

YRC JOURNAL

The Yorkshire Ramblers Club

Mountaineering, caving etc.

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PARILUNGBI FROM ADVANCED CAMP
LHAKHANG - 2008 MEET
PHOTO MICK BORROFF

ARTICLES

CAVING IN THE LEVANT

ICE CLIMBING IN NORWAY

GREAT WALKERS OF THE PAST

ROCK CLIMBING AT KALYMNOS

TRAMPING IN NEW ZEALAND

LAKELAND TARNs

STUBAITAL, AUSTRIA

ROCK CLIMBING AT EL CHORRO, SPAIN

The Yorkshire Ramblers Club



Established 1892 - www.yrc.org.uk

The mountaineering and caving club

The Club's aim is to organise caving, mountaineering, walking and skiing expeditions, to encourage the exploration of caves and potholes and the more remote parts of the world and to gather and promote knowledge of natural history, archaeology, folklore and kindred subjects

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The current series of journals goes back to Summer 2006. Series 12 goes back to summer 1994 and is held in electronic form. Series 12 were under the title of the 'Yorkshire Rambler'.

Earlier journals can be accessed for information and go back to the formation of the club in 1892

CAVING IN THE LEVANT

Speleo Club du Liban (SCL - Lebanese Caving Club).

We have now received the 15th edition of their journal. It is in full colour giving detailed surveys and superb photographs and is available in our library at Lowstern.

This latest edition highlights some wonderful prospects for going somewhere really different .

There appears to be plenty to go at in the Lebanon if you can overcome the logistical difficulties and the political unrest. Over the past 5 years there have been 3 small teams of British cavers that have visited the Lebanon and they have turned up some more interesting discoveries.

Our club are no strangers to this area and first made liaison with the Lebanese back in the sixties.

According to the Lebanese Club the longest caves to be found are

- 1 Mgharet Jiita 10,050 m
- 2 Mgharet Roueiss 5,411 m
- 3 Mgharet Afqa 5,260 m
- 4 Mgharet Al-Kassarar 4,648 m
- 5 Mgharet Ain al-Libne 4,560 m and 195 m deep
- 6 Mgharet Nabaa al-Shatawie 4,130 m
- 7 Faouar Dara 3,500 m and 622 m deep
- 8 Houet Qattine Azar 3,100 m and 515 m deep
- 9 Mgharet Dahr al-Ain 1,500 m
- 10 Mgharet Nabaa al-Moutrane 1,200 m

There are some smaller caves reaching nearly 300 m in depth but many are shallow systems.

Back in the sixties the YRC visited nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7.

The star of the show is of course Jiita and this is featured at length in their latest journal.

It covers recent exploration and discoveries and the historic record and includes much serious scientific information. The system is one of contrasts with its extremely colourful Red Gallery and the more recently explored White Gallery. This latter gallery was only accessed properly in 2005 although its presence was recorded 45 years earlier. It is a truly amazing pure white with large numbers of superb calcite speleothems.

They take many forms, mainly large cave cones of various sizes but including stalactites, stalagmites, war-club bulbous stalactites, columns, flow stones, soda straws, rafts coralloids and two features the writer is unfamiliar with described as moonmilk and popcorn. All in all the gallery of over 2000 square metres is completely covered; walls, ceiling and floor by this glistening array and must be quite incredibly impressive.

This is just one gallery in the wonderful cave system all of which contains wonderful features, not least the Maxwell Column named after an expedition leader in 1873. This column stands 50 feet tall.

John Middleton was one of the party visiting in each of 1968 and 1969. If we turn up our journals of that period there are fairly comprehensive reports. In 1968 the party included Trevor Salmon, Tony Dunford and David R Smith and the following year Bill Woodward.

Amongst the tales related, when they were near to the end of their trip in 1969 one Sami Karkabi suggested they look at Mgharet Al-Kassarar. Bill and John went down with Georges Srouji and Sami, expecting a rather easy and unexciting trip. First they went to the upper end and surveyed back, arriving in about four hours at the place where the siphon should have been, but it was no longer there, it had completely dried up. They stopped puzzled, but in the silence, heard the dull roar of a distant river. They dropped everything and ran into the empty siphon, up the other side, over a mud bank, round a corner, into a large chamber and there they were - by the side of the raging Faouar Dara river. To their left it vanished down two impassable shoots but upstream there was nothing but an enormous passage challenging them to follow. They took up the challenge and after wading through the river over a much eroded floor for 140 metres, came to a lake. Sami took off his clothes and swam round a corner for about 40 metres to where he could hear a cascade and when he came back they decided that they would need dinghies, ropes and other equipment before they could safely cross this lake.

They returned next day laden with four kit bags and quickly made their way to the lake. Georges and John set off with two bags in the first dinghy and made easy progress for 70 metres to a constriction where the water gushed through with considerable force.

With their minds only on all the new ground still to be discovered they pulled their way up the right hand wall to a calmer section - as they imagined, but in the next moment their boat swung sideways and they were thrown into the cold torrent. Luckily they were both swept to either side but it was a terrible blackness until Georges managed to get his light going again.

When they found that the bag containing the ladders and rope had irretrievably sunk it meant a rather dismal return, surveying as they went and it was whilst doing this that they discovered the utterly fantastic 'Upper Gallery', reached by a mud slope climb from the river. The gallery was dry and its entire 120 metre length was crammed with every formation imaginable from monstrous stalagmites to delicate crystal flowers and helictites.

As their last day dawned they again attacked; Sami diving with his aqualung and surfacing first time with the missing bag - a good omen.

Within half an hour they had fixed a line round the wall and to the top of the cascade and were continuing their pursuit of more passage; fifty, a hundred, two hundred and twenty metres of gloriously meandering stream passage, to a boulder choke.

They climbed this into a large oxbow where they discovered two delightful grottoes amidst a chaos of house-sized boulders. The way then descended to a large sand-covered passage gradually increasing to 35 metres wide and 15 metres high; a small stream entered from the left, crossed the sand and joined the main river which had re-appeared only to race down a narrow channel into a siphon. Upstream continued as a large lake, so before unpacking the dinghies they decided to look at the small inlet. After only 45 metres this looked as if it would finish in a siphon as the roof came down to within one metre of the floor, but no, it rose abruptly into a beautiful passage with a stream running down the centre, mud banks on either side and a perfect half round roof.

They left the stream after 90 metres and entered a chamber 57 metres long and up to 20 metres wide finishing in a calcite floor of incredible beauty containing, at a very conservative estimate, over a thousand cave pearls, a hoard such as none of them could ever have seen before.

They skirted round this masterpiece of nature and raced on, soon coming back to the stream; then a further 175 metres of passage to a junction. Straight forward was the larger so they followed this into a chamber containing a deep lake with no other inlets. So back into the other side passage and under a 3 metre high natural rock bridge leading into a classic fault passage at an angle of about 60 degrees starting at 5 metres high and 4 metres wide, gradually enlarging in a straight line to 20 metres high and 20 wide, but with a steep boulder slope going from the base of the right hand wall to half way up the left. This passage suddenly finished after 90 metres and closed down to only crawling height; Georges, who was well in front, explored it for a further 50 metres into a low chamber with no exit. This rather muddy looking 'little' inlet had taken up more of their time than anticipated and, after surveying back to Main Stream Passage they regretfully had to abandon thoughts of further exploration upstream and make for Beirut and home.

Their parting thoughts were that The Speleo Club de Liban would have a challenge which would keep them occupied for some time.

True to their surmise their work has gone on at numerous locations and in various caves.

SCL are resurveying their caves progressively and have just revisited Mgharet Roueiss at the foot of Mount Lebanon with an entrance altitude of about 1500m.

Roueiss Cave is a well known cave among Lebanese caving clubs. It is usually selected by clubs to carry out

their 'educational' outings to teach newcomers a little bit of speleology and what it entails to be a caver from the adventurous, the scientific, as well as protection aspects.

Roueiss Cave is not as beautiful as Jiita Cave but it has a unique feel to it with its varied assortment of cave features ranging from wide and tight passages, marvellous speleogens, underground rivers, mazes, balconies, upper passages, lower passages etc. We hold an A2 copy of the new survey.

The cave systems are still not fully explored and the local cavers still dream of climbing into some roof area to look in a black hole and find another chamber.

Perhaps our own cavers might like a change from China.

Full details of the caves and their exploration can be read in the SCL journal.

The said Sami Karkabi took part in the original International expedition that bottomed the Gouffre Berger!

John tells us that Sami is still alive and well and is now the "Grand Old Man" of Lebanese caving. This is confirmed by an article in their magazine by him and another which tells that after a 20 year absence he has taken a number of the current generation of cavers down into Jiita to show them round and explain the history of the cave.

EVEN MORE DIFFERENT

We quite understandably think of limestone and karst when the terms pot-holing and caving come up but caves do of course occur in numerous other rock structures. We have our sandstone caves and coastal sea caves but volcanoes?

Well not exactly!

Our friends in the SCL have been exploring **LAVA CAVES IN SOUTHERN SYRIA**.

During 2008, expeditions were organized to As-Suwayda Province to explore and document lava caves and in particular Aariqa cave in the centre of the Aariqa town but also Umm ar Rumman cave. The Aariqa cave reached 562 m in cave development and Umm ar Rumman cave resulted in 1615m.

The latter is now the longest development of lava tubes in Middle-East replacing Umm Jirsan in Saudi Arabia with total development: 1481m.

In the centre of this area of Syria lies the Jabal Ad-Drouz volcanic range, which has a maximum elevation of 1785m. This range has numerous volcanic cones, often organized in ridges whose slopes are covered with many lava flows.

This volcanic terrain (called Al-Harra) stretches south crossing Jordan and part of northern Saudi Arabia.

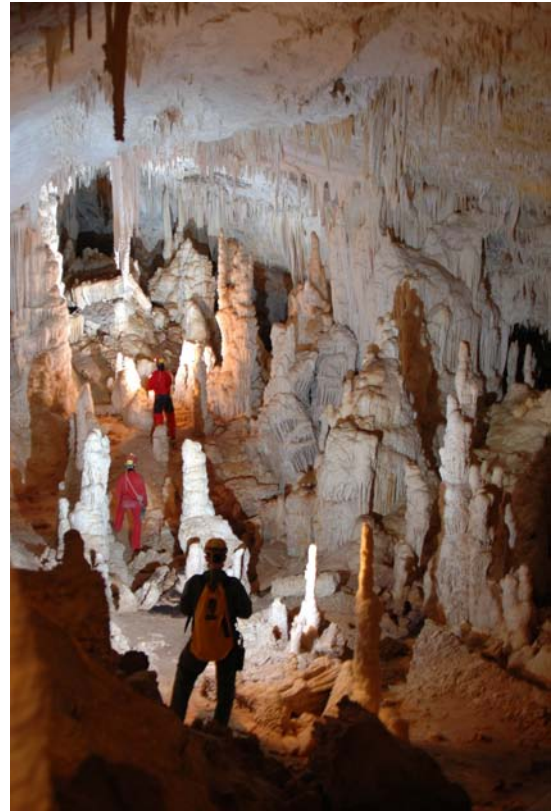
Aariqa cave has a historical significance as it was used for housing in historical times and the whole area features historical Nabatcan and Byzantine settlements from before the Arabian period. The cave is probably quite young geologically at about 4000 years.

Umm ar Rumman cave is much older possibly as old as a million years and is apparently a fantastic lava cave with beautiful speleothems (volcanic and calcite) and features typical of lava tubes. Ed.

JiITA

Left
1.5 km inside

Right
Upper Gallery



Below - Salle Blanche - photos kindly provided by Issam Bou Jaoude



ICE CLIMBING IN NORWAY

Tim Bateman

For the past few years a small group of us from the Midlands area have been paying regular visits to a number of ice climbing venues in both the Alps and Norway. This has been made easier by the advent of cheap flights from Luton and Stansted enabling us to leave on Friday evening and be back at work on Wednesday morning with four full days of guaranteed climbing in between. February this year saw our 3rd trip to Rjukan in Norway which seems to be our favourite venue so far.

There were just the four of us this time after a late cancellation with a knee injury. This left me, Nick Beale (YRC member), George Bird and Nick Horton. We all met up at the allotted time at the check in at Stansted and proceeded to don our big boots and as many clothes as possible to enable our hold luggage to be under the 15kg Ryan air limit. From previous trips we have found that the weight of climbing gear and a rope comes to about 15kg leaving everything else to try and fit into your hand luggage which is a challenge. Coming back can be worse as well when the ropes are wet and weigh even more. This is where Ryan Air can make their money by charging the likes of us extra when we go over the limit, we've been caught out a few times now but we were better organized this time. The flight to Oslo (Torp) takes about an hour and a half and leaves us on the right side of Oslo to just jump in a hire car at the airport and get to Rjukan in less than 3 hours. It usually takes us less time to get there than it takes to get to Fort William and there is always lots of ice to climb.

Rjukan itself lies in a valley right in the centre of Norway and was made famous during the Second World War for the production of 'Heavy Water'. This was a key element in the German's attempt to produce an atomic bomb and as a result, the town was subject to a daring raid by allied forces that was later featured in the film 'The Heroes of Telemark'. Today it remains an industrial town with a number of large hydro electric power stations and other factories along the length of the valley. There is even a museum housed in the biggest power station just above Vermok Bridge but it always seems to be closed whenever we've been there.

Our usual base is the Hytteby self catering cabins near the centre of town.



These cabins are ideal for small groups and have a café/restaurant on site if you don't fancy cooking. If you arrange for a key to be left you can even turn up in the middle of the night and get in.



Fjard (M7-) at Krokan



George descending Unknown (WI5)

This time we arrived in the early evening and drove up the gorge to checkout the ice conditions near Svingfoss(WI4). This has the shortest walk in of all the routes at Rjukan, only about 10ft from the road, right on a hairpin bend and commanding a good view down into the upper gorge area. If you position your car correctly you can illuminate the whole route with your headlights. On this occasion however we were ready for a good night's sleep ready for bigger things the next day.

Saturday morning and the weather looked good, about -5°C and not much wind at all. In the past we had usually headed for Krokan at the very top end of the gorge but this can be busy at the weekends. Best described as the Stange of Rjukan it's a 10 minute walk in from the car park. It consists of many short one pitch routes from WI2-WI5 and M6-M10; all can easily be top-roped if necessary. Instead of this we chose the Vermok bridge area as the car park was almost empty, always a good sign. We geared up at the car and walked down to the right of the bridge into the gorge. Another 10 minutes walk up the base of the gorge and we started to come across some of the bigger 2/3 pitch routes. The year before George and I had walked up here all the way to the foot of Trappfoss (WI4) only to find a big group of Italians already doing battle on it. It's never a good idea to follow anyone up these routes so on that occasion we backed off and did a route called Bakveien (WI4) instead. This time however we were first to the route and had it all to ourselves so off we set.



Juvsoyla (WI6) and Trappfoss (WI4)

The first pitch was backed up with snow so we soloed up to the start of the main 2nd pitch. This is the classic pitch on the route that leads you up a sea of ice to a large ledge that is easily visible from far away on the other side of the gorge. Pick the easy line and its WI4 or choose the more direct line slightly to the left and I'd say it was WI5. Needless to say I chose the easy line and set off with as many ice screws as I could carry. Some time later I eventually arrived at the belay and duly brought George up behind me. On the ledge you get the most magnificent view down the gorge and also across to the left where the pencil thin Juvsoyla (WI6) drapes over the edge of the cliff.



Spot the climber on pitch 3 of Juvsoyla (WI6)

We stood and watched two climbers on it as they negotiated the bottom section of the pillar.

Back on Trappfoss the top pitch above the ledge continues much in the same vein as below but not quite at the same angle and before long we found ourselves safe at the top of the route.

I believe you can walk off from this point but with deep snow and no obvious tracks we elected to abseil back down using the trees to the right of the route. Two long abseils later and we were down and still no one else had appeared to do the route after us.

We wandered back down the gorge looking for the two Nicks who we had left as they set off up a route called Nedre Svingfoss (WI3). No sign of them so we continued on to the area just below Vermok Bridge. Things were busier here, the main WI4 route Vermokbrufoss Ost was completely mobbed with 2 or 3 parties so we avoided this. Further round the corner just below the car park was another WI4 Tungtvann that I'd had my eye on but had never been in condition on previous years. Just next to a route called Shit Happens (WI4) which is aptly named as it's formed from the sewer outlet from the small settlement above. Another good looking, two-pitch route, but not one to be done on a warm day when things are melting.

Tungtvann on the other hand is a classic 3 star route with an easy first pitch and a steeper pillar of a second pitch.

Half way up the first pitch and the two Nicks appeared below, keen to have a go as well.

It wasn't long before all four of us found ourselves secured on the belay at the top of the first pitch staring up at the pillar above.



Pitch 2 of Tungtvann (WI4)

One thing about many of the smaller routes at Rjukan is that most of them become quite beaten out as the season progresses. This can create a bit of a staircase effect where axe and foot placements become much easier than if it was virgin ice. The downside to this is that you can very easily find yourself on steep routes well above your normal climbing grade. The top pitch to Tungtvann was a bit like this, the problem being able to hang on long enough to place ice screws at regular intervals but somehow I managed to scramble my way to the trees at the top. A good route to finish on, right next to the car as well.

Most people seem to be of the opinion that Norway is expensive but on the whole we've not found it to be too bad. The flights are cheap, four people sharing a hire car is OK and the cabins are reasonable and can accommodate five at a push. Our evening visit to the café usually involves pizzas that are good value; don't make the mistake of having a large one though as they are truly massive and only just fit on the table.

Day 2 dawned and we decided to explore a new area in the lower gorge that we hadn't visited before. Rjukan has so many different climbing sectors, many that we haven't been to so it's good to try new places out as and when they're in condition. Having managed to find the correct lay-bye to park the car in we geared up and walked down into the Gorge. Here it wasn't so deep but wider and more open with a number of short one pitch routes. The thing to be careful of here is the path that climbers take up and down the riverbed. It winds its way around boulders and over small pools and you need to be sure it will take your weight or you'll be in for a very cold bath. Some classic WI3s in this area the main one being Camillas Foss (WI3) which looked straightforward so we jumped on it. Most of the others were largely covered in a good foot of snow which tends to accumulate on the lower grade routes. I then chose one of these called Pentium (WI3) which left us back on the right side of the valley for the road. The two Nicks did a different one called Skrotfossen (WI3) on the same side and we met up back at the car.

It was a warm sunny day by now and as we drove up the gorge there was no one on Svingfoss (WI4) so we jumped out and took full advantage of a couple of different lines, one with an interesting overhanging start.



Svingfoss(WI4)
next to the road

Finally a visit to Krokan was in order to finish off the day. There was space in the car park by now as people were leaving so we wandered down to the crag past the local skidoo park. The riverbed was well frozen so we descended to the lower section on the left. There were a few pillars that had never been fully formed on our previous visits so I was keen to explore the possibilities. The Nicks set off up Unknown (WI2) whilst George and I geared up to do another Unknown (WI5). This is a very short route with two vertical sections. It couldn't really be considered as a true WI5 route I don't think, especially in the current conditions. You hardly needed to swing your axes, just hook them over the holds and pull hard and you were at the top in no time. Last route of the day was Kjokkentrappa (WI4) one of the longest at Krokan. This we had done before but it felt very different this time round and had obviously seen a lot of traffic in recent weeks.

There has always been more than enough ice to climb in Rjukan on both of our previous trips but some of the bigger routes down the bottom end of the valley have never been in full condition. This year things were different, everything was looking good so we were keen to try some of these longer routes. The Bolgen area lies just below the turn of up to the ski area. You can park right under the routes that tower above and after a short 15 minute walk your ready to climb. The two Nicks set off up the classic Bolgen (WI3) whilst myself and George contemplated tackling To Menn og et Foster (WI4).

To Menn og et Foster
(WI4) on the left
and Bolgen (WI3)
in the centre



This started quite steeply then eased off slightly for another two pitches. It was the fifth pitch that posed the problem; here the crux of the route went over an overlap in the rock where a substantial pillar had formed across the whole route. An absence of trees for abseiling off would have meant using abalakov threads to descend which I'm never keen on. Still the right hand side looked slightly less imposing so off we set. The first two pitches were fine, the third was unexpectedly long and exposed and we added an extra fourth one to get us positioned right under the crux. A short snack and time to admire the view and off I set again. It was half way up this main pitch that I unexpectedly came across two abandoned ice screws with quickdraws attached positioned one six foot above the other. Not the sort of thing people usually leave on an ice route although it was on the steepest part, I duly clipped them regardless and carried on.

We were to discover later on returning home that this was the scene of a fatal accident some 5 days earlier. It involved a party from Finland who contacted us having heard that we retrieved their gear which we posted back to them. Onwards we continued after wading through much snow to get to the final pitches six and seven. Even with our 60 metre ropes, what in the guide book is shown as four pitches turned out to be seven but then we were careful to choose good positions to stop and belay from.

All in all a fantastic route but that was only half of it, we still had to abseil back down through a pine forest to the right of the route, the light was fading and we only had one head torch. This was a situation that George and I knew only too well from a similar experience in Italy the year before. I'm not sure exactly how long it took us but we managed to accomplish it in double quick time just clipping onto the last abseil and landing at the bottom in the dark. Meanwhile the Nicks had been busy on the next route along, called Bolgen (WI3). From what I could see as we abbed down it looked quite steep for the grade a fact that they confirmed when we found them waiting at the car. They had turned around a few pitches up where Nick took the opportunity to test out his abalokov threads and they descended the way they came.

Day four was to be our last day and a slightly shorter one as we needed to shoot off early to catch our flight back home. We headed once more down into the lower gorge. To a slightly different part this time where there were

numerous one pitch WI3s and 14s to try. The classic Hjemreisen (WI4) was the one to do but tiredness had set in by this point. Instead we did LP-plata (WI3), Kort og Godt (WI4) and Knerten (WI3).



Hjemreisen (WI4) on the right

The Nicks did Knerten (WI3), LP-plata (WI3) and Kursruta (WI3). It's never a good idea to try and do too much, best to leave some to come back and do another day. So off we went; a quick tidy of the hut, an obligatory stop at the shell garage for a hot dog and we were soon back at the airport. All in all a great trip, we ticked a few classics but left plenty more to do.



Unknown climber on Tipp (WI5)



Tim abbing back down after doing Ozzimosis (WI4) at another roadside crag in the Rjukan valley on a previous trip

OF WALKS AND WALKERS AND TIMES GONE BY

GREAT WALKS IN THE LAKES

Jeff Hooper

'A Record Fell Walk' - The men

'A Record Fell Walk' by R. Wilfred Broadrick, referred to in the last number of the YRC Journal, was originally published in the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal Vol.1 No. 4 in 1902. In subsequent YRC Journals, more was published about Wilfred Broadrick. A relevant letter was found among a bundle of documents being sorted for the archives and as more aspects of Broadrick's life came into evidence the sequence of events became compelling.

'A Record Fell Walk' does not give the date when the walk was done, but other sources on Broadrick makes it clear that it was started on Saturday 14 September 1901.

At the end of the nineteenth-century the Cornhill Magazine, ran some articles recounting long walks that had been done in the past. It was one of these articles that fired the enthusiasm of Wilfred Broadrick, then in his mid-twenties. He writes that although not so common as in the past, there had been a number of record breaking walks completed in the Lake District after 1860, following:

"... the Reverend T.M. Elliott making a round of the hills about Wasdale Head in the early 1860s ..."

Whether a mistake by Broadrick or a misprint in the YRC Journal there is an error in that the Reverend T.M. Elliott (1) should read the Reverend J.M. Elliott - Julius Elliott - who in 1867 made an entry in the Wasdale Head Hotel visitors' book.

Wilfred Broadrick's account of his own walk is republished below.

A RECORD FELL WALK - R. W. Broadrick

I ought, perhaps, to say a few words first upon 'Fell Walking Records' in general. The idea seems to have been originated by the Rev. T. M. Elliott, who made a round of the Fells about Wasdale Head in the early sixties; since which time there have been undertaken a large number of long Fell walks more or less in the nature of record-breaking performances.

My attention was first drawn to the subject by vague accounts in circulation at Windermere of a prodigious feat accomplished by the Messrs Tucker, who, it was said, had climbed the seven highest mountains in England in the twenty-four hours. Being anxious to find out if such a thing were possible for an ordinary mortal, I tried, and found that, granted good conditions, it was not nearly so difficult as it appeared (2). In 1899 an account of fell-walking records

appeared in the Cornhill Magazine, and my competitive instincts being excited, in the following autumn I attacked and lowered by some four hours the so-called 'Four Peak Record.' (3) Unfortunately, I could not find any companion, so had to go alone on both occasions, and in consequence, needless to say, my accounts of these walks were euphemistically termed exaggerations.

This last autumn(4), I was lucky enough to find a kindred spirit in Mr. Dawson, of Sale, Cheshire, a great road walker, and we determined, if possible, to try to go one better than the 'Four Peak,' and see what could be done in the twenty-four hours. The arrangements had been very carefully worked out; Mr. Dawson had managed the commissariat and transport with a skill that would have done credit to a chief of the staff, and I had explored the ground very thoroughly, and had made out a time-table, which was much more accurately followed than those curious productions of some southern railway companies.

By September 14th, the preliminaries had been got through, as the sporting papers put it, and we met at Keswick. Curiously enough, we had never set eyes on one another till that moment, and knew nothing of each other's powers, except on paper, twelve hours before the start. It is probable that in nothing would so much variety of pace be shown as in a fell-walk: few amateurs, if any, could keep up with a Swiss guide on the mountains, and equally few guides could keep up with an amateur on the flat. Luckily, as it turned out, we were extraordinarily well mated. The Fells were in perfect condition, as dry as they ever get and the weather had for several days past been all that could be desired. There had been plenty of clouds to keep the air cool, but they were high enough to clear the tops of the mountains. The wind, such as it was, was NE.

I might perhaps say a few words here about equipment. Clothes are simple enough; they must of course be of flannel, and as light as possible. Trousers are better than shorts, as they do away with the need for gaiters. Knickerbockers are to be avoided.

We had arranged a civilised meal about every five hours, but found we required a few supplementary snacks. People vary very much in this respect. Some men can walk hard for six hours without food. I have always found that meat sandwiches are bad, and biscuits hopeless. One can seldom find any water to drink just where one wants it, and to swallow such things dry is impossible. Jam or marmalade sandwiches are much the best; chocolate makes one thirsty, but can be swallowed; a few plums are a great help. All these, with compass, map, and small flask, must go into the pockets of a light jacket or blazer. If pacemakers can be got hold of one can feed sumptuously, but these useful animals do not grow on every bush. The footgear is the chief difficulty. My companion used climbing boots for the first bit and gymnasium shoes for the roads and grassy Fells. I had tried all kinds of things, and had decided on light boots

(shoes are apt to blister the heel) with jute soles. They grip the rocks, whether wet or dry, splendidly; they are comfortable on roads, and are very light. India-rubber is hopeless when wet, and leather is worse. Nothing will hold on steep grass except nails, which are not to be thought of. We spent the night of Friday, September 13th, at Mrs. Cannon's farm house, Rosthwaite, and, let me say en passant that Mrs. Cannon is the beau-ideal of a landlady. She set us on our way with a good breakfast and a cheery word at 3.30 a.m., had an excellent supper for us twenty-four hours later, and early next morning there she was again, as executive and good tempered as ever. We left the house at 3.32 a.m. on Saturday, September 14th, and started for Sty Head Pass, our intention being to tackle the more difficult ground first, leaving Skiddaw to be negotiated when we were no longer fresh. It was a cool morning with a slight NE breeze, and-as is usual with this wind-cloudy and dark. I need hardly tell those who know the ground that that delightful bit of path just above Seathwaite is at its best on a dark night when one is half asleep. It was not quite light enough when we reached the parting of the ways to attack Great Gable by the shorter route, so we continued to the top of the pass, struck up the SE ridge, and arrived at the top two minutes before our appointed time, i.e., 05.18. There we left our first visiting card. We left one on each mountain, under the top stone of the cairn, and one of these, very much weather beaten, was sent to me this winter as a Christmas card. For our next run, up the Pillar, from Great Gable round Kirk I had only allowed 65 minutes. This must be a distance of quite three miles, and though we went very fast, we were ten minutes behind time there. The dip to Mosedale is - as all who have tried it will remember - very steep, and, while my companion in his heavy boots went down like a bird - or an elephant - my light ones were cut to pieces in the scree and would not hold on the steep moss and grass at all. Consequently, many were the times I took an involuntary seat on a sharp rock. My pockets, too, did not long stand the strain put upon them, and, as a result of one of these gymnastic performances, a shower of coins, great and small, went hurtling amongst the boulders, which, so far as I know, are still there to reward the curious explorer. We reached Wasdale Head Hotel at 07.20, and had breakfast number two. At this point, a friend, Mr. Lehmann Oppenheimer, of Manchester, who was also going to Dungeon Ghyll, joined the party, and kindly offered to keep us in sight the whole way, and so act as witness. The climb up Scafell, over the lower shoulder of Lingmell, was uneventful, and the summit was reached at 08.45. One should get a glorious view from it early in the morning even in September; in fact, those who have never been on the top of a mountain before breakfast do not know what a view is. Unfortunately, the east wind made everything hazy, dull and grey, and though we sometimes got a nice foreground, the distant effects were wanting all day. On the top of Great End we met mist, that *bête noire* of the climber, not enough to hinder us, but enough to make us somewhat gloomy about the future. Bowfell was reached via Hanging Knotts at 10.25, and we trundled down Green Tongue at a fine pace. We found that a sitting glissade went very well on the steep, dry grass, and descended several hundred feet in this way, somewhat to the detriment of our nether

garments; and, I must admit when we reached the old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel we were not looking our best. There a sumptuous meal awaited us, to which I am afraid we did too full justice, for we lost a quarter-of-an-hour of our valuable time in the dining room. From here onwards relays of friends, whose pockets bulged with all manner of dainties, took us along, and inspired by these kind pacemakers we tramped down Great Langdale at the rate of five miles an hour, crossed over Red Bank by one of the most beautiful paths in the district, and arrived at Grasmere still as fresh as paint. At this point an enthusiastic cyclist, the writer's brother, met the party and accompanied them for several yards. But, alas for the frailty of human nature, the smell of dinner streaming from an open inn door proved stronger than fraternal ties, and we saw him no more. We climbed Fairfield by the Grisedale path, arriving at the top at 14.28, and dropped down the steep scree on the NW side to, and I may add into, the tarn, for my companion is apparently amphibious, and during the thirty-six hours we were together he managed under the most adverse circumstances to put in, I believe, five bathes. The walk over Helvellyn was chiefly remarkable for a curious instance of telepathy. During our last dip our pacemaker with the nose-bag had gone on. Our swim had made us very hungry, and the way we raced up Dollywaggon Pike with that bag dangling in front of our eyes, like the proverbial carrot amazed even ourselves. However, it was no good, he and it had got too long a start, and when we reached the top, half famished, we were still a good way behind. But, oh joy! There by the path were two cairns, built of biscuits, and each surmounted by a succulent looking plum. I have believed in telepathy ever since! Well, to cut a long story short, we reached Thirlspot at 4.50, where another table was groaning under another load of provisions, specially selected beforehand by Mr. Dawson, that prince of caterers. Again, alas that it should be said, we lost a quarter of an hour. This, however, we more than made up, and arrived at the top of Blencathara - called by the vulgar Saddleback - at 19.55, in excellent time, for, under good conditions, the walk over Skiddaw to Keswick should be done in about two hours. Unfortunately, here our luck deserted us. The wind had increased to half a gale and brought with it thick mist. Those who have been benighted on a mountain know that it is unpleasant; those who have been befogged have probably no very pleasant recollections of it; how many, I wonder, have combined the two? I had fixed our bearings some days before as far as the top of Skiddaw ridge, but walking by compass is not such easy work as the inexperienced imagine, even when one can see the compass; when it has to be read by lantern light, it is much harder, for the readings must necessarily be fewer. After apparently several hours' stumbling, we reached Glenderaterra Beck and crossed what appeared to be a network of streams (I believe there are really only two) into a bog. Our compass led us right through it, so on we had to go. I verily believe we took the biggest bog in England at its broadest part, for, for nearly half-an-hour we were wading through rushes, wet moss, and water. But all things have an end, even in a fog, and we eventually reached the ridge which, curving away to the north, leads to the top. This ridge, which is three miles or so long by about 600 yards

broad, is the only part of the walk I had not carefully reconnoitred. By extraordinary luck, however, my companion had been over that bit a short time before. Had it not been for that we should not have finished the walk in time. Here, on the top, we felt the full force of the wind, and out went the lantern. Everything was so damp that lighting a match, even in a calm, would not have been easy, and as it was it was next to impossible. After that I carried it wrapped up in a sweater under my arm, so by that means it was kept from being blown out, and we could sometimes see a few square feet of mist. Unfortunately, our joy at the brilliant success of this manoeuvre was somewhat damped a few minutes after by finding that the accumulated heat inside was melting our candle! However, we had four others, and could only hope they would last us out. Eventually, more by good luck than good management, we reached one of the cairns on the top-I don't know which-and left our last card. Our direction down, according to the map and compass, was SE, so off we started. After a few minutes, sundry falls impressed us with the fact that the path (!) was getting worse. We had another look at the compass, which maintained, with an irritating persistence, that we were going NE! By that time, we had entirely lost our bearings, so had to guess our way, and we wandered about hopelessly for an hour and a half before we found the ever blessed wire fence that runs along the mountain, and which, as our last candle flickered out, led us to the hedge at the foot. But a hedge in the dark, if a good one, may be something of an obstacle, and we had to pay a heavy toll before getting into the road. Those clothes have never been worn since, and I had to have supper in an Ulster. The rest of the walk was plain sailing. We met our friends at Keswick, and all reached Rosthwaite at 3.04 a.m. tattered but triumphant.

Appended are our times:

| | |
|---------------|-------|
| Rosthwaite | 03.32 |
| Great Gable | 05.18 |
| Pillar | 06.28 |
| Wasdale Head | 07.20 |
| Scafell | 08.45 |
| Scafell Pike | 09.15 |
| Great End | 09.14 |
| Bowfell | 10.25 |
| Dungeon Ghyll | 11.18 |
| Grasmere | 13.25 |
| Fairfield | 14.28 |
| Helvellyn | 15.58 |
| Thirlspot | 16.50 |
| Threlkeld | 18.40 |
| Blencathara | 19.55 |
| Skiddaw | 22.40 |
| Keswick | 00.50 |
| Rosthwaite | 03.04 |

The walk represents a climb of about 18,500 feet and a distance of 70 miles.

Broadrick's Companion

Broadrick and Dawson had not met until twelve hours before the start. Broadrick had to rely on an unknown companion for support on a record breaking attempt which was important to him. On his Four Peak walk he could find no one to go with him. It is thus apparent, that although he writes in his account, that since 1860 a number of long fell-walks of a record breaking nature had been done, in reality there could not have been all that many.

I wrote in the last YRC Journal, that when re reading the account of Broadrick's walk I remembered another book, read in the 1970s, which was an inspiration to my friends and me as we walked the hills and moors. It was the name Dawson that I recognised. The book is High Peak by Eric Byne & Geoffrey Sutton, published by Secker & Warburg 1966.

High Peak answered some questions about Mr Dawson, Broadrick's companion. According to High Peak Cecil Dawson invented the Colne to Buxton 50 mile walk. Other routes have now gone much further, but it was men such as Dawson who were the pioneers. Byne and Sutton in High Peak rate Dawson as the greatest long-distance walker of his time. A tall man, over six feet in height, straight of build with a light frame and long legs, he was once described as, 'built like a pair of compasses'. He kept his own council and when he did speak his gruff voice, issuing from his mighty cavalry moustache caused surprised. His appearance was that of a Prussian military man. With map and compass he was never wrong and he had one fast pace both up and down hill. He became a legend.

High Peak recounts that Dawson's first long walk was from Llandudno to Manchester. His companion did not complete the course, nor did the pony-and-trap carrying observers. Dawson developed the Marsden-Edale moorland crossing though he said he was not the originator. He extended this by beginning at Colne, and crossing to Marsden via Hebden Bridge and Blackstone Edge. Later came, the Colne to Buxton.

High Peak states that Dawson was probably the first person to use gym-shoes as footwear for fast walking over peaty ground. He used them in 1901 when he walked with Broadrick, but W. T. Palmer in, In Lakeland Dells and Fells refers to Johnson and Strong wearing gymnasium slippers in June 1898. The group of walkers of whom Dawson was the nucleus became known as the 94th, after the manner of Army regiments, Dawson's bearing and his possible background had some influence here. He was always referred to as 'the Colonel'. He had the type of personality which people either liked or disliked, there were no half measures. He never appeared to be tired and could move at terrific speed.

He carried his food with him and slept in barns, and this food always reminded me of the proverb 'half a loaf is better than no bread', for his seemed literally to be half a

loaf made into one sandwich, off which he would hack huge lumps with a very large clasp knife(5).

Rucksacks were not used, but poacher's pockets fitted all round the inside of the coat, served instead. In hot weather the Colonel would take his shirt off, dip it in water and put it on again, so that evaporation kept him cool for an hour or two. This seems to tie in with Broadrick's account of their walk and bathing in tarns.

Cecil Dawson attempted several times to break the acclaimed Lake District fell walking records, performed by Dr A. W. Wakefield firstly in 1904 with a time of 19 hours 53 minutes for a distance of sixty miles and 19,000 feet (6); and then in 1905, with a time of 22 hours 7 minutes for a distance of fifty-nine miles, 23,500 feet and twenty-two peaks. The understood rules were that to claim a new record the round journey over the peaks from Keswick to Keswick must be made within twenty-four hours, and must include more feet climbed and more miles covered than previously. The walk done on 14-15 September 1901 by Broadrick and Dawson was between three and eight miles (7) further than Wakefield's distance, with fewer feet of ascent and took one hour and twenty-one minutes longer. It did not conform to rules followed by Wakefield, starting and finishing at Rosthwaite instead of Keswick, but it was completed three years earlier than Wakefield's first round, and it must have been at least equal in merit.

According to High Peak, Dawson's last effort to break the record on 16th June [Friday] (it may have actually been 16 July [Sunday]) 1916 was completely successful. His time of 22 hours 17 minutes was ten minutes longer than Wakefield's, but he included Stybarrow Dodd and Great Dodd, which meant an extra six miles and a few hundred feet more of ascent. In spite of this many people discredited his claim for recognition. It is interesting therefore to note that in later years Eustace Thomas (who developed into one of the greatest fell-walkers of all time) wrote in the Rucksack Club Journal that this remarkable feat of Dawson's should have been recognised. Dawson bitterly resented the discrediting of his effort. Such was Broadrick's companion of 14 September 1901.

The 1881 National Census has an entry for a Cecil Hubert Dawson born in 1874; the son of a soldier serving with the 5th Dragoon Guards, the family then living at the Cavalry Barracks in Leeds. The census showed that the family had spent several years in Ireland and Manchester before Leeds. Dawson's reported bearing and looks, including a very large moustache were similar to those of a cavalry officer and his business interests were in Manchester. Was this the man?

Other characters

The hungry cyclist that Wilfred Broadrick mentions must have been Henry Crewdson Broderick (8), the younger of his two brothers, another mountaineer, also a teacher with a similar university background. The two brothers accompanied each other on climbs but Henry must have thought this walk was more than he wished to tackle.

The Reverend J. M. Elliott, of whom Broadrick had heard, made the second ascent of the Matterhorn by Whymper's route on 26 July 1868 and was killed performing an un-roped incautious jump on the Scheckhorn in July 1869. The description printed below dispels the mental image some may have of Julius Elliott as a small clergyman walking round the Lakeland hills in clerical black, wearing gaiters and a round low crowned clerical hat.

Strolling through Zermatt one evening, the French writer and artist Théophile Gautier saw a British party returning from the hill. It impressed him immensely:

A tall young man, strong and thin, dressed in brown corduroy, with gaiters up to the knees, a soft felt hat pulled down over his eyes, looking a perfect gentleman in spite of the unavoidable carelessness of his clothes. He was a member of the Alpine Club and had just successfully ascended the Matterhorn His guides were walking behind him with their ropes coiled round their shoulders, holding their axes, their iron-spiked poles and all that was required to attack so wild a peak. These three resolute sunburnt faces were resplendent with the joy of their triumph over great difficulties The guides entered the hotel and the Englishman remained for a few moments on its threshold, leaning against the wall with complete unconcern, looking perfectly carefree, just as if he were coming from his club in Pall Mall.... While watching this handsome youth, probably rich and certainly used to comfort and refinement, who had just been risking his life with complete indifference in a useless and dangerous enterprise, we thought of the irresistible passion which drives a few men to undertake terrific scrambles. No example can deter them. When going up towards the Matterhorn, this young man had certainly seen the graves of his three countrymen in the Zermatt churchyard.

The young man in question was one Revd. J. M. Elliott. He fell 1,000 feet to his death on the Schreckhorn the following year [July 1869]. Gautier supplied an epitaph for Elliott ... and every other Alpine climber. 'A peak,' he wrote, 'can exercise the same irresistible power of attraction as an abyss'. (9)

Request for report

Early in February 1902 Thomas Gray (Honorary Editor of the YRC) wrote to Wilfred Broadrick asking if he could write a report of his round of the Lakeland 3,000-footers for the Journal of the YRC. It is possible that it was Broadrick's 1900 walk he was referring to and had not heard of the 1901 walk). On 16 February 1902 Broadrick replied saying that he did not have time to write a report. Two weeks after his reply, on 2 March 1902, he sent Gray the account of his Record Fell Walk done with Dawson as a companion, reprinted above.

Broadrick wrote that sometime in the 1890s he had heard of the Messrs. Tucker who had climbed the seven highest peaks in England (10) in 24 hours. So that he could experience what this entailed, he had completed a walk on

his own. This was the one that was begun by him cycling to the Old Dungeon Ghyll to start. In 1899 he had read about Fell Walking records and in the autumn of 1900 (11), again on his own, he had completed the 'Four Peak' (12) walk in some four hours less than the record. Broadrick had been rather put out because doubt was cast on the validity of his first two feats, walking alone without a witness. An arrangement was therefore made, with Ned Westmorland, to, 'beat all previous records by including Pillar Mountain and Fairfield in the walk, and doing the whole in twenty-four hours'.(13) All was ready, but on the morning of the start the weather was so bad, that for that day, the idea was abandoned. It would seem that the concept of this walk was the one put into reality with Cecil Dawson in September 1901.

After reading of Wilfred Broadrick's exploits it comes as a great shock to find his obituary in the next number of the Journal. The obituary, written by Sir John N. Barran, tells us more about Broadrick than any other sources.

Broadrick's was the first death in the Yorkshire Ramblers. Wilfred Broadrick was among the more recent members of the Club, but he had before his entry established claims to distinction in varied branches of athletic prowess in addition to climbing skill that are greatly admired in the Club.

Born in 1872 of an old Yorkshire family, though his home was at Windermere, he attended Haileybury College, and then went in 1891 to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was tall and sinewy, straight as a lath and capable of immense endurance, these attributes fitted him admirably for both rowing and mountaineering. He rowed in the First Trinity boat at Cambridge and Henley, while building at the same time a sound reputation as an expert fellsman and mountaineer. He graduated in 1894 in Moral Science Tripos, then studied modern language abroad, later adopting the profession of school master, at Bedford, and in 1899 at Fettes College, Edinburgh.

Through all these years walking and climbing were the chief delight of his holidays.

His home at Highfield, from which the Lakeland ranges could be seen, was the starting point of many a good expedition, for which no time of year came amiss and muscles and good fellowship were the first qualifications. It was during this time that his twenty-four hours' walk took place, which is recorded, characteristically simple and direct, in No. 4 of the Club Journal. He was a member of the Alpine Club and among many achievements in France, Switzerland and the Tyrol, perhaps the finest was his ascent of the Aiguille Verte by a new route in August, 1902. He returned straight from the conquest of two fresh rock climbs in the Alps to the Scafell Pinnacle expedition on which he met his death.

The accident referred to above occurred on 21 September 1903. The complete party of four; R.W.Broadrick, A.E.W.Garrett, H.L.Jupp and S.Ridsdale, were killed. In the archives there is a hand written eye witness's account of the disaster. See YRC Journal vol.2 No.5 p 75 1903. It was the worst climbing accident in Britain until the 1950s.

- (1) This is the same misprint as Palmer, W T In Lakeland Dells and Fells: 65 (JHH)
- (2) Palmer, W T In Lakeland Dells and Fells: 83. Date of walk, 1 September 1898. (JHH)
- (3) Ibid: 70. Date of walk, 27 April 1900. (Broadrick's date of autumn is more likely the correct one. (JHH)
- (4) 1901 (JHH)
- (5) Steve (Mac) Forrester, landlord of Tunstead House under Kinder Low. Byne & Sutton High Peak: 69
- (6) Some recorders say 64 miles and 16,000 feet. (JHH)
- (7) Broadrick's account gives 70 miles, measured on the map it is nearer 67 miles. (JHH)
- (8) Died in 1956 aged 81. (JHH)
- (9) Fleming, Fergus Killing Dragons: 299
- (10) Scafell Pike, Scafell, Helvelyn, Skidaw, Great Gable, Pillar and Bowfell. (JHH)
- (11) Palmer gives the date as 27 April 1900 not autumn, Broadrick's date is more likely the correct one. (JHH)
- (12) Scawfell Pike, Bowfell, Helvellyn and Skiddaw. (JHH)
- (13) Palmer W T In Lakeland Dells and Fells: 85

THE LASS WI' NO 'ED

Last year we went walkin', in t' Derbyshire Dales
To sample the fresh air and good country ales
In search of a legend from sources long dead
That tells of the house o' the lass wi' no 'ed

Chorus

*Oh let me lean on the old wooden bar
With oak beams gleamin' low o'erhead
A tankard in 'and as sat by the fire
In the pub of the lass wi no ed*

We went out o' Longnor to Hollinsclough first
But there were a danger o' dyin' o' thirst
'Cos there were no pub, so we hastily fled
To seek out the house o' the lass wi' no 'ed

We walked o'er the back o' the dragon cowl Croom
On tracks lined wi' 'eather an' bracken an' broom
We ate doorstep butties o' cheese an' good bread
On t' way to the house o' the lass wi' no 'ed

Wit' sun blazin' down we kept goin' on trust
An' climbed 'titter'ill wi' tongues draggin in t' dust
And there down below us, just as we 'ad read
We spotted the house o' the lass wi no 'ed

As we ran to the door, on a sign, there was her
A real topless barmaid, if ever there were
And pump handles gleamed on the bar just ahead
In the magical house o' the lass wi' no 'ed

Wearily beerily thirst quenching draughts
Were poured on dry tonsils in gluttonous quaffs
And victuals a plenty before us were spread
As we toasted the health o' the lass wi' no 'ed

We sang bawdy ballads to badly played tunes
As 'eds started spinnin' from Owd Roger fumes
An' many hours later replenished an' fed
We crawled from the house o' they lass wi' no 'ed

Written by Tom Wise

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Referring to the Quiet Woman public house which many of us have frequented when walking in the area.

KALYMNOS - THE ULTIMATE ROCK CLIMBING DESTINATION?

John and Valerie Middleton

Kalymnos is internationally recognised as being one of the most addictive rock climbing destinations in the world. The authors are about to undertake their third visit in as many years. Many fellow climbers are into double figure trips! Why? Read on....

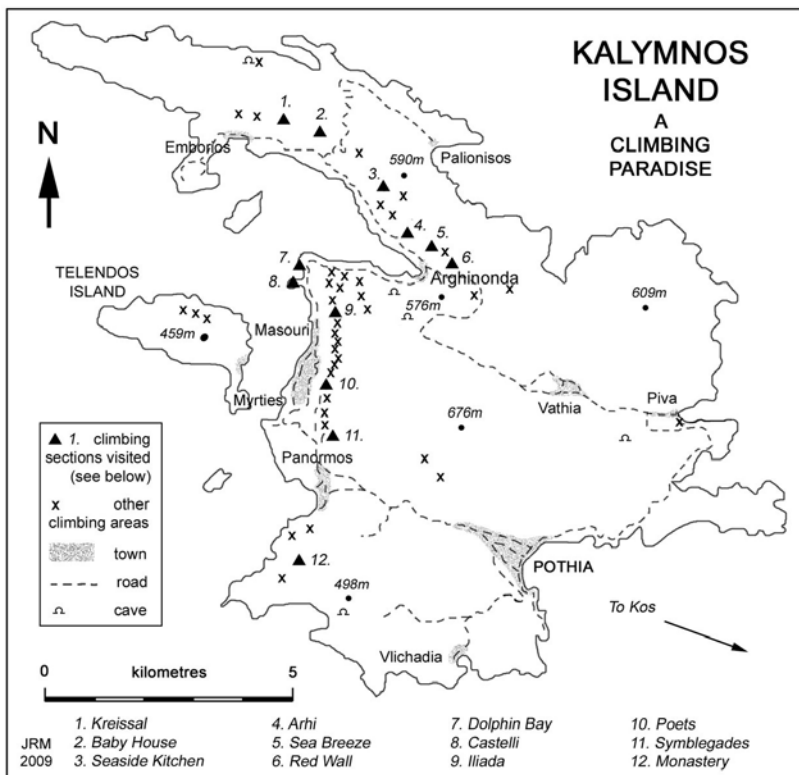
WHERE IS IT?

Kalymnos is one of the 27 Greek Dodecanese islands that are found in the eastern Aegean Sea. It is situated approximately 13km north of Kos and 17km west of the Bodrum peninsular in Turkey.

climbers staying in the popular villages of Masouri and Armeos it is possible to climb for a fortnight, each day on a different sector, without even having to drive anywhere! Finding the right cliff is no problem either as the different sectors are well signposted in both English and Greek and the subsequent tracks well marked. As there are few sandy beaches package tourism is minimal and much of the local economy is aimed specifically for climbers. This has meant that the island's traditional character has remained virtually unchanged. The other mainstays of the economy are sponge collecting (now much reduced due to disease) and fish farming - mainly for Sea Bass.

HISTORICAL CLIMBING.

The first person to recognise the potential for rock climbing on Kalymnos was the Italian climber Andrea di Barri whilst on holiday in 1996. He returned the following year and by October of 2000, in co-operation with the Greek climber Aris Theodoropoulos, the Alpine Club of Archarnes and the Municipality of Kalymnos the island was ready for the first "International Rock Climbing Festival". This was an immediate success and since then there have been three more similar events, a host of new routes and four guide books. The combined reputation of the quality rock climbing and local hospitality is now so well known that it draws an ever increasing number of climbers from throughout the world. On our last visit we climbed either next to, or close to, teams from virtually every country in Europe (including Russians), Canadians, Mexicans, Brazilians, Americans (USA), Australians, New Zealanders and we also spotted some from the Far East! The ensuing comradeship and banter proved almost as "uplifting" as the climbing.



WHAT IS IT?

The island measures a much incised 20km by 13km. It is very mountainous and has many summits over 500m with the highest being "Profitis Ilias" at 676m. Steep and barren hillsides plunge dramatically down to the usually placid but sharply contrasting blue sea. The view from any point is expansive and invariably spectacular. On land, surface water is non-existent and the low, thorny scrub provides sparse sustenance for but a few roaming goats. Many of these hillsides are scarred by a multitude of great cliffs particularly along the western side of the island. These cliffs are home to the most amazing concentration of bolted rock routes to be found anywhere on earth. In our 2009 visit there were 81 different sectors (cliff /crag) and around 1,200 top quality climbs. About 10 new sectors are explored each year and a corresponding number of new routes added. To date, 2009, it is considered that barely 35% of the island's potential has been realised! All these sectors are within a convenient 5 to 30 minute walk from the road. For

THE ROCK. This is the limestone that all climbers dream about, massive, solid and lots of variety. It may be a 60° angle slab, a vertical wall, a great intimidating roof or any variation in-between. Further features are the many challenging areas of flowstone, the long and technical tufa ribs and the great roof stalactites that have to be intricately negotiated - sensational! Or it could be the everyday arête, groove, corner, bulge and scoop. The holds and techniques vary from pure balance and friction to delightful one and two finger "gouts", pockets, delicate edging, jugs, pinch grips, lay-backs, mantle-shelves, jams and bridging. We never came across any loose rock and our only minor moan, made just for the sake of moaning, was the occasional razor sharp hold or rough feature. Even if there is rain, an unusual event, the rock is normally climbable again within 15 minutes.

THE ROUTES.

The declared object of the bolting is both safety and to ensure that climbers can concentrate on the technical difficulty of a route.

A set of standards have been put in place to ensure all bolting conforms to these ethics. The routes themselves frequently exceed a pitch length of 30m so a 70m sports rope is recommended together with 16 quick draws. The majority of routes are single pitch but some can extend to five. The grading system used is the internationally recognised French sporting system that on Kalymnos extends from 4 through to 9a+! The majority of climbs are in the 5c to 7a category. We are "mid grade" climbers and we found that we could transfer directly from the grade we were used to in the UK to the same one on Kalymnos. All routes are good but the guide book also adds one, two and three stars with a musical note for the ultimate ones.

A few examples of climbs that proved the most memorable for us are noted as follows. A very good introductory sector to the island is "Arhi", this is just five minutes from the road, combines a great overhanging rock shelter dripping with formations and very hard routes with more amenable walls and slabs at either side. We particularly enjoyed Apoplus, 6a 25m, and Axe, 6b 30m, to the left and Medusa, 6a+ 27m and Minotauro, 5c 18m to the right. A few hundred metres to the right is sector "Sea Breeze" with the brilliant 6a 37m Pirancha and 6b 35m Sea Breeze both of which wind their way up a steep slab and overlaps on sustained gouts and finger pockets. Right again is sector "Red Wall" and here the route of the crag, and not just because of its name, is the 6b 25m Wild Sex, an absorbing technical challenge with a sting in the tale. Equally good are Borhok, 6b 25m and Pornokini 6a 28m. For those wanting an easier outing then the excellent "Kasteli" situated at the end of a small peninsular could be the solution. Here is a host of quality 20 - 25m long routes from 5a to 6a+. Up the hill above Armeos village stands "Iliada". On the very steep but pocketed walls hereabouts we frightened ourselves on the superb Ektor, 6c and 28m long. Just to the right is Beautiful Helen, another three star 6a+ 30m route on great jugs and small pockets. Several hundred metres further right again is "Poets"; on this sector are 30 routes, 13 of which have either three stars or musical notes - all are brilliant and may take in steep slabs, walls, bulges, flowstone, tufas and overhangs. Try Mustass, 5c, Sapfo 6a+ and Oreads, 6b. "Syblegades", above Kamari, is an unusual venue rather like a mini canyon. The climbing feels different but the routes are equally superb; Phineas, 22m and 5c winds its way up an improbable overhang on great jugs; Drama at 6a+ and 20m is a technical masterpiece and K.V.R. climbs a leaning wall on wild undergrips before pulling over an equally wild overhang, 6b and 30m. The suggestions could go on and on! Everything and everywhere at whatever grade is a delight. Probably the finest on Earth!

So, to sum up, there may be crags elsewhere that are individually bigger and as good, Buoux and Verdon come to mind, but we are sure that nowhere else combines the consistently top quality routes, top quality bolting, ease of access, ambience and sunshine that Kalymnos has on offer.

WHEN TO GO.

With the probable exception of January and February it is possible to climb almost daily in any other month. However the perfect time to visit the island has to be during April,

May and early June together with late August through to November or even into December.

DIVERSIONS.

Walking.

The freely accessible hills and coastline provide many spectacular opportunities for some great days and a local bar is never too far away.

Caving.

There is nothing really large on the island but Skalia cave has some impressive and well decorated chambers as does Kafala cave albeit on a smaller scale.

Swimming.

In early spring the sea is still cold but by mid-summer the water temperature proves very pleasant. Diving.

The water is clear and scuba diving is reported to be comparable with the best that the Mediterranean has to offer.

Beaches.

Large, sandy beaches are not to be found on Kalymnos but there are a considerable number of small hidden sandy bays that prove well worth finding.

HISTORICAL KALYMNOS.

In the main town of Pothia there is a very well presented and informative archaeological museum. This charts the surprising history of the island and points to many sites that may be visited. A brief historical timeline reads as follows. Around 3000BC, the Neolithic period; 3000 to 1100BC, the Bronze Age with Minoan influences; Around 1100BC, the Mycaenaen Age with involvement in the Trojan War; 1100 to 700BC, a dark age with the island being overrun by Dorian warriors and several devastating earthquakes; 700 to 480BC, the island becomes a city state; 480 to 323BC, Kalymnos joins the Athenian Alliance; 30BC to 330AD, the Roman era; 330 to 1523, the Christian Byzantian era; 1523 to 1912, Turkish Ottoman rule; 1912 - 1943, Italian rule; 1943 to 1947, German occupation; 1948 onwards, Kalymnos becomes part of the Greek state.

For more detail visit the excellent website www.kourosgreece.org

GETTING THERE.

It is not possible to fly direct to Kalymnos from any UK airport. The normal way is to take a charter flight to Kos, then a 15 minute taxi ride to the port of Mastihari and finally a 30 minute ferry to Pothia the main town of Kalymnos. Mastihari has good eating facilities and accommodation if there are any delays. A second option is to get a flight to Athens (Easyjet, Aegean, Olympicair etc) and then fly direct to Kalymnos. It is also possible to get a 12 hour overnight ferry from Athens or a two hour one from Rhodes.

Once on the island the most popular mode of transport is by moped. These are available from many obvious outlets in the climbing areas. Small car hire is also an option but surprisingly we found pre-paid Avis to be cheaper than the local businesses. Buses cover much of the island and taxis are also easily available.

MAPS AND GUIDES.

Good maps at 1:25,000 can be obtained from Stanfords of Long Acre, London; The Map Shop, Upton upon Severn and other good travel shops. Failing this then they are readily obtainable from shops on Kalymnos. The standard guide is "Kalymnos Rock Climbing Guide" by Aris Theodoropoulos and this is published by the Acharnes Alpine Club of Greece (ISBN: 960-85644-8-4). The ever increasing number of new routes ensures that this publication is updated virtually every two years. Information on the very latest routes and sectors can be obtained from the "Climbers Information Centre" on the main road at Armeos (just after Masouri).

USEFUL CONTACTS.

Climbing. www.8a.nu (sports and bouldering worldwide)

Ferries. www.ferries.gr

Flights. www.aegeanair.com www.easyjet.com
www.olympicair.com www.thomson.co.uk

General, including accommodation and vehicle hire.
www.kalymnos-isl.gr



A NEAR MISS !

DAVID HANDLEY

Sometime in the 70s on a Glen Etive Meet our party had a close call.

Having breakfasted early we struck up the Bidean nam Bian ridge from the the Lairig Eilde. Perfect weather and firm snow made the use of crampons a pleasure. There must be two miles of ridge to the summit of Bidean at 3766 feet. Oh joy !



The easiest descent is to proceed west for a few hundred yards then south to a prominent col then a long leg down the Gleann Fhaolin and back to the hut. Could be a very nice day.

The party, as I remember consisted of myself, Chapman, English, Gott and Jones G.

We picnicked on the summit and chatted to other parties who arrived by a variety of routes. It was decided the easy route described gave little 'sport' and that we should be more ambitious! We were. It was agreed we would descend one of the gullies near the summit which ran out to the aforementioned glen.

Crampons checked, ice axe straps secure and off we went.

The steepness started within yards and care was needed instantly. However we made progress on two ropes. The valley beckoned but only the next 30 yards could be viewed with certainty. There was no way we could tell whether it would 'go'.

Gott was at the front as ever, recceing the route. English was on my rope and maybe 40 feet above.

And then it happened !

English was on the slide. He let me know same. I anchored my axe and crouched heavily upon it.

English was accelerating but, a mixed blessing, he was heading straight for me. He arrived with some force but mercifully stopped. He had the look of a spared man.

We regrouped, checked for injury, noted our heart beats seemed to be abnormal, downed some chocolate and prayed Gott could find us an exit. He did and we reached the hut before dark.

Reflecting on this incident some 30 years later it seems that that was all it was; an incident, but I can tell you in the minds of myself and English it was the nearest we have ever been to meeting our maker when in the hills. A chance alignment of bodies undoubtedly saved the day. Such marginal circumstance are often the difference between safety and disaster.

At some other Etive meet in that decade a largish party of us was on Stob Ghabhar on a misty day with Gott in charge of navigation. We got into some difficulty and there was disagreement as to the route. We got down by dusk.

I tell you this only to say that it is the only day I ever carried a sleeping bag on a Scottish hill and thought there would be every chance of using it !

THE LAND OF THE LONG WHITE CLOUD

Roy Denney and
Phil Dover

Spotlight on New Zealand, as we call it

As the world seems to shrink and more of our members find their way to the other side of the world, the Islands of New Zealand keep popping up in tales of their travels. Indeed a number of members have family out there.

Frequently we get snippets of modest ascents and snatched interludes in family holidays but were it nearer and less expensive to get there, it would be worthy of some very serious exploits. Mt. Cook (known as Aoraki by the Maori) stands 3,754 metres high, making it the highest not only in New Zealand, but in all of Australasia and Oceania.



It actually consists of three summits lying slightly south and east of the main divide.

In English these are named rather unimaginatively as the Low Peak, Middle Peak and High Peak.

In this land of phenomenal views and unbelievable landscapes, Mitre Peak in Fiordland is perhaps one of the more dramatic of their mountains in that it stands at 1570 metres and rises straight out of the sea.



Altogether NZ has at least 20 peaks above 3000 metres high and countless glaciers.

Like many island nations New Zealand has an exceptionally long coastline at about 10,000 miles. It has miles of glorious beaches but also hundreds of deep coves, bays, river mouths and steep-sided fiords.

Following comments on our President's recent trip there, Phil Dover has been recalling his visits to 'tramp' over these islands and I have just been out to see for myself.

Phil writes that he lived for 4 years in New Zealand in the late 1960's and has been back 3 times since retiring.

"Throughout the country there are fine wild areas for walking with many multi day trips. In the North Island these are mainly below the bush line, but for me the best are in the South Island in the Southern Alps. The weather always needs to be taken into account especially in the Alps where North West winds (Nor-Westers) can dump 250 mm of rain in 12 hours making the smallest streams impossible to cross. Whilst there are many expeditions into the back country, where there are few or no facilities and which need proper planning, the routes I am going to describe are ones my wife and I have done since retiring. All apart from the first have adequate huts i.e. with bunks, cooking areas and toilets but all food and fuel needs to be carried. Most huts are run by DOC (Department of Conservation) and you pay on a nightly basis or if having an extended holiday you can

buy an Annual ticket which covers all huts apart from those on the Great Walks such as the Routeburn and Milford Tracks.

The most northerly walk is round Cape Reinga which is a 3 day tramp and needs a tent. After arranging transport at Waikiki Landing you can do the route in either direction. We started at Spirits Bay, with a beautiful walk along a beach for about 8 km at the end of which, if the tide is in as it was with us, you cross an inlet waist deep. After the next bay the track climbs onto a ridge which leads to the DOC campsite at the next bay. The next day the track leads along the coast line to Cape Reinga where the Tasman Sea crashes into the Pacific and then down to another long beach. After a climb over sand dunes and through scrub you reach Twilight Beach where we camped with only the roar of the pounding surf to keep us company. The last day is only a short day along the beach over a headland to 90 mile beach and then up the attractive Te Pahi Stream to the pick up point.

Another walk in Northland is a 2 day trip out to Cape Brett and back, which is unusual in that there is a fee to pay as it crosses Maori land. At the far end is a hut which you pay for at the DOC office in Russell and get the combination for the lock. The track follows a long headland ridge overlooking the Bay of Islands leading to an imposing hut which was once the lighthouse man's residence, and has gas rings for cooking. The views are magnificent and we just missed a pod of Orcas swimming past the hut.

Another 2 or 3 day trip in North Island is in the beautiful Coromandel Peninsular and uses tracks built by the Kauri loggers. Kauri trees only grow in the north of North Island and were much prized for their timber. In order to get the logs down from the hills the loggers built tripdams to float them down to the mills on the coast. The tramp starts up the Kauaeranga valley, climbing partly up a staircase built for mules to a plateau where there are still many small kauri trees. It continues to the Pinnacles Hut, which is large and modern with gas rings.

Beyond the hut the track climbs the Pinnacles themselves, partly with ladders.



From the hut are 2 routes, the 2 day Moss Creek or the 1 day Billy Goat track which we did in heavy rain making the Billy Goat Falls a splendid sight. When the loggers tried driving logs over this waterfall most were smashed to bits and so a tramline was built to get the logs to the main valley.

The last walk we did in North Island was in the Urewera National Park which is an extensive park covered in native bush with only the highest tops clearing the bush line and the large Waikaremoana lake in the centre. We did a 3 day

or rather a 1 day and 2 half day trip, the first day from the visitor centre up to Sandy Bay hut on the lovely Waikareiti lake. The second day we climbed up through Southern Beech (*Nothofagus* sp) bush, to near the tree line where the diminutive trees were covered in thick moss, like the Goblin forest in Lord of the Rings. We spent the night in a tiny hut overlooking miles of forest in all directions. The last day follows a ridge back to the road by Lake Waikaremoana.

The next walk was in the north of South Island. We had planned to go to the Nelson Lakes National Park but to avoid the Nor-Wester forecast for Christmas Eve, at the last minute we decided to do the Queen Charlotte Walkway on the Marlborough Sounds. We later heard the Nelson Lakes had been hit by a severe storm with snow to low levels. We backpacked the Walkway but there is accommodation along its length and you can even have your luggage transported by boat to your next lodging. The route starts at Ship Cove, which you reach by water taxi, where Captain Cook repaired his boat and rested his crew, and it follows a ridge between two of the Sounds. It is a 4 day easy walk along a good scenic track. Most of the bush is secondary growth after attempts at farming failed in this area.

We reached Resolution Bay after about 2 hours just as the storm arrived so we were pleased to stay in one of the huts.



The Bay and Mount Charlotte

By 11 am the next morning we were able to continue, and at the next campsite we had our best de-hy meal for Christmas dinner. The water taxi will pick you up at the finish to take you back to Picton.

Another year we returned to the Nelson Lakes to do the 6 day Travers - Sabine trip although as a Nor-Wester was forecast on the 3rd day, we took an extra days food. The route follows the shore of Lake Rotoiti and then up the Travers valley through bush and on river flats to the John Tait hut. The next day is a short day with a steepish climb to the Upper Travers hut above the bush line with good views to the surrounding peaks. The Nor-Wester came in that night and by morning there was a river running under the hut. It was ankle deep on the boardwalk merely to reach the toilets, we later heard that an American party trying to move between 2 huts in the Sabine valley got caught between 2 streams and had to sit it out for 10 hours until the water went down. The next day was sunny as we climbed over the Travers Saddle and made the long descent into the Sabine valley and the West Sabine hut. Then you follow the Sabine river with numerous fishermen trying to catch the monster trout in it to the Sabine hut at the end of Lake Rotoroa. The penultimate day is the stiff 1200 m climb to the Angelus hut up a poorly marked bush covered spur to open tops and the descent to the hut. It was good to see it this time, as the last time the clouds were so thick even when we reached the toilet hut that we still had trouble

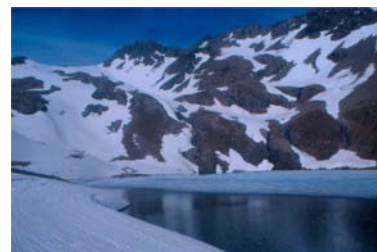
finding the hut. It is in a beautiful situation in a bowl of peaks by a lake. From there the usual route is to follow the Roberts ridge track back to the road.



Looking into Angelus Basin, the Angelus and upper huts

The next route is in Arthur's Pass National Park the Goat Pass Track. This is used in the Coast to Coast Race where competitors from all over the world, cycle, run, paddle then cycle again from the West coast to the East coast over 1 or 2 days alone or as a team of 2; but for ordinary mortals it is a 2 day trip. This route fortunately has not been "improved" as much as the other routes and there are numerous fords to negotiate and the Deception river has a notorious reputation. When we lived in NZ more lives were lost river crossing than on the mountains, but now many of the old fords are bridged. It starts with several fords on the Bealey and then Mingha rivers before climbing up into the bush. Above the bush are some boardwalks to protect the vegetation to the pass, and not far below is the hut.

After leaving our packs we climbed up to the ice covered Lake Mavis 500 m above in a fine cirque. The next day is spent following the Deception river down to the main road.



Much of it is quite easy going but we missed a ford and had to struggle along a steep tree covered hillside unable to descend to the river again and it was 10 hours not 6 when we reached the road.

The next 2 routes are in the Mount Aspiring National Park starting at the head of Lake Wakatipu, Queenstown is now a tourist Mecca so it is best do your shopping and head straight for Glenorchy, my favourite place in NZ. Much of Lord of the Rings was filmed around here and it has a good bus service to the start of several walks such as the Routeburn and the 4 Pass trip, although that is a more serious than the tracks we have done since returning to NZ.

When we returned to NZ the Rees Dart track was a must do as we had attempted it the first summer we lived in NZ and failing to cross a difficult ford and had to return down the Rees but now we knew this ford was bridged. The Rees-Dart is a 4 day trip from but better take an extra days rations to climb to Cascade Saddle. The track is well waymarked up across river flats and then through bush, whereas in the 1960's you just bee-lined up the valley crossing the river when you came to it but now there are no cattle in the valley and the grass is tall and tussocky. Shelter Rock hut is at the tree line and the next day you climb over the saddle and descend open slopes to the Dart Hut. If you have time the next day climb to Cascade Saddle which looks over the deep trench of the Matukituki to Mount Aspiring and its

surrounding peaks and glaciers, I forgot to take my sunglasses and had to retreat because of the glare from the snowfields. The last 2 days are following the Dart river to the pickup point, this was a major source of alluvial gold in the 1860's.



Snowy Creek & Mount Cunningham



Mount Aspiring from Cascade Saddle

The other trip from Glenorchy we have done is the Cables Greenstone trip, which follows the Cables valley to the Upper Cables hut.



From there it is a steep climb over the McKellar Saddle, followed by a steep descent to Lake McKellar at the bottom end of which is the McKellar hut.



It is a 2 day easy trip down the Greenstone Valley, unless you are suffering from gout!

Caples Valley and views from McKellar Saddle, Mount Christina in background



The last trip is on Stewart Island, the island which lies off the south coast of South Island and is reached by ferry from Bluff. Stewart Island is renowned for its wildlife especially its native birds and unlike most of the other walks mentioned is covered with podocarp forest not Southern Beech. There is a 3 day trip and we were very fortunate with the weather. It was hot and sunny, the first day following the coast, to Port William hut with the bush reaching down to the tide line. The following day you climb over a ridge to North Arm hut on another inlet. Then the track follows old forestry roads back to the quaint town.

Phil hopes this gives some idea of what is available for average YRC members in NZ, "of course there are many worthwhile day walks as well and always the mountains themselves."

My own opportunities were more limited with my family in tow including my grandson who has just turned 3 and wanted carrying much of the time. We did however get in a number of the shorter walks on offer and even these usually involved a fair amount of climb. Even such modest day walks provided opportunities to see unusual flora and fauna and the scenery is indeed spectacular.

When visiting Milford Sound, Mitre Peak was shrouded in cloud and whilst we lost something in not being able to see the summits the brooding presence of these mountains rising straight out of the sea in the Fiordland National Park was impressive and this rare for us bit of wet weather did give rise to some superb waterfall views and we did see the odd penguin and seal.



The fascinating Te Anau cave system on the western shore of Lake Te Anau is a show cave for the first section where rushing water drowns out any chance of making yourself heard which made the efforts of the tour guide a bit pointless. At the end of the section opened up to the public a damming of part of the system allows us to take to punts drifting in silent darkness beneath the luminous shimmer of literally thousands of glowworms. By geological standards the caves are very young (only 12,000 years or so) and are still being carved out by the enormous force of the river that flows through them. The result is a twisting network of limestone passages filled with dramatically sculpted rock, whirlpools and a roaring underground waterfalls. Having done some modest caving in the past my mind boggles at how the first people to explore this system ever got in. It is in fact a seven kilometre cave system carrying truly enormous amounts of water. Te Anau also afforded us some superb sunsets (see picture 17 over leaf)

Walking round the cliffs and coastal rocks of Kaikoura we almost had to shoo off the New Zealand Fur Seals and taking a boat just a few miles off shore we came alongside giant sperm whales.



Playing just off the beach we saw the world's rarest and smallest dolphin, the Hector and further out saw pods of Dusky Dolphins. Throw in the odd Wandering Albatross and it was a good trip.

Giant Sperm Whales are present all year round taking advantage of one of the worlds deepest ocean trenches just off shore. The Orca or Killer Whale can often be spotted, and Humpback Whales, Pilot Whales, Blue Whales and Southern Right Whales are also apparently to be seen depending upon the season.

Crossing Arthur's Pass we came upon Keas, the mountain parrot (*Picture 13*).

I was interested to hear Phil's views on Glenorchy. Whilst there is not a lot to the village itself it is the gateway to a superb unspoilt valley which culminates in an area called Paradise and I cannot argue with the name. It is easy to see why film makers flood to this location. The mountains skirting the valley may not be the highest in the world but they do have classic profiles and when we were walking up the valley in glorious sunshine with snow still on the tops it was a view to die for (*Picture 15*).

Another point worth a mention is the startling colour of the lakes and estuarial waters. No one seemed to have any solid explanation but the chemical composition of the water, the brilliant sunshine and the thin ozone layer and high UV count were all suggested. Whatever the reason, at times the colour was unbelievable.

Colour leaves a lasting impression in my mind; not only the incredible blues or the very green greens but the slopes of glorious broom cladding the hillsides and the swathes of wild standard and bush lupins along the river courses in the alkaline areas.

Phil has extolled the opportunities afforded by the numerous long distance trails and I have tried to give a flavour of the countryside on offer but there is of course the much more serious stuff to be had.

We walked into a number of glaciers all of which provide starting points for some high level routes. As usual they themselves were fairly nondescript and grubby but two stand out in my memory.

Tasman Glacier, retreating as they all are, has created a glacial lake at its foot on which there are a number of ice bergs and Franz Joseph which is a particularly fine setting. (See pictures 11 & 18)



The Books of Remembrance at Mt. Cook detailing the many people who have lost their lives on that mountain alone does confirm that there is a challenge for everyone in the Southern Alps and the land of the long white cloud.

I actually saw a collar of cloud on several peaks, a phenomenon which may have given rise to this Maori name. This picture is of the Remarkables over Lake Wakatipu near Queenstown.



Other lasting memories are very friendly and helpful locals; clean well laid out communities, if few of them; miles and miles of open road and cyclists.

Driving the main trunk road south in the daytime I often found that I saw no cars for as long as 15 minutes and you could go literally tens of miles before you saw a building.

Adrenalin junkies were bungee jumping or jet boating down the Shotover River but these are quick thrills and actually very safe (and expensive). The courage and stamina of the cyclists was more impressive. It is mountain biking seventh heaven but road cyclists were to be seen crossing all the mountain passes even those taking nearly an hour to ascend by car.

Phil has been out several times and of course lived there for a while and has covered both North & South Island. We based ourselves in Christchurch where our son and grandson live and in just over a month never got further north on South Island than Arthur's Pass and Kaikoura.

There is good walking to be had almost within walking distance of Christchurch. The city sits on the coast below the crater of an ancient volcano now broached by the sea and there are good walks with fine views on to and along the ridge. It is actually a double crater as looking over into the Governors Bay and across to Diamond Harbour the backcloth rim is Banks Peninsular beyond which is another former crater open to the sea with Akoria providing a water sports and dolphin watching opportunity. The peninsular itself is great walking country. Within and just beyond the City itself the beautiful river Avon can be followed for many a mile through glorious gardens and parks.

Whilst spending some time with family in Christchurch our tours around the island were fascinating.

The first trip visited Lake Tekapo, Mount Cook and the Tasman and Hooper Glaciers, Queenstown with the Shotover River and Lake Wakatipu, Glenorchy and Paradise, Lake Manpouri, Te Anau, Milford Sound, Arrowtown, Lake Wanaka, Haarst, Fox Glacier, Lake Matheson, Franz Joseph Glacier, Lake Mapourika, Okarito, Lake Mahinapua, Hokitika and then over Arthur's Pass back to Christchurch.

I can commend all of this to you except perhaps Mt. Cook unless as a start for some serious walking. It is a drab and commercial outpost. Okarito is a long way from anywhere with not much to do even though it has a YHA hostel. Other trips took in the Banks Peninsula and Akoria and then Kaikoura and Hanmer Springs, all well worth a visit.



There is a lot to go at! We will of course return.

The family above Hanmer

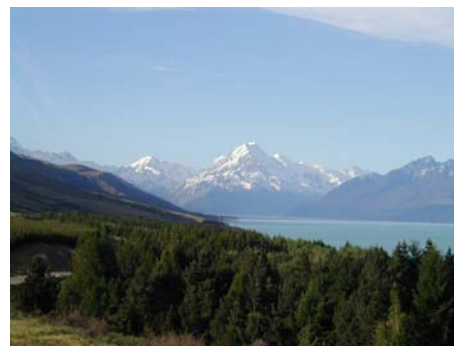
What chance a club meet there? Perhaps a core two weeks when the club could tackle a couple of multi-day treks with members bolting on time before and after to suit domestic considerations and other ambitions?

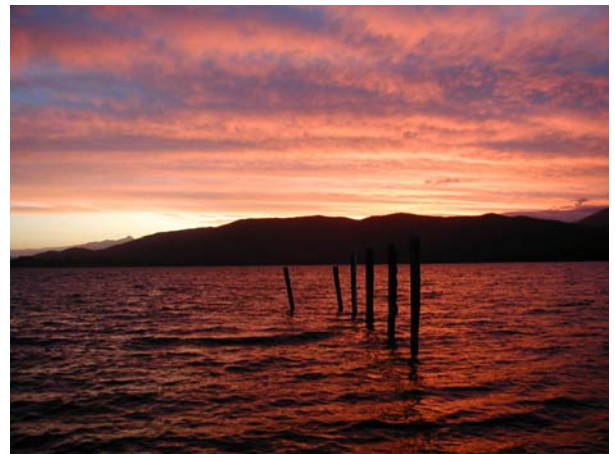
COLOURFUL NEW ZEALAND

Phil's pictures - Mount Travers (1) and nearby D'Urville (2) Snowy Creek, Mount Edward (3) Resolution Bay (4)



- 5 River Avon
- 6 River Avon
- 7 Governors Bay
- 8 Akaroa
- 9 Lake Tekapo
- 10 Mt Cook over Lake Pukaki
- 11 Tasman Lake
- 12 Queenstown
- 13 Kea
- 14 Shotover River
- 15 Glenorchy-Paradise
- 16 Lake Te Anau
- 17 Te Anau sunset
- 18 Franz Joseph Glacier
- 19 Lake Mahinapua
- 20 Kaikoura
- 21 Kaikoura





BOOK REVIEWS

MOUNTAIN MAGIC by Van Greaves
Frances Lincoln ISBN 978-0-7112-2858-0
reviewed by Roy Denney



Mountain Magic is a personal selection of over 150 of his favourite photographs by Van Greaves, representing the best of the images he has captured during 40 years of walking and climbing in the mountains of Britain.

It unsurprisingly includes Snowdon, Scafell, Ben Nevis, the Torridon peaks and the Cullins of Skye, but also many lesser known hills and viewpoints which make this book something for those of us who love the mountains to really enjoy and bring back memories of our times on the hill.

No less interesting are the author's comments on the hardships endured and the patience required in capturing these dramatic images. It has often involved pre-dawn starts from overnight wild camps on the hills, to capture the elusive mountain light.

From glorious summer sunsets over Snowdonia and dawn over a ridge in the Lake District, to the mighty Ben Nevis in a stinging winter squall, Mountain Magic is full of extraordinary images in all kinds of lighting and weather conditions. As Van says in his introduction: 'There seems to be a greater range of light and atmospheric conditions in Britain than can be captured by a photographer in the greater ranges, such as the Himalaya, North America, the Alps and Scandinavia

I can commend this book to you – it is truly spectacular and as a lover of both photography and the mountains I will enjoy it for years. It has a face charge in hardback of £25 but can be had for much less than this if you shop around. I picked mine up online from Hay on Wye Booksellers. Examples of his pictures can be seen on his web site www.vangreaves.com

JIM PUTTRELL - Pioneer Climber & Cave Explorer by Craddock J.P. (2009)

reviewed by Steve Craven pp. xviii + 331, maps, illustrations & surveys. ISBN: 978-1848761803

The late Jim Puttrell (1868 - 1939) is well known to all cavers and climbers in the Peak District and further afield. He first climbed at the age of 18 years when he was taken to the top of Snowdon by his father. Since then he climbed, and later caved, to the exclusion of almost every other activity. He made the first ascent of 160 rock climbs mainly in the Peak District, and in the Lake District, North Wales, and Scotland. He also climbed in the Alps. His name was given to 15 features on and in various rocks and caves in Britain.

Puttrell was an early member of the long defunct Kyndwr Club (1900), a founder member of the Climbers' Club (1898), and first President of the Derbyshire Pennine Club (1906). He was a member of many other clubs including the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club (1900), and a founder Council member of the British Speleological Association (1935).

Puttrell kept a diary, and was in great demand as a lecturer. He published his activities in newspapers and club journals, and in later life wrote his autobiography which failed to find a publisher and of which the manuscript is missing. But his diaries have survived from which, together with the published sources and ephemera from relatives and contemporaries, John Craddock has prepared this book which records Puttrell's career, and which is much more than a record of Puttrell's caving and climbing exploits. The author also discusses his companions, and gives insight into the club politics of the time.

No one has yet written a history of cave exploration in the Peak District. This book goes a long way to fill that gap. We are told in great detail about Puttrell's explorations in Pin Hole Cave, Eldon Hole, Speedwell Cavern, Peak Cavern, Blue John Cavern, Treak Cliff Cavern, Giant's Hole, Oxlow Caverns and the caves near Matlock. Puttrell also visited Stump Cross Caverns (twice - 1903 and 1922) and Mitchelstown Cave in Ireland (1911 et seq.). In later life (1928) he visited caves in Austria and Slovenia.

This book is well written, well illustrated, well produced, well researched with all sources of information listed, and therefore is highly recommended. It is available for £19-95 + £1-70 postage & packing (Leicester: Matador)

Editors note

The author has kindly donated a copy of this book to the Club and will find its way to the library at Lowstern. Having now had a chance to look at it I can support the comments expressed above

ROBERT GEORGE SPENCER HUDSON, FRS., 1895 - 1965; HIS TRANSIENT APPEARANCE ON THE NORTHERN CAVING SCENE.

reviewed and researched by Steve Craven

Robert Hudson features briefly in the history of northern speleology because, while a Lecturer in Geology at Leeds University, he was the third and last President of the Leeds Cave Club 1936 - 1939 (*note 1*). In 1935 he was on the organising committee of the British Speleological Association (BSA) (*note 2*), and remained a founder Council member of the Association until 1937. There is no record that he attended any meeting. He was specifically noted to be absent from the 1936 BSA conference at Buxton (*note 3*). Not surprisingly he was not nominated for the 1938 Council (*note 4*).

Indeed, Hudson's academic caving activities appear to have been minimal. On 28 February 1934 he was elected Vice-President of the Settle Naturalists and Antiquarian Society (*note 5*). In June 1935 he attended a joint Yorkshire / Liverpool / Manchester Geological Societies meet at Settle (*note 6*).

On 6 June 1938 Hudson was at Gaping Gill with members of the Yorkshire Geological Society on the occasion of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club winch meet, but it is not recorded if he descended (*note 7*). On 14 May 1939 members of the Craven Pothole Club attended a geological field meet led by Hudson (*note 8*).

In September 1937 the BSA formed regional sub-committees with the support, inter alia, of the Leeds Cave Club (*note 9*). That for Yorkshire was deemed to be unconstitutional in February the following year (*note 10*). At the Council meeting on 28 January 1939 it was reported that, "Mr. Simpson said that Dr. Hudson would be a very suitable chairman and moved that ... be asked to call a meeting of the Yorkshire members of the Association under the chairmanship of Dr. Hudson to consider the formation of a new committee". The motion was carried; and Hudson, having been elevated to Professor designate in June 1939, was duly elected Yorkshire Regional Chairman. His promotion would have conferred considerable prestige on the BSA and on the Leeds Cave Club.

The reconstituted Yorkshire regional sub-committee was then, "engaged on its active programme of co-operation with and assistance to the local associated societies. A programme of lectures has been begun, to be held at Cragdale at week-ends, and the help of the club secretaries has been obtained in issuing a combined programme of all the season's club events in the district" (*note 11*). Unfortunately the outbreak of war three months later ensured that this aspect of the BSA's northern activities ceased (*note 12*). But Hudson did encourage the Craven Pothole Club's 1946 - 1952 dig at the Water Sinks downstream from Malham Tarn, extravagantly believing that behind Malham Cove there is "one of the largest potholes in the world" (*note 13*).

In the early 1970s I therefore called on Hudson's widow in Riddlesden in the hope that she might have some memories, documents and published material which would help my research. She regretted that she was unable to help.

The following week I went to the Geology Department at Leeds University where the Chief Technician spent an afternoon showing me the huge collection of 3¼ inch glass slides of the interior of caves which had been taken by Godfrey Bingley. They had been used by Hudson to illustrate his lectures to students. From the historical point of view they were disappointing because they were undated, and were of places rather than of people. As I was leaving I said that I was next going to call on one of Hudson's colleagues at the Department, Henry Cherry Versey.

The Chief Technician then told me the unfortunate story. In 1939 Hudson had been appointed Professor of Geology, and shortly thereafter had put Versey's niece in the family way. Hudson had been required to resign, and shortly afterwards consulted for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. To avoid embarrassment I therefore ceased to follow that line of research.

In Hudson's recently published biography (*note 14*), his eleventh child, William, gives the full story of his father's ancestors, career and complicated family life. He begat 12 children by three women, of which only five were initially legitimate. At one time he had a family living in Ingleton under assumed names, while another family was maintained near Keighley. Eventually he did the decent thing and married his third partner.

After his forced departure from Leeds University Hudson moved to the petroleum industry, inter alia prospecting in the Zagros Mountains east of Kirkuk in Iraq. In 1959 he was appointed to the Geology Department at Trinity College, Dublin, where he died in 1965.

In his book William Hudson speculates on what might have happened if his father had behaved himself and remained at Leeds University. One possibility not discussed is that Hudson senior might have increased his activities with the BSA and associated clubs, and have developed an interest in speleogenesis. He well knew the Yorkshire limestone, and published innumerable learned papers about it. It is clear from his slide collection that he was familiar with many of the caves. If Hudson had remained in the Chair at Leeds he may well have developed an interest in the science of caves, and published

on that subject after 1945 in collaboration, or in competition, with Marjorie Sweeting who was an early writer about Yorkshire cave geomorphology (*note 15*) .

- 1 - Craven S.A. (1976) The Leeds Cave Club 1930 - 1939. Journal of the Craven Pothole Club 5. (4), 217 - 220.
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- 3 - Report of R.M. Brench on his visit to the speleological conference at Buxton, 1936, as delegate of the Leeds Cave Club. MS in possession of the author.
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- 5 - West Yorkshire Pioneer (1934) 02 Mar. p. 5.
- 6 - West Yorkshire Pioneer (1935) 14 June p. 5.
- 7 - Craven Herald (1938) 10 June pp. 10 & 11.
- 8 - Craven Herald (1939) 9 May p. 8.
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- 10 - Minutes of a Special Meeting of Council held at the Museum, Buxton, on February 26th, 1938. MS in possession of the author.
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- 12 - Craven S.A. (2001) The British Speleological Association (1935 - 1973) and its founder, Eli Simpson: with particular reference to activities in the northern Pennines of England. Cave and Karst Science 28. (3), 99 - 112.
- 13 - (Scott H.J.) (1951) The Dalesman 13. (3), 105.
- 14 - Hudson (R.)W.(S.) (2008) HUD The Life and Work of Robert George Spencer Hudson, FRS. 117 pp. ISBN-13: 978-0-9815556-2-1; ISBN-10: 0-9815556-2-4. US\$15 + postage + import duty from the author at WilliamTheRebel@gmail.com.
- 15 - Sweeting M.M. (1973) Karst Landforms (New York: Columbia University Press).



S.O.S. I'M OVER HERE

Ed

If you are heading to somewhere remote you may wish to take Michael Smith up on an offer he's made to members. He's willing to lend out his AccuSat personal rescue beacon for a small consideration and a promise of battery replacement and meeting any rescue costs incurred if it is triggered. On activation in an emergency and provided it has a reasonable view of the sky, the fist-sized device take under a minute to get a GPS fix then transmits that fix on the new worldwide 406 MHz digital system. Whatever rescue services are available should then be informed. The PLB then flashes brightly, keeps sending a homing signal and beeps reassuringly until switched off or the battery is depleted. It is rugged and it floats but is no substitute for taking care in the first place. To avoid confusion over who is wanting to be rescued there's some paperwork involved a month beforehand to let the UK database know who is in the party, what they are doing and how they and their next



OF YARNS OF TARNs AND OTHER WATER

Back in 1998 I wrote of the somewhat strange affinity members of the Club seem to have with water. I have been going out with the club for almost 40 years and over all of that period I seem to have been getting wet regularly and some members seem to take perverse delight in it.

One of my early introductions to the more insane but surprisingly enjoyable sidelines of the club was an early experience of becking. I have recollections of fighting our way up Hell Gill to achieve the top of a natural water shoot where by sitting in the top of the gully and spreading oneself to create a natural dam the water could be backed up until your arms gave way at which point you were ejected at a great rate of knots to drop into a deep pool. I also recall subsequently standing at a bar taking internal refreshment and along with my colleagues, seeping half a beck onto the bar-room floor. This pastime seems to be having a renaissance. Many groups are arranging beck bottoming, canyoning, coasting, coasteering, coast swimming, and similar trips which are the same basic activity in different locations under different names.

The Club's becking exploits continued throughout the seventies including Tilberthwaite with its difficult upper exit and Howsteen Gorge in Nidderdale to name but two. I recalled in that article that the most dramatic becking trip I could remember was at a Lakes meet with snow on the higher hills when we decided to climb Scafell by Piers Gill. This involved almost four hours largely immersed in snow melt including swimming across one deep pool to climb out up a 10 foot waterfall that took delight in constantly throwing us back. We finally exited this obstacle by stepping on Derek Clayton which every one seemed to enjoy. Derek stood on a rock well below the water surface whilst we climbed up him and then over the lip by standing on his head or shoulders.

More predictable exposure to water occurred in the occasional pots I was persuaded to descend and dipping through your first sump is not an experience soon forgotten much as you might try.

I do recall one trip through the caves at Goyden when squeezing through a shallow passage meant removing your helmet turning your face to the side and pushing the helmet forward through the mud with your head as you made progress, creating a foul tasting mini bow-wave as you went.

Other recollections include a Christmas meet at Braithwaite when on a particularly miserably wet day after numerous weeks of similarly miserably wet days, we decided on a comparatively low level walk above the west side of Derwentwater, dropping down for a late lunch-time drink around the head of the lake.

Perhaps not surprisingly in hindsight the lake was several feet deeper than usual and we were faced with the

prospect of either no drink; a further walk of at least 3 miles to get round the lake reasonably dry or going direct. Being the YRC and it fast approaching closing time I am sure those of you who were not involved will not be surprised at our choice. It was amusing to see cars stopping on the far bank on this dismal December day to watch half a dozen idiots walking across the duck boards up to their thighs in water and carrying their trousers over their heads. The last laugh was on us however because where the boards ended there was still 200 yards of water left and we were suddenly up to our waists. The pub was far too posh to allow us in but one generous soul did take our money in for us and brought out very well earned pints.

Another Club memory is of a Christmas meet at Kentmere when substantial amounts of snow had fallen and walking over to the Kirkstone Inn took far longer than expected and it was too late to return over the tops so we elected for a lower level return mostly in the dark and relying on our sense of direction which did not find us a bridge and we ended up wading through the river.

I recall members baling out flooded cars (me included), yachts being abandoned and meets aborted or diverted. I remember dropping rocks into a tarn to break the surface ice to allow a quick dip (and it was extremely quick). Sailing with fellow members brings back moments of unwanted excitement. I also remember a member disappearing up to his waist when he broke through the crust of an overgrown tarn. Who could ever forget the most awful smell he released.

There was a time when it was suggested that to be a member of the YRC webbed feet were a distinct advantage.

Whilst on the subject of tarns and yarms Alan Linford has turned up an old article on other intrepid souls who made even our activities seem positively soft.

The article appeared in the Guardian back in 1959 under the authorship of an A H Griffin a name which rings bells with me although I cannot recall why. I cannot imagine that if he is still with us 50 years on he will object to me recounting his tales.

He talked of the end of a long, cold story for two Grasmere men who had just, when, shivering in a shower of hail, scrambled out of a tarn high on a shoulder of Esk Pike and shook hands. There are, they estimated. 463 tarns in the Lake District, some large enough to sail a yacht on, others little more than rock pools and they had just bathed in the last one.

The younger of the two was Colin Dodgson, who kept the tea gardens in Grasmere and the older was Timothy Tyson, the village shoemaker. Dodgson was 49 and Tyson a mere 75.

Doing the tarns "—a feat never tackled before and perhaps not to be repeated for many years" (and as far as we can find out actually never repeated to this day) — is only one of their remarkable achievements. A few years earlier Dodgson became one of the first men to reach the summit of each of the 543 peaks and tops in Scotland more than 3,000 feet in height. He had also climbed each of the 2,000-footers in England, all the Welsh 2,500s, and every mountain in Ireland more than 3,000 feet high. On the great majority of these expeditions Tyson, who did not start peak-bagging until he was approaching 50, had been with him.

Tyson was unknown in the mountaineering world but he completed the ascent of all the 276 Munros in Scotland — the lifetime ambition of hundreds of younger men — several years earlier (nearly always in winter) and kept his mouth shut about it. He was almost as reticent about the story of the tarns.

"It certainly wasn't done as a stunt," Tyson had told the reporter, in his tiny cabin surrounded by photographs of snow-covered Scottish peaks, as he sat hand-sewing an old pair of climbing boots. "It was simply because we like wandering about on the fells. We tried to keep the whole thing as quiet as we could and we feel we have discovered the Lake District afresh, for you often find tarns in the most unlikely places."

They had to do most of their bathing in winter because Dodgson was too busy catering for the tourists in summer, and it had to be done on Sundays, for he had to work all other days. They were always back in Grasmere by midday, having normally set out at six or seven o'clock. Nobody ever saw them bathing and they never used bathing costumes, as there seemed no need. One morning they "did" fourteen or fifteen tarns.

The decision to bathe in all the tarns was taken on July 30, 1951. But long before that, during petrol rationing, they had gone to Tarn Hows every Sunday morning to bathe, and later they extended these trips to other tarns. First they did the bigger and best-known tarns and later, by studying the 6 inch maps and surveying the land from the mountain tops, they found more and more tarns and began to arrange them in groups.

Some of the tarns were not marked even on the 6-inch maps but provided they were permanent, not too small and deep enough to get into they were counted, and doubtful dubs and small pools have been excluded from the final list. Often they had to break the ice to get in as we have done — once on a group of tarns on Glaramara, which they thought had more tarns than any other Lake District mountain. Once they could not find their chosen tarn — a little pool in the Martindale deer forest until they had scraped away the snow and found the ice

But these were not the coldest bathes, but rather their dips in Hard Tarn on Helvellyn and in a tarn on Red Crag on High Street. The coldest summer bathe — they managed an occasional evening bathe out of the main holiday season — was in Scales Tarn on Blencathra.

The highest Lakeland tarns, they agree, are that on Broad Crag (Scafell Pike), which lies exactly at 2,750 feet, and Foxes Tarn on the Cam Spout side of Scafell, at about the same height. The deepest tarn is probably Blea Water in Mardale, while Devoke Water is the largest and Foxes Tarn, a tiny gem in a cluster of rocks, probably the smallest.

Inevitably, they had their favourites - Dodgson's are Blind Tarn near Conistone and Small Water, and Tyson speaks particularly of Hard Tarn, Lambfoot Dub, Broad Crag Tarn, Innominate Tarn on Hay-stacks and Low Water. The old man also spoke of little tarns whose names he has forgotten. "I remember passing one this summer," he told the reporter, — just a pool on the fell; but with the light on the water, the grey rocks, a little island with heather moss and a patch of yellow asphodel in flower, it was a lovely sight I can never forget."

They had been screamed at by geese, quacked at by ducks, barked at by dogs, and trumpeted at by wild swans when they invaded their territory. On one occasion a farmer moved a bull so that they could bathe undisturbed, and once they had to cut short a late night dip just before Christmas when ducks rose noisily and windows opened at a nearby farm. They expected any minute to be taken for poultry thieves and shot out of hand. Tyson finished sewing his climbing boot and took off his leather apron, "It is always a bit sad," he said, "when these tasks are finished — the mountains and now all the tarns. But I believe it is a good thing in life to have something to strive for, even if it's only climbing mountains or bathing in tarns."

Ahh! The days of yore.

It would be interesting to know how these gentlemen finished their days. However I am encouraged to see an upsurge of what might be described as the dafter pastimes of the past, in this safety conscious and litigious age as evidenced by such activities as coaststeering.

Perhaps the tarns could be a new challenge for the Club?

It is strange how people buy into unusual reasons and targets for just enjoying the area. I once met a man who had spent a lifetime making very accurate pen pictures of every conceivable design of stile and gate all of which he had claimed to have found in Lakeland. When I met him he was well beyond 200.

Another recent variation on this theme is the passion evidenced in a book by Robin Bray. Whether we like it or not the water is a major player in our perception of the Lakes but he is more interested in the bridges that cross the water. Not just the big, bold bridges carrying vehicles; he is interested in the crude little ones that are dotted amongst the fells, providing comparatively safe crossings of Cumbria's streams, becks and tarns etc. At the age of 64, he has put together a reputedly fascinating book in praise of the humble bridge.

Slaters bridge, by the LHG cottage is given due prominence.

The realisation that it was a Y.R.C. junket only dawned on me when I was confronted by a pile of identical green bags. For one horrible moment I thought they would all have the same tee shirt and sombreros.

We all gathered at Malaga airport and set off to La Gajala about 60 kms away following instructions from the owner that would have made a Victorian novelist envious for descriptive detail.

The villa, La Gajala was a mile up a dirt track at about 1,800 feet above sea level and was very nicely appointed, ideal for men of a certain age, all on one level. The nearest town was about five miles away and the scenery and buildings looked like they had been in a spaghetti western. The locals looked as if they had been extras in a "Fistful of Dollars".

My doubts on the trip started to solidify when it was decided to go on a late hike sans compass and map armed with only a sketch from the villa owner. After getting completely lost out on a Spanish hillside in the dark moonless night Neil Grant brandishing a certificate in orienteering took over and to my undying gratitude resisted all advice on direction (180 degrees wrong) and landed us back at the villa.

Day: Home minus 6.



Sun shining, team rampant ready to go. Arrived at the cliffs in the Valle Abdalajis with only a ten minute walk from the car, a very definite plus considering the age of the party. The whole place looked steep and hard! Confirmed by our ace climber Adrian falling off the first route ten foot up, spirits plummeted.

However, we soon got into the groove and we had an excellent day.

Day: Home minus 5.

Cloudy, slightly chilly so decided to look at the Camino Del Rey walkway and go through the gorge to climbs at Los Cotos, the original climbing area. Scary traverse to start until you got your head around the exposure. The route is basically an easy via ferrata and very dramatic. Cow tails are required for safety.



The climbing on Los Cotos was difficult and even our top climbers struggled on the 5+ routes with the incompetents among us finding it difficult to complete any without cheating.

We decided not to go back through the gorge but go and look at another climbing area and then travel back over the ridges again without map and compass. Shadows in the mind playing up again and we stumbled back into the car park as the last flicker of light departed.

Day: Home minus 4.

Sunny and warm climbed at Escalera Arabe. Probably the best climbing day where everyone had a great day climbing from 4s to 6a. Adrian and Neil completed a delicate Tyrolean traverse to rescue one karabiner (and a quick-draw) when any normal person would have said bugger it. The other party Tim, Mike and Brian set up an altitude record by completing a five pitch mountain route. Probably the only route of the week that was under graded. My theory on this is that all the other routes are for "rock jocks" who don't know how to work out a multi-pitch route and therefore could not grade it.

Day: Home minus 3

Rainy and cold so therefore decided to go on a sightseeing tour of the area. Went to Antequera the local large town complete with castle and tourist attractions (shops). Decided to have the tourist menu for lunch, something I have always resisted when travelling with my family. Now I know why, the first course was a soup made up of liquid like used dishwasher and bits of meat of unknown body parts.

Ended the day by walking up about 500 feet on the El Torcal de Antequera on rock very similar to the limestone on Ingleborough. My heart sank when it was suggested we carry on along the ridge but Tim with all his survival training managed to divert the madmen among the party long enough for us all to dive downhill.



Editors note

El Camino del Rey (The King's Path), is pinned to the face of the gorge some 100 m. above the river in Malaga's "Lake District", created by damming the dramatic Guadalhorce river gorge, known as the Garganta del Chorro. It was built to enable the king to see the works.

Day: Home minus 2.

Cloudy start but turning to sunny intervals. Climbed on the sectors Momia, Suisse and Castrajo on the huge Frontales cliff near El Chorro itself. Tim not feeling well so he went off and walked back to La Gajala without compass and map, about fifteen miles. I lost the bet; I said we would never see him again - was impressed with his ability to find his way back even though he entered a culvert and could not extract himself. The rest of the party had a good day with Adrian and Neal doing some fine climbing and routes.

Day: Home minus 1

Rain. Last full day, still alive and in one piece. God is an Englishman after all.

Travelled to El Chorro just in case it perked up but no such luck so went on to Ardales for sightseeing. Very pleasant small town with quite a bit of civic pride. Carried on to look at the crags at Turon that had a very fine slab about 150 feet high. However, weather against us. Returned via the reservoirs at Guadalhoce and lunched at the Mirador overlooking the water. Had the local speciality, Migas (fried breadcrumbs, unknown bits of meat etc.).

After all these years, should have realised never to do that, but age does not develop wisdom.

Finished the day with a five km walk to look at the top entrance to the El Chorro gorge.

Adrian was given the task of writing in the visitor's book at La Gajala. Therefore this is a place that is now banned to all Y.R.C. members.

Day: Home.

Early start. Ninety minutes to get to the airport and twice that time finding the car rental depot. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves, ate and drank well back at the villa. The level of home cooking by all members of the party was excellent.

In conclusion I would say that the climbing is very extensive but unless you are climbing well at above HVS the options are a trifle limited. Not the place to do multi-pitch mountaineering routes.

Party: Adrian Bridge, Tim Josephy, and Mike Smith (Y.R.C.) and guests Neil Grant and Brian Stamper.



Left

The gorge with Camino del Rey clinging to the cliff face.



Right

Travelling? Along it



Left

*"That is a big route..."
Makinodromo Crag*





NATURAL HISTORY SNIPPETS



WILDLIFE AND THE ENVIRONMENT

CLIMATE CHANGE UPDATE

Peat bogs on the Cumbria High Fells are in danger of drying out because of warmer summers although this year's damp conditions will have helped. The bogs store around 300 million tonnes of carbon so significant amounts of greenhouse gases will be released as it eventually dries out. It will also mean many species are in danger of dying out, such as ice age fish the arctic char found in our deeper and colder waters and the mountain ringlet butterfly to name but two.

The uplands of the Midlands will lose species like the red grouse that is forced to move North to a cooler climate and migrating birds will struggle to adapt to changes in the seasons that makes their food normally available at the right times of the year.

Several species of native trees will struggle to handle new weather conditions not least the Beech. Natural England, has said the landscape needs to be managed so that rare species can survive in the future; possibly by creating new wetlands inland of the Broads and planting beech trees further north. Trees such as oak, birch, hazel and ash that are native to the UK benefit greatly from cold winter conditions and recent milder winters have forced many trees to begin growing too early so they have not had sufficient time dormant to recover from the wet summers.

Many birds from Europe are already being forced to fly north because of the changes and as temperatures rise even further, whilst species in the UK, unable to find a new habitat, may vanish completely they may well be replaced by species we do not normally see. As new species from across the channel migrate into Britain they will be putting native birds under even more strain as they compete for food sources.

By the end of the century cliff faces in the south of England that are currently covered in our familiar puffins and kittiwakes could be colonised by hoopoes and bee-eaters.

Some native species will thrive in warmer temperatures and are already expanding their range including the gold finch and collared dove although the latter has only in recent years been considered a native species being an early migrant. Other new arrivals like the cattle egret and Cetti's warbler, which have recently come over from Europe are thriving and parakeets are a common sight around the South East.

Birds like snipe, brambling, lapwing and willow tit will struggle to find suitable habitats further north. Other species cannot go further north such as the snow bunting,

which today survives only on the Cairngorm plateau, and the Scottish crossbill, which is the only bird species unique to the British Isles.

Ed.

A HELPING HAND

The bittern, one of Britain's rarest birds has just had its best breeding season for over 100 years. It was extinct in Britain by 1886 due to habitat loss and hunting. Bitterns are very difficult to study as they are extremely shy and breed in large reed beds well out of sight and their presence is normally confirmed by the male's booming call.

It looks like a tubby heron and despite re-introductions in the early 20th century there were thought to be just 11 males left in 1997. Recent years have seen the bird recover fairly well in its strongholds in East Anglia and Lancashire. The number of wetland sites with booming males has increased from 41 to 43 across Britain this year. The population is increasing year on year; 2008 saw 75 recorded rising to 82 this year due largely to efforts by the so called conservation community to restore dry reed beds and create suitable new areas.

It is not all good news however. In a report on the future of England's countryside, Natural England is warning that some of the most well-loved parts of the country will be transformed by global warming which comes as no great surprise. Amongst areas at risk rising sea levels will mean the Norfolk Broads will be flooded by seawater, making it impossible for species that rely on the fresh water habitat such as yellow wagtail, turtle doves and many species of fish, to survive and the bittern is in danger of dying out once more.

Another upland favourite which has been receiving help from man is the Black Grouse. Many years ago the bird used to be a common sight on moorland across Britain but suffered massive declines due to habitat loss and hunting.

A recent chick count in the North Pennines, one of the few remaining strongholds for the bird, showed an average of 1.9 chicks per hen, which is encouraging given it is calculated that a 1.2 chick average is needed to stabilise the population.

The North Pennines has seen a population growth of 50% in the last 10 years to about 1200 now.

Wet winters and springs hit the bird badly but the black grouse is a long lived bird, robust enough to survive two or three bad years, so populations should bounce back, with a survey next year expected to record around 900 to 1,000 males in the country.

Whilst on the subject of 'conservation' despite being a volunteer working in this field, I do not like the term. Conservation sounds static to me and in reality much of our effort is directed towards re-introductions and restoration.

Further on re-introductions, at five sites in Surrey, Dorset and mid Wales, releases are planned to reverse amphibian and reptile declines. The five nature reserves have all been assessed over a number of years to make sure they provide the right habitat to be the creatures new homes.

Snakes, frogs, toads, newts and lizards etc., have been badly hit by loss of habitats and this year saw the first release of baby sand lizards, which had been reared in special hatcheries. The sand lizard was once a fairly common sight on heathland but the widespread destruction of its heath and sand dune habitats led to extinctions in many areas.

This should also be good news for the threatened smooth snake which is the sand lizards' main predator.

The re-introduction of the sand lizards is part of an action plan to reverse the declines in the UK's frogs, toads, lizards and snakes, including research, species monitoring and the encouraging of land-owners to create habitats such as ponds to help them flourish.

Climate change is forcing some of these creatures to change their habits but sudden colder winters like last year can set them back. Common frogs have been reported to be spawning earlier and earlier in recent years as a result of warmer and wetter weather, but this year the number of common frog sightings has been down dramatically. In cold weather prey such as slugs and other molluscs remain inactive in the soil so amphibians can struggle to find food and any spawn already in ponds will have been badly damaged by the frost and ice

Another re-introduction in the pipeline is the short-haired bumble bee which died out in the UK in 2000 because of loss of habitat and intensive agriculture. There are plans for bringing back the species in more ways than one. Short-haired bumblebees were taken to New Zealand in the 19th Century to help pollinate crops and it is hoped to capture some and release them in England.

This follows successes in the Czech Republic where they have successfully reared them in captivity by first capturing other species of bumblebees, removing the pollen with a brush and then feeding the pollen to a captive queen. After a breeding programme the bees will be re-introduced in June 2010 into an area of Dungeness and Romney Marsh which has been specially prepared to provide the bees with the right plants and flowers.

Last winter's colder weather has helped other species of bumble bee to an extent. Experts are predicting the cold weather will have helped them and they do seem in more evidence and also there were reports of record numbers of hibernating bats in some parts of the country. Cold

winters are good for most hibernating creatures. In warm winters they often either come out of hibernation too early and there is nothing for them to feed on or if their body temperature is raised too much they use up their energy reserves and do not make it through the winter. Really cold winters do help hibernating insects such as queen bumble bees. They enter and leave hibernation in response to changing day length and warmer weather can mean they come out of hibernation long after spring flowers have emerged. Mild and wet winters of the last few years have also seen many hibernating insects succumbing to damp.

Ed.

UNCOMMON CRANES

Still on the subject of man helping out, a tiny population of the now seemingly miss-named common crane has bred in East Anglia since the '70s, but it's clear that cranes need a helping hand if they're to reclaim their rightful place in our countryside.

The RSPB is organising a Great Crane Project, based in the Somerset Levels and Moors which form an amazing landscape - a mosaic of damp meadows criss-crossed with rivers and ditches. It's a wonderful place for wildlife. In spring and summer, wild flowers bloom and it buzzes with dragonflies. In winter, the sounds of thousands of ducks and wading birds fill the air.

Even here however there is something missing; the magnificent crane - with a seven-foot wingspan, a loud voice and a bright red patch on its head. Cranes are simply spectacular birds. Standing more than four feet tall, with beautiful grey plumes, white, black and ruby-red feathers, they stand out from the crowd. They're social birds that are known for their complex courtship dances and loud, trumpeting calls.

Though they look so exotic, we know that cranes are part of our history and used to be widespread in the UK. In fact, there are 271 British place names that mention them. Because of humans, cranes have been missing from our wetland landscapes for almost 400 years. The RSPB and its partners plan to release 100 cranes over the next six years. Eggs are to be taken from healthy populations overseas, incubated and the fledglings nurtured until they're big enough to be released into a secure environment.

Ed.

SEA EAGLES

Back in August a group of young sea eagles were released in the Tay Estuary as part of an ongoing programme to establish colonies there. Fourteen birds which were collected from nests in Norway were reared in special aviaries in Fife get them to adapt to local conditions.

Scotland now has a population of about 200 sea eagles and 44 pairs of breeding birds produced 28 chicks last year - a record since they were reintroduced into the west coast areas after being hunted to extinction in Scotland during the Victorian era.

It is hoped that they can now make similar progress on the east coast They are becoming a more common sight around the areas where previously released birds have made their home.

Ed.

BLUE FINGERS

During the recent Afgan elections there was much talk of blue fingers being a giveaway that you had been to vote.

This brought to mind the numerous occasions when the picking of whinberry on the moors has had the same effect. This strangely astringent bitter-sweet fruit is quite refreshing in the short term but does then tend to leave the mouth dry.

I also recall reading that it is very nutritious and has many health improving qualities. It is apparently rich in vitamins and is identified in a magazine I receive as a diabetic as being particularly good in reducing blood sugar levels. The plant also has antiseptic qualities.

By far the most interesting use I have seen the berry put to over the years was by a shooting friend who used them very much as sloes to create a very palatable Christmas fruit-gin. It is also used in cakes or muffins, as our American cousins call them; they are particularly partial to blueberry muffins.

Otherwise known as the Bilberry, Myrtle, Blueberry or Whortleberry there are local variations found throughout the world and it is in fact closely related to the Cranberry.

For the technical apparently this is one of the lightest berries in sugar and calories, its high fibre and antioxidant properties make it an appetite suppressant and it is a diuretic.

Pass the gin mother!

Ed.

IN DIGESTION NOT WIND

Whilst considering how best we can protect our threatened environment from the climate changes we are bringing about, many knee-jerk reactions turn to the dubious benefits of wind turbines. Unfortunately this is a largely discredited technology which is being discarded in a number of the countries that first bought into it and it is shame that our government does not put its subsidies into more productive renewable 'green' energy sources. The idea that onshore wind farms, which deface our landscape in ever increasing numbers, are the be-all and end-all of renewable electricity has been a pretty successful con trick and the idea that you are irresponsible if you object to them is environmental blackmail.

Because the grid cannot rely on the wind blowing during periods of peak demand, power stations are needed to back up the turbines and it was recently admitted in parliament that cover was needed at about 90% of output.

Countries in northern Europe and in Scandinavia are pursuing numerous other beneficial technologies and one of the best answers may be in digestion.

My own local authority ranks one of the best recycling authorities in England but calculates that the percentage of recycled waste it handles could go up by 20% if it could find a way of dealing with food waste.

Modern household have neither the time nor inclination (and possible not even the skills and knowledge) to use left overs. Sell by and best by dates encourage paranoid parents to throw away perfectly good food and shops also discard perfectly usable food because of the lack of a willingness to buy it. The Government is reconsidering such notices.

In Britain, digesters are relatively few and far between, but the Europeans have got their act together. The Germans, for example, have over 4,000 digesters, generating 11% of their renewable energy. Our country is thought to discard nearly 30 million tons of food waste each year which could become a valuable resource rather than a toxic liability if we were to develop a network of digesters. Sainsbury's alone produces 56,000 tons of food waste a year but by the end of this year, all of it will end up in digesters, rather than landfill sites.

An anaerobic digester works a bit like a cows stomach as it uses bacteria to break down organic material. During the process it gives off a vast amount of methane which can be converted into electricity. Where a wind farm only produces electricity when the wind blows they produce electricity round the clock and they also produce heat and organic fertiliser and consume waste which would otherwise have to be disposed of.

The heat generated by digesters is harder to distribute than the electricity, but a number of community schemes are being developed around the world. In Copenhagen there is already an 80 mile long grid distributing hot air.

The final benefit of such digesters is that the residual nutrients are put back into the soil from whence the food grew in the first place. The daft thing is that the Government incentives by way of a guaranteed price for electricity generated by a farm-based digester are only half that for wind power.

Ed.

RANNOCK THREAT

Back in July Perth and Kinross Council received an application for outline planning permission for a large leisure development which includes about 1000 acres on the south side of Loch Rannoch round and including Dall House and its immediate grounds which were formerly the site of Rannoch School until it closed permanently in 2002.

The proposed development threatens to destroy about 500 acres of designated Ancient Woodland as well as large areas of other wonderful countryside.

This wooded area is adjacent to the Black Wood of Rannoch which is a Special Area of Conservation and the most southerly remnant of Caledonian forest in Scotland. Formed at the end of the last Ice Age the Black Wood of Rannoch is considered to be one of the last remaining wildernesses in the British Isles. The development cannot help but have a negative affect the neighbouring woodland and would despoil one of the gateways for walkers heading for Rannock Moor

95% of the woodland area in the application is owned or managed by the Forestry Commission Scotland, as part of the Tay Forest Park and as such is public land managed for forestry, access and recreation, and for wildlife and biodiversity.

The proposal involves the redevelopment of the estate to provide an "exclusive private members' club" with a luxury hotel development with health spa, clinic, leisure and retail facilities. In addition there would be two 18 hole golf courses, a clubhouse, a 'broch' development with loch side restaurant, loch side housing and club members' housing, staff accommodation, and additional parking.

There have been almost 1000 objections submitted to the Council from individuals, government agencies and environmental charities. These objections include ones from Forestry Commission Scotland, John Muir Trust, RSPB Scotland, Scottish Native Woods and the Scottish Wildlife Trust but by the time you read this it will be too late to add your voice. We can only hope that the environmental considerations prevail and not short term monetary gain.

Ed.

DOGS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Animals are very much part of the walking environment and other animals often see dogs as a threat. There have been an unfortunately large number of human fatalities and serious accidents in 2009 and the NFU concede it is a growing problem. Suggestions vary as to why and it is probably a mixture of factors. Certainly crossbred herds now contain more genes from European stock which may not be as docile as some of our traditional breeds and there is an increasing element of Highland in some stock. It is easy to put this down to increasing numbers of townies being out in the countryside but unfortunately people like us with a lifetime of experience walking and being near animals have been victims of stock this year. A vet has been killed walking her dog and a man in his 60s who spends all his leisure time walking with his dog has been very seriously trampled recently.

Unfortunately there is a lot of myth and misinformation about and advice from apparently knowledgeable bodies often disagrees. Further how you should act differs near sheep rather than beasts or horses.

Farmers themselves are not always as aware of their liabilities and responsibilities as they should be. Every incident is different and we cannot generalise but if stock managers are aware that they have an animal which is

temperamental or overly skittish and an accident occurs they are legally liable. The flip side of this is however that farmers are putting up blanket warning signs which only partly mitigate their liability if it affects a right of way. It can also have the effect of deterring responsible users and that can be deemed to be obstruction the right of passage.

So how should we behave? For a start do not worry about wearing bright clothing - many creatures including bulls are colour blind and surprising an animal by merging into the background can trigger for a bad response. Make sure that they know you are there. If coming from behind and they haven't noticed you, calmly whistle or talk to them to let them know that you are about.

A startled dog can upset other nearby animals and when surprised by a cyclist or horse rider they can react badly. Near such other users of routes, keep the dog on a lead. You should always keep your dog on a lead or to heel on moorland to protect rare birds and wildlife. Landowners have been given legal powers to exclude dogs from most of the 'open access land' to protect ground nesting birds but are still allowed on rights of way, but they have to stay on the path. There are some 'Dog Welcome' areas on the Moors where landowners allow dogs to be exercised off lead but you need to make sure that you stay inside these 'Welcome' areas and do not stray onto nearby land where dogs are not allowed.

You can find maps of Dog Welcome areas on website: www.moors.uknet/dogwalking

On farmland and where livestock is grazing, animals may see your dog as a threat, even if it is not. Cows may act aggressively especially with young calves to protect. Even the friendliest dogs can suddenly follow their instinct to chase something and if not actually attacking the stress of being chased can frighten pregnant ewes and cause them to abort their lambs.

Never come between a cow and its offspring. If cattle aggressively move towards you, keep calm. It's safer for you and your dog to let it off the lead - it can get away from the cattle easier than you. A farmer can legally shoot a dog chasing livestock and whilst normally you should protect it by keeping it on a lead near livestock, do not risk getting hurt. Any farmer present will have seen the circumstances and would surely not shoot in such an incident.

If an animal is startled do not run! The animals may think that this is a wonderful game and may decide to join you - cattle and ponies are more likely to ignore you if you walk quietly past them or away from them. This is a bit of a test of nerve; if a bull starts running towards you I think the temptation to leg it would probably win out. In that circumstance head for the nearest field exit preferably down hill as that is easier for you and given that it has short front legs the likelihood is that the bull will trip up.

Animals may feel excited or threatened by large groups of people. Split the group into smaller numbers and keep quiet when passing close to animals, provided they know you are there.

CHIPPINGS

JOURNAL RECORD

I would like to remind members that earlier journals are still available if you do not have your own copy. Periodically we publish an index of the areas and material we have covered in recent years. John Middleton provided a detailed report on the Anti Atlas in our journal of winter 2006 and I am not aware whether the expedition out there last year used this material but it is always worth trawling through the journals as over the years they have become a bible of useful information to refer back to.

JOHN BACHAR



On July 5, 2009 John died in a free solo accident at Dike Wall near Mammoth Lakes, California. Born in 1957, he grew up in Los Angeles and started studying at UCLA but dropped out to climb full time. Obsessed with the sport, he poured over books on physical training and nutrition, and was soon amongst the very finest climbers moving into the discipline of free soloing.

He came to international acclaim with his climbs in Yosemite including his many un-rope ascents.

At his peak Bachar was able to perform a one arm pull up with 12.5 lbs of weight in his other hand. He was a vocal critic of climbing tactics such as bolting on rappel, which came into vogue during the 1980s. In 1986, Bachar and Peter Croft made a link up of El Capitan and Half Dome, climbing a vertical mile in under 14 hours.

He became the stuff of legend and featured in TV documentaries but in 2006, Bachar was involved in a serious car accident and suffered 5 fractured vertebrae.

He never really recovered his mobility but could not resist continuing to climb and presumably went out the way he would have wished.

Ed

CLAUDE CHABERT



On the same tack, Claude Chabert, who died earlier this year was perhaps the most well known and respected French caver of the past 40 years with many new discoveries, articles and publications to his credit. John Middleton caved with him regularly going back as far as Turkey in 1966. His end probably came as a relief as he had suffered from Alzheimer's for about 5 years and had ended up in a care home. This remarkable man was a Professor of Philosophy and had become truly multilingual during the years he travelled extensively



normally with caving in mind. In addition to Turkey he had certainly visited Afghanistan, India, Lebanon, Indonesia, Borneo, Mexico and Brazil.

Amongst the many books to his credit was the Atlas des Grande Gouffres du Monde. Also contributing to this epic was his good friend Paul Courbon, who remains remarkably fit for 70+ as John can testify having spent a week in Provence with him during July 2009. Claude had invited John to join him several times but to their regret they had always been elsewhere, hence the original reason for their trip this year

Claude's final and probably most monumental work the "Atlas do Janelao". He commenced the survey in 1991, made repeated trips back to Brazil in the 90s and finally had it published privately in 2003. The exceptionally accurate survey (really over-accurate) had details hand painted in as well as including hand painted pictures of the cave (not by Claude). It is/was as much a work of art as a practical survey.

It was produced in 3 parts and was 30 cm x 40 cm, contained 150 pages and weighed in at 540 gms.

Ed.

FOUND AT LAST

In 1978 a group of a dozen of us spent two weeks in Crete exploring caving possibilities. Not a formal club meet, it included two wives and an offspring who is now a member. The visit which was in springtime, found snow still on the higher peaks and the Omalos Plateaux only just becoming passable.

It was not a successful trip to the extent that nothing worthwhile was found on the caving front but some good treks were had and we explored the island at length before the party split up to pursue individual interests including some yachting which the intrepid skipper found more exacting than anticipated.

Given the height of the limestone mountains it had been hoped that good sized systems might be found but as I recall as a semi detached member of the caving party phreatic action meant such cave passages as were found were insubstantial and possible volcanic and earthquake actions over the years would not have helped.

Crete was a far less researched and indeed far less developed island back in those days.

There is no shortage of caves on the island, over 3000 at the last count if we include every hole in the ground. Many are primarily of prehistoric, paleontological and archaeological interest. Many were also used for cult worship in Neolithic, Minoan and Archaic times and during the early Christian era.

Since our visit a number of finds have improved the speleological interest. One system, the Labyrinth of

Messara had been used as a munitions base by the Germans but the principle entrance had been blown up by them when they pulled out. Behind the entrance there were extensive corridors which had been concreted to create a secure base and the explosion destroyed much of this and subsequent exploration has seen evidence of much damage throughout the rest of the system.

In 1982 the system was extensively explored using another entrance found 150 metres to the west.

It had always been hoped if not suspected that there were some major systems on the island and it appears that one has now been found. It is in the Mavri Laki area which is largely bare limestone at around 1900m in the White Mountains. Pachnes, at the northern upper end of the valley, is the highest peak of this massif and Zaranokefala is another significant peak at the southern end. To the east is a ridge of heavily crevassed hillside and to the west it drops steeply into the Eligas Gorge.

Not surprising that this was a little known area. Early research here had little more success than we had had in that whilst this vast limestone massive has melt water sinking at 7000 feet with a resurgence at sea level, most of what early searchers found were false leads and choked passages.

Finally students from Sheffield University have identified something worthwhile and have become the first people to explore a sizable cave discovered with an entrance shaft of about 400 foot. They have been returning to this system since 2005 and by 2008 they had found 350 individual caves although they had still failed to find the master chamber they believed must have existed somewhere below the surface.

After much effort they finally discovered a huge underground vault and couldn't see its bottom. When the group reached the floor of the plunging chamber they calculated it was 553m down.

Back in 1978 we ourselves had in fact been in the right area if perhaps a little early in the year. Some of the group had travelled into Chania, the capital of Crete whilst our group had flown to Athens and used a ferry to Iraklion where we hired a vehicle to join the others.

We moved up to Omalos at the head of the Samaria Gorge and did some explorations of the Levka Mountains at least part of which are now known as the White Mountains.

Having failed to find anything of great interest half the party then trekked down the gorge to Aghia Roumeli on the coast to get a lift round to Chora Sfakion. The rest of us walked part way down the gorge and then back up to the car to drive round to meet them. Given my wife was at that time 4 months pregnant, the trip lengthy and the road we used more pot hole than surface in all probability we had the more risky trip.

Ed

SPORTS CLIMBING

For the past 5 years the 'in' place for sports climbing has been the island of Kalymnos (just north of Kos). This is a unique place that is totally geared up for climbers who make up at least a third of their income. We were there in 2007 and there were then 43 different limestone sports crags with over 900 routes all very well equipped with stainless bolts. There are all grades from 4 to 8a with the majority in the mid grades of 6a/6b/6c.

The rock is superb, steep and often on small pockets; a 60m rope is needed. All the crags are signposted from the main roads in 4 languages, the routes to the crags are marked as are the names and grades of each route. On top of this discounts are available almost everywhere for climbers whether it is accommodation or meals out!!! We are going again this October for 10 days. The sun always shines and there are at least 200 more routes on 10 more crags! Accommodation is inexpensive but food is fairly dear. Deviations include a few caves, lots of sun and sea all around! (See John's report of this trip page 15)

The "in" up and coming destination at the moment is close to Antalya in Turkey. There are two main areas. The main one is about 20km west of Antalya at a place called Geyikbayiri where there are several long lines of cliffs 20 - 60m high of superb solid limestone. In early 2009 when we were there the number of routes was 420 but this should have increased considerably now. The climbing is very different to Kalymnos with not so many pocketed climbs but again with the majority of routes in the 6a/b/c level. A 70m rope is needed here. The second area is down the coast to the south of Antalya around Olympus. The routes here are generally not so long but they are of top quality. 10 cliffs with 168 routes. Accommodation and food is much less than in the EU and the locals very friendly. Anyone with an archaeological "bent" will find deviations galore!

John Middleton

MOUNTAIN STAMPS

Combining his interests of philately and mountaineering Alan Linford has turned up another interesting snippet.

He comments on Dr HARKA GURUNG (1935-2006) and the re-naming of Mt Hgadi Chuli (7871m) to Mt Harka Gurung Chuli.

"I love a mountain no matter how small and I love a river no matter how dirty".

On Saturday 23rd Sept 2006 Dr Gurung was flying high above the beautiful Chunsu River near the foothills of Mt Kangchenjunga when the helicopter crashed in bad weather killing all 24 on board.

He was returning to Kathmandu having handed over the management of the Kangchenjunga Conservation area to the local inhabitants. The accident wiped out an entire pantheon of Nepal's best and brightest professionals and some equally committed foreign friends.

Upon his death the Nepali Times decribed him as the the Nepali who introduced Nepal to Nepalis.

He was buried in his home village, where he was born 71 years earlier. This was his wish, expressed to his children previously, telling them, "Anytime you read a biography of a person the place where he or she is born and the place where he or she is buried is always mentioned and thus immortalized. In this way, I can introduce my beloved village to others who have never visited Tarache, Lamjung."

Dr. Gurung was not a Himalayan mountaineer but among his many interests he was an ardent student of mountaineering history.

Often controversial, he suggested that the first climbers in Nepal were not Sherpas but Gurkha Lahurays and there was no evidence in some cases that peaks had any religious significance!

Born in 1935 in the village by the fast flowing Ngadi Khola he chose the path of scholarship rather than the traditional Gurka warrior. A PhD. on the history of Pokhara was followed by a degree in geography from Edinburgh University.

Dr. Gurung was given a task close to his heart of naming hundreds of unnamed peaks to prevent them from the fate of mere numbers and tagged by western climbers. So Peak 29 towering above his home became Mt Ngadi Ghuli and on the anniversary of his death renamed Mt Harkar Gurung Chuli.

One of the top 20 peaks, the first ascent may have been in 1970 by the Japanese climbers Hiroshi Watanabe and Lhaksa Tsering with the first confirmed ascent in 1979 by Polish climbers Ryszard and Gajewski Pawlikowski. The Japanese pair were seen to leave top camp at 7500m and very near the top were out of sight for two hours and on the descent were seen to have a fall on an ice wall. A later expedition recovered their remains but all evidence of the ascent was destroyed.

In an attempt to confirm a first ascent the Japanese mounted 3 more expeditions but failed to reach the summit. Mt Harkar Gurung is a big mountain.

He has numerous publications to his name including Vignettes of Nepal SG 965



The man and the mountain. Unfortunately the title on the stamp is incorrect Dr. instead of Mt.

Ed.

RICCARDO CASSIN

Putting together this edition of 'Chippings' is proving depressingly morbid. Another slawart from the world of mountaineering has passed away.

Riccardo Cassin, has recently died at the age of 100. He was one of the most prolific mountaineers of the last century, with at least 100 first ascents among his literally thousands of climbs.



Cassin was still climbing well into his eighties having climbed for more than 60 years in the Alps, the Himalayas and the Americas. Most of his climbs were done without bolts or specialised boots or equipment, using homemade pitons and karabiners meant for industrial use. He also used hemp ropes not the lightest of items.

Riccardo Cassin was of peasant stock in northern Italy and when he was three his father went to Canada to work, where he died in a mining accident. Riccardo left school at 12 to work for a blacksmith. At 17 he moved to the Lake Como area and soon became fascinated by the mountains that tower over Lake Como and Lake Garda.

Amongst his earliest climbs were Monte Resegone and the Torre Trieste, done with a group of local friends who were later to be known as the Lecco Spiders. Cassin and his friend Vittorio Ratti achieved local celebrity in 1935 when they became the first climbers to reach the western summit of the Lavaredo, in the Dolomites.

Two years later he, Ratti and Gino Esposito took on what appeared to be the impossible Piz Badile in the Swiss Alps gaining international fame. A terrible storm brought rain, snow and falling rocks and they joined up with two other climbers from Como and by their combined efforts managed to reach the summit. It took a heavy toll however, as the two from Como, although carried back down by Cassin and his friends, died of exhaustion. The route taken by the men from Lecco is known to this day as the Via Cassin.

In 1987, when he was 78, he re-climbed the Piz Badile to mark the 50th anniversary of the first ascent and when the media started to note the occurrence, he climbed it again a week later to help them with photos.

When the Second World War broke out Cassin fought with the partisans against Mussolini's army and the Nazi forces, acting as a link between resistance units often employing his climbing skills. His close friend and climbing companion, Vittorio Ratti, was shot dead beside him in by German troops.

In later years Cassin led many successful international expeditions; he led the Italian team which made the first ascent of Gasherbrum IV, in Pakistan, although he himself did not go for the summit.

In 1961, at the age of 52, he became the first person to reach the summit of Mount McKinley, the highest peak in North America, via the technically challenging route which is now known as the Cassin Ridge.

Along the way he managed to become one of Italy's leading climbing equipment manufacturers through his internationally renowned Cassin brand.

Ed

THE COAST IS GETTING NEARER

Or at least access to it is.

Following an extensive audit into existing access to England's coast by Natural England and local access authorities, maps have been published showing the huge differences between various regions in the provision of public access to the coast. It has highlighted the fact that there is no satisfactory or legally secure access to 34% of the English coast. It also estimates that 13% of existing coastal rights of way could be lost to erosion over the next 20 years.

Not surprisingly with the S W Coast Path, access is best in the South West where full public access extends to 76% of the coast. The North West, comes out with very poor access at over half the coast.

This reinforces the importance of the new Marine & Coastal Access Bill which has just made its way through parliament which aims to improve public access to and enjoyment of the English coastline, providing secure and consistent rights for people to enjoy the area by making a coastal margin available for access.

It will include some 'spreading land' where the topography lends itself to such use which is great news for walkers and climbers .

Within this margin people will be able to wander the length of the English coast and have access to suitable coastal land for open-air recreation on foot, such as beaches, cliffs, rocks and dunes.

The publication of the maps provides the first intimation as to where efforts will need to be focused in delivering these provisions.

Ed.

OF POETS & POTHoles & PUBS

Tom Wise the author of the poem about the Quiet Lady, printed elsewhere in this journal has kindly allowed us to reproduce his work to fill up those odd corners when balancing this production.

Tom lives in Earl Sterndale where that pub is located and is well know locally for his dialect verse.

He has had a few books published and if any member would like more information on them we do have Tom's address and can put you in touch.

We reproduce another of his works here which refers to a dig by the Hyperion Club, Stockport

NO ACCOUNTIN' FOR FOLK

There's some fellas that come in tut pub
Wednesday nights

That like their ale more than a touch
An' they talk about pot'oles an' sim'lar delights
Like shorin' an' proppin' an' such

They're diggin' a tunnel in Dowel Dale side
To find out where t' water goes to.
They're diggin' it deep an' they're diggin' it wide
Until they can follow it through

I think they'd be better off trainin' a trout
Cos what t' water does is a riddle
They know where it goes in and where it comes out
But they don't know what 'appens in t' middle

Still, I just can't help thinkin' their logic's not good
Though I'm not one to tell them to stop
Well why mess around goin' deep underground
When there's plenty o' room on the top

They end up in t' tap room when stamina fails
Like bees comin' home to their hives
So I think they're in t' dales for the sake o' the ales
Or to get out o' t' road o' their wives

They're diggin' a tunnel in Dowel Dale side
An' they'll no doubt get many a soak
But I'll tell you there's one thing that can't be denied
There's just no accountin' for folk

WHYMPER

Albert Chapman has dug out an interesting letter from the archives that perhaps deserves an airing.

Dated February 18th 1893 it reads.....

"Your letter of January 28th and card of the 16th inst. only reached me today owing to their having been directed to Lambeth where I have not been during the last seven years.

I shall be gratified by being elected one of the Patrons of your Club though I would suggest the term 'honorary member' would be a better one to use than Patron.

An essentially independent body like yours is above patronage.

All the Alpine Clubs have Hon. Members but scarcely any have Patrons.

I have just been elected Honorary Member of the Sierra Club, which was founded last year at San Francisco;

I am one of the oldest honorary members of the Swiss and Italian Alpine Clubs and I should be pleased to be able to join to these unsought distinctions, that of Honorary Member of the Yorkshire Ramblers Club.

I wish your association long life and all prosperity.

Believe me, dear Sir

Very obediently yours, Edward Whympers

ADDYMAN AGAIN

George Spenceley read with interest recent references to Erik Addyman by Peter Clark.

By virtue of greater age George can add further comments on this glider enthusiast and one-time climber and member of the Y.R.C. for he was at school (Clifton House School) with his son. Furthermore George's father was a one-time member of Harrogate Gliding Club.

George, either with father or Erik's son, made frequent visits to Erik's home near Starbeck and watched the gliding. At the time Erik was building a more advanced glider with a semi-enclosed cockpit but the usual model which he saw in flight in the field at Starbeck was more basic. The pilot was perched, precariously exposed, at the very front of the machine. At Starbeck the flights were very modest, launched by a team of men by means of a great catapult.

At the time George was eleven or twelve years old and although he had done some fell walking with his father and already knew about the Y.R.C., he was ignorant of Erik's earlier membership.

Erik, then living in Headlingly, joined the Y.R.C. in 1907 or 08 and in the journal of that year there is some reference to him having made the first ascent of Hardknott pinnacle in Eskdale with Fred Barstow. Erik's brother Oscar joined the club in 1910 but was killed in the trenches in 1915.

He is remembered as having made the first ascent of Giant's Crawl on Dow Crag.

JACK CARSWELL

George regrets that he also has to report the death of Jack Carswell at the age of 94. His funeral on 22nd October was at the Distington crematorium. Jack had great affection for the Y.R.C. and was a member from 1964 to 1981. Living in Cumbria, it was inevitable that Jack's first allegiance was to the Fell and Rock C.C. of which he was a prominent member and a past president. Nevertheless he took an active part in Y.R.C. activities and valued his membership.

Jack was one of that group of Lake District climbers that included A.B. Hargreaves, Jim Birkett, Tom Price, Eric

Arnison and others whom George sought to introduce to occasional Y.R.C. activities. John Lovett will remember the annual private joint potholing gathering ably led by himself that George organised based at Harden Austwick.

Jack was a giant among British rock climbers, leading with supreme confidence the hardest routes of that period. He led the fourth ascent of C.B on Scafell. One of his pre-war climbing partners was the redoubtable Mabel Barker with whom he made the first and perhaps only descent of C.B. At the Flake Crack they met Hargreaves and Sid Cross on the ascent making the locality a little crowded. Jack's subsequent article describing the occasion entitled 'B.C.' has recently been reprinted in an anthology. Jack had several seasons in the Alps, the most noteworthy achievement on his first season being an ascent of the formidable Via della Pera on the Brenva face of Mont Blanc with Charles Tilley and André Roch. André subsequently told Tom that he picked Jack as his second because he could see he was a strong man. In 1954 Jack returned to Courmayeur, along with Tom Price and George, with further ambitions on the Brenva face routes, camping under a prominent sign Vietato campeggio. It was a bad season and they were deterred by both the weather and the dire warnings of the guide Tony Gobbi. At home Jack and Tom enjoyed for many years a long climbing partnership leading alternate pitches.

When in 1969 a vacancy occurred in the team selected for the Anglo-Danish Watkins Mountains Expedition to Greenland, George thought of Jack. He remembers telephoning him from a hotel somewhere with the offer of a place. Jack's acceptance was immediate and enthusiastic; although the oldest member of the party, he proved to be the strongest.

Jack Carswell will be remembered with respect and affection by all who knew and climbed with him, and George feels privileged to have followed him up so many pitches beyond his own more modest ability.

GS

CALLING FOR HELP

Rob Ibberson reports that the best number to use to summon aid in an emergency for mobile phones is 112 which is the European emergency number. This is better than 999 or 911, the Canadian and USA number, although often both of these work.

The reason is that the software in the mobile phone, which connects it to the mobile phone's normal operator network, is bypassed and it connects to any available network. Below is an excerpt from Wikipedia, which whilst a bit technical does help in understanding why.

GSM (Global System for Mobile communications: originally from Group Special Mobile) is the most popular standard for mobile phones in the world.

Its promoter, the GSM Association, estimates that 80% of the global mobile market uses the standard. It is used by over 3 billion people across more than 212 countries and territories.

Its ubiquity makes international roaming very common between mobile phone operators, enabling subscribers to use their phones in many parts of the world. GSM differs from its predecessors in that both signalling and speech channels are digital, and thus is considered a second generation (2G) mobile phone system. This has also meant that data communication was easy to build into the system. This ubiquity has been an advantage to both consumers who benefit from the ability to roam and switch services without switching phones and also to network operators who can choose equipment from any of the many vendors implementing GSM.

GSM also pioneered at a low-cost to the network carrier, an alternative to voice calls, the short message service (SMS text messaging) which is now supported on other mobile standards as well.

Another advantage is that the standard includes one worldwide emergency telephone number, the said 112 which makes it easier for international travellers to connect to emergency services without knowing the local emergency number.

Other tips about the use of mobile phones on the hill include advice that if you manage to make a connection to the emergency services, don't switch the phone off and do stay in the same position as the services may need to ring you back. If you duck behind a wind break the reception is often lost!

Another perhaps obvious one is to always charge your mobile phone before you start out, as accidents often happen at the end of the day when you and the phone are running out of energy!

RI

CARE OF THE UPLANDS

There is a new scheme to replace the present Hill Farm Allowance meaning farmers will be rewarded for the benefits we enjoy from their management of the uplands. The Upland Entry Level Scheme starting in 2010 requires them to follow local styles when maintaining stone walls and hedges and areas of scrub and woodland must be preserved avoiding any further spread of bracken. In maintaining moorland they must also protect wetlands and native woodland.

Animals are an integral part of shaping the landscape as we know it and farmers must maintain a minimum stocking rate. Extra can be earned by grazing hardy breeds of cattle.

They can earn further payments for other activities influenced by concern for the upland landscapes, with an

emphasis on the repair of stone walls, the maintenance of isolated buildings and the care of archaeological features. Concern for wildlife is shown by options aimed at protecting nesting sites for upland birds such as curlew and plover, and for haymaking which sustains the flower-rich meadows in the Yorkshire Dales.

Ed

CHARLES HOUSTON

We regret to have to record the passing of another stalwart from the world of climbing.

Dr Charles Houston died in September aged 96. Remembered for many contributions in the field early prominence came when he organised a joint Anglo-American climbing expedition which was probably one of the most successful of the pre-war trips to the Himalayas.



In 1936 Houston and the British mountaineer T Graham Brown organised this expedition which ended with the climbing of the 25,645ft Nanda Devi. The expedition of four American and four British mountaineers (two of whom - NE Odell and HW Tilman) were seasoned Himalayan climbers. Tilman, who a few years before had taken part in a reconnaissance of the difficult approaches to the mountain, was chosen to be the leader and chose Odell and Houston to make the final bid for the summit. Houston, however, went down with food poisoning; Tilman took his place, and as such the oldest members of the high party became the two who achieved the summit.

Houston came out of a generation of US mountaineers renowned in the 30s for assaults on unclimbed Alaskan peaks and others in the Yukon and later turned their attentions to the Himalayan and Karakoram ranges. He made the first ascents of Mt. Foraker and Mt. Crillon in Alaska in 1934

In 1938 Houston first set his sights on K2, as it is now known. He led a party of Americans in a full reconnaissance of possible routes up the southern face, culminating after struggling for a good part of the summer, in working out a feasible route to the great snow-shoulder lying below the summit cone. He led his team to 26,000 feet before deciding to go down, concerned for their safety.

World War II, called a halt to high altitude ambitions but Houston found a way of keeping involved in the science of the sport. Working as a physician for the U.S. Navy, Houston's argued that air crew would benefit from high altitude acclimatization and ran his most famous experiment, Operation Everest. Four test subjects were taken gradually to a simulated altitude of 30,000 feet over thirty-five days, work which proved humans could

function at high altitude. He was specialising in high-altitude physiology, particularly the effects of hypoxia in combat pilots. In later years he worked as a cardiologist in several clinical appointments before serving, from 1962 to 1965, as medical director for the US Peace Corps in India. Eventually he became an Emeritus Professor of Epidemiology and Environmental Health and Medicine.

Houston led his second expedition to climb K2 in 1953. As his number two he selected Robert Bates, who had been with him before, and as transport officer he selected Tony Streater, a Briton who had been in the summit party of the Norwegian expedition to Tirich Mir (25,260ft) in 1950.

A blizzard hit them at Camp VIII, at about 25,500ft, which raged for two weeks, by which time Art Gilkey, the team's geologist had developed phlebitis in a leg and was unable to walk. This eventually left the other five members of the party with the almost impossible task of dragging him down the mountain in his sleeping-bag. On the way down, and just above Camp VII, they slipped and the five men began to slide off the mountain. By a magnificent piece of belaying, the youngest member of the party, Peter Schoening, managed to hold all five men. Houston lapsed into unconsciousness, and might well have died had not Bates managed to rouse him. They attached Gilkey to ice axes on the steep slope, and then searched out a bivouac site on relatively safe ground but when they went back, with less than an hour elapsed, they found that Gilkey had been swept away by an avalanche.

Houston gave up climbing after the tragedy, cancelling his plans for a further expedition to K2 in 1955. The book *K2, The Savage Mountain* (1954), by Houston and Bates, was a considerable contribution to the literature of Himalayan exploration. Houston concluded: "It is the chance to be for a moment, free of the small concerns of our common lives, to strip off non-essentials, to come down to the core of life itself... On great mountains all purpose is concentrated on the single job at hand, yet the summit is but a token of success, and the attempt is worthy in itself. It is for these reasons that we climb, and in climbing find something greater than accomplishment." Nearly 50 years later he revisited the Karakoram for the first time accompanied by Chris Bonington on a trek filmed for a television documentary. Looking across at K2 from the Nanga Parbat area, he is quoted as saying that for him the comradeship of the mountains was more important than the attainment of any summit.

Ed

CAPUCIN CATACOMBS

During a short holiday in Sicily this October, we visited Palermo where one of the listed tourist attractions was a visit to the Capucin Catacombs. Catacombs seemed to suggest a link to caving - so we went to see. The entrance was via a little door beside what looked like a grand

portal to a bigger building behind - that had been knocked down. Looked like a bomb site - and might have been, the town was much damaged in the war. Paid our 3 Euro entrance fee and descended a sloping path and shallow steps to the catacombs. It was said that some 8000 bodies were there, being a fashionable place to be put after death. The tourist walkway went around in a square - with dim lighting and little annexes to the side on occasions for special displays. Bodies were generally vertical in niches, hung in place by some wire or cord through or around the neck. They were all clothed, but often skeletal feet or arms protruded from incomplete garments. Most of the bodies in the parts we could visit (probably a small portion of the full extent) had died in the 1800s, the last, a two year old Russian girl, was placed there in 1924 I recall. A lot of the bodies had name plates with details like we would see on a grave stone, but most were too faded to read easily.

Many of the skulls had tight stretched skin in place - didn't look at all like the cleaned skulls one see in films about head hunters. Some of the information suggested they had found that the rock in which the passages were found - or dug - had preservative powers which allowed corpses to be kept in such a way. There was no smell and no evident ventilation, but as the island is largely limestone, 'in-built preservatives' seemed a little unlikely. Other information I found later said that the Capucin monks had embalming techniques, the details of which have now been lost. To have been preserved here was not for the poor so I guess the monks made a good living out of it all.

There were 'No foto' signs at regular intervals, but plenty of pictures on sale at the door, probably commercialism rather than respect driving the instruction.

All the bodies seemed really small and children even tinier than one would expect; had they all shrunk? Or were they a lot smaller to begin with? It was quite a ghoulish experience and one we were glad to leave.

Adrian Bridge

LONGSTONE UPDATE

Longstone Edge appears to still be under threat as the landowner has three parcels of land where they also own the minerals rights: Backdale Quarry, Wager's Flat and Beacon Rod (as yet untouched). We must assume that all three sites are in danger as is the nearby Peak Pasture. Longstone Edge, right in the heart of the White Peak, used to be a beautiful sight and John Middleton provided us with a detailed analysis of the flora of the area a few years ago. For the last few years, Backdale Quarry, on the eastern end, has been extracting limestone at the rate of 20,000 tonnes a month. The hole left behind isn't pretty and the Park authorities had been trying to stop it expanding.

Recently the Court of Appeal supported the Park Authority and supposedly restricted operations but work still seems to continue.

Ed.

DESECRATION

Despite opposition from four local authorities and the objections of more than 18,000 people the Scottish Parliament has voted to allow one of the greatest acts of environmental despoliation ever seen in the UK.

Whatever happened to our pride in the green and pleasant land? What point the status of a national park.

They have sanctioned the sacrifice of the unique grandeur of the Highlands in favour of the marching miles of monstrous pylons between Beaully and Denny.

This rape of the countryside to satisfy urban needs is apparently based on false science and misinformation and is politically justified on dubious grounds and supposedly protected by safeguards although little is said as to what they will be and how exactly they will work.

In future years as we pass through the area we will look up in astonishment and dismay and ask, how on earth did we let this happen?

Will the Scottish government oblige, or not oblige, the power giants to put the most visually intrusive parts of the line underground? Regardless of the debatable claims for a need for this increased capacity, could not the government exercise its right to withhold planning permission unless at least the sensitive parts of the power line were put underground? It seems astonishing that the power companies should now be asked to submit "visual impairment reduction" schemes of their own rather than being set detailed and specific requirements as part of the planning consent.

This decision is by an SNP administration in Scotland but the precedent being set will move the goalposts throughout the UK and many more beauty spots will be at risk.

The entire Scottish political establishment have bought into the supposed 'green' agenda and UK governments have signed up to impossible targets for renewables and are now finding their own targets used against them to justify major commercial undertakings which in any event would not be viable without subsidy.

In order to allow this 137-mile parade of giant pylons, some as much as 200 feet high, it has required the setting aside of the unique status and environmental protection of the Cairngorms National Park which was trumpeted as a great step forward when it was recently created.

What was the point of establishing such a park, with its conservation responsibilities and an army of planning protocols?

The decision seems to have largely ignored the various alternatives such as reinforcing the less intrusive east-coast line or running cables under the sea. There also seems to have been little thought for the potential loss of tourist income.

There is an existing transmission line and some need for its upgrading but the sheer scale of these proposals make them surely unacceptable. By all means enhance the line to modern standards but rather than erect enormous new pylons, why not support the route by creating an additional less obtrusive line.

Despite the latest ruling the major opponents are expected to fight on. Bodies such as the John Muir Trust; the Association for the Protection of Rural Scotland; Ramblers Scotland; the Scottish Wild Land Group and the Beaully - Denny Landscape Group need our support.

The first and major consideration should be to create power generation nearer to where the demand is for power; considerable amount of the power is lost during transmission. It is perfectly reasonable to produce power locally to support the economies of say Caithness and north Sutherland but the needs of the major cities should be satisfied nearer to home.

Secondly if we have to produce power in remote location it should surely be within our capacity to move it about unobtrusively.

At the same time as the decision of the Scottish Parliament was being handed down the Crown Estate awarded leases for nine zones around the British coast where it expects developers to spend £75 billion installing 6,400 giant new offshore wind turbines totalling 25 gigawatts of capacity by 2020. It eventually expects the sites to provide 32 gigawatts, or a quarter of Britain's electricity needs.

The Government has claimed that the wind farms would begin generating electricity by 2014.

However, several developers say the target is very optimistic, amongst other things because of the need to create a "super grid" for turbines up to 200 miles offshore.

At least that far out to sea they will not be the same eyesores that ones close to the shore are but we still face the problem of long transmission lines.

We should be supporting the efforts of the companies competing to develop both wave and tidal energy and locating such devices near to the major cities with undersea transmission lines.

Ed

YET ANOTHER THREE PEAKS

We have often covered the Three Peaks race or more leisurely circuits of these three Yorkshire summits, indeed members have been reported doing the rounds in meet reports this year. In the recent past we have also published a piece on the southern three peaks in Africa.

There is of course the now pretty commercialised dash between the highest peaks of England, Wales and Scotland and we have at least one member who has done

the four peaks, including Ireland. Now we have members to have a go at yet another variation.

The Barmouth to Fort William, Three Peaks Yacht Race combines yachting, fell running and cycling into something of a challenge to say the least.

Five team members are allowed, normally a combination of sailors and cyclists / runners, and their objective is to sail from Barmouth, on the Welsh coast via Caernarfon and Whitehaven, to Fort William in Scotland, dropping in along the way to climb Snowdon, Scafell and Ben Nevis.

It involves a total of 389 miles of difficult coastal sailing, 26 miles of cycling and 72 miles of running, with roughly 14,000 feet of ascent; no mean feat (but probably sore feet).

For those interested in the technicalities it is open to mono-hull yachts only and engine power can only be used close to port. It is a straight forward race to the finish and the first team to get their runners back to the finish line in Fort William, having completed all the mountains, wins the Daily Telegraph Cup.

There are other trophies for fastest teams over each leg; fastest runners over all mountains and a number of others. At least two members of the team must run up Snowdon, two must cycle from Caernarfon to Ennerdale where the run to the top of Scafell Pike and back begins (26 miles cycling and 26 miles running)

Whitehaven to Fort William is the longest sailing leg of the race culminating with the shortest and steepest run of the entire race finishing, after 17 miles of running, at the entrance to the Caledonian Canal.

The race attracts some of the world's top sailors and athletes, but many just hope to be able to complete the course, which is a considerable achievement in its own right.

This June, Rob Ibberson and Andy Syme, along with a Prospective Member Richard Garbutt and two others, are going to have a go at it.

While this is the realisation of a long term ambition of Andy's, they are doing the race primarily to raise money for chosen charities and would be grateful for any sponsorship members would care to offer.

'Breast Cancer Haven' and 'Help for Heroes' are the two they have elected to support and if you would like to sponsor them the easiest way is via their JustGiving.com sites which will also allow you to Gift Aid your support.

www.justgiving.com/3-Peaks-Yacht-H4H - Help for Heroes

www.justgiving.com/3-Peaks-Yacht-Haven - Breast Cancer Haven

If you prefer then cash or cheque to either Rob or Andy at one of our meets or by post would also be welcome advising your preference for which charity.

Now in its 33rd year the record to date stands at 2 days 14 hours and 4 minutes but it has been done faster when other than mono-hulls were allowed. The record is a bit academic as it all depends on sailing conditions with the weather a major consideration. There is a fairly reasonable time limit for teams to actually finish.

In a total calm a number of years ago, several of the yachts either rowed, towed or kedged their yachts. Following protests it was ruled that as long as the yachts were moved manually it was within the spirit of the race. Rowing remains today as an important element in the race.

Tales of past races paint some fairly desperate pictures.

In 1977 In bad weather the yacht Aurantes put into Barrow, and the summiteers took two days to go to the top of Scafell Pike and back, camping overnight.

By the late seventies increasing numbers of service teams were boosting the entry showing how tough a challenge it is proving to be.

About that time, Frank Davis from The Climbers' Shop in Ambleside competing in his Nicholson 30 'Mumascara', realised that this was a race for fell runners and that Ravenglass was the nearest possible landing point to Scafell but they arrived in pitch darkness and a horrendous gale without enough water to get down the channel and into shelter.

The seasick runners took to the dinghy to get ashore aided by one of the sailors but an enormous wave capsized them and two of them lay on top of the dinghy and one remained in the water being held by the scruff of his neck.

Huge waves battered them for an hour before they were fortunately washed ashore, never to put to sea again. Needless to say they withdrew from the race.

This is a seriously difficult endeavour. The Snowdon run has been done in just over three hours and the 32 mile course up Scafell in a phenomenal four hours thirty minutes. The overall aggregate for the runners is just over ten and a half hours.

All I can say is good luck gentlemen.

I will of course expect a full report for the next journal

Ed.

This meet was based at the Tom Bell Hostel, owned by the Scout movement and hidden deep in the steep-sided wooded valley of Hardcastle Crags (SD979291). This was as near to a perfect meet as I can imagine and those who did not get there missed out badly.

Access to the area was surprisingly easy although the final approach was more challenging. It was about 2 miles from Hebden Bridge by path or track and Hebden Bridge itself is well served by regular bus and train services. The hostel can be reached by riverside paths winding up this steep sided and heavily wooded valley or along tracks on either rim. By car it is along 1¼ mile of narrow track off a minor road climbing steeply out of Hebden toward the high level village of Heptonstall.

The fully equipped hostel holds 30 in 5 bunk rooms but we did not do it justice on this occasion. Although feeling very isolated, the site is actually within 30 mins good walk of Heptonstall, where there are 2 hostelryes. Some of the paths can be a bit hairy at times especially in the dark but not as much so as the one some members elected to use after dinner on the Saturday night. We decided to descend to the hamlet of Midgehole, and the fascinating Blue Pig social club. About ½ mile down the track out of Hebden Hey we took an excuse for a path, entirely comprised of damp, mossy and extremely sporting rocks and boulders for about 300 yards steeply downhill to the watering hole. The route was only just feasible in the dark even with a torch but seemed surprisingly easier returning.

It must be said that this was after being made very welcome by the very few regulars in this strange establishment resembling nothing much more than a well turned out and equipped former shack. Having taken our seats we caused considerable confusion as we filled a quarter of the room and everyone else, arriving later, had to forgo their usual seats. We joined in the weekly quiz and came a respectable 3rd (of only 5 teams).

The area is truly ideal for walking, and whilst in no way mountaineering we did gain considerable height and enjoyed tremendous views. When struggling in and out of the various steep side valleys we faced more than enough ascents, which if added together would have equated to a quite respectable summit.



Quarry climbing is to be had and three of our party spent the first part of Saturday at Heptonstall Quarry, climbing Fairy Steps and Trepidation on surprisingly dry rock.

Richard Smith at Heptonstall Quarry

They then moved a few miles up the valley to Widdop where one easy route was climbed with difficulty on horribly green wet rock.

A very 'green' Widdop



They none of them managed Robinson's "Problem" which was particularly poignant as Harry Robinson himself and John Hemmingway stopped off at Widdop whilst driving over to join the meet. After these climbs our President left to be the official guest at the dinner of the Gritstone Club, but Michael and Richard Smith then walked down the valleys to return to Hebden Hey.

Adrian climbed with the Gritstone Club on the Sunday at Malham but admits to struggling to lead on the Right Wing.

Walks can be made as hard as one chooses in this area. The open moor, the Pennine Way, Calderdale Way, and Todmorden Centenary Way are within walking distance, and buses and trains allow for numerous non-circular routes. There is open access land on the tops but with unpredictable terrain where map reading and navigation skills are severely put to the test.

The Saturday walking group of 5 (Keith Raby, Ian Crowther, Frank Wilkinson, John Lovett and myself) set off in glorious autumn sunshine through the woods, across the stepping stones and up Hebden Water past the renovated mill and finally out onto Heptonstall Moor at Blake Dean.



We picked up the Pennine way at the corner of Lower Gorple Res. and followed it south to drop down to Colden Water at Jack Bridge where lunch was taken.

After lunch the octogenarian member of the group set off down the valley to climb out at Slack and make his own way back. A very respectable walk of about 8 miles in all.

The others continued by climbing out of the steep valley to Blackshaw Head. From there we dropped into the incredible Jumble Hole Clough, a very steep sided wooded valley formed by a fast flowing stream that flows into the River Calder. This fascinating defile has its own microclimate and near rain forest type vegetation because it is so deep and steep that sunlight rarely gets in.

The tricky descent into the bottom passed a ruined 3 story mill and it defies logic to work out how it was built as it is doubtful that even horses could have got to it.



We crossed the stream and climbed back out and back onto the tops to walk along the edge looking down into the valley of the Calder and across to Stoodley Pike.



Our leader, taking a breather

Stretched out in the valley some 600 feet below us was a complete picture of Victorian industrial development. Alongside the River Calder was the canal, the railway and the trunk road. Several fine old mills could be seen and from that height even the sewage works was not screened from view.

We left the edge to climb back over the hill and drop into the valley of the Colden before climbing over the next hill to the village of Slack and then down the somewhat precipitous valley side back to the hostel. All in all a very

diverse and interesting walk of probably about 12/13 miles with a considerable amount of climb.

10 members then sat down to an excellent four course meal provided by the meet leader.

Next day saw some setting off for home but 6 set out for another day on the hills in unfortunately damp conditions which got progressively worse during the morning. We crossed Hebden Water and climbed out of the valley to contour round the hillside above a side valley carrying Crimsworth Dean Beck.

We then crossed that valley at Lumb Hole, a very impressive waterfall dropping into a superb swimming hole if you could find any way down into it. The long climb out brought us high onto the moors below Clattering Edge by which time the wind was throwing the rain at us side on and a passing bus was a welcome way of getting back down to Hebden Bridge.

At this point the skies cleared and the sun came out and by the time we returned to the hostel we had effectively dried out.

The return route was itself both physically challenging and fascinating. We started by using an interminable flight of steep steps out of the town, which were themselves treacherous with wet leaves. Crossing the Heptonstall road a path then took us steeply uphill to give superb views over the Calder gorge and passing an old quarry with popular rock climbs. It continued up steps to the left of the face to bring us into Heptonstall where we took lunch.

Returning to the path we continued along Colden Edge. The path skirts the top of the crags before entering the wood and gave considerable exposure before it finally came out at the top of Lumb Bank from where we crossed the fields to Slack and returned following the same route as the previous day. Another excellent walk of about 7 miles.

Apart from some of the weather it is hard to see how the meet could have been improved upon and the location would well justify another visit.

Well done Frank.

- Attending
- Adrian Bridge (President)
- Frank Wilkinson (Meet Leader)
- Keith Raby
- Roy Denney
- Ian Crowther
- Michael Smith
- Richard Smith
- John Lovett
- Arthur Salmon
- Harry Robinson
- John Hemmingway

STUBAITAL AUSTRIAN ALPS

19 July- 5 Aug 2009 - Mick Borroff

A select group of members broke with tradition by not having a fixed valley base, instead, mainly travelling hut to hut. They achieved the meet's objective by completing the week-long Stubai Glacier Tour taking in a few mountains en route. Other peaks, passes, klettersteigs, balcony routes and sociable meals featured.

Sun 19th July

After driving across Belgium and Germany, Paul and Mick arrived at Camping Stubai in Neustift and weren't lulled to sleep by an Austrian oompah band performing in the village.

Mon 27th July

Although the mountain tops were covered in a blanket of recent snow, it was a fine day and Paul and Mick took the Schlick 2000 lift from Fulpmes up to the top station below the Kreuzjoch. We selected a traversing route across the mountainside, plodding through lots of wet snow slides, to just above the Starckenburger Hütte, where an easy ascent of the Hoher Burgstall, 2611m, provided a fine viewpoint across to the spiky limestone Kalkkogel range opposite. We descended a short klettersteig to a connecting ridge to the Neider Burgstall, 2436m, and returned to the lift station for a coffee before our descent.

Michael, Helen, Richard and Fiona arrived and we assembled in Neustift for dinner to discuss plans over a pizza and a few beers. Jack arrived from Innsbruck on schedule late that evening following a flight from Gatwick to complete the party.

Tue 28th July

After a day and a half's drive south from Rotterdam the Smith family needed to stretch its legs and a traverse of the Peilspitze, 2392m, behind Serles, from the Kalbenjoch towards the Blaserhütte was undertaken with Mick. This involved taking the new cable car from Meiders to Kappeneck, 1605m, with recollections of the clanking old single chair predecessor which roughly scooped us up eleven years ago.

Forty-five minutes through the forest revealed an expanded set of buildings for the Maria Waldrast spa. Rather than turning immediately right for Serles this time, we tackled the rocky ridge of the Peilspitze, with several chamois spotted en route. Descending through the grassy alp of Kalbenjochmahder, farmers were rhythmically scything the meadow. We dropped steeply into Langes Tal and raced down to the Ochsenalm, 1558m, for a beer accompanied by impromptu Tyrolean yodelling from a walking group. After that we were ready for the heights of the Stubai.

Wed 29th July

After packing sacks in another day of glorious sunshine, we took a taxi up Oberbergtal to begin our main objective - the Stubai Glacier Tour.

Jack and Paul were dropped off at Seduck and walked up to the Seducer Hochalm Hütte where they had an impromptu overnight stay, after deciding the traverse to the Franz Senn Hütte would better await the next day.

After a picnic lunch, the rest of us with big sacks, elected to take the shorter direct route from the Oberisshütte up the hillside, pausing to admire the waterfalls below the Franz Senn Hütte, 2147m.

Thu 30th July

An early start was needed as the guidebook indicated that the crossing over to the Amberger Hütte would be the longest day of the traverse. The stream from the Alpeiner Ferner was followed west over flowery meadows and up over old moraines to its source. We found the glacier's bare ice was running with water and slush. Higher up and onto the snow, we roped up. It was Helen and Fiona's first time roped up on a glacier and they were hoping not to have to use their recently acquired prusiking skills. We steadily climbed the Alpeiner's soft snowfields heading for the Wildgrat Scharte, 3168m, where Rich and Mick kicked bucket steps up the snow-filled gully. Once at the top, there was just enough room on a ledge for us all to eat lunch and take in the view, whilst the gusting wind whistled around us.

After an earthy scramble down the other side, the Schwarzenberg glacier was crossed to a moraine system that descended much further than we would have liked, down to the valley, where tired, we received a warm welcome in the Amberger Hütte, 2135m, after 10 hours on the go, seeing no other parties en route.

Fri 31st July

Another early start saw us initially retracing our steps back up the valley floor, before ascending south to the Sulztal glacier. This was crossed to the Wüttenkarsattel, 3015m, where a mixed descent and some tatty fixed ropes, took us down to the Wüttenkarferner.

This glacier was traversed in a wide arc to end up below a rocky ridge leading to the Hochstubaihütte. Hearing where we had come from, the guardian Florian gave each of us a very warm welcome with a glass of schnapps, later followed by a good dinner! As we went to bed a storm broke and the thunderclaps echoed around us, but most slept soundly again after a tiring 8 hour day.

Sat 1st Aug

We awoke to find about 3-4 cm of new snow had fallen overnight and we descended the rocks carefully back down to the Wüttenkarferner glacier, making fresh tracks as we ascended east to the Warenkar Scharte, 3187m, then across the Warenkarferner towards the Bilstöckljoch, 3128m. We were followed by a solitary mountaineer, playing Austrian roulette with the crevasses - at least he was wearing a harness in case he needed hoisting out!

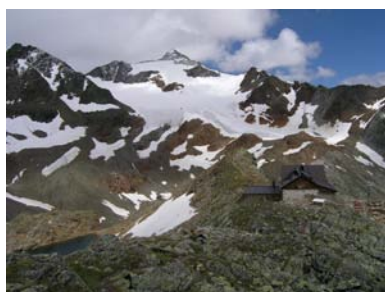
The Bilstöckljoch is the site of a mountain restaurant at the head of the Gletscherbahn cableway and is surrounded by skiing paraphernalia.

Mick, Rich and Michael scrambled up the Schaufelspitz 3333m, leaving Helen and Fiona to enjoy their hot chocolates.



Mike Smith on the Schaufelspitz

They didn't need much encouragement to have a second one with us on our return!



Thus fortified we continued across the Gaisskarferner to the head of a rocky scramble leading down to the Hildesheimer Hütte, 2899m.

Being the weekend and sited just below the normal route for the Zucherhüt, we were not surprised that the hut became full, but this was the only occasion where we had to pass climbers asleep on mattresses in the corridor. After dinner, Helen and Fiona decided they would prefer to do the lower level hut-to-hut crossing accompanied by Michael.



Pfaffenschneid from Hildesheimer Hütte,

Sun 2nd Aug

A 5.00 am start saw Rich and Mick devouring breakfast to emerge into the cool of an alpine dawn. The tarn below the hut was still as a mirror as we eagerly progressed across the rocks heading for the snow slopes leading up to the Pfaffenjoch, 3212m, where we donned crampons and roped-up in absolutely perfect conditions - hard frozen snow under a cloudless sky.

We had decided to traverse the Zucherhüt, and Rich led up the west ridge of the Pfaffenschneid, 3498m, then across a mixed traverse to eventually gain the large stainless steel summit cross on the Zucherhüt, 3505m, in guidebook time.

*Zucherhüt
and
Pfaffenschneid*



The descent down the trade route on the East Ridge was much less pleasant, with the usual confusion of ropes and minor stonefall caused by the multiple parties.

We continued down to the Pfaffensattel, 3344m and ascended the Wilder Pfaff, 3458m, dodging a few rocks dislodged from above by a large German party. Unscathed, we reached the modest metal cross on the top and paused to view the distant crocodiles of mountaineers snaking their way across the beautiful Sulzenaufener, bound for the Stubai's highest summit.

We followed the Germans down the long and splendidly airy rock scramble that comprises the Wilder Pfaff's East Ridge, to gain the snow slopes leading to the Müller Hütte, 3145m. A bowl of spaghetti and a Weissbier were enjoyed for lunch on the hut terrace in the sun, with its spellbinding view over the glacier to the Becher Hütte and range after range south to the Dolomites.

Close to the Müller Hütte is a major crevasse system used as an underground ice-climbing wall (see the photos on the hut web site) which is entered on a winch à la Gaping Ghyll. We enjoyed a superb goulash and polenta dinner, whilst chatting to an English couple from Bath, who had come up on the Stubai Gletscherbahn via the Zucherhüt and Wilder Pfaff.

Meanwhile, leaving Richard and Mick heading for the Zucherhüt, Michael, Helen and Fiona made their way back up the Gaisskarferner to the Jochdoh and the 9 am Bahn down two stages to the Dresdner Hut and the heat of another summer day. Making our way over the ridge towards the Sulzenauhütte it was soon clear that Fiona was moving faster and she decided to tackle the Grosser Troglar, 2902m, on the way. The only difficulty she encountered was when swinging from the klettersteig cable down a steep face, while carrying a sac containing a full glacier kit.

That left Michael and Helen loitering at the fork in the track before heading for the Peiljoch, 2672m. That was when they noticed Paul and Jack marching steadily up the track towards them. Together they lunched among the drystone towers of the Peiljoch, before heading to the snout of the Sulzenaufener and following the tumbling water to the hut. Later that evening a rescue helicopter was working by that snout.

Mon 3rd Aug

The next day, the lower party had a similar manoeuvre from the Sulzenauhütte over the next ridge to the east. As they passed Grünausee, marmots whistled echoing alarm calls in response to a dog on the path. The less direct crossing was chosen to take in the subsidiary summit of the Mairspitz, 2743m. The scrambling route maintained their interest on both sides of the ridge and at its double col. There, having not met any other English parties all week, they came across another Sheffield family whose lad was a Scout in the pack Fiona had recently visited. It was their first visit to the Alps.

Arriving at the Nürnberger Hütte, 2278m, they rejoined Mick and Richard.

Meanwhile, high above the Sulzenauhütte, another fine day for mountaineering was developing as Mick and Richard ascended up the snowfield heading for the Southwest Ridge of the Wilde Freiger, 3419m.



After a brief stop at the summit cross marking the Austro-Italian border, they crossed briefly into Italy and back to inspect the ruined customs hut on the Signalgipfel, 3392m. A long descent down snow slopes led to a rocky descent to the large Nürnberger Hütte.

Shortly after, the rest of the party arrived and were joined by Mick's wife Hilary, who had walked up from Ranalt, on the return leg from a holiday in the Dolomites with niece Sarah. After another excellent dinner, we all watched the lightning of a thunderstorm further down the valley and later listened to the rain.

Tue 4th Aug

After a leisurely breakfast, we descended back to civilisation under a cloud-covered sky, but fortunately avoided any rain. We stopped for refreshments at Bsuechalm, just allowing enough time to walk to the road to catch the bus back to Neustift. Jack and Hilary decided to run part of the way.

We all met up later that evening at the Hotel Cappella in Neder for a very enjoyable final dinner.

Wed 5th Aug

Jack left to catch a plane from Innsbruck and Hilary departed to begin her drive back to UK with Sarah.

Everyone else decided that a via ferrata was in order and after some fetching gloves were purchased, took the Elferlifte from Neustift and headed up to the recently extended Elferspitze klettersteig. This was a new experience for Paul, but a good time was had by all negotiating the cables, stemples, climbs, descents and traverses that thread their way through the limestone towers and pinnacles over the Elferspitze, 2505m, to the Zwölferneider Sattel. After a welcome ice cream at the Elferhütte, we watched a few parapents take off and circle effortlessly on their way back to the valley floor. We returned more prosaically on the lift.

Thu 6th Aug

A final fling saw Richard and Michael taking tandem parapent descents from the slope above the Elfer Hütte down to Neustift. They were following in the flight path of David Smith on the previous meet there, though couldn't compete with his maturity on taking a maiden flight.

With a last day in the mountains, Paul and Mick drove to the head of Stubaital to Mutterbergalm and took the Stubai

Gletscherbahn to the first station beside the Dresdner Hütte. From the hut, a new path was taken over a col below the Egesengrat taking a largely contouring route around to the Mutterberger See and then down through the forest and eventually back to the cableway car park.



Fri 7th Aug

Then for the Smiths, it was back north with stops for cycling by Lake Constance, investigating a French caldera and leisurely beers at delightful historic Brielle, just a few miles from Europoort Rotterdam. We all slept soundly on the ferry back to Hull.

Mike and Paul drove back via a tour of Alsace and the Ardennes to arrive in Dover, welcomed by a torrential downpour that lasted until we arrived in Cambridge.

An alternative view from Jack Short & Paul Dover

Mick Borroff made a wise choice in selecting Austria for this year's Alpine meet. It enabled several parties to do their own thing whilst meeting up at intervals. Paul Dover and Jack Short elected to stay in the Stubai valley at the Pension Tina in Neder, having arrived there by various means of transport involving planes, trains, buses and motor car. This proved to be an excellent choice of Pension, with Tina Pfurtscheller being very amenable to us staying several days in the huts and only charging for the days when we were in the Pension. We also enjoyed good value dinners across the road at the Hotel Cappella.

Tue 28th Jul

The first day after Jack's arrival we intended an easy day to get our bearings, and walked along the river path to Milders and then up to Forchach where there is a delightful restaurant serving Apfelstrudel which became Paul's lunchtime passion!

Being suitably refreshed the walk continued towards Barenbad through the woods. Unfortunately the path deteriorated rapidly and vanished repeatedly among numerous slides of avalanche debris and fallen trees. This turned an easy day into a nightmare of battling through undergrowth and slippery roots on a steep slope in thick rotten vegetation and trees, involving a long descent to the valley.

Eventually we survived to reach the track in the valley and the welcoming Restaurant at Barenbad. A walk back along the track required deviations around the workmen, who were repairing the extensive avalanche damage and

installing major new services which had required the building of a temporary road.

Wed 29th Jul

The entire party took a taxi to the end of the valley we had laboriously traversed the previous day. Paul and I had previously decided to alight at Seduck and take the panoramic route from Hoch Seduck to the Franz Senn Hütte whilst the others took the taxi to the Oberisshütte at the end of the valley. Unfortunately due to a late start with the taxi and an exhausting 770m climb to the Hoch Seduck we arrived at the Seducker Oberisshütte, 2249m, at the same time as a thunder and lightning storm. This persuaded us to stay the night there, despite the only food available being a bacon omelette!

Thu 30th Jul

As we were now 3 hours away from the Franz Senn Hütte and a further 5 hours to our next intended Neue Regensburger Hütte we decided to stay at the Franz Senn Hütte, 2147m. This is an excellent hut with meals, accommodation, and all mod cons to suit 140 people. Short walks up the Hinterberg! passed the rest of the day, with Paul continuing up to the snout of the Alpeiner Ferner.

Fri 31st Jul

We walked along the Stubai Höhenweg and Paul went as far as the Schrimmennieder Basslerjoch at 2830m. As we had to return to the valley for that evening at the Pension Tina, we returned to the Franz-Senn for lunch and descended by the direct route to Oberisshutte and the 4.30 pm taxi to Neustift and thence to Neder.

Sat 1st Aug

We planned a day in the valley, so we took the Elferlifte from Neustift and walked up to the Elferhütte, 2080m. From here there is a panoramic route running above the Pinnistal and eventually down to Karalm, at the base of the footpath to the Innsbrucker Hütte, 2370m. However time and energy were too short for this excursion, so we stopped for a snack at the Karalm restaurant and returned to the lift via the valley and lower panoramic path, and thence back to Neustift.

Sun 2nd Aug

An early bus to the road terminus at Mutterbergalm and the Stubai Gletscherbahn lift to the middle station got us to the Dresdner Hut, 2302m. This saw us on our way once again on the Stubai Höhenweg to the Peiljoch, 2676m and over to the Sulzenauhütte, 2191m. On the ascent and to our surprise we saw in front of us the Smith family (minus Richard) waiting for us to catch up and we all continued together. The Sulzenauhütte was another excellent hut although we had to share it with half the German army who were there on Alpine manoeuvres. I hope the other half were in Afghanistan helping our boys.

Mon 3rd Aug

This was the day we were due to meet up with the remainder of the Stubai Glacier party, so it was onwards and upwards to the Grünausee, 2330m, and the Mairspitz,

2781m, via a tricky cleft in the rock leading to the ridge. By then we were like the Pied Piper leading a procession of Italian children up the best route.

On the ridge was a family from Sheffield who knew the Smiths and a short rest was called for to catch up with local gossip.

Further down we could see the Nürnberger Hutte, where we joined up with Hilary and the earlier arrivals, Mick and Richard for a large dinner of goulash.

Tue 4th Aug

A three hour walk down to the main bus route at Ranalt and we piled into the local bus to return to the Pension Tina, and an excellent dinner party at Hotel Cappella to celebrate.

Wed 5th Aug

An early start for the bus to Innsbruck and plane home to Gatwick concluded an excellent and enjoyable YRC meet. Jack Short & Paul Dover

Conclusion

There are now numerous klettersteigs in the Stubai valley to augment the more familiar mountaineering and walking possibilities and it is a very friendly location. The Stubai Glacier Tour was an excellent traverse, with its six days of mountaineering and can be strongly recommended to those with glacier experience. We were blessed with fine weather and thus avoided any forced stopovers. The lower level hut-to-hut tour (the Stubai Rucksack Route) which skirts below the glaciers, would also make a fine two-week outing.

As many members will testify, Austrian mountain huts are superb and very welcoming. We took half-board and were very well catered for - there was really no need to bring any food other than the odd lunchtime snack. Breakfasts comprised cereal/muesli with yoghurt and fruit salad, breads with ham, cheese, sausage and jams, washed down with tea/fruit tea. A lunchtime sandwich could also be taken. The three course dinners were generally excellent.

Mobile phones were very useful to keep our three parties in touch, so that appropriate rendezvous could be made. The updated 1:25000 Alpenvereinskarten mapping was superb and we verified that the grid could be read with our GPS handsets set to WGS 84.

Participants

Mick Borroff
Paul Dover
Jack Short
Michael Smith
Richard Smith
Helen Smith (G)
Fiona Smith (G)
Hilary Tearle (G)



Crossing the Wüttenkarferner below the Hochstubaihütte

MEETS

On the last two occasions I have been in the company of fellow members a debate has ensued about what makes a perfect meet, how we should organise them and who is best placed to do so.

There seems to be a consensus that if we wish to enjoy the passion and local knowledge of members it is best to ask them if they will organise a meet and let them decide where they wish to take us. The downside of this is however that if they suggest somewhere outside the classic areas the meet has to be well sold to the other members or numbers turning out are disappointing. Even good areas if remote can lead to poor turn outs but for those attending these can still be excellent meets.

The Pembrokeshire meet Apr 3 - 6 was an example of this, giving further evidence that small can be beautiful. The four members and one guest had a perfect weekend climbing or walking on the Pembrokeshire cliffs. The April weather was bright and sunny, the wind moderate and although there was a little nip to the air in the evening it was excellent.

Nick Welch reports that Saturday was devoted to climbing, which was good with a wide range of routes and grades. And that climbing with the sea as the backdrop gives an added edge to the trip. Sunday was walking and for our guest surfing.

The one down side was the futile attempts to find food in a local pub on the Friday evening. The puzzled responses from the publicans did give a strong sense of being a rather strange outsider. Food on a Friday evening; what ever next?

Those attending: Adrian Bridge, Tim Josephy, George Spencley, Nick Welch, Ozzie Rose (guest)

An evening chat recently after a good walk did engender a meeting of minds (albeit few in number) as to what would be a perfect meet.

Firstly it need not be in a classic area. Britain has numerous pockets of wonderful terrain which would provide first class opportunities for us even if so limited as to mean we could only visit once in a fairly long while. The meet at Bretton in the White Peak would fall into this classification – a good turn out enjoyed a good weekend despite the weather with good walking, climbing and indeed caving opportunities. However having all done our own thing there on that occasion, it would not sustain a repeat visit for some time.

A good meet should try and provide for more than one interest; should have suitable and reasonably priced accommodation and, where we are self catering as a club, the meet organiser needs some culinary skills and imagination or possibly a good lady at home prepared to do the advance work in exchange for getting rid of us for a weekend's peace. It should preferably be somewhere new to many of us, it should be well researched and offer plenty of alternatives. It is a bonus if a convivial hostelry is within reasonable walking distance for the customary wind down and debriefing.

Rarely possible, given our interests favour remote places, access by public transport is preferable and, wearing my Editor's hat, a concise, informative, interesting and prompt meet report is a must.

Other members may well have different ideas but hopefully this will trigger further debate on the subject leading to an even better meet programme.

I would have to say that this years meet in the Pennines at Hebden Hey above Hebden Bridge, ticked most of these boxes. *(see full report page 42)*

It is great going to classic areas but variety is the spice of life and I am sure the meets sub group would welcome any ideas.

Some meets have become traditional and new traditions are being forged. Amongst the meets in the later part of last year was the traditional joint meet with the Wayfarers Club which has been an annual event for more years than most of us can remember. Held in memory of Harry Spilsbury, in recent years it has been at the excellent Robertson Lamb Hut of the Wayfarers in Great Langdale. Over the years it has been there more often than not, often incorporating the use of our hut at LHG in Little Langdale as overflow sleeping accommodation. This year for a change we used Lowstern, our hut in the Three Peaks area of North Yorkshire. Ken Aldred reports on this years gathering.

Lowstern September 11th -13th. Joint Meet

As is usual with meets recently, quite a number of both the Yorkshire Ramblers and the Wayfarers had arrived at the cottage by the Friday afternoon. This led to various small groups wandering over the nearby hills and calling in at places like Austwick for refreshments. The weather was as beautiful as the autumn colours on the trees so that everyone was ready for the first of the excellent meals provided by Alan Linford. The discussions round the table were largely of the summer activities of members of both clubs.

On Saturday Frank Wilkinson set off from Ingleton with a party of Wayfarers to climb Cragareth and some of the surrounding hills. Mike and Richard Smith did the Three Peaks while three ex-presidents also did the same round, apart from missing two out. One party took a very leisurely walk round the Ingleton Waterfalls but the prize for the most serious activity went to Adrian and Tim who went to Great Close Scar where they climbed six routes including Scimitar and Nomad. After coffee in Settle the then did five bolted routes on Castleburg.

A very enjoyable dinner was followed by entertainment consisting of illustrated talks of some remarkable activities by members. The standard of slide and power point presentation is now a real feature of a night in the huts.

On Sunday many members of both clubs headed for home but Pete Dixon, the President of the Wayfarers, walked across Morecambe Bay on the way. Tim and Adrian, together with Mike and Richard went to Attermire and

climbed several routes including Moonshine and Hares Wall. Tim slipped and cracked a rib, but avoided any call out.

This was a very enjoyable weekend with everyone getting a great deal from it, whether it was the activities on the hills, the usual first class catering or the company of colleagues, sometimes seen again after too long a break.

Yorkshire Ramblers present were, Adrian Bridge, Dennis Armstrong, Alan Brown, John Brown, Albert Chapman, Ian Crowther, Tim Josephy, Bill Lofthouse, John Lovett, Harry Robinson, John Schofield, Mike Smith, Richard Smith, Derek Smithson, Martin Trasler, Chris Ussel(G), Frank Wilkinson, Gordon Humphreys, Ken Aldred and Alan Linford. The Wayfarers present were Pete Dixon, Steve Auty, George Chambers, Dave Omerod, Graeme Pennie, Colin Smith and Martin Tomlins.

Another traditional part of our programme is the after dinner walk. Those who can get up early enough after the AGM and formal dinner, walk off their excesses and entertain our guests.

This year's Sunday Nov 15th after dinner walk was lead by Derek Bush, setting off from Barley village at a fairly respectable 10.30 hrs.

It followed a path westwards/northwards past a couple of reservoirs to the ridge of Pendle Hill and thence eastwards to the summit. Mist was hovering over the final 15 mins, but cleared soon after they were on top, reports Adrian Bridge. "We descended the steeper face of the hill and circled back to Barley, via some rather boggy fields, then revived with tea/coffee in a cafe at the car park." "A pleasant gentle walk - thanks Derek!"

Present were: Derek Bush, Richard Kirby, Richard Gowing, Mick Borroff, John Lovett, John Stirland, Paul and Richard Dover, Peter Chadwick, Mike Smith, Frank Wilkinson, Arthur Salmon and Adrian Bridge.

Yet another tradition which has evolved over the years is what we now know as the family meet. Originally conceived as a 'Lads and Dads' meet it came and went depending on how many lads were about of the appropriate age. In recent years as a new generation of youngsters has come along it has come back into prominence and we now normally have two each year as we did this year.

Having metamorphosised into a 'Lads, Dads and Granddads' event we now see several young lasses participating with a number of mothers and grandmothers along in support hence the new name for such events.

LOWSTERN FAMILY MEET 19-24 August

Paul Dover reports that he arrived with Billy and his friend Tom on Wednesday afternoon and did some general maintenance whilst the lads erected their 'basher' and played in the wood.

The forecast on Thursday was for periodic showers and they spent the morning on the Ingleton climbing wall. There was considerable enthusiasm both on the bouldering wall and the top roped climbs. Following lunch, enthusiasm to climb

Ingleborough waned as they walked up Long Lane and visited the Ingleborough Cave. On returning to Lowstern, Richard Josephy and grandson Charlie were erecting a wire ladder and abseil rope in one of the trees. Practising these techniques kept the boys occupied until a late dinner.

On Friday there was unanimous support for another session at the climbing wall. Again, there was great enthusiasm and all the boys progressed to harder routes on both the boulders and walls. After lunch they climbed Ingleborough via Crina Bottom. On reaching the summit the visibility was good enough to see the Lakeland hills. Richard and the boys descended to Chapel-le-Dale whilst Paul returned to Ingleton to collect the car. Alan arrived with his grandchildren and was using the ropes and ladder when we returned. Including an introduction on the use of a Fifi hook. Anybody remember them?

On Saturday, Alan with Alex, Charlotte and Joe and Paul with Billy walked from Clapham to Norber. Alan found a good belay above a VD on Robin Proctor Scar which Paul and the boys all climbed and the boys then did their first abseil down the cliff. Some of the group are now on their 3rd. 'Season' and encouraging to see they could all fit their harnesses and tie on correctly, only needing the usual check, most helpful in the constant change between walling and climbing. Billy on reaching the top 'Got any harder ones? Untapped potential.

After lunch they paid another visit to the Climbing wall where Alex and Billy spurred each other to increasingly difficult climbs on the boulders and Joe took to climbing top roped graded climbs.

Meanwhile, Richard took Charlie and Tom and supported by Richard Gowing with Elizabeth standing by on the surface, to Long Churn. Richard J. first recce'd Upper Long Churn from the top, but judged the waterfall down into Dr Bannister's Handbasin too vigorous for the party to descend, so they entered the lower entrance of Upper Long Churn and followed the cave back up to Dr Bannister's Handbasin, where the waterfall indeed provided an impressive sight, clearly impassable by their party.

They then returned down Upper Long Churn but, instead of making for the entrance, followed the loop direct to Lower Long Churn and pursued this down as far as the top of the Dolly Tubs pitch. The cave gave good sport, especially the Double Shuffle Pool with its hidden submerged footholds which resulted in two of the party getting a ducking - fortunately this proved easier on the return. After peering down into the gloom of the 14 metre Dolly Tubs pitch and agreeing that the flat-out crawl of the Cheese Press looked too tight for comfort, the party made its way back to the middle entrance where Elizabeth had been enjoying a read in the sunshine. They joined the party at the climbing wall in the afternoon when Charlie used the opportunity to practice Static Rope techniques..

All then all enjoyed a bangers and mash dinner prepared primarily by Alan and Elizabeth.

After heavy overnight rain there was unanimous support to visit the climbing wall again on Sunday.

Personal achievement goals were identified and most achieved although sore fingers from up to four visits coupled with late nights limited the amount of activity. Joe included SRT activity in his programme with encouraging back up from Charlie, now very competent, satisfying to see them all working together. We could do with another set of SRT gear. Next move is to do it in the dark! Richard and Elizabeth went round the Waterfalls Walk meeting a heavy shower on the link trail between the two rivers. After lunch, Alan and family left to journey home whilst Billy, Tom and Charlie braved further heavy showers in the Ingleton village swimming pool. They spent the night under the trees in an old tent kindly supplied for family meets by Alan.

The meet was greatly enjoyed by the young people and the evidence is that these events are bringing the club activities to a new generation. A great debt of gratitude to Alan for the time and energy put in to the organisation and particularly to the tutoring of the young people.

Present: (F) = Family - (G) = Guest
Paul Dover, Billy Sarakun 11 (F), Tom Clark 12 (G)
Richard Josephy, Charlie Young 10 (F) Alan Linford
Alex Linford 15 (F), Charlotte Calvert 17 (F) Joe Calvert 12 (F)
Richard Gowing , Elizabeth Gowing

A more recent event has its roots in the foot and mouth closures when organising long walks was very difficult.

In 2001 we substituted a **long bike ride** for the usual traditional long walk and it has now become an annual event. Over the last two years it has been joined by a number of 'walkers' and now covers both needs.

This year it was held in **Wensleydale 28-30th July** based on the Old School at Newbiggin-in-Bishopdale which provided most adequate accommodation with good facilities. It is a privately owned, YHA listed bunkhouse two miles SE of Aysgarth.

Three members walked the hills and moors. Seven went on bike rides of 40-70 miles with two in support. The longer route was over Whitaside Moor to Reeth, east to Richmond and Catterick Village, returning via East and West Witton. The weather was not especially kind but everyone enjoyed the outdoors, the company and the meals at the Streehead Inn on Tuesday and at the Bunkhouse on Wednesday.

Attending; Mike Godden, Derek Collins, David Phillips(G), Richard Kirby, Roger Dix, Richard Dover, Richard Gowing, Peter Cook(G), Derek Clayton, Alan Clare, Ian Crowther, John Lovett, Derek Bush, Barrie Wood, Derek English, Albert Chapman.

We do in addition have a traditional 'Ladies' meet pitched at a level to encourage wives and girlfriends to join us, which is in future to be called a social meet. At Christmas we have a meet which follows a traditional pattern. Over recent years this has entailed self catering either in Lowstern or a suitable third party accommodation but such venues are hard to find.

This year's Christmas meet was to have been a return to the Scouts' property at Hagg Dyke where we had successful

Christmas meets in the past, but fairly late in the day it was decided that its accessibility and kitchen arrangements were not suitable and a late switch was made. We used Hornby Laithe Bunkhouse Barn which is converted from original farm buildings and occupies a secluded position within easy walking distance of both Stainforth and Settle.

David Handley as meet organiser (with the support of ARC or wife) comments;

Hornby Laithe Bunkhouse, Christmas Dec 11 -13

I shouldn't really be writing this as I ran the meet but I couldn't resist. Why? Because Christmas meet reports in or near headquarters are generally a weary read. Why? Because the landscape has been traversed so often by so many over so many decades that accomplishments, if we can call them that, are hardly worth recording. That something should be worth recording is like a shiny sixpence turning up in a duff Christmas pudding!

No one attempted let alone completed the 3 Peaks though P-y-G was traversed by several. Rarely frequented fell and moorland was also quartered. No potholes were attempted. And that's it really, apart from the meet context.

Hornby Laithe bunkbarn was a real find! Albert and I having chosen Hagg Dyke a year ago went to look in September and were put off by the facilities and difficult access. We cancelled. Hornby appeared on the net. We went to see it and booked there and then. It is well appointed, well equipped and warm. It served our needs perfectly.

The meet flyer made an impassioned plea for good support as there are 36 bunks. In the event we filled two thirds on the Saturday night and less than half on the Friday. The Club underwrote the loss. And what of the takers? Average age must have been on the high side! The odd younger one joined us for the Saturday dinner when 28 sat down.

The dinner cannot go unremarked. It was our last as meet leaders. A new generation is urgently required.

There were five courses commencing with exotic nibbles, as they call them in Lancashire, followed by seafood chowder, followed by guinea fowl casserole followed by a selection of exquisite desserts, followed by Christmas cake with a crumbly Lancashire cheese (don't ask!!).

All, as you may have gathered, courtesy of Sam at Scar Top. We are indeed grateful for the colossal effort that this entailed. Thank you Sam.

Before any reader gets on his high horse and declares that this is not a dining club, think on. No its not, but there is a long tradition of meet leaders pulling out the stops for Saturday dinner. It is a strong bit of the YRC glue and we should not abandon it. This dinner was an exception and not the rule. Those considering organising a meet should not be put off. A good corned beef hash with a selection of pickles would be just as acceptable.

The pre dinner drinks chatter and scramble to sit next to, or to avoid never dims. There is something quite tribal about it !

To sum up. Perfect winter weather and venue.
Outstanding dinner and company.

But, as I said once before, ask not what the YRC can do for you but what can you do for your Club. The Club needs its younger and more recent members to become more active in all aspects of the Club's life, and NOW!

Attending:-

David Handley, Albert Chapman, Derek English, Alan Linford, Alan Brown, Barrie Wood, John Schofield, Rob Ibberson, Iain Gilmour, Paul Dover, Mike Hartland, John Lovett, David Hick, Dave Martindale, Tony Smythe, Alan Clare, Mick Borroff, Richard Kirby, John Varney, Harry Robinson, Ian Crowther, Frank Wilkinson, Gordon Humphreys, Ged Campion, Harvey Lomas, John Jenkin, Derek Clayton, Alister Renton.

Then but not the last of our traditions in respect of meets is that each year we stage a long walk meet, this year in memory of David Smith. We also try and have a spring meet in Scotland, one in the Alps and at least one in more distant parts.

By the time we have accommodated all of these it is a work of art to fit a diverse programme of other meets in more unusual locations around them. They must also include a mix of climbing, mountaineering, fell walking and caving opportunities.

We must be grateful for the work of the meets group but they would always welcome new ideas and volunteers.

In the past we used to have an annual high level camp meet. Would that be worth considering again?

Recent other meets this year have included a return to High Moss, the Rucksack Club Hut near Seathwaite in Dunnerdale and a caving meet based on Lowstern.

As always members do their own thing and often bolt some extra days onto the formal weekend or at least arrive early on the Friday to get the extra day in.

At High Moss in the Dunnerdale (July 10 - 12) for example, Mike Godden was one of the first, arriving early on the Friday and doing a circuit of Seathwaite Tarn before returning to the Hut.

All together ten discerning members put in an appearance despite the holiday season already being in full swing and spent the weekend on diverse activities. They did enjoy a brief but welcome improvement in the summer weather.

The meet was held at High Moss, the extremely well equipped hut of the Rucksack Club in the heart of the Duddon Valley.

On Friday evening the majority of the participants enjoyed convivial company and excellent food at the local hostelry in Seathwaite before returning to the hut.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny and a small group consisting of Mick Borroff, Michael Smith and John Brown headed up the Walna Scar track to the Col and then over

Brown Pike before steeply descending down a gully to reach the Stretcher Box nestling beneath Dow Crag.

After pausing to watch the antics of the roped climbing parties above them, a scramble up Easy Terrace and its continuation was undertaken, traversing fine rock scenery with Goats Water azure-blue below. A short exposed climb well before Intermediate Gully led to Dow's summit rocks. Highly recommended!

They then continued over Brim Fell to Swirl How and Great Carrs, before heading over Grey Friar for lunch and steeply down to Seathwaite Tarn. The dam was left heading north then west to the foot of another fine scramble on the clean swept buttress of Little Blake Rigg. A return to High Moss was made via the Seathwaite Tarn access track after an excellent day out.

On the Saturday Mike Godden was accompanied by Derek Smithson on what Mike describes as a super walk in sunny weather. They left the hut for the Walner Scar Road and turned right under White Peak, the flanks of Caw, and down to Natty Bridge. From there via the East side of the valley, across to Stephenson Ground to follow the lane to Carter Ground. They then took up the foot paths again round Ravens Crag, the old mine levels to Kiln Bank Cross. From there down the road and path to Hall Bridge.

They then followed the road on the West side of the Valley to High Wallowbarrow heading north to Fickle Crag where they crossed the river via enormous stepping stones with a steel rope for support.

Crossing the road again they traversed Tarn Beck and some very wet land back to the hut.

Oh! They nearly forgot to admit to calling at the Newfield Inn before retracing their steps to the first set of stepping stones to continue their route.

One member drove around to Wasdale and attempted the Mosedale Horseshoe only to be defeated, would you believe, by the heat of the sun.

Mike reports that the gathered ensemble had a very good evening meal - as always when Andrew Duxbury is catering. It was the usual communal meal which was contributed to in no small part by the wit and repartee of those attending

Unfortunately the rain lashed down all night and in the morning the valley was almost flooded. Most members did not relish the thought of getting soaked in the first 100 yards, and thus set off early for home.

Those who stayed on with plans to walk in the valley or to go over to Dow did fairly well later, as a rather more attractive spell of good weather moved into the region at about lunch time.

Mike Smith and John Brown seeing the dismal Sunday weather decided to visit Grizedale Forest. They walked from the Visitors' Centre (undergoing refurbishment) and did a decent round taking in a couple of hills, lots of hard tracks and a fair amount of bog towards the end.

Along the way they became entangled with a mountain bike race for several miles.

Attendance:

| | |
|----------------|--------------|
| Mick Borroff | Mike Godden |
| Richard Kirby | John Brown |
| Mike Smith | Ian Wilcock |
| Derek Smithson | Ian Crowther |
| Andrew Duxbury | Roger Dix |

Whilst a meet may be targeted at a particular pastime, as with the cycling meet, those disinclined to get so involved can still attend and do their own thing.

Amongst the activities at the caving meet based at **Lowstern (Oct 30 - Nov 1)** Ian Crowther spent the Saturday on Ingleborough, getting some breaks in the weather on the summit.

Richard Josephy and Adrian Bridge drove to the North Pennines and took advantage of a "non-firing day" on the Warcop army range to bag three normally inaccessible 2000 foot tops in misty but not totally unpleasant conditions. Adrian comments that they walked circularly from Hilton and included Mickle Fell (which used to be the highest point in Yorkshire). Unfortunately for a lot of the time they were above the cloud level so trudged over bog and tussock for several hours somewhat blind. Enjoyable all the same and topped off with a super coffee and cake treat at the Temperance Hotel by Cautly Spout.

Richard reports that Tim Josephy, Graham Salmon, Michael and Richard Smith his guest Dave Dodd abseiled into Lancaster Hole, traversing Easegill system up the streamway and out via Wretched Rabbit Passage. Water was apparently sportingly high and he gathers Michael was nearly washed away down the stream at one point.

Michael himself points out that when they arrived at Bull Pot farm they found the old chalk board (previously used to record numbers, intended route and ETR) had been removed. Their trip was unhurried but slowed by abnormally high water flow, broken ribs, a novice and the toll of years.

Tim offers a fairly graphic description. "All went well through the upper passages but when we dropped down into the master cave it was clear that water levels were quite high. Progress upstream was exciting through thundering cascades which required combined tactics for some. The sight of a lonely lamp bobbing away downstream following a failed attempt to climb a waterfall is rather poignant. We had to climb out of the passage before Oxbow Corner as the boulder choke was flooded.

The high level passages were followed without too many false turnings and we surfaced from Wretched Rabbit entrance after negotiating the seemingly endless snaking stream passage."

Returning late in the afternoon to recover the Club's ropes they found a 'rescue' in progress at the entrance. A small group from a senior university had a chap get his hair entangled in his abseil device 15 foot down the pitch and

was hanging from it. Rather than going down to see what might be done, another caver had immediately called out the cave rescue cavalry who were arriving in force.

Eventually someone did go down and cut the poor chap's hair off. It's just a pity they didn't think of it before calling the troops. Still, it's all about Health & Safety nowadays Tim supposes. By the time 'help' had arrived the inexperienced members of the group were ready to return to their vehicles and stay above ground.

Back at the hut some excellent beef cooked by Graham was enjoyed by all in the evening.

Saturday night it rained - a lot - and continued through most of Sunday. Further caving was inadvisable and hill walking not attractive, Tim and Adrian went to the Awesome Walls climbing wall in Stockport on the way home.

Present: Graham Salmon (organiser), Adrian Bridge, Tim Josephy, Richard Josephy, Ian Crowther, Michael Smith, Richard Smith and Dave Dodd (G).

By the time this journal goes to press next year's meet programme will have been published and the sub group will be working on the programme for 2011.

Where would you like to go?

Where have we not been for some time and you would like us to return to?

Would there be any appetite for the high moorland of the South West?

How about the coast paths; South West, Cleveland Way etc.?

What about Galloway and the Southern Uplands Way; The Cheviot and Hadrian's Wall?

Is it time for another Skye meet, Mull or other Scottish Islands. Perhaps a return to Arran.

Following the articles by John Middleton would there be takers for a climbing meet on Kalymnos. John is going out again this year but would certainly be happy to help organise such a meet next year and have a fourth trip to this spot.

Times move on and old arrangements are no longer available to us. Fire regulations mean the days of winter meets involving dining in some hostelry prepared to let us crash out on the barroom floor are gone. We had some great meets in Kentmere but we lost the venue with the passing of Dennis Driscoll. Does anyone know of any similar private hotel not normally opening in the winter months which might welcome us for a weekend?

Over recent years we have made more use of YHA hostels. Should we explore these possibilities further?

We are this year to stay at a youth hostel in Galloway which ticks two of the above boxes. We are also to have a meet on the Long Mynd. Should we consider the Mendips or Malverns?

Ideas please, and preferably volunteers to help organise.

2009 IN PICTURES

Adrian Bridge



Pembroke Meet, Tim, OZ & Nick

Ladies meet, Llangollen

Cairngorm meet, Tim & Nick

Cairngorm, Nick on Fingers Ridge

Joint meet, Great Close Scar

Hebden meet

Dinner meet, leaving Pendle

Dinner meet, Pendle top

CLUB PROCEEDINGS

SGM

Before the AGM, a Special General Meeting was held to consider a revised set of Rules for the Club.

After debate and some amendments to the circulated draft a new set of Rules was adopted. Members were invited to make further comment on the wording of the Rules. The committee will consider these comments and report back in November 2010 with any recommended refinements.

AGM

The Annual General Meeting was held at The Stirk House Hotel Gisburn on November 14th with 44 members present. After a minute's silence to remember members who had passed away since the last AGM, officers' reports and the accounts were debated and adopted and the officers and committee were elected for the forthcoming year.

The President made his report.

The Membership Secretary named those members achieving the status of Life members having been in the Club for 35 years.

They were Roy Denney, George Postill and John Sterland.

Total membership stood at 181.

During the year there was one death (Jack Holmes), two new members (Richard Smith and Ian Willcock) and no resignations.

The appointments to positions were:

President Elect - Peter Chadwick
Vice President - Mick Borroff
Honorary Treasurer - Arthur Salmon
Honorary Secretary - Richard Kirby
Honorary Membership Secretary - Mick Borroff
Huts Secretary - Richard Josephy
Lowstern Warden - Barrie Wood
LHG Warden - Gordon Humphreys
and other elected committee members :
Martin Trasler, Ged Campion, Andrew Syme, Ian Crowther

Editor- Roy Denney
Archivist- Jeffrey Hooper
Librarian - Albert Chapman
Web master - Andrew Syme
Auditor- Derek Bush

New Draft Byelaws were tabled and members were invited to make written comments for the committee to consider before deciding the final wording.

THE PRESIDENTS REPORT



Welcome everyone to this, the 117th AGM of the YRC

Please stand with me for a few moments in remembrance of one of our members who died during the year. He was Jack Holmes who joined the club in 1947. He was on the YRC committee in 1947-49 and Vice President in 1957-59. Also a former member, Jack Carswell died this year.

During this year, your committee has met on eight occasions to further the business of the club. I have to say that it has been pretty good fun most of the time and everyone has contributed to some lively debates. Richard and Mick have taken to their new roles like ducks to water and provided excellent support and advice to the committee and to me.

John Lovett is retiring after many years as Lowstern warden. He has kept the hut in first rate order and will hand on to Barrie Wood. Welcome Barrie! Jeff Hooper has also stepped down from the role he handled so well for a dozen or so years as Meets and Minutes Secretary, but seamlessly has taken over from Bill Todd as Archivist, Bill having resigned due to ill health. I thank Bill for his efforts over many years and hope his health improves.

I also want to thank Arthur as Treasurer, Albert as Librarian, Gordon as Warden at LHG and Richard Josephy as Huts Secretary for their capable handling of the business through the year. Additionally the committee of David Handley, Ged Campion, Iain Hawkes and Andy Syme have provided good support. I'm just sorry that Iain Hawkes had to resign due to a serious back problem. Richard Kirby is also sorry - he took on the role of Dinner Organiser with the agreement that Iain would be his apprentice this year and take over next year! By this you'll realise, we need a dinner organiser for next year. Any volunteers? I hope Iain is soon back to normal and can rejoin club activities.

Last, but not least, Mike Godden has completed his year as Immediate Past President and has provided sound advice and a very welcome steady hand at times.

This year has been one with a number of developments.

We've seen an excellent sitting room be created at LHG and whilst many members have contributed time, effort and expertise, the driving force and major effort has come from Gordon. If you haven't seen it, I urge you to go and be impressed! What remains to be seen is how much use it gets and whether it increases the revenue at LHG. All members can help here by encouraging use amongst family and friends.

The web site has been revised and significantly improved; thanks to Alister for keeping it going after his father's sudden death and to Andy for spearheading the development of the new one. It is certainly something to be proud of and will improve as time goes on. It needs material to keep it fresh and current - don't let it ossify.

Our Editor, Roy Denney (who is in NZ at present) has pressed ahead with some colour and style improvements in the latest publication. I think he's made it much more attractive, without costing much more. I'd echo his mantra " its only as good as the material he receives" so don't be late with meet reports, do write about what you've done, and send him photos.

This year's AGM and Dinner is being held here at Stirk House Hotel, a new venue after many years at Whoop Hall. We'll review this after the event and decide what to do next year. All comments will be welcome.

Finally, we have a new set of Rules. Let us hope we don't need to apply them in any sense of 'problem solving', but can use them to guide what we do in normal club activities with more clarity than before.

At the end of the AGM last year, I noted five things I hoped to achieve during my term as President. It's half way through and I think its worth a review of how far things have progressed.

Firstly, Meets; These are the rationale for the Club's existence. I have not been on all of them this year, but on all the ones I have, we've had good times and a lot of fun, as well as some exercise. It has been heartening to see a few new faces, but there haven't been enough. Some members have lamented the fact that we no longer have the High Level Camp or other fixtures of earlier years. Suffice to say that in seeking to develop the meets list for next year we have struggled to get leaders and a good plan together. I think its been done and that it should be enjoyable and challenging. However, as previously active members age and do less, there is a paucity of high level achievement. We have not attracted younger members to fill the gap. Meet ideas are certainly welcome, especially if coming from a volunteer leader.

Albert Chapman has links with a South African climbing club and there is a proposal for an exchange meet with them in 2011 and 2012. Do talk to him about it, a visit to the Drakensburg Mountains could be an excellent one, and at a reasonable cost.

Secondly, Meets reports and articles for the journal; I think these have been steady rather than spectacular, with a few exceptions. It is up to us, the journal is just as good as we make it and it can certainly be better.

Thirdly, Publicity with the intention of attracting new members; We devoted most of the April committee meeting to this topic. It is clear that there are many ideas and avenues open us to but they all need one or more

people to devote quite a lot of extra time and effort to make them work. As we'd already got a willing volunteer in Andy Syme to reinvigorate the web site, and as its clear that younger folks are much more likely to use the web, then this was adopted as our major route to spreading the news about us. It may be too soon to judge, but I'm not aware that we've had an increased interest as a result of it yet. Club members remain our own best recruiting agents; if each member could introduce just one new member every five years, we'd have no more concerns.

My hopes of making and keeping links with local journalists have come to nought so far. The web site should encourage interest, at least from those who seek it out, but articles in a newspaper are more immediate, and clearly, require esource to bring about. We have just re-formed the Publicity Sub Ctte comprising Albert, Mick and Andy. to re examine possibilities in the quest for new members.

Fourthly Mixed Membership; I was very disappointed that in the vote, 40% of the membership chose not to vote, whilst a clear majority of those who did vote, voted in favour. We remain in the unsatisfactory situation of the rules saying one thing and practice dictating another, which confounds the majority. I suggest that the next time this comes up, we vote on the issue amongst those present and voting, two thirds being necessary to make the change in the policy we operate.

Finally, to modernise the name of the club, 'Rambler' being somewhat out of the current idiom. This was reviewed at the only committee meeting of the year that I did not attend and the unanimous view was that we keep it the name the same, but to use a strap line to clarify the activities of the club. I have to admit this was a good decision and I shall not raise this again!

So, having entered the year with aspirations, not so many have been fulfilled, but there is another year to run. I'm reminded of Harold McMillan who, when asked by a young reporter, what most influenced his leadership and policies replied "Events dear boy, events".

So, has this been a successful year for the YRC? I leave it for you to judge.

Adrian Bridge

CLUB DINNER

The Club Dinner followed the AGM at The Stirk House Hotel and our Principal Guest was Simon Yates who became prominent as a mountaineer in 1985 , after the first ascent of the West Face of Siula Grande in the Peruvian Andes and the ensuing epic descent with Joe Simpson.

He has travelled extensively and climbed new routes in the Himalayas and the Andes. His books include ' Against the Wall ' and 'The Flame of Adventure'. He lives in Cumbria and makes a living from running commercial expeditions and lecturing.

Simon continues to climb remote and rarely explored mountain ranges of the world. One of these trips was the subject of his talk with slides. This Spring he climbed a new route on the 6,000 ft West Face of Mount Alverstone in the St Elias range of mountains near the Alaskan-Yukon border.

Simon and his companion, Paul Schweizer, had planned a light weight climb using a small plane to land on the glacier near the foot of the climb. They ascended a direct couloir line over two days, camping about two thirds of the way up on the first night. They reached the summit of the 14,465 ft peak in the afternoon of the second day. They bivied at the top of the couloir and then took another two days to descend the far side of the couloir and return to base camp where they had deliberately left their only phone, to call to say they were ready to be lifted off. Several hair-raising runs were required to achieve the take off.

Simon spoke in a pleasant and laconic style. He brought modesty and a dry humour to his enjoyable talk.

Attending the dinner were

Ken Aldred, Dennis Arnstrong, Eric Atkinson(G)
 Mick Borroff, Adrian Bridge, Alan Brown, David Bull
 George Burfitt, William Burfitt, Derek Bush, Peter Chadwick
 Albert Chamman, Iain Chapman, Gary Chapman(G)
 Motop Chewang, Alan Clare, Derek Clayton
 Ian Crowther, Robert Crowther, Roger Dix, Paul Dover
 Richard Dover, Ian Ferguson(G), David Gamble
 Peter Green, Richard Gowing, Alan Hanbury(G)
 John Hemingway, David Hick, David Holmes
 Peter Hodge, Jeff Hooper, Gordon Humphreys
 Howard Humphreys, Jason Humphreys, Rob Ibberson
 Richard Josephy, Tim Josephy, Richard Kirby, Cliff Large
 David Large, David Laughton, Bill Lofthouse, Tim Lofthouse
 Harvey Lomas, John Lovett, David Martindale, Peter Moss
 Harry Robinson, Arthur Salmon, Michael Smith
 Stephen Smith, Derek Smithson, George Spenceley
 John Sterland, Andy Syme, Martyn Trasler, Nick Welch
 Frank Wilkinson, Barrie Wood

Club Guests

Simon Yates Principal Guest
 Russell Myers Craven Pothole Club
 Des Rubens Scottish Mountaineering Club

MEETS

During 2009 the club held seventeen formal meets, three abroad and the others throughout the United Kingdom.

In addition there were two weekend maintenance meets and a number of single day gatherings for those living near enough to attend.

There were also two family meets where lads, dads and granddads were joined by several lasses with the occasional mother or grandmother in support.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Jan 9 -11 | Low Hall Garth, Little Langdale |
| Feb 26 - Mar 1 | North Ballachulish |
| Mar 13 - 15 | Bryn Brethynau, Capel Curig |
| Mar 20-27 | Morocco, Anti Atlas |
| Apr 3 - 6 | Pembrokeshire, St Davids |
| Apr 23 -25 | Llangollen, Ladies Weekend |
| May 14 -17 | Cairngorms, Feshiebridge |
| June 19 - 21 | David Smith memorial long walk, Garsdale |
| July 10 - 11 | Dunnerdale, High Moss |
| Jul 19 - Aug 5th | Stubai, Austria |
| Aug 18-20 | Ayesgarth, Wensleydale |
| Sep 11 - 13 | Lowstern, Joint with Wayfarers |
| Oct 9 - 11 | Hebden Bridge |
| Oct | Sikkim |
| Oct 30 - Nov 1 | Lowstern, caving |
| Nov 14 -15 | Dinner meet, Clitheroe & Pendle Hill |
| Dec 11 - 13 | Xmas meet, Stainforth |

ROLL OF HONOUR

PRESIDENTS

| | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1892-93 Geo T Lowe | 1960-62 FW Stembridge |
| 1893-03 Wm Cecil Slingsby | 1962-64 RE Chadwick |
| 1903-06 Alfred Barran | 1964-66 WPB Stonehouse |
| 1906-09 Rev LS Calvert | 1966-68 EC Downham |
| 1909-12 Lewis Moore | 1968-70 EM Tregoning |
| 1912-19 Walter Parsons | 1970-72 AB Craven |
| 1919-22 WA Brigg | 1972-74 BE Nicholson |
| 1922-23 JC Atkinson | 1974-76 JB Devenport |
| 1923-25 EE Roberts | 1976-78 FD Smith |
| 1925-27 F Leach | 1978-80 JP Barton |
| 1927-29 HH Bellhouse | 1980-82 WR Lofthouse |
| 1929-30 TS Booth | 1982-84 WA Linford |
| 1930-31 T Gray | 1984-86 JD Armstrong |
| 1931-32 AE Horn | 1986-88 PC Swindells |
| 1932-34 WV Brown | 1988-90 AC Brown |
| 1934-36 A Rule | 1990-92 DA Smithson |
| 1936-38 JM Davidson | 1992-94 GA Salmon |
| 1938-46 C Chubb | 1994-96 CD Bush |
| 1946-48 H Armstrong | 1996-98 TW Josephy |
| 1948-50 CE Burrow | 1998-00 WCI Crowther |
| 1950-52 Davis Burrow | 2000-02 AR Chapman |
| 1952-54 J Hilton | 2002-04 TA Kay |
| 1954-56 HL Stembridge | 2004-06 K Aldred |
| 1956-58 S Marsden | 2006-08 FM Godden |
| 1958-60 TH Godley | 2008 - A D Bridge |

HONORARY MEMBERS (PAST)

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1892 Edward Whympier | 1900 Horace Walker |
| 1892 Wm Cecil Slingsby | 1907 Sir Alfred Hopkinson |
| 1892 Clinton T Dent | 1907 EA Martel |
| 1892 8th Duke of Devonshire | 1907 G Winthrop Young |
| 1892 Charles E Matthews | 1909 Dr Norman Collie |
| 1892 The Earl of Wharnccliffe | 1909 James Anson Farrer |
| 1893 Charles Pilkington | 1921 George Yeld |
| 1893 Charles F Tetley | 1921 George T Lowe |
| 1893 Gerald W Balfour, MP | 1923 Charles Scriven |
| 1893 Sir W Martin Conway | 1925 Canon AD Tupper-Carey |
| | 1939 Sydney J Farrer |
| | 1939 Walter Parsons |
| | 1946 Robert de Joly |

1949 Ernest E Roberts
 1955 Sir R Charles Evans
 1956 Harry Spilsbury
 1959 Fred Booth
 1959 Davis Burrow
 1965 Clifford Chubb
 1965 Jack Hilton
 1968 EC Downham
 1968 S Marsden
 1968 HG Watts
 1977 HL Stemberidge
 1985 A David M Cox
 1998 Major W Lacy TD
 1990 FD Smith

HONORARY MEMBERS
 (CURRENT)

1988 Dr John Farrer
 1997 Derek Bush
 1997 George Spenceley
 2001 Alan Brown
 2003 Alan Linford
 2008 Iain Gilmour
 2008 Gordon Humphries
 2008 John Lovett
 2008 Chewang Motup

VICE PRESIDENTS

1892-93 H Slater
 1919-22 EE Roberts
 1892-93 G Arnold
 1921-23 F Constantine
 1893-94 G T Lowe
 1922-24 P Robinson
 1893-94 L Moore
 1923-25 JF Seaman
 1898-00 Rev LS Calvert
 1924-26 M Botterill
 1899-01 JC Atkinson
 1925-27 L Moore
 1900-02 A Barran
 1926-28 W Villiers Brown
 1901-03 Dr Tempest Anderson
 1927-29 CE Benson
 1902-04 Dr FH Mayo
 1928-30 CE Burrow
 1903-05 W Parsons
 1929-31 WA Wright
 1904-06 JA Green
 1930-32 C Chubb
 1908-10 F Leach
 1931-33 GL Hudson
 1909-11 C Hastings
 1932-34 FS Smythe
 1910-12 A Rule
 1933-35 JM Davidson
 1911-13 JH Buckley
 1934-35 GA Potter-Kirby
 1912-14 CA Hill
 1935-37 J Hilton

1913-19 AE Horn
 1935-37 H Humphreys
 1914-19 H Brodrick
 1937-46 A Humphreys
 1919-21 CRB Wingfield
 1938-46 H Armstrong
 1946-48 D Burrow
 1946-48 AL Middleton
 1948-49 GS Gowing
 1948-50 GC Marshall
 1949-50 HG Watts
 1950-52 S Marsden
 1950-53 J Godley
 1952-54 FS Booth
 1953-55 FW Stemberidge
 1954-56 RE Chadwick
 1955-57 GB Spenceley
 1956-58 CW Jorgensen
 1957-59 JA Holmes
 1958-60 JE Cullingworth
 1959-61 J Lovett
 1960-62 WPB Stonehouse
 1961-63 MF Wilson
 1962-64 EC Downham
 1963-65 BE Nicholson
 1964-66 JA Dosser
 1965-67 FD Smith
 1966-68 MD Bone
 1967-69 AR Chapman
 1968-70 JD Driscoll
 1969-71 J Hemingway
 1970-72 EJ Woodman
 1971-73 WA Linford
 1972-74 AJ Reynolds
 1973-75 JG Brook
 1974-76 JP Barton
 1975-77 WR Lofthouse
 1976-78 J Williamson
 1977-79 N Newman
 1978-80 J Stuttard
 1979-81 GA Salmon
 1980-82 PC Swindells
 1981-83 DA Smithson
 1982-84 TW Josephy
 1983-85 DJ Atherton
 1984-86 GR Turner
 1985-87 AC Brown
 1986-88 R Cowing
 1987-89 CR Allen
 1988-90 DRH Mackay
 1990-92 WCI Crowther
 1992-94 H Robinson
 1994-96 K Aldred
 1996-98 IFD Gilmour
 1998-00 DA Hick
 2000-02 DJ Handley
 2002-04 G Campion
 2004-06 FM Godden
 2006-08 RA Kirby
 2008-- M Borroff

MEMBERS ELECTED TO
 THE ALPINE CLUB
 (CURRENT)

Mick Borroff
 Ged Campion
 Albert Chapman
 Chris Fitzhugh
 Richard Gowing
 David Hick
 Alister Renton
 Tony Smythe
 George Spenceley
 Michael Smith
 Chewang Motup

LIFE MEMBERS

Armstrong, JD
 Atherton, DJ
 Bugg, V
 Bush, CD
 Carr, I
 Chapman, A
 Clayton, WD
 Crowther, WCI
 Denney, RJ
 Ellis, JR
 Errington, RD
 Farrant, DJ
 Goodwin, R
 Gowing, R
 Hamlin, JF
 Handley, DJ
 Garben, R
 Hemmingway, J
 Hobson, MP
 Holmes, D
 Hooper, JH
 Humphreys, H
 Humphries, RG
 Ince, GR
 Josephy, TW
 Kinder, MJ
 Laing, IG
 Large, C
 Lockwood, P
 Lofthouse, WR
 Lovett, J
 Mackay, DRH
 Marr, AM
 Middleton, JI
 Middleton, JR
 Middleton, RM
 Moorhouse, DM
 Newman, N
 Oxtoby, DM
 Pomfret, RE
 Postill, GP
 Renton, K
 Reynolds, AJ
 Roberts, PD

Rowlands, C
Rusher, Rev JVF
Salmon, GA
Salmon, RT
Salmon, TW
Short, J
Smith, SH
Smith, TH
Smithson, DA
Spenceley, GB
Stembridge, DW
Stembridge, SW
Sterland, JH
Sykes, PW
Tallon, A
Tetlow, DM
Varney, JA
Wilkinson, B
Wilkinson, F

HONORARY TREASURERS

1892-93 HH Bellhouse
1893-99 H Slater
1899-04 J Davis
1904-21 AE Horn
1921-24 C Chubb
1924-51 BA Bates
1951-78 S Marsden
1978-83 D Laughton
1984-90 JD Armstrong
1990-98 TA Kay
1998--- GA Salmon

HONORARY SECRETARIES

1892-93 JA Green
1893-98 HH Bellhouse
1898-09 L Moore
1910-20 F Constantine
1920-24 CE Burrow
1924-29 J Buckley
1929-46 D Burrow
1946-52 FS Booth
1952-56 JE Cullingworth
1956-57 CR Allen
1957-66 EC Downham
1966-68 FD Smith
1968-79 EC Downham
1979-83 J Hemingway
1983-93 CD Bush
1993-96 JA Schofield
1996-08 RG Humphreys
2008--- RA Kirby

HONORARY ASSISTANT SECRETARIES

1894-10 F Constantine
1957-62 J Hemingway
1910-12 JR Green
1962-64 TW Salmon

1912-19 L Moore
1964-68 WCI Crowther
1919-24 J Buckley
1968-73 FD Smith
1924-26 AS Lowden
1973-79 J Hemingway
1926-46 FS Booth
1979-83 CD Bush
1946-52 FW Stembridge
1983-85 J Hemingway
1952-53 O Stonehouse
1985-92 M Smith
1953-54 C IW Fox
1992-95 M J Kinder
1954-57 EC Downham

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

2008- M. Boroff

HONORARY MEETS SECRETARY

1996-09 JH Hooper

HONORARY EDITORS

1899-09 T Gray
1909-20 W Anderton Brigg
1920-49 E E Roberts
1949-70 HG Watt
1970-83 AB Craven
1984-90 AC Brown
1990-93 DJ Atherton
1993-03 M Smith
2003--- RJ Denney

HONORARY ASSISTANT EDITORS

1947-58 RE Chadwick
1958-59 RB Whardall
1959-60 HL Stembridge
1960-70 AB Craven
1970-77 DP Penfold
1985-92 EC Downham

HONORARY WEBMASTER

2001-08 CG RENTON
2008-09 A Renton
2009— A Syme

HONORARY LIBRARIANS

1899-03 F Constantine
1903-24 JH Buckley
1924-27 C D Frankland
1927-29 JK Crawford
1929-30 W Allsup
1930-35 J Buckley
1935-39 R Rimmer
1946-48 HS Booth

1948-49 DS Blair
1949-58 HL Stembridge
1958-62 JG Brook
1962-71 AB Craven
1971-79 JG Brook
1979-96 R Harben
1996-98 MP Pryor
1998-03 WN Todd
2003--- AR Chapman

HONORARY HUTS SECRETARIES

1955-57 GB Spenceley
(Low Hall Garth)
1957-59 JD Driscoll
(Low Hall Garth)
1958-62 PR Harris
(Lowstern)
1959-66 FD Smith
(Low Hall Garth)
1962-66 FD Smith
(Lowstern)
1966-67 AR Chapman
1967-82 WA Linford
1982-91 K Aldred
1991-96 DM Martindale
1997--- R Josephy

HONORARY WARDEN LOW HALL GARTH

1952-55 GB Spenceley
1955-59 A Tallon
1959-73 JD Driscoll
1973-76 FD Smith
1976-78 GP Postill
1978-84 N Newman
1986-89 WA Linford
1986-98 FD Smith
1998-01 D English
2001-02 M Edmundson
2002-07 IFD Gilmour
2007-08 G Dootson
2008--- RG Humphreys

HONORARY WARDEN LOWSTERN

1958-64 J Lovett
1964-67 J Richards
1967-72 CG Renton
1972-74 JTM Teasdale
1974-76 A Hartley
1976-78 JA Varney
1978-79 GP Postill
1979-82 WCI Crowther
1982-86 C Bauer
1987-88 J Lovett
1988-90 H Robinson
1990-93 FM Godden
1993-96 GR Salmon
1996-00 FM Godden
2000-05 RA Kirby
2005-09 J Lovett
2010— D B Wood

CLUB RECORDS

Quite apart from the extensive library we maintain at Lowstern, the Club has records and material going back to the nineteenth century.

Current records are held by the Honorary Secretary and other officers but older ones are archived.

Jeff Hooper has taken over as the Club's Archivist and is in the process of sorting out exactly what we have in store.

Our archives are kept at the County Archive and are open to the public but in order that members and researchers are aware of just what is to be found there we are publishing this list of contents which will be updated from time to time.

Any enquiries should in the first instance be made to Jeff.

Accession 2974 Date of Accession: 9th May 1986

| | | |
|---|-----------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 | 1894-1925 | Minute Book of General Meetings |
| 2 | 1894-1910 | Minute Book of Committee Meetings |
| 3 | 1892-1898 | Annual Reports |
| 4 | 1905-1919 | Annual Reports |

Accession 3539 Date of Accession: 11th July 1991

| | | |
|------|------------|---|
| 1/1- | 1895-1987, | Annual Reports with rules, lists of members etc |
| 15 | 1919-1935 | |
| 2/1- | 1952-1954, | Handbooks |
| 3 | 1957-1958 | |
| 3 | 1959 | Catalogue of Club Library compiled by A. B. Craven after decision by the Club to make over its library to Leeds City Libraries in 1956 |
| 4 | 1962-1978 | Meet reports |
| 5/1 | 1967-1968 | Correspondence re <i>Journal</i> 1968, Vol. X, No. 34 |
| 5/2 | 1968-1970 | Correspondence with editor, Tim Watts |
| 5/3 | c. 1969 | Artwork and articles for Journals |
| 6 | 1975 | Correspondence re advertising in <i>Journal</i> 1975, Vol. XII, No. 37 |
| 7 | 1965-1968 | Newsclippings with extract from <i>Country Life</i> , 2 May 1968 re Wolds Way |
| 8/1 | 1967-1969 | List of members 1967 and Newsletters 11 and 12 of William Pengelly Cave Studies Association |
| 8/2 | 1967 | Langdale Mountain Rescue Team, Annual Report |
| 8/3 | 1971-1972 | Yorkshire Mountaineering Club, News Sheets |
| 9 | 1979 | <i>Les Alpes</i> , Revue de Club Alpine Suisse Numero Special, 'Nos Cartes Nationales' |
| 10 | 1910-1922 | Register of articles and illustrations received by editor of <i>Journal</i> |
| 11 | 1922 | Photocopy of The Gritstone Club <i>Journal</i> Vol. 1, No.1 |
| 12 | 1926-1939 | Photographs with negatives: 'Greenore' found 1932, Surveying in Screens Hill cave, Marble Arch caves, Ireland 1939 Photo: B Nelstrop, cave entrance and encampment nd., Boating in Pollnagollum (first lake) Marble Arch caves, Ireland Photo: B Nelstrop, Goyden Pot, Nidderdale, B Nelstrop, A Butterfield, H and W Armstrong nd, Jingling Pot 1926, E Roberts, d. D. Frankland, Mrs. W. V. Brown, Mrs. J. Hilton, W. V. Brown, Jingling Pot 1926, F. H. Slingsby, E. E. Roberts, W. V. Brown, J. Hilton, C. D. Frankland. Interior of unidentified cave nd - Interior of cave with stalactites nd. |
| 13 | 1973 | Photographs (32) of YRC Glen Etive meet 1973, Rhum Whit Camp 1973, Ghar Paru in envelope marked 'Brian Nicholson' |
| 14 | c. 1968 | Photographs (c100) relating to <i>Journal</i> No. 34 |
| 15 | 1969 | Slide transparencies of potholing in Italy |
| 16 | n.d. | Slide transparencies of Swedish mountains near Narvik (8) |
| 17 | 1980-1981 | Menu cards for 67 th and 68 th Annual Dinner |

Accession 3865 Date of Accession: 13th January 1994

| | | |
|---|-----------|---|
| 1 | 1891-1961 | E. E. Roberts, (detailed list) letters written mainly to Roberts |
| 2 | 1894-1913 | William Cecil Slingsby (detailed list) letters written mainly to T. Gray |
| 3 | 1896-1915 | William Augustus Brevoort Coolidge, (detailed list) letters written mainly to T. Gray |

| | | |
|-----|--------------|---|
| 4 | 1897-1949 | Thomas Gray, (detailed list) letters to various members |
| 5 | 1901-1905 | J. A. Green, (detailed list) letters mainly to T. Gray |
| 6 | 1892-1987 | General to Yorkshire Ramblers Club (detailed list) letters mainly to T. Gray |
| 7 | 1890-1898 | G. T. Lowe, (detailed list) letters written to him |
| 8 | c. 1951-1961 | H. L. Stembidge, (editor of <i>Journal</i>) letters written to him |
| 9/1 | 1957 | Nepal Himalayan expedition, reports and correspondence |
| 9/2 | 1957-1987 | Nepal Himalayan expedition, photocopies from scrapbook kept by George B. Spenceley with covering letters (2) 1987 |
| 10 | 1990-1993 | Norsk project, reports and correspondence |

Accession 3937 Date of Accession: 4th October 1994

| | | |
|-----|-----------------------|--|
| 1 | 1981-1988 | Minutes of YRC Committee meetings , memorandum |
| 2 | 18 Feb 1893 | Mounted letter from Edward Whympere to Mr. Wagget re Whympere becoming an hon. member of the YRC |
| 3 | 1895-1960 | 2 volumes of original letters from famous mountaineers |
| 4 | 1988-1991 | Correspondence re Norsk project |
| 5 | n.d. | General bundle of papers including some correspondence relating to the 1957 Nepal Expedition; a report of the Nepal Expedition |
| 6 | 1962-1994 | Circulars and Meet Reports |
| 7 | 1977, 1979-1983, 1993 | Pamphlets containing lists of officials, members, list of meets, club rules and details of club huts. |
| 8 | n.d. | British Mountaineering Club Circular no 73/36 |
| 9/1 | Dec 1970 | List of members of the William Pengelly Cave Studies Trust Limited |
| 9/2 | n.d. | William Pengelly Cave Studies Trust Limited annual general meeting information, newsletter no 15 (Jan 1971) |

Accession 3965 Date of Accession: 19th December 1994

| | | |
|---|-----------|--|
| 1 | 1926-1992 | YRC Annual General Meeting minute book |
| 2 | n.d. | 198? YRC Munro Meet Papers |

Accession 4106 Date of Accession: 1st August 1996

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|-----|--|---|
| 1/1 | 1936-1957 | Cash Book, including Himalayan Fund |
| 1/2 | 1956-1960 | Cash Book |
| 1/3 | 1948-1983 | Balance Sheets |
| 1/4 | 1956-1968 | Subscriptions account book |
| 1/5 | 1968-1979 | Subscriptions account book |
| 2/1 | 1957-1959 1964-1982 | Honorary Treasurers Correspondence (5 folders) |
| 2/2 | May 1957 – Jan 1958 | Himalayan Expedition, S. Marsden's correspondence including telegram from George Spenceley reporting fatal accident |
| 2/3 | 10 th Oct 1902 4 th Dec 1913 31 st Aug 1954 26 th Oct 1955 26 th Nov 1957 | Letters from famous mountaineers: Slingsby to Gray George Seatree to Charlesworth George Abraham to Maurice Wilson George Abraham to Maurice Wilson Sir John Hunt to Stanley Marsden |
| 3 | 1966, 1968, 1970-1972, 1977 | YRC annual dinner menus |

Accession 4246 Date of Accession: 5th February 1998

| | | |
|-----|-----------------------------|--|
| 1 | n.d. | Daniel Defoe in Yorkshire by Geoffrey Brook (2 copies) |
| 2 | n.d. | 4 original line drawings by Hal Yates and used as end pieces in YRC journal in 1960 |
| 3 | 1954-1971 | List of Whit and Easter meets |
| 4 | 1909 | Music for "Yorkshire" (2 copies) |
| 5 | 1892-1972 | "In Memorandum" List of YRC members at the time of death |
| 6 | n.d. | "Reminiscences" part one by E. E. Roberts for YRC |
| 7 | n.d. | 8 original pen and wash drawings by Hal Yates |
| 8 | Early 20 th cent | Correspondence including early photographs of YRC, one in Austwick September 1919; one in September 1906 of T. Booth; Cutriss: H. Brodrick; C. Scriven; H. Buckley; Baines; Jeffrey; F. Botterill. |
| 9/1 | January 1898 | Photograph 13 well close place, Leeds |

| | | |
|------|--|---|
| 9/2 | n.d. | Photograph of 6 men |
| 9/3 | n.d. | Album of various postcards in Ireland, Scotland, Wales |
| 10/1 | 1878-1902 | Whymper papers, including letter re Christian Almer on Pointe des Ecrins, letters from Wymper to Gray and from Walker to Whymper and article by Whymper |
| 10/2 | 1932-1947 | Letters of Roberts and Robert de Joly, some written in French |
| 11 | 1871-1962 | Various newspaper cuttings |
| 12 | 1956-1962 | Meet reports |
| 13 | 1937-1939 1944-1949 | Annual Reports, includes Library catalogue, lists of members and rules of the Yorkshire Ramblers Club |
| 14 | 1911-1913, 1919-1921, 1923-1929, 1931, 1933- 1938, 1946- 1948, 1950, 1952-1955, 1957, 1959, 1963 | YRC annual dinner menus |
| 15 | n.d. | Sketches re Savage Club (see YRC Bulletins issues 3 and 5) Leeds Savage Club, 3 copies of "The passing of the old wigwam" sketches, a letter to Brother Savage by C Scriven, invitation from three anonymous and unanimous savages. |
| 16 | May 1896 | Blue print of Gaping Ghyll, one English, one French from surveys by T Gray and S. W. Cuttriss |
| 17 | 1898 | Copy of Extract Societe Belge de Geology |
| 18 | 9 th Feb 1898 | Newspaper article in French re: an underground campaign in Great Britain |
| 19 | n.d. | Photograph of Elliot Fry |
| 20 | n.d. | Various sketches and plans of Gaping Ghyll including one from "La Nature" |
| 21 | n.d. | Various papers "By Lake and Mountain" by Mr. J. A. Green "Experiences in Norway" by Mr. S. W. Cuttriss "A Fortnight's Ramble" "Looking Forward" "Round about Bramham" "A Ten Mile Stroll" "A Week's Tour in the Lake District" by Mr. C. Scriven "West Country Scenes" by H. H. Bellhouse "A Wet Week End" "Zermatt" by G. T. Lowe "Lands End to the Logan Rock by the Cliffs" |

Accession 4319 Collection of Stanley Marsden (d.1997) Date of Accession: 16th October 1998

| | | |
|------|-----------|--|
| 1 | 1908-1997 | Annual Dinner Menus and Special Meet Dinners |
| 2/1 | 1956-1987 | Club notices |
| 2/2 | 1988-1993 | Club notices |
| 3/1 | 1956-1985 | Meet Reports |
| 3/2 | 1988-1993 | Meet Reports |
| 4/1 | 1942-1993 | Correspondence, newscuttings and ephemera |
| 4/2 | 1956-1959 | Correspondence re Himalayan Expedition 1957 |
| 5/1- | 1897-1911 | Notebook of Thomas Gray 1897 (President 1930-1931) relating to the first ascent of Gros Ruchen |
| 10 | | with maps notes sketches and letter from E. E. Roberts 1911 |
| 6 | 1892-1992 | A Short History of the Membership of the YRC |

Accession WYAS1838 Date of Accession: 22nd October 2003

| | | |
|---|---------------------------|---|
| 1 | 19 th Mar 1959 | Eleanor Winthrop (Slingsby) to Mr Marsden |
| | 4 th Dec 1945 | E. E. Roberts to Gowing |
| | 6 th Dec 1945 | E. E. Roberts to Gowing |

Accession WYAS2245 Date of Accession: 27th July 2004

| | | |
|---|----------|--|
| 1 | Jan 1966 | Yorkshire Ramblers Club Journals, Summary of Contents |
| 2 | Aug 1905 | Postcard to T. Gray from Grimmer at Berne |
| 3 | 1951 | Yorkshire Ramblers Club Library List |
| 4 | n.d. | Yorkshire Ramblers Club song "The Ramblers of Yorkshire" |
| 5 | Oct 1896 | A copy of a lecture given by Mr. Charles Pilkington, 'Mountaineering Without Guides' |

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|----|----------|---|
| 6 | Jan 1917 | Bulletin of the Swiss Alpine Club <i>Alpina</i> |
| 7 | Nov 1904 | Article from <i>The Alpine Journal</i> , 'The Trident De La Brenva', by G. Yeld |
| 8 | Mar 1922 | Article, 'Rambling back into History' from the <i>Yorkshire Post</i> |
| 9 | May 1992 | Article, 'Topping time for birthday boys' from the <i>Yorkshire Post</i> |
| 10 | n.d | Obituary of Graham Watson from the <i>Yorkshire Post</i> |
| 11 | Aug 1953 | Agreement made between the Yorkshire Ramblers Club and the City of Leeds relating to books deposited at the Municipal Library |

Accession WYAS2254 **Date of Accession: 23rd August 2004**

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|---|----------------------|---|
| 1 | 1893-1896 | Copy Letter Book, correspondence from Mr. Bellhouse, Hon. Secretary |
| 2 | 1896-1898 | Copy Letter Book |
| 3 | 1901-1934 | Copyright Receipt Book, mainly receipts concerning the Yorkshire Ramblers Club Journal |
| 4 | 1958, 1980 | Lease of Lowstern Plantation, from J.A. Farrer Esq., by S. Marsden Esq., and E. C. Downham, Esq., 15 th December 1958 Also, correspondence re renewal of the lease, and draft copy of renewed lease, 1980 |
| 5 | 1923-1939 and n.d | 119 black and white prints of mountaineering, caving and rock climbing. Also, three letters from the Mendip Exploration Society referring to some of the prints |
| 6 | 1996-2008 | "West Riding Rambler", Journal of the West Riding Area of the Ramblers' Association (incomplete series) |

Accession WYAS2290 Date of Accession: 24 January 2004

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|-------|---|--|
| Box 1 | Late 19 th -20 th centuries | Glass plate negatives; Wooden Box 1; Foxholes and People, Rowten, Long Churn, Alum Pot, sundry caves and pots Wooden Box 2; Maps of parts of the West Riding, Wooden Box 3; Various places and people in Yorkshire, indexed Wooden Box 4; Caves, Stalactites and Stalagmites, landscapes in Yorkshire, indexed |
| Box 2 | 20 th century | Glass plate negatives; Pots, caves, chambers, stalactites and stalagmites in Yorkshire, 1920s, indexed Places, buildings and caving including underground, alum pot in Yorkshire particularly the Craven district, 20 th century (11 small boxes) Lake views, Jack King, miscellaneous caves and views, climbing views, gaping Ghyll, weekend camps, surface views of caves in Craven, views in Craven, club dinners Continued on next page Continued from previous page and members, 20 th century (bundle) Miscellaneous views Yordas Gill, Hubberholme Camp, 1929, tree in rock outcrop on Horton Road, Boulder West Fell, Whernside, Aysgarth Lower Fall, source and head of Leck Beck Views near Halton, Howstean, Easegill, Craven sheep near Alum Pot and section of stalactite (box) Alum Pot; bottom, sump, 2 nd ledge, bridge, in pot itself, entrance and end of long churn, 1928 (box) Wasdale, 1928, Shooting Hut Leck, Jack King and Cliff Downham and Bill Hardaker (box) Various caves and pot holes; Rowten Pot, bottom of Calf Hole, Victoria Cave, Gingle Pot, Marble Steps Pot, Gaping Ghyll and Lost John's Cave (box) 35mm negatives of the Yorkshire Ramblers Club across Great Britain, 20 th century (2 boxes) 35mm negatives of a Himalayan trip, 20 th century 35mm negatives of a trip to The Alps (2 boxes) |
| Box 3 | 20 th century | Yorkshire Post; glass plate negatives; people, places and buildings in Yorkshire and the Lake District |
| Box 4 | 1970s | Glass plate negatives; underground (caving), 1970s |
| Box 5 | 20 th century | Glass plate negatives; landscapes, caves and pots in Yorkshire |
| Box 6 | 1914 | Glass plate negatives; landscapes, mostly of Leck Fell |
| Box 7 | 20 th century | Glass plate negatives; Africa |
| Box 8 | 20 th century | Landscapes |
| Box 9 | 20 th century | Glass plates negatives; fox holes, caves and pots |
| Bx 10 | 20 th century | Glass plate negatives; Clapham Caves, Malham, Houghton and Giggleswick |
| Bx 11 | 20 th century | Glass plate negatives; landscapes, caves, worldwide |

USEFUL WEB SITES

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| AA | theaa.com | Peak District National Park | peakdistrict.org |
| Access Land CSS & ESAS | countrywalks.defra.gov.uk | Public transport information. | pti.org.uk |
| Access land in England | countrysideaccess.gov.uk | Public transport information. | traveline.org.uk |
| Access land in Scotland | outdooraccess-scotland.com | R.S.P.B. | rspb.org.uk |
| Access & Conservation Trust | accesstrust.org.uk | RAC | rac.co.uk |
| Alpine Club | alpine-club.org.uk | Rail enquiries | nationalrail.co.uk |
| Amtrak rail travel | amtrak.com | Rail Europe | raileurope.co.uk |
| Bowline Club | bowline.f9.co.uk | Ramblers Association | ramblers.org.uk |
| Brecon Beacons National Park | breconbecon.org | Royal Geographical Society | rgs.org |
| Brittany Ferries | brittanyferries.com | Scotlands National Heritage | snh.org.uk |
| British Orienteering Federation | britishorienteering.org.uk | Scottish avalanche forecasts | sais.gov.uk |
| British Waterways | britishwaterways.co.uk | Scottish Mountaineering Council | mountaineering-scotland.org |
| Cairngorm Club | cairngormclub.org.uk | Ski Club of Great Britain | ukskiclub.co.uk |
| Caledonian Macbrayne ferries | calmac.co.uk | Snowdonia National Park | eryri-npa.gov.uk |
| Carlisle Mountaineering Club | carlislemc.co.uk | Southern Uplands way | dumgal.gov.uk/southernuplandway |
| Coast to coast walk | coast2coast.co.uk | Speyside Way | speysideway.org |
| Countryside Agency | countryside.gov.uk | Summits information | peakware.com |
| Countryside Council for Wales | ccw.gov.uk | The Climbers Club | climbers-club.co.uk |
| Crag access database | climbingcrags.co.uk | Translation service | freetranslation.com |
| Cyclist Touring Club | ctc.org.uk | Travel guide- Lonely Planet | lonelyplanet.com |
| DFDS Seaways | dfdsseaways.co.uk | Travel guide- Rough | roughguides.com |
| Duke of Edinburgh Awards | theaward.org | Traverse Holidays in Pyrenees | traverseholidays.co.uk |
| English Heritage | english-heritage.org.uk | Trekking - Himalayan Kingdoms | himalayankingdoms.com |
| Europe route planning | theaa.com/travelwatch/planner | Trekking - K E Adventure | keadventure.com |
| Fell & Rock Club | frcc.co.uk | Trek America (and OZ/NZ) | trekamerica.com |
| Fell Runners Association | fellrunner.org.uk | Visitor information - Australia | australia.com |
| Foreign & Colonial Office | fco.gov.uk | Visitor information - Canada | keepexploring.ca/travelcanada |
| Forestry Commission | forestry.gov.uk | Visitor information - New Zealand | purenz.com |
| Fylde Mountaineering Club | fyldemc.org.uk | Visitor information - USA | visitusa.org.uk |
| Fjord Line | fjordline.co.uk | Walking in Scotland | walkingwild.com |
| Grampian Club | grampianclub.org | Walking in South West | cornwall-devon.com |
| Greyhound Buses | greyhound.com | Walking in the Lakes | lakedistrictoutdoors.co.uk |
| Gritstone Club | gritstoneclub.org.uk | Weather BBC | bbc.co.uk/weather |
| Guides | lonelyplanet.com | Weather forecasts | accuweather.com |
| Historic Houses Association | hha.org.uk | Weather UK & Worldwide | weathercall.co.uk |
| Historic Scotland | historic-scotland.gov.uk | West Highland way | west-highland-way.co.uk |
| Irish Ferries | irishferries.com | Wild life trusts | wildlifetrusts.org |
| John Muir Trust | jmt.org | Wolverhampton M'tn'tneering Club | wolverhamptonmc.co.uk |
| Locations and routes | multimap.com | Woodland trust | woodland-trust.org |
| Long Distance Walkers Assoc. | ldwa.org.uk | World Health Organisation | who.int/en/ |
| Maps & books | cordee.co.uk | Yorkshire Dales National Park | yorkshiredales.org |
| Maps & books | stanfords.co.uk | | |
| Maps & books | themapshop.co.uk | ACCOMMODATION | |
| Maps & Books | guidepost.uk.com | Holiday Cottages | holidaycottage.cc |
| Maps - Ordnance Survey | ordnancesurvey.co.uk | Holiday Cottages | sykescottages.co.uk |
| Maps - Harveys | harveymaps.co.uk | Holiday Cottages | theholidaycottages.co.uk |
| Maps - Live local | maps.live.com | Holiday Cottages | cottagesdirect.com |
| Maps - Anquet | anquet.co.uk | Holiday Cottages | cottageguide.co.uk |
| Maps - Cassini Historical | cassinimaps.co.uk | Holiday Cottages, world wide | cottages4you.co.uk |
| Maps - Google | maps.google.com | Dales Holiday Cottages | dales-holiday-cottages.com |
| Medical advice | high-altitude-medicine.com | English Country Inns | englishinns.co.uk |
| Meteorological Office | meto.gov.uk | Farm Stay UK | farmstayuk.co.uk |
| Michelin Guides | viamichelin.com | Old English Inns | oldenglishinns.co.uk |
| Midland Assoc. of Mountaineers | themam.co.uk | Premier Inns | premierinn.com |
| MOD- access to military land | access.mod.uk | Pub guide (Roy Denney) | charnwood.me.uk |
| Mount Everest Foundation | mef.org.uk | Scottish Holiday Cottages | scottish-holiday-cottages.co.uk |
| Mountain Biking | trailquest.co.uk | Travelodge | travelodge.co.uk |
| Mountain Heritage Trust | thebmc.co.uk/mht | Youth Hostels Association | yha.org.uk |
| Mountain Rescue Council | mountain.rescue.org.uk | | |
| Mountaineering Council Scotland | mountaineering-scotland.org.uk | KIT | |
| National Cycle Network | sustrans.org.uk | At the Mountain | atthemountain.co.uk |
| National Express | gobycoach.comcnp.org.uk | Compasspoint | compasspoint-online.co.uk |
| National Health Direct | nhsdirect.nhs.uk | Cotswold Outdoors | cotswoldoutdoors.com |
| National Trails | nationaltrail.co.uk | Craghoppers | craghoppers.com |
| National Trust | nationaltrust.org.uk | Daleswear | daleswear.co.uk |
| National Trust for Scotland | nts.org.uk | Escape2 | escape2.co.uk |
| Natural England | naturalengland.org.uk | Field and Trek | fieldandtrek.co.uk |
| North York Moors National Park | moors.uk.net | Go Outdoors | gooutdoors.co.uk |
| Northumberland National Park | nnpa.org.uk | Safariquip | safariquip.co.uk |
| Nikwax | nikwax.co.uk | Ultrasport | ultrasport.co.uk |
| Open Spaces Society | oss.org.uk | | |
| Oread Mountaineering Club | oread.co.uk | | |

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