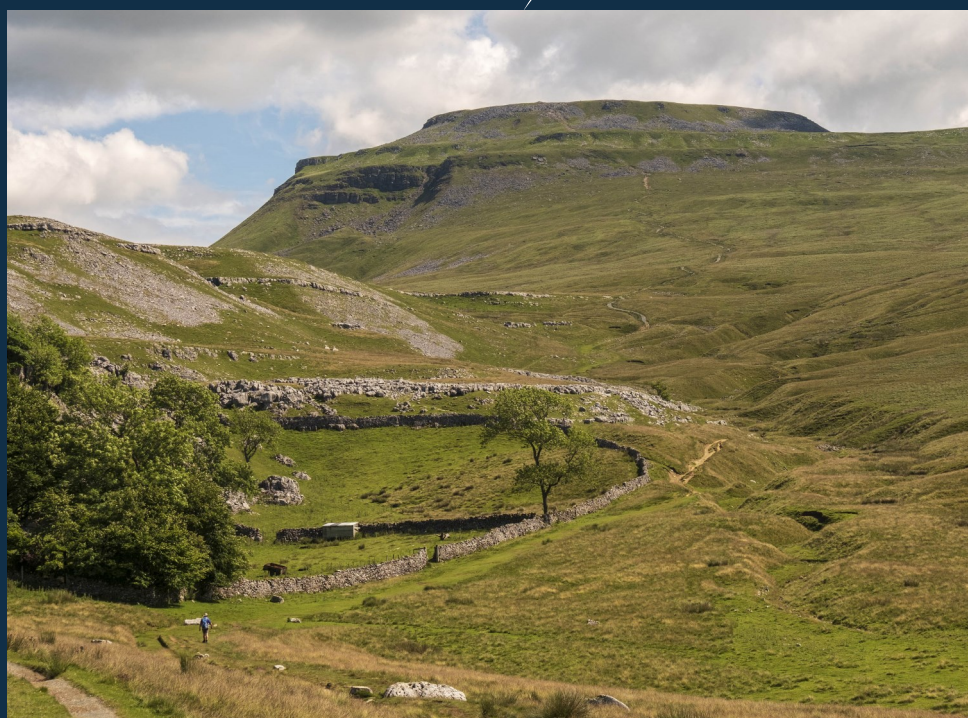


THE YORKSHIRE MOUNTAINEER

Issue: 380

Spring / Summer 2020



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The Yorkshire Mountaineering Club - Founded 1941



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Cover photos:

Front: Ingleborough from the Crina Bottom track (Tony Raithby)

Rear: Copper Mines Valley from the air (Tony Raithby)



From the Editor.

Welcome to the third and final edition of The Yorkshire Mountaineer under my editorship. Whilst I have enjoyed producing the newsletter over the last 6 months or so, I do have to admit that I was very pleased to hear that we had a volunteer to take over the role of Newsletter Editor. And as someone who has edited the newsletter before we can be confident that Steve Bostock knows what he's letting himself in for. Material for the next newsletter can be sent to:

newsletter@theymc.org.uk

This is the first newsletter since the AGM held in March, where Natasha Cook volunteered to join the committee.

And how things have changed since then!

Because of the lockdown imposed on us due to the Covid-19 pandemic, the committee was left with no choice but to close the Coniston hut and to suspend the meets calendar. We have now agreed that the hut will stay closed and the meets list suspended until at least the end of July.

So, with no meets to report on or activities taking place, material has been pretty sparse - hence a thinner volume than usual. But thanks must go to Nev Hawkins and Steve Bostock for their tales of adventures past, and to Tony Raithby for allowing me to share some of his photographs, showing some of Yorkshire's finest landscapes from a slightly different perspective.

It's with a sense of optimism that I have left the calendar of events unchanged. Hopefully, at some point during the year, we will be able to announce the resumption of club activities.

And finally, I recently received the sad news of the death of Colin White on 15th May, aged 92. As many of you will know, Colin was the last surviving of the founder members of the club.

Andy Summerskill

Committee Matters

The Club has had on occasions to conform to new government legislation, most notably the General Data Protection Regulations which came into force in 2018 and we are currently having to adhere to Environment Agency regulations regarding sewage disposal at the Coniston Hut.

This involved investigation into the condition of the septic tank and associated pipework and work by contractors including a CCTV survey concluded that our system was in good working order. Minor remedial work was needed before we could be confident that the EA requirements had been met.

The only other fundamental aspect of the hut requiring attention has been the refurbishment of the emergency lighting system.

The installation of a Broadband system at the Hut has been an on-going issue for some time. Initially intended to be for a trial period, progress has been slow for a number of reasons. The line capacity for the Coppermines Valley had been reached which would mean going on a waiting list or paying a large [impractical] fee for a new connection. A directional antennae was an option but a 4g capacity considered too variable.

We had the opportunity at the New Year meet to experiment with a signal booster so the effectiveness of such equipment could be measured. This proved successful for most mobile networks but subsequently investigations revealed the availability of a system which served all major networks. A final decision has yet to be made.

Notice had been given by the BMC in 2019 of the intended £5 per member increase in subscriptions. However, since a healthy surplus had been achieved in 2019, the Treasurer recommended that YMC member rates be frozen. So although the decision was made on purely financial grounds, serious consideration will have to be given to an increase in 2021.

The Aspirant Membership policy has been simplified, with the time limits for the transition to Full Membership scrapped. It was accepted that that the existing requirements in place were not easily understood and the changes would make it easier for applicants and also less complicated to administer.

A reduced rate for Aspirant Members joining after June 30th in any calendar year was introduced. This was based on the proportion of a YMC member's subs the Club pays to the BMC after this date.

Members may remember being unable to access the club website during a period last year. This was due to the necessary, albeit temporary, closure for remedial action to be taken following the hacking directed at the Meets Calendar. The necessary changes have been made to the website.

The Facebook and Twitter sections have been deleted from the website since use by groups is not allowed but it was stated that this could be overcome by having just a page instead.

Persistent problems of being unable to access the website via mobile phones have been reported by members. The information to hand is that currently the website is not very compatible to mobiles.

Pete Stott, Hon. Secretary

Grand Days Out (Part 2)

Article by: Steve Bostock

At the end of my article 'Grand Days Out' (TYM 379) I blithely said 'I could go on', but had no intention to do so on the basis that I had probably bored you all too much as it was. However, Andy has put the call out for Newsletter articles so here goes with Part 2.

In an article from 1999 I gave an account of a trip to Ullapool with Sammy, his mate Warwick, Roger Shaw, Jon Bale and his mate Ian. In it I mention an ascent of Seana Bhraigh, and devoted a whole paragraph to describing the climb, but this didn't do justice to such a fine hill or such a fine trip.

Three of us, me, Roger and Warwick, walked in to Coire Mor bothy up Strath Mulzie one afternoon in March '99 with Sammy following later having nipped up Ben Wyvis earlier in the day. Seana Bhraigh is a long way from anywhere so the walk in is a bit of a flog, but the initial track is good and once beyond this it's a decent path, provided you follow it. Our walk in was uneventful except for crossing the Corriemulzie River, as we missed the usual fording point and had real trouble finding a suitable place to cross, despite having removed boots and socks. Sammy, being more canny than us crossed at the recommended spot, stuck to the usual path and knocked a good ½ hour off our walk-in time. It's a fine bothy that we had to ourselves and we soon settled in for a comfortable night, snug inside while the wind howled and the rain hammered down outside. This didn't auger well for the next day.

The following day turned out fine if still very windy and after packing up we set off for the north ridge. I can't remember whether we crossed the river above or below the lochan but I imagine that after the previous nights rain it again involved the removal of boots and socks. The north ridge is steep and a good scramble in the upper reaches, a splendid way to get up a hill. But as I said, it was pretty windy and on the way up I lost balance after a particularly strong gust and tumbled about 15 feet in a distinctly downward direction onto a large, level step. No great damage done, just a few aches and some colourful bruises the next day. Which is just as well, since as usual, I was well in the rear of our group and this fall wasn't witnessed, so no immediate aid was on its way. I guess if it had been serious and I was stuck where I landed someone would have come looking for me eventually, but obviously this was never tested.

The north ridge gets you to the top of Creag an Duine where you then commence the walk around the magnificent corrie to your right with a huge cirque of steep crags that fall to Loch Luchd Choire below. After a short descent a steady climb brings you to an un-named top at 906m about half way round the cirque. Another short descent and then it's another steady climb to the summit at 927m, right on the edge of the crags. A really stunning summit which was fortunately clear, with terrific views down Strath Mulzie.

The descent starts steeply to the north before veering slightly east down easy slopes back to the path down Strath Mulzie and eventually the cars. The Munros guide describes a route in from Inverlael (the starting point for Beinn Dearg), but you then forego a night in a bothy and a fine scramble, so I would recommend the route we took. It's a tough climb and long walk out and as one of the most

remote Munros, Seana Bhraigh had been on everyone's tick list for the week so it was a very happy bunch who returned to the cottage at Lechmelm.

I've had a fascination with Suilven ever since I first caught a glimpse through swirling cloud whilst getting up Cul Beag with Pete Ashworth back in '94. 10 years later I was finally sat on the summit in fine weather enjoying the view, after an abortive attempt a few years earlier. Suilven is another big day whichever route you take, as an Inselberg or Island Peak, you start at or near sea level and climb the lot, no subsidiary hills to soften the approach. It's also a fair distance from the nearest road. There are a number of approach routes, including an east/west (or vice versa) walk through, on the approach from the west you could do a route up the western end.

I had a grand day out with Roger and Trev following the route in the SMC Corbetts Book, Suilven is in there despite not achieving Corbett status. We parked at Inverkirkaig and followed a good track 3km or so to the Falls of Kirkaig, which are worth a visit on a wet day. You then skirt the western end of Fionn Loch and proceed eastwards along the north shore. It's a pleasant walk up the glen to the falls, but it can be a bit boggy to the north of the loch. Just about at the end of the loch you leave the path and strike NE uphill over rough ground towards Bealach Mor, between Suilven's twin summits. It's a steep ascent to the bealach followed by a short steep slope to the summit of Caisteal Liath at 731m. Obviously, you could return by the same route but the Corbetts book suggests descending NE from the bealach to pick up the through path from the A835 to Lochinver (the above mentioned walk-through route). Eventually this path picks up a track at Glancanisp Lodge, by which time you only have a couple of miles to go to Lochinver, with a further 2 miles or so back to the car. It's a long day over rough country but the view from the summit is tremendous, assuming you don't have the usual Scottish view of the inside of a cloud. You also have an opportunity to visit the best Pie Shop in Scotland before setting off and getting yourself a mega lunch for your big day out.

Another fine day to be had over similar rough terrain in the same part of the world is the traverse of Conival and Ben More Assynt, which I did with Sam, Cozy and Nick Hinchliffe back in Feb. '97. You may have noticed a commonality with these grand days out - they were all quite some time ago! Anyway, parking at Inchnadamph we followed a farm track which leaves the road just north of the Hotel and takes you to Glenbain, beyond which a good track continues up the glen. This track leads to the Trailigill caves and it's a good short day out to visit the caves, which are well worth it. To get up Conival we left this track and headed eastwards for the col between Conival and Beinn an Fhurain. The going is fairly easy over grassy, heathery slopes up to the col at 750m and we then turned south up rough scree to reach a levelish ridge leading to the summit. The continuation to Ben More Assynt is about a mile to the east along mixed ground of scree and crag, sometimes fairly narrow and always dropping steeply to both sides. The highlight of the trip is the next section, from the summit southwards to the south top of Ben More Assynt. This could be avoided by returning the way you had come but if you do this you miss out on a fine, scramble ridge, sometimes compared to the Aonach Eagach. It's rocky, narrow and exposed but nowhere is a rope required. As I said, it was February, so we did this ridge in true winter conditions with care needed on the icy rocks, however at no time did we feel the need to get the crampons out. I reckon that this is one of the best ridge scrambles in Scotland, the only down side being that it is only about a km long. From the south top we continued southwards for a while before dropping steeply down to the west, round-

ing Dubh Loch Mor at its southern end. From there we headed NW to a broad col between Conival and Breabag and then continued in the same direction to pick up the Traligill path back to Inchnadamph. The icing on the cake of this fine day out on the hills is a pint in the Inchnadamph Hotel, what more could you ask for, a pub at the end of the trip.

I've had many grand days out rock climbing in the UK but pretty much all of the big days in Wales, the Lakes and Scotland have already been reported in previous issues of TYM. More locally, my rock climbing does not really fall into the category of grand days out as generally speaking it's been done in the evening, after work, with the occasional ½ day excursion. One of these that stands out was a trip to Brimham with Roger in 2000. We started with a couple of routes on Kangaroo Wall, then made our way to Fag Slab. From there we moved southwards via The Hattery to Lost World. In all we did nine routes, including a couple of solo's and took turns at leading. Only one route, Woodbine HVS 5b * was a repeat for me, so I did 8 routes for the first time with a total of 12 stars, not a bad afternoon's activity. And the weather was bril too so a grand, if short, day out.

Another similar day that stands out was a trip to Stanage High Neb area with Nick and Roger in May 1999. Again we did nine routes, all bar one 4c and above, all bar one were firsts for me and there were 9 stars between them. The pick of the day was Roger leading Fate, HVS 5c *, which now gets E2 5c!

I had a good day at Millstone with my mate Les back in '89, the weather was fine and we were both going well. We ticked off, The Mall VS 4c; Bond Street HVS 5a; Embankment 2 HVS 4c,4b; By Pass HVS 4b,5a; and Scoop Crack VS 4b. Five routes only but all a good length and again lots of stars.

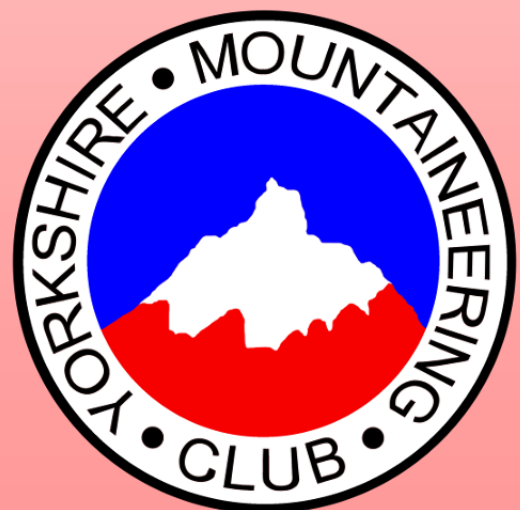
Froggatt has always been a happy hunting ground for me, first visited in the mid '70's when I started climbing, on day trips up from Essex. Perhaps my best day there was when I led one on the classic gritstone slabs, Three Pebble Slab E1 5a. The number of routes in the E grades that I've managed to lead are few and far between so I tend to remember them. This was done with Tony Raithby on a fine day in '94 which also included a further nine routes including leads of Sunset Slab HVS 4b and Sundowner E2 5a (delicate slabs are my thing). So a really good day with a clutch of great routes and 3 E points!

So that's walking and climbing covered but what about snow and ice. I described my trips up Tower Ridge and Penguin Gully in my previous article but there are a couple more trips that are worthy of mention. Like everything else here they were both some time ago but my memory of them is still pretty fresh. During the Club's Winter Meet in February 1993, Sam, Cozy and I took ourselves off to Aonach Mor. We got lucky on the walk in as one of the attendants on the chair-lift was a climber and gave us a free ride up to the top. We'd opted for Icicle Gully a Grade III on the North Buttress of Coire an Lochain and with the free ride it was easy to get to. The conditions weren't ideal, there was a strong swirling wind and the snow was a bit sugary in texture. The climb was straight forward enough with no particular stand out features but the thing I really remember was the top, getting through the cornice. Sammy had led all the way with Cozy second and me bringing up the rear. This meant that two people had been over the cornice before me and in doing so had trashed the area, any consolidated snow had long gone. I was left with having to swim uphill through sugary powder. It wasn't so much two steps up and one down, more like one up and two down. It took me some time to gain sufficient purchase to get any upward movement at all, I eventually landed on the summit plateau like a beached whale, to be met by a faceful of spindrift.

When we had geared up at the start of the climb I had realised that I'd forgotten my hat and Cozy had lent me a woolly Peruvian style thing with tassels that had been whipping me across the face during the whole climb. At the cornice I had been out of the wind and these tassels froze to my beard, which wasn't a problem except when we went for a brew in the summit cafe I couldn't take the damn thing off! I got some odd looks being in the steaming hot cafe with a woolly hat on.

Two years later, in March '95 I was again out with Sam, on the Buachaille. We had hoped to tackle Crowberry Gully but a heavy dump of snow overnight had put paid to that - gully's were out of the question. So we went for North Buttress, a 3 star Grade III. The approach from Lagangarbh was through knee deep powder which was taxing to say the least. The climb consists of a continuous line of shallow chimneys which, as the Guide Book says, provide steep and interesting climbing. Once again, Sam led all of the way. I've always been happy to come up second when winter climbing, never really having the confidence in my limited abilities to take the lead. The climb was in good nick and I enjoyed it enormously, nothing too airy or dubious, just straight forward, steep snow and ice climbing. After 150m or so of this interesting climbing you land on a wide ledge after which easier angled slopes lead to the summit, what a way to get up a mountain. After some snap at the summit, we walked around to the top of Coire na Tulaich for a long glissade back down the hill.

Again, I could go on, I've been climbing and mountaineering for a long time now, but I can see that I'm getting somewhat repetitive so will end there. In these two articles I've detailed some of the highlights of over 40 years of walking and climbing and many of you will be familiar with some or all of these trips and the mountains and routes climbed. If you're not then hopefully I've given you some ideas. The more observant of you will also have noticed that many of these days out feature Sammy and/or Roger, both now no longer with us. Hopefully this and my previous article demonstrate that they are not sadly missed but rather fondly remembered.



Haute Route Pyrenees

Mounicou - Refuge du Fourcat

Article by: Nev Hawkins

The two faces on the opposite side of the table looked anxious as they stared at the map and then, periodically, walked to the refuge door to gaze expectantly into the mist and rain. 'Are you the two English fellas that have just booked in?' A rhetorical question but an opening to conversation with the first Brits that we'd seen for almost a fortnight.

Brian and Dave had left Mounicou at the head of the valley earlier that day for what had seemed a none-too-difficult walk to the Refuge du Fourcat perched high on a rocky promontory and within spitting distance of the Franco-Andorran border. They had been three at the outset but their friend 'Angel' had opted for a steadier pace and was last spotted some thirty minutes behind. Content with his own company and a competent mountaineer, Angel was wont to do such things and his decision to travel alone was the norm rather than the exception. Now, though, with time marching on and with a marked deterioration in the weather they were concerned for his well-being and were sure that he would be spending a wet and uncomfortable night in some inhospitable bivvy.

Hot food and plenty of red wine temporarily relieved our minds of Angel's plight but darkness had long since fallen and there was little hope of his arrival now. We drank his health and wished him well with the last dregs of wine before retiring to bed.

The following day dawned more gloomily than the previous one had departed. It was raining steadily and the mist swirled round the refuge blocking views of the surrounding peaks. Brian and Dave were already breakfasting when we arrived downstairs and as we joined them they were discussing plans for the day. Should they continue to El Serrat in Andorra and hope, there, to be reunited with Angel, or should they stay at the refuge and wait for his arrival? They decided on the former and made their way to the entrance hall to don boots and sacs.

El Serrat was also our destination and it was not long before we were ready to leave. The rain had stopped but the mist lingered and we were just able to catch sight of our new found friends, having descended the short rock scramble from the hut, disappearing over another rocky outcrop and into the gloom.

Soon we were over the outcrop and at the top of a steep gully. The guidebook showed the route going into it until, at about mid-height, a right exit led across huge boulders to a small tarn. Heavy sacs and slimy rock are not ideal companions and it was with some relief that we left the boulders for the flat, grassy area surrounding the tarn but, still in swirling mist and with the rain falling again, our way forward was less than obvious.

Deliberating for a while we chose the steep left-hand gully as our ascent and reasoned that, with the amount of water gushing towards us, the lake for which we were heading must be up there some-

where. The lake found and clearing skies brought easier, though still pathless, going towards the foot of the last climb, Port de l'Albeille, before a steep, loose descent to the Tristaina lakes. A bite to eat, another long descent, a stretch of road, yet another good soaking and we were booking-in at the Tristaina Hotel in El Serrat. We were greeted by Brian who took not a little pleasure in telling us that they had arrived just before the rain.

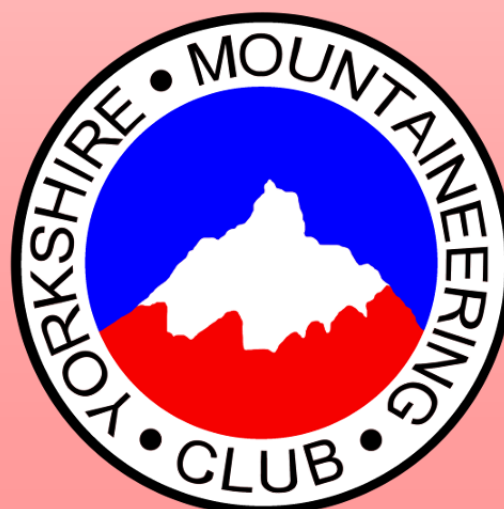
We joined Brian and Dave for dinner and the welcome news that they had 'phoned the refuge and that Angel had arrived there safely at 10.00 that morning. Cold and wet but undaunted he would leave the following day for El Serrat, 'bus' through Andorra, and meet them in two days time at the Col du Puymorens.

Though the following day started well enough we had decided that, after more drenchings than is normally good for a body, we'd had enough. A walk down the road towards Ordino and a campsite was to be our aim whilst B&D took advantage of the break in the weather and made an early start.

More rain, a flooded campsite and a sadly disillusioned (late) middle-aged couple retreated, via bus, to Andorra la Vella and on to the only bus of the day back into France. But even this was not without its twist. Waiting in the bus station, rain driving down hard, a small, wirey figure carrying a large rucksack strode purposefully in, bought his ticket and sat down. It just had to be him.

'You're Angel, aren't you?' And, of course, he was. The wait for the bus and the journey itself were taken with tales of a long, wet night, a steep and rocky bivvy site and a leaking Goretex bivvy bag. But as we neared his destination, a road junction just beyond Pas de la Casa, who should be waiting to board? Sheltering from the worst of weather, along with several other bedraggled souls, were Brian and Dave, they too had had enough soakings – well, at least for a while. With plenty of stories to tell the three were re-united and last seen trudging through the murk towards the Col du Puymorens.

Ours was a less glamorous end. Six days in Ax-les-Thermes, a lovely, small town but, with due respect, six hours would have been long enough. We did manage another trip into the mountains and a short train ride down to Tarascon-sur-Ariège, but that's another tale.



Mary Waters

May 1946 – Jan 2020

By: Ken Tilford



Those who knew Mary, (nee Susan Mary Loukes) will have fond memories, companionship, socialising, adventures on the hills and crags, it didn't matter what the weather; Mary's enthusiasm shone through like a ray of sunshine.

For those who didn't know her; if you have been to the cottage and seen the "Photo Montage" of club members, well that was Mary's work, photography being one of her hobbies. She must have had a real rogue's gallery of club members for at the club annual dinner there would appear a hand-written card; with your photograph on your own personalised place setting. Mary would put a lot of thought and effort into whatever she did; little things stand out, like at the annual Wastdale meet, where a birthday cake would appear for Danny Helliwell. Also, she took on the roll of news-sheet editor in the 1980s. Outside of the club, she went skydiving with Bryn Jones, had a musical talent as a flute player, which along with Mike and his brothers gave an entertaining evening on several meets. I'll never forget, whilst on a gale swept meet on Lundy, their arrangement of "Raining on a Lundy afternoon" to the tune of a Kinks song with similar title.

Now, club meets, or sometimes "Pirate" meets, bring memories of Mary flooding back. Borrowdale; she insisted on going climbing in the rain, when we should have gone to the pub. Doing "Little Chamonix" and "Donkey's Ears" in wellingtons, under what Edgar referred to as "The torrent of a thousand fire-man's hoses."

On a similar day with a large jolly party "The Rat Hole" by candlelight" a route of tunnels behind the rock face. That night we bivied out in the woods above Ashness Bridge, six of us under a large groundsheet, all was well until in the middle of the night; a commotion up the road, headlights, items being swapped from boot to boot, was it drugs or guns, was it the IRA?

You could be sure of a good adventure with Mary, often followed by a cold water swim after a climb, especially in Cornwall. A typical weekend at the "Pinny Hut" always involved an ascent of

“Lockwoods” chimney, usually in the rain. Mary was a member of the Pinnacle club which gave us access to the hut, and, she was also a member of the Fell and Rock which ensured there was never a dull moment in Mary’s life

Not everything was plain sailing; I was horror struck when I saw her fall off the top pitch of Whisky Crack. She landed on the half way ledge, somersaulted backward through the air and hit the ground with a bang. What a lucky escape she had. She was wearing a helmet, her head lodged between two boulders and being attended by Doc. Syd. Farrer whose response was “are those your sandwiches, you won’t need them, can I have them?”

Not all Mary’s adventures were with the YMC. Along with Sheila McKemmie, she did a “Round the World Tour”. An epic adventure on every continent! In Nepal they were forced into ice climbing over a pass, their only tools being a penknife and fork! (So I was told.) What was not exaggerated, was their trip across Australia with Henry Honda, Henry was a motorbike, tales of falling asleep at the wheel, read the 50th year YMC journal to find out more. In-fact motorbikes remind me of seeing Mary, going

down Malhamdale, stood on the back of Posh Bob’s bike, this enabled her to see over the hedges and give Bob a warning of on-coming traffic.

You could say, a real colourful character, (actually I think she must have been colour blind.) How many remember Mary’s 40th, it brought a whole new meaning to the word Psychedelic. And how about her attire when the YMC entered the Coniston 14!

These are just some of my memories; there are so many.

But let’s not forget Mary’s greatest adventure.

This was marrying Mike Waters after returning from her world travels. She moved to Sheffield in 1988 where a whole new but very active and contented life opened up for her.

I am honoured to have known Mary she made me feel special, a real friend, but she had many friends in the YMC and all will have that same special connection. She was amazing at keeping in touch and never forgot her friends in the YMC. We will never forget Mary.



Yorkshire Landscapes

All Photos by Tony Raithby, taken from a Skyranger Swift aircraft, piloted by himself.

Tony has kindly allowed me to share some of his photographs that I think you might find of interest. But these are just a small set from his collection. If you want to see some more you are welcome to visit his website and have a look.

<https://arfotolog.smugmug.com/>

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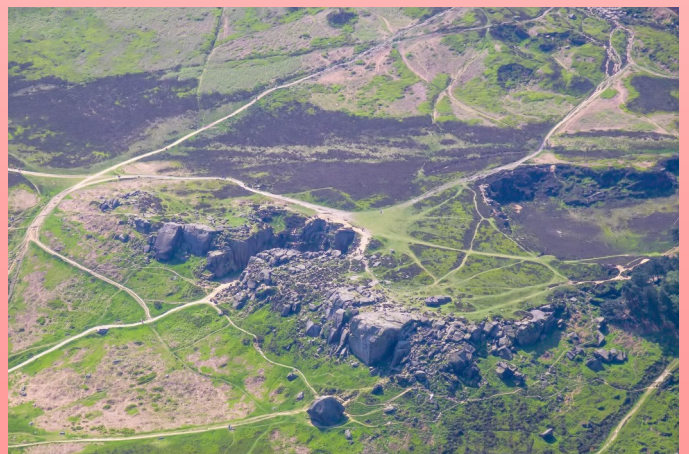
Left. Roseberry Topping, North York Moors.

Upper right. Kilnsey Crag, Yorkshire Dales.

Lower right. Cow and Calf, Ilkley.

Opposite page.

Malham, the Cove and the Tarn, Yorkshire Dales.





Tuesday Lunches 2020

Note: These lunch meets will not be able to take place until the current lockdown is relaxed to such an extent that will allow the reopening of pubs and restaurants.

Derek Field is the meets co-ordinator for all the lunch meets - derek-field@hotmail.co.uk

Month	Date	Location
July	14	Stubbing Wharf, Hebden Bridge, HX76LU.
August	11	The White House (Blackstone Edge), Halifax Road, Littleborough, OL15 0LG.
September	8	Heathfield Farm, Heathfield Lane, Birkenshaw, BD11 2DP.
October	13	Hermit Inn, Moor Road, Burley Woodhead, LS29 7AS.
November	10	Toby Carvery, Bradford Road, Keighley, BD21 4BB.
December	8	Christmas Dinner, Drop Farm, Moorside Lane, Oxenhope, BD22 9RE.

Photo shows - 2020.

Hopefully current restrictions will have been lifted before the next photo show!

All member are welcome.

If you've any rock-climbing or mountaineering photographs that you want show then please contact the Photo Show Co-ordinator - Natasha Cook ctasha@live.co.uk.

Month	Date	Location
October	15	Thornfield House, Bruntcliffe Rd, Morley, Leeds LS27 0QG
November	12	Thornfield House
December	10	Thornfield House

Weekend Meets 2019/20

Note: The meets calendar is currently suspended and the Coniston hut is closed. The committee is monitoring the situation and will make an announcement when the meets list is resumed and the Coniston hut is reopened.

All Saturday and Sunday Meets start at 10.00am unless otherwise stated.

Please contact the Meet Co-ordinator if you intend to join a Meet or require further information.

Please check www.theymc.org.uk for confirmation of start point details

Month	Date	Location	Coordinator
Jun	7	Crookrise Crag / Embsay Moor, Yorks Dales. Car park. SE009538, BD23 6RE	Derek Field - derek-field@hotmail.co.uk
Jun	14	Black Hill, Peak District. Car park SE109067, HD9 2RX	Jennifer & Peter Tennant - petertennant@hotmail.co.uk
Jun	21	Cam Fell / Cam High Road / Dodd Fell, Yorks Dales. Roadside parking SD859837, BD23 5JR.	Kath & Graham Willis - gcw@dial.pipex.com
Jun	26/27	Coniston Hut – Housekeeping meet.	Booking: ymchut@gmail.com

Month	Date	Location	Coordinator
Jul	12	Sutton Bank / Whitestone Cliff / Gormire Lake / NY Moors. Sutton Bank National Park Centre. Y07 2EH, SE516830	Henry Beevers - henrybeevers@gmail.com
Jul	26	Great Shunner Fell / Lovely Seat / Hardraw / Wensleydale. Yorks Dales. Roadside parking DL8 3LZ, SD866911	Kath & Graham Willis - gcw@dial.pipex.com
Aug	2	Ingleborough / Yorks Dales. YDNP car park, Clapham village. LA2 8EF SD745692	Natasha Cook - ctasha@live.co.uk
Aug	23	Margery Hill / Ladybower Reservoir / Peak District. Fairholmes visitors centre car park, S33 0AQ, SK172893.	Kath & Graham Willis - gcw@dial.pipex.com
Aug	29	Switzerland (7 nights). Details TBC	Jonathan Carter – jonathan.carter1973@hotmail.co.uk
Sep	13	Chop Gate / North Yorks Moors. Chop Gate Village Hall, Bilsdale. TS9 7JW, SE559993	Kath & Graham Willis - gcw@dial.pipex.com
Sep	25/26	Coniston Hut – Housekeeping meet.	Booking: ymchut@gmail.com
Oct	11	Scugdale / Wainstones. NY Moors Parking TBC	Henry Beevers - henrybeevers@gmail.com
Oct	16/17	Coniston Hut – Housekeeping Meet.	Booking: ymchut@gmail.com
Oct	25	Castleton / Peak District. Castleton village car park. S33 8WN, SK149830 or road side parking.	Kath & Graham Willis - gcw@dial.pipex.com
Nov	6/7	Coniston Hut – Club Bonfire Meet. (2 nights)	Booking: ymchut@gmail.com
Nov	22	Nidderdale. Yorks Dales. Parking TBD.	Kath & Graham Willis - gcw@dial.pipex.com
Dec	13	Xmas Fuddle Walk - Barden Moor / Skipton. Yorks Dales. Roadside parking - Approx Postcode BD23 6AP, SE051568	Derek Field - derek-field@hotmail.co.uk Note: Meet time 10:30
Dec	24	Xmas /New Year Coniston Hut Club Meet (11 nights)	Booking: ymchut@gmail.com
Dec	26	Ilkley Cow & Calf – Traditional Boxing Day Meet. Cow & Calf Public Car Park. Approx post code LS29 9RF, SE130467	Derek Field - derek-field@hotmail.co.uk Note: Meet time 10:30

Club News

Due to the Covid-19 pandemic, the club has suspended the meets calendar and the Coniston hut is closed. The committee is continually monitoring the situation and will announce the opening of the hut and the resumption of the meets list when it is safe to do so.

And finally.....

If there's anything more that you think the club should be doing please let the committee know: by speaking to a committee member or email the club Secretary - ymcsec2016@gmail.com



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The Yorkshire Mountaineering Club - Founded 1941