

THE YORKSHIRE MOUNTAINEER

Issue: 383

Winter 2021



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Pinnacle Club invite

Bren Jones

From our Caledonian Correspondent

The Yorkshire Mountaineering Club - Founded 1941



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Cover photos:

Front: Corrou Bothy

Rear: Lairig Ghru

Both from my collection.



From the Editor.

Part 1 - So, that was 2020, which I think is best summed up for me by the fact that for the first time in 60 years Sol didn't visit Scotland.

Part 2 - 2021 started much as most of 2020, increasing restrictions leading eventually to full lockdown. This, of course means the Club Hut remains closed and Meets remain suspended. Be that as it may, I am indebted to a few traditionalists for conspiring to meet up over the festive period and particularly to Sol, for taking the time to record the events.

As I write this there's 4" of snow on the ground and it's freezing every night, I bet the conditions in the Lakes and Scotland are bril Such is life - if there was no lockdown it would mild and wet!

Part 3 - Well the snow didn't last long but we did get a big freeze over a number of days which lead to Kinder Downfall coming into condition. Did anyone manage to get out and get up it? Unfortunately, I didn't but an unknown climber made the Yorkshire Post—was it you?

Part 4 - Meets are back on the agenda. WHOOPEEEEE!

The cover photo's are again from my collection and I'm getting very close to scraping the barrel for more. So - PLEASE have a look through your own collections and send me your favourites for consideration.

Deadline for copy for the next issue, TYM384 Spring 2021, is 14th June 2021.

As always, material for the next newsletter can be sent to me at:

newsletter@themc.org.uk

or

ymcnewsletter@gmail.com

Steve Bostock

Committee Matters

By the time members receive their copy of TYM 383, the Club's Annual General Meeting will have taken place. Consequently, it will not be possible to publish a full report of the proceedings until issue 384 of TYM. This will be the first time the Club has not held a 'face to face' AGM, having to adapt by using the Zoom conferencing method due to Covid-19 regulations.

The two previous committee meetings have been held in this manner, proving effective, and it is hoped that with enough members participating, the meeting on March 18th would be the same.

The issues most likely to be on member's minds are the re-commencement of meets and the re-opening of the Coniston hut. Following the government announcement of its 'road map' for the easing of restrictions, the Committee is now in a position to be able to come to a decision as to when club activities can re-commence.

As far as walking and climbing meets are concerned, it was thought that the most practical date for this to happen was May 17th, when the rule of six for outdoor socialising becomes 30. Consideration was given to holding the scheduled meets prior to this date but concerns of meet co-ordinators, which had previously been aired in 2020, that the difficulty could be the restriction of attendees to the specified six, particularly after such a long deprivation of activities.

The Coniston hut will re-open on Monday, April 19th. The whole hut will be open to *members only* in recognition of the fact that they have been deprived of utilising this particular benefit of membership for such an extended period.

Existing and new outside bookings will only be allowed after all government restrictions are lifted on June 21st.

Both the above re-commencement dates will obviously be dependent upon the government phases remaining in place. Members will be informed of any necessary changes.

Booking procedures will remain the same, but with the stipulation that only one booking at a time would be allowed, in order to give more members the opportunity to use the hut. No multiple bookings will be accepted. Government restrictions that overnight stays away from a main residence be restricted to people from one's own household means that the club will allow two such units [or individuals] to occupy the premises at one given time, with each of the two separate sections being classed as one accommodation.

It is important that members respect the arrangements that will be in place in order that the club conforms to this government legislation.

It has again been discussed that the club would run more efficiently if all vacant posts were filled. The vacancies exist in the following posts:

General committee – 2 posts

Membership Co-ordinator/s: this role is currently administered by two people, but has in the past been undertaken by only one. The vacancy exists as a result of Dave and Audrey Girt standing down from the post they have run very effectively since 2016.

It is appropriate at this stage to convey our thanks to them for a job well done.

The possibility of re-commencing committee meetings at Thornfield House, Morley is being investigated, with Thursday July 1st being the earliest practical date.

Lockdown and the Fuddle Walk

10th December 2020

Due to Covid19 and the tier system, the traditional Fuddle Walk over Bardon Moor to the Shooting Hut for our shared Christmas feast overlooking the reservoir couldn't take place.

So where could we go without breaking the lockdown restrictions?

The answer – Ilkley Tarn, it has covered seating and benches overlooking the Tarn.



The Keepers of Tradition - Part 1

Most people met at the free car park at the top of Wells Road and walked up to the Tarn and met with friends who had walked over from Menston. It was good to see friends who we hadn't seen for a long time and after a few laps of the Tarn, we sat down to some Christmas cheese. Due to the virus restrictions, we weren't able to share our food like we usually do but sausage rolls, stand pies and mince pies were all in evidence. We did, however, succumb to an offer of Fairtrade chocolate from Dave & Audrey.

The weather was mainly dull and overcast and cold enough not to sit about for too long.

Some of us opted for a longer walk whilst the others headed for home.

Let's hope we can get back to some normality in 2021, we did at least keep the traditional Fuddle Walk going.

Malcolm Lomas (Sol)

Boxing Day at the Cow & Calf Rocks

The weather forecast for Boxing Day was dire, storm Bella promised gale force winds and heavy rain. Nonetheless, a few hardy stalwarts turned out for our traditional Meet. The Café car park was closed so we didn't hang about too long.

The first part of the walk was on a paved path as it climbed up onto the moor, fortunately, the bad weather forecast hadn't yet arrived. Leaving the main path, it became boggy and mossy underfoot. We eventually ended up at the Beck Stone, one of Simon Armitage's Stanza Stones spread across the moors from Marsden to this one at Ilkley.

The Stanza Stones are six engraved stones at the following locations:

The Snow Stone, at Pule Hill above Marsden;

The Rain Stone, at Cows Mouth Quarry, just off the A58 Littleborough – Ripponden road;

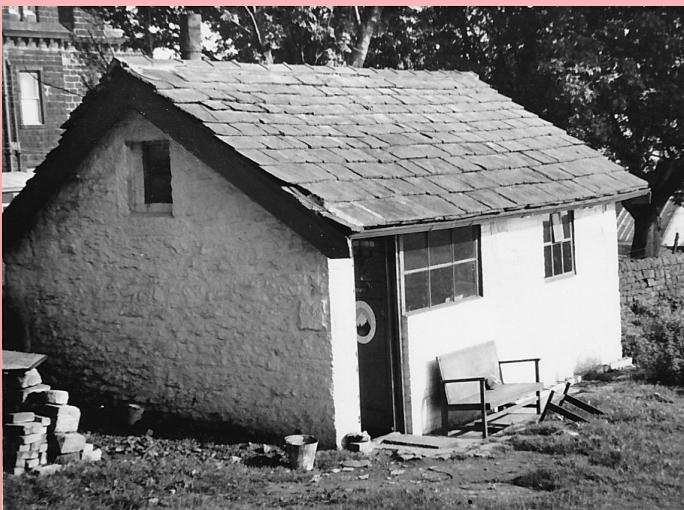
The Mist Stone, at Nab Hill overlooking Oxenhope;

The Dew Stone, at Rivock Edge overlooking Silsden;

The Puddle Stone, at Whetstone Gate on Rombalds Moor; and

The Beck Stone, in Beckston Beck, Ilkley Moor.

They all have poems chiselled into the rock, a project commissioned by the Ilkley Literature Festival, along with Simon Armitage, the Poet Laureate, in 2010 as a run up to the Paralympic Games in 2012.



From here, the group split up, some to continue the walk and others to make their way back to the car park.

I think I can shed some light on to the origins of the Boxing Day Meet. Before I became a Member of the YMC, none of us had transport so had to rely on public transport and Ilkley was one of the places we could get to fairly easily. In time we got to know some of the YMC, who had a hut behind the Cow & Calf Hotel. We were sometimes invited back to the hut for a warm-up and to get dry in the wet season (*most of*

the year, then! Ed.). I eventually joined the YMC in 1957 and had many happy times there. It was a small lean-to building with bunks and cooking facilities – a pot-bellied stove. We used to go there and listen to climbing tales from the likes of Ernest Shepherd, Charlie Sainsbury and Jack Wilson. Ernest used to run climbing and mountaineering courses from the nearby Highfield House. Charlie worked for a baker in Bradford (Tout Bros.) as a delivery man, when his runs were done on a Saturday morning, his boss would lend him a car to go off climbing for the rest of the weekend. He once took me up to Buttermere where we camped at Gatesgarth Farm. When we climbed at Birkness Combe, he would yodel out on his way down so Nell, his wife, would hear it and have the kettle on for a cup of tea for when we got back. Happy days!

I stayed many a weekend at the hut, which was the epicentre of the YMC at that time. Us that had no transport would be given lifts by Alan Austin and Harold Barraclough to Brimham Rocks, Almscliffe and Laddow Rocks.

We eventually lost the use of this hut and got the use of a cottage in the Lake District at Dale Bottom, just south of Keswick. A lot of the Club's activities were therefore based in the Lakes from then on, so we made a pact to make a point of meeting up at the Cow & Calf on Boxing Day.

The great floods on Boxing Day a few years ago are the only time I have missed getting to this meet in the 64 years of being a member of the YMC. Despite the weather, I set off to get there but couldn't get through Shipley because the road was flooded, so I drove to Bingley and up to Dick Hudson's, hoping to get through that way. Water was pouring off the moor and the top road was awash; beyond The Hermit the road was completely blocked by flood water. The road down to Burley in Wharfedale was like driving down the bed of a river. I was hoping to get into Ilkley and drive up Cowpasture Road to the rocks but couldn't because of the flood water. Up to that point I didn't think of the seriousness of the flooding, and then it struck me – I might get stuck in Wharfedale! I turned around and got back to Guiseley, I knew I couldn't get back via Shipley so went via Apperley Bridge. I stopped the car after crossing the river to survey the scene. Water everywhere, shortly afterwards the River Aire burst it's banks and the road became impassable.



The Keepers of Tradition - Part 2

I got home at midday and by this time it had stopped raining, but Mabel told me there was serious flooding in Mirfield. After a quick bite to eat, I jumped on my bike and rode down the green way to survey the flood waters. The Ship Inn at Mirfield was supposed to be hosting a festive dinner party but it was completely surrounded by floodwater up to the windows.

The following day I rode as far as I could up Calderdale. The road was blocked off to traffic but because I was on my bike, I managed to get through Mytholmroyd to Hebden Bridge and Todmorden which were devastated. It was heart breaking to see families whose houses had been flooded dragging their belongings out of the houses. At times I was able to ride along the canal towpath, at one point a 40-foot narrow boat had been lifted by the flood water and was straddling one of the lock gates.

Two days that will stick in my mind forever.

Malcolm Lomas (Sol)

Pinnacle Club invite

The YMC has received the following invite from the Pinnies, anyone interested should contact them direct to make the necessary booking.

I'm one of the organisers for the Pinnacle Club centenary meet taking place in June and I've been asked to contact the YMC to see if women climbers from this club would like to join us. We want to open up the meet to women from around the UK and provide an opportunity for them join in on what hopefully will be a fun and active week. We particularly want to open it up to our kindred clubs.

Obviously all plans are subject to Covid restrictions, but we are hoping that by June we will be able run the meet. I have written a brief summary of the meet below, but more details will become available soon as we will be posting updates on our website.

'The Pinnacle Club is celebrating its centenary this year and as part of that, we're organising a big, week-long meet in North Wales open to all competent women trad climbers: 'the women's trad 100' (WT100).

The meet will take place from June 19-27 and will be based at the Snowdonia Parc campsite at Waunfawr (which also has a pub and brewery!). Bookings will open at the end of March and there will be 80 places up for grabs. Please look out for further information on this meet and check out the PC website at <https://pinnacleclub.co.uk/> for further information and for a link to our bookings page (opening in March)'.

Kind regards

Gillian Radcliffe

Memories of Brendan (Bren) Jones

Honorary Member Bren Jones died back in January. Personally, I didn't know him well, just a vague memory of a helpful guy offering advice to a novice winter mountaineer during a descent of steep snow on Coniston Old Man one winter in the late '80's. Three Members who knew him much better than me have recorded some memories that give a flavour of the man.

Sol Lomas

It's the 1960's and we are camped near Lands End for our first taste of sea cliff climbing. On the pub wall down in Sennon Cove there's a photo of Chair Ladder with the routes marked on it. We have no guide book so we pick out some likely looking lines and at low tide abseil down, pulling the ropes down behind us – what if we can't climb back up? As it happens, we couldn't have chosen a better introduction to sea cliff climbing. Cornish granite is washed perfectly clean by the rising tides and by the summer and winter storms. At half height it becomes covered in a green lichen. Over the years I have climbed on most of the cliffs on the Lands End peninsular and Chair Ladder is my favourite.

It's winter time and four of us drive to Scotland on what may be the first ever YMC Winter Meet. We arrive at Poolewe after a very long overnight drive and drop two of our friends off, they are going to walk in to the bothy at Carn More, a shooting lodge on the Whitbread Estate. Meanwhile, Bren and I drive round to Dundonnell, leave the car and hitch-hike back to Poolewe, pick up our sacks that we hid under the bridge and start the long walk to meet our friends. Winter time in Scotland means short days and it soon starts to get dark, but it's a fine night and our eyes soon get used to the growing darkness. It's a fairly easy, level but long walk following the path alongside Fionn Loch. We cross a causeway between Fionn and Dubh Lochs and spot a light in a window. The bothy isn't a bothy as such, it's a stable block a short distance from the shooting lodge. Our friends are busy preparing the evening meal and as none of us have had much sleep in the past 24 hours it's early to bed after the meal, breaking up some hay bales to provide bedding. Next day we start another long walk through the Fisherfield Forest (not many trees!) to Shenaval bothy, where we stay for our second night. Next day we pack up and climb An Teallach, then it's back down to Dundonnell and the car. Colin's parents don't live far away so he takes us there for a meal before we set off for the long drive back to West Yorkshire.

We are climbing on Deer Bield Crag in Far Easedale in the Lake District. We are climbing The Crack and Bren and Eric Marsden are doing The Chimney. There's a huge rumbling noise and rocks rolling down the hillside followed by cries of pain. We rush round as soon as we can and Bren has got injured in the rockfall. There was no Mountain Rescue in those days, but we manage to get him down to the roadside and drive him to Kendal Hospital. We have to leave him for the night and I have the unfortunate job of driving his car back home and breaking the news to his wife. Fortunately, it was nothing too serious and he was soon back home with the family.

When we got the Club Hut in Coppermines Valley there was an awful lot of work to be done on it. Bren was the self-appointed Site Foreman. We were lucky that some Contractors were working on the dam higher up the valley. Bren got friendly with the Works Manager and for a few quid we were able to use some of their equipment after they had finished work for the weekend. A big hole was dug for the septic tank in front of the cottage and, in the course of a few weekends, a concrete base was laid, brick walls and a concrete roof built, all this in awful weather. To aid the drying out of the cement rendering we placed a Calor gas heater inside the tank thinking it would dry out by the following weekend. A week later the heater had gone out but unknown to us there was still some gas hanging around in the bottom of the tank. We lowered a light down to see what was what, and there was a huge bang and those looking



Two photos of the cottage in its initial delapidated state.

Courtesy of Jane.



down the manhole were lucky to get away with just scorched beards and eyebrows! A lot of work was done over a number of months before it was fit to hire out.

Bren took up parachute jumping and eventually became a qualified instructor, taking Ruth Hunt, one of our Members on a tandem jump. On one occasion his parachute had a malfunction and he fell to earth too fast, landing in a newly ploughed field, which he reckoned saved his life.

Bren was a larger than life character, good at cracking jokes and playing tricks. I don't think anyone had a bad word to say about him. In his working life he fitted suspended ceilings and every time I go into my bathroom I am reminded of Bren as he fitted the ceilings in my house over fifty years ago.

Good ole Bren – rest in peace – you deserve it.

Jane Wainwright

I have no recollection of Bren before the YMC was trying to find some property to make a club hut but he came straight to the front line then. When the four cottages in Miners Row were found he immediately checked them out and quickly realised (as it would take a long time to purchase them) if they were left through the coming winter there would be nothing left of them, there was no roof on and the sheep had moved in. Only Bren could do this but he got a team together for two weekends in September 1971 and put a temporary roof on something that was not ours.

Twelve months later we owned them so he hired an Avis rental truck in Leeds, filled it to the brim with timber and tools and drove it to Miners Row. So again a gang spent two weekends preparing the walls for a roof to be put on. Inside was a complete shell, no upstairs, walls falling down and tiny rooms all very dark. A proper roof was put on then before that winter.

During the winter there were lots of plans made and from March to September 1973 we had work meets alternate weekends, 6 a.m. start to well after dark. No stopping Bren, a real Irish Rogue. Great fun was had, hard work and never a dull moment. There were plenty of tradesmen in at that time and plenty of labourers and scrubbers but we needed a leader and Bren took to the challenge. Everyone left Sunday evening with – back to work for a rest.

ALL THIS WAS DONE WITHOUT ANY ELECTRICITY!

Bren was made an Honorary Member of the club for his work and dedication of making a great hut for the YMC.

The project finished and he moved on to parachute jumping which he also gave his all for many years. All I can say about this is Kim and I were invited to his 50th birthday party. A dark November night, damp and cold, in war time dress. A big crowd gathered in his house in Horsforth and no Bren to be seen. About 10 – 11 o'clock someone shouted above all the chatter, everyone outside. Down the garden and out to some spare ground then suddenly a noise, a plane (this is very close to Leeds /Bradford airport) then out of the darkness three parachute's were wandering around the sky. How they landed on the spot in between us all was truly amazing. What an arrival to your 50th.

A larger than life character, a brilliant guy.

Dave Cambell

I can't remember exactly when I first met Brendan it was probably in the late sixties, he lived in a small cottage in Pudsey. I remember travelling in the back of his mini van along with Ingrid to Dale Bottom. I was known as Black Dave (something to do with my black humour, not the colour of my hair at that time).

Climbing and travelling to go climbing with Brendan was usually eventful, he was always determined and focussed on what he wanted to do.

I particularly remember an occasion when he insisted we go to Leeds University climbing wall during the vacation even though I told him it would be closed. We stumbled about in the dark to find the door and confirmed it was closed.

Driving to Wales via Oldham, before the M62 was constructed, Bren insisted he knew the way... but didn't. Eventually we extricated ourselves from the Manchester conurbation and drove into Wales via Chester. Somewhere near Ruthin or Mold, Bren admitted he was lost and stopped to ask two elderly Welshmen how to get to Llanberis. Their reply was "What do you want to go there for?" I think it was on this trip Bren and I did Main Wall on Cyn Las which was high on his list of 'things to do'.

Another route on his 'to do' list was a winter ascent of Bowfell Buttress. The route was really a snow-covered rock climb, done in boots and carrying a wood-shafted axe. It was before the days of dry tooling and you brushed snow off the holds and jammed the axe where possible. We didn't complete the route and I got frost nip from hold clearing.

I have never kept a diary and didn't often record the routes done in those early years but one winter trip to Glencoe was significant. There were four of us, Bren, Dave Duffield, Bob Teal and me.

We drove up and arrived late at the Glencoe Bunkhouse. I am sure we overslept and set off late to do Crowberry Gully on Buchaille Etive Mor, again one of Bren's objectives. Walking in from Lagangarbh, around the Waterslide Slab and into the Gully was all uneventful, as was the climb itself but.... by the time we reached the top of the Gully, it was getting dark and Dave Duffield suggested we descend Curved Ridge.

I have since soloed the Ridge and realise now that it might not have been a sensible option in the dark, however as we couldn't find the top of the ridge we continued to move along the relatively easy ground overlooking the Glen Etive road until we decided for safety it was time to bivouac in our poly bags.

On the road below we could see car lights and assumed it could be the mountain rescue so we kept our torches off so as not to give signal we were in trouble. We were later informed that there is a signal protocol, 6 flashes to indicate you need help and 12 to show you don't need help but I've never been able to find confirmation of this. It was an uncomfortable night as the thaw had set in and we got rather damp, particularly Bob Teale because the melt water was running into his bag.

In the meantime, the owner of the bunkhouse noticed we hadn't returned and alerted the Mountain Rescue which in turn had been picked up by BBC and the event reported on the evening news.

When it was light enough, we abseiled off and Bren went off across the moor at a great rate to let the rescue team know we were OK. Dave Duffield and the rest of us followed shamefacedly. When asked for our names Hamish MacInnes exclaimed witheringly to Dave Duffield, "Aren't you a member of the Elite Alpine Climbing Group".

At home in Leeds, Judy had heard the BBC news report and rang Diane to tell her we were safe. Diane who hadn't heard the news asked "Safe from what". She had missed our inglorious moment on the TV news.

The last time I met Bren was the year before last in Otley. We had coffee together and reminisced about old times. Not surprisingly the septic tank incident at the cottage was discussed and also his 1960's altercation in Nottingham with Doug Scott.....but that's another tale

On discovering hidden places

When out in the hills, how good it is to crest a ridge or summit to view the so far hidden view on the other side. Of course we have seen it on the map as we planned our walk before we set off, though what is revealed to us is often much more diverse and hopefully more interesting. From the fluffiness and colour of grass types to the subtle curves of the land, things which can't be revealed by the contours on the map can often bring delight. Magical places can be found which tempt you back when you have the time to explore further. And this tells of such a trip.....

So this summer adventure of mine had its origins many years ago when I was going around my Munros. It was winter and I had taken the long path up Glean na Squaib from Loch Broom to do Cona Mheall. It was a cold, grey and windy day, with an iron hard frost. The clouds were above the tops though, so views were to be had, and at the end of the glen, as it rises onto a flat area before the last pull up to the summit I was stopped in my tracks. On my right was revealed a stunning view down to steep rocky Coire Ghranda which framed a small icy lochan. Maybe the winter conditions made it seem more amazing, but that was a moment I vowed to return and explore this area up the back of Beinn Dearg and Cona Mheall.

Cut to summer 2020 and the weather was perfect, so the plan was to walk from the west end of Loch Glascarnoch to camp in the glen below Beinn Dearg's eastern slopes.

Boggy and pathless were the 5 kms to our loch side spot,(surely further with all the diversions to avoid getting our feet wet). And the midges were swarming badly once we stopped, so the tent was speedily put up and we spent the afternoon walking the loch side, scavenging bog wood as we went, which was dry and plentiful. We hoped a smoky fire might keep the flies away so we could cook and eat in relative comfort, which did seem to work as long as you didn't mind getting kippered. Then a mellow evening was spent by the fire, watching the setting sun paint the valley shades of orange.

The thick, grey fog and heavy dew next morning was a disappointing start, but had us shifting quickly off up the glen, trying to out pace the fug of midges. Heading up a good drainage line we'd thankfully scoped out the previous night would bring us to the beautiful Coire Ghranda, but the thick cloud we were in gave us no view of our surroundings. Whatever, despondency was dismissed by the appearance of clean, grippy rocky slabs which made ascending a pure pleasure.....and then we just popped out! The murk was below; it's top a fluffy blanket covering all but a few high peaks. And the warm sun shined in the deep blue sky.

The slabs led further on to the coire lip and its bright stream curved the grassy knolls up to Loch a Choire Ghranda. Boots came off and thirsts quenched before I settled on the glacier smoothed rock to appreciate the amazing amphitheatre (and have a meditate.).The time languishing was sweet, but



above us was a tempting ridge line I'd often seen from the car whilst driving towards Ullapool. So off we went, picking an easy rock scramble to try keep us on the crest as much as possible, and the last kilometre was a delightful airy ridge to the summit of Cona Mheall.

Now Andrew is a runner and after the gentle morning pace I could see his eyes light up at the hills which now surrounded us. So I gave him the map and we arranged to meet up on Meal nan Ceapreachan. He would go via Beinn Dearg and I would cut across the broad Glen Tuath to inspect the rocks and plants and fill the water bottles at the spring as the sun was pretty hot by now. The tops and ridges were quite busy for such a remote spot, so I was happy to be off the beaten track.

The springs were a bubble of mossy, emerald cushions and I enjoyed sitting there drinking the cool water before dawdling up the hill to wait for Andrew.

And how sociable it is to sit and just chat to those who pass. Many people were using the good weather to string together the 4 Munros in this group and they told me their stories of the day.

I was impatient to get away as I fancied a swim to cool down, so once he was fed and watered we parted again, him running on to Eididh nan Clach Geala and me descending Glen Tuath to Loch Prille.



As the glen narrowed the water of the burn pleasantly zigged and zagged down the stepped rocks, spraying up in rainbows in the sun. And the steep rock sheets behind Cona Mheall to my right were imposing and made for a dramatic situation.

At the loch's rocky shore I rested a while, then checking no one was about, doffed off and had my swim. The water was deep brown and at it's middle seemed black which gave me the creeps, so I kept to the warm edges and just floated around in the warm amniotic fluid. It really is a magic place, feeling hemmed in by mountains on three sides and the outflow perching high above a long drop as the Tuath burn turns for it's big cascade down.

This was another hidden place I'd wanted to visit this after being told of it's sublime situation by a mate. He had passed it on a wet, grey Munro ticking outing, but the weather obviously hadn't dimmed it's magic. But try save a sunny day as it's worth it!

From here you can continue to another Munro; Am Faochagach, but I was heading down to the tent.

And those last 4km seemed to go on forever. I wondered if Andrew had been tempted to get another hill tick, but he came down not long after me looking worn out.

We spent a gentle evening recovering, talking with a passing group (the only people I'd seen since leaving our last summit) before we once again had the empty glen to ourselves.

Next day, the temptation to do the final hill was low, and I knew it was a bit of a boring one, so we decided to walk out and indulge in the flesh pots of Ullapool.

Cozi Phillips

Forthcoming Meets

It's good to be able to include these details at last.

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

Please contact the Meet Coordinator if you intend to join a Meet so numbers can be managed to ensure to limit of 30 is not exceeded, or if you require further information.

Please check www.theymc.com for confirmation of start point details.

Meet Co-ordinators' personal email addresses and phone numbers can be obtained from the website membership list or contact the Meets Secretary.

- | | | |
|------|------------------|---|
| June | 6 th | Crookrise Crag & Embsay Moor. Yorks Dales.
Embsay village car park. BD23 6RE - GR SE 009 538
Derek Field. |
| June | 13 th | Black Hill. Peak District.
Digley Reservoir car park. Approx post code HD9 2RX - GR SE 109 067
Jennifer & Peter Tennant. |
| June | 20 th | Cam Fell, Cam High Road & Dodd Fell. Yorks Dales.
Road side parking on Oughtershaw Road above Oughtershaw village.
Approx post code BD23 5JR - GR SD 859 837
Kath & Graham Willis. |
| June | 25 th | Coniston Hut – Housekeeping Meet. (2 nights).
Booking - ymchut@gmail.com |
| July | 11 th | Sutton Bank, Whitestone Cliff, Gormire Lake. NY Moors.
Sutton Bank National Park Centre. Y07 2EH – GR SE 516 830
Henry Beavers. |
| July | 25 th | Great Shunner Fell & Lovely Seat, Hardraw. Wensleydale. Yorks Dales.
Roadside parking west of Hardraw village. DL8 3LZ – GR SD 866 911
Kath & Graham Willis. |

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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straight to your inbox.
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Winter 2021

The Yorkshire Mountaineering Club - Founded 1941