



**YORKSHIRE
RAMBLERS'
CLUB**

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Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

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Of Cross Streets And Flying Horseshoes And Another Era

During the pandemic and its various restrictions and lock-downs when activities were limited many thoughts turned to reminiscing on old times, old photographs were dug out and members swapped tales of years long gone. Many bemoaned the fact that there were limited opportunities to get together in person to have such natters.

Looking back on early days when we saw the building of the new Lowstern and recalled the then visits to the area, many tales were told of two of the nearby hostelries not all repeatable in print.

Later generations of members may not even know of the long-gone Cross Streets and Flying Horseshoes, both within walking distance (just).

The last journal carried a number of fascinating articles from yesteryear as a result and we can kick off this edition with more in the same vein.

First John Colton talks of the Horseshoes, a rather odd establishment frequented by a well suited clientele. And then to balance things, Ray Harben shares photographs of a meet never covered in the journal of the time.

Editor

Of Cavers, Farmers and Railwaymen

John Colton

'Reading the fascinating accounts of Curtain Pot and seeing the Lost River of Ingleborough took me back a few years, some of the characters still at large. Eski, I knew; John Richards introduced us and maybe he was at Ashtree Wall with us when I got up Nutcracker.'

Moving from Bell Busk in Malhamdale to Clapham Station in 1954 meant we had plenty of contact with cavers and potholers. I was only six at the time. The Station was still a busy junction and Dad the Station Master.

Although not situated on the limestone area itself, the North and South Craven Faults are only a mile and a half away just to the North of Clapham village. The Faults mark the Southern edge of the Great Scar Limestone, about 500ft thick. Some clubs like the Bradford Potholing Club (BPC) had their HQ's in the outbuildings of the adjacent Flying Horseshoe Hotel.

A mile away at Greenclose, next to where my older sister Jennifer was born (Dad was signalman at Skew Crossing in those days) is the home of the Northern Pennine Club (NPC). Clapham village had the Manchester University Club and the HQ of the CRO. Jack, 'Scampi' Holland who owned the New Inn provided sustenance for rescuers with his mobile kitchen. The YRC's Dales HQ was three fields away at Lowstern and many more clubs were based around North Craven.

At age sixteen, I chose to climb but that didn't stop me from associating with troglodytes, NPC mainly. They knew about my climbing and introduced me to one their projects on Penyghent, Shrapnel Pot, thinking I might be able to get across a big deep shaft to the continuation of a narrow tube in a vertical rift.

The entrance would have suited a fox or large rabbit, I had to take off my helmet to get in. Travelling to Shrapnel from home was an experience; driven at speed, clinging to a load of gear strapped to a board and wheel that was strapped to a motorbike.

I suppose that got me in a suitable frame of mind for the horrors to come.

The foxhole led to the tube in the rift. Progress along the tube was made by shuffling from one jammed boulder to another whilst trying not to slide into the rift and so becoming permanently jammed. A grim place.

It seemed a long shuffle to where the rift opened into the large shaft, the top of which must have been close to the moor. The ceiling of the shaft consisted of loosely jammed boulders which threatened operations below. The team said they would make it safe, probably with gelignite. That would, in my eyes, probably create a shortcut directly from the moor. You cavers may know more about the outcome of that. I didn't return.

A UK rock-climbing equivalent to Shrapnel is Blackchurch, a horribly steep and loose crag on the North Devon coast, conveniently close to the graveyard at Morwenstow, and a close second, Cilan Head, North Wales coast where you could pull out and then replace the holds. One trip to each is pushing your luck.

In later years, my Dad went underground with the NPC a few times, being friendly with Pete, 'Chester' the one legged Clapham Cave guide, and 'Budger', who with his partner transferred the business of Leach and Burgess from Bradford to Settle so that speleological activities could be more seamlessly carried out.

Another mate of Dad's was George who reputedly discovered part of the huge Easegill system when a draught blew up his backside as he was taking a dump up on Leck Fell.

My climbing partner of more recent times, John Barker, was in the BPC and spent time at the 'Shoes' as it was known. I must have seen him around but I didn't know him then, the both of us unaware of the big Alpine adventures awaiting us in twenty-five years' time when we got together as a mountaineering team. He has eleven years age on me.

A decent family, the Chattaways, previously at the Cross Streets, had the Shoes in those days. To save some cash for them the BPC boys said they would fell a tree that needed to come down in the pub grounds. As a precaution to stop it going the wrong way, they fastened it to a big heavy roller that helped maintain the flawless bowling green. Of course, the tree did go the wrong way and catapulted the roller through the air ploughing a big crater in the lovely turf where it landed.

Next to the pub came an attractive middle-aged woman, Theresa Armitage. The Chattaways had retreated to a tidal island premises at Walney, near Barrow, well away from cavers. Mrs Armitage sometimes had evening business over at Slaidburn and the NPC would run the bar for her. Once, around closing time, on her return, as she was nearing the bottom of the long hill down from Bowland Knotts and Keasden she could see that the large bay window of the lounge bar was brightly illuminated. 'Looking after the pub' obviously required fire eating skills which some of the NPC believed they had. Extinguished with pints of Best the curtains had become the unwitting victim of this ancient art.

It was not only the cavers who added to the fun. After Mrs Armitage, a local entrepreneur, Donny Goodwin took over. Donny installed a manager, 'Widger' Walton who had a great wit and way with such a diverse bunch of clients. Fred Trueman often stayed over a weekend, sitting quietly at the bar all evening.

The poet, Adrian Mitchell occasionally walked a couple of miles to the pub from his home at a farmhouse near Skew and once was accompanied by his entertaining Liverpool poet friend, Adrian Henri.

Jack, our porter-cum-warehouse man could sink a crate of Guinness and walk a mile home whereas an Irishman, Sam, who lived fifty yards away often didn't get home without falling over. Fortunately, Sam healed very quickly.

In those days, the River Wenning had a good run of sea trout from late summer onwards, also a few salmon. Jimmy and Jacky, farming brothers from Keasden sometimes decided, after a long night at the bar, that on the way home they would gaff some fish in the Wenning, just below the station. I could hear them falling about cursing and splashing from my bedroom. They may have even gaffed each other on occasion.

John T, was a platelayer who lived next door to Sam who shared with Bill, a retired one-legged signalman who looked after the signal box when 'Rabbit Dick' Fawcett and I were after two and four legged game. John could take fish with a rabbit snare and he taught me. I was watching out for him one day where from a tree root above a deep eddy, he slipped the snare around the tail of a dozing salmon and prepared to heave it out. Already half submerged by this process, John was struggling with a fish so big that when he had its full weight almost out of the water, it pulled him right in and under. He hung on and spluttered out, occasionally surfacing for air to where the eddy shallowed, dragging a still very lively thirty-five pounder with him.

The railway cottages where Sam, Bill and John T lived were adjacent to and below the platform opposite my bedroom. Birds nested in the roof. In the age of steam trains, sparks from the engines sometimes fired the railway banks. On this occasion it was a starling's nest that was ignited. The fire got the roof timbers going and dad summoned Mr Slinger, the plumber who ran the reserve fire brigade team based at Bentham. They had few callouts and not much practice; when the Royal Train parked up for the night was one practice and providing a rain shower for a film company advertising bread another. For the real event Mr Slinger calmly asked my Dad to keep it going until they got there!

John T was at the bar one teatime and there was a tied-up sack at his feet, something inside was jumping around. The sack eventually made its own way across the room. Widger politely enquired as to the contents. John said it was a ferret and a rabbit.

When my dad died aged 78 in 1999, he was living at Bentham with his partner Ruby. The night after his funeral a mutual friend, Graham, his boys and I walked 4 miles along the railway from Bentham to Clapham Station and the Shoes. It was a lovely frosty night with a big moon. The walk took us past the site of Skew Crossing signal box where Dad had been signalman before I was born. An idyllic situation on a high bank above the Wenning, and at the end of a long straight to the south. It was there, when aged 12 and older, that I learned, care of Rabby Dick Fawcett, to shoot, and also some of the arts of poaching.

No buildings remain at Skew, only memories.



From the left, Lowstern, Granny Townleys which dad moved to from the Station house,; right of the Flying Horseshoe (scaffolding) Behind; Know Gapp, Clapdale, High Raise Plantation and part of Simon Fell. Telephoto from Black Hill.



Peter Colton,
second right with
NPC members near
a resurgence above
Clapham Cave

John certainly paints a picture of characters about in those days - a period when our activities were only covered briefly, little more than a list of dates and locations.

Our activities from 1984 to 1992 were even more cursorily written of; all covered in the the centenary journal and it was not till 1994 that regular journals were resumed.

Rather a shame really as we 'enjoyed' some memorable meets and those who recollect them are getting ever thinner on the ground. Back then we had joint meets with several clubs including the Grits and the Rucksack. Indeed the present meet with the Wayfarers was always a three-club meet with the Rucksack Club. I used to go out with them on some of their meets as being in Manchester with a cousin one of their top mountaineers as it would have been silly to miss the opportunity. My lasting memory of them in those days however is that they were all rather ardent and took fitness very seriously. Even cousin Brian when he came out with us would only nurse a half of bitter. What they would have made of the characters frequenting the three hostelries near Lowstern is not hard to imagine.

By the time your editor got married in 1972, I had been on 11 meets in fact that was my most active time with the Club and I was not even a member. Came the point though, when Arthur Craven the then President collared me and said I should become legitimate and pay some subs. Strangely my application was not successful as apparently they had two applications that year and did not want the other candidate so told us both the membership was 'full'. Another year's subs saved.

I was accepted in 1974 though and attended fairly regularly till children came along three years later. They were halcyon days.

As the club contained a lot of younger members in those days, many less usual and some would say mad activities were pursued and we went to some strange places sometimes as Club meets and sometimes as informal meets.

One Skye meet we towed Crowther's yacht up to Arisaig where it was subsequently abandoned after exploits which very nearly lost the Club four members. We never did get to Skye and those of the Club who did wished they hadn't.

We left the yacht there and went down to climb the face of Scafell, far less dangerous than fighting gales.

I recall another meet with lousy weather. In 1985 March saw us in a so called camping barn near Alport Castles in a mixture of snow and sleet and strong winds. When I say barn it turned out to be one you would not even turn cattle into.

Unaware of this as we arrived long after dark as was our wont, the hostelry having closed, some of us managed to inflate beds but others just lay the rubber on the floor. There were no facilities at all as far as I can recall. It was by a long way the coldest night I have ever spent – as dawn broke and never having got to sleep, I realised that a hen was sticking its curious head through a gaping hole in the barn wall just by my head.

That year saw other more demanding meets in Skye, in the Trossachs and the Mendips and with the long walk on the Cheviot.

The same year we had a high level camp at Scoat Tarn and another epic unfolded. Four of us had driven up from Manchester and went to the Wasdale Head for some sustenance where we met other members of the younger cohort of the Club. Happily drinking till it was nearly dark we realised we had to drive back down the valley to carry all our gear and provisions up Nether Beck and then pitch camp wherever we could find.

Three of us took the car down with that in mind. But Tim Teesdale of our crew and one other stalwart decided it would be well dark before we got there, so they might as well stay put till closing time with a view to walking in over Red Pike. At about 2.30 a.m. two by then sober bodies crashed noisily into our camp site and were allowed into our tents after entertaining us with two attempts to erect theirs, and crashed out.

It was only next morning we were informed that we had driven off with Tim's boots and he had trekked in with his town shoes on.

Earlier that year saw the Club off on its then annual trip to Glen Etive which commanded a meet report of two words and a date in the journal. We can however put that right to an extent as we still have members on the meet who recall it. I did not personally make that one.

Ray Harben has kindly dug out some old rather faded photographs from the meet. I was hard put to identify some of the members although I must have known them all well.

Roy Denney



Glen Etive



Ben Starav



Mode of transport



Ray Harben

**Ian Crowther,
Chris Renton
and
Peter Swindells**



**Ian and Chris
NC gully on Stob
Coire Nan
Lochan**

After a long and challenging winter of uncertainty, Covid restrictions and minimal club activity the first meet was always going to be a joyous occasion- sadly nobody told the weather!

Following on from the best practice set out in 2020, it was another camping meet, this time at Stablefell Campsite at Marsett close to Semer Water.



Holding the title of the second largest natural lake in North Yorkshire, Semer Water had been swelled by the recent heavy rain and was even larger than usual, flooding nearby trees and much of the lakeside footpath.

Unfortunately, the recent bad weather continued through Friday. A wet day followed by a very wet and windy night. David and Christine's tent was not up to the challenge and they had to resort to "glamping" in a wigwam.

Despite the bad weather on Friday, activities were undertaken. Michael, Helen, Arthur, John and Alan walked from the campsite to cross the sike feeding Semer Water where they tried but failed to cross Raydale Beck which had flooded the surrounding fields. Plan B was to retreat and head up towards Drumaldrace and on approaching the Roman Cam High Road, turn right and descend towards Countersett. Reaching the Hawes road, a direct return to the campsite at Marsett was made to be sure of getting to the pub in time for dinner.

Saturday dawned and the effort of climbing out of a tent after a night of sleeping on the floor to be welcomed by 5°C temperatures in late spring reminded some members why there hadn't been many camping meets on the agenda pre-pandemic. But after a warm coffee they were ready for another day of adventuring.

Tim headed over to Wild Boar Fell. Starting from Hell Gill, the way along the Eastern edge of the Eden Valley, down to Hazelgill then up to the summit of Wild Boar Fell was all pleasant going on dry ground. The plan was to descend Needlehouse Gill SE down to Uldale but the weight of water made a gill descent too risky. An easy but unremarkable route down the hillside had to suffice. Again, the planned return along the south side of the River Rawthey was deemed inadvisable in the conditions, so the "path" on the north side was followed. 8km of bog later, passing a herd of Galloway belties that appeared to have been crossed with dachshunds, so deep were they in mud, drier going led over the ridge back to the car. 25km.

David and Christine walked from the campsite to Bardale Head, returning to Marsett via the Roman Road and Wether Fell. They called in to see Aysgarth Falls at their finest on the way back; at least all that rain had one benefit!

Alan and John drove to Castle Bolton, walking east then north east to the waterfall on Low Scar. This is usually a totally dry waterfall, as the catchment area has been severely reduced by quarrying, but on this occasion, after 48 hours of torrential rain, it was in spate. The pair then crossed Redmire Quarry, to head north east to the prominent chimney which is visible for much of the length of Wensleydale.

They headed north to Snowden Man (an inscribed boundary stone), to the huge disused flue above Grinton Smelting Mill, and to the road on Cogden Moor.

They then turned west to the grouse butts above Grinton Lodge, and south over Greets Hill to Apedale Beck at Dent's Houses, and finally back to Castle Bolton. This is what they described as "a fairly short walk at 16 km, but passing through a fascinating geological area, with lead and coal mining evidence in abundance, made all the more interesting by having a mining expert as company on the walk."



Shooting butt above Swaledale



The remainder of the party set off anticlockwise round the head of the valley, initially up Bardale to Outershaw Road at its head. Almost immediately they left the road and set off across the infamous Fleet Moss.

This is a peat blanket bog known locally as The Somme and where a restoration programme is well advanced. Using the netting sacks of coir laid across the gullies in the peat made our crossing of these dips easier and less damaging to the delicate peat.



Richard Smith on the moss

Pausing after skirting Jeffrey Pot, a split into two parties saw three continue along the watershed to Yockenthwaite Moor before turning north to Addlebrough while the remainder descended into Raydale and back to the camp site for lunch. The latter party then drove to Thornton Rust to walk over Addlebrough and circle back round Worton Pasture. One remained there to ferry the other three back to Marsett.

Saturday night gave the opportunity to socialise, something that has been much missed over the last year. Luckily the pubs had reopened so Richard Taylor was saved the horror of having to cook. Many members headed to the pub but some stayed at the campsite and were rewarded by some glimpses of the sun and an excellent BBQ.

My vision of a bright and sunny Sunday morning doing some open water swim training in a peaceful Seme Water ahead of an upcoming triathlon was not to be. It was rather too cold and grey for me but as I drove away from the campsite Barbara and Helen B were making their way down for a swim. Braver than me!



Barbara

Instead, I stuck to dry land and headed for a walk with Michael, Helen, Dave and Mike.

The novel names of Apedale, Gibbon Hill and Smithy Gill attracted us to park on the moor road above Castle Bolton. We walked up Apedale checking out en passant the Jingle Pot Quarry for a future rock climbing outing. Soon after starting the descent into Swaledale beside some stone turret-like shooting butts, a turn right was made to traverse over to the Harker Hills then another right, south to the unlocked shooting cabin above Grovebeck Gill for a lunch break.



Harker Hills

Heading east to the moor road a juvenile ring ouzel was spotted besides many scattering red grouse chicks.

Arthur and Alan, heading up Bardale undertook a similar Marsett - Bardale - Fleet Moss - Raydale Grange route to the main party on Saturday. Peter, Conrad and Richard T followed two of the wild water swimmers towards Semer Water (weren't



Walking up Bardale

tempted to take a splash) before climbing to the village of Stalling Busk with its ruined church and graveyard. They met one of the swimmers after their dip, who claimed the water had been warm.

After passing Countersett with its Quaker Meeting House they climbed to Green Scar Mire before returning to Marsett.



Marsett and the campsite

Catering arrangements in camp



Attending:
Dave Booker-Smith
Fiona Booker-Smith
Bailey (four-legged mascot)
Helen Brewitt
Peter Chadwick
Mike Gregg (PM)
David Hick
Tim Josephy
Alan Kay
Christine Marriott (G)
Felicity Roberts (G)
Arthur Salmon
Barbara Salmon
Helen Smith
Michael Smith
Richard Smith
John Sutcliffe
Richard Taylor
Conrad Tetley (PM)

It was a real pleasure to be back at a face to face meet again. Kudos to those who organised quizzes and virtual social events over the winter, but nothing beats catching up with friends and meeting new people all while being refreshed by the beautiful Yorkshire countryside. For those of us who are still working from home with eight hours of video calls a day it really did recharge the batteries.

Thanks to Tim, it can't be easy planning meets in the current climate, and thanks to everyone that turned up and made it a great weekend.

Snowshoeing in Bulgaria

Mick
Borroff

In February 2015, as a prelude to the YRC Pirin Mountains meet in June, Hilary and I decided to visit Bulgaria taking our snowshoes to enjoy a few days in the mountains and do a bit of sightseeing. We flew into Plovdiv and drove to Bansko which nestles between the Rila and Pirin Mountains and stayed in Lizzie Alderson's comfortable flat, while she was in the UK.

The mountains of Bulgaria present attractive objectives in both summer and winter conditions, but there are virtually no guidebooks written in English apart from the Cicerone guide to the summer long distance trails. In 2015 almost no information was available on snowshoeing other than a couple of brief tours!

We therefore decided to hire a guide for a couple of days and then do some routes on a self-guided basis. Having trawled the net I contacted guide Lyuben Grancharov about my ideas. In the event he was not available personally but put us in touch with fellow guide Mitko Samounev. Mitko was very helpful and after a series of e-mail exchanges we agreed on two possible less-visited day routes in the Rila Mountains. With warmer weather prevailing when we arrived in Bansko, Mitko suggested a change to start higher in the Rila at the Treshtenik Hut with the aim of reaching the frozen lake of Ribno Ezero (2,200m).

Leaving Bansko early, we were glad we had not tried to negotiate the icy and narrow approach track in our hire car (one of the other benefits of having a guide) as we snaked upwards to the snowy hut car park. We set off in misty conditions and Mitko put his GPS to good use as we snowshoed up through the pine trees in virgin snow.



The misty Rila Mountains

He was good company and we discussed the snow conditions, route selection, trees, animal tracks. We also learnt a lot about the history of Bulgaria and many other subjects from fishing and food to national music, as well as a tutorial on the Cyrillic alphabet!



Ribno Ezero Lake - No fishing!



Heading back to the Treshtenik Hut

The next day Mitko and I did a longer 8hr route from Semkovo Chalet up to the Rila main ridge to reach the summit of Chemerna (2,511m) and then onto Svednia Vrah (2,531m). The weather started sunny and the snow-capped peaks beckoned.



Chemerna and Svednia Vrah above snowbound Semkovo

The cloud blew in as we left the forest and approached our first summit and more GPS navigation led us along the ridge onto Svednia Vrah and back down its NW ridge to a valley leading down through more forested terrain to the chalet car park.

I also took the opportunity to pick Mitko's brain about the safest approaches to some of the Pirin peaks which I thought might be both accessible and suitable for Hilary and I to snowshoe. He agreed with some of these and identified the summits of Orelyak and Bezbog became our objectives later in the week.

We visited the lovely Rila Monastery tucked away at the head of a long valley. It dates back to 1335 and has a beautiful church externally decorated with amazing frescos depicting apocalypses and visions of hell complete with bat-winged demons - certainly worth the visit.



Rila Monastery



Gaida players

It was another misty start as we left the Popovi Livadi hut and set off to climb Orelyak (2,099m) capped by a large telecommunications tower. We used the snow-covered access track at first then set off across the snowfields to climb more steeply up to the summit, as the weather improved and the mist burnt off. We returned whilst enjoying the superb views.



On the Orelyak access track



Descending from Mount Orelyak



Enjoying the view below Orelyak

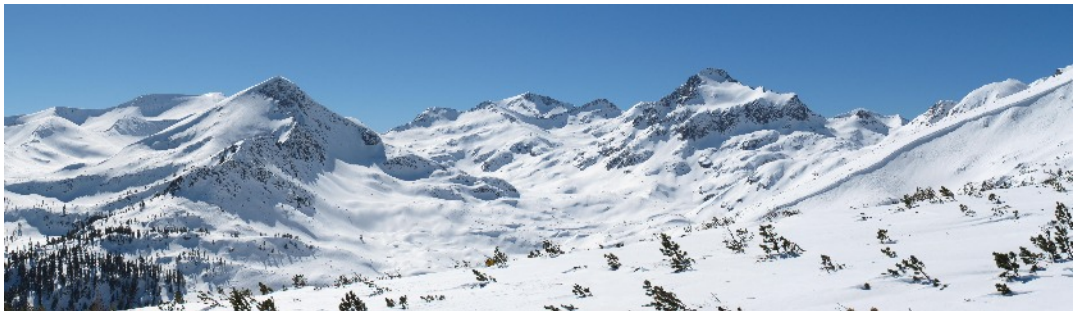


At the Bezbog summit

My final snowshoe route was undertaken in beautiful sunny weather under blue skies. We drove from Bansko up to the Gotse Delchev hut and took the chair-lift up to the Bezbog hut with its stunning view into the Pirin Mountains. Hilary decided to relax in the sun with a coffee on the hut terrace.

Donning snowshoes, I skirted east of the lake to avoid any potential avalanche danger, then climbed up to a minor summit and on up the SE ridge to reach Bezbog (2,649m). Polezhan (2,850m) was tempting but just too far away and I had to be content with an intermediate summit before returning for a celebratory beer on the hut terrace.

In writing this account six years later, guided snowshoeing in the Rila and Pirin National Parks, as well as in the Vitosha Nature Park has developed and there are a number of multi-day itineraries which traverse between the Rila and the Pirin which are interesting possibilities for the future.



View of the Pirin Mountains from the Bezbog Hut

By sunset ten members, a guest and six PMs had pitched tents at the beautifully situated but busy campsite on the shore of Llyn Gwynant. It was somewhat dreary but we were all encouraged by the very promising forecast for the rest of the weekend.



The campsite when the weather picked up

Saturday dawned rather overcast and all were up early and ready for action thanks to the resident local warbler and cuckoo. By the time Tim arrived the cloud had lifted and he with Michael, Chris and Tom, who had long planned on climbing, with Lliwedd's Slanting Buttress in their sights, were whisked away by Nick who generously ran the team up to Pen-y-Pass for an easier walk in along the Miner's Track before 9am.

The quartz zig-zags marking the route's start were soon reached and tackle donned. Tim's local knowledge put him at the sharp end belayed by Chris. Tom followed, on a parallel line where practical, belayed by Michael. The first five pitches went steadily enough though being in the north face's shade, belaying was chilly.

Belay ledge,
Lliwedd



The sixth pitch is supposedly the crux groove but was climbed readily enough by those in rock shoes. Chris decided to make it a bit more challenging by wearing Vibram soled boots. The airy arete which followed gave a photo opportunity and sightings of choughs and a ring ouzel. Up a steep wall gave more exposure on good holds. The next pitch slowed the party down; up a groove to a chockstone and a step right up another groove where holds on the right rib come into play - sounded simple enough and only a Diff anyway. Tim thrutched and lurched smearing his way up - those holds had not come out to play today. Booted Chris kicked the groove into submission. The second rope employed climbing shoes and a sneaky knee-jam in a pocket to reach a hold at full stretch for a speedier passage. The tenth and last pitch gave easier climbing to the Snowdon Horseshoe path, a warm up in the sunshine, and a late lunch. After traversing Lliwedd the four descended via the old copper mine in Cwm Merch to Nantgwynant and by Llyn Gwynant to the campsite for 7pm. A great mountain day.

Also arriving on Saturday morning was Anne Lofthouse accompanied by her son Max. They joined David Spencer for a walk from the campsite led by Pete and Anne Latham which was well away from the madding crowds of Snowdon. Heading across to the opposite side of the valley they met their first challenge, as they found themselves confined to the campsite dog exercising/toilet compound and were unable to find an exit. A U-turn was called for to exit via the main entrance.

It was a pleasant ascent through ancient woodland and out onto the open, boggy fell. After a couple of hours they had an early lunch in a lovely spot by the side of Llyn Edno, with only two other walkers noticed.



Lunch

Things then got interesting when no-one could locate the descent path which was clearly marked on the map. Changing route several times they eventually scrambled down the fell, over at least three walls, a sheep fold and two fences to the valley bottom.

A more pleasant stroll back to base through the forest of Nantgwynant for a well earned ice cream concluded their exercise for the day and Max, who had said he wanted a mountain adventure, seemed delighted with his day out.

Adam, Conrad, Helen and Richard set off to conquer Snowdon, again walking from the campsite. They followed a pretty woodland path by the lake before turning right to join the Watkin Path.

It all got a bit congested when they reached the steepening scree slope near the top and a bit of dodging around was required in order to maintain a reasonable pace. Just as they reached the ridge they went into cloud.

They'd thought this route was busy until they hit the summit, which was absolutely jam-packed.



It was quite spooky with so many people emerging from the cloud and the queue to stand by the cairn was huge, probably about 100m. The human traffic did not lessen as they descended the Miner's Track, stopping for lunch and a paddle at the lake. Refreshments at Pen-y-Pass were most welcome and then it was down the valley along a quiet grassy path which made a change from the earlier hordes, past the Cwm Dyli hydro power station and back to the campsite. Both Richard, who had followed the same route at a slightly slower pace but made a more direct descent via the pipeline, and Harvey, who ascended and descended via Pen-y-Pass, arrived at the summit a bit later and were fortunate to have clear views.

It was a grand day out and an interesting experience but your scribe is not keen to rush back to Snowdon and certainly not at the weekend!

Christine and David Hick walked from Rhyd-Ddu to Beddgelert via Llyn y Gader and Beddgelert Forest and returned the same way. Laura and Nat had a gentle day's walking around Beddgelert. Laura was recovering from a broken ankle and was keen not to overdo things. Mike Gregg and Nick walked from the campsite and did a round including Moel Siabod then came back down to Pen-y-Gwryd, picking up the track and footpath back to the campsite.

Most members decided to take advantage of the onsite takeaway pizzas for their evening meal and it was most convivial as people sat round discussing the day's activities and more. The only fly in the ointment literally, was the pesky midges and it became increasingly difficult to recognise people as they donned hats, midge nets and blankets to protect themselves against the onslaught - all eventually to no avail.

On Sunday most packed up ready for departure but the good weather encouraged the Spencers, Smiths and Laura and Nat to stay another night.

The Smiths, walking from the campsite, did a round of Moel Meirch - interesting with a little scramble at the top and Yr Arddu - uninspiring and all quite hard going.



Helen Smith on Moel Meirch

The others spent the day around the campsite - including a paddle in the lake.

Richard, Chris and Conrad headed to Cnicht to tackle its North West flank. The trip got off to an inauspicious start as they made their way up the very narrow single track road towards the parking. Two young ladies driving a big Mazda crested the hill of the narrow road to be confronted by Chris in his car with Conrad and Richard following behind. Despite Chris' best persuasive efforts the young ladies were almost apoplectic at the thought of reversing back up the hill and after somewhat of an impasse the two YRC cars reversed down - it was somewhat frustrating as later they realised the Mazda only needed to reverse about 20m.

Fast forward, in baking hot heat, having called into Gelli-Iago climbing hut to check out its hiring potential, they started the ascent and followed a contouring path with superb views of Harlech Bay. Rather than taking the traditional path they decided to go direct and traverse up the hill. After some easy scrambling they reached a suitable lunch stop. Richard then took the lead on the penultimate scree slope and finally onto the summit climb. At the top they were rewarded with a fantastic view of Snowdonia and its vast array of peaks. Chris took a shorter route via Llyn y Biswail back to his car whereas Richard and Conrad continued the almost circular descent back via Llyn Yr Adar and Llyn Llagi. It allowed them to take in some beautiful little lakes and a whole range of fauna and flora plus lots of boggy peat! All in all a lovely walk which provided plenty of interest to keep the curious happy.

Nick meanwhile meandered along the west side of the valley for a couple of miles and then meandered back before setting off home. Anne and Pete drove to Rhyd Ddu for a couple of very pleasant hours mountain biking in Beddgelert Forest. They then hit the 'Snowdon Base Camp' for a superb roast lamb dinner before heading back to Yorkshire. David H and Christine returned home via Crosby beach near Liverpool to see Antony Gormley's very impressive 'Another Place'.



Slanting Buttress Ridge Route
Chris Hilton
(See also front cover)

On Monday, on their way home Michael and Helen parked in Llanfairfechan and did a short walk along the North Wales Coastal Path to the impressive Druid Stones, with splendid views along the way

Many thanks to Tim for his organisation of this most sociable meet. There was plenty done - encouraged by the wonderful Welsh weather!

HS



Beddgelert Forest

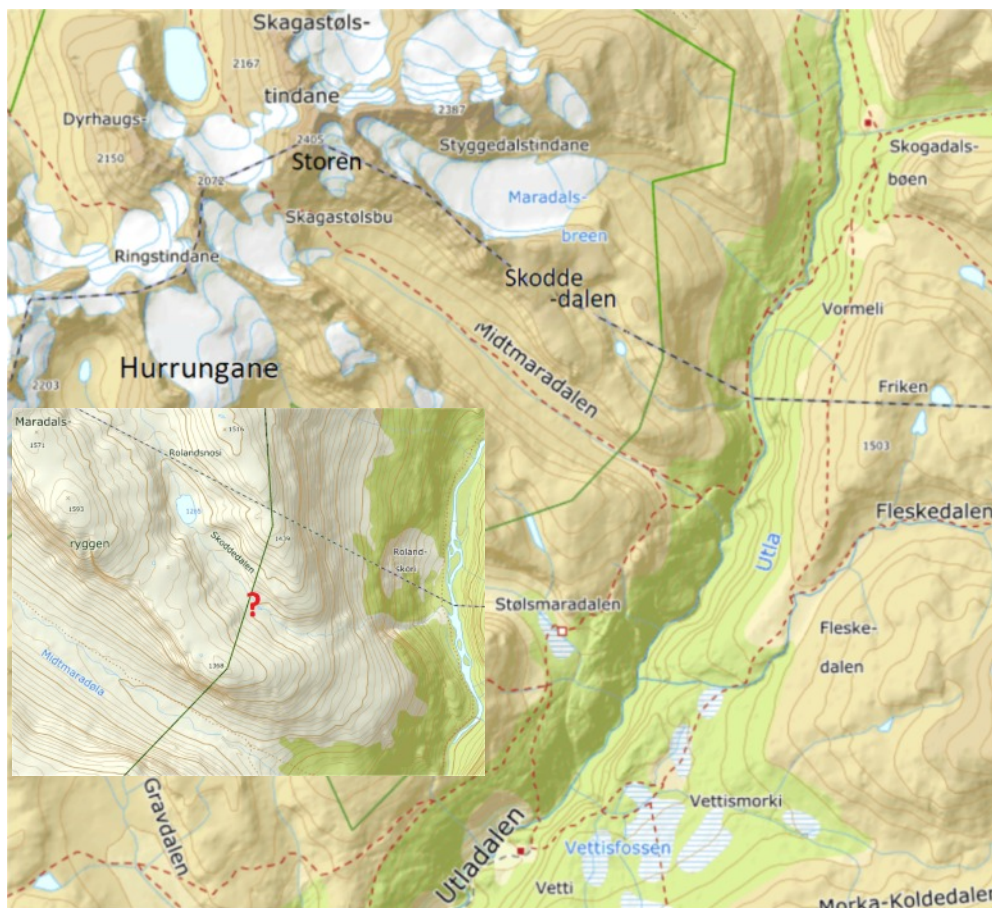
Attending

Adam Linford
Anne Latham
Chris Hilton
David Hick
Harvey Lomas
Nick Welch
Conrad Tetley (PM)
Helen Smith
David Spencer (PM)
Michael Smith
Mike Gregg (PM)
Laura Baynes (PM)
Richard Taylor
Christine Marriott (G)
Pete Latham
Tim Josephy (day visit)
Tom Spencer (PM)
Anne Lofthouse (PM)
day visit
Nat Dickerson-Stead
(PM)
Max Harvey (G) day
visit

Slingsby's Lost Initials

Knut I.Tønberg and Michael Smith

The YRC's second President and hero of Norwegian mountaineering, William Cecil Slingsby (1849-1929), left his mark in several ways on what is perhaps their wildest mountain area, the west side of Utladalen in the Jotunheim: first ascents, his name on maps and the introduction of snowcraft. Besides these, in 1877, he and Torger Stenersen Sulheim (1840-1925), left their initials carved on a rock above the Utlei. A search is now on to find that missing rock.



From 1921 onwards, the High Mountain Commission surveyed the public land in the Jotunheimen. An anecdotal report of their work in the Norway's trekking association yearbook for 1948 includes this clue: "From Midtmaradalen over to Skoddedalen, on the ridge between these valleys, we saw a moss-covered rock, where Slingsby and Torger Sulheim have carved W.C.S., T.T.S. 1877."
(See also page 67)

Slingsby was often here in this part of Utladalen's deep gorge which separates the Hurrungane, the giant's hand with its fingers spread, from the rest of the Jotunheimen".

The best chance of finding the stone is by looking along the border between Vetti's and the higher public lands, as that was where the commission's surveyors were working at the time; the dark green line on the map. The surveyors went from Midtmaradalen over into Skoddedalen and continued over to Maradalen. The inscription was found "on the ridge" between the first two of those valleys. So, a good starting point may be the pond above the waterfall (marked ? on the map) and up along what looks like a distant edge in the terrain.

Jan Schwarzott, who attended the 1992 YRC Dinner also mentions in his book that "*Slingsby and Sulheim did not leave the scene without trace: 'WCS & T.T.S. 1877' is carved into a rock*". Jan may have taken this from the DNT yearbook and reproduced an error: TTS instead of TSS for Torger Stenersen Sulheim. Anyone finding the inscription should be check carefully to see if it reads TSS or TTS.

Slingsby himself records walking from Skoddedalen over into Midtmaradalen on his famous 1876 first ascent of Storen trip, descending with Knut Lykken and Emanuel Mohn to Vormelid from Maradalen. Later, he describes how he returned that summer with Mohn and explored around what we now call Snørestø between Stølsmaradalen and Midtmaradalen, down to the pond in Midtmaradalen and out towards Utle. They probably searched around Snørestø before they found a way over. The account tells us how determined they were to explore that area. Walking on the west side of Utle is strenuous, with several hundred metres of ups and downs, large boulders and pathless primeval forest.

The path down from the pond towards Vormeli is steep and rough. Slingsby paused there, finding this narrowest part of the Utladalen gorge picturesque.



Mohn and Slingsby in Ålesund

(Image probably originated from Jocelin Winthrop-Young and provided by Per Gran then enhanced by John Snoad)

Slingsby returned in 1877 to join Torger Sulheim on a bear hunt. Meeting down by the Utlariver, Sulheim wanted to see how tough Slingsby was and set him a test – but that is another story.

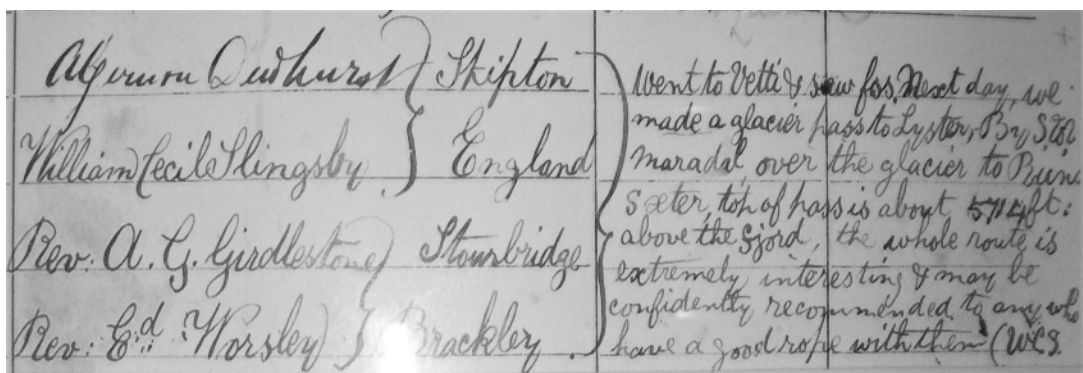
Bear tracks took them up to near the pond and they then went further up to try and get a view of Storen. Later Slingsby wrote “*The place perfectly fascinated me, and I found it difficult to tear myself away from so wild, so beautiful, and so indescribable a scene, where order and chaos, savage grandeur and quiet beauty were so strangely and so harmoniously blended, and Sulheim and I both agreed that we must see more of this sometime in the future.*”

In view of Slingsby’s love of this area it is understandable that he left his mark on the rock there perhaps using the ice-axe he had with him. However, as if the difficult terrain and uncertain search area were not problems enough, in all likelihood that moss cover will have spread making the quest to find that rock harder.

Kjetil Tveranger reminds us that it would take a long time to carve the inscription they would probably have chosen a resting place with drinking water and in a clearing with a good view. This supports the idea that the pond above the waterfall is a likely spot.

As an incentive for those passing through the area to take up the challenge of rediscovering this inscription, Erling Eggum of the Slingsby Foundation promises dinner and accommodation at the legendary Klingenberg hotel, Årdalstangen, to those who find it. The Klingenberg was a regular haunt of Slingsby’s. Another member of the Slingsby Foundation, Rigmor Solem, from the Norwegian Environmental Protection Agency is responsible for the Utladalen landscape conservation area. She insists the inscription must not be painted when found. Chalk and brushes to clean away the moss are already in the Stølsmaradalen cabin so that the inscription can be photographed without damaging it.

Who will rise to this challenge and will they be successful? If found in a not too inconvenient location, then the rock is sure to become a hillwalkers’ destination as Slingsby’s mountaineering is well known in Norway, the area well served with accommodation including mountain cabins, and the Utladalen already has other cultural, mountain and waterfall attractions.



One of several of Slingsby's entries in the Klingenberg day book



Michael Smith and Kjetil Tveranger in Midtmaradalen following Slingsby's route

The Uta River



One of its
tributaries
joining it

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- About the Klingenberg hotel and Slingsby: <https://www.allkunne.no/framside/fylkesleksikon-sogn-og-fjordane/samfunn/industri-naring-og-bedrifter/klingenberg-hotel//1900/82340/>

By Friday evening 18 members, PMs and guests had arrived at George and Vivienne Burfitt's beautiful home at Hartlington Mill. Set in over five acres of wooded valley, the campsite was in a circular clearing just above the millpond and accessed by a footbridge across Barben Beck (fast flowing despite the lack of rain because Grimwith Reservoir upstream was being used to top up Bradford's supplies).



The 'Mill' before we descended upon it

Wharfedale was very busy this weekend; so having a peaceful and private campsite to ourselves really made this a special meet.

Roy Denney and Mike Godden, who were staying at The George Inn in the remote hamlet of Hubberholme, called in to inspect the site whilst the final three, Mick Borroff, John Sutcliffe and Anne Lofthouse were not due to arrive until Saturday morning.



Hubberholme

Roy and Mike's activities, which inevitably were rather separated from the rest of the meet can be read at the end of this report.

A few joined Roy and Mike for a meal at the Red Lion in Burnsall but most dined at the campsite whilst being dined upon by the midges. As always they bothered some more than others but they didn't stop conversation continuing long after dark.



Members trying to avoid being the midges meal

Saturday dawned dry but overcast; without the heat of the previous week, it promised excellent conditions.

Harvey walked alone, following the Dales Way north to Grassington and returning by devious ways.

Simon's Seat was the objective for most. Parties ascended by various routes, including the enigmatically named but delightful Valley of Desolation. For the writer, it was his second visit to the valley after a gap of 60 years. The name derives from a devastating storm in 1826 which caused a landslide and the destruction of many trees. There is no sign now of the damage and the walk up is tranquil and beautiful.



Valley of Desolation

Recalling Charles Scriven's account of camping in Appletreewick in the 1902 Journal, Mick Borroff, Richard Taylor and John Sutcliffe headed up Kail Lane and paused to inspect Hell Hole, which the YRC explored in 1896.

Traversing Trollers Gill, they passed the lead mine above and had a short diversion to view a large rock with a score of cup-marks, then passed the small building over the excavation shaft down to the Nidderdale Aqueduct tunnel, and proceeded to Simon's Seat via the Little and Great Pock Stones. The return to camp was via Howgill and a welcome pint in the Craven Arms with PMs Rod and Yayoi Smith.

A party of eight including four PMs and two guests set out directly from Hartlington Mill for Simon's Seat, via the attractive path by the Wharfe, including the Strid, and then up the Valley of Desolation. It was new ground for many and another had not been since "he were but a lad". Taking in Lord's Seat, they met the climbers and the other walking group, who had come up via Trollers Gill, for a sociable lunch at the trig on the summit.

Approaching Trollers Gill
and below
Richard Taylor taking it in



There were a couple of stylishly executed tumbles on the descent towards Howgill but no serious damage.

Most enjoyed a delicious brownie and coffee at the cafe, with only two being more tempted by a trip to the Craven Arms, before the walk back along the river to the campsite.



Trollers
Gill

Six climbers made a full day of it by parking at Howgill, walking down the Wharfe, then up the Valley of Desolation to the rocky tor of Simon's Seat. The YRC, in the form of the Waterfall brothers were active here in the 1920's and 30's when they climbed most of the classic routes up to VS.

The steep North side was initially chilly but two Severes, Arete Wall and Y Front were climbed on excellent rough grit before a foray to the warmer South side was made. Several routes were done there including the Waterfall brothers' fine Straight Crack. They gave this a grading of Severe; nowadays it goes at VS 4c and looks a lot harder than it really is.



Corner Crack

Y Front



A return to the now warmer North side resulted in two more routes before a descent to the brownie shop just minutes after it closed. A pint in the Craven Arms had to do instead.

By early evening barbecue smoke was drifting enticingly across the Burfitts' front garden.

With the welcome addition of David Handley and Derek Bush, who had driven over for a burger and a chat, everyone enjoyed a most convivial evening, including gathering around a blazing firepit as the evening lengthened.



We have been very lucky with the weather on our camping meets so far; a barbecue in the pouring rain might not have been so attractive!

Some left for home on Sunday morning but with good weather prevailing the majority made the most of it.

Rod and Yayoi went to Bolton Abbey where they were in time to attend Holy Communion at the Priory Church, the first with live singing for 18 months. They very much welcomed this sign of a return to normality.

Richard Taylor circumnavigated Grimwith Reservoir, being entertained by yacht racing on the way.

George Burfitt, accompanied by his 8 year old grandson, Charles, conducted the rest on a 12km circular tour over the moor to Trollers Gill, returning along the Wharfe.

Helen B and Trudi (who had already immersed herself several times in Barben Beck) could not resist a large swimming hole in the river and disported themselves there whilst the others wended their way back to Hartlington.

This was a most successful meet. Good weather, an excellent location and an attendance of 26 members, PMs and guests made it a weekend to remember.

Thanks to George and Vivienne for accommodating us.

TJ

Attending:

George Burfitt	Mick Borroff (Saturday)
Michael Smith	David Handley (Saturday evening)
Robert Crowther	Derek Bush (Saturday evening)
Helen Smith	Mark Rowntree (PM)
Roy Denney	Conrad Tetley (PM)
Tim Josephy	Mike Gregg (PM)
Mike Godden	Trudi Warner (PM)
Alan Clare	Anne Lofthouse (PM, Saturday)
John Lloyd	David Brown (PM)
Richard Taylor	Rod Smith (PM)
Harvey Lomas	Yayoi Smith (G)
Richard Smith	Felicity Roberts (G)
Helen Brewitt	John Sutcliffe (Saturday)

RECYCLED TEENAGERS

One former President and your Editor attended this meet complete with two weak backs and only having three good knees and three and a half feet between them. Not for them any carry of tent etc., up hill to sleep on the floor. They decided those days were behind them and elected for the creature comforts to be had staying in a remote country inn at the head of the valley.

Arriving independently at the George in Hubberholme Friday lunchtime they made their way down to where the meet was to camp to say hellos before making their way into Burnsall for an early evening meal where they were eventually joined by seven other of the meet members.

Having a captive market in this popular spot, the prices reflected this as did the attitude and behaviour of the management and it is not a hostelry any of us will be rushing back to.

When most set off back to the campsite we headed back up the valley to have a last drink and chinwag with the George's landlord and landlady.

Saturday, after a hearty and leisurely breakfast, we drove back down to Burnsall and parked up for the day. With some trepidation we then set off to walk down the river and surprised ourselves by coping quite well and we ended up in Appletreewick.



The Wharfe
above
Appletreewick

The Craven Arms is still a very good pub and still has the hook-a-bull-ring game, lethal in a busy pub and busy this was.

The nearby campsite had probably in excess of 100 tents and every table in the pub was reserved for lunch.

The campers did not seem aware that there were two pubs, but having lived in Lower Wharfedale some 30 years previously I did, so we wandered down to the New Inn which was pleasantly quiet where we had lunch.

Not fine dining but very nice cheese and onion toasties.

Walking back along the river, Mike took advantage of an armchair carved from a tree stump.

**Mike Godden
being suitably
Presidential**



As that evening the meet were having BBQ we walked back to retrieve our vehicle, and briefly met with Harvey Lomas before returning to our base for the evening.

The George

A small pub; accommodation was fully booked and they were a motley crew but interesting banter ensued.



There were a couple of typical Liver Birds, a couple from Leeds, us from Huddersfield and Leicester, and a lady from Oxford who repeatedly said she was 37 and looking for a man.

One by one they hit the sack; the last to depart being the man hunter. Presumably having written us off she packed it in leaving just us and the proprietors. They did not live on the premises and wanted to go, so we were off to bed by 10.30.

Being always a light sleeper getting by with a few hours, I was awake at 4.30 and at 5.00 went for a walk up the largely dried up river. Remarkable it was too!

First a quick look round the churchyard to have a barn owl fly past me and then following the riverbed saw two hares in a field. This was only the start!

I followed the lane beside the course of the Wharfe by then no more than a trickle and at the first opportunity I cut down from the lane to the actual river bank to admire the profusion of wildflowers on the bank above the few pools in the river bed.

A movement caught my eye and there was a grey wagtail. I was looking down from about four foot up the bank and as I watched, a creature nonchalantly patrolling the river, casually strolled by, looked, up and saw me, and continued disdainfully on its way. A first for me in the wild, it was a mink.

Time to wander back for breakfast and as I made my way down the lane, another hare popped up just over the wall about 15 foot from me.

A good time of day to go for a stroll.

And so to breakfast.

The lady from Oxford left most of her meal. She had rather overdone it the night before.

We each went our own ways after that, me going up to Hawes for some Wensleydale cheeses before going through Ingleton to pick up the M6 near Lancaster and head down to Manchester to visit family before heading home.

A recent MOT had shown that with Covid and my on-going foot problems the car did less than 1000 miles last year. It did over 500 this weekend but well worth it.

Not only had we had an excellent weekend, we had caught up with old friends and in my case I had revisited places I frequented when with a young family I lived in Burley-in-Wharfedale (1975-1987).

One fascinating place I passed by on my way up to the meet was Brimham Rocks. My kids loved clambering over them.

Near Pateley Bridge, this 450 acre geological wonderland is a Site of Special Scientific Interest with gritstone crags tortured into weird shapes where your imagination can run riot.



Some of the rocks

The drawing below was done by the late Bill Lofthouse

RD



This was our first fully accommodated meet in 18 months, so we were quite excited to get back to normal club activities. Even though the weather forecast was terrible 11 brave souls, including Imogen and Ged Campion, who arrived 24hrs later, met up at the Torrent Walk Campsite where we stayed in a rather small bunkhouse. The weather was as expected: most of the night it rained heavily. Nevertheless, after a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast prepared by Tim, plans were made for making the most of the day ahead.

A sizeable party comprising Peter, Richard, Conrad, Helen, Chris and Tim, set off in torrential rain up the Fox's Path towards Cader Idris. The original plan of ascending the Cyfrwy Arete had long been abandoned; even the walk up looked unlikely when a raging torrent barred further progress up the path.



The uncrossable stream

Some were for retreat but Richard Taylor, an old sea captain born to command would have none of it. He masterfully herded the team on a long heather and bog trot including much wading which eventually got them back on track at Llyn Gafr. Ahead the final 1000ft up the headwall was another raging torrent but steep scree alongside was manageable.

The weather gods gave up in the face of such determination and the summit was reached in the dry.



After lunch in the summit hovel, the descent down the Pony Path with improving views was pleasant by comparison.

John and Carol Whalley caught the bus to Barmouth. They were amused that the driver wouldn't take their bus passes even though they had worked for them in Bogota and Hong Kong (must be because Wales and England are both in the United Kingdom!). When they arrived, the weather seemed to improve slightly. Crossing the bridge, they were greeted by a lovely view of the estuary with the river spilling out into Cardigan Bay.

Soon they reached the start of the Mawddach Estuary Trail as featured in Julia Bradbury's "Railway Walks".

Carol on the Mawddach trail

This must have been a wonderful rail journey in the 1860s with fabulous views, that is until Dr. Beeching closed it down 100 years later.



As the walk progressed, they caught sight of many wading birds and were able to learn about the history of the railway, its importance during WW2, and about the invasive Spartina grass from the many information boards en-route. Once again, the heavens opened, just in time for shelter in the George III Inn. The entire walk registered just over 18 km on their Garmin.

John Sutcliffe opted for a low-level walk heading south-west from Dolgellau. His 20-mile walk took in the twin tarns of Llynau Cregennen on the National Trust's Cregennen Estate – a wild moorland terrain overlooked by Bryn Brith, a dramatic mini-Matterhorn peak comprised of upended volcaniclastic rocks.

Bryn Brith



From there, John followed the Cambrian Way down the Arthog Gorge to the hamlet of Arthog, near the southern end of the Barmouth Bridge, heading back along the Mawddach Trail to a chance meeting with Carol and John at the George III Inn at Penmaenpool, before taking on the campsite's well-hidden treasures!

The bridge,
Penmaenpool

On the Monday, in kinder weather, John climbed Cader Idris via the Pony Path.

Inspired after being overtaken by a running youngster, he dashed back down from the summit in 40 minutes, before overnighting at Llynau Cregennen, courtesy of the National Trust.



The view
out over
Barmouth
Bay

Tim managed to provide us with a 4-course meal, even though the bunkhouse was very poorly equipped – they didn't even have a pan. The wine and beer flowed as members chatted along as usual almost unaware of that nasty Covid business.

On the Sunday Tim, Peter, Helen, Conrad and Richard decided that further tests of the rain repelling qualities of their gear were required. They therefore headed to a valley underneath Maen Du which had been visited by Chris Hilton on the Friday (in blue sky conditions) and which he described as idyllic. They were welcomed by the impressive sight of a huge waterfall (Maesglase) descending from the plateau. For some reason it was felt necessary to look for the source of this water and the next 3 hours were spent in an ascent and traverse in increasingly heavy rain and wind.

They were welcomed back to their cars by a local who (politely) advised that we should park elsewhere should a revisit be contemplated, a highly unlikely event.

Summit reached at 678m and 9.5(wet) km.

Also on Sunday, Ged and Imogen climbed Cader Idris from the South by the Minffordd Path. They experienced very wet and windy conditions but enjoyed what is probably the most scenic ascent.



A very wet car park

They spent Sunday night in Llanberis then climbed several routes on the Sidings Level in the slate quarries before returning home.

It was good to get back to some kind of normality in our meets programme. Let's hope this new freedom continues.

CW

Attending:

Tim Josephy
Chris Hilton
Richard Taylor
Conrad Tetley

Peter Chadwick
Helen Brewitt
Carol Whalley
John Whalley

John Sutcliffe
Ged Campion
Imogen Campion (G)

*A reflection on a personal approach to Instructing.
Dedicated to the late Paul Reinsch M.I.C. and Max Uttley.*

You got a mixed bag of candidates on M.L. courses; teachers, scouts, police cadets, optimists, pessimists, pedants, the laid back, know alls, enthusiasts, those who'd been sent and those who came willingly, a real cross section.

I suppose that some form of accreditation was inevitable in a world where education and risk overlapped. Some high-profile tragedies hastened its onset; a sea kayaking\offshore wind incident resulting in four teenage deaths at Lyme Bay, and more relevant to the M.L.: a winter expedition in the Cairngorms in 1971 organised by an Edinburgh School resulting in the deaths of five pupils and an older assistant, with one survivor. The first award was introduced in 1964 and now there are over a dozen different qualifications, catering for more specific aspects of Outdoor activities. Whatever one's feelings are about qualifications and the bureaucracy propping them up, the award must have prevented a lot of trauma over the intervening years.

Usually based in the NE Lakes, initially at Askham village and then nearer Pooley Bridge, I helped run Introductory and Final Assessment weeks in the autumn terms of the 80's and 90's. Calderdale, Norfolk, Suffolk and sometimes the Isle of Wight were the Outdoor Pursuits organising authorities.

I suppose those of us who staffed these courses were as varied a bunch as our clients.

I had eventually done a course myself after years of taking pupils to the mountains. My own L.E.A.'s top O.P. man knew that I was safe with others as I was still alive despite a fairly busy high mountain career. In those days he endorsed my school expeditions. I had a rock climbing ticket but was too busy to give up the time to get any other qualifications; so regular school trips to the Cuillins, Wales, Lakes and a couple of Eastertime trips to the Atlas Mountains went ahead with his signing them off.

I had this idea about working in a school holiday; I got paid, yes, but was of the notion that how we did it had to be interesting and fun. If you teach in a boring way the pupils will be bored so you have to make it enjoyable or at least, interesting. Same for the M.L. and needless to say there was scope for that. That's not to say we took it easy, we got through the considerable syllabus.

Autumn half term was good for a Summer M.L. in that usually the first snow fell on the Lakeland peaks that week. You could almost guarantee bad weather, which was needed to do the job with some authenticity.

The others, clients and instructors always seemed fitter than me but usually by the Wednesday I was firing on all cylinders. This didn't go unnoticed and Godfrey, a Yorkshireman who was I.C. Outdoor Education for Norfolk used his considerable sense of fun to good effect, almost embarrassing me into getting a gym membership.

Sometimes I got a group that gelled in a big way; a half dozen or so characters who all added something different to the mix. Someone with a geology degree who revealed the Lakes in a unique way to the rest of us; another would be very knowledgeable about the stars, handy, as we did some night navigation without compass if we were clear enough.

At this point I record that we operated on occasion beyond the M.L. syllabus. An Arts in the Mountains course and then one February, during a Scottish Winter extra, I took a team of five up the N.E. Buttress of Ben Nevis, one of the longest mountaineering routes in Britain; totally covered in snow and ice after a two day blizzard, no sign of previous ascents; the mountain was pristine. They all had some climbing experience and soon got the hang of belays and belaying in such a serious place. We started and finished in the dark and were observed for part of the day by Godfrey (Norfolk) and Max (Calderdale) on Carn Mhor Dearg with their team.

On one final assessment course, with the Geologist mentioned earlier, we were in Boredale, Postman Pat country, east of Ullswater. The group knew that we would be acting through some emergency situations during our journey. I spotted a suitable small crag and told them to wait for a while. I got myself discreetly stuck near the top and started shouting for help, in Italian. They got to the bottom of the crag with the realisation that the lunatic waving and carrying on did not speak or understand English. The 'rescue' went well despite the communication issue and I was carefully deposited at the base of the crag. Recovering the use of my native language I said, 'Perfect lads, apart from one small thing; you haven't asked about my companions. I am a member of The Fiat Motor Company Fell Walking Club on their annual visit to Boredale, There are twenty nine others somewhere up there. Find them!'

When they improvised a stretcher from the rescue rope and carried me down the fellside cleverly immobilising my legs and dumping me in a stinking bog for giving them grief about the missing club members. 'I was only making a point.' was my plea, followed by, 'So were we.'

Sometimes I would share a couple of groups with another instructor, meeting up halfway round on the final three-day expedition and swapping over; two opinions being invaluable when judging a close-run pass\fail. On one such occasion we ran into a blizzard on Rossett Pike at the end of the first day, observing its approach from the N.E. for half an hour. Getting out of the driving wind and snow down by Angle Tarn, we established camp. I had a lightweight tent that required three visits outside in the night to remove heavy wet snow. I'd just get warm and the fabric pressing on my face would signal the need for another clearing session. Not a great night.

The following day I exchanged that group for another in thick, blowing cloud on Green Gable and set off back south on their route. No snow that night but the temperature plummeted in a 'lovely' frost hollow they had found below the north side of Great End.

Stamping about to warm up in the frigid air at sunrise gave me an idea. Their itinerary was similar, if in reverse to that of the earlier team. The morning was flawless so I suggested we hide the camping gear and make a detour to Scafell Pike, up Great End, Broad Crag, Ill Crag, the summit and back. I got them to work out details of time etc and what should be left or taken. I then swore them to silence, as it wasn't the done thing to change plans, heresy in fact. This was too good a chance to miss and it didn't take long, unburdened as we were. It was still and windless on Scafell Pike, almost warm, and no others around to witness our crime. Everyone agreed that sometimes you have to take advantage of such opportunities and that rigid adherence to a plan was not in the spirit of mountaineering; this ends the case for the defendant, your honour.

Much of the content of the courses was navigation skills. Some participants were better at it than me as I have always had a thing about getting lost adding to the whole experience. Not desirable when responsible for others but fine in solo trips. Motorcycle journeys to the Alps a case in point. Autoroute to Rheims and then B roads, direction gleaned from the sun, if it shone, no map. Far more interesting than the Autoroute.

Navigation and general awareness also allowed for some creativity. I would ban maps for a day and ask if anyone had any idea about what was over that hill or that ridge, and which way was South East or whatever? Slyly producing a tea towel printed with an outline image of the Lakes overlaid by drawings of tourist attractions, I would then declare. 'This is today's map, Where are we on this?' and, 'If we wanted to be there', pointing at Wordsworth's house or Beatrix Potter's farm, 'What would be the best route?' and so on. They must have thought that I'd lost the plot as well as the way. Well outside the systematic textbook approach to finding one's way.

A little peripheral knowledge can go a long way towards enhancing the total experience. Coleridge's journey round the high fells, Wainwright's detailed eccentricity, Hamish McInnes's routes, inventions, rescues and Guidebooks. Meeting and working with candidates like the geologist, the star person, and the girl who wore wellies for the whole course. They all conspired to create a more rounded and satisfying approach to the business of stimulating learning.

Last, but certainly not least, working alongside Paul Reinsch and Max Uttley to whom I dedicate this piece was always a pleasure and I treasure my memories. Paul's humour, wide experience and modesty (he asked me to take him up some hard routes at Brimham after he assessed me there for my rock climbing instructor ticket). I learned a lot of my craft from him. Paul had been with the legendary mountain and ocean explorer, Bill Tilman in 1974 on an epic voyage to Spitzbergen in a small and ancient converted Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter.

Max died recently, April 2021, peacefully in his bed. I had big respect for his faith in my expeditions and ability to bring people back safely.

It was a damp but warm August day in Clapham, when the majority of the 25 attendees of this meet arrived at our beloved Lowstern. Alan Linford led the charge, arriving the previous day. Helen Smith, who arrived earlier on Friday, did a short walk from the hut to Austwick and back accompanied by PMs Rod and Yayoi Smith. It was their first visit to the area so Helen enjoyed giving a guided tour of the points of interest along the route including the Norber erratics and the Gamecock. John Brown and Michael Smith made a four-hour tour of tomorrow's caves to check all was in order there.

The Linfords headed to the New Inn in Clapham for their evening meal, where they were delighted to have the chance to catch up with Ged Campion and Harvey Lomas. Upon return the fire had already been lit, and plans for the following day were discussed amongst the group

Some of those that had opted to camp (Smiths, Linfords, David Brown & younger Dovers) began to rue their decision as there was little break in the rain overnight, but all were up bright and early for a fantastic breakfast put on by the meet leaders, John and Ros Brown.

Caving was on the agenda for Saturday morning. Michael and John B led a group comprising of almost all the younger contingent of the meet (Shaun, Marko, Isaac, Seren, and Lucy), along with most of the PMs (Laura, Nat, Tom, and David). Experienced cavers John and Carol Whalley completed the group.

After the usual scramble for gear, and a brief stop-off in Ingleton to fill in any gaps in supplies, all headed up to Ribblesdale's Batty Moss Caves.

A short walk from the car park, against one of the most famous of Ribblesdale's backdrops, the ever impressive viaduct, our group headed out to the Runscar cave system. We took two short routes, one of which included a squeeze which particularly excited the younger members of the group. There were some mixed reactions within the group to the discovery of a cave spider and its nest, along with a bat or two along the way.

We then headed to the longer Thistle Cave, a stream cave which had some great displays of decoration. Stalactites and stalagmites, calcite flowstones and fossils in abundance, all of which the younger members dashed past at breakneck pace, in order to reach the most narrow and wet parts of the cave, which clearly offered the most excitement!

A decision was taken to make a soggy trudge up the road to Gearstones, where we had the privilege of being able to explore Holme Hill Cave. Once a former show cave, we trod in the steps of the YRC members who were the first to explore this cave, also in August, back in 1924.

The flow of water here was much heavier, and whilst the cave showed the evidence of the many visitors it had seen over the years, it was nonetheless beautiful.



We walked along Thorns Gill beck. The sun was now out and the temperature soaring, encouraging Shaun and Marko to briefly attempt to swim up the beck, having already received a good soaking from Home Hill!

Lucy in Holme Hill Cave

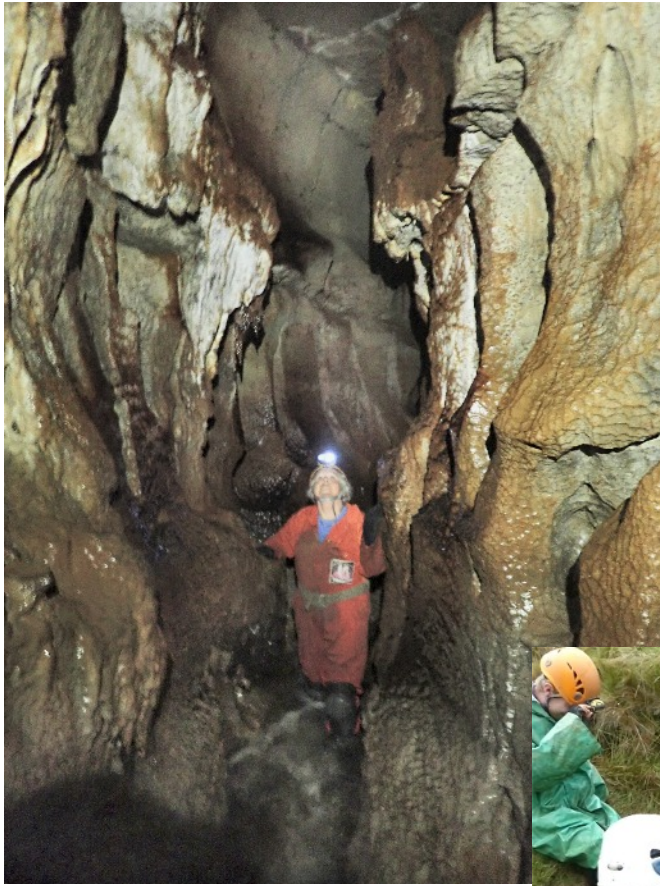
We arrived at Katnot Cave, situated in a dry valley on the eastern bank of Thorns Gill, south-southwest of Gearstones Farm.

This perhaps had the most spectacular of entrances, especially from the inside looking out.



Carol and David in Katnot Cave

After clambering through the boulder-strewn dry passage, the stream could be heard and seen under the bedding of rock to the right, where it emerges further down the gill from the cave entrance.



Initial larger areas within the cave suddenly gave way to deep water and narrow walkways, with flowstone of browns and reds giving way to the lighter hues of cream and white as the route progressed.

It was great to see lots of signs of regrowth of stalactites replacing those that were no doubt destroyed by tourists.

Carol in Katnot Cave and climbing out of it



The cave water levels were up a few centimetres after the overnight rain, but not enough to hinder progress or enjoyment. Eventually we emerged into the sunshine and headed back for lunch at Lowstern.

Having dropped off the cavers at Ribblehead, Richard Dover, Phil Dover and Helen Smith did a 13 km circular walk which included an impressive number of 'Ways' - Ribble, Three Peaks, Pennine and Dales. Their timing was almost perfect, arriving back at the cars just 10 minutes before the cavers to then help taxi everyone back to Lowstern.

PMs Rod and Yayoi spent Saturday making their first ascent of Ingleborough in misty, damp conditions. They will need a return trip to appreciate the view.

Arriving back at Lowstern for showers and refreshments, we were able to admire the result of Alan Linford's work on restoring John Lovett's chair.

Ged Champion and his daughter Imogen arrived to arrange a trip to the Ingleton climbing wall, with Laura and Nat opting for a walk out of Clapham to take in the Norber erratics. Shaun and Marko set out for a quick march up to Ingleborough, with dinner time set at 7pm.

John and Carol W had a break then headed for the Reading Room, Michael and Helen had lunch, looked at the view and washed the caving suits and kit. John and Ros also looked at the view until it was time to start preparing the evening meal.

Paul, Phil and Richard Dover headed out for Ingleton climbing wall around 2pm with Lucy and Seren. They were joined by Tom and all the Linfords save Alan, who was still hard at work.



Several hours of great climbing followed, with the older members mainly belaying and offering advice and instruction.

Tom, Ged, and Imogen managed to get some climbing done themselves, providing excellent demonstrations on great climbing technique.

After fatigue set in, we headed back to Lowstern where Jon and Ros were hard at work preparing a fantastic and filling evening meal. There were clearly at least a dozen spare portions of all courses, but incredibly, Tom and Marko between them ensured that nothing went to waste.

Those staying at Lowstern were joined by Ged and Imogen, the fire was relit, and the evening ran with conversations about past adventures and future plans, amongst friends new and old.

On Sunday morning, with the memorial event in the afternoon, Michael led one group climbing. Alan left for home with his work complete, and Laura and Nat headed out for a short local walk. They bumped into Helen S on Clapham's Long Lane and wound their way back to Clapham.

Ash Tree Crag was the destination for the climbers, with Tom, Phil, David, Shaun, Marko and the remaining Linfords making up the group.

Helen was up there part of the time but not climbing, Debbie too.

The crag is just above Clapham, a short walk from the village, and was recorded as first being explored for climbs by the YRC in 1953. John (Grimper) Richards wrote in YRC Journal 10, 1968 that the crag offered “several climbs of a non-terrifying nature, on pleasantly sound limestone”, which is an apt description of the crag’s condition today. The 9 routes available on the crag are described in detail in that journal.

At first we set up routes on Tower Chimney and then on the East Wall. The weather was glorious and the views from the crag were fantastic, stretching over the northern edges of the Forest of Bowland to Morecambe Bay. Conditions that made belaying almost as appealing as the climbing.

Once everyone had taken turns on those routes, another was set up on Wobbling Wall (HVD ** 14m). Several of the party had left by this point, as time was pressing, but Tom and Michael had an enjoyable climb, with Isaac making a valiant attempt but not quite making the last pull up to the top of the crag.

Given advice to check with a thump any dubious rock before using it as a hold, Marko decided to go a step further and do some enthusiastic gardening. The football-sized rock he weeded out landed on Michael’s rucksack, thankfully missing his GPS device but badly bruising his and Helen’s lunch apples.



Adam Linford

Attendees:

Paul Dover
 Lucy Dover Sarakun (G)
 Adam Linford
 Debbie Linford (G)
 Eli Linford (G)
 Isaac Linford (G)
 Richard Dover
 Seren Still (G)

Phil Dover
 Marko Vasilic (G)
 Laura Baynes (PM)
 Shaun Glencross (G)
 Tom Spencer (PM)
 David Brown (PM)
 Rod Smith (PM)
 Yayoi Smith (PM)

Helen Smith
 Michael Smith
 John Brown
 Ros Brown (G)
 John Whalley
 Carol Whalley
 Nathaniel Dickerson-Stead (PM)

On the Sunday, following the meet, the President John Brown had arranged for people to meet and show their respect for John Lovett and Albert Chapman, with an informal gathering enabling their friends and relatives to exchange their memories of these two long standing stalwarts of the YRC. They had 135 years of membership between them.



Albert
and
John

John's thanks went to Ros Brown, Rachel Evans and Ian Chapman for their help and for providing a wonderful spread and Becca Humphreys for support with the bread rolls.



Letting the
food
digest



The weather was kind to us with the rain holding off until late in the afternoon allowing the gathering to be outside.

List of attendees: Richard Gowing, Roy Denney, Ian Crowther, Derek and Yvonne Bush, Rachel Evans, Ian Chapman, Mike and Helen Smith, Ian and Sarah Gilmore, Martyn Trasler, Robert Crowther, Arthur Tallon, Judy Humphreys, Fiona Humphreys, Mick Borroff, Becca Humphreys, David Handley, Liz Holmes, Richard Josephy, Jill Crisp, Andrew Lovett, Betty Lovett, David and Christine Hick, John Varney, John Jenkin, Alan Hinkes, Paul Dover, Richard Dover, Lucy Dover Sarakun, Seren Still, Ged Champion, John and Carol Whalley, Adam and Debbie Linford, Eli Linford, Isaac Linford, Marco Vasillic, Shaun Glencross, Geoff Burkitt, Richard Taylor, John and Ros Brown.



Snakes and Ladders

Tim
Josephy

North Wales is a landscape scarred by its industrial history. In the middle of the 19th century around 20,000 miners and quarrymen worked over 60 major sites to supply the highest quality roofing materials to the rest of the world.

The Dinorwig complex, towering over the village of Llanberis was at that time the second biggest quarry in the world (the biggest was Penrhyn quarry just a couple of miles further north at Bethesda).



The Blondin pulley

At its height, Dinorwig employed more than 3000 people. Some were local but many more travelled further, staying on-site in barracks, one roomed terraces, the remains of which can still be found high up in the quarries. There is an account of an Anglesey man who used to set off at 3am on Monday, travelling on foot, horse drawn cart and train to get to work on time for his shift. Finishing work at midday on Saturday he would just have time to get home for a night's sleep before attending lengthy Sunday devotions. There would have been little time for any leisure or pleasure before starting all over again.

The quarrymen and slate splitters were skilled craftsmen; despite the eye watering differential between their pay and the profits made by the owners (not a subject to be covered in an article of this sort) and the privations of their daily existence, they had a strong culture of education and art. In the cabins, where they took their breaks and spent evenings, there were debates on a wide range of subjects including politics, poetry and literature. There was music as well of course, with bands and choirs.

In the twentieth century, between the wars, demand for slate was falling and cheaper imports of inferior slate made trading difficult. Nevertheless production continued at progressively lower levels until finally ceasing here in 1969. Nowadays only two or three other quarries are still working; of the rest, a few have been preserved for future generations to understand a lost way of life but most have been left for Nature to begin her slow process of recovery.

A few however have been repurposed for recreation, either commercially or by climbers and cavers and North Wales is rapidly becoming Britain's centre for adventurous pursuits.

Several companies have combined preservation of the history with adventurous activities both above and below ground. It's a great way of utilising what is after all a disused industrial landscape.

Dinorwig has the huge and fascinating Slate Museum but the quarries themselves have no commercial development and since the 1980s have been the preserve of climbers. There are hundreds of routes scattered over the 700 acres of the quarry, many on the walls of several vast holes in the mountain. The quarrymen gave names to these holes, often of exotic places they would probably never visit but had cut slate for; climbers added more as their explorations reached more remote parts of the quarry. In recent times a grand tour has been created linking up some of the most dramatic sights. Using rickety bits of old ironmongery and dodgy tunnels, this is Snakes and Ladders.

The tour starts at a tunnel above Dali's Hole (so called because it used to be filled with clear blue water, through which could be seen the bare branches of scores of drowned trees). The tunnel leads past the picturesque and inaptly named Hades into the huge hole of California. The only exit from here is up a rusty chain, fifty feet to a tunnel entrance. The first twenty feet is nearly vertical, holdless and a mighty thrutch. This is the physical crux; the psychological crux is when you see the chain is just looped over two ancient rotting spikes at the top. The tunnel leads easily to a short abseil back to Dali's Hole again.



Hades



California



The Chain Anchor

Next comes the Tunnel of Love, reckoned by climbers to be tight but cavers don't even notice any constriction. This lands you in the bottom of Australia. The many-tiered face on the left is home to scores of sport routes of all standards whilst ahead and to the right scree and boulder slopes stretch up hundreds of feet to the skyline, all set at very close to the critical angle. This is the result of an enormous collapse that occurred in 1966. Called Oil Drum Glacier, this slope has been moving ever since and the scramble up to safety on the levels above, passing under thousands of tons of tottering rock generally suppresses conversation.



Australia

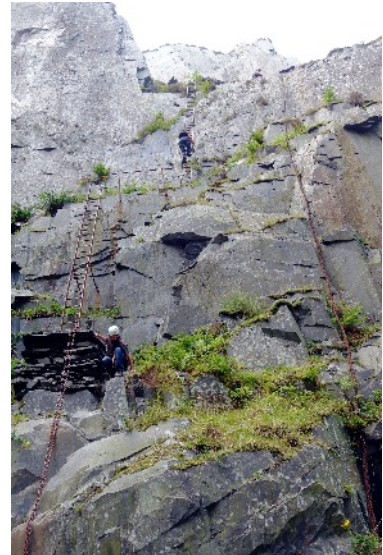
Eventually safer ground is reached and ladders lead up three levels to the Pen Garret level. The last set of ladders involves a tricky transfer halfway up. The first man up could be heard laughing hysterically as he topped out. The reason became clear when one followed; the top ladder is hooked over two rusty old pipes, one of which has rotted two thirds through.

Pen Garret level is lovely place, grassy and carpeted with wild flowers and with panoramic views, an ideal place for lunch. Here is one of the cabins, sadly much despoiled now. However, the original stove is there along with a kettle. In one corner there is a pair of overalls and a few pairs of boots beside a panel in the whitewashed wall bearing the names of the last shift of quarrymen to work there. What is



it that compels people to deface such things, adding their own insignificant names and obscene comments? One can't help thinking that without social media, not many people would ever know about places like this.

Lunch done, the way on leads to the Lost World and the most spectacular section of the tour. Approached through a deepening corridor, one can only stop and gaze in awe at the vast rock faces of this enormous quarry. How many decades of perilous work did it take to create this? Two abseils and a set of reassuringly solid ladders access the bottom of the hole. In the rockface above, three tunnel entrances, long abandoned by the relentless deepening of the hole, make a monstrous face that leers down at you, daring you to continue.



Lost World monster, ladders to bottom of Lost World

Having pulled the rope down the abseils, continue you must, so on through a tunnel into Mordor, yet another mighty quarry.



A recent rockfall here has scattered large slabs across the way on, a reminder if any were needed of the objective dangers of this tour. At the far side two ladders, the longest yet, lead up to the Khyber Pass. These ladders are rotten, there's no getting away from it. Sections have rungs missing; they have been replaced by rope of indeterminate age which inspires no confidence but there's no other way, so up you go. The fact that the ladder attachment at the top is pretty shaky doesn't seem to matter so much anymore. Two more thankfully solid ladders and the tour is over.



The way on is down an incline to the main track and back to the cars past Twll Mawr (tr Big Hole, perhaps you're beginning to see a theme?) home to some of the hardest and most iconic slate climbs in Britain.

Snakes and Ladders is a fantastic day out. The only technical difficulty is at the start and that could be missed out.

There is plenty of objective risk but a sensible approach can mitigate most of that.

Take a rope, helmet (definitely!) a few slings and plenty of time to nose about and you will have a day to remember.

The way we were: how Whit meets defined a YRC era

David
Handley

Whit, Whitsuntide, Spring Bank Holiday or half-term call it what you will now but in the 60's and for a decade or two the YRC calendar had no more important meet than the Whit one and my first was to Fionn Loch inland from Poolewe in 1966. Slioch, with Spenceley, from Fionn Loch taught me what a long Scottish day really meant.

A regret is that I never did An Teallach or stayed at Shenavall though so close to the Fionn Loch meet.

Though I never got anywhere near doing all the Munro's, I did more than a score of Scotland's best and their satellites on Whit meets.

There had been decades of meets before and after but none carried the aura and gravity and excitement of these.

They were mainly set on the far northwest coast of Scotland, adjacent to big and or very impressive hills but above all they were camping meets and none of your ultra-lightweight stuff could be seen as it hadn't been invented. Blacks was the revered supplier for the likes of their Arctic Guinea, a two man tent with A poles and a multitude of guylines! Heavy duty canvas was also in evidence such as the Black's Niger. Unpacking the latter always had some uncertainty ... would the canvas have perished since last year. There was often an 'igloo' tent which required a foot pump to inflate the 4 ribs. Then there was the Vango 'FORCE 10' named, I was once told, because in an emergency you could force ten into one! Camping was the only option. I don't recollect a meet based on a bothy but we were once at the BMC hut in Glen Brittle. Bunkhouses had yet to emerge and become an easier option than camping.

Choice of venues was heavily influenced by Club seniors and were almost always chosen to be within easy reach of a pub or hotel that had a good selection of malts. Large tents were often referred to as 'grand hotels' to which campers were invited for pre-dinner aperitifs! Ah, the buzz of the Primus stove and the faint aroma of paraffin that accompanied some meals. (Primus ... invented in Sweden in 1892 and used by the likes of Nanson, Mallory and Hillary).

Meets were usually set up by contact with landowners and located in idyllic spots. Estate managers, factors, occasionally helped with transport on the estate. In the case of Fionn Loch (1966) they provided a Landrover to a boat to get to the loch head.

Getting to the Whit venues was something of a marathon. The long journey north involved Kendal, Penrith, Carlisle and Glasgow before bypasses and ringroads or motorways. Attenders often bivouaced on the Friday night whilst en route.

For many members this was the big opportunity to get some big peaks done including outliers such as Ben Wyvis, Ben Hope, Foinaven and Ben More Assynt not to mention peaks of lesser heights but impressive profiles e.g. Suilven, Cul Mor, Quinag, Canisp, Stac Polly and Ben More Coigach.

One day carries a vivid international memory. In 1968 the Club were camping on Loch Claire, Torrion. We had traversed Liathach from west to east and descended to the cars near the gap with Ben Eighe. Anxious for the 5pm weather forecast we tuned in to R4, which then might have been the Home Service. First item of news was that Robert Kennedy had been assassinated!!

In 1972 the Club assembled at Mallaig to board the privately hired boat bound for the SMC hut at Coruisk. The forecast was poor and the passage looked a bit of a challenge. A few of us dipped out, motored to Glen Brittle and then backpacked to the hut at Coruisk a day descending the Dubh ridge was memorable.

There was a great spirit abroad at these meets; great anticipation, camaraderie and accomplishment. There was pride in the ownership of a ventile anorak and a Helly Hansen waterproof the clothing revolution (Gore-tex) had yet to arrive. Breeches, Hawkins boots (Cairngorm and Olympic ?) and PA's for climbing (Pierre Allain). All after tricounis and hemp ropes but well before mobile phones and GPS a very different era for sure! For some the Black's range of sleeping bags were the thing and the Icelandic 'special' taking pride of place.

And then, perhaps in the early eighties a change took place initiated by some who had been loyal Whit meet attenders for many years. They felt that the Club had fallen into a rut and was too strongly influenced by the old guard. That is those who were mystified as to why anything needed changing!

The renegades started what became known as the Whit Breakaway Meet and was not well thought of. Those of the cabal were Handley, Chapman, Waterfall, Bugg, Gott, Jones and Pettit with an assortment of guests over the years, some of whom then joined the Club.

Chapman had recently visited the Outer Hebrides and he was smitten and so were we !

An outstanding memory here. We dropped in to Benbecula airport for a wash and brush up when one of our team asked a pilot in the main hall whether it might be possible to take a flight over St Kilda! He paused and asked us to wait a few minutes. True to his word he returned and said he would take a party of 4 taking off in 2 hours. Elation, though we had to draw straws to choose who would go. Chapman, whose heart's desire had always been to visit Kilda, didn't make the draw. We waved them off and back.

Only decades later did the Club get so far afield. Then there were perhaps 3 trips to Ireland where Brandon, Carrauntoul, and Slieve League were ticked off. A spectacular day on the Skelligs surpassed it all! Never heard of them? Don't die before you have visited or at least Google it really!

Soon we were in the Pyrenees, near Gavarnie, and later the Picos de Europa ... the Club duly followed.

Then Chapman got the trekking bug and the Club enthusiastically followed, as did a succession of Alpine meets. Now the world is the Club's oyster and rightly so, but for us octogenarians the Whit Meet will always hold treasured memories another era before cheap flights and the incredible possibility of a long weekend in the mountains almost anywhere in western Europe.

Sweet dreams are made of this !

Time so gladly spent !

A reminder.

1966 Fionn Loch	1974 Mullardoch
1967 Glen Brittle	1975 Knoydart
1968 Loch Claire	1976 Loch Maree
1969 Inchnadamph	1977 Kintail
1970 Arran	1978 Torridon
1971 Foinaven	1979 Skye
1972 Coruisk	1980 Foinaven
1973 Rhum	1981 The Fannichs

.....Oh joy!

Nepal Remembered

Mick
Borroff

In a year when overseas travel was almost impossible, Mick looks back at the trip to Nepal in 2018 and shares two of his photographs with us.



Jannu,
Sobi,
Thonje,
Phole
and
Gabar
peaks

Kabru
Rathong
and Kaktang
tower over
the lateral
moraine of
the Yalung
glacier above
Ramche



**The meet was this year at the Wayfarers Club Robertson Lamb Hut,
Great Langdale, in the Lake District**

Times change and with them this meet. Your scribe recalls sodden weekends, steaming aged tweeds worn by seasoned climbers, and the most senior members hunched round the fireplace being characteristic of Joint Meets.

Well-known attendees I recall are Ivan Waller, AB Hargreaves, Cliff Downham, George Spenceley and his guest Harry Griffin.

2021 saw plenty of new faces and RLH's west end impressively remodelled with a new wash-cum-drying room and both mixed and women's dorms. Even the sharp left turn off the road into the car park had been smoothed out. Progress indeed. So, a return to a familiar meet but one with distinct differences.

Though this year's joint meet officially kicked off on Friday, 10th, four pensioners, reeling at the government's cancellation of the triple-lock safeguard on their state pensions made their way earlier to the peaceful haven of RLH. All were Sheffield Smiths. PMs Rod and Yayoi tramped the Dales Way from Ilkley to Bowness while Helen and Michael splashed out for half a tank of the new E10 petrol and drove in from Sheffield.

Friday saw the former pair complete their Way in Bowness and get to RLH using their bus passes. The latter walked up The Band, took the Climbers' Traverse to take the Great Slab's bouldery right edge onto Bowfell. Their descent was by Hell Gill. Neither pair saw any sunlight to speak of until late afternoon with the hills in cloud throughout and well-watered by showers.

Friday afternoon's arrivals gathered in increasing numbers in the Old Dungeon Ghyll bar. Some old hands ate there and flashed their bus passes to board the 7pm bus back down to RLH where various groups were preparing pasta-based dishes for their evening meals.

From Leeds, John Jenkin missed a train connection in Manchester so was rerouted via Oxenhope where he failed to catch the train to Windermere. With a further long delay in prospect, his patience ran out after two hours and he hailed a taxi to reach Langdale.

There was hope of a drier Saturday but rain at breakfast time dampened any enthusiasm for an early start. The cloud base gradually lifted and there was even some weak sunshine by late afternoon.

A YRC party traversed the ridge west towards Pavey Ark and all the Langdale Pikes encountering a lone Wayfarer on the way.

They enjoyed a pleasant hour at the NDG's Stickle Barn including perusing the Pinnacle Club's centenary exhibition in the loft there. Mike Gregg started off with them but went on Angle Tarn rather than the Pikes.

Seat Sandal and Grisedale Tarn were visited by a lone Wayfarer after driving to Dunmail Raise.

Lower down two YRC PMs walked over by Blea Tarn and inspected LHG returning close to Elterwater.

An inter-club party walked from Skelwith Bridge to the ODG via RLH. Two YRC diligently compared hostelries in Coniston and Langdale.

An inter-club climbing party sensibly delayed their departure and headed for Castle Rock of Triermain to climb some severes.

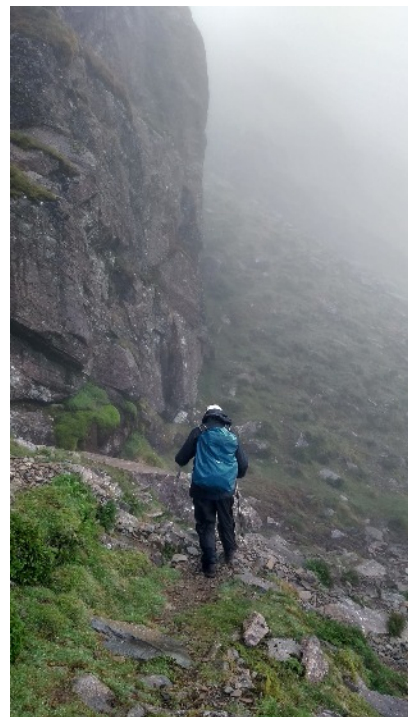
A cycling Wayfarer was out practicing ready for next week's Fred Whitton Challenge encompassing Hardknott, Wrynose and Blea Tarn passes.

By 19:30 everyone was changed, well-watered and ready for Pete's buffet starter followed by lemon chicken with rustic bread then fruitcake, celery and cheese dessert.

Sunday started damp but the sun made an appearance by midday. Both pairs of Smiths headed towards Grasmere traversing Loughrigg Terrace in opposite directions, one returning by open top bus and the other along the full length of the crest. Both commented on the intrusive road traffic noise disturbing the rustic scene despite the road being hidden in dense woodland.

Helen B and Mike Gregg traversed Lingmoor Fell which looms so imposingly in the view from RLH.

Helen in the gloom on the Band to Bowfell climbers' traverse





Helen and Tim looking down Langdale from the Pikes

Thanks go to the Wayfarers for organising the meet and to Pete for working his magic with the catering.

Attending:

Steve Auty	Wayfarer	Dave Omered	Wayfarer
Helen Brewitt	YRC	Jon Pinch	Wayfarer
Alan Clare	YRC	Rod Smith	YRC (PM)
Mike Godden	YRC & Wayfarer	Yayoi Smith	YRC (PM)
Mike Gregg	YRC	Michael Smith	YRC
John Jenkin	YRC	Helen Smith	YRC
Alan Linford	YRC & Wayfarer	Conrad Tetley	YRC
Keith Osbourne	Wayfarer	Martin Tomlinson	Wayfarer

Slingsby “Sketches” and other e-Books

For those members into e-books we are indebted to Nigel Gray and Alan Linford for turning up this digital edition of Slingsby’s ‘Norway The Northern Playground’.

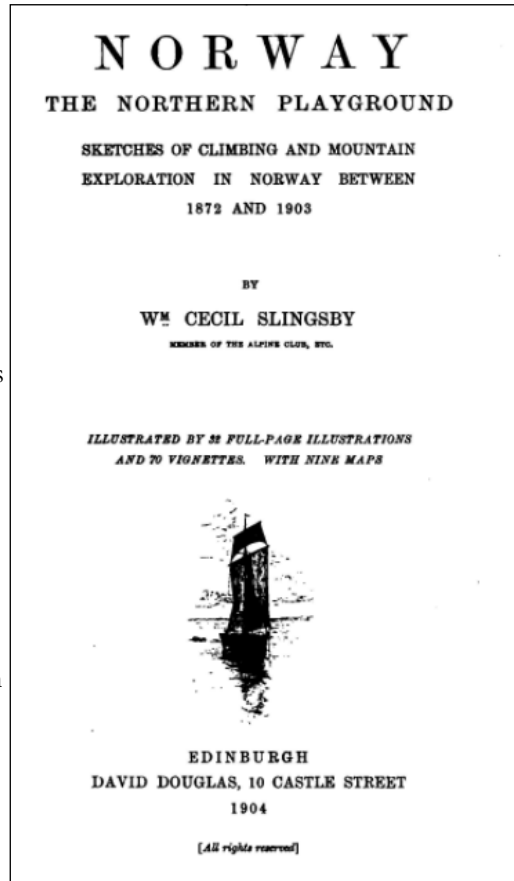
It can be downloaded in various formats from:
<https://archive.org/details/norwaynorthernp00slingoog>

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- The Alps From End to End by Sir William Martin Conway
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- The Ascent of the Matterhorn by Edward Whymper
- Climbing on the Himalaya and Other Mountain Ranges by Norman Collie
- My Home in the Alps by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond
- Rock-climbing in the English Lake District by Owen Glynne Jones

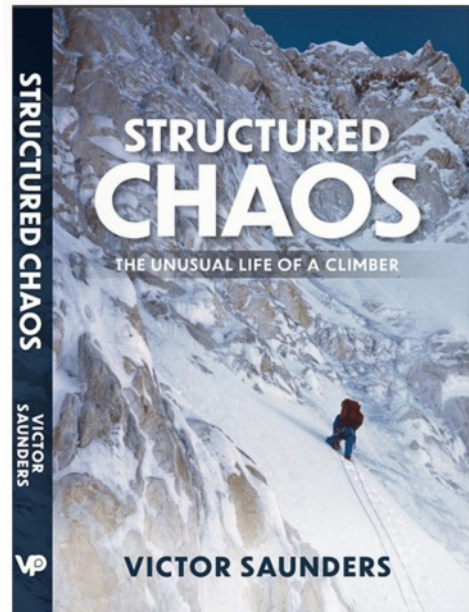


'Structured Chaos' book review

Stephen
Craven

Victor Saunders (2021) *Structured Chaos: The Unusual Life of a Climber*
pp. x + 180, ill. (Sheffield: Vertebrate Press) £24.

The opening sentence of the Foreword is an accurate description of the author, "Victor Saunders is a remarkable man," who has written his autobiography. His grandfather was a German Jew who had married a Catholic lady and in 1938 emigrated to the United Kingdom where he changed his name to Saunders. His father, after meritorious service during the Second World War, in 1948 found himself in Hong Kong and married Raiza Popova, a Russian emigrée. In 1952 he joined the (then) Malaya police force, and subsequently in 1954 was appointed Comptroller of the royal household for Sultan Abu Bakar resident in Pekan on the coast where Victor Saunders was raised.



His parents having divorced, in 1961 Saunders, aged 12, was sent to a "bleak" Scottish boarding school where he suffered from the tyranny of organised school sport, aggravated by failing vision, asthma and bullying before he acquired spectacles and a bronchodilator inhaler. In 1969 he was moved to an architecture college in London where he taught himself to climb on walls, buildings and conveniently located rock outcrops. Curiously he made no contact with the established clubs of which one had a branch in London, and found his partners in the clothing and equipment shops.

In 1972 Saunders spent an internship in Japan, and worked his way home the following year on an undermanned banana boat. The voyage was so erratic and slow that he jumped ship in Montreal and flew to London, arriving late for the college term.

Back in London, Saunders returned to climbing locally. During the winter of 1978 – 1979 he climbed in Switzerland's Lauterbrunnen Valley where both he and his partner fell, but were held by their belays. During the winter of 1979 Saunders found the North London Mountaineering Club's "home" in a pub, then went climbing on Ben Nevis in Scotland. His partner fell off a steep pitch, and hit Saunders. Both survived.

In the summer of 1993 Saunders found his way to K2 in the Himalaya where he met seventy climbers from four continents at the base camp. The bad weather prevented him from climbing higher than Camp Three but, unlike others on the mountain, he survived.

During 1996 Saunders visited the Trient Glacier in Switzerland during which he completed the necessary field work to be registered as a qualified mountain guide. In the winter of 1996 he returned to the Himalaya where, despite having hired a cook and porters, he failed two attempts to climb Nanga Parbat.

Towards the end of the century Saunders was leading treks and climbs in the Himalaya, and guiding in the Alps during the summer. During the very hot June 2013 he helped with a large rescue on the Matterhorn caused by the melting of the permafrost over much of the mountain.

In 2011 he intended to climb Carstensz in the mountains of West Papua, a province in Indonesia. His party became lost, and found its way to the top of a different peak! The following year in July 2012 he took a client to the Mont Blanc massif where he persuaded her to assist in an avalanche rescue. He had been so active that his shoulder rotator cuff tendons needed fixing back to the bones.

By the summer of the following year Saunders' shoulder had recovered, enabling him to support an Indo-British Himalayan expedition to the Sakang glacier near the war zone at the Tibet frontier. After overcoming several bureaucratic hurdles to obtain visas and climbing permits, his party arrived at base camp on the Sakang glacier near Leh. One night a strong wind blew the British party's damaged tents close to a deep crevasse, losing their most of their equipment, food, stove, GPS and radio. They were therefore unable to ask the Indian team for help.

Despite the snow and strong winds they were able to walk down to the Indian team camp where they were able to use the illegal satellite phone to call a contact in Mumbai who arranged for an Indian Air Force helicopter to evacuate the injured colleague the following day. Having been supplied with food and stoves, Saunders and his uninjured friend joined the Indians and made the first ascent of Chamsen.

Saunders' last successful climb reported in the book is the first ascent, with a long-standing partner in 2016, of the north buttress of Sersank Peak in the Himachal Pradesh Himalaya. Thereafter he returned to summer guiding in Pakistan and the Alps in 2019, and in October experienced his first fall in the Himalaya which left him hanging upside down on the north summit of Chombu.

Much of this interesting book has been written in great detail, but not in chronological order; hence its title. It will have to be read from cover to cover to receive the full story, which is not helped by the lack of an index to all the interesting places which he had visited, and to all the climbers *et al* whom he had met. With hindsight Saunders most certainly is a "remarkable man" who has survived all his life's mishaps to write this autobiography.

This mid-week break has been held every year until Covid-19 intervened.

So this much delayed gathering, originally planned for May 2020, eventually took place in splendid weather conditions at the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel in Great Langdale.

John & Ros. We arrived on Monday afternoon, a day early as we had to leave on Thursday to look after grandchildren on Friday. After a quick look round we retired to the bar to relax after the long drive, where we met with Paul and Ann Dover. On Tuesday, we spent the day walking up Bow Fell. The weather was kind and we only experienced a cold wind when we got to the top, where there was some low cloud on the summit. This was the first ascent for Ros since lockdown who really enjoyed being able to walk up to a good height.

On Wednesday we went by bus into Ambleside to take the opportunity to have a look around the town. It was very busy but we enjoyed a couple of coffee stops.

On our return John walked up to Stickle Tarn where he was able to look over to Pavey Ark, another walk for another day.

We had to leave on Thursday but broke the journey at Tatton Park in Cheshire with a look around the gardens. This was a fitting end to a great few days, at a brilliant location with great company.

Iain and Sarah Gilmore. Wednesday, walked up to Blea Tarn and back. Thursday, crossed the river just upstream of NDG to take the path on the far side of the river, and walked to Skelwith Bridge, taking the bus back. A very good meet, and we look forward to the next promotion! Highlights were just being there and enjoying the chat.

Alan and Angie Linford. On Tuesday we did a walk from NDG to Blea Tarn, LHG then over Slaters Bridge to Elterwater to get the bus back but missed it by 10 mins. On time, cannot trust them to be late anymore and had to walk back to NDG. 9.8 miles not bad for

Participants:

Paul & Anne Dover
Richard & Ann Dover
John & Ros Brown
Peter & Ann Chadwick
Iain & Sarah Gilmore
Alan & Angie Linford
Tim & Elaine Josephy
Phillip Dover (day visitor)



Ros descending from Bow Fell

Angie in a fragile state but we took our time, stopping often. It was Angie's choice, a better option than going home, sit it out all day or walk up the valley to Rossett. Angie almost back to normal.

We came across a troop of Gurkha soldiers and managed to have a chat and a few words in Nepali. It transpired that one of the troop came from Taplejung, the village where I had a brush with the law in 1959. They were most impressed. The Club had a meet there a few years ago.

In 1959 we walked from Phuse, 4 days. The Club came by 4x4 in 4 hours. The ferris wheel I had a ride on is still there. Lovely people, The burra sahib in charge did not want to know us, lacking the good manners of the Gurkhas.

On Wednesday we joined the main group, taking the bus to Skelwith Bridge and walking back to the NDG. (Reported more fully elsewhere).

Peter and Ann Chadwick. Ann and I plus dog had 2 pleasant days walking but nothing very exciting. On Wednesday we walked from the hotel up Side Pike, back down and then anti clockwise around the base of Lingmell Fell - Blea Tarn. LHG, Baysbrown and Oak Howe. On Thursday we intended to go up Bow Fell but at the top of the Band near the Three Tarns it was thick mist so we came down to Stool End and then walked up the valley a little way to extend the walk. We thought the Hotel was very comfortable and well run And it was good to see people again.

Richard and Ann Dover. We also arrived on the Monday and enjoyed the arrival drive along Langdale bathed in sun. On arrival at the hotel we were met by John and Ros, Paul and Anne having a drink outside the pub.

On Tuesday we drove to Little Langdale and enjoyed a gentle walk to LHG then I introduced Ann to the Cathedral Caves where we met a group of employees on a team building exercise. Continuing on to Tilberthwaite we found the car park packed with school mini buses also encouraging the outdoor life to the students. Our return was via Hodge Close and Stand End before enjoying a refreshing drink at the Three Shires Inn. Our Wednesday and Thursday activities are fully covered in Paul's entry so I will not elaborate further.

Paul and Anne Dover. Monday Arrived NDG around 14.30 to find John and Ros already enjoying the sunny afternoon having a drink in the garden. After unloading into our room, we went for a leg stretching short walk via the river path to the NT Campsite and the Old Dungeon Ghyll. We returned to NDG on the direct path across the fields to join John and Ros for a drink, soon to be followed by Ann and Richard.

Tuesday am, Walked to Chapel Stile via the track from the car park across the road from the hotel drive towards Ellers and Robinson Place, then turned south towards the Great Langdale Beck which we crossed on the fine packhorse stone arch bridge. Then along the south bank of the Beck and across the meadows towards Chapel Stile. We crossed the beck over another fine packhorse bridge (*see photo with reflection*) which provides access to Bays-brown camp site. Instead of joining the road we turned right round the back of the Langdale

primary School where the children were enjoying a warm and sunny lunch break on both natural and man-made obstacles.

As it was lunchtime we went to the cafe above the Co-op shop only to find Ian and Sarah also lunching there on their way to the NDG.

We accepted a lift back to the hotel.

All the meadows had abundant regrowth after being mown for hay, following recent rain.

It was a pleasure to see fields full of well grown Herdwick lambs, such a contrast to the rough grazing on the fells where they had spent most of their spring and summer suckling their mothers.

This suggested that our visit followed a relatively recent gather from their hefted grazing on the fells. As is the norm for Herdwicks, the lambs had jet black fleeces. The ewes gradually lose the deep colour with each successive shearing.

Tuesday pm, walked to ODG via Side House and the NT Langdale campsite, returning to NDG via the riverside path across the meadows.

Wednesday am Phil Dover arrived to joined us for the day and dinner. The three of us joined the bus party to Skelwith Bridge. This was quite entertaining, the bus driver, I surmise, was still receiving support from a more experienced driver which came in handy when driving a 32 seater bus meeting a continuous stream of cars on the narrow twisty road with stone walls on both sides and with literally very few inches to spare!

The bus does a detour into Elterwater but we eventually unloaded at Skelwith Bridge.

We went with the main group through the old slate works on the north bank which after the weir, joins the Cumbria Way back to Elterwater which provided an opportunity to have a coffee stop.



The bridge on the way to Baysbrown





The path crosses to the south bank which we followed to Chapel Stile where we enjoyed lunch adjacent to the shelter by the School again sitting in sunshine.

Onward to the NDG via the same path as on Tuesday am. Phil and I walked via Side House to Middle Fell Farm by the ODG then up Mickleden to below Gimmer Crag. Returned to NDG via Kirk Howe.

The group with the Langdales behind

Thursday am went with Richard and Ann for a walk round Tarn Hows starting at Glen Mary Bridge to Tarn Hows Intake, then along the south side of the Tarns and over Torver Intake, back on the west side and descended via the somewhat tricky path through Lane Head Coppice.

(This reminded me of my many visits some combining work and pleasure during our time in Ulverston 1970-74 to observe one of two Bracken control sites, using a post senescence application of Dicamba only to be succeeded the following year by a summer applications (full frond) of Asulox which became the product of choice for 20 years).

Tim and Elaine Josephy. Elaine and I walked with border collie Bramble from Skelwith Bridge via Colwith Force, lunch at the Three Shires in Little Langdale then back to the NDG. All beautiful riverside and woodland walking with the trees just starting to turn.

On Thursday we went to Grizedale Forest to look for some of the sculptures but despite following two trails we failed to find more than one.

We did manage to find the only part of the SW Lakes where it was raining!

As you may have gathered from the preceding comments the staff of the NDG looked after us extremely well, having both breakfast and dinner on one long table in the main dining room. By choosing our dinner options at breakfast the staff were able to serve our meals quickly and all together making dinner time a real joy.



Paul was thanked for his many years of organising this event

After our final dinner we retired to the lounge where John introduced a general discussion about the future of the meet.

Those present then discussed the need for a new co-ordinator.

Tim very kindly agreed to take over finding a suitable venue and arranging accommodation.

All agreed it was a good time to return to the Peak District next year.

After this years meet,we are all sure that we can look forward to a positive response.



This image, looking down Deepdale into Dentdale and beyond was created in the autumn of 2016.

It shows the valley in July, mid hay-time.

I had long been meaning to paint a larger version of some smaller drawings done from Kingsdale Head and when a friend asked me to do a painting of Dentdale, the impetus to get on with it was there.

The view is probably little changed since the early 1600's when tree clearance and Enclosure acts combined to create the familiar pattern of 'intake' land separated from the open moorland above by dry-stone wall, hedges and more recently, fencing.

There is a strong argument that sheep farming (and grouse shooting), coupled with inheritance rules and farming subsidies has turned the UK uplands into a desert. Large tracts of moorland have now been rescued from sheep grazing and are quickly becoming more diverse in terms of flora and fauna. Large scale re-seeding of exposed peat uplands is taking place, mainly to try and slow the release of stored carbon trapped within.

The farming practises that helped create the unique nature of the upland Yorkshire Dales were originally quite diverse as most farms had a variety of stock and crops; seasonal self-sufficiency, albeit on a fairly small scale (50-150 acres of enclosed land). Above the intake land are much larger areas of unenclosed 'heaf', the domain of sheep.

If you consider, say Ingleborough; the whole of the western, northern and southern side of the hill, including the summit plateau and across to Simon Fell and down to just east of Gaping Ghyll has no form of enclosure, The sheep grazing this huge unfenced area are attached to farms as far apart as Chapel le Dale, Cold and Newby Cotes and Clapdale. They largely keep to their own part through some form of inherited memory and maternal example.

Whatever the arguments and history; geology, weather, man and time have conspired to create a visually aesthetic landscape; the punctuated line of wall and hedge defining slope angle or contour. Copses and larger tree plantings contrast with open moor and secretive, sheltered meadowlands, punctuated by barn and settlement at irregular intervals. At twilight, in May, the valley is incandescent with flowering thorn trees.

This all happened some years ago when my body could still just about keep up with my aspirations.

The RAF Valley Mountain Rescue Team were staying in Bethesda, relaxing on Friday evening in the pub when the police called requesting our assistance with a search. The (sober) duty drivers spirited us in record time to Beddgelert, sirens blaring, to join the other teams who were out on Moel Hebog looking for two overdue walkers.

I didn't get out on the hill being in the reserve group, and by 3am the call came that the lost sheep had been located and were being walked off.

By the time it was all wrapping up, the Eastern horizon was lightening and the fading stars promised a cloudless dawn. It seemed a shame to just go back to bed so I decided to walk back to Bethesda and I'd do it via the 14 peaks. Seemed a perfectly reasonable idea at the time. I didn't want to carry my rescue day sack- even empty it was too bulky. I managed to scrounge a few bars of nutty slack from the others and I would drink from the streams.

Tying a windshirt round my waist I set off. The weather was as good as the dawn had promised and the temperature was rising. The obvious flaw in my hydration plan soon became evident, streams are conspicuous by their absence once you're out of the cwms. By the time I was crossing Crib Goch thirst was pressing. Never mind, there's a shop in Nant Peris, I could buy a small bottle of water and top it up on the way.

Into Nant and I discovered that the shop was no longer. Nobody in the pub this early, so onward up Elidir Fawr. Plenty of water to begin with but you can only hold so much internally before it all comes back. I knew of a little spring amongst the scree of Glyder Fawr, safer than Llyn y Cwn. On over the Glyders and Tryfan, down to Glan Dena. Perhaps there'd be someone there with a bottle. No one there and the rubbish bins had been emptied too.

I walked slowly up to Cwm Lloer, drinking little and often all the way. I knew this would be the last chance until I was back down in the valley again. As the afternoon drew on it was still hot but the sun was becoming veiled in haze and visibility deteriorated steadily.

Memory always tells you that once you're on the Carneddau ridge all the hills are small ones. Maybe they are but at the end of a long day they surely don't feel like it. At last I reached the final summit of Foel Fras and turned to make the long descent down the ridge to Gerlan.

The haze thickened as I wandered down the easy grassy ridge towards the craggy top of Bera Bach. My mind wandered, mostly around a pint of Pedigree in the Douglas Arms. I could almost smell it, in fact I was sure I *could* smell it. As I passed alongside Bera Bach in a fuddled and definitely dehydrated state I was more than half expecting to see a bar crowded with happy drinkers.

What I actually saw stopped me in my tracks with horror. I had just come through a particularly thick layer of haze into a lighter area. In front of me the ground dropped away steeply to a col a thousand feet below.

Across the dip soared a huge mountain, shockingly big. I sat down, utterly confused. There is no mountain that size in the UK, I knew that, but there it was, looming high in the evening sky, studded with crags and with a great terrace slanting up the left side.

Panic was not far away as I struggled to comprehend. I *knew* I had just passed the Beras. This mountain couldn't possibly be here. Or maybe I'd somehow been transported to a different world.

Perhaps it was the effect of a short rest but as I sat and stared, slowly the perspective changed and the slope below me flattened out. Across the shallow col stood the familiar shape of Drosogl, only a few feet higher than where I sat. The crags shrank to boulders and the great terrace resolved into the old miners' track I was to follow.

I was very shaken and couldn't suppress the lurking fear in my mind. I hardly dared to look ahead in case another apparition hove into view. Apart from three or four trail bars, I hadn't eaten for 24 hours and had drunk far less than I needed. At last I reached a streamlet bubbling out of a patch of moss and forced myself to drink slowly and sparingly. It's amazing the effect of water; within a few minutes I felt much better and the scares of the last hour began to fade away.

I was in trouble when I got back to base in Bethesda. Team rules forbade solo excursions and although it was a rule often broken, it was invoked in this case. I didn't tell anyone of my experiences as admitting to getting myself into such a state of dehydration and starvation would only have made it worse.

I took the dressing down in silence (the fact that I was the boss made no difference in the meritocracy that is the RAF Mountain Rescue).

Worse was to come.

I wandered round the corner to the Dougie and sat down, a pint of Pedigree on the table in front of me.

My gullet tightened up and I couldn't drink it.

We were all assembled in the Derbyshire Pennine Club's Carlswark Cottage by 10.00pm on Friday and anticipating good weather, were looking forward to the next couple of days. It was great to see the meet fully booked as well.

Saturday

The day dawned cloudy and a little foggy but we all set off on our respective walks into the dales, with Daniel, Helen, Michael and Tim heading off for a climb at Birchen crag. After several routes, (Stoker's Wall, D: Trafalgar Crack, VD: Emma's Dilemma, S) the light drizzle turned to rain and climbing was abandoned for a walk.

Skirting woodland above the Oread's Heathy Lea hut the foursome dropped in on the Chatsworth estate's Victorian Jubilee Rock (East Rib, E, 4m and dry).

A direct route to the popular Chatsworth stable block coffee shop fuelled the directissimo ascent to the Hunting Tower.



Woodland walking southeast took in the Emperor (fountain-feeding) Lake and the now drained Swiss Lake before emerging onto moorland for Hob Hurst's House, a prehistoric burial mound. Dreary Gibbet Moor gave rough walking by an aqueduct then track to cross a stream valley back to the Robin Hood after this culturally varied 16km outing.

The other group led by Helen set off for a tour of the edges (Froggat, Curbar and Baslow) with a return across White Edge. John left the group at the top of the climb up to Froggat Edge as he was not feeling too well and took a lone walk around Froggat Edge, White Edge and Curbar Edge, watching a fine stag as it came up to the rutting season, stopping for coffee at Curbar Gap, then continuing across to Eyam taking in the Riley graves and having a walk around the village (a lot of history and some very sad stories) before returning to Stoney Middleton.

The rest of the walkers carried on around the edges, with a stop for coffee at the same Citroen van in Curbar Gap that John came across later. From here the route went down Baslow Edge, with hazy views of the Chatsworth Fountain. They turned easterly to pass the Wellington Monument and then proceeded to walk onto White Edge, dropping down to the Grouse Inn on the A625. They saw many of the runners doing the Grindleford 21 mile fell race as they made their way down to the river Derwent at Grindleford.

They returned to Stoney Middleton via Froggat Edge and rounded off the day with a few pints at the legendary Moon Inn.

Sunday

Helen and Michael Smith met Michael Crowther at Cutthroat Bridge on the Snake Road, walked over to Ladybower and followed it up the valley. That gentle introduction ended abruptly as they climbed up to Pike Low then Lost Lad to the high point of Back Tor. Its 360° views were marred only by smoke from heather burning 5km away towards Bradfield.

The rest of the briskly-paced 17km round was easier going, southwards along Derwent Edge to Winstone Lee Tor and east back to the cars. Much better weather than Saturday.

Martyn with Lizzie, Matthew and Richard, took a walk up to Eyam to check out the history of this interesting plague village before setting off home. John had done this the day before, so he took a walk to the south across some of the quieter paths to join the river just north of Baslow, it was a much better day weather wise and this short circuit was great before the drive home.

Helen, Tim and Daniel went over to Froggat Edge where they were able to climb several routes in warm sunshine before departing.

All in all it was a really great time in the Peak with good food and company making the trip really special. Thanks and appreciation to Helen Brewitt and Daniel O'leary for their great organisation.



Moves on Froggat Edge

Attendees:

Helen Brewitt (Leader), Daniel O'leary, Martyn Trasler, Mathew Trasler (G), Lizzie Trasler (G), Michael Crowther (G), Richard Taylor, John Brown, Tim Josephy, Conrad Tetley.

With day visits from Helen and Michael Smith.

Chippings

National Parks and National Trails

Staycationing? What better way to spend it than taking a good long walk into Britain's wildest corners. As most members know but unknown to most people we have superb long distance trails and multi-day walks. We also have a good number of National Parks but I doubt even those of us who love such places could bring them all to mind.

How many can you name even with a map showing you them all?

No two of them are the same and if you are put down in one you should be able to tell which one by the landscape.

2021 is the 70th anniversary of the first national parks in England and Wales.

The birth of the movement which ended with the first parks being created is often put down as the time in 1932 when Benny Goodman and others addressed a gathering of about 500 people in a quarry just outside Hayfield before leading them out on the mass trespass of Kinder.

Following this mass action by ramblers from Manchester and Sheffield predominantly, Benny and five others were convicted but they had started something which gathered pace and after continuous pressure the 1949 National Parks and Countryside Act was the the start of the process leading up to the opening up of the hills which the 2002 Countryside and Rights of Way Act cemented.

The New Forest was belatedly designated a National Park about 20 years ago soon followed by the South Downs.

The 'New' Forest was hardly new having been designated a Royal Hunting Forest in 1079 by William the Conqueror. As we have a genuinely 'new' National Forest growing in the Midlands and covering 200 square miles, we can only hope for similar protective status in due course.

About the same time Scotland set up its first park, the Loch Lomond and Trossachs National Park, incorporating the Argyll Forest Park and totalling about 600 square miles with the Cairngorm to follow.



To celebrate this anniversary and as part of a wider review of planning laws, it is now proposed to create two more national parks in England; the Chilterns and the Cotswolds.

If many know little of our National Parks they know even less of the long-distance footpaths. The longest will soon be the English Coast Path and the Welsh already have a continuous coastal path but among the others are the South West Coast Path 630 miles, Pennine Way 267, Thames Path 184, Offa's Dyke 172, Coast to Coast 182, North Downs Way 153, Chiltern Way 134, Mercian Way 130, Midshires Way 130, Viking Way 147 and many more.

Many are rather contrived and length is not everything. There are many shorter but spectacular ones and some really tough ones. It is not particularly long but the Cleveland Way, as you climb in and out of the valleys, can get heavy going.

Scotland has lot of long-distance footpaths one of the latest being their coast-to-coast: the John Muir trail at 134 miles. If you really want long distance continuous walking in near wilderness than it has to be Scotland but some in England though do give a sense of being miles from anywhere with the consolation of never being too far from a few creature comforts and not having to contend with the midges. The Ulster Round is 600 miles.

If you really want drama and adventure don't go rushing off to the Alps or the Great Ranges just tackle our high moors and mountains in winter. No jabs required, no queuing through security and they speak our language to a fashion. Bodmin Moor, Dartmoor and the North York Moors can seem very threatening if you lose touch with your map.

Fortunately most holiday makers head for the coast or go abroad leaving the high country to those of us who love it.

Whilst on the subject of moors, repairs are being made to the bleak Whetstone Ridge near the Cat & Fiddle. They are engaged in footpath repairs and blocking up streamlets to reduce flow and loss of peat. Whetstone Ridge (an Ethel) is a moorland plateau. Most vegetation being no higher than one's boot tops and what few 'trees' there are do not reach knee height.



When Michael Smith was walking there recently running along the path in front of him was a squirrel. He drove it along for about 100m and so intent on avoiding him was it that it got within 2m of someone walking in the opposite direction. It then shot off sideways and was lost in a shallow ditch.

Now what was that squirrel doing there? The nearest trees and nuts are 1km to the west, over 2km to the south or north, and 4km to the east.

The LHG barn saga: a cautionary tale!

It all started so innocently. Should the National Trust let us have the small barn attached to the drying room why not turn it into a warm, light and comfortable sitting room thus providing an excellent facility needed by much-loved hut.

Nothing controversial in that you may say! It suddenly became clear that the idea that the beating of a butterfly's wings could cause a tsunami was not a fanciful theory. To be candid all hell broke loose.

To give chapter and verse of what followed would be a bore and generate little light. I will therefore tell it as it seems to me, a central player in this set to.

The Club Committee minutes do not convey the immensity of this conflagration. Tempers were lost, threats of resignation declared and reputations put on the line.

The opposing camps were thus and about equal. There were those who believed the project to be unnecessary, too expensive and there were those who felt the project was wholly worthwhile, could be done relatively inexpensively and would be of huge benefit. It was said that the barn facility would divide the Club when holding meets. It was said that the barn should be used for storing fuel as that was a facility the hut lacked. Some said that as the Club had only just spent nearly £20k on the refurbishment of the cottage itself we should wait and see.

Whilst this furore continued detailed plans and costings were produced. Those opposed considered both were inadequate and that the requisite expertise for the project was lacking. The request was made to go away and resubmit any plans. This implied criticism of professional competence only spurred on the barn sub-committee as it became known. Neither side would give quarter. The gauntlet was down. Never was the adage more true that the Club is stuffed with professionals and occasionally stuffed by them.

The dispute spread beyond the Committee and each side gathered hefty support. Representations arrived thick and fast from each side and the Committee became embroiled in a dispute that rapidly became unseemly! Backing down by either side was not an option. Impasse! Further anger was generated when work, requiring no financial outlay commenced, as was the application for planning permission, without full Committee blessing.

The only way of resolving the situation seemed to be a whole Club ballot which was duly arranged but not before argument as to what the ballot would ask precisely. Ballot papers were eventually posted out without a resolution to the question as to how it should be worded. More high dudgeon. The voting deadline came and went and so did several more weeks. What was going on? Eventually the result was announced and it was a victory for the project. It was a bitter pill for those opposed though with a clear mandate for the project to get underway.

The National Trust speeded the project and helped reduce cost by not agreeing to extra windows.

After much heavy duty work a local farmer poured a new floor but in the depth of winter. Then began endless trips to LHG for the best part of 18 months. The blueprint stood the team in good stead and the transformation slowly took shape. Help was occasionally afforded by those who had opposed the project and help occasionally came from friends outside the Club. Paid for work was rare. The budget was adhered to.

You can now make up your own minds as to the value of the project as the barn is complete. It is warm, light and comfortable but this, together with its contemporary look, mask the trials and tribulations that presaged its creation.

It is now time for the dispute to recede and for members to enjoy this hard fought for facility.

The test will be in how many extra bed nights are booked by our members. After all it is for them, in the main, that the project was embarked upon.

David Handley

Walking The Bounds

There is an old tradition from the period when there were no really accurate maps, when parishioners would walk round the boundary of what they perceived to be their parish. Many parishes continued the practice of 'walking the bounds' as it was known, when it was no longer necessary and there are still a few groups still doing this perambulation every year

Your Editor has played a major part of the operation of the Leicestershire and Rutland area of the Ramblers Association for over 30 years and a colleague from that group has just retired leaving a legacy of a walk doing just that but on a larger scale.

The Rutland Round is 65 miles long, occasionally giving spectacular views, remarkable as if you ascended the highest point in the County of Rutland you would reach a dizzy height just under 200 metres. Rutland is our smallest county in more ways than one.

It takes in Oakham and Uppingham, two market towns with interesting architecture and skirts Rutland Water, one of the largest reservoirs in Europe. It abounds with bird life including for many years breeding Ospreys. There is a bird reserve and an annual bird fair and the nearby Barnsdale was the home of the BBC's Gardener's World for many years.

John Williams who created and organised, and then publicised this walk also produced an official guide book largely inspired and conceived on the back of a similar 'walk' in our area which goes round Leicestershire.

Not exactly hill walking but long trails with considerable interest.

The Leicestershire Round was created some years ago by the Leicestershire Footpaths Association (LFA) one of the oldest walking clubs in England founded in 1887.

I am also on their committee and they are just organising the fourth reprint of their popular guide to the Leicestershire Round.

The Rutland Round would make an interesting two day walk but it might be difficult to finish as there are so many distractions along the way.



Walking round Rutland Water itself is a good days walk at 25 miles.

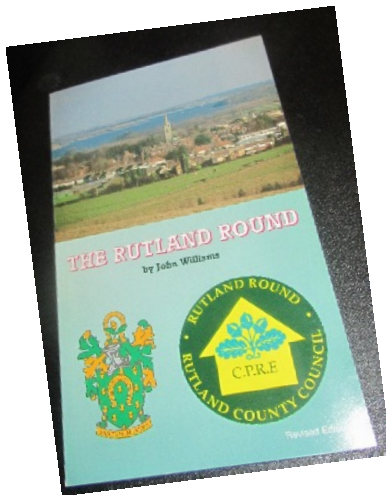
The Leicestershire Round is marketed by the LFA as being 100 miles but in reality it is 108 miles long and with wild camping not permitted, considerable extra miles are needed to walk off to accommodation.

The latest version of the guide includes a pull out with suggested buses to get on and off the circuit at points splitting the walk into bite sized chunks.

Leicestershire is an odd county in that its north and south are completely different and to the west it is changing to a third distinct area.

The South is largely flat, mostly arable with some pasture but walking largely constrained between fences or hedges and as a result often muddy underfoot, and that element of the Round is not particularly pleasant other than it goes through some nice villages.





Leicestershire was the county with least trees in the country but to the West it is part of the new National Forest where millions have been planted, but by far the most interesting part of the Round is the northern half in the Charnwood Forest upland area, likely soon to be designated a UNESCO World Geopark.



The most challenging part of an attempt to do the Round in stretches is gaining access to it by public transport and avoiding having to do each stretch as part of a circular walk thereby doubling the actual distance to be walked

The guide book starts and finishes the walk in Bradgate County Park but it can of course be picked up anywhere.

There are similar circulars in numerous places including one I did some years ago the Calderdale Way, about 70 miles as I recall.

We can now take this practice of walking the bounds to a whole new level.

Whilst considering these long distance trails do you fancy a walk of 6,000 kilometres (3750 miles)?

You will soon be able to start of from Berwick-on-Tweed on the Scottish Border and walk south to Wallsend and then turn west and follow the Hadrian's Wall National Trail to Bowness-on-Solway. Then follow the coast south avoiding obstacles by sticking to the new England Coast Path (ECP) till you go round the river Dee estuary as you enter Wales.

You can then follow the Welsh Coast Path round to the Bristol Channel where you re-enter England and follow the coast path out to Lands End the furthest west you will go,

Next still with the coast path you walk along the English Channel to Kent then up the Thames to the first crossing point before turning East to walk round the coast of East Anglia passing Lowestoft the most easterly point in this journey. You then follow the ECP north either to Wallsend or if you want to add another 100 miles, back to Berwick.

Not for you? You can bet your life somebody will have a go at it.

Not possible yet but most of the new path is in place and while there are some tricky missing links currently being worked on they hope to finish it before long.

For most of us it just opens up new linear walks along interesting bit of coastline but one group has already said it wants to have the whole of the English bits walked one bank holiday weekend by members if they can find any prepared to head for the more inaccessible stretches. I have no idea how many members they have but if each one does 20 miles on each of the days of a weekend then 60 into 2,800 miles means they need 47 walking days even if they walk alone, and there is the logistics of getting there so I cannot see it happening. It is though getting people thinking.

Perhaps slightly more manageable would be to leave out the Wales part and walk from Bristol to Berwick and then Carlisle to Chester. If you want to add in Hadrian's Wall coast to coast and the paths roughly following the Welsh-English border you would have walked England's Bounds.

The most likely scenario as I see it is people having the ambition to do it all in stretches over a lifetime. I do now of somebody who walked right across Europe east to west but he did not say how long it took, whether it was continuous over months or how often he went back to it.

Two members did walk from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean through the French/Spanish borderlands and they spent two weeks each of three years to do that.

It would be good to think Scotland could have a coast path as well but at least they have the right to roam.

A SHORTER WALK

If that is too much to contemplate another more doable but challenging walk at just over 150 miles.

Probably a week's effort with access and accommodation to organise but the Hebridean Way, which crosses 10 islands, looks very inviting.

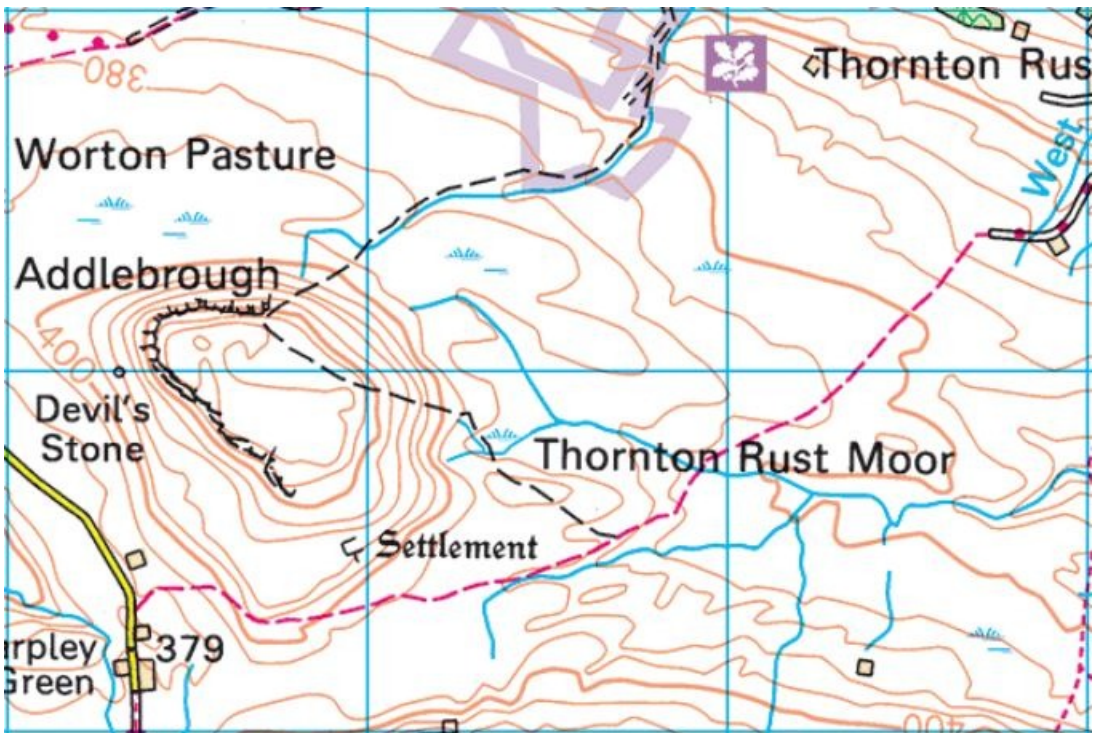
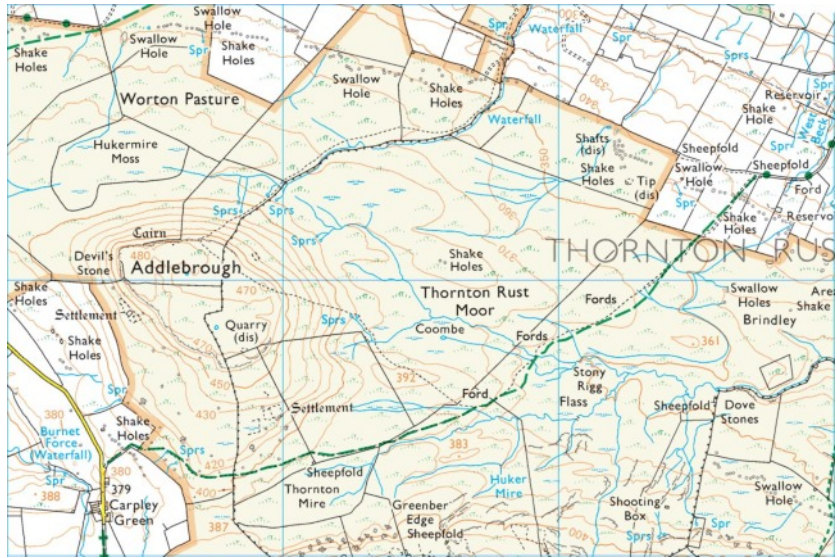
Starting at Stornoway on the isle of Lewis you walk over Harris and North Uist to finish at Watersay on South Uist. It can of course be done in either direction. The route on South Uist sticks to its west coast with its miles upon miles of glorious beaches. This would be a pleasant change after the more rugged terrain of Harris.

Success

Mick Borroff's efforts to persuade the Ordnance Survey to show the paths across Addleborough have borne fruit.

The O.S. seems to be reluctant to show paths through land where you can wander at will.

The updated maps now coming onto the market have them added.



Poems Exchange

Following the receipt of the journal of the Grampians, my comment that I liked a poem in it apparently started a series of exchanges about poems within their club and I was drawn into it. This is the poem which started it all:

And did those boots in earlier years
climb on Scotland's crags and hills?
And was the holy Naismith
oft exceeded on glorious summer days?

And did the custodian Green
scratch these nails on Etive's leaning slabs?
And was our Inbhirfhaolain
mucked but once a year?

They did not let the snowmelt in
Nor did they creak on downward steps
They stood on all of Munro's tops
and counted Corbetts in their score.

So bring me my rucksack of memories dear.
Hand me my Aschenbrenner.
Coil up the rope and glenward turn these boots
where waits the bus and pints of ale.

Roy Partington, Grampians

As a result I updated a short poem I had produced some time ago. I updated and extended it and removed a couple of verses about deceased members of our club which meant nothing to others reading it.

Roy Denney, Editor

ODE TO THE YRC

They rise from their bed, when few people would
and seek remote hills to quicken their blood.
Grabbing their gear and watching the time
they set off to cave or to tackle a climb.

Historically based, in Yorkshire so fair
members now live scattered hither and there.
When caving's their aim they stay at Lowstern.
When Lakeland is calling it's LHG's turn.

They climb in the autumn when daylight is dim
and in the winter when the sun is so thin.
They climb in the spring, birds rejoicing in song,
and also in summer when days are so long.

On along paths, route carefully planned,
they jump across streams with care as they land.
Ploughing through mud, getting stuck in the mire
passing by stable, by barn and by byre.

Seeing the wild life on every hand,
taking in views often ever so grand.
Is that a hawk or a trick of the light?
Joy and relief, the top is in sight.

Onwards they push, on by thicket and bush.
Why are the others in such a rush?
Often through mist or in dark, murky clag
on up that crack and that dangerous crag.

And on to the summit, gasping for breath,
proud in achievement but feeling like death.
The first feel elated, success being hailed,
the others behind them wearily trailed.

Pushing up hills never giving up hope,
through slopes of boulders tied to a rope,
emerging tired and looking forlorn,
colourful outfits, very often well worn.

Born in the Skyrack, the Club marches on
though heroes like Whymper and Slingsby are gone.
Through Botterill and Roberts the club left it's mark
in doing new routes and deep pot holes dark.

Glen Etive, The Cuillin, Blencathra, Scafell,
Snowden and the Glyders, many more as well
From Nepal to Norway : Ghar Parau and Spain
To Iceland and Bolivia, in sun, snow or rain

We've topped all the Corbetts, Monros as well,
been way underground more times than to tell.
From China to GG, in Douk, Alum Pot
Boggarts Roaring, Lost Johns, we've done the lot.

Where's the next climb or hole in the ground
Some first ascent or new pot to be found?
Summits achieved, with views all around
with quiet satisfaction, now homewards bound.

Yes now to return, over moorland or fell
accompanied by, the curlew's strange yell.
Hares in the heather, the laughter of grouse
kestrels and falcons are after that mouse.

Down to the hut or a warm cosy bar
with time to enjoy a welcoming jar,
stories of epics whilst eating their meal
hard to explain the contentment they feel.

Fond recollections and memories precious.
Times on that hill or down some deep pot.
Talk of past members no longer with us
too many to mention, forgotten they're not.

Old friends still remembered, replaced by the new
it seems rather lacking to talk of a few.
Move on we must, more fell-walking to do,
becking, pot holing; boulder trundle-ing too.



By coincidence there
is yet another in a
similar vein. This one
can be sung to the
tune by Bob Dylan.
Published in the
journal of the
Mountaineering Club
of South Africa,
Journal 122 (2019)
p.100-101, it was
written by Terry
White, a member of
their Johannesburg
Section .

Reproduced here with
Terry's permission it
refers to a numeric
grading system which
probably means little
to most of us but you
get the gist.

CLIMBS THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'

Come gather round climbers wherever you roam,
Admit that the old routes have now turned to stone,
and accept it that soon you'll be parched and white bone,
At the base of the route that you're climbing.
D'ya look at the old men and please heed their call,
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

Remember the day you did your first sixteen?
Well you'll do that grade now but it's just not your scene,
And remember the day when hard meant twenty?
(These) twenty-eights, twenty-nines are beyond me,
D'ya look at the young men who stand ten feet tall?
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

And remember the day when you were quite young?
And the only protection you had was a bong?
And the days of the hawsers and Vibrams are gone,
Now you won't do a route un-befriended,
Just remember to clip in before you fall,
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

Over there in the corner my helmet glints grey,
From the dust and the cobwebs of times passed away,
It's a sweatband and chalk-bag are things of today,
All the feasible lines have been conquered
Do you look at the hard men high on the wall?
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

On his own, all alone he sets out for the face,
It's the total commitment that makes his blood race,
And his friends and his fam'ly are left back at base
Will his story be told by survivors?
D'ya look at his picture, now hangs in the hall?
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

As he redpoints the roof and he flashes the fault,
And he proudly calls these contortions a sport,
And there isn't a rock-face without a new bolt,
He is grace, he is beauty and power,
Have you seen him perform in the new shopping mall?
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

Regulation sixteen talks of rules and of risk,
in the old days we just used to climb and get pissed,
Now it's `surance, indemnities, and standards checklists,
City hall passes yet a new by-law,
Can you climb to the new national average score?
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

Remember the camp-fires and songs by firelight,
Now your MSR stove just roars in the night,
and remember when struggle and hardship seemed right,
Now a half-hour walk makes you suffer,
See the metro-climbers who brag with such gall,
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

Can you join the blue dots for a bold 24?
Then your indoor self-belay lowers you to the floor,
Then you crank ... a 26 ... to increase your high score,
You know it's just vertical gymnastics,
And the music, and lattes, drown out nature's call,
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

A 21 just to warm up, a 22's also fine
If you fall, try again, till you crack that hard line,
But on a trad route, on a 16, you're just borderline
And your stance-craft and your rope work is dubious
Any danger or exposure will be your downfall,
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

As you plan your approach to your face-book profile
And you clip a new bolt, SMS'ing the while
"Off belay" you tweet, LOL and you smile,
Your avatar's climbed Everest twice now
And the YouTube, of your crux move has just gone viral,
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

*Bongs (verse three) were frightening
expandable pitons. They went
"bong" when you hammered them
into wide cracks.*

*In sport climbing, redpointing is
free-climbing a route, while lead
climbing, after having practiced the
route beforehand.*

*The first six were "written" while
trying to open a 5c in 1986. They
use the Australian grading system -
it's a 21 in their parlance.*

*The other verses are recent looking
back*

*So a 26 is an 6a E5 if Terry reads
his conversion table properly.*

*SMS (short message service)
Texts by phone pre-Whatsapp*

Now the contour path beckons, the sun sets in the west,
And your knees and ankles are way past their best,
And the long routes and hard routes are now put to rest.
Getting old in the mountains ain't easy,
Yet the climbs and times, hold you in their thrall,
For the Climbs they are ... a-changin'

Tallon Talent

It was good to see Arthur Tallon at the recent gathering to remember two old members.

Arthur himself joined the Club in 1952.

Arthur was visiting his daughter Kirsty who brought Arthur to the meet and took photos which she later turned into a watercolour.



Duty Calls

One evening recently after a day on the hills the conversation was enlivened by John Jenkin's recollections of his days and more strictly his nights, as a guardsman on guard duty at Buckingham Palace.

Of course, he is sworn to secrecy and cannot reveal what royalty said or did but he still managed to entertain us for an hour or so.



John in those younger days

Round the Clubs

We now have an exchange of journals with the **Craven Pothole Club** for those who do not get them in their own right. The last two editions will end up in the library at Lowstern before the end of the year hopefully as will other Clubs journals as received

We do send our journal to Steve Craven of the **Mountain Club of South Africa**, a very similar Club to the YRC and founded just before us. One never arrived and the other recent ones after a couple of months. Your Editor posted a Christmas card to a friend in S.A. on Dec 1st last year and it arrived in March. As a result given these vagaries of the S.A. postal service Steve no longer commits their journal to the post and those bound for us are carried to the UK for posting and with COVID there had been no visits by any associates of Steve so we have only just received he last two editions.



We have also received the journal of the **Grampians** and the **Grampian Speleological Club**.

They all include useful reference material and the latest from the MCSA has an interesting piece in particular about a mountain I would have been hard pressed to name; the highest mountain in Germany - the Zugspitze (2,962m).

Motup Goba

As we previously reported our Honorary Member Motup Goba was to receive the Padma Shri Award .

The award is given for distinguished service (the Indian equivalent of an MBE) and has been given to Motup as an entrepreneur and for his unstinting efforts in helping develop Ladakh.

He has now been formally presented with his award by India's President Ram Nath Kovind at a ceremony at the Rashtrapati Bhawan in Dehli.



The Club AGM

With restrictions on numbers for the Annual Dinner this was held as a zoom virtual meeting a week later.

Finances were in good stead despite the Covid problem and membership is now up to 160. We have had eight new members join but lost Albert Chapman.

It was hoped we could resume a more normal meets programme next year and discussions ensued about how to mark the 130th anniversary of the formation of the Club.



If the logistics and organisation can be sorted it was decided we would try and get the 130 highest hills in Yorkshire climbed in 130 days (or possibly even 130 hours).

Elections to the various roles in the Club were held with the following elected:

President	John Brown
President Elect	Rebecca Humphreys
Hon. Treasurer	Martyn Trasler
Hon. Secretary	Mick Borroff
Huts Booking Secretary	Richard Josephy
Joint-Wardens Low Hall Garth	Alister Renton and Ged Campion
Warden Lowstern	Richard Sealey
Committee Members	Robert Crowther, Chris Hilton, Harvey Lomas, Rory Newman
Membership Secretary	Helen Smith
Meets Secretary	Tim Josephy
Editor	Roy Denney
Librarian	Arthur Salmon
Archivist	Alan Linford
Auditor	Richard Taylor
Tacklemaster	Ged Campion
Webmaster	Andy Syme

President's Annual Address

My first year has been a bit strange, not being able to get to any meets in the early days due to cancellations, so was unable to meet informally and speak to members face to face.

The first time I got away was to celebrate with the Pinnacle Club at their One Hundred Anniversary at their hut during lock down with social distancing in place and camping only!

We have had great success this last year with attracting new members to join us and I hope they are now enjoying the meets they have attended. A big thanks to Helen for managing this on the Club's behalf as it does take a lot of work.

Now we are able to have our own gatherings again, it has been good to get away. The Introductory meet and Memorial for Albert Chapman and John Lovett went off well and it was good to hear the recollections and stories from some of our long-serving members. I went along to the social meet in the Lakes, which I can recommend as it was a very pleasant and sociable event.

The early camping meets were very successful and I would like to thank Tim Josephy for all



his efforts at keeping all the meets going in those difficult days. Despite the difficulties with Covid which is still very much with us, it has been heartening to see the meets are still being very well attended and I hope this will continue, albeit with some restrictions in place as are deemed necessary.

My thanks also go to all the committee for the support I have received over the past year as without people being prepared to give some time to proceedings, the Club would not be run so efficiently. The committee just get on with their roles without fuss and extremely diligently.

I would like to also thank our hut wardens for their thoroughness at looking after our two buildings, even though we have some issues that are unresolved at LHG, we hope we can soon sort these out to the satisfaction of the Club.

My thanks go to Mick Borroff, especially for keeping me abreast of the rules, Martyn Trasler for his due diligence with the accounts and Richard Josephy for maintaining the hut bookings, which has not been easy this last year, Helen Smith for the hard work to move our prospective members to full membership and Tim Josephy for the meets, which have been a bit of a movable feast up to now.

Next year we are hoping we can get a full meets list, including some further afield European meets.

My grateful thanks go to those members that step up to be the meet leaders. One of our strengths as a club are the social gatherings we have in these different places and this is really down to the leaders who work hard to provide the catering for the meets.

If you would like to take a meet on, we still need some meet leaders for next year so don't be shy at coming forward. Any first timers will get help and support with how to be a meet leader so perhaps those that have not had a go yet could come forward.

We are different to most clubs as we cater together which I feel always makes a meet much easier and more sociable. The club is still strong and as you can see from Martyn's accounting we are in a good financial position. There will I am sure be trials ahead in these strange times but the YRC has weathered difficulties in the past will come through it. It is our 130-year anniversary next year which is no mean feat, and we are planning an exercise to visit 130 known hills in Yorkshire! I hope as many of you as possible will be able to take part, even if you only get to one top during the period.

My thanks go to Michael Smith who has pulled all this together so I feel at this stage the future is looking good, let's get out and enjoy the hills.

A lot of work goes on behind the scenes that you never see or hear of. Organisation of the dinner is one such item and I wish to give a big thank-you to all those involved in making the club stable and successful.

John Brown

There is not a lot to do in a side ward in hospital for weeks on end and as I reach my sunset years I do find myself looking back rather than forward (77; as in 77 *Sunset Strip* which was a TV series which ran in the 1950s). It would certainly appear my running days are now behind me after 5 procedures on what is left of my foot and it remains to be seen how much hill walking I can cope with.

Looking back the world and the Club were very different. You could apply to join the club but were obliged to attend a few meets first and usually it was a case of being a guest for many meets before one of the Club grandees suggested you apply and usually sponsored you.

Even the concept of Grandees has gone now. Back then the entrenched Secretary and Treasurer thought they ran the Club and to all intents and purposes they did. The committee was otherwise similar to today except that all ex-Presidents were ex-officio members with full voting powers.

Even when your application went in and you told them what you had already achieved it was a secret ballot and two black balls meant the answer was no!

I first went on a meet in 1968 and back then travel was so much easier. No interminable queues on a Friday afternoon, indeed no motorways till the Preston by-pass was opened, now part of the M6.

The meets programme was also very different. We always had a meet at LHG and Lowstern or the Hill Inn, either side of Christmas, and more times than not we had snow. With those conditions we also had very much larger turn outs. We often booked the cottage next to LHG and High Hall Garth as well, still to have people sleeping on the floor or in vehicles or tents by the ford. I can recall meals with all three tables out and two sittings; over 50 on one occasion.

There were a number of set meets each year. One being the joint meet with the Wayfarers' Club which back then also included the Rucksack Club until they admitted lady members. The YRC accommodation was not geared up for mixed membership and there were no lady members. The single sex nature of the Club engendered a camaraderie less evident these days. The Club is booming but with lady members and different requirements it has obviously changed. It is good to also look round and see a cohort of somewhat younger members mostly offspring of other members.

Seeing grandchildren of members I walked with coming out with the Club is encouraging but reminds me of my age.

Every year we had a high level camping meet when we carried all our gear above 2000 feet to rough camp.

We also had many meets where we took over small pubs with the more elderly members taking all the rooms and most of us sleeping on the floor.

Back then most of us joined in our 20s and 30s and as such got involved in pastimes the present membership would never contemplate. One quite regular sport and one I really enjoyed was becking or as some know it, beck bottoming. Some becks were just great fun. Hell Gill had a smooth shoot where you could brace yourself holding back the torrent till you had to let go at which point you were jetted out over a deep pool. There were similar stretches of the Nidd in the Howstean gorge. Some like Tilberthwaite were serious challenges with very difficult waterfall climbs and some were just plain epics. One such is Piers Gill, a canyon or gorge running all the way up the side of Scafell. Guide books all warn you off this gill with its many vertical pitches but we climbed Scafell several times this way, ensuring we didn't get dry and never getting out of the gill.

Piers Gill



As I look back at those early days, I remember some great trips underground and as it happens, my first such trip was down Sunset Hole. Goyden Pot was also a favourite and Gaping Gill was very good. One unfortunate near-accident put me off ladders and I stuck to caves rather than potholes after that.

I was and still am primarily a high level hill walker but back then the Club encouraged you to have a go at everything and I did a fair bit of rock climbing with the protection of a rope but not the extensive engineering the sport evolved into. The biggest climb I ever did introduced me to the Collie Step as we climbed Scafell via what I think is called Moss Ghyll Grooves. As I recall it you had to step blindly round an overhanging boulder to find a tiny edge to move onto with only the protection of a rope back to a small cave meaning if you came off you would smack into the mountain side, but not fall the several hundred feet to the bottom you could see between your feet.

Back in those earlier years I organised regular meets and we took pride in our catering. Not for us just continental breakfasts but the full monty to set you up for the day and four course near fine dining in the evenings, not stews precooked at home, but proper balanced meals we spent the afternoons preparing.

Along the way I have done some trekking or tramping on several continents getting to 18,000 feet in the Himalayas, but for most of my prime years the Club was doing little by way of expeditions following the 1957 disaster in Nepal with three fatalities.

Good old days when we worked hard tackling some long high routes but played hard in the evenings, going over what we had all done with copious amounts of beer. It seems odd that those of us considered young hooligans by some back then should now find ourselves the elder statesmen of the Club, some having even achieved the elevated position of President.

107th Annual Dinner Weekend Meet, Falcon Manor Hotel, Settle

Last year's Annual Dinner was cancelled because of Covid-19 restrictions. The Falcon Manor rolled over the booking to 2021 but a year on, the Committee noted the daily new case rate of 20 to 30 thousand and thought it prudent to restrict to just 50 attending.

The AGM usually precedes the Dinner but given the attendance restriction the Club's Committee decided to run the AGM virtually the following weekend using Zoom software.

Those arriving at Lowstern on Friday evening were soon surprised by the arrival of a small party from the London area. There had been a booking mix-up but they were accommodated overnight but chose to depart the following morning. A further complication was the intended Principal Guest, Adele Pennington, finding at ten-days notice that she would be unavailable due to a revised guiding commitment.

Hasty enquiries among the Club's most experienced and well-connected cavers conjured up a replacement within a day, and what a replacement... read on.

Thirty-eight members, two prospective members and thirteen guests arrived late Saturday afternoon for the hastily arranged lecture "A Journey into the Danakil" about an exploratory visit to the Afar triangle, Ethiopia, given by Principal Guest, Tony Waltham: caver, geologist, photographer, writer and lecturer.

The Danakil is a seismically active rift depression, way below sea level, edged with the Djibouti volcanoes: a rocky desert trimmed with lava flows. No place for green pastoral scenes but Tony's photographs of the people going about their daily round, and the stunning volcanic landscapes held his audience. Adding his quick-fire commentary, human interest stories, explanations of the geology and entertaining anecdotes about his YRC companions, the Middletons, made for the most engaging and informative lecture we have heard in a generation.

After a few years of members leaving the lecture and having to walk along Settle's Main Street to the Falcon Manor and the Dinner, we were again back to the much better arrangement of being under one roof for both events.

The combination of Covid and Brexit resulted in the hotel struggling with staffing and service was slower than usual at the meal though the food was as good as ever.



Menu and cover

The Club's Guests
Principal Guest – Tony Waltham

Toasts
Master of Ceremonies – David Large
Grace – Mervyn Fowler
The Loyal Toast proposed by Alan Lindford
Absent Friends proposed by Rebecca Humphreys
Kindred Clubs & Guests proposed by The President
Yorkshire Ramblers' proposed by Tony Waltham

The Singing of Yorkshire

Menu
 ☉ Starters ☉
 Homemade Water Broth with Warm Bread Roll & Butter
 Local Game Terrine, Braised Sautéed Prunes, with Toasted Pine nuts, Pin Shrooms & Herb Oil
 Barbecue Jackfruit Spring Rolls, with Mango & Pineapple Salsa with Pak Choi Sesame Dressing

☉ Mains ☉
 Roast Cornish of Lamb with Champ Mash, Stuffed Courgette Flowers, Port Wine, Red Curren and Rosemary Jus
 Wild Mushroom, Puy Lentil Wellington, Battered Squash Puree, Beetroot Bon Bons & Thyme Jus
 Fillet of Sea Bass, Tongues Tender Stem Broccoli, Soft Egg Noodles, with Lemons, Chilli and Coconut sauce on a Crispy Noodle Nest

☉ Dessert ☉
 Sticky Toffee Pudding with Butterscotch Sauce and Vanilla Bean Ice Cream
 Selection of Local Cheeses with Crackers & Chutney
 Dark Minted Chocolate Cheesecake, with Mint Chocolate Chip Ice Cream and Popping Candy

☉ Tea or Coffee and Mints ☉

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club
107th Annual Dinner
Falcon Manor, Settle
20th November 2021

Crang or Rabbithead on the Inno-Wherry Stone, August 2021



The meal was followed by the loyal toast, absent friends and the President, John Brown's encouraging speech ending with the toast to the Guests.

Tony Waltham then entertained us in proposing the toast to the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.



The evening's official proceedings ended with the singing of Barran, Slingsby and Calvert's 1909 'Yorkshire' led by Hick, Crowther, Wilkinson, and two Salmons.

However, that was not all. Trevor Salmon recalled the Dinner entertainments of the 1970s, illustrated by excerpts from mountaineering songs and pastiches of G&S.

The several members and guests gathered for the Sunday walk were joined four additions for a chilly but sunny round of the Ribble, Cleatop Park, Lambert Lane, Victoria Cave for lunch, and back to Settle via Jubilee Cave. A small group broke off to Attermire Cave where Tim's exploration was halted before a crawl through six inches of water would have soaked him for the rest of the round.

Besides the organised activities, several members extended the weekend with other excursions. These were varied and included: two parties by the Leeds-Liverpool canal near Gargrave; a traverse of Pen-y-Ghent and Plover Hill; along from Rylstone to Grassington via the cross, obelisk and Elbolton Hill; Settle's Folly Museum and Langcliffe's Hoffman Kiln; and, riding the Embsay and Bolton Abbey railway aboard a restored 1903 NER railcar.



Leaving the banks of the Ribble

The Hoffman Kiln
passed
en route



Our archivist was busy recoating John Lovett's chair with Danish oil, sorting out some journals, and walking from Lowstern.



Victoria Cave



Jubilee Cave

Thanks go to all in Michael Smith's team of a dozen members who put together the photograph and video displays, catered at Lowstern, and organised the tables, keyboard and choir.

Helen Smith on
Elbolton Hill



Attendees at dinner:

David Booker-Smith
Fiona Booker-Smith
John Brown
Ros Brown (G)
Aaron Campion
Ged Campion
Ian Crowther
Robert Crowther
Ann Dover (G)
Anne Dover (G)
Paul Dover
Richard Dover
Karen Dyer (G)
Andy Eavis
Lilian Eavis (G)
Richard Gowing
Dorothy Heaton
Jason Humphreys
Christine Marriott (G)
Rebecca Humphreys
Suki Humphreys (G)
John Jenkin
Tim Josephy
David Large
Geraldine Lally (G)
Alan Linford
Angie Linford (G)

Harvey Lomas
David Hick
John Middleton
Valerie Middleton (G)
Alan Palmer
Arthur Salmon
Barbara Salmon
Trevor Salmon
Ann Salmon (G)
Richard Sealey
Helen Smith
Michael Smith
Richard Smith
Felicity Roberts
Rod Smith
Yayoi Smith
David Spencer (PM)
Tom Spencer
Richard Taylor
Martyn Trasler
Tony Waltham (G)
Jan Waltham (G)
Frank Wilkinson

Joining for the Sunday Walk

Mick Borroff
Fiona Burnett (PM)
John Sutcliffe
Conrad Tetley

Not a lot changes



The exploration of caves and potholes was just beginning when the Club was formed and became an integral part of its activities as evidenced in 1895 when the Journal was reporting that

... *'during the year substantial progress has been made in the exploration of Yorkshire's caves and potholes.*

Potholing and caving are of course, a sport and good fun somewhat akin to messing about in boats, but it can be a very serious challenge.

Technically speleology; it is actually the scientific study of caves and other karst features, their make-up, physical properties, structure and history. It also involves an exploration of the life forms that inhabit this underworld and the processes by which it was formed.

The scientific element including aspects of geomorphology, geology, hydrology, chemistry and biology.

It was the spirit of adventure and curiosity that tempted the early members underground, but every new discovery was examined and surveyed with a close attention to detail. They entered every hole in the ground they could find, and in 1905 they visited the rather modest Skoska Cave, in Littondale and stumbled on the remains of a Bronze-Age woman.

In 1913, they were digging out a low bedding plane looking for a link between Clapham Cave and Gaping Gill and found a rock shelter with an upper living area and a lower burial space in which were found, as well as human remains, bones of numerous animals, evidence of a fireplace and pieces of Neolithic pottery.

The year 1910 saw the only serious accident reported in those early years. A party of experts and some novices entered Sunset Pot but when coming out the last man fell back down the shaft as the rope broke, dropping thirty feet and fracturing his thigh and who was eventually brought out at 8 a.m. the next day, seventeen hours after the accident.

In later years the Club went further afield, joining up with colleagues from other clubs to explore deep French caves like the Gouffre Berger and Gouffre Pierre St Martin with the world depth record in mind.

YRC cavers had explored numerous karst areas of the Pyrenees and Alps and just over 50 years ago they set a new pattern of exploration by mounting an expedition to seek out probable cave systems in Kurdish Iran.

They went back and these trips were made up of members of several clubs including the YRC, the first being led by one of the YRC members who is still active today, John Middleton and the second by former YRC member David Judson.

Reports in the journals over the years include location maps and detailed survey drawings.

Some of the areas which members have been to are now politically very sensitive.

Apart from the early expedition caving in Iran, members have been back there since and they have also been to Libya and visited the Yemen. Any return may not be wise at present.

Africa has its areas with interesting caves. 650km southeast of Addis Ababa, the River Webb, rising in the 4,300m high Bale Mountains, reaches the great Sof Omar cliffs where one of the most extensive cave systems in Africa is to be found with over 15km of passages.

Following the period of local political problems it was visited in 2004. The system is based on a great river passage 1.5km long, averaging 20m wide and 20m high commencing at the village of Sof Omar and known as the Ayiew Maco entrance. This extends through the mountain to emerge at the equally vast Holuca exit. The river can be followed throughout but this entails several swims; deviating through the many side passages can avoid these.

We quite understandably think of limestone and karst when the terms potholing and caving come up but caves do occur in numerous other rock structures. Karst is the term given to a landscape formed from the dissolving of soluble rocks most notably limestone, but also dolomite and gypsum. It is characterised by sinkholes, potholes, caves and underground stream systems. There are also sandstone caves and coastal sea caves.

There are lava caves in southern Syria and in Saudi Arabia. Umm ar Rumman cave in Syria goes 1615m and Umm Jirsan in Saudi Arabia has a total development of 1481m. This volcanic terrain (called Al-Harra) stretches south from Syria crossing Jordan and part of northern Saudi Arabia.

Members have visited several of the remarkable lava tubes that occur on the island of Hawaii - this includes the incredible 65.5 km long Kazumura Cave, the world's longest lava tube.

Cavers have also been to Laos which has a similar concentration of spectacular karst to China and Mulu in Sarawak. Mulu is composed of three almost contiguous limestone massifs.

The total for the whole of the Gunung Api limestone block is given as 234km including the Clearwater Cave System, currently given as 207km length.

In the Gunung Benarat block, which is the opposite side of the Melinau River Gorge, there are 100km of passage the longest of which is the Benerat Caverns Cave System at 50km. The third block is the Deer Cave Massif with a total of 20km of passage. Quite a place!

It is interesting to note that we were in Ireland just before the 'troubles' and shortly after the YRC visited Lebanon, Hezbollah arrived. A short time after the YRC were in Iran, the Shah was deposed and shortly after the YRC visited Libya, Muammar Gaddafi was killed.

After the YRC visited Yemen, Al Quaida arrived! With our history in that regard perhaps others should take heed. While Russia seemingly has eyes on the Ukraine it has left its left flank exposed and the YRC is intent on entering Russia via Kamchatka this year. President Putin be warned.

Perhaps we should forget about the S.A.S., S.B.S. and S.I.S. and if we want regime change: send in the YRC.

As opportunities close with changing political landscapes, others open up and China is a classic example.

Arguably China has the most spectacular caves and karst in the world. Approximately 2.6 million km² of the country is karst, with about half concentrated in the southern regions. It is therefore no surprise that expeditions are continually drawn to areas in Guangxi where the sheer scale of caves and karst features are always spectacular.

Since 2004 members of the Club have mounted expeditions to the area, working with the local government in the provinces and with ministries of tourism, to profile major karst areas with the promotion of tourism in mind, but at the same time giving full consideration to important issues of protection and sustainability.

This involves gathering scientific data and providing clear outputs which give a deeper understanding of the karst areas. Along the way the Club has helped them achieve geo-park status.

There were eleven expeditions to China between 2000 and 2011.

A good number of YRC members have participated in trips to China, several going back many times and Ged Campion, Bruce Bensley, Harvey Lomas and John Whalley have been major contributors to this effort

Along the way, other landmarks were:

1st British descents of the Monte Cuccu and the Antro del Corchia.

Also the Oman expedition when the YRC pushed the Selme Plateau system making it the longest cave in Middle East. (Bruce Bensley, Ged Campion.)



Ged

John Whalley on an expedition to Ecuador with Neil Armstrong when he was back on earth or under it.

1st British descent of the Trou de Ver in French Alps 1977. (Bruce Bensley, Graham Salmon, Ged Campion).

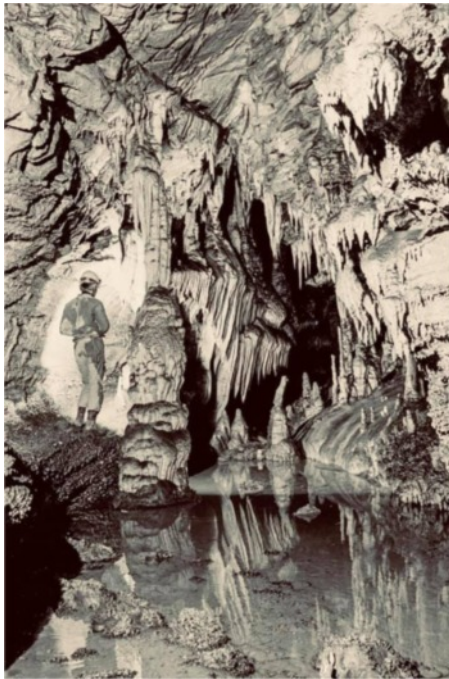


Bruce

New World depth record Gouffre Mirolida, French Alps (Bruce Bensley, Graham Salmon, Ged Campion) A joint YRC /French expedition in January 1998. First cave in the world to reach 1600 metres depth.



Harvey



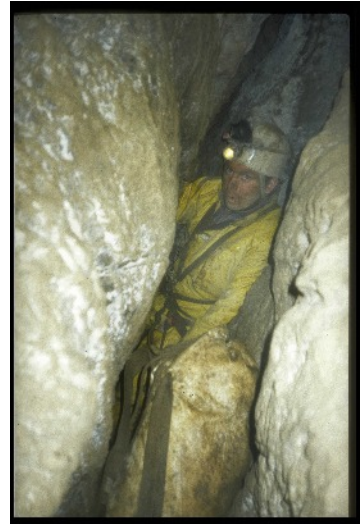
Antro del Corchia (Photo JW)



John W



Graham



Gouffre Mirolde

Above left:
Assembled at the entrance

Above right:
Graham in a tight spot



Left: Preparing for dive at
final syphon



Celebrating in the village
after breaking the record

Photos by Stewart Muir

Winter Climbs a pictorial record

Imogen
Campion

Conditions for good winter climbing came early this year in the Three Peaks and Dales area. In January generous amounts of snow fell on the steep west slopes of Ingleborough and Pen-y-Ghent bringing the gullies and runnels into condition for snow and ice climbing. Cold easterly winds in February transformed many of the local waterfalls into spectacular ice falls which often only appear once in every ten years. The old granite quarry waterfall in Chapel -Le -Dale sported fantastic climbable icicles and further afield Cautley Spout almost formed a 250-metre steeply descending and continuous ice fall.

Black Shiver Gully 31.12.20

This is a striking feature on Ingleborough cutting straight up through the crags on the west face of the Black Shiver face, very steeply for about 150 metres. Its best seen from Chapel -Le-Dale hamlet itself and has been climbed by generations of ascensionists many local and some from further afield. It is classified as a grade 1/11 winter climb on the UK climbing (UKC) web site.

We climbed it on New Year's Eve approaching the gully from the old Granite Quarry lay-by and crossed the metal stile heading up through the clints towards Tatham Wife Moss.

Initially we had trouble identifying the correct line as it is deceptive when you are right below the face but once we traversed towards the northeast the line became apparent. In retrospect, an approach from the Hill Inn, past Mere Gill Hole would have perhaps been better. We climbed the steep approach slopes and found a suitable platform to don our crampons.



Mid-way in
Black Shiver Gully

Then steeply up to the foot of the gully marked by a vertical rock step. The start is arguably the trickiest section and is a well-established vertical rock band/step.

We traversed right under the rock step and climbed steeply up frozen turf to get established in the bed of the gully above. The gully continued as three pitches with roughly 40 to 50 metre rope run outs. There were a few rock belay points for slings over small pinnacles or alternatively, ice axe belays. The conditions were good with a reasonable covering of snow and frozen turf. Occasionally, slabby rock just beneath the snow made some placements difficult.

Approaching top of Black Shiver Gully



Black Shiver is a classic winter climb in the Yorkshire Dales. It is one of the most dramatic ways to climb to the summit in winter. Throughout the route there is impressive rock scenery, icicles, a number of variations of route and a feeling of isolation away from the more popular routes on the hill.

From the top of the gully the approach to the summit is far less steep and a few pleasant icy rock steps and a short chimney made the last section enjoyable before reaching the plateau. After coffee and Jaffa cakes in the summit shelter, we headed down to Ingleton via Crina Bottom and Storrs Common.

Main Gully Penyghent 6.1.21.

The Red Pencil face of Penyghent holds a number of winter climbs. Main gully is a grade 1/11 and gets three stars in UKC and it was plastered in snow this winter. We approached the hill from Dale Barn and climbed over the wall on the saddle to make a traverse across to the face navigating our way through deep snow in the boulder field. Real ankle breaking terrain.

In retrospect it would have been better to drop down and climb back up to avoid the boulders.

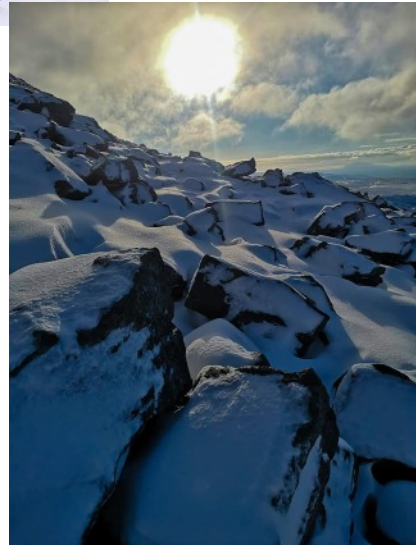


West Face Penyghent
showing gully line

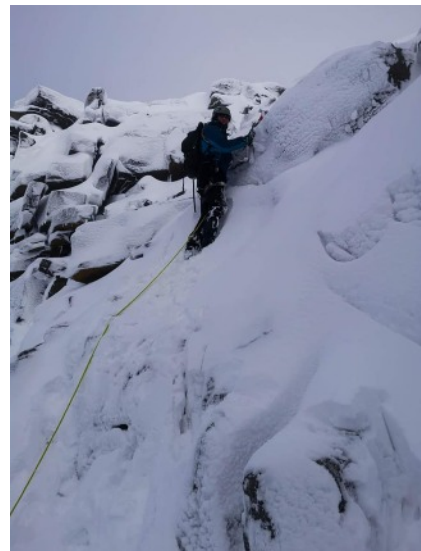
Boulder field

The first part of the gully is easy angled and only steepens below the big ledge system at the foot of Red Pencil Buttress.

From here we took mostly ice axe belays. The final pitch up to the summit slopes was the steepest but without any difficulty.



Lower slopes of Main Gully



Top pitch Main Gully



West face of Penyghent

Cautley Spout 11.2.21.

Cautley Spout formed a steep staircase of water ice almost 250-metre high with wintery platforms separating each vertical section. It's listed on UKC as England's finest waterfall climb and gets a grade 111. Ged did a recce of the conditions before I joined him to ascend a couple of the icefalls. The first ice fall wasn't completely formed.



Continuous ice fall on Cautley Spout

Second ice fall



The stream was still flowing through the centre of the fall making it quite precarious to ascend in places. The higher sections of the spout however were much more liberally coated with water ice and made excellent winter sport.

Ingleton Granite Quarry

We wanted to ascend the steep icefall in the quarry but just missed the best day to make an ascent before icicle started to fall.

A major YRC find

The development of Newby Moss Cave was a major project undertaken by YRC members in 1990's. It's taken a very long time to draw up the survey and was only finally completed with the help of Richard Smith with his AutoCAD skills. Members on the project included Bruce Bensley, Graham Salmon, Ged Campion, Alan Fletcher, Alister Renton, Eddie Edkins, Shaun Penny, Mike Pitt, Bill Hawkins, Richard Sealey and Dave Williams to name but a few. The impressively sized shakehole of Newby Moss Cave and sink had previously been visited by the Bradford Pothole Club in the 1970's and although they managed to locate a small chamber beneath the boulder choked entrance, its loose nature and subsequent collapse prevented further progress. Plentiful steel scaffold provided by Bruce and railway sleepers obtained by Alister from Garsdale Station, provided a 'hole' new look at entrance possibilities and so the project began and continued for several months.

Sam Allshorn, one of the illustrious authors of the new Northern Caves guidebook series prompted us to publish this long-awaited discovery in Descent Magazine in April 2021. The following description is therefore a compilation of both his and my work following his visit to the system when he produced a comprehensive SRT rigging guide. This is the definitive guide through the system so apologies for the detail.

Even today the entrance has a collection of scaffold and fencing materials holding boulders back and preventing access for the adventurous ruminants roaming the fell above. Note that if the state of the entrance is off putting, then turning round now would be the best way to spend your day. At the foot of a broken climb down it leads to a low stream past some shoring. The passage then turns sharply left and reaches the top of a loose boulder slope descending to the top of a 4m shored shaft. This shaft is easily climbed. The rigging for the first pitch starts at the bottom of this shaft, there was no solid rock to be found to install anchors here. It is necessary to use the scaffold to bars to arrange a Y hang, if you're not prepared to use these poles for this, as they are degrading, then again return to the fell.

The descent whilst on a rope through these large blocks with a slightly awkward section through a triangular hole pops out above a large vertical drop in the side of Sealey's Fault. There is some impressive concreting to be seen that appears to hold up everything above you. On the far wall is a pair of IC anchors and these provide an initial Y hang. A few metres down there is a single bolt re-belay followed by two deviations. This lands on a boulder floor. Following the left wall (the wet one) it leads to two anchors high on the left quite close together. There is then a further anchor out on the left which provides an anchor to protect the edge that it is necessary to go over. There is an single anchor re-belay below the edge and on the far wall and about a third of the way down is an obvious anchor for a deviation.

This again lands on boulders where a route down the centre of the slope reaches a little step down to the top of a steeper section. There is an initial anchor just here before the short final vertical section is reached. This pitch lands at the top of wall with three possible ways; on the left and ahead (with one's back to the pitch) both leading to choked shafts. The way on is to the right into a crawl over shattered rock. This leads under a large boulder to the head of a 3.5m broken climb down to a section where the roof is shored. Beneath this it leads to the start of a crawl. The stream is quickly lost in a narrow slot in the floor. There follows a traverse over a shallow blind pot to reach a T junction with a hole in the floor. Then way on is to the right to the head of Mud Pitch. The initial belay is a large block in the rift a few metres back from the pitch head. There is an anchor in the left wall then another out in a ceiling on the right. The pitch is not straight and requires a deviation to avoid a lip in the mud slope; unfortunately the mud can't be avoided but is short lived. A descent to the water and over blocks leads back to the stream where brief crawls are required. Not far ahead, blocks in the floor mark the start of a slight rising traverse above the too-narrow streamway. There are two sections where the right wall has enlargements that avoid the more awkward sections.

The rift continues on narrow traverse ledges above the stream below. A flake on the left wall and an anchor in the right provide the initial belay for this odd pitch. It is easiest to rig the pitch and drop the rope through the too-narrow rift below then climb across some jammed boulders just ahead. Then drop 1m and squeeze back onto the pitch. A short length of rope is useful to protect the passing of this squeeze out on to the pitch head. There is an obscure drilled thread in the true left wall that provides a re-belay to protect the pitch.

The stream below has a couple of brief obstacles when a dry inlet on the right forms a widening of the passage. This marks the point at which the right wall becomes the key. A climb up boulders then wriggle past and under blocks against the right wall leads to a boulder and mud floored chamber. From here ahead an undercut in the right wall leads to a drippy rift that descends into a further boulder floored passage. A step over a rock rib in the right wall leads into a brief abandoned oxbow with a pitch immediately ahead. The rock rib has a hole drilled through it to provide an initial belay with two anchors providing a comfortable pitch head.

The foot of this pitch lands in a further boulder floored chamber where a scramble up then an awkward slippery climb into a hole on the right leads to the head of a muddy slope that leads down to the streamway. Ahead, the stream now meanders along a hading rift through mud banks to reach a low sump slipping under the right wall. The draught along this low passage is quite strong and chilling and comes from a rift above the mud banks part way along the passage and may hold a clue for further extensions.

Just past the small sump pool, the main passage starts to gently rise and a crawl over cobbles leads to a wider and higher rift, and a brief section of walking passage. This is soon interrupted by a boulder collapse which can be easily passed by a squeeze between boulders by the right wall. Just the other side, the passage enlarges again, and an impressive, shattered pillar is passed on the right. Further on a wide and high rift suddenly ends at the terminal boulder choke. A low up and down crawl through the choke allows access to a larger boulder chamber.

Here, lengths of unused scaffold pole lean against the wall and a forlorn looking Darren drum complete with brew kit sits amongst the cobbles on the chamber floor.

Despite the presence of a strong draught and considerable effort to penetrate the choke, excavation has not revealed any safe way on. The survey estimates the choke to be just 50m from the end of Hurnel Moss Pot.

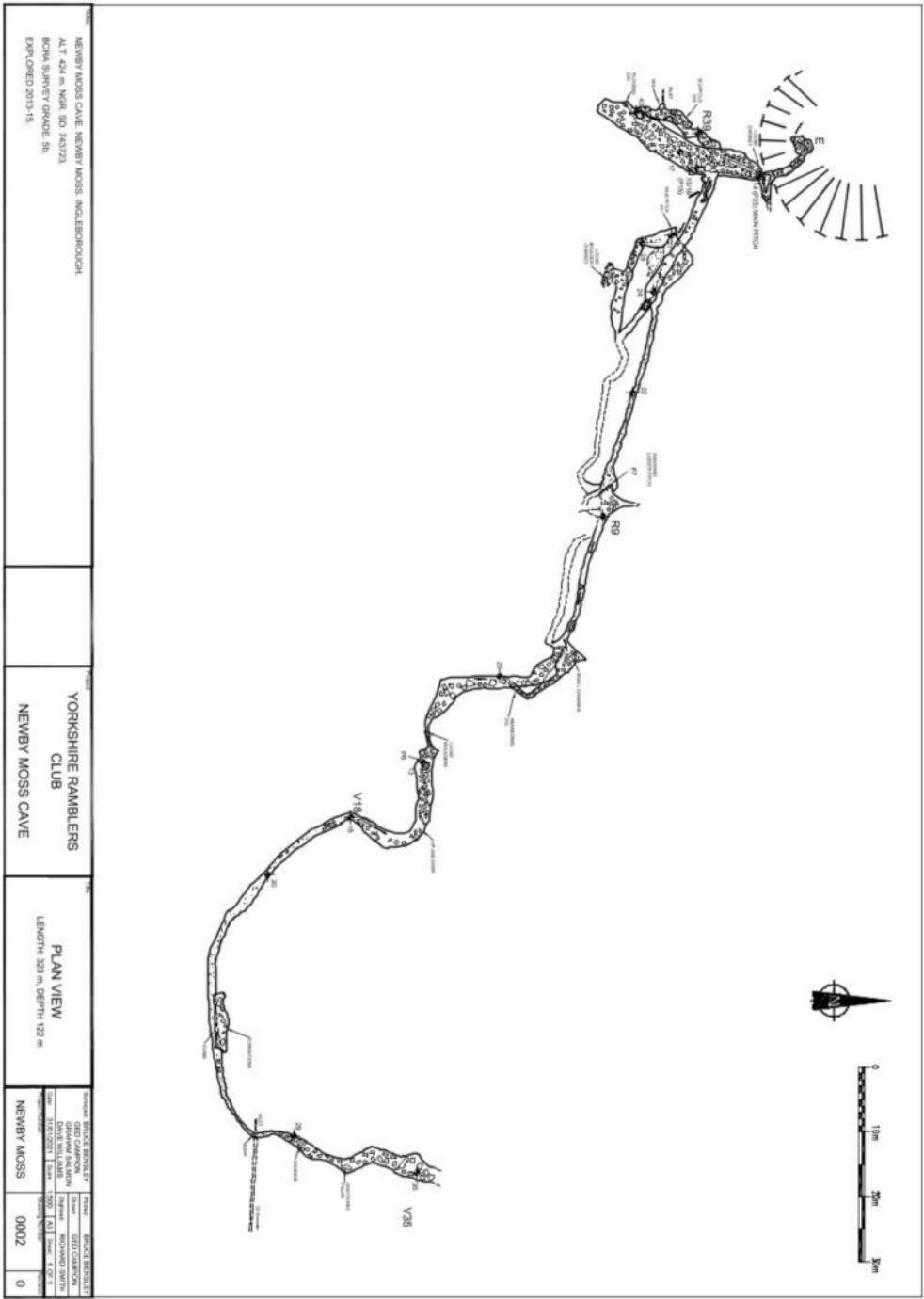


An artificial water tracing test in 2019 demonstrated a positive connection between Newby Moss Cave and Clapham Beck Head with a 'variable' detection at Moses Well. In 1983, a similar test concluded that the Hurnel Moss Pot waters reappear in Gothic Arch sump 2 in Ingleborough Cave. It's highly likely that the Newby Moss Cave stream joins this same flow along the Hurnel Moss Fault. The sump was dived by Rick Stanton OBE of Thailand rescue fame in 1996, but ran out of line after 50 metres. The initial section was small but enlarged into horizontal circular tube. The passage ahead was still going. It was dived last year by Emma Heron but she was unable to penetrate any further than Rick due to poor visibility.

This idea prompted YRC members to further investigate possible leads along the strike of the fault.

No progress at all was made in Strawberry Pot which ends in an uncompromising maze of unstable boulders at a depth of 50m with the tantalising sound of a stream below. Wet Rope Dig was briefly investigated but at the same time the Craven Pothole Club started to excavate the shaft. YRC members suggested a joint project but CPC politely declined our offer. Wet Rope Dig has now been re-christened Sixpence Pot but only a very short extension has been made to date. The YRC opened Elaphus Hole in 2016, but this has ended in an unstable breakdown chamber at a depth of 18m.

The search will no doubt continue.

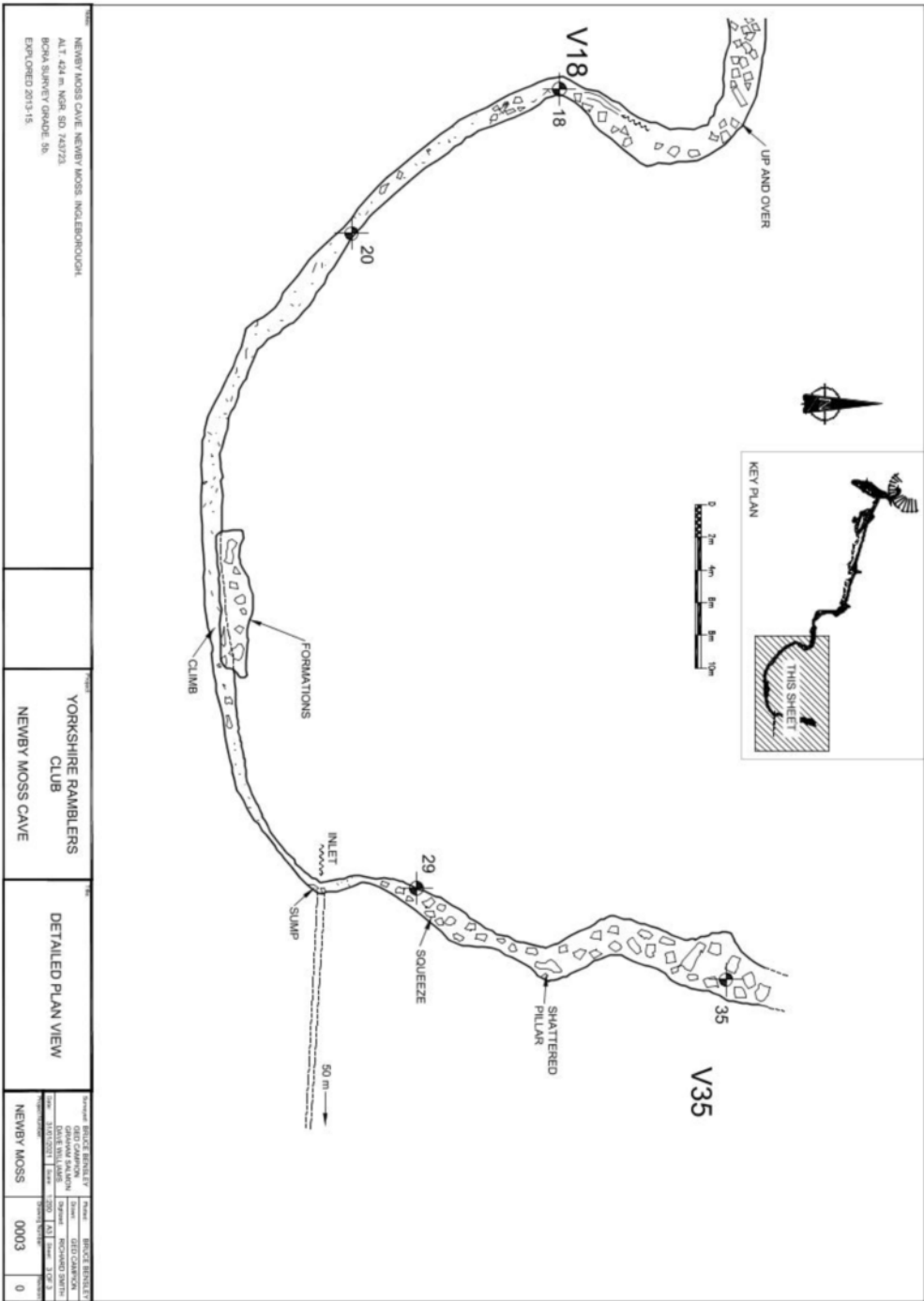


NEWBY MOSS CAVE, NEWBY MOSS, INGLEDENBOUGH
 ALT. 424 m, NGR. SD 747231
 BONA SURVEY GRADE. 5th.
 EXPLORED 2013-15

YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS
 CLUB
 NEWBY MOSS CAVE

PLAN VIEW
 LENGTH 323 m, DEPTH 122 m

Project	BRUCE BENNETT	Field	BRUCE BENNETT
Lead	GEOFF GAVINSON	Check	GEOFF GAVINSON
Co-lead	DAVID WALLACE	Approved	NICHOLAS SMITH
Date	2015/07/27	Scale	1:200
Sheet	0002	Sheet	1 of 1
Project	NEWBY MOSS	Sheet	0002
Page		Page	0



NEWBY MOSS CAVE, NEWBY MOSS, INGLEBOROUGH
 ALT 7.424 m NSR, SD, 742723
 BONA SURVEY GRADE, 16,
 EXPLORED 2013-15

YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS
 CLUB
 NEWBY MOSS CAVE

DETAILED PLAN VIEW

DATE	BY	SCALE	EDITION
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	1
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	2
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	3
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	4
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	5
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	6
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	7
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2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	97
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	98
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	99
2013-15	DRG CHARLTON	1:100	100

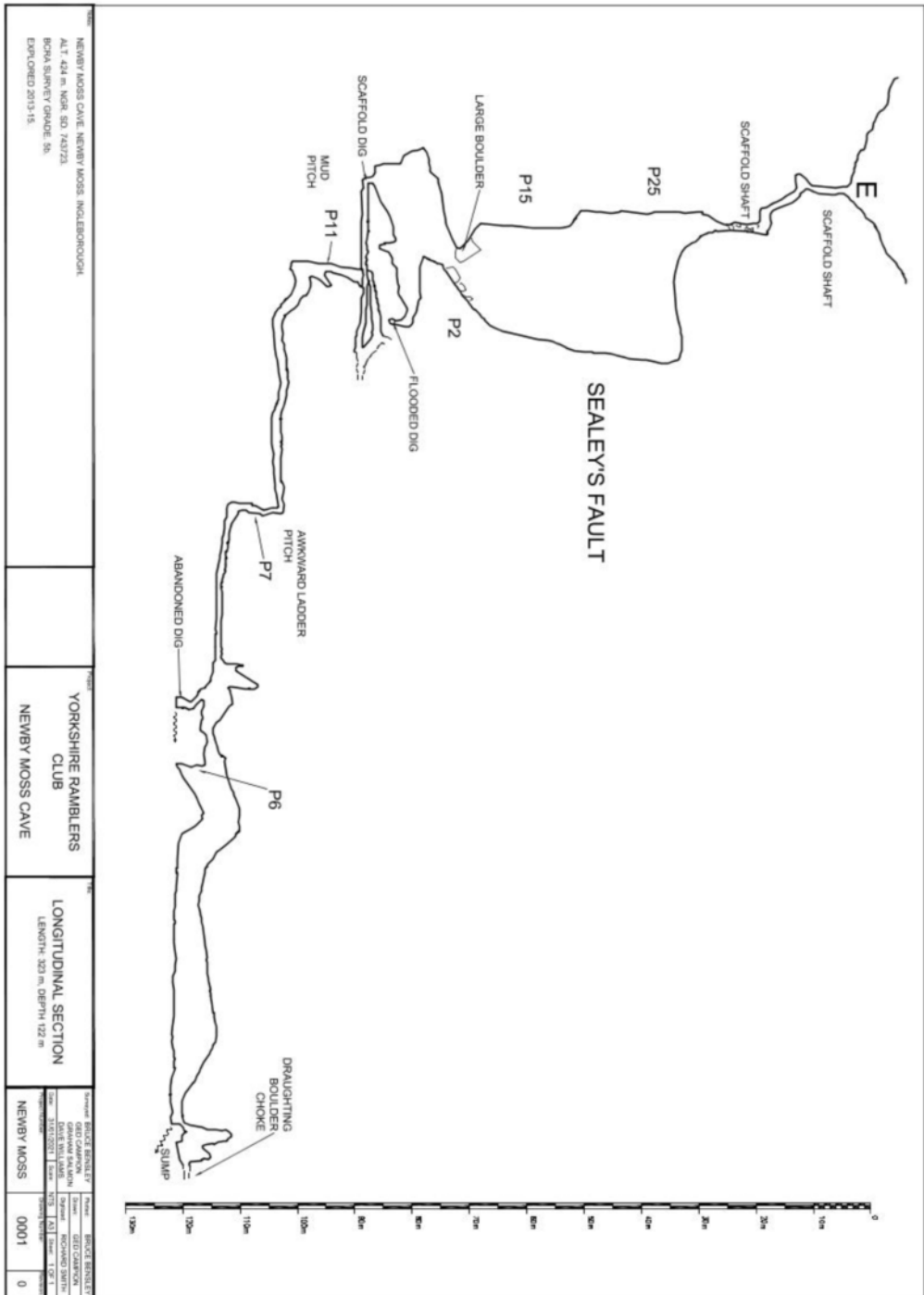




Image courtesy of Descent magazine



Newby Moss Cave entrance in snow (Bruce Bensley)



Bruce Bensley excavating the entrance to Newby Moss Cave



Ged Campion at top of the first pitch



Final boulder choke



Graham Salmon at top of P 15
in Sealey's fault



Alister Renton ascending pitch

Unless otherwise indicated, photos by Dave Williams

Pitch	Rope	Notes
Sealey's Fault	35m	3 slings
2 nd	25m	1 sling
3 rd	10m	
Mud	17m	1 sling
Awkward unnamed pitch	20m (12m for pitch +7m for squeeze)	1 sling - rope length will provide enough rope if top 7m is used to protect the squeeze
6 th	12m	

Thanks for help with anchors go to Paul Swire, Sandy Wright and Jason Mallinson.

WARNING: there is lots of loose rock throughout, especially in the entrance series and further chokes. The initial section of Sealey's Fault becomes a very unpleasant shower bath after wet weather and may flood badly.

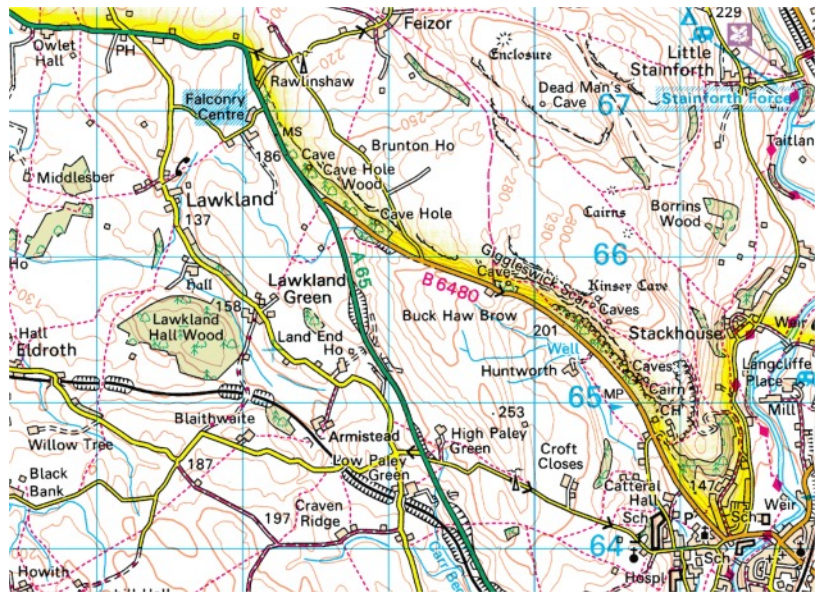
YRC New Routes 2021

Taking full advantage of the brilliant summer weather in the northwest this year, YRC members, aspiring members and past members have been busy putting up a selection of new routes in the Dales and Lakes. The new YRC drill, lighter, hardier and with enhanced battery power has played an important part in the push. It's hard to find new crags these days and many of them will inevitably be "sport" developed rather than "traditional".

Giggleswick South

Glyn Edwards on one of his solitary rambles discovered an overgrown buttress on Giggleswick South between Stone Cold Buttress and Dressage Buttress.

For those who don't know it, Giggleswick South is the long, fragmented escarpment overlooking the southern end of Buckhaw Brow and the Settle golf course.



We christened our new crag "Tom Thumb Buttress" and began the long job of unearthing the limestone hiding beneath the vegetation. Loose rock was removed taking absolute care not to allow it to roll down the hillside to the old A65. Care also had to be taken not divulge this discovery to other climbers.

Questions were frequently asked by our colleagues about where we were heading from the parking at Buckhaw Brow with an assortment of bow saws and crow bars!

The routes are graded 'sport' 6a and above with some very hard moves of 6b+ and even 6c which didn't go without a struggle! The routes are protected with mechanical bolts except for **Cobweb** which has a neat line of glue-in bolts.

Leeds based Dave Musgrove and his team agreed to act as moderator for the routes and has added some lower off's which were kindly provided by the Yorkshire Bolt Fund. We weren't far off with the grading and despite robust lower off's there is still some loose rocks which require care. The routes are now listed on the UKC website.

For access to Tom Thumb buttress, go from Cold Stone Buttress and walk south further into the wood, following a vague path, the crag is just beyond the remnants of a wall and an old wire fence. Alternatively descend from the main (top) path (from Buckhaw Brow) after the second stile.

Routes:

1. **Cobweb.** 12m. 6a (28.5.21).

Start by the big Yew tree at the left end of the crag. Equipped with glue-in bolts. Easily up to the ledge at 3 metres and continue direct up the wall with a tricky move to reach a break. Use the fine undercut (sometimes damp) to gain the upper wall and move right to the large Ash tree lower off.

2. **Flying Shillelagh.** 12m. 6a+ (21.5.21).

From the ledge, climb up just right of Cobweb to an out of balance move right to reach good holds. Continue straight up passing a root runner to the Ash tree.

3. **Moth.** 12m. 6a+ (21.5.21).

A couple of metres right. From the ledge, awkwardly use the left slanting gangway to reach good holds and finish straight up just right of Shillelagh.

4. **Tree-Dimensional.** 14m. 6a+ (11.6.21).

A good climb, start-up either Shillelagh or Moth to the good holds and then traverse right on good (not obvious) side-pulls and a jug on the bedding. Continue straight up from here to the lower off.

5. **Pease-blossom.** 13m. 6b. (14.5.21).

Start just right of Moth. From the ledge make devious moves to reach good holds at a small ledge and second bolt. Continue strenuously to reach the good side-pulls on the Tree Dimensional traverse from an awkward position. Finish up this.

6. **Mustard-seed.** 13 m. 6b+ (12.4.21).

Right again, climb the obvious flake to a difficult sequence to reach flakes on the upper wall. Carry on finishing as Crucifix.

7. **Crucifix.** 14m. 6b+ (9.4.21). Right again, gain the ledge left of the bolt on the small lower wall and climb the upper wall just left of the slight recess. (Which is the wall right of the Flake.) Reaching and using a two -finger pocket to gain good holds is the crux, with a further pull to easier ground. (Upgraded from 6b to 6b+ by moderator).

8. **Tom Thumb.** 10m. 6b+ (12.4.21).

To the ledge as Crucifix. Climb the wall with difficulty up and rightish from the recess to a lower off.

9. **Pull The Udder One.** 10m. 6b (7.5.21).

Start a few metres right of Tom Thumb. Climb awkwardly to the ledge passing a bolt on the short lower wall and walk left almost to the recess of Crucifix.

A vicious pull gains good holds and the 'udder' (a down pointing spike). A move right finds a jug, allowing access to the final pull and lower off.

10. **Oberon.** 13m. 6a (29.3.21).

Start some way right, below a large ash growing on a ledge at 5 metres. Interesting climbing on good rock left of the bolts (try not to use the tree).

11. **Titania.** 13m. 6a+ (2.4.21).

Climb right of Oberon's bolts with a sharp pull to reach the first ledge. Continue with some difficulty up the vague arête and groove.

12. **Puck.** 15m. 6c (16.4.21).

Some way right again is a large Yew on a ledge at 5 metres which is level with the bottom of Oberon. Start below and just right of the Yew and climb easily to the ledge. Step onto the wall behind the Yew tree moving into the cleaned scoop, then steeply up with Impish difficulty towards the top. (Upgraded from 6b+ to 6c by moderator).

13. **Saint George.** 15m. 6b (23.4.21).

Up to the ledge on a line just right of Puck. Super climbing direct to the undercut and break below the upper arête, which provides the crux. Reach right to clip the same bolts as Grim Brothers Groove.

14. **Grim Brothers Groove.** 15m. 6a/+ (23.4.21).

Up to the ledge as St. George and climb the interesting corner groove.

Glyn Edwards, Ged Campion and Norman Wilkinson

Additional routes were put up at Giggleswick South on Anchor Buttress, the ivy cover was removed from the wall just left of Wicked Grin revealing three new routes;

1. Woodpecker Wall. 16m. 6b+ (22.3.21).

This is the furthest line L. on Anchor buttress, just L. of Wicked Grin. Climb the middle of the wall with a crux reaching the ‘Woodpeckers Ole’, a one finger pocket, from a crimp side-pull.

Continue, utilising the R. hand undercut pocket and another tricky move to a ledge. Bridge up to another ledge and make a technical move to gain the final wall of good rock, moving slightly L to the lower off.

2. Lesser Pecker. 16m. 6a+ (22.3.21).

The first ledge can be reached by climbing the groove on the left, stepping right at the appropriate point.

3. Great Spot. 16m. 6a+ (26.3.21).

Climb up to the second bolt of Wicked Grin then move left to clip the bolts on Woodpecker Wall, climbing the pleasant right edge of the wall. Use a couple of long quick draws.

Glyn Edwards, Ged & Imogen Campion, Norman Wilkinson

4. Locknut. 13m 5 (29.3.21).

Start as for Nutbush but keep left and climb the slabby wall, keeping away from the groove on the right, to reach a bulge at the top. Surmount this on good holds to reach the belay.

Glyn Edwards, Norman Wilkinson

High Stoney Bank

(The crag is situated on the east bank of Goredale Beck 600 metres south of where Mastiles Lane fords the beck)

Also, a new route was squeezed in between “Judgement and Justice” and “Pillar of Salt.” It was aptly named “Salt and Pepper” graded at 6a+.

The route starts up the steep wall to surmount a mantelshelf with difficulty then trending right more easily to finish at Pillar of Salt lower Off.

After completing this route, a couple from North Wales who happened to be climbing at the crag that day agreed to act as moderator. They agreed 6a plus.

See image on next page

1. **Salt and Pepper.** 18m. 6a+ (9.7.21).

Start just right of Judgement and Justice and left of the block overhang of Ummagumma. A strenuous start gains a ledge on the right by a tricky move. Continue direct to another ledge and walk right to the base of a nice flake crack, climb this and continue up trending slightly right to join Pillar of Salt.

Glyn Edwards, Ged Campion, Norman Wilkinson

Salt and Pepper 6a+
Welsh team making
third ascent
the same day



Langcliffe Skyline

(The Skyline Buttress is in reality a continuation of Stainforth Scar and marked as such on some maps, it lies above and left of Langcliffe Quarry)

1. **The Langcliffe Strimmer.** 14m. 6a+ (21.9.21).

Start at the toe of the buttress, below the corner, as for Lorryman. Interesting climbing directly up the cracks and wall to a steep finish.

2. **Allylic Crack.** 25m. Severe (17.9.21).

The prominent corner on the right wall of the gully. Start on the wall just right of the bolts of Ramson and move right into the corner. Climb this, passing an elderberry to a ledge, (there is a single bolt lower-off in the wall just below the ledge), with a final little wall to finish. Sapling and thread belay on top. (Originally climber by John Moss 1967).

3. **Ransom.** 14m. 6a+/6b (17.9.21).

Good climbing up the slight arête on the wall left of the corner, moving right below a large block to the lower off.

4. **Hostage.** 16m. 6b+ (21.9.21).

Start left of Ramson and climb to the undercut and then gain the arête of Ransom. From here difficult climbing trending left using the crack gains a sloping ledge. Continue to the lower off. There is an extension to this above but will have to await better weather next year.



Norman Wilkinson demonstrates the moves on the impish 'Puck' 6b+



Glyn making second ascent of the Langcliffe Strimmer 6a+ Lancliffe Skyline



Mustard-seed drilling and then 6b+ difficult sequence to approach small flakes



The Lake District

Runestone Quarry originally known as Betsy Crag Quarry is a series of elongated open pit workings which follow a silver-grey slate seam up the fellside. It's said that the quarry, is one of the earliest in the area has been worked since the 1700s. The quarry closed just before the first WW.

The entrance to the middle quarry is gained by passing under an arch formed by a huge single slab of slate. This was a bridge to allow quarrymen to easily walk from Tunnel Hole Quarry to Betsy Crag Quarry. Heaven knows how it was lifted into place.

The quarry is just up from the Club hut, LHG, following track past HHG to the fell gate then left steeply to join main track from Fell Foot Bridge to Tilberthwaite. The spoil heaps can be clearly seen above. Head in direction of Tilberthwaite to where track branches right to quarry. Over stone stile and up ramp to Lower Quarry.

For years, YRC members used the quarry for top roping/bouldering activities and teams added a few bolted routes from the 1990s on. But in 2020, just before the pandemic and prompted by the publication of the new guidebook "Lakes Sport and Slate", the quarry saw a burst of activity from an invasion of climbers re-bolting old routes and developing new ones.



It has been agreed with Cumbria Bolt Fund that glue-in bolts should be used in slate owing to its tendency to fracture more easily as a soft rock.

Therefore, many of the existing routes have been re-bolting and lower offs improved.

Two new routes in Runestone Quarry have been put up this year by YRC members.

1. Rosa Canina. 12m. 6a (15.4.21).

In the corner immediately left of the entrance to the quarry. Line left of Caspian.

Imogen & Ged Campion

2. Kobe's Cucumber. 10m. 6b (1.7.21).

Groove just right of Yo Pick Po.

Ged Campion and Matt Jackson



Ged Campion leading
Kobe's Cucumber



Imogen Campion
leading Rosa Canina

After the Ice-Age most of the northern hemisphere was covered in tree growth until man came along and progressively cleared it either for fuel, building material or just to make space for farming.

Local authorities have spent years restoring land to how it used to be but who decides which point in the past to restore it to. They rarely if ever talk of going back to birch and scrub. That however is the landscape we walked into as we migrated north to settle new lands.

We now realise just how important woodlands are for biodiversity and atmospheric balance.

I cannot speak for other counties but Leicestershire are making a great fuss about planting a tree for every person residing in the County. Every tree helps but this is peanuts in the greater scheme of things. A few years ago Leicestershire was said to be the least treed county in England and 750,000 to population match will make little inroads.

As far as I can tell they are not actually planting these trees but are just recording how many are being planted largely by other parties.

I am tree warden for my village (Glenfield pop. 12,000) and we have managed to plant or encourage others to plant about 12,000 in the last 12 years. There is not much more we can do if we are not to lose all our sports pitches and playing fields. It seems that the County want others to plant on their land and that County are doing very little themselves. As the Highways Authority at times they seem actually obstructive about tree planting - 'Wrong kind of leaves on the road!'

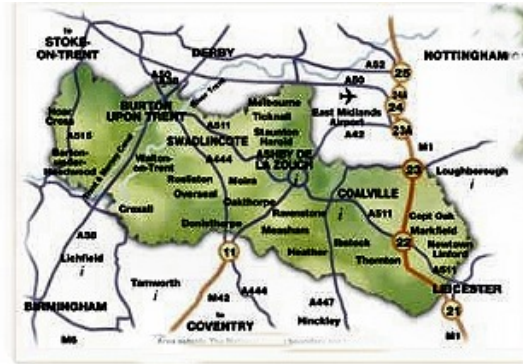
As a village we have offered to plant and maintain trees in the wider grass verges round the village but they insist of assessing each position and that we contact the 17 statutory organisations which may have facilities under ground. They probably envisage powerful digging machines breaking into such facilities where in practice we dig by hand and if we come on any piping etc we just move the site away from this obstruction.

Trees are being planted to compensate for the trees cut down by major infrastructure projects but ancient woodland with the entire ecosystem it can support takes at least 200 years to arise and even then it needs to be near a pocket of such wildwood to allow for genetic transfer and species migration. Fortunately we have a small river linking most of the areas of new planting we have and the wild riverbanks act as a wildlife corridor and gene bank.

Among newer projects the government wishes to see more of these riparian treed banks for a number of reasons. Trees help fight climate change by extracting carbon dioxide from the air and creating oxygen and provide a habitat for numerous creatures and have a calming affect which reduces stress in people and helps their general wellbeing. They can bind together the soil on embankments and can create a barrier to noise intrusion and them help hold back water reducing the risk of flooding downstream.

We are lucky here in Leicestershire in that the new National Forest is developing on our doorstep. 25 years ago, large swathes of the Midlands landscape had been left scarred by centuries of coal mining and other heavy industry.

But a campaign saw the creation of a body to bring about the first true forest to be created at scale in England for over 1000 years; it transformed and literally turned the landscape from black to green.



It linked the ancient forest of Needwood in Staffordshire to Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire both providing the ancient eco-systems which could encroach and populate the new plantings. So far close to 10 million trees have been planted.

With the demands of a changing climate, forests must be resilient and adaptable which means we need to continue to plant new woodlands, extend other habitats and improve connections using hedgerows and gardens. These corridors help our wildlife thrive, combat new pests and diseases, preventing local extinctions where the gene pool is not being extended.

A resilient forest will help us all adapt to future challenges, providing clean air, improved water quality, a reduction in flooding and shelter from temperature extremes. Forest cover here is up from 6% to more than 20%, with a target of 33%.

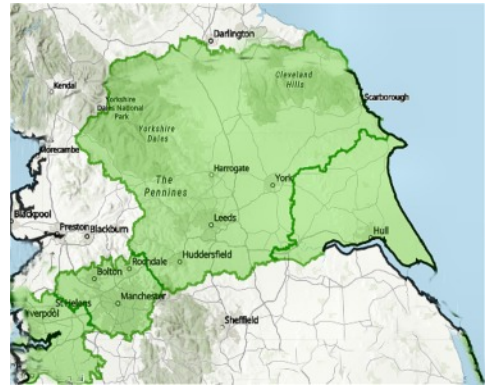
By creating and restoring habitats that support our wildlife, the ambition is that the forest will become home to thriving populations of plants and animals which involves creating more than 5000 acres of non-woodland priority habitats such as grasslands, wetlands and heathlands, as well as supporting priority species.

Following on from the concept of this new forest in the making, another: the Northern Forest, is being developed along similar lines. This is to be created along the M62 corridor, as part of a 25-year plan to span more than 120 miles from Liverpool and Chester to Hull, through Manchester, Salford, Bradford, Leeds and Sheffield, as well as including Lancashire, much of North Yorkshire and parts of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. Just over 10,000 square miles in total.

They hope to plant 50 million trees and in the three years since launch nearly 4 million have been planted. A long way to go but encouraging.

Unfortunately we are having to be very selective in the tree species we plant as climate change and disease is hitting some species hard.

We have Dutch Elm disease, Ash dieback, Acute Oak Decline (Sudden Oak Death) Long Horned Beetles and Sawfly. Beech, horse chestnut, alder, hawthorn and larch are all being hit by diseases. Processionary moth caterpillars hit oak and pine trees and there are a host of things having a go at our horse chestnuts.



To pursue the ambition to tree line our waterways, the government is giving cash incentives to restore river banks with trees and shrubs. They are also encouraging reintroducing bends where in the past rivers have been straightened. This is all to slow rivers down and stop flooding but there is a great wildlife benefit as well. Trees and their roots are essential on bends to stop bank being eroded.

Priority areas have been established not surprisingly where there has been bad flooding downstream. Recent floods in the Carlisle and Cockermouth areas have seen the Eden and Derwent given priority. In the Welsh borders the Teme, Usk and Wye are to receive extra funding as in the south west are the Tawe, Torridge, Tamar and Fowey. The last of the priority areas is north Norfolk where the Bure is included.

Hopefully this will allow species threatened with extinction a chance to make a come back. water voles, crayfish and numerous other water creatures are almost gone and they supported a food chain in trouble. As we cleaned up the rivers otters were coming back and they out compete mink keeping their numbers down. As riverside woodland matures, beaver can be introduced and their endeavours further reduce the flood risk. Many species of bat are in rapid decline as they feed on insects above the rivers which are themselves much reduced. The dragonfly and its kin are also unable to find as much food.

The efforts to clean up the rivers is faltering though and the latest floods have given rise to sewage dumping which combined with fertiliser run off from farms has set back these efforts. Hopefully this will be short term and solutions found and rivers can now again improve if slowly and those creatures continue to recover. It will help in turn, kingfishers, dippers, trout and salmon. We are also seeing peatland areas given a hand to recover with run offs blocked so they can absorb more water.

It is cheaper to prevent floods by restoring natural processes than constantly sorting out the damage they cause

Our activities mean we are usually to be found in the high country (or underground) but as nature recovers elsewhere it will have a knock on effect in the uplands.

The Ethels Peak summits

Michael
Smith

Peakbaggers have many lists of hills and mountains including Munros, Corbetts, Marilyn's, Donalds, Dodds, Deweys, Birketts, Furths and Synges. Another was added in May 2021, the Ethels. Long-distance walker Doug Colton announced this list after four months work identifying 95 hills in or just outside the Peak District National Park, most of them over 400m but including various other prominent hills. The list can be found on Wikipedia.

At the same time, he released Ethel Ready, a free smartphone app, which lists the tops with descriptions, maps, access information and photographs then keeps a record of those completed. Doug hopes the list and app will: encourage more people to be physically active by providing a doable challenge for the average walker; divert walkers from the 'honeypots' to less visited tops; and encourage people from the Peak's nearby large conurbations to stay local.

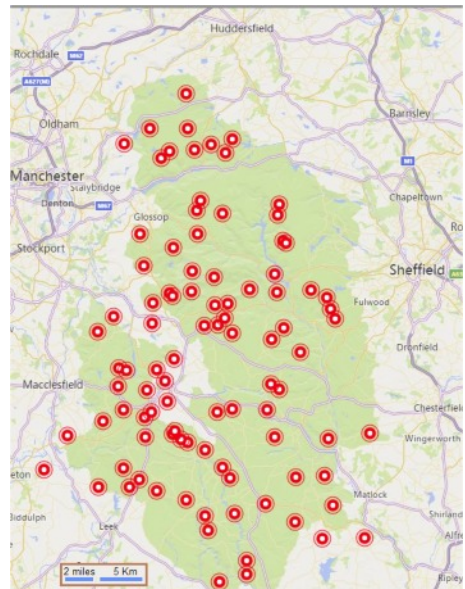
Through the Covid-related restrictions on movement through May to mid-September 2021, I managed to visit all the Ethels. Initially, just the local ones such as those above the Derwent Valley and Kinder Scout to try out the Ethel Ready app. The nearest grid reference to our home was for West Nab just 5km away, and on a pleasant 15km round from our doorstep. On arriving at West Nab's spot height 395m and checking the app, it informed me that the height should be 500m. Checking this on my return revealed that there is a West Nab at that height on Meltham Moor southeast of Marsden.

With Dough Colton's help the app and Wikipedia grid reference were corrected in a few days.

As I worked my way through more Ethels several other minor corrections to descriptions or locations were made.

The map shows the spread of the Ethels. That mislocated one, rocky West Nab, is the northernmost, to the uninspiring deep heather of Harland Edge (367m) on Beeley Moor in the east, the pleasant viewpoint of Musden Low (359m) in the south, and to the west, prominent The Cloud (343m).

Five are Marilyn's with prominence over 150m.



Towards the end of my list were those down in the southern part of the Peak. Dispersed and often short ascents, I tackled these by ticking off seven or eight in a day, driving between them. Not the most rewarding of walking days but effective in polishing them off. Neither Doug Colton nor I have come across anyone else doing the round after his list was published and before the end of September. In all those 95 ascents I only came across a handful of walkers aware of the Ethels with just two keeping a record of their ascents.

Tissington Hill 369m

There were grand days out too, taking in three or four tops conveniently arranged in a round, all ground new to me.



For example, the set north of Hartington from Carder Low to Aldery Cliff and with interesting crags, caves and castle ruins. Or a little further north west from Parkhouse Hill over Chrome Hill to Hollins Hill and High Edge. There's a good mix of moorland and limestone scenery; short strolls and long outings; obvious trigs and a few hard-of-access wooded, brambly tops.

Would I recommend them? Well, they are not mountains like Munros nor as challenging as a good Lake District round but if you are nearby then a round of Ethels can take you into unfamiliar places. Certainly, planning the days out will while away some hours.



Revidge 400m

But why "*Ethels*"? The name honours the pioneering work of Ethel Haythornthwaite, 1894-1986, in campaigning for the protection of the Peak District countryside.

She was born Ethel Mary Bassett Ward, daughter of self-made Sheffield businessman Thomas Willm Ward and Mary Sophia Ward, nee Bassett (of Liquorice Allsorts fame). One of Thomas's enterprises was scrap metal recycling.

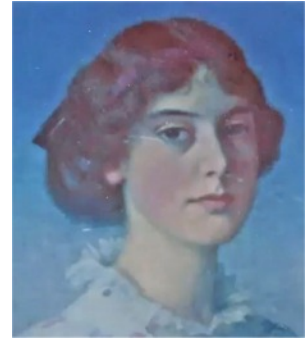
At the outbreak of the war in 1914, demand for steel was intense but many horses had been requisitioned by the military. Ward's solution was to draft in Lizzie the elephant from a travelling circus. Rechristened as *Tommy Ward's Elephant*, Lizzie was a familiar sight hauling loads around the Albion Works by the Don, controlled by circus' ringmaster's son.

Another example of Ward's ability to spot an opportunity in a crisis was to secure the contract to dismantle the burnt-out Crystal Palace in 1937. By 1953 Ward's works employed 11,500 people nationwide.

His enterprise was inherited the next generation. Ethel's brother established a Sheffield bookshop which became Waterstones.

Ethel was delighted to leave the domesticity of their Sheffield home to her sister Gertrude and escape to read English at London University. Visits to the Lake District studying the Romantic movement developed her already entrenched interest in the countryside and hills.

She married Lt Henry Burrows Gallimore in 1916. Sadly, after their Lake District honeymoon he returned to France where he was killed the following year.



Ethel aged 21

As a distraction from Ethel's heartbroken widowhood, her family encouraged her interest in the countryside. On outings with her family, she was soon commenting on the small unwelcome developments appearing in some of the most beautiful areas: advertising hoardings by roads, ugly petrol stations, litter, ribbon development of villages, and unsympathetic new housing. This last she termed 'cuckoo's eggs' and realised there should be control of planning and design especially in sensitive country areas. At that time anyone with the land and funds could pretty well build what they wanted unless the local authority objected in which case the frustrated developer had to be paid compensation.



Newly widowed Ethel
in the Peak District

Ethel had found her purpose. She devoted her efforts to preserve the area around Sheffield and the Peak District to be a place fit for returning war heroes. She had the necessary enterprise, wealth and contacts so in 1924 established the Sheffield Association for the Protection of Rural Scenery, secretary Ethel Gallimore.

Within two years it had joined the national Campaign to Protect Rural England (CPRE) as the Sheffield and Peak District branch. The branch gathered evidence, campaigned, and devised acceptable alternatives to problematic developments. Ethel also provided or raised funds to purchase properties, farms and part of the Longshaw estate to secure their preservation. That last was later transferred to the National Trust.

Her approach was practical. She did not oppose the development of country villages, such as provision of piped water, electricity or more housing, but wanted them to be in keeping with their settings. She persuaded the Sheffield Bus Company to place used ticket bins by their fleet's exit platforms reduce litter. She engaged the public with popular exhibitions in the heart of Sheffield. The public were encouraged to join the CPRE and subscribe 5/- (25p) to fund their work while Ethel and her siblings paid for two salaried assistants to manage their campaigns.

Ethel published 'The Threat to the Peak', an influential book with inspiring scenic photographs, descriptions of the main threats and outlines of how these might be mitigated. In 1937 Ethel married Gerald Haythornthwaite, a Lancastrian draughtsman looking for a cause who she had appointed to the CPRE cause in 1935. He was 18 years her junior. Also in that year, her group persuaded Sheffield Council to decide where the city should end and the protected countryside begin. This was not just rhetoric as they turned down a planning application to limit urban sprawl and paid a substantial £22,000 compensation to the builder. That autumn, to avoid further such payments the Council proposed green belt protection including the preservation of moorland. That plan was prepared by Ethel's group in collaboration with other campaigners.

The following year Ethel convened a meeting in Edale of 42 amenity societies to discuss forming a National Park for the Peak District.



Ethel addressing a Cavedale rally on the creation of England's first National Park



Gerald's original plan of the Peak District National Park boundary

Ethel was honorary secretary of the committee to take this forward and their proposed boundary map closely matches the area eventually designated in 1951 after the Second World War; as England's first National Park was established.

However, it was not Ethel but husband Gerald who was appointed to the National Park's Board.

In 1945 Ethel highlighted the harsh lopping of Sheffield's roadside trees and campaigned for improvements to future such work. This has an echo in recent disputes between local residents and that Council.

A motor racing circuit was proposed for scenic Dovedale in the early 1950s with the support of Derbyshire County Council. There was uproar nationally especially as preparations had been in train for two years. Ethel and Gerald opposed the plan which was eventually dropped.

Their CPRE branch later encouraged Sheffield Council to develop more housing to the south of the city rather than in the crag-lined Rivelin Valley with its industrial heritage. Then in 1955 Ethel worked on forming government policy on Green Belts as an escape from city life to clean air and a return to nature. Ethel's pioneering work in countryside protection in the Peak District had wider impact on national developments.

In 1995, Sir Chris Bonington lauded their work:

“... the [Peak District and South Yorkshire branch of the CPRE] will go down in history as a major force in environmental conservation because of the achievement of ... the designation of a national park in the Peak District and the creation of a permanent Sheffield Green Belt. ... And at the head of this crusading society for so long, the tireless, single-minded, and selfless Ethel and Gerald Haythornthwaite were without parallel. We shall not see the likes of Ethel and Gerald again.”

The encouragement of walkers to explore more of the Peak District through the designation of the Ethels is a fitting tribute to her. It should bring her work to the attention those who appreciate our National Parks.

Clearly it is working as you now know more about Ethel Haythornthwaite and her CPRE work than you did yesterday and there have already been over a thousand Ethel Ready downloads to Android devices.



The National Park boundary as it ended up

The Christmas meet returned to the Boarshurst Outdoor Pursuits Centre, Greenfield, having been organised but cancelled there last year. The centre is located just on the fringe of Saddleworth Moor and is well appointed sleeping 32 people in two large dormitories and two smaller ones.

By the Friday evening many members had arrived and for those electing to partake of it they were welcomed by soup and a roll prepared by Becca Humphreys.



Some made other arrangements before members settled in for the evening at the centre or visited one of the local hostelrys. While most of the attendees arrived on Friday night, a number of others turned up on the Saturday.

On the Friday Michael and Helen explored the moors above Dove Stone Reservoir and discovered the story of an MP that had been shot some 164 years ago. The MP in question was James Platt who was shot by his close friend and Josiah Radcliffe who was the Mayor of Oldham at the time. Michael and Helen warmed up by tackling Black Hill from the North and were duly sleeted upon for the effort and troubles. Late in the afternoon Michael, in preparation for the Club's 130 years anniversary project, checked out the permissive access to West Nab above Meltham and found it unusable.

After a long lock-down all was not perfect at Boarshurst on arrival, the gent's washroom had a rather distinctive aroma and on investigation your scribe found a fern growing in a cluster of moss in the urinal flushing tank. Tim investigated further and extracted the foliage, roots and all. This did not help, as there appeared to be no appreciable water flow into the cistern. Still, an aim of the Club is to gather and promote knowledge concerning natural history but it's not often we do that in a toilet in the Saddleworth area!

Saturday

When Saturday arrived members woke to be greeted with a full English or continental breakfast prepared by Becca and Tim, which set the group up for the day's adventures ahead. Members decided to follow three alternative plans.

One of the groups, led by Michael and more than ably assisted by local expert Rod, followed a 15 km circular route which took in the 'Obelisk' and the 'Pots and Pans Stone'.

John W, Carol, Arthur, Frank and Barbara followed a similar route taking in the same sights as Michael's group.

The route meandered across the moor via Alderman's Hill and Raven Stone Rocks.

After losing some height the group had lunch next to the Standedge Tunnel near Diggle before a leisurely walk via the canal path and up towards Dolefield and then back to the centre.



Lunch at Standedge Tunnel

Having not visited the Saddleworth moors before, Mick had planned a varied walk starting from the Centre and was accompanied by Anne, Richard and John Sutcliffe. The route contoured round Alderman's Hill via Long Lane and dropped down to cross the dam of Yeoman Hey reservoir.

Narrowly missing a footpath closure for a shooting party, they walked up to Greenfield Reservoir and entered the rocky valley of Birchen Clough where all enjoyed negotiating the stream bed and the odd rocky scramble



Alphin Pike summit



Birchen Clough



John Sutcliffe
scrambling in
Birchen Clough

An ascent of the famous Trinnacle at the Raven Stones for some obligatory photos was next with some good views of the reservoirs below, before a lengthy traverse along the edge of the escarpment in worsening weather brought us to the Chew Reservoir dam where we stopped for lunch and bumped into Tim who then joined us

We continued along the edge to the trig point on Alphin Pike and descended into Greenfield and the welcoming bar of the King Billy (King William IV) for some refreshments. A great introduction to the gritstone edges of Saddleworth at 21.5 km.

A number of members took the opportunity to just relax in the centre and catch-up.

Being the Christmas meet in comfortable surroundings and accessible accommodation, several members nursing injuries or ailments made the effort to enjoy the social aspects of the weekend. John Jenkin was struggling to walk from the local hostel up a fairly steep road so much so that an ambulance stopped and gave him a lift.

Otherwise these members mostly potted round the villages.

Roy Denney nursing what was left of his foot visited old haunts having known the area very well years previously. For their Friday meal he introduced a fellow member to The Cross Keys, one of the more remote moorside hostelries and was approached there by a former member of the Club he had not seen for years and had lost touch with.

Chris Bird still lives nearby but does little hillwalking these days other than working his dog.

After a pleasant period reminiscing about past meets especially ones Roy had organised from this hostel, it was back to the rest of the meet.

While in the Cross Keys they had a fairly unique experience. They were asked to move rooms to allow for the arrival of members of the Dry Stone Walling Club who were due in for their annual dinner. Not many people could say that.

On Saturday evening presentations were made by Rod and Mick.

Rod's provided an insightful trip into his past growing up in the Saddleworth area, whilst Mick's provided a pictorial review and learnings from previous snowshoeing trips to France.

Both perfect appetisers for the food that was about to come.



Special thanks and mention need to be made to both meet leader Becca and Tim for their unstinting efforts in the kitchen preparing the food.





All would agree that the three course treat which included fish pate, roast beef and of course Yorkshire puddings and apple pie or Christmas pudding, was excellent.

Saturday evening also saw the celebration of Arthur Salmon's 70 years anniversary as a member of the club and a presentation was made to him.

He was thanked for his many years service to the Club.

Arthur did not see his 70 years as service but of getting great benefits from being a member.

Sunday

On the Sunday morning a number of plans were hatched although the weather was a little misty. Mick, Richard and Peter decided on an excursion into the mist to visit the 'Pots and Pans,' and Broadstone Hill hoping it would lift.

The mist provided a certain atmosphere as they approached the finely crafted obelisk which is the War Memorial erected in 1923 to honour the 259 people from the villages of Saddleworth who died in the first World War. It was located here specifically to be visible from those villages ... but not on this morning!

A thin track led onto Broadstone Hill with improving views, and there a return was made via a short visit to the substantial church of St Chad at Pobjgreen with its Hearse House and a slightly longer visit to the Church Inn next door for a pint before returning to the Centre.

Helen and Michael travelled more extensively along the Tame Valley on account of a rucksack inadvertently left behind on the couch.



This oversight only being discovered as the item was needed to be hoisted onto the back for their tramp along part of the Pennine Way across White Hill (south of the M62) and the over untracked Moss Moor to try to identify the highest point between there and Peat Hag.

The 20cm difference in height (482m v 482.2m) was hardly discernible and is to be left for the 130 project volunteer(s) to decide which is the highest.

The summit of Broadstone Hill



John, Ros, Pete and Anne walked around Dove Stone Reservoir. At the same time Beverley and I took a leisurely walk around the same place and up towards Chew Reservoir.



Mick Borroff on the Trinnacle

A pleasant little jaunt which included magnificent autumnal hues of green and brown on the hillsides. The only minor negative point was the busyness and traffic, as it seemed the whole of Saddleworth had come out for a walk at the same time.

CT

Attendees:

John Brown, Ros Brown (G), Mick Borroff, Peter Chadwick, Robert Crowther, Michael Crowther (PM), Roy Denney, Richard Gowing, Becca Humphreys, John Jenkin, Tim Josephy, Pete Latham, Anne Latham, Harvey Lomas, Arthur Salmon, Barbara Salmon, Conrad Tetley, Helen Smith, Beverley Eastwood (G) Michael Smith, Rod Smith, Yayoi Smith, John Sutcliffe, Carol Whalley, John Whalley, Richard Taylor, Frank Wilkinson

Late Chippings

BMC

A large part of the new BMC Clubs Strategy is focused on facilitating a dialogue between clubs to be able to better engage with each other and to better engage with the BMC.

One element of this is the creation of Local Area Club Networks, and the first step is setting up a virtual environment for clubs to be able to talk with each other, with their local club rep, and with staff from the BMC.

Some pilot sessions were run during 2020 in the Midlands which your Editor was fully engaged with and the North West. The BMC felt they had a really positive response from those who attended them.

What has been very clear is that clubs are benefiting from being able to talk more easily with each other, to share good practice and identify solutions to problems they have in common. What is not acknowledged is the level of disenchantment many Clubs have with the BMC but hopefully this is a step in the right direction

The BMC are now rolling out the Club Networks across England and Wales, with each network being led by the elected club rep for that area.

There is also a network of sorts for national clubs but there is a gap in the system in that members of national clubs like the YRC have members in local areas and can contribute to the local debates.

I attend and play a very real part in the Midlands group and can help them a great deal with many matters given my various other roles but I don't represent the YRC as such.

It did not do other than help that I could arrange that the newly elected Chairman of the BMC could join one of our meetings just after his election, he being a member of the YRC.

If nothing else we now have a local Club booking our huts for the first time.

Where there is dissatisfaction amongst the Clubs it is often that they do not understand the balancing act the BMC faces but that is in part down to poor communication from the centre.

Let's hope that this new structure will correct that.

One issue a number of Clubs expressed objection to was having to have all inactive older members join BMC for insurance.

The answer though is that if they were excluded, the premiums for other members would rise and that in any event most claims on the insurance do not arise from outdoor activities but more about huts and social events.

Another issue being debated about insurance concerns the treatment of guests with very different clubs having to use a one size fits all package.

This could be changed to be more helpful to clubs if a majority of clubs wished it and the new network will allow clubs to talk to each other and arrange such a combined voice.

Seeking Simple Shelter Abroad

In our last Journal I reported that Richard Genner had produced an enjoyable, interesting and informative read, as a result of his interest in both heritage and history, extracted from many club journals including our own.

He has used bothies and similar all his adult life and gained immeasurable enjoyment and long-lasting friendships from the activity and does not agree with or support the efforts of those who seek to make personal financial gain from writing about the bothies in books which they subsequently sell and so Seeking Simple Shelter is an electronic book only being mentioned within the climbing and walking fraternity to people who will appreciate and understand it.

He has now brought out a second edition of Chapter 6 (Bothying Abroad)

The first edition of this chapter was mainly compiled from material that he already knew existed.

This second edition includes new material that he has found while reading the increasing volumes of Club Journals available on-line. It includes extracts from or précis versions of the original article which tells, in the main, about climbs and walks.

He now includes material on the following countries:

Morocco , Albania, Greenland, Andorra, Iceland, Antarctica, Norway, Australia, Finnish Lapland, Bulgaria, India, Hindhu Kush, Italy, Crete, Malawi, South Africa, New Zealand, Norway, Canada, The Rockies, Poland, United States of America, The Pyrenees, Chile, Slovakia, Slovenia and, Uganda

If any member wishes to receive his electronic book please contact our editor who will effect an introduction.

Legislation and the hills

We all seek escape from the daily toil by going back to nature, whether by pottering in our gardens or wandering into the countryside. Open access means you are free to wander at will and the Countryside & Rights of Way Act in 2000 determined much such land throughout the country.

Parts of the new National Forest allow access but some only along designated footpaths. The country parks largely allow free access as do many areas with the National Parks the first of which was formed in 1951.

The birth of the movement which ended with the first parks being created is often put down as the time in 1932 when about 500 people went out on the mass trespass of Kinder.

Three years later the Ramblers Association was formed and after continuous pressure the 1949 National Parks and Countryside Act started the process of opening up the hills which the CRoW Act (right to roam) is continuing.

A less publicised part of the Countryside and Rights of Way Act 2000 (Crow) was aimed at improving and defining our rights of way network. Unfortunately 30% of our existing network is unusable at any given time and this is slowly rising. Some problems are temporary where farmers are slow restoring routes after ploughing but most are due to obstacles or dilapidation which it is the responsibility of local councils to make good

Also of great importance to us were the clauses about claiming unrecorded footpaths based on historic evidence. Any not claimed by the end of 2025 will no longer be able to be claimed using such evidence.

New proposals to modernise the process of recording rights of way, developed in consultation with groups such as the Ramblers and Country Land and Business Association, were expected to cut the time taken to record a right of way by as much as several years, so that routes set to be lost in 2026 can be preserved.

All unrecorded footpaths and bridleways created before 1949 cannot be recorded after 1 January 2026. This 'cut off' date by which to claim these historical rights of way was set in the CRoW Act but it requires an order in council to trigger it accompanied by official guidelines.

As well as supposedly making it easier for walkers, horse riders and cyclists to protect unrecorded rights of way, the proposed system is expected to save almost £20 million a year by cutting needless bureaucracy.

No changes are being made to the protections for rights of way; rather proposals have been made to make the process of recording or changing them more efficient.

Landowners' applications to move a right of way will continue to be approved only if they do not affect the public's enjoyment of it, in which case it will be more straightforward for landowners to see them through.

Under logical new plans, paths and trails that are used by the public will be easier to protect, whilst redundant routes and unsubstantiated rights of way claims will be prevented from getting in the way of farming and business interests.

It all sounds great but there is a big BUT!

We are now only 4 years from cut off and as yet they have not made the order to change the processes and we labour in the old bureaucratic way trying to get some registered

There is no indication that the deadline will change and yet we are deprived of the tools to do the work

It also appears that the much heralded change in the support given to hill farmers whereby they would provide better access to the hills in exchange for public grant support has been quietly dropped - it seems missing from current legislation starting the parliamentary process.

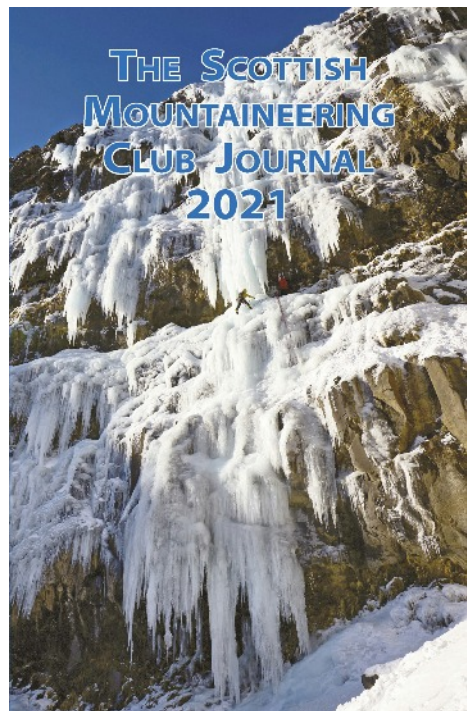
It is hard not to jump to the conclusion that lobbying by vested interest groups has made government change direction which is not good news for those who enjoy the high hills.

Scottish Mountaineering Club

We have now received the 2021 edition of their journal and at just short of 400 pages there is a lot of content on a wide variety of subjects.

Numerous new routes are listed and there are musings on the naming of routes.

As usual it will end up in our library for those who wish to refer to it.



Gallery



Ladies salute Becca Humphreys -
the President Elect



The President and Secretary
planning something

and Becca at the
Annual Dinner



Gentlemen
in rapt
attention





All enjoying a convivial dinner in Stoney Middleton

Creature Comforts
Social meet, Langdales



Obituaries and Appreciations

ALBERT R CHAPMAN

1935-2021

YRC 1955-2021

President 2000-2002

Albert, or Bertie as he was occasionally known by his wife Sam, was born near Keighley, attended Keighley Boys Grammar School and was employed in the highways department of Bingley Urban District Council from his late teens.

He joined the surfacing firm Limmer and Trinidad, learned the trade and broke out on his own forming the firm Chapman Ryan and finally Blacktop.....highway repair the smell of asphalt and road maintenance were what he knew.



Some of the tales that he told about those times made plots from Boys from the Black Stuff seem rather tame. The business came to an abrupt halt when two clients defaulted on major payments and the banks foreclosed, forcing the business into receivership. It's a measure of his character that he started up again and repaid all creditors.

Never interested in team games as a spectator or player 'the hills' became his lifelong passion. The year of him joining the Club, 1955, coincided with the election of a noted bunch: Smithson, Brown, Armstrong, all of whom became YRC Presidents, he in 2000-2002.

He was an immediate Club bright spark and over the next 60 years or more became a vivid comet involved in so many Club activities. He variously ambled, rambled, scrambled, climbed, skied and more recently ventured to several of the remote corners of the Himalayas. His enthusiasms only diminished after the death of his wife some 5 years ago. Never in the time I knew him did he go potholing though I know he had some adventures underground in his early days in the Club.

After a divorce in the 70's he relocated to Scartop, the highest habitation to the summit of Whernside, a peak he must have climbed probably more times than any other human being. I was with him when he first viewed it and considered it a write off, but he had set his mind on it and so it was transformed into his pride and joy !



He built a swimming pool which could be seen, by some with raised eyebrows, from the summit! He often persuaded gullible friends that if they looked very carefully from the summit they would see the Eiffel Tower, and, with a mischievous pause, said he meant Blackpool Tower.

He had a passion for dogs....big dogs ! He had a succession of Newfoundlands and an Irish Wolfhound and some will remember the effort need to to get a 65kg hound over a Dales style.

His proudest moment, whilst he was President, was to attract the Chinese Ambassador to the Court of St James to be the chief guest at the YRC annual dinner. The Ambassador brought his wife and security guard who was an ex-MIG fighter pilot, the latter having developed a love of English draught ale! None had been in the house of an ordinary Englishman, though I am not sure whether Scartop qualified for this description.

Though the darling of the Club grandees of the 70's and 80's he refused to submit to their dead hand in choices of meet venues. Venues that changed little in the yearly cycle. He inaugurated invitational breakaway Whit meets to Ireland, The Hebrides and the Pyrenees.

(See article 'The Way We Were' page 60)

He was an enthusiast. No job for the Club was too much trouble and his proximity to Lowstern enabled to attend to problems immediately. He was instrumental in lobbying for the further extension of the recent rebuild. (Opened by Alan Brown in 1988).

He was also one of the LHG barn subcommittee which completed the project because of the drive of Gordon Humphreys. Albert was bemused that although he approached the YRC committee with a plan to remedy the LHG track problems forever, they never managed to get the National Park and Cumbria County Council to see that we had a man with the expertise to do the job; and so the inadequacy remains.

Albert and his late wife frequently entertained Club members at Scartop and often provided trays of nibbles when meets were held nearby.

He was proud to be a member of the country's oldest climbing club, the Alpine Club, but fierce in his allegiance to the YRC.

Earlier he had a passion for schooners of sweet sherry but never understood the attraction of beer.

He climbed in the Alps mainly in the 60's and in Corsica with Tim Smith. But his main new initiative and focus was the Himalayas and his selling of the notion to the Club.

He first went to Annapurna on a trip organised by Alf Gregory (of Everest fame) for keen photographers. This was to be the start of various trips spread over 15 years. Albert developed a strong relationship with Motup Goba since the 1995 YRC Jugal Himal expedition where they first met. Motup also recalls Albert's sense of humour who was always teasing him that he managed to get into the Nanda Devi sanctuary before him.

Albert strenuously opposed the membership of women but when the change was made his daughter, Rachel, became one of the first women members.

He and I walked , climbed and skied together on very many occasions but I never joined him in the Himalayas....a regret ! He was never a peak bagger but had on his list most of the prominent Munros.

And so our loveable, generous, enthusiastic, funny, eccentric, infuriating friend of decades was laid to rest in the churchyard of Chapel-le Dale church in the company of a small group of mourners. Had it taken place in other times the parish church of Ingleton would have been full with a huge contingent from the YRC. The plot is appropriately dominated by the western slopes of Ingleborough and accompanied by a wooden shafted ice axe which was with one of the party, including him, on the winter traverse of the Aonach Eagach in 1977.

In Arnold Bennett's 'The Card' the hero asks 'What great cause was he identified with?' The reply 'He was identified with the cause of cheering us all up'.

Thank you Albert.

You can lose lifetimes in handfuls of words. He was my friend: 4 words.

David Handley

Those of us who have been in the Club for decades could all add anecdotes about Albert and my wife thought he was called Albert Ear. He was forever calling and saying Albert 'ere.



Albert



David Smith giving Albert a push up.

Bill Woodward hanging on to Albert



Barrie Wood

Barrie, a former member, died in December, after a long battle against cancer. As Hut Warden he will long be remembered for masterminding the project to install the current catering-standard kitchen.



The YRC has two properties available for hire by kindred organisations.

Often empty midweek they can also be used by members and their families.

**To book either cottage contact Richard Josephy
bookings@yrc.org.uk**



Lowstern, Clapham, North Yorkshire



Low Hall Garth, Little Langdale, Cumbria

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THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB

**EXPLORATION, MOUNTAINEERING
AND CAVING SINCE 1892**

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