



THE YORKSHIRE MOUNTAINEER

Issue 370

February 2017

FORTHCOMING MEETS

February	12	Holmfirth – Ramsden Reservoir Car Park – SE115055 – Pete Fenlon:
	26	Kettlewell – Car Park SD968724: Martin Girt:
March	10/11	Coniston Hut – Club Meet –
	10/13	Scottish Winter Meet – SMC Raeburn Hut, Dalwhinnie NN636909 – David Girt
	26	ThrusCross – Car Park SE153574 – Graham & Kath Willis:
April	13/16	Coniston Hut – Easter Meet – Navigation Training: Ken Tilford
	22	Cow & Calf, Ilkley – “Novice Climbing Meet” - Car Park SE130467: Jonathan Carter
	23	Cow & Calf, Ilkley – “Progression to Rock” – Car Park SE130467: Jonathan Carter
	28/30	Coniston Hut – May Break –
May	20	Pen y Ghent – Novice Members – Mountaineering Introduction Meet Horton Car Park SD807727 – Jonathan Carter:
	21	Twistleton Scar (Ingleton) – “Progression to Rock” – Roadside Parking SD717477 Jonathan Carter:
	26/28	Coniston Hut – Spring Break –

TUESDAY LUNCH MEETS

Feb 14 - Toby Carvery, Keighley
Mar14 - Angel Carvery, Bruntcliffe Road, Morley
Apr 11 - Calverley Arms, Rodley Lane, Calverley
May 9 - Hare and Hounds, Menston
June 13 - The Stubbing Wharf, King St, Hebden Bridge

Meet at noon for an afternoon of gourmet eating and scintillating conversation.

For further information, please contact Derek Field

As Spring approaches, the mind automatically conjures visions of a new season ahead; outdoor activities to be enjoyed, whether meticulously planned or spontaneously chosen. At home or abroad, participating in Club activities or not, optimism is likely to abound. One should hope so anyway.

And so the Club itself looks forward with optimism. Changes made within the last few months seem to have had a positive effect: vacant administrative posts are being filled slowly; a change in the qualification process for people wishing to join the Club has resulted in a considerable increase in applications; and after a lengthy delay the YMC Meetup Group has been formed, with the prime objective being to attract its unattached members in becoming permanently involved with the Club. At the time of writing, 143 individuals have signed up to this group. All that is now needed is the support of existing members in attending club meets, all of which are incorporated into the Meetup itinerary (Housekeeping and Winter Meets excepted).

There are also four meets in April/May/June aimed specifically at Novice members for climbing, mountaineering and progression to rock. Participation of existing club members would again be beneficial in the recruitment process.

The approach of Spring also focuses attention on the forthcoming Annual General Meeting scheduled to take place in March. The Club is confident that all vacant posts apart from Newsletter Editor, President and Vice President will be filled on March 9th. All the documentation relating to this meeting has been included in this issue and appears on pages 11 to 15.

Members are requested to make every effort to attend and should note that the venue has been changed: this is now Thornfield House, Morley and for those who have yet to visit the premises, directions are shown below.

There is still a lack of meet reports being sent in by members: this issue contains only two 'recent' Meet articles, Scugdale from August and the first YMC Meetup in January. This means that at least 6 meets from August onwards have no story to tell.

Luckily one former member and one long-time member submitted fairly lengthy articles, albeit one from 1980, and they are included in this issue. But there are none as yet submitted for inclusion in TYM 371, due out in May. Reports do not need to be of epic *War and Peace* proportions: members' help is needed to make TYM an interesting and worthwhile publication.

WELCOME

Since the last issue of The Yorkshire Mountaineer several people have joined the Club, mostly as Aspirant members. They are listed below and we would like to give them a warm welcome to the Club:-

Alexandra Sharp
Alex Woodford
Amit Shah
Ben Gilbert
Mark Pedlar
Bethany Sampson

May their association with us be a long and happy one.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Thursday March 9th at 8.15pm

Thornfield House [Masonic Hall]
Bruntcliffe Road
Morley
Leeds
LS27 0QG

Location is on the A650 Bradford-Wakefield Road between Junctions 27-28 on the M62.

Please be aware that the drive entrance is quite dark and that a slow approach is recommended. A map is available on the contact tab on the web opening page.

Website: <http://www.thornfieldhouse.co.uk>

HOW TO SUPPORT NOVICE CLUB MEMBERS

This popular training event will take place over the weekend of 6-7 May at Plas-y-Brenin. The weekend will include theory sessions on the principles of teaching and learning skills in the outdoors, issues around duty of care, insurance implications and good practice all delivered by experts in their field. The majority of the weekend will consist of practical sessions on the teaching of climbing, hill walking, scrambling and navigation skills.

When booking a place, members will need to choose which practical sessions in which they wish to participate. The choices are:

Saturday (morning)

Everyone doing indoor sessions

Saturday (afternoon)

Single pitch rock climbing:

Teaching movement skills, footwork, balance, crag safety, wall to rock OR

Hill walking:

Teaching navigation skills.

Sunday (all day)

Single Pitch Rock Climbing:

Teaching safe belaying, supervising lead climbers, crag choice OR

Multi Pitch Rock Climbing:

Teaching safe belaying, supervising lead climbers, crag choice OR

Hill Walking:

Route choice, group management, navigation and Safety OR

Scrambling (introductory level skills):

Route choice, group management, safety, navigation.

The course fee includes full board and shared accommodation at Plas-y-Brenin whilst on the course.

The Club Committee at its last meeting agreed to fund any member wishing to attend this course; *there is an expectation that anybody who attends does assist in passing down the training to Novice members.*

If you are interested, don't delay: the Winter Skills Course advertised in TYM 369 was fully booked before any YMC member considered applying.

YMC MEETUP GROUP

Encouraged by the success of the London MC in attracting new members through the Meetup.com social website, the Committee saw the potential and accordingly launched the YMC's own Meetup Group on January 3rd 2017.

The response was quite satisfying, with over 90 people registering within the first week of the group's existence. The number of applicants since then has, perhaps expectedly, slowed and the total currently stands at 143 in just a shade over six weeks.

Other outdoor Meetup groups exist of course so the Club's policy must be to advertise itself in a way that will encourage the group's members to commit themselves to the Club permanently.

The request for YMC members to attend meets was made as an effort to portray a positive image: this has so far been successful, with positive feedback from the Meetup members.

Thanks must go to Jonathan Carter, our Meetup Organiser, for developing the project. If he receives continuing support then there is every chance of achieving a successful result.

For those who want to learn more about the Group, the email address is:

<https://www.meetup.com/Yorkshire-Mountaineering-Club/>

SCUGDALE MEET

Sunday August 7th – by Dave Girt

Present: Jane Wainwright, Kath and Graham Willis, Beth Sampson (Aspirant Member), Bev D'Arcy and Brian Beeken (Guests), Dave Girt.

Almost all managed to squeeze cars in to the tiny layby at Scugdale Hall and we set off nearly on time down the road, past Raikes Farm, across Snotterdale Beck and up past Fog Close (no fog close or far!) on an indeterminate line up the hillside where a ladies Craghoppers shirt was found (my size! but willing to return to rightful owner?), until the gate out on to open moorland was discovered. For the next 750 metres we battled slowly, much as the Hellawe Tribe, through head high bracken overgrowing the path, soaking our kit from the overnight rain, and sustaining scratches from the hidden bramble creepers.

Eventually we emerged out on to heather and at Gold Hill gained the Cleveland Way which we followed, halting for a brief elevenses overlooking Faceby Bank with fine views out to distant Swaledale and beyond. The forecast sun remained cloudbound and the cold westerly kept us moving along briskly to Carlton Bank café/campsite where we made use of the facilities, and searched in vain for Derek who had provisionally planned to meet us there. So we pressed on, up and over Cringle Moor halting on the descent for lunch, enjoying the fine view of Middlesborough out over Kirby Bank. From the col we trespassed due south on the woodland track to pick up the public footpath after 1 km, but new bulldozed tracks and fresh tree planting had our leader confused until Graham's GPS came to the rescue.

Redirected, we ended up in a field of Belted Galloways which we managed to beat to the distant stile at High Clay House where we startled the guard Labrador. Quickly the track passing Hall Garth was descended, and after our leader took us on a false turning we picked up the correct path to Raisdale Road. After Raisdale Mill the sunken muddy Mill Lane took us back up to a moorland col below Stoney Wicks where we opted to contour round to Barker's Craggs for a pot of scrambling/bouldering - and another snap stop. Dense bracken again made descent to the foot of the crags difficult and wreathed the boulders so no fierce ascents were made, but next time...! Rain threatened, so how to get back to the cars without battling the bracken again? Graham led off along the crag top and fortunately spied the descent path partially hidden, but thankfully clear enough for a comfortable return to Scugdale Hall. Thanks to all for an enjoyable day out; about 9 miles?

HEBDEN BRIDGE MEET

Sunday January 15th – by Derek Field

A very wet weather report proved to be correct for this meet as only three of the expected nine turned up outside the Rohan shop where ten members and their guests Mandy O'Shea and David Maltby were waiting. Our 3 Meetup people Lynn, Angela and Mike were offered a choice of going south to Studley Pike or north to Great Rock. North was chosen since they had all been to Stoodley Pike before; it was quite dry as we walked along the canal to the Pennine Way crossing but then rained heavily on the ascent of Jumble Hole Clough.

Lynn was feeling unfit and her jacket was letting in rain so she returned to Hebden Bridge. Passing Great Rock we then made for Blackshaw Head Chapel where we had lunch on sheltered benches and the ladies of the party were offered use of the toilet by two ladies of the Chapel who were just locking up.

By now the rain had stopped as we made our way down to Colden Water, crossing it by the clapper bridge and then by the ancient causey (stone causeway) past Lumb Bank, (a literary centre founded by by Ted Hughes) to Heptonstall where we visited the Old and New Churches. David Hartley, the King of the Cragg Vale Coiners was buried here in 1770 after being executed in York.

We then descended into Hebden Bridge where most of the party had a drink in the White Hart, by then we were all nearly dry in both senses. I think we got on very well with our guests and they are looking forward to the next Meetup at Kettlewell where we are hoping for a bit of snow on the hills.



CROCKS ON THE ROCKS

A TRAMP AROUND

TELENDOS

Dave Wilson

It's 08.00 and I hear the first sewing machine whine of bikes heading out to the crags. The forecast is more wind building to gale force over the next two days and this is our last day here: the plan, if it survives, is that tramp around Telendos, just the two of us, in our own time.

And our "own time" is late, after coffees, after midday – too late. It takes three tries before we find the start of the faint track behind the village (the Trail guide has been left in the car) and another hour plus to navigate the boulder field under "Wings for Life" – the huge cave in the rock face with its curtain of stalactites.

We follow the blue sometimes yellow splashes of paint on the rocks, ever upwards with an immense soaring cliff face always on our right. Under the pinnacles now, we leave the sunlight behind: it's cool, threading a maze of steep broken rock up and down gullies, through steep defiles sometimes blocked by short faces. There is the odd cairn, but no trace of the trail underfoot: route finding is challenging – where is the easy ground the map promised? We can hear the wind howling around the cliffs and cutting patterns on the sea and around Petli Island below: know too well we will have to battle this wind later.

Then our way is barred by the rotten remains of a fallen tree straddling a sharp narrow arête: this we have to delicately step over to find firmer ground beyond. There is another steep gully and no obvious way. Again, we pick a way through small cliffs and around rocky spurs, often following our noses, always with steep broken ground ahead and the cliff face to our right – when are we going to turn this hill?

When, eventually, we breast the ridge and can see the north coast of Kalimnos beyond, we don't meet open, easy ground but a series of steep, narrow rocky ridges reminiscent of the Cuillins, climbing towards the summit. Now we also have the fierce north wind blowing across them – umph! But, where there's a Will, there's a way. We traverse under them, Anne Marie discovering rock climbing skills she never knew she had: bridging, laying back on flakes, delicate tip-toeing across faces!

Finally, though it looked improbably steep from where we were, we found ourselves at the foot of a steep gully leading up to the summit plateau, but

with an ancient, high dry stone wall barring the way: this too had to be climbed, gingerly. Now we thought, our worries were over: easy ground to the summit and down to the chapel; it was now after four in the afternoon and the shadows were stretching away before us. Unfortunately, we strayed off to follow a line of cairns, known, we discovered later, as the Philistine's Path, ran into foul ground and had to battle through prickly country. By now the light was fading fast and it was in the after-light that suddenly, there below us, we saw a glimmer of white, the chapel: we had almost passed it. Very carefully now we descended, zig-zagging between crags and over scree until in the very last of the light we found ourselves in the ruins of the Byzantine village and facing a high blank wall; somehow we had found our way into the ruins of an open-topped cistern. The wee chapel was cosy and intimate, out of the cold wind, a haven of peace and quiet. Soon, altar candles threw a warm yellow light on the ancient frescoes lining the hemispherical apse, all that remained of the chapel, and we sat relaxed facing each other; took stock. It was after seven now and pitch black outside. We had food, plenty of water and warm clothes, compass and head torch and we knew there was a way down from here, from last year's excursion. Sat there, warm and comfortable in the glow of the candles, I thought it would be magical to overnight there, but the stone floor I knew would quickly cool us down and there were folk on the other side who would be worrying where we were.

The moon hadn't risen yet and the LED torch was a cheapo, not giving much light. Slowly, very slowly, we edged downward towards the noise of

the sea breaking on the shore, zigzagging right and left, following any visible weakness between the outcrops and crags, sometimes without reference in the dark, struggling not to lose our balance, finally arriving at a wooden sign pointing upwards to climbing crags. Again, we shuffled down towards the sound of the sea, eventually found the coastal path, but often lost it again where it crossed rocky ground.

We had to re-trace our footsteps – the moon was not quite strong enough to light our way so it was just after ten that night when we reached the first street lamps on Telendos and another five minutes before we reached the lights of the only taverns still open. There were three guys sat there chewing the cud and one of them recognised us from earlier in the day. Is there a ferry I asked, more in hope than anything. No, the last one went at 8.30 because of the storm!

Oops! A phone call was made and out of the deep shadows the Captain appeared and silently motioned, follow me, just as the beer I had ordered arrived – bugger!



Telendos South Face

The caique's big engine was fired up, there was a rumble and the vessel slid into the deep darkness, gathering speed, lurching and sliding sideways on the cross seas and on towards distant pinpricks of light on Kalimnos – within the dog house all was darkness, the skipper concentrating without a word.

There was no navigation light to guide him, only a blaze of shore lights, but he knew his waters, knew which light marked the end of the harbour wall. There were unseen silly grins on our faces as we both did a mental re-run of the day. What silly buggers we were – both of us – before the Captain skilfully swung the stem onto car tyres lining the quay, signalling jump! The beers went down easy.

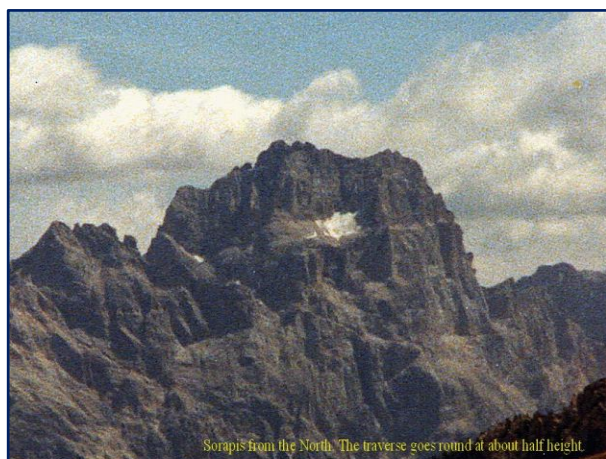
PS. The guide book did warn that this was a full day's walk and was serious, but how serious is serious? Our only excuse is we didn't think we would get past the pinnacles and would turn back. But someone, I can't remember who, declared they weren't for turning back and we were almost halfway by then.

I certainly didn't expect Anne Marie to exhibit such willingness, such climbing skills; surmounting faces and cliffs with exposure and no easy way back – a braw woman!

And the Crocks were all I had to wear on my feet. Not ideal!

TOFANA and SORAPIS

Adventures from 1980 & 1981 – by Alan Braddock



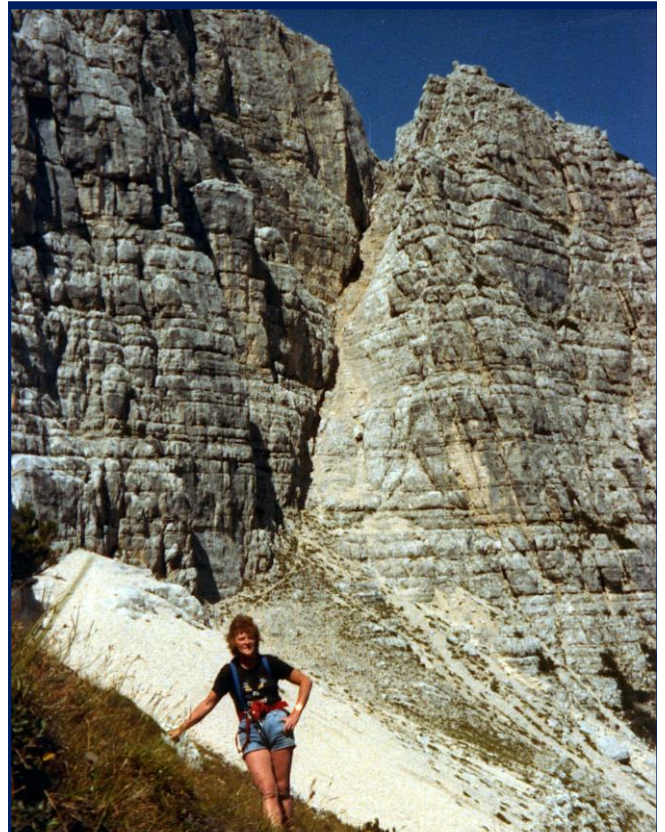
Sorapis from the North. The traverse goes round at about half height.

Enid and I first went to Cortina in 1980. The circumstances were a little odd. At the time our daughter had a girl friend from University who wanted to go Somewhere Abroad for hols. For some reason it made sense to take the girls to Italy and let them loose with a tent. What horrors befell them upon this expedition are lost beneath or inextricably mangled by the chariot wheels of time; my only recollection is that we ejected them from the car at the top of the Sella Pass with a map and agreed a rendezvous some days hence in Cortina and some of the time the weather was bad but mostly it was good.

Somehow we found them again, camping by the road outside a campsite, - scrounging free showers and toilet facilities by sneaking past the eagle-eyed guardian (no longer possible, by the way) - and it was agreed that we would all go up to the Rifugio Guissani, spend the night and do things mountainous in the morning. I recall the sun as we struggled up the path from the Falzarego road, beating back on us from the immense golden crag that is the South Face. There was Enid's favourite flower, Alpine Toadflax (*Linaria alpina*) in the scree and Spring Gentian (*Enziana verna*) among the grass but the tunnel entrance which forms the start of the Via Ferrata was cold and icy and water dripped. A large party of Italians half our age was also engaged in threading their way up the crag and for some time we were passing and re-passing each other until we came to the only strenuous arm work on the climb when Enid and I got ahead by being rather impolitely decisive about the way to go.

The rock was red and orange, the wires in some places had sharp loose strands which stuck into our fingers and the easy exposed terraces were strewn with casual stones and occasional debris left by former parties. It was a good day at that moment and we lunched on a broad ledge overlooking the Val Travenanzes. This ledge is an obvious feature of this face of the mountain and nowadays the continuation Via Ferrata to the summit has been made to go to the right up the crags above but on our first visit the way was broken by a rock fall so we carried on clockwise around the cliffs to the long northern slope passing on the way the 'Tre Dita', rock pinnacles which highlight the edges of many postcard views.

The distance was full of mountains and sun and we went high. Enid became tired and unhappy towards the top and the weather was getting colder but I made her go on with unkind words, knowing her unjustified self-doubt on snow, leading up easy snowfields without axes, but we got there. The summit is a ridge with plenty of room to admire the view but it was cold and starting to get cloudy with long streamers passing across the horizon. It was not for a while a cheerful occasion.



Descent to the Rifugio Guissani became much easier than we had expected, picking a way down easy angled flat crags, rather like an extended seashore and we recovered our good humour round the fire and outside a litre of vino and a minestrone. I have a picture of Enid and the girls smiling from the top window above the hut sign.

A long time later, 1995 to be exact, Dave Duffield and I repeated the first part of the route. The Via Ferrata had been repaired a little, seemed a bit more technical, ladders were absent except in the tunnel, all the ropes were new and it was a hot day. The weather was nevertheless uncertain and we were late so we left the summit for another day. The path down to the Rif. Guissani seemed less simple than before and Room 2 in the hut had nice clean blankets, interior sprung mattresses and duvets.

Sorapis. The tour

It was an incredibly hot day when Enid & I set off from the top of the Passo Tre Croce. Once Path 215 had been found, the way was unmissable, there being a sign pointing the way to the Rif Vandelli at approximately every two hundred metres. This is also the route of Alta Via 4 and is popular with boy scouts; we encountered a continuous stream of these as we struggled up the path between the rhododendrons and latschen pines. This path was interesting since it was a) narrow and b) reinforced by wooden supports and ladders over a considerable drop (a Via Lignata?) but there was nothing real to worry about and we finally got to the Vandelli up a sandy track beside the lake. The lake was low and the famed view across to the Dito di Dio, the pointed peak prominent above it, was clear but un-reflected. The hut was not particularly full and we found somewhere to sleep without problems. There was a lot of nice woodwork, a fireplace in one

corner and a guitar but no-one was playing. Meals were not a problem either but what we asked for was eggs and there were no eggs. There was wine; it came from litre bottles which looked very old, not to say venerable; a fact explained when Enid chanced upon the proprietor filling them from a bulk supply in plastic containers. There was the usual minestrone of course and pasta as well, also bistecca, but no eggs. Oh well, tomorrow we will go for a walk.

We honestly did not set out to perform heroics. The standard expedition is to go from the Vandelli to the east around the Cresta del Fogo via the exposed but simple Via Ferrata Alfonso Vandelli. In this direction there is a superb view to the north, including Cristallo, the Cadini di Misurina and the Tre Cime di Lavaredo. Not wishing to miss this we set off early, nearly as early as the Germans in fact, two of whom we noticed a little way ahead of us. The weather was perfect, clear and cool, small puffs of cloud very high above and a view clear to Austria beyond the western edge of Cristallo. We made surprisingly good time, coming suddenly upon the Bivacco Comici at 2000 metres barely any higher than the Rif. Vandelli (1928m).

We had not previously inspected one of these bivacci; it seemed to be an odd place to put an emergency shelter, since it was hardly above the tree line, stuck into a small gully and easily accessible from the Val di San Vito. Well we had a drink and a bit of chocolate and carried on across the hillside over ribs of shaly rock when I noticed an arrow pointing up the hill and a red-painted legend, 'Scorziatoia'. Well in for a penny in for a pound, it didn't seem to be far up the hill and I was sure that this meant there was a short-cut.



I was of course right, but the innocuous scree slope we ascended gave way to a steep and crumbly descent gully on the other side of the rib of rock the 'Scorziatoia' was intended to circumvent. Oh dear. I recall straddling the gully walls, easy climbing but friable and unsafe, ahead of Enid and gradually working our way down the steep upper section, sand and loose rock falling ahead of us on the way.

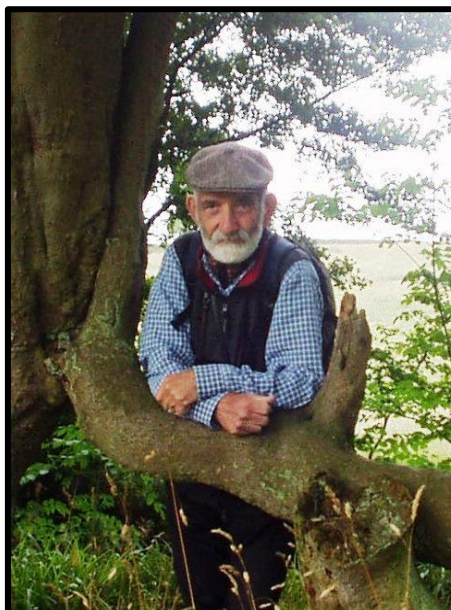
At the bottom we had another drink and I took a snap of Enid who looks extremely fit when I look at the picture nowadays. There seemed little else to do so we pressed on around the Sentiero Carlo Minazio, which follows an unlikely ledge clockwise around the mountain for three kilometers, according to the map. Along this ledge, over halfway actually, we were surprised to be overtaken by the two Germans we had earlier seen ahead of us. Well there was something in favour of the short-cut after all. There is no sensational story about the path. In exposed places it was protected by a wire rope, insecurely stapled to the mountain and in some places there was no wire where one might have thought one appropriate. Not for us of course, oh no. Well perhaps not. We crossed the hillside, now less precipitous, to where an obvious track led off to the south (left) in the direction of the Forcella Grande and the Rif. San Marco. Not knowing any better and assuming that where the two Germans had gone we might easily follow, we turned right. Up again, scree, and we were on a shoulder next to the second bivouac hut, the Bivacco Slataper.

Mid-afternoon break time and a short conference. We were on the Southwest corner of the mountain and we needed to get to the North so we were therefore over halfway round. Traversing easy ochre-coloured scree with some lumps in it; it therefore seemed appropriate to carry on walking in a clockwise direction. Above us, mighty cliffs towered into the perfect blue sky and to the South, the unmistakable triangle of the Antelao - second peak of the Dolomites - loomed great against the distance; in what better place could we be? The path as before, cut across a slope of scree and around the several buttresses of this flank of Sorapis. We came at about four o'clock to a steep descent where a series of ropes and ladders clambered down a narrow gully, the last major obstacle. The path now led to a broad ledge of scree and rocky outcrops, uncomfortable walking at the close of a long day but by now we could see that we were doing well; a view of Cortina from the final shoulder of slaty rock confirming this and we tramped with stoical determination down the last stones to the lakeside and the hut.

Well, what a reception ! Cheers and applause from a large group of Germans, the friends of the two men ahead of us! Truthfully I suppose the congratulations were mainly for Enid, but it was really satisfying to fill in the Hut Book "Expeditions undertaken" section with "Umrundung von Sorapis" and to sit down to a litre of wine, a litre of bottled water and eggs!

OBITUARY – RON ELLIOTT

By Alan Braddock



Former YMC President Ron Elliott died last year at the age of 88.

Browsing through the Archive of the Yorkshire Mountaineering Club from 1963 onwards (yes, that far back), you will often come across the name of Ron Elliott either as Meet Leader, Meet Reporter or participant.

Ron had a career in the Merchant Navy but after leaving, his home life was seldom easy, having a seriously disabled brother and a visually impaired and domineering mother - escaping by joining the YMC in February 1963. He was (in 1971) the first YMC person I met and we got along very well from the start, having not only an interest in rock-climbing but having similar tastes for all aspects of the outdoor life – birds (Ron was a knowledgeable bird-watcher), flowers, camping, long walks, darts, singing and Scotland – Ron was starting on his eventual conquest of the Scottish Munros. A very regular attender on meets at all times of the year in all weathers he was also a frequent and amusing compiler of meet reports.

He had done routes in the Alps, with Peter Calam, but we were only once able to tempt him with the Dolomites, where he confined himself to walking. His great love I suspect was the ‘out of doors’, he used to say that he had been born again at the age of 35. An entertaining companion with an encyclopaedic memory for people and footpaths, he would often amaze us with some anecdote about paths that we had followed as much as twenty years previously.

In July 1972, being then a Vice-President of YMC, the sad death of Peter Calam propelled him temporarily into the Presidency, a post which he subsequently held for several years. We climbed together quite often, especially when I was able to drag him away from the Lake District to do things in the Llanberis Pass and thereabouts. Latterly he became a keen cyclist and also an enthusiastic member of the ‘Conisborough Ramblers’, a group of (mostly) professional gentleman walkers based in the Huddersfield area. of whom he also had (as well as the YMC) the distinction of being elected President. Whatever he did, Ron always enjoyed himself; he was mostly a neat and tidy climber (and also one of the few I knew being able to cook safely in a tent..), I recall him leading the final crack on the Nose Direct of Dinas Mot without a shoulder (which I always found hard) and unperturbably following me on Great Slab on Cloggy, the first pitch of which is harder for the second.

He was a friend to all, a cheerful companion and a splendid walker and climber in all weathers. Such people tend to be few and far between, especially now that climbing has become a sport rather than an adventure. We miss him.

Ronald Elliott: climber, walker and good companion. 1-Feb-1928 to 13-May-2016

SOME MEMORIES OF DAVE DUFFIELD

By Bev Barratt

It was sad news to read of the passing of Dave last year. He lived in Guiseley in the 60s and 70s when I lived in Yeadon and we got to know each other quite well through our membership of YMC. I think I first met him at a party given by Dennis Gray who also lived in Guiseley then. Dave was a regular attendee of club meets and we often spent days together on the hill and crag.

A typical day was on Buckbarrow Crag in Long Sleddale where the club had annual weekends for many years. We spent the whole day doing route after route until very late. The main reason being more thoughts of what to do in the evening than ticks in the guidebook as we had seen, far below in the morning, a farm dog eating all the food in my tent which seemed to have been inadvertently left open. We probably eventually went down to that then famous nearby café on the A6, the name of which escapes me and which seems to have disappeared since the onset of the M6. Another memory is of an early visit to Langcliffe Quarry. There we spent several hours of danger to life and limb on a pile of rubble reputed to be a route. It reminded me of a sentence by Menlove Edwards when describing a new Welsh climb of his: “The rock hereabouts had been badly put together”. We managed to leave the rubble sideways. Bren Jones and I actually managed to complete it some weeks later, but not before running out of petrol on the way there and witnessing a monster rock fall before we even set foot on the crag. Another favourite venue of the club in the 60s was an Easter camping meet in Glen Etive. On one of these Dave and I spent two days ticking off peaks in complete wipeouts. We were sure we got to the tops concerned as he was a master route finder in those conditions.

Another visit to Scotland was a club outing in February 1972 to the CIC Hut on Ben Nevis. I drove up in my battered old car with Dave and John Syret as passengers and we amazingly got there without a breakdown. Six members were there as well as some well known names of the time, including Roger Baxter Jones, of whom more later. The club six got in a mass ascent of NE Buttress in good snow and ice but poor visibility which became a complete wipeout on top. Dave showed his skill again. He marched us on a certain bearing for a particular number of paces, then another bearing for another fixed distance, and lo and behold, we were at the summit! Similar work took us to the edge of the descent gully! I was impressed. But other interesting things were to come that week. On the way home we stopped at Edinburgh to see theatrical friends of Dave. That evening we saw the play they were putting on, then spent the night sleeping on the theatre stage. Not many people do that! These were some of my personal memories, but two more events involving Dave with others are worth recording. I am not sure when it was but a party of four club members had the misfortune to spend a cold night on Buchael Etive Mor. Three of them were bitterly cold, but Dave apparently sat unmoving all night, practising, he claimed, Buddhist meditation.

Finally, one great effort for which he should be long remembered. Ever since the club cottage started to be used in 1972 we had been discussing the possibility of walking from there to Pillar, doing a route, and walking back again, all within a day. Some time after I came to live in Wales he achieved this with Roger Baxter Jones. I am not sure what route they did, but it was a VS and they arrived back at the hut on the same day – an effort worthy of recording in the club’s annals. Long live his memory. As well as Dave, John Syret and RBJ have both passed away. It makes one feel very old but lucky!

COMMITTEE MATTERS

From the September and November meetings

- Official notification had been received from Tony Crosby regarding his resignation as Newsletter Editor. The Secretary was to produce the next issue [369] in A4 format.
- In view of poor attendances at Club Hut Meets on Bank Holidays, it was decided that in 2018 the hut would not be exclusively reserved for YMC Members on these dates..
- Prize money for the Photographic Competition was increased by £10 per category and now stood at: Overall Prize £30, Other Prizes £20 and Junior Prize £20
- Expensive items were reported as being stolen from the main kitchen area so an inventory system was to be set up to monitor stock levels.
- The multi fuel stove in the members cottage was to be replaced during the summer.
- Alterations to the Membership Renewal Forms were to be made in order to comply with CASC rule changes. An explanatory note was to be included with this form.
- The Coniston Hut had been completely re-painted internally and faulty windows had been repaired.
- It was agreed that the problems which existed with the new website needed resolving quickly. The appointment of a Media Secretary to co-ordinate all aspects would facilitate this.
- The grant received from the BMC had enabled the purchase of basic climbing equipment which would be available for members use.