

# The Yorkshire Mountaineer



Issue 368

February 2016



## ***In this issue ...***

- **Results of the 2015 photo competition and the winner of the The Yorkshire Mountaineer writer of the year award**
- **Meet reports**
- **The Pennine Way**
- **Stories by a former BMC land access representative**

## Editorial

Bev Barratt the author of 'A week of backache' published in this issue, sent me a letter with his story to remind me and others in the YMC, this year is the 75th anniversary of the club's formation. He suggests that the anniversary should be celebrated with the publication of a printed journal, along the lines of the excellent journal 'YMC 50th Year Journal'. What does the membership think? Let me or a member of the YMC committee know your views.

When I look back through the 50th Year Journal I count 28 authors. Some are no longer with us. Will authors contribute again? Will there be new volunteer authors? Has anything notable happened in the last 25 years that's worth writing about? Have you ideas about what the content should include? I am sure members have had numerous adventures. Ken Tilford took on the responsibility of editing the 50th Year Journal, would he be prepared to repeat the task?

### The YHA

Another reminder to readers, in 2015 the YHA was 85 years old. Is anyone willing to write an article of their experiences as a member? Do you go back to the good old days when you could not stay at a hostel if you arrived by car, and on each day of your stay a job had to be done to help the communal good of the hostel?

The pictures on the front cover are of Mont Blanc taken by Richard Walker. The top one is the overall winner of the YMC photo competition and the other is the winner of the landscape category. The photos entered by the winners of the other categories are shown on the back cover.

On the **10th March the 2016 Annual General Meeting**, is at the Black Bull, Birstall starting at 08.15pm. Please try to attend, meet other members and learn about the working of the YMC.

### The results of the photo competition

As editor I am able to view the entries and the results of the competition, I am always impressed by the variety of subject matter and the high standard of entries.

Our thanks goes to Pete Fenlon for again organising the competition and presenting the results and to all those who entered.

Some of the photos will appear in The Yorkshire Mountaineer and will be available to view on the website. The front cover of this issue shows Mont Blanc. Some of the photos are on the back cover.

## Results of photo Competition

### **L.W. Smith Trophy (Overall Competition)**

**1st** - Richard Walker.

1. Mont Blanc. 2. Mont Blanc.  
3. Mont Blanc.

**2nd** - Jane Wainwright 1. Buttermere  
2. Scafell, 3. Sol in the Cairngorms.

**3rd** - Caroline Phillips. 1. Easy  
day – Mont Blanc across Val Ferret.  
2. Morning Descent from Gran  
Paradiso. 3. The Rosengarten  
Circuit- Dolomites.

### **Dave Stott Trophy (Landscape Competition)**

**1st** - Richard Walker. Mont Blanc.

**2nd** - Jane Wainwright.  
Scafell, (joint 2nd)

**3rd** - Ian Gamble. Summit Ridge,  
Rosy, Poland (joint 2nd)

Twitter Account.

[@the\\_ymc](https://twitter.com/the_ymc)

Facebook

[Yorkshire Mountaineering Club](https://www.facebook.com/the_ymc)



### **The Golden Peg (Climb Competition)**

**1st** - Alan Swithenbank. Waleska,  
Ilkley Quarry (Robin Nicholson).  
(Winner Golden Peg).

**2nd** - Rachel Hunt. Croatia deep  
water soloing. (2nd Golden Peg).

**3rd** - Tony Crosby. VF Gianne Aglio,  
Tofana de Mezzo. Grade 5C.  
(3rd Golden Peg).

### **Junior Winners**

**1st** - Ben Sugden. Go on Dad.

**2nd** - William Hunt. John.

**3rd** - William Hunt.  
Crinkle Beck bouldering.

### **Funny Photos**

**1st** - Ian Gamble. What's that  
you're sitting on Elaine?

**2nd** - Alan Swithenbank. Marathon  
runner hits the wall.

**3rd** - Viv Swithenbank. But you  
haven't heard the punchline yet.

# The YMC No Bell Prize

## for literature 2015

by Jim Aveyard

Tempus fugit, faster and faster, or so it seems. I thought the ink had barely dried on last year's No Bell prize when up pop this year's offerings. Yet again the talent of the YMC members shines through. The photographs are excellent. They may not all be related to particular articles but they do illustrate what the YMC is about. Some are archive shots; some action shots, some aerial photographs and some hauntingly beautiful landscape shots. Put together they are a compendium of outdoor activity. The articles confirm this. They all convey the pleasure to be had from being in the special outdoors that the hills and mountains provide, especially when that pleasure is shared with friends of like mind and often long standing.

Enough mythering, down to business. Once again there has been a good deal of varied activity covered, winter meets, Scottish meets, joint meets at Coniston and enjoyable days out. One thing that intrigued me this time was the mix of old and new so I have decided to continue that theme. There were several articles referring to previous adventures from flood lighting Almscliff, the birth of a boulder at Hawkswick to YMC missionary work in Yosemite. For all that, and after several readings, I was drawn to the accounts of the ascents of Cenotaph Corner. Though there is nearly a quarter of a century between the two attempts the underlying

message was the same. This is a classic route that makes you work for a successful outcome. I failed dismally at separating these two articles so have broken with tradition and gone for a joint second place. Congratulations to Mike Bebbington for *Messing About on Welsh Rock* and to Adam Wainwright for *Cenotaph Corner*.

The winner this year is Tom Thompson's *Trans Alpine Babysitter*. Having had several weeks of sleep deprivation with a child suffering from colic I can empathise with his situation. The rest is a tale of frantic adventure, improvisation and last minute change of plans, just what days in the mountains are all about. The essence of the trip is contained in the adventure of the Brigata Tridentina route. Here was an enforced change of plans that led to a day of frantic yet controlled action yet still back in time for a shower. I may not have been there but I certainly got the flavour of it. Tom is a worthy winner.



## Cycling

There are many members of the YMC who have been, and some who still are keen road cyclists. Some will know Stephen Girt, a member until very recently. They will have attended meets with Stephen and often been rock climbing, mountaineering and hill walking with him. He was a committee member for two years and for one year the chairman of the Yorkshire and Humberside area of the BMC. Last year he gave up a professional career as a chemical engineer to set up a company providing cycling holidays and cyclist training.

If any YMC members are interested in a road cycling holiday or training camp in Alicante, the Alps, Dolomites, Pyrenees, Picos de Europa or sunny Yorkshire then please take a look at his website [www.infinityprocycling.com](http://www.infinityprocycling.com).

It is a UK company based in Leeds, which offers premium tours for those who want to experience riding like a pro-rider in a Grand Tour as part of a team, with full support and top quality accommodation. You can ride the roads of the Tour de France, Giro d'Italia, Vuelta a Espana or Tour de Yorkshire with Team Infinity.

The website is inspirational viewing. It might even get you to dust off your bike, don your helmet, and follow those interesting roads of the Yorkshire Dales!



## Skye 2015

### **THE DRIPPING WILL EVENTUALLY STOP**

Bill Stevenson and I (Graham Smith - Chester MC) have often joined Sean Kelly for Skye in May. This year we also invited Michel Bouyer a Pyreneen friend from Toulouse. Nigel Atkinson kindly helped improve Michel's English with lessons on whisky and phrases from Yorkshire.

We, experienced Skye veterans, are no strangers to Skye weather. When gale force wind, rain, hail, mist, sun, and snow all happen in the same day. There used to be an old water heater in the hut kitchen, which leaked and someone had written on the front 'the dripping will eventually stop'. It could also apply for the weather outside.

**By Graham Smith. May 2015**

With rain every day, we still did things. There's much to do. The rugged coast provides good serious walking, countless views of rocky spires and archways.

Caves and smaller peaks help maintain morale.

Then we came to the day of departure, yes, as always when leaving, the weather improved. It was not raining, although rain was forecast. Our first fine day was planned to be the Cioch, so off we went, departure could wait.



*Photo By: Graham Smith*

**Our entry, Central Gully. The rock was wet in places,  
but generally very good, typical Skye Gabbro.  
Michel in red is moving up**

# Skye 2015



*Photo By: Graham Smith*

**The end of the most exhausting pitch; an off vertical chimney with few holds, and with cold water gently cascading down over these holds. In these conditions fingers freeze up, followed by considerable pain as sensation comes back**

*Photo By: Graham Smith*



**Was taken some other year when the sun was shining, but included to show the Cioch and below the slab**



*Photo By: Graham Smith*

**Michel is climbing up Arrow Route on this slab, quite steep for an easy route, but generally excellently rough rock helps to maintain confidence**

# Skye 2015

Photo By: Graham Smith



**The top of Arrow Route. Bill is belaying, Michel is walking down the arete, which is quite exposed and leads to the final scramble**

**Finally standing on Cioch's table cloth summit. Those film fellows who have seen the Highlander will be aware of the Sword Fight that took place here**



Photo By: Graham Smith



Photo By: Graham Smith

**The descent from a belay which for a mountain environment was pretty good**

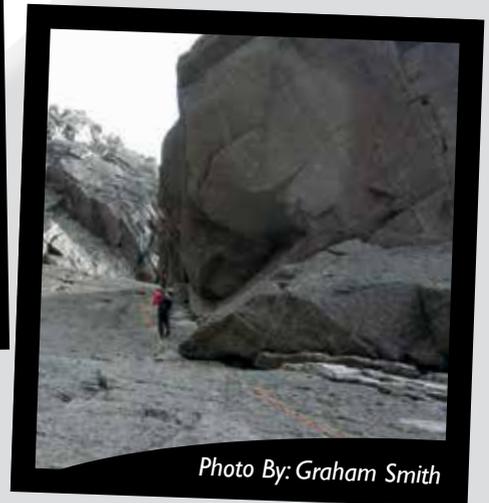


Photo By: Graham Smith

**Michel coming down over the slab, back onto the ledge. From there further scrambling leads back into the Coire**

**A great end to a very enjoyable week**

# Threshold

**August 2nd 2015 - by Dave Girt**

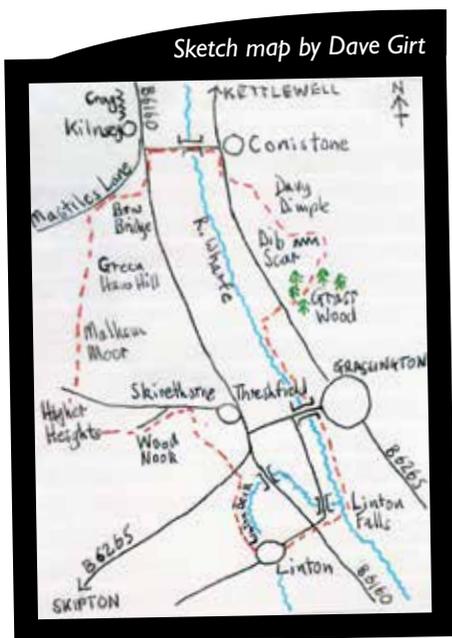
**Present:** Ann and Laurie, Graham and Kath, Jane, Andrew (Prospective Member), also Audrey and Dave

Meet Coordinator Derek was unfortunately hospitalised with severe indigestion which turned out to be a heart attack, so those assembled elected Dave to lead the walk. They need not have bothered as Derek had already assigned the role to Dave from his LGI bed! There's no keeping the man down!

elevenes was taken by most. Turning north we followed the bridleway across Hard Gate and on towards Kilnsey, the going firm to hard despite the poor Summer. After joining Mastiles Lane we forked off right on the footpath down to Bow Bridge, picking up the road to Conistone.

Our offer to join in the street cricket match in progress there was turned down brusquely with a ball driven at Andy's body so we turned for the footpath below Day Dimple taking us on to the valley of Dib Beck facing Dib Scar where, partially sheltered from the cool breeze, lunch was enjoyed.

The threatened rain had held off, but so had the heatwave! Refreshed, we entered and descended through Grass Wood picking up the path parallel to Grass Wood Lane before a sharp right dropped us down to cross it to find the riverside path. Unfortunately our proxy (poxy?) leader had failed to notice stragglers had dropped back out of sight, so valiantly he retraced our steps hoping to catch them before they walked all the way in to Grassington. Unknown to him, as he ascended, the stragglers descended by a different route, rejoining the rest of the party, while our leader tramped the tarmac to Grassington and through, fruitlessly scanning ahead for his missing charges.



On a chilly day with a forecast of rain by late morning then heatwave in the afternoon, Dave led off up through the Wood Nook caravan site and out into open country up to Higher Heights Holes ( nice illiteration!) where a quick

All were reunited at Linton Falls where we passed Bow Bridge (again!) on the road to Linton. Hard by the bridge over Linton Beck we took the footpath toward Threshfield, crossing the bridge over the abandoned railway line, then

across Tarns Lane (the Skipton road) and on across the beck and the fields to our cars at Skirethorne Lane. About 10 miles in about 5 hours. Apologies to those I lost on the way. Some say I should have tried harder!

## Buckden

**September 13th 2015 - by Dave Girt**

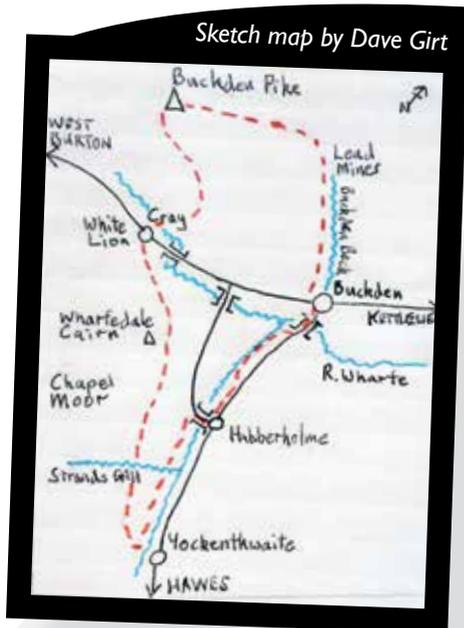
**Present:** Graham and Kath, Roger, Tony, Derek and Dave

After downpours the previous day it was heartening to gather in glorious sunshine, which lasted on and off all day.

via Hubberholme on the Dalesway to Buckden for an extended assessment of the refreshment facilities there. The rest set off up Buckden Beck for the summit of the Pike, passing a dead stoat? mink? on the path. The several waterfalls were spectacularly full and necessitated many photos.

The steep sides, limestone crags and waterfalls of Buckden Beck. Photo by Tony Crosby

A brief refuelling stop was taken at the lead mines. I was agreeably surprised how much footpath restoration has been done on the summit and approaches. The way is no longer a muddy boggy trudge. The summit cairn too seems to have been redesigned/relocated since my last visit, or is that just failing memory? After lunching on the slopes out of the cool breeze, we joined Derek's route at the White Lion (closed for renovation):



In light of his recent heart surgery, Derek opted for an easy? contouring low level walk ( 7-8 miles!) via Cray to Yockerthwaite stone circle, then back

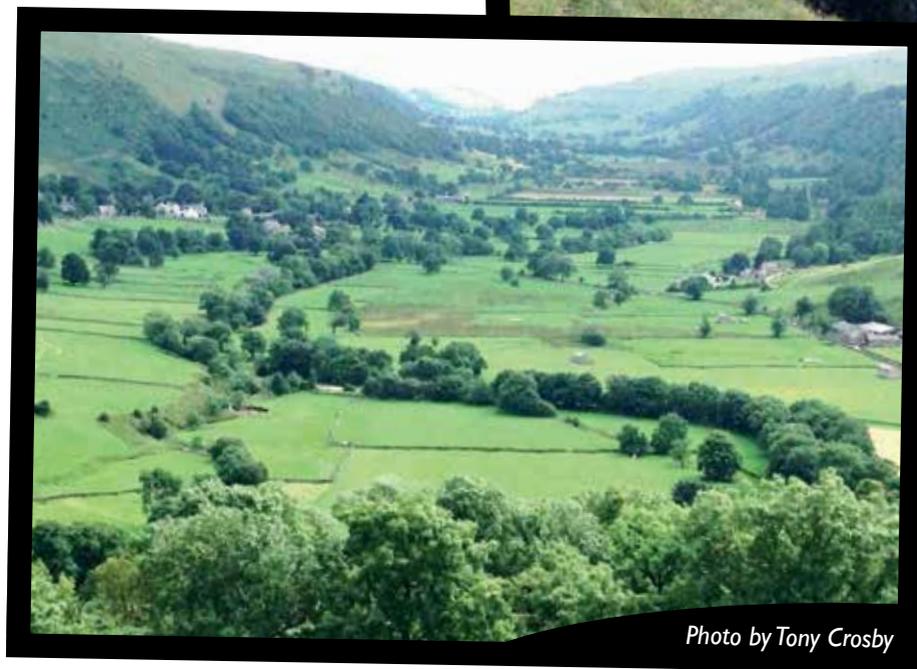
Graham and Tony diverted to enjoy the fine view from Wharfedale Cairn. We briefly considered a diversion to scale Strands Gill, before deciding to press

## Buckden

on to Yockenthwaite and a tea stop at Hubberholme. Sharing the Dalesway back to Buckden with a party of mainly (manly?) ladies embarked on repeating Wainwrights pre-war walk from Settle to Hadrian's Wall. We met Derek on the way who had long since exhausted the Buckden dining options. About 10 miles. Another good day out; thanks to all.

**The steep sides,  
limestone crags  
and waterfalls of  
Buckden Beck**

*Photo by Tony Crosby*



*Photo by Tony Crosby*

**Wharfedale viewed from Wharfedale Cairn**

# YMC/FRCC Joint Meet YMC Hut

## **COPPERMINES VALLEY CONISTON**

**4th - 9th October 2015  
by Jenny Hawkins**

It was great to be back at the YMC Hut again. Last year's weather had been dire, which may explain why this year there was only five of us, or maybe not. Whatever, there was space to spread out and the snorer even bagged a room to herself. Derek Field was recovering well from his recent heart attack but planned to take it easier than usual and the rest of us had modest plans for the week depending on the weather.

Following simple instructions from Tom Thompson before the meet, we soon had the measure of the efficient new stove and enjoyed a cosy smoke free hut each night. All agreed that it is a great improvement on the old stove.

Full of first day enthusiasm David Stephenson, Wendy Dodds, Jane Wainwright and myself left the hut in misty rain. We splashed over to Walna Scar Road, then across the common until an interesting geological trail led us to Tranearth (Lancashire Climbing Club) and welcome shelter in the lee of the hut for a look at the map. Wendy thought there may be good coffee to be had in Torver. Say no more, soon we were enjoying a great welcome and log fire in the Wilsons Arms, just what we needed.

Heavy rain and low cloud on Tuesday morning sent Derek, Jane & me scurrying off to the fleshpots of Ulverston. As the weather brightened we wandered along the canal bank to

the sea then followed the coast before turning inland to end at the Barrow Monument on the top of Hoad Hill in hot sunshine with magnificent views. Meanwhile back at the hut David had stayed in to tackle some work until the hot afternoon sun enticed him to abandon his books for the hills. Wendy had sped up The Old Man and back in rain, then the afternoon sun tempted her back up for a skinny dip in Levers Water and a bask in the heat to dry off.

Who'd have thought the weather would change so dramatically. The day ended down at the Black Bull for an evening of good food, great company and maybe a drink or two. The stars twinkling as we strolled back up the track to the hut boding well for tomorrow.

On Wednesday the mist hung low over Dow Crag, drifting in and out of the gullies, as David, Jane, Wendy and I descended Goats Hause. It was a relief to leave the squally summits of Coniston Old Man and Brim Fell and find relative calm to have a bite to eat. The climb up had been good with views backdown the valley, but mist swirled around and the wind strengthened as we approached the summit. Later, Wendy had to head for home but not before Derek had showed off his latest purchase from his day in Kendal, a classy Rohan jacket from the charity shop. A clear, dark night encouraged Derek out with his camera. He returned with

## YMC/FRCC Joint Meet YMC Hut

some atmospheric shots of lighted hut windows, erie shadows and sparkling stars.

Our last day was fine and dry. After making several trips to the village and back during the week Derek decided he should go further so disappeared with his camera up to Blue Quarries

and the Yewdale tops. David, Jane and I went up Swirl How via Swirl Hause and Prison Band, returning via Levers Hause and traversing to nose around Boulder Valley and the Pudding Stone. Our final evening followed the week's pattern - culinary delights, easy banter, good conversation, cosy fire and great company. Many thanks to all.



*Photo by David Stephenson*

**The YMC Cottage viewed from the hillside behind**

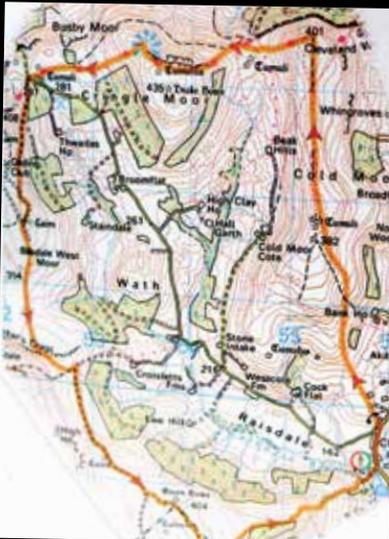
# Scugdale

**October 25th 2015 by Roger Goodall**

**Present:** Derek Field, Jane Wainwright, Martin Tetley, Dave Girt, Graham Willis, Kathryn Willis and Roger Goodall

This Meet is a bit of a mis-nomer as it stays in Bilsdale and not Scugdale.

*Map based upon O.S. Map*



We left the Lord Stones car park and followed the Cleveland Way up Carlton Bank and after a detour over Bilsdale Moor arrived at Brians Pond. We followed Barkers Ridge and headed towards the Bilsdale transmitter turning left passing Green Howe and Cock Howe.

We had lunch out of the wind in a ditch by the side of the path that headed down into Chop Gate-this path was slippery in places as it was

crumbling shale covered in bracken and mud. Arriving in Chop Gate we walked through the village before heading up a muddy enclosed path which eventually gave way to open moor. A clear track along the crest of the moorland was followed to reach the summit of Cold Moor at 401m and the Cleveland Way.

After a coffee break we then followed the Cleveland Way up the steep northern edge of Cringle Moor at 420m to Cringle Edge where there is a stone view point seat dedicated to local rambler Alec Falconer with a fine view of the vale below. A short descent then brought us back to the car park and refreshments at the Lord Stones café.

My book says 10 miles but it was probably longer.

**Lunch above Chop Gate**



*Photo by Roger Goodall*

## Christmas Dinner

### **8th December 2015 by Derek Field**

Twenty nine members and guests gathered at 'Drop Farm' near Oxenhope for the club's usual Christmas dinner. Most travelled there by car but 10 battled against gale force winds to cross Penistone Hill to the Farm.

We had an excellent meal washed down with a few bottles of wine. A good time was had by all the diners.

We apologised to our hosts, Catrina and Andrew Heaton, for all the noise as they accepted our booking for 2016.

## Christmas Fuddle

### **13th December 2015 by Derek Field**

As in previous years there was good attendance, 21 members walked from Barden Tower to the shooting hut via Lower and Upper Barden Reservoirs. Snow and strong winds were encountered high on the moors, so we were glad to have the wind behind us for the last mile to the huts.

Fortunately there are two huts as the smaller one was occupied by Otley Rambling Club also enjoying their fuddle. We borrowed their spare table and our celebrations began. Star of the day once again was Bren Jones with 4 flasks of 'Gluwhein', an Austrian recipe of warm wine and fruit. The baking prizes went to Audrey's Christmas cake and Jane's truffles. Sadly missed this year were Ann and Laurie's home grown pickled onions.

It was mostly downhill for our return walk to the parking area in the valley. We arrived there as the rain started, so eleven of us went to 'Billy Bob's Ice Cream Parlour at Halton East. It's a vast American Diner with an indoor and



outdoor play area for excited children and the members of the YMC. A noisy place which serves excellent coffee.

(For those not familiar with Yorkshire Dialect, 'fuddle' is a treat, time of self indulgence, eating chocolates etc. annual works outing, usually to the seaside. The Yorkshire Dictionary of Dialect, Tradition and Folklore, by Arnold Kellet)

# Boxing Day Meet Report

## **December 2015 by Malcolm Lomas (Sol)**

For the first time in over fifty years I was unable to get to the Cow and Calf Rocks at Ilkley Moor for the Boxing Day meet. Following the warmest and wettest December on record the roads and countryside were awash with flood waters.

I left home on a dull and rainy morning and came across the first problem at Shipley, a flooded road and a police blockade. Where to now? Along the Aire Valley to Saltaire, Bingley, then climb up to Eldwick, on the edge of the moors to Dick Hudsons. Water cascading off Hawksworth Moor made driving difficult.

The Hermit Inn at Burley Woodhead was preparing for Boxing Day revellers, after here another flooded road and police blockade. Driving down the valley side to Burley in Wharfedale was like driving down a river bed with a deep stream of water.

The main road to Ilkley was blocked. At the other end of the Burley Bypass the road to Otley was blocked. The possibility of being trapped in Wharfedale did cross my mind. Now getting home became my main priority. At Guiseley the road to Shipley was still blocked.

We diverted to Rawdon then turned down to Apperley Bridge into the Aire Valley. The River Aire had burst it's banks. It was a scene of a seething mass of surging muddy water. I was glad to

escape to the other side of the valley, away from the Wharfe, Aire Valleys and Calder Dale. Later that day the city of Leeds was flooded.

By mid day the rain had stopped falling, the skies brightened, and the sun tried to shine. After lunch I jumped on my bike and set off down the Spenn Valley Greenway to see the floods at Dewsbury and Mirfield.

Twelve hours earlier The Ship Inn at Mirfield was packed with people enjoying Christmas Day dinner. Now the inn was isolated in a sea of brown flood water.

Further up the Calder Valley, Todmorden, Hebden Bridge, and Mytholmroyd were hit by a massive wall of floodwater.

Over the last fifty years I have experienced all sorts of weather but none like Boxing Day 2015. In the early days if weather permitted we would climb a rock route before going on the Boxing Day walk.

Happy memories good or bad.

Laurie Morse was the only YMC member to arrive at the start of the meet. He had travelled there before the road blocks had been put in place by the police.

## Hebden Bridge

### ***10th January by Derek Field***

All the Calder Valley, including Hebden Bridge was devastated by the floods over the Christmas and New Year period. It was encouraging to meet 10 members of the club in the square at Hebden Bridge after the big clean up. There was still evidence of the damage done to many shops and businesses. We decided to have a coffee at a local shop before setting off out of the valley.

As we walked out of the valley towards Stoodley Pike, water was pouring down the road as the ground was waterlogged. Sheltered at first until we reached The Pennine Way, we then had to battle very strong winds to reach the shelter of the monument at 400m. The original monument was built between 1814 and 1815 to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo.

After lunch in the shelter of the monument we headed east along Dicks Lane. The moorland was saturated and almost impossible to cross without wellingtons or even chest high waders away from the tracks.

Eventually we reached 'The Honesty Box' at Old Chambers. This is a well maintained unattended garden shed where hikers can buy refreshment. There is a kettle, a fridge with milk, sugar, tea or coffee, home made cakes, free range eggs and ice cream in a freezer. All payed for by putting cash into a collection tin. There are a few seats in the shed and one outside. A

number in the party said that in many years of hiking in the UK they had never previously come across such an 'Honesty Box'.

The Honesty Box near Hebden Bridge. Refreshments for hikers. Photo by Derek Field.

We met a local resident and his dog enjoying his visit and learned from him about the devastation caused by the floods and about the community spirit during the clean up. The outdoor specialist shop 'Mountain Wild' which Sue Nixon wrote about in the last issue of The Yorkshire Mountaineer had been flooded. Kate's shop called 'Dynamite' which sells bargain Patagonia items was also affected.

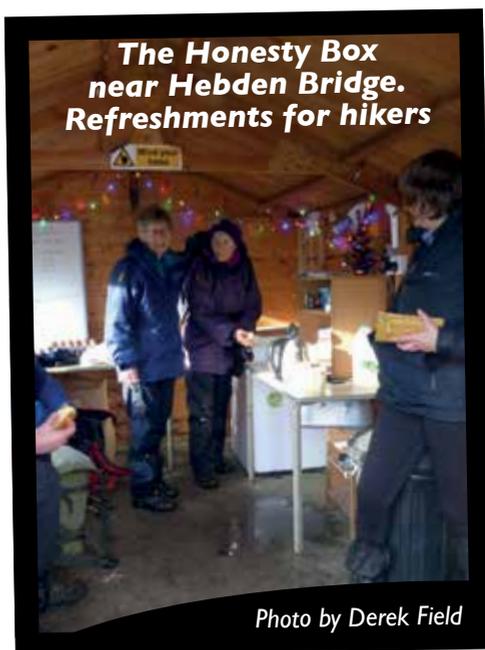


Photo by Derek Field

## The Pennine Way

The completion of The Pennine Way was marked with a gathering on Malham Moor on April 24 1965.

An appeal during 2015 in the pages of The Yorkshire Mountaineer for articles about member's attempts to complete 'The Way' attracted two contributions which are published here.

In 1991 in the YMC 50th Year Journal, Carole Atkinson, at that time a

member of the YMC wrote an article for the journal about her experience of a solo traverse, 'A Pennine Way Traverse' pages 22 to 27. I did consider printing a summary of her article, but after reading, I could not decide what to leave out without spoiling the interesting story. Her final sentence is 'One day I might do the walk again', I wonder if she has?

## The Pennine Way

*by Dave Girt*

### **SOME DISTANT MEMORIES**

I don't know where the idea came from, perhaps there had been an article about the emerging Pennine Way in the "Scout" magazine? Anyway, somewhere about 1960, in the school holidays, Pete and I decided we would walk some of 'The Way' to meet up with his parents at Middleton-in-Teesdale.

My dad had only recently passed his test but he didn't yet have a car, few did, but I badgered him into borrowing a van from his workmate, to ferry Pete and me to Grassington. One Friday evening we set off on our walk up upper Wharfedale (no "Dalesway" then) to join 'The Way' at Cam Pasture.

We already had a bit of experience of wild camping (we called it lightweight

camping) but our kit was rudimentary by today's standards. Pete had a 2-man ridge tent (a Good Companions) and I had (still have!) a paraffin Optimus stove and a Blacks Icelandic sleeping bag. To keep weight down, we only had the clothes we stood up in, perhaps spare socks, army-surplus boots, and a cycle cape each, all in commando rucksacks. No Goretex, no sleep mats; even plastic bags were a novelty.

I don't remember our menu but I know we ate simply and cheaply, we had to, we were schoolboys. But I do remember we stocked up along the way at village shops: Kettlewell, Gayle, Keld maybe, Bowes. There were no paved sections, erosion was a problem for the future;

## The Pennine Way

but we had little difficulty finding the route despite indifferent weather and only 1 inch maps. Capes were deployed often as the weather was “changeable” to say the least. Tan Hill Inn was lost in low cloud when we arrived but that didn’t dampen our desire for an illegal underage pint. The door to the bar was wide open but the place was deserted. We could have helped ourselves to a free drink but Baden Powell wouldn’t have approved, so we continued thirsty on our sodden way.

About now one of Pete’s boot soles came adrift from the upper and had to be secured with a bit of string we found, so no chance of a dry foot

from then on. Eventually we limped in to the “cottage” which Pete’s parents and sister were holidaying in, very basic with no ceilings, just bedroom floorboards, two rooms upstairs, one down with only oil lamps, and cooking in/on a fireside oven and hotplate at which Pete’s mum worked wonders. After a “rest” day helping the landlord/farmer castrate his male lambs (when unfortunately one of the elderly helpers dropped dead with a lamb in his lap!), we all piled in to Pete’s dad’s open vintage Lagonda for a thrilling if draughty burn-up down the old A1 and back to normality. Happy Care free Days!

## A Week of Backache

### **September 1965 by Bev Barrat**

Three keen cyclists, members of Bradford Elite CC, were camping at Gunnerside for the August Bank Holiday of 1965. We were Peter Lavelle, Sydney Shawmarsh and I. We did a fair amount of walking that weekend and the idea of a week on the just opened Pennine Way was mooted.

The following weekend we were back on our bikes, feeding riders in the National 12 Hour Championship time trial beyond Boroughbridge. Club runs always ended at The Britannia on the Shipley end of the Canal Road to Bradford. A few pints there that evening hardened our resolve and it was agreed to tackle the north end of



*Photo Bev Barrett collection*

**The author, Bev Barrett**

## A Week of Backache cont ..

the PW a fortnight later. An 80 miles ride in the Dales the following Sunday seemed to indicate that we were fit enough to take on our project. We spent the week deciding what to take and how to get there.

So, it was the usual bike ride to work in Leeds on the morning of Friday , September 17th, but home again at lunchtime and final packing of gear and food. Peter's brother was richer than we three and owned a car. He was kind enough to pick us up and take us to Leeds. Train then to Berwick on Tweed via York and Newcastle. A mental block then for what happened next, but memory returns for the following morning on a bus to Kirk Yetholm where we arrived on Saturday afternoon.

The weather was not good and showers accompanied us as we tried to accustom our backs to the weights we were carrying. We had two Blacks Mountain tents and a big flysheet, lots of food, two primus stoves and plenty of fuel, sleeping bags and assorted clothing which had mainly been bought for cycling. Lightweight equipment, even if it had been available then, was beyond our means. Our maps were ½ inch Bartholomews, good for cycling but difficult to follow for walking. Luckily a track had already begun to be worn on the first few miles of the PW but by the time we got to its ascent of The Schil we were getting wet and decided to camp below The Curr, where a stream started its way

southwards. Finding suitable water sources for camping by was to prove the defining point for future overnight stops.

Next morning was dry but dull and windy. The route on the ground was vague and on our map non-existent. We knew we wanted to be on the ridge leading SW from The Cheviot so took a direct line S to join it at Crookedsike Head. We toiled up to Windygyle in strong wind and threatening rain where a unanimous decision decreed a long rest for our really painful backs and then a search for a sheltered tent site. This took us SW off the ridge to find a fine windfree spot by Hebden Burn. There we dropped our sacs and drank heavily from the stream. It was not very late, but this was obviously the place to stay and we pitched the tents. The two small mountain tents were set up with their igloo like doors facing each other and the flysheet forming a roof between them. Two slept in one tent and one in the other with all the gear, leaving a good cooking space in between. This proved successful for the week.

Monday was dull and windy again, but stayed dry all day. We traversed up and down across many streams and low hills to the SW to apparently rejoin the PW at Cocquet Head, the site of a Roman camp and fort. Another rest for our aching backs and I think this was where we invented the Communal Stoop.

## A Week of Backache cont ..

*Photo Bev Barrett collection*



### **Bev, Sydney and Peter with their heavy packs**

The dropping and lifting of the heavy sacs was proving to put more strain on our back muscles than leaning forwards and letting them rest on the back with the weight off the shoulders. Five minutes of this revived us and was adopted for the remainder of the trip. The PW was now obvious and led S to Byrness on what is now the A481. We followed arrows across the road and down to the River Rede. After a rest we were starting to offload our gear with a view to camping on this pleasant spot when we were accosted by an angry b&b owner from the opposite side of the road. He seemed to think that the PW had been set up specially

to supply his trade with walkers paying for overnight stays at his place, and objected violently to tents within his sight. We uttered appropriate words but moved a short way down stream, out of his view, for a good, sheltered site, peaceful except for passing traffic.

On Tuesday, we immediately lost the PW in Redesdale Forest, bad or lack of signing again, so kept on good forest tracks and eventually out to open terrain at Gibsheil to take a country lane to a small wood and a fine camping spot. It later transpired that the PW was a mile away to our E. Never mind, it was good, dry and pleasant on

## A Week of Backache cont ..

acceptable walking terrain.

Wednesday got us back on track and into Bellingham where we happily visited a café and then stocked up with food at the village store. I wonder if those facilities are still there? The afternoon took us en route to the delightfully named Shitlington Hall where we camped by a burn in a field which proved that the name of the farm was pertinent to its contents. Damp overnight, and this of course added to the weight of our tents. We shook them in the mornings but were not able to get rid of all the water.

Thursday gave pleasant walking through upland terrain and forest to arrive at Hotbank Crags on Hadrians Wall. Here the PW bore away to the W but we intended to be home on Friday so continued S across the E-W road to Crindledykes where we camped within sound of a railway.

Friday was poor again but we packed up in the rain and went back N to have a good look at Hadrians Wall, Housteads Fort and Hot Bank Crags. Then back to Crindledykes and down the lane to Bardon Mill. We had to run the last few hundred yards as we could hear the train approaching. I think it was a steam loco, and we enjoyed the ride with our packs off, to Carlisle, and another train back to Bradford. I must have ended the day on a bus home to Yeadon.

We enjoyed our 60 mile trip, painful though it was, and were not worried

about missing sections of the PW. I think Peter later was though, and he probably went back there years afterwards. He sadly died about 20 years ago. Sydney kept to his cycling, but still visits Wales to do some walking. He is also the Secretary of the Bradford Elite Cycling Club. Peter and I joined the YMC in 1966, I am still in it (!) but Peter moved back to cycling as his main interest. I never took to long distant walking after that, camping near the crags was a far better thing. Incidentally, we were out on our bikes again on Sunday with the club doing 70 miles in East Yorkshire.

The PW was probably a better walk in those days as it was not very worn but difficult to locate on the ground at times. Unless you were prepared to walk long stages to the odd hostel or b&b, camping was essential. Gear did not help, the only rucksacks were those with metal frames, and food was still mainly the normal stuff one would eat at home. There were no efficient portable gas cookers and gear was not very lightweight generally.

I never seriously did any more stages of the PW but have probably walked a fair amount of it here and there on days with other objectives. I had also done a part of it some years before it was invented (so to speak), when on a bike tour I rode from Alston to the waterfall at Middleton in Teesdale, then back to Cauldron Snout, which was a grand fall before the reservoir was built above it, over High Cup Nick, and down to Appleby. Happy days.

## RAMBLING

# TALES FROM THE DALES

**By Ken Tilford**

Derek Field last year mentioned Elaine's tea room in his article on Feizor, and it brought fond memories flooding back of my time as the BMC access rep. for Yorkshire.

Some twenty-five years ago, there was an access problem at Pot Scar, how could I resolve it? To quote the 1985 guide "No access problems exist, but a number of walls have to be crossed, care should be taken to avoid damage." It's not easy to convince a farmer that climbers don't knock walls down; it's walkers that do that as they can't read maps and can't climb. Anyway, he swallowed it, and a new access path was negotiated for the 1992 guide, which I believe is still the access to this superb little crag. But when I called at Feizor to see the farmer, I was asked to leave the hamlet as it was all private land and there was "No Parking." If you go there today, this delightful, popular café has not only a car park, but also an "Overflow" car park.

It may only be coincidence, but one of these farmers has the same surname as the farmer at Almscliff. The problem there was that parked cars were preventing the farmer having access to his fields, so climbers couldn't have access to his land. I pointed out that the

culprits were tourists. He had a simple solution, it involved Harrogate council, the BMC and Tourism Yorkshire. If we bought him a new barn, he would permit climbing to continue. After an on-sight meeting, the problem was resolved by me smashing up my old oak radiogram, painting "No Parking" on the bits and fastening them in the gateways to his fields. The same radiogram was also successfully used on a similar problem at Brimham.

Talking of which, does anyone remember back in the 50s dodging the land owner at Brimham, he used to charge one shilling for access, or the old café on top of the hill? Whenever a new guide came out, there would always be new problems. One of the most memorable from the 1985 Limestone guide still has repercussions for me today. At the time, Graham Desroy was editor of the guide, his sense of humour made the guides a jolly good read without even having to go to the crag for enjoyment. Unfortunately, Skipton council didn't share his sense of humour over Langcliffe Quarry. They used it as a council tip, so it was a bit pongy. It also had some of the "loosest" rock in the county, so when Graham wrote in the guide "This crag

should carry a government health warning," it didn't go down well with the council, who couldn't see the joke even when it was explained to them. We were referring to the rock. I didn't to go to the crag anymore.

Sometimes I would approach a farmer, not because a problem existed, but I could see what I thought was a better approach to a crag. One of these involved Attermire, if permission to cross a couple of fields could be attained, a long walk in could be avoided. So a meeting took place. After some two hours of negotiation, the farmer said, he didn't mind people crossing the field, but then it wasn't his field, it was his brother's field. After an equally lengthy meeting with his brother, he didn't mind us crossing the field, but the bull that he occasionally kept in the field might! From this, I concluded that some farmers in the dales are lonely and just want someone to talk to.

Guiselcliffe was another problem spot, for many years, the farmer was adamant he wanted paying for permission to climb there, so a meeting was arranged. The first time I met this farmer was when I saw him striding out of his cow byre with a scowl on his face and a cowpat on his head! Closer examination revealed a "flat cap" heavily encrusted with....! A lengthy discussion followed, he would sell the crag for £30,000. I told him, on the open market, it was only worth

about £500 as you can't plough it or graze on it, and anyway the BMC don't buy land. A solution could be to allow parking and put up an honesty box for "parking fees." This seemed to hit a note of accord, would I run it over with his son? The suggestion met with approval "come in lad, have a cup of tea". Success! In the gloom of the kitchen, the byre looked more hygienic. I was offered my mug of tea and introduced to his wife. Everything sounded good to her, but she was adamant that permission would only be granted if we bought the land for £30,000 and now also paid for parking. Well, you win some you lose some.

A lot of the problems of nesting birds, rare plants etc. were resolved with the help of the Yorkshire Dales National Park. In return I would help them with jobs, one of which involved Bob Wilkinson and myself manhandling four telegraph poles up various hills so stiles could be constructed over walls. SAS training or what, this wasn't in the job description. Not all problems had a funny side but most are dealt with by voluntary BMC reps, and this is where some of your membership fees are directed, into maintaining access.

I believe there are now no access problems as people only climb on indoor walls and are happy to pay for the privilege.

## In memory of David Brett Duffield

**by Alan Braddock**

YMC members with longer memories, will be sorry to hear that former member Dave Duffield, died from a stroke on September 29th 2015 at the age of 77.

After a degree in Philosophy from Leeds University, David had a distinguished career in the arts, commencing as a stage hand and carpenter and evolving to write and produce plays, working with, among others, a young (now Sir) Ian McKellen. Later he became Reader in Art History at the University of Ulster, contributing widely to the artistic life of the province.

He also wrote two novels and many plays and books including 'High Level', the account of his own 44 day West-East traverse of the Alps from end to end in 1981, involving 14 peaks and some 600 miles – a considerable feat which, to my knowledge, has yet to be repeated by a Briton.

At long – too long - intervals during my undistinguished career as a climber and mountaineer, when I could persuade him to leave his family, academic career and home in Belfast, I had the great good fortune to be around mountains with him.

We had several adventures with varying success; a disastrous Karrimor Mountain Marathon where my navigational errors were compounded by Dave's uncharacteristic unfitnes (a bladder infection left him weak and full

of antibiotics); a wet day in Buttermere with an exciting ascent of Eagle Front, where he overcame a crucial steep bit despite not having been on rock for a year; a three week holiday in the Dolomites, ascending Monte Pelmo in scorching heat, my introducing him to Via Ferratas (which he derided as "Snakes and Ladders") also bivouacking at sub-zero temperatures on the Sexten Rotwand ; winter climbing in Scotland rescuing a party on the Aonach Eagach ridge after their leader

*Photo by Alan Braddock*



**David on a Via Ferrata in  
the Tofana Group,  
the Dolomites**

fell; and leading him on gritstone to the encouragement and assurance that I was climbing well (when I wasn't.....). Too many memories.

Other YMC members may recall Alpine ascents. One I have heard of was the Wetterhorn in 1968 in company with Bren Jones, Joe Farran and (the now late) Kim Wainwright.

Climbers are understandably picky about the people with whom they choose to share dangerous places. But Dave was in many ways an ideal companion, with a wiry strength, imperturbable steadiness, often providing continuous good-humoured

encouragement. He has been described to me as “ a good man to be in a bad place with ”, a statement with which I heartily concur.

A more complete account of his academic and literary career appeared in THE STAGE of October 2015.

Our mate Dave, David Brett Duffield, mountaineer and man of letters, December 30th 1937 – September 29th 2015

He is survived by his wife, the sculptor and artist Barbara Freeman, and his son Matthew.

## Removed from Coniston Hut

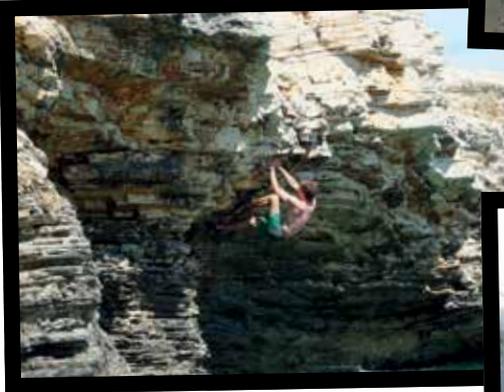
***Brought to member's attention by Peter Stott,  
the Honorary Secretary***

Members who have visited the club's Coniston premises in recent years will be aware of the existence of three photo collages displaying members at different periods of time. Regrettably, there are now only two. The latest one, showing members from 2001, has been removed by persons unknown. This collage was compiled from contributions by members and some have already conveyed their anger at the removal.

The collage has been removed from its frame and taken away. The frame was put out of sight in a cupboard. The perpetrator and motive are unknown and it must be emphasised there is no place in this club for members displaying such unacceptable conduct.

# More winners of the 2015 photo competition

The Golden Peg, 1st in Climb Category.  
Waleska, VS 4C, Ilkley Quarry  
(Climber Robin Nicholson) Photo by  
Alan Swithenbank



2nd Climb Category, Deep water soloing  
in Croatia. Photo by Rachel Hunt



1st Junior Category. Go on Dad.  
Photo by Ben Sugden (Junior)



Joint 2nd Landscape Category  
Buttermere, Photo by Jane Wainwright



Joint 2nd, Summit ridge, Rosy, Poland.  
Photo by Ian Gamble

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