chose to return home via scenic routes in France. Peter Chadwick hired a guide for the more technical peaks he wanted to do, and his successes are described in the accompanying article.

On the Thursday morning, after a flurry of activity, Peter set off to Zermatt to present himself to the Bergführerbüro, and David and I set off up the Trift valley with the vague idea of seeing Peter off from the Rothorn hut the next morning. Alister and Jane were to follow us, but as

Breakfast on the Alphubeljoch with Albert Chapman.  
In the background from the left are the Matterhorn,  
the Ober Gabelhorn and the Zinalrothorn.



it turned out that was the last we saw of them. Our plans were changed when we met Jack on the terrace of the Berggasthaus Trift (2337) and were inveigled into staying for a couple of beers. We ended up staying overnight and walked up to the viewpoint peak of the Platthorn (3345m) the next morning and then down to Zermatt and took the train back towards the campsite. On Saturday we had a day to kill before Peter's return, and so decided to climb the Breithorn from the Klein Matterhorn cable car. This remarkable lift takes you to nearly 3900m, from where it is a short trip to the summit of the Breithorn at 4164m. Despite a slightly late start that was exacerbated by taking the wrong cable-car at one point (my fault) we got to the top without trouble and had fantastic views in all directions. We had at least missed the worst of the crowds - the Breithorn appears to be a popular tourist destination, and we even saw a family with children no more than six-years old (all properly equipped with climbing belts, crampons etc.) Especially noteworthy amongst the views was the sight of the snow-free east face and Hörnli ridge of the Matterhorn, although we couldn't see where the recent rock-fall had taken place. Back at the cable-car station we inspected the ice-grotto - an artificial cavern excavated within the glacier. I was intrigued both by the sight of a crevasse from below (it just happens that a natural crevasse intersects the cavern, and has been allowed to remain) and also by the figures from the network of strain-gauges which showed how quickly the glacier is moving toward Zermatt.

That evening we met a tired but happy Peter who told us that he had a good deal with the same guide to climb the Matterhorn on Tuesday which didn't really allow time for an easier peak in the meantime. So, on Sunday we went to the peaceful Zinal valley only to find that there was a foot-race finishing in the village and it was packed. We eventually found a parking place and went for a pleasant walk which gave fine views of the other sides of the Weisshorn and Zinal

Rothorn. David pointed out the Besso, an impressive looking rock-peak which had been climbed on a YRC meet some years previously.

I had to go back to work, and so with only two members left, one of whom was climbing with a guide, that was effectively the end of the meet after only one week. It was nevertheless great fun and I wish only that I could have stayed longer, and that there had been more members present with a greater variety of of experience and ambitions.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the week was the hot weather which had continued all summer. The more experienced members of the group had commented several times that glacial retreat since their first visits was clearly evident (despite this, some people continued to use maps from the 1950's...). If you want to ski or climb classic routes in the Alps then it may be best to go sooner rather than later.

James Whitby

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My ambition on this years Alps meet was to climb the Zinalrothorn, Ober Gabelhorn and the Matterhorn. Those 3 peaks had so far eluded me but being on the wrong side of fifty (I admit, no great age for the YRC) I was determined to take the opportunity before anno domini takes its effect. I was also aware that it had been ten years since I last did anything serious in the Alps and that I had failed miserably to get fit beforehand.

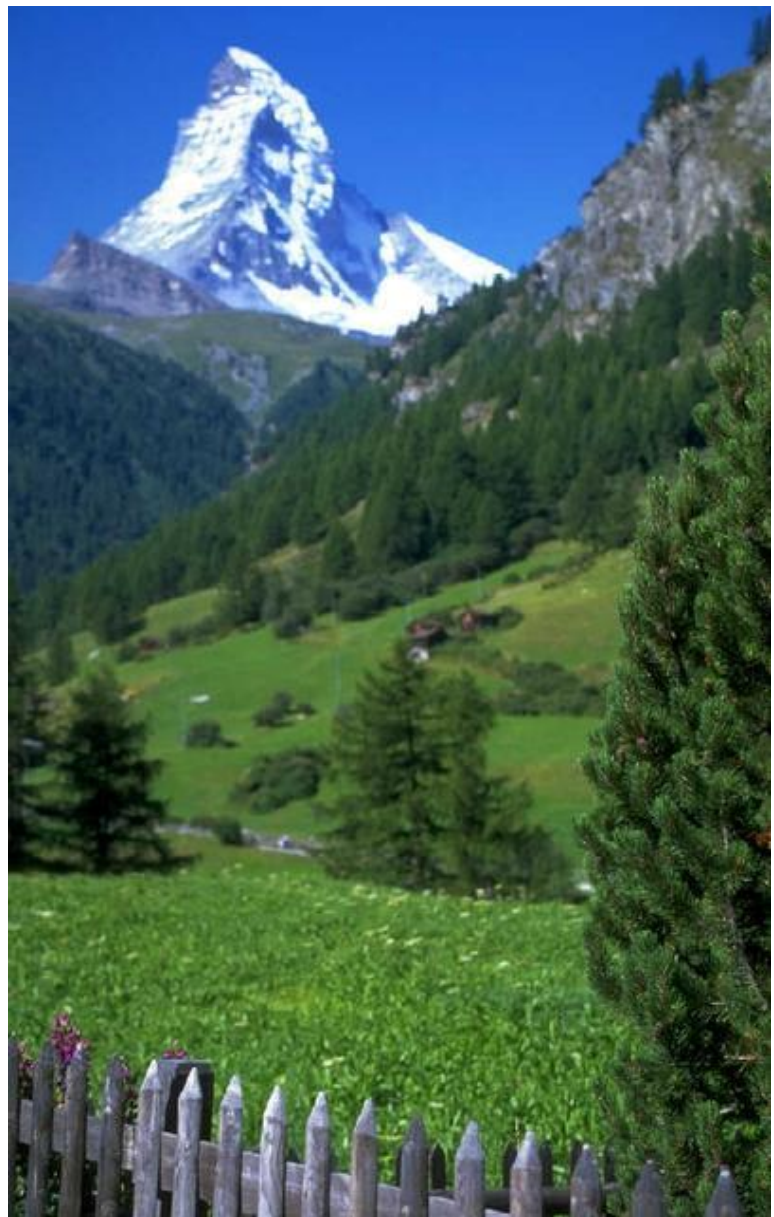
In the event, the lack of members on the meet meant that I had to hire a guide for three days. I knew this would not be the same as climbing with a companion, but it would greatly enhance my chances of success, provided I could keep up. My guide proved to be a Canadian called Tim Pochay who was very friendly, extremely fit, helpful and above all safe.

I can thoroughly recommend him to any member who may be in a similar situation. We met at the Rothorn Hut and the following morning set off early for the Zinalrothorn. The route up to the Sneegrat crosses a number of snowfields and rock bands but is relatively straightforward. The main summit block is ascended via a stone-filled and loose couloir (in normal years this would be snow filled but this was not a normal year) until reaching the gabel notch where the climbing suddenly becomes steeper, more serious and decidedly more exposed. Just below the summit there is a sensational ledge traverse with excellent hand holds, but it is best not to look down (vertical 3,000ft drop). The number of ropes belaying onto iron stakes made life a little more difficult but one has to expect a large number of parties on a popular route. Suffice to say that we reached the summit and were down again at the hut before midday for lunch and a rest feeling pleasantly stretched.

The next day we set off again to traverse the Ober Gabelhorn via the Wellenkuppe. The party behind us decided to turn back early on, and I can only imagine that they decided that the mild temperatures (even at 4am in the morning it was well above freezing) would make the return journey across the glacier in the afternoon too dangerous. There was only one other party in front of us. The Wellenkuppe summit was reached by approximately 7am via a loose rocky ridge. We then descended to a col avoiding some nasty

looking crevasses to find the rocky ridge to the summit of the Gabelhorn rearing up in front of us blocked by a needle sharp gendarme. This has fixed ropes on it which are extremely strenuous to pull up on but the top section of the gendarme can be turned on the right. The ridge from there on is normally a steep snow climb but for us was 1,000ft of slab climbing and belaying. This presented no particular difficulties but the steepness and exposure were quite tremendous and it was midday before we reached the summit.

The descent via the Arbengart also required full attention as any slip would



have had serious consequences. Approximately two thirds of the way down the ridge it is possible to gain access to a route going down the steep south face. Unfortunately we strayed slightly off route and ended up in an extremely dangerous and steep stone couloir, full of rubble and loose rocks. We had to retrace our steps carefully to get out of this. Eventually we reached the Arben Bivouac by about 4pm feeling extremely relieved to be down in one piece. The descent to the valley from the hut also proved to be quite tricky involving a 50ft abseil. We then trudged down to Zermatt in the late afternoon heat arriving at approximately 7.30pm - a full fifteen hour day!

The Gabelhorn was probably the hardest day I have ever had on the hills and I certainly needed the next day to recover. However I had arranged to meet Tim the following day at the Hornli Hut. For a long time I had felt that the Matterhorn was just a circus and thoroughly overrated. However, it is such a fantastic imposing shape that eventually it takes over in the imagination and most mountaineers succumb. I was no different. I just wanted to see what it was like and get it out of my system. In the event, so did the sixty or so other people staying that night in the hut. I did not sleep at all and there was a mad scramble starting at 3.30am to get kitted up and be first in the queue for the ascent. Tim was clearly very anxious to be off. He knew that there would be blockages further up and it was better to be above rather than below the falling stones. I have to admit that right from the start, he raced ahead and I found it very difficult to keep up. I was extremely grateful for the occasional hold ups in order to catch my breath. The climb is everything that you think it will be - long, dangerous, loose, exposed, overcrowded, tiring and above all - exciting. The fixed ropes were not as difficult as I thought and we were soon on the top wedge and then on the slender summit ridge. After a brief halt it was down again. It takes most parties as long to go down as up. We took 4 hours up and 3½ down and I was back at the Hornli

Hut by 12 noon, feeling utterly exhausted and elated.

So, a quick summary?

1. Hiring a guide is a good way to bag a peak if you don't have much time or opportunity, but they are expensive and not so much fun as working it out yourself.
2. Next time I will get fit first and make sure I take some proper modern equipment with me.
3. Half the glaciers in the Alps will have disappeared in 30 years time.
4. An excellent meet - a pity there were not more people there to enjoy it.

Peter Chadwick

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Attendance:

Peter Chadwick  
Albert Chapman  
Sammy Chapman  
Betty Lovett  
John Lovett  
Alister Renton (meet organiser)  
Jane  
Jack Short  
David Smith  
James Whitby





**Low Hall Garth  
“The Friends  
of LHG”  
Working Party**

**11 - 12 August 2003**

A group of members, loosely described as “Friends of LHG”, met at the hut on Thursday and Friday to tidy up the outside stonework. The warden hesitated to suggest a third work party in 2003, but his arm was twisted by a swell of enthusiasm from David Handley and others! The hut is now in very reasonable condition, thanks to our new kerb along the lane, the widened road, our manhole cover over the sink drain, the new pavement outside the kitchen windows, and the paved area to the left of the front door.



Gordon Humphries building a paved patio

Walkers passing LHG were amazed to see eight or nine men clearly of

pensionable age, heaving slabs of slate, digging with pick axes, mixing

Iain and Gordon as the paved patio takes shape





Mike and David supervise Albert (above) ...

... while John checks the mix (below)



cement, and cutting stone with an angle grinder. David Handley and John Lovett arrived with a vast amount of aggregate, sand, cement, and a cement mixer. Mike Godden and John Jenkin excavated a trench along the lane, and built a slate kerb to prevent roadway water from accumulating outside the kitchen. Richard Kirby improved and widened the opposite side of the road by setting slate slabs

in concrete. Albert had suggested that we needed an area for sitting out, so Gordon Humphries built a paved patio area to the left of the front door, while David Smith kept us supplied with suitable slate from the spoil heaps.

John Lovett worked single handed to mix more than a ton of concrete and mortar, often exhorting the work parties to get cracking or the mortar will go off. One member was heard to mutter "I'm glad I do not work for him". The best feature of this meet was the enthusiasm and motivation. We all grabbed a job and got on with the work. We also heard the comment that work meets are fun; you don't have to go walking!

We enjoyed dinner with a glass of wine, and it did not seem to matter that the warden had left the topping for the apple crumble a hundred miles away.

Iain Gilmour

Attendance:

- David Handley
- Mike Godden
- John Jenkin
- Albert Chapman
- David Smith
- Richard Kirby
- John Lovett
- Gordon Humphreys
- Iain Gilmour

## Lowstern Working Party

28 – 31  
August  
2003

This years activities at Lowstern were tree felling of the dead trees, painting the large dormitory, and a general late spring clean.

There is now sufficient wood cut to size to see out 2004, all neatly stacked. Alister, using his expertise in single rope technique could be seen lopping off extraneous branches that might interfere with John Lovett's bringing the tree down to the preordained spot. The huge tree was finally brought down onto the car park on Tuesday.

The Friday coincided with one Richard Kirby's 65<sup>th</sup> birthday. The occasion was celebrated in style with a four-course meal followed by champagne and a beautiful cake made by Sammy Chapman.

Iain Gilmour was seen with a paint roller in hand at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, having started painting the dorm the day before. No he hadn't been painting all night it was just a bit that did not satisfy him that needed attention. Such is the devotion to detail that our hut warden has come to expect.

It was good to see John Barton with us. His first job was to gather a great dish of



Alister tackles the tree

our locally grown blackberries which the hut warden miraculously transformed into blackberry and apple crumble. Given full marks for that he was duly given a series of other jobs.

Another member was given the job of planting 150 daffodils around the grounds. They should look quite something in the spring. Also there was a further extension to the camping area which was scythed clear of grass and weeds.

Twelve members sat down for Saturday's dinner, when we experienced one of Mrs. Jo Kirby's Turkish recipes.



John adds the finishing touches

Late on Saturday night the planet Mars was spotted when it was possible to see the craters and canals with an ordinary pair of binoculars as the planet traversed the sky on a perfectly clear night. The weather over the whole weekend was excellent with a chill at the start of the day.

David Smith

Attendance:

President, Alan Kay, visitor  
Ken Aldred  
Ged Campion  
Albert Chapman  
Ian Crowther  
Mike Edmundson  
Iain Gilmour  
Mike Godden  
David Handley  
Mike Hartland, visitor  
Rob Iberson  
Richard Kirby  
John Lovett  
Alister Renton  
Chris Renton  
David Smith

# **White Peak Meet**

## **Butterton**

### **5-7 September 2003**

This meet was based at the Black Lion Inn, Butterton on the border between Staffordshire and Derbyshire border and for those not taking B & B we arranged a secluded camping barn at Waterslacks perched looking down into the steep sided valley of the Manifold above Wetton Mill.

Weather was sunny and warm for the most part with one patch of heavy rain coinciding with most people's lunch stop when shelter was taken. Two other short periods of light rain were the only other interruptions to this sunny weekend.

A number of those present had never walked this area before and seemed very pleasantly surprised.

One member whose best walking days are unfortunately behind him took to his cycle and toured the area whilst another couple forced their way along little used paths along the River Hamps.

The rest of the party split up into different groups but all effectively did the same walk with varying diversions. They all set off down the fairly dramatic valley of the Manifold with its heavily wooded sides before picking differing points to climb out onto the moors to cross over into Dovedale.

Our group climbed out past Thor's Cave before following tracks and lanes to Alstonefield and then the path down Gypsy Bank to join the path up the river Dove. We followed the river up through Wolfscote Dale and then Beresford Dale to take lunch in

Hartington meeting up with other members. We then set off to Hulme End to pick up the Manifold Way, which was previously the bed of a light railway, and then follow the Manifold back to our start point and a very welcome evening meal at the Inn.

Sunday saw some setting off home, some heading for the fleshpots of Leek and a reputed music festival but three parties went off independently to end up climbing Crome Hill at much the same time. Part of what is known locally as 'The Dragons Back' this hill and neighbouring Parkhouse Hill create a classic ridge and despite a fairly modest summit height it stands proudly above the area affording views for many miles in every direction. Formed as a coral reef when the limestone of the area was laid down, it has been left as it now is whilst the softer rocks around it were worn down and the two major rivers cut their glorious steep sided valleys.

I do not know the exact height as it is not given on my map and the contours are too close to count but I would suppose the high point to be at about 1700 feet.

We once again had a low turn out and Derbyshire meets seem to suffer this fate but I really cannot understand why as the Peak District has many attractive and challenging areas.

I have run this September meet for several years now and we have twice stayed at an outdoor pursuit centre in the Pennines which did not attract good numbers. We have since tried to accommodate those preferring more creature comforts by booking hotels in Wharfedale, North Wales and now the White Peak with camping facilities arranged nearby. None of these events have generated great interest although

those who have attended have always seemingly enjoyed them.

By doing so we would have thought we were pandering to every taste but obviously the locations or times-of-year were not popular.

It is impractical to book hostels, centres or barns when members cannot be relied on to turn out in any numbers and when many only confirm their intentions at the last minute. We face anxious weeks wondering whether costs can be covered and if numbers are low it makes the cost disproportionate for the few who do turn out who end up paying fairly dearly for comparatively modest facilities.

There is an identifiable demand for occasional B&B based meets but pubs with single or twin rooms in any number are just not about in the good areas so we are left with limited B&B

for those who want it with any other members being asked to field camp so that there is no financial risk to the club or organiser.

RJDenney

Attendance:

President, Alan Kay  
Alan Clare  
Derek Clayton  
Ian Crowther  
Roy Denney  
Paul Dover (G)  
Jeff Halford (G)  
David Hick  
Dave Martindale  
Keith Raby  
Jim Rusher  
Michael Smith  
John Sterland  
Martyn Trasler



David Hick climbs a stack on the Cliffs of Moher, Ireland, with Helen and Fiona Smith looking on

**Robertson Lamb Hut  
Great Langdale  
Joint with the Wayfarers.  
The Harry Spilsbury  
Memorial Meet  
19 – 21 September 2003**

After such a long period of good weather it was perhaps too much to expect it continuing for this meet. Although rain was experienced by some on their way during Friday, Great Langdale was without rain. Members gathered from lunch time on, some completing short walks and scrambles. 18 attendees enjoyed the usual Friday evening meal, skilfully prepared by Ken Aldred and assisted by Mike Godden and Alan Linford. Ample wine and beer was consumed accompanied by much conversation on diverse matters.

Saturday dawned misty and drizzly with little indication of how the weather would develop. After a good English breakfast, various parties set off for their chosen destinations. Easedale, Far Easedale and Helm Crag were traversed, as were The Band and Bow Fell. Two parties crossed at LHG on their circular tours in opposing directions via Ellterwater and Blea Tarn. Pavey Ark, Pike O' Stickle, Harrison Stickle attracted others, and part of the Langdale Round was also covered. As the day progressed the rain became more persistent, and streams increased their flow. The rain, at its heaviest late evening, filled the "swimming pool" alongside RLH car park. The evening buffet was superb – as usual – and 26 happy individuals ate their fill.

After breakfast on Sunday some headed for the hills again, with the

prospect of better weather than the previous day. Others headed for home. Once again another successful joint meet had been enjoyed where social discourse between friends of common purpose was the order of the day.

Mike Godden

Attendance:

YRC

The President, Alan Kay  
Ken Aldred  
Alan Brown  
Albert Chapman  
Derek Collins  
Mike Godden  
Harold Mellor  
John Jenkin  
Alan Linford  
Bill Lofthouse  
John Lovett  
Harry Robinson  
Arthur Salmon  
David Smith  
Derek Smithson  
Tony Smythe  
George Spencely  
Bill Todd  
Frank Wilkinson

Wayfarers

Russ Bloor  
George Chambers  
Mike Gee  
Bob Hughes  
Chris Kenning  
Colin Smith  
Dave Wood

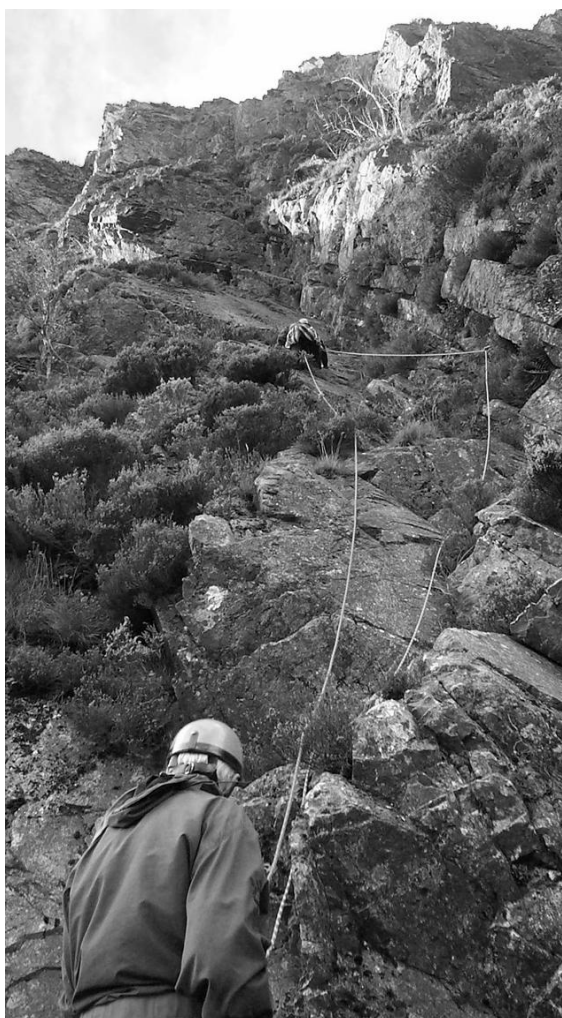
**Welsh Meet**  
**Bryn Hafod,**  
**Cwm Cywarch, Snowdonia**  
**2-4 October 2003**

This first part of the meet report is being written on the Saturday evening, in an attempt to have it a live, participative happening but, predictably and probably wisely, your scribe is tacking this alone as everyone else is either sleeping, nearly asleep, or talking about climbing and walking, and winter in Wales.



Bryn Hafod

Some good walking has been done today, as well as arduous climbing on Craig Cywarch by Tim, Adrian and Michael. Derek and David were going to join them but wisdom got the better of them and they then walked up to the tops and did “everything in sight”. This is David’s description, and it suits your correspondent just fine because it means that he hasn’t got to attempt Welsh names at the end of a full day in the hills.



David Smith belays Tim Josephy on the first pitch of Doom







Adrian and Tim prospecting the crag

Michael, having done with climbing, left Tim and Adrian to climb an overhanging route in an attempt to keep dry through the showers. He wandered up towards the top, Tyllau Mwn above Creigiau Carnddwr, happened across Richard, Ian and Nick, borrowed a map and went along the Arans which kept him busy until well after sunset. They had done the Arans after a detour to pleasant if rather obscure 2000ft hill for Richard's collection, and went on around the head of the valley, bagged another 2000ft hill and came down a zig-zag track that, from the other side of the valley looked like something the Incas would have made. In reality it was an old quarry track but was a good way down.

George and Jim were also up on the Arans, having gone up the head of the

valley. Derek also made his way up the Arans, then continued along the ridge, dropped down the south eastern flank at had a long but, by the sound of it, enjoyable walk back to the hut coming back to the hut from the south along the valley. One section was made difficult by felling works leaving the ground feet deep in springy coniferous branches.

The food that Richard prepared was splendid, and enjoyed to the full by everyone. George made a little speech, thanking Richard and all those who put in the time and energy to organise the meets and prepare the meals. The applause was a genuine recognition and appreciation of the appropriateness of George's remarks.

Sunday saw Richard walking up the head of the valley to one of the hills visited the day before and Ian took a short walk before leaving. Michael disappeared to "do something"###, but not before generously lending some climbing kit to your correspondent to go climbing with Richard, Adrian and Derek.

Those who managed to get high on Sunday morning and those glancing up into the hills as they drove home, saw the tops white with snow.

A superb weekend in a hut in a grand spot.  
Nick Welch



The top of Aran Fawddry

## Summary of the hills walked

(with apologies to those who feats I have omitted or curtailed):

Pen yr Allt Uchat	616m	Richard, Ian, Nick
Drysgol	731m	Richard, Ian, Nick, Michael
Aran Fawddry	907m	Richard, Ian, Nick, George, Jim, Derek, Derek, David, Michael.
Aran Benllyn	885m	Richard, Ian, Nick, George, Jim, Derek, Derek, David, Michael.
Gwaun y Llwyni	685m	Richard, Ian, Nick
Glasgwm	779m	Richard, Ian, Nick



Alan Kay came across this plane wreckage (photo left) inscribed:

9.2.44  
LR412  
540 SQN  
125/859213  
NO SURVIVORS  
DE HAVILLAND  
MOSQUITO  
B PRITCHARD  
14.3.90  
MOM SMOKING DAY

### Attendance:

The President, Alan Kay  
Adrian Bridge  
Derek Bush  
Ian Gilmour  
Richard Josephy  
Tim Josephy  
Jim Rusher  
Michael Smith  
David Smith  
Derek Smithson  
George Spenceley  
Nick Welch

## Tuesday Meet

24<sup>th</sup> June

Seven members met at the car park at Wet Sleddale on a very fine morning, with a light breeze rippling the water on the reservoir but with very few clouds about. A leisurely walk up the valley brought us to Mosedale Cottage for lunch. The cottage is now maintained by the Mountain Bothy's Association and is in fine condition. The walk continued to Branstree, over to the impressive cairn on Artlecrag Pike, and then a slight detour to see the remains of the Survey Post before reaching Selside Pike. Our return to the cars was by Swindale Head and

Rosgill. A very enjoyable day out for everyone.

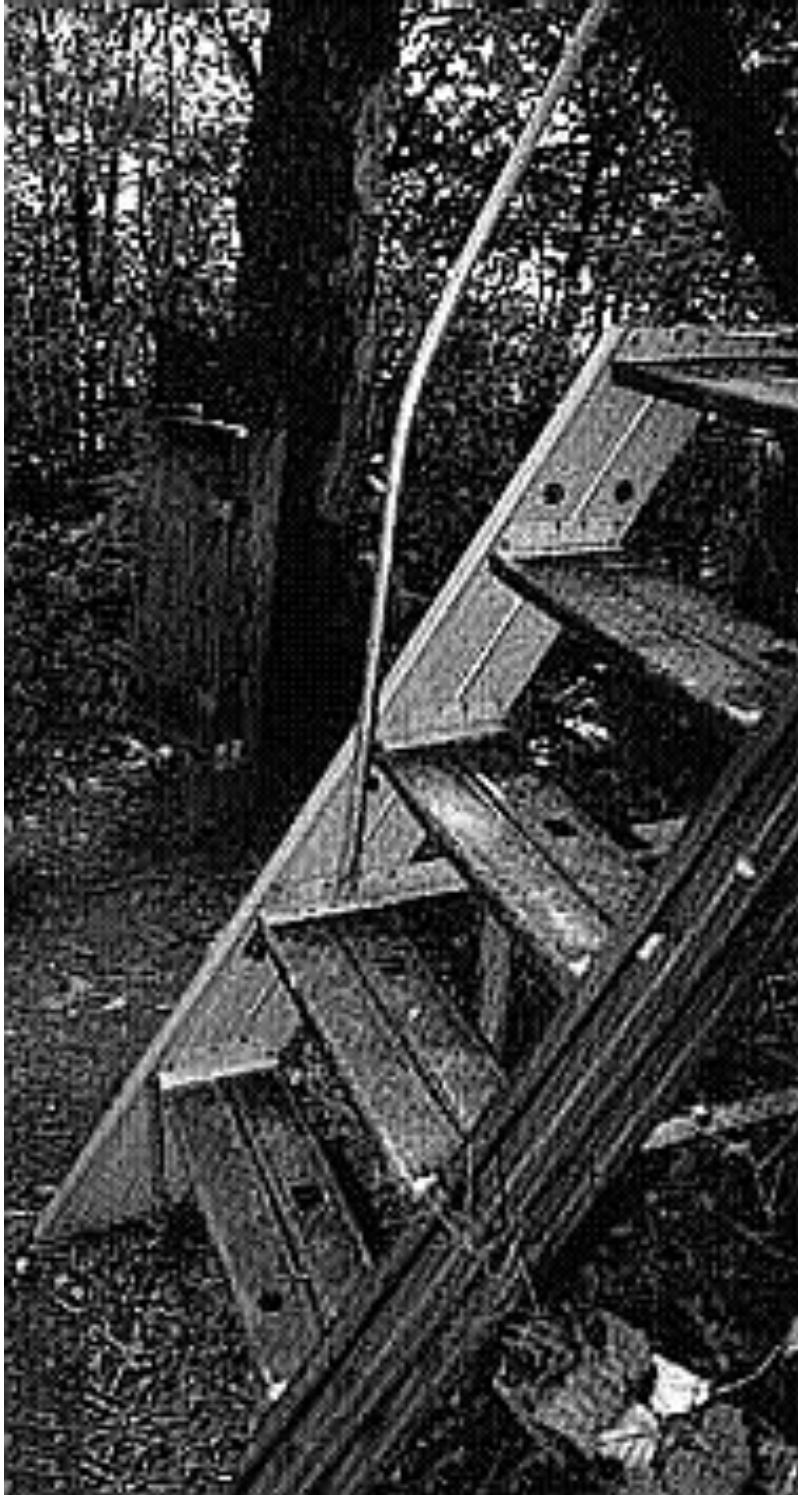
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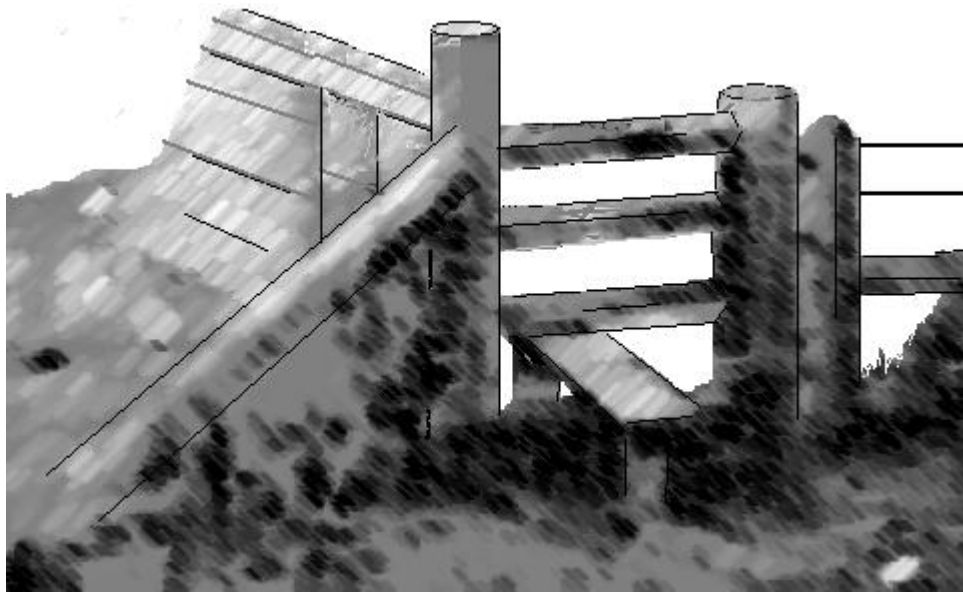
Poulnabrone Megalithic Tomb



Michael Smith, Christine Marriott, Helen Smith and David Martindale  
on Gleninagh Mountain in the Burren, Ireland

Wayne County, Indiana, aluminium ladder stile with handrail





A stile near Llanthony Abbey, Black Mountains

