

THE YORKSHIRE MOUNTAINEER

Issue: 391
Winter 2023



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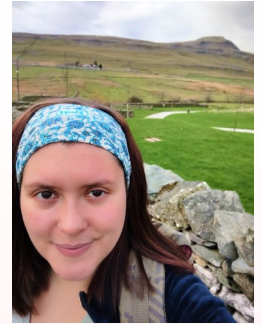
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The Yorkshire Mountaineering Club - Founded 1941

Welcome From the Editor



Well what can I say, we are already a quarter of the way through 2023, I can't quite believe it. We have had a fairly mild winter, sprinkled with a few days of snow here and there but we have some fantastic contributions for you in this edition. I am truly grateful to everyone who has taken the time to send me content and I can't wait to see what the rest of the year has in store.

I have felt quite emotional reading the stories about the club hut whilst editing this edition and would like to personally thank all those members who worked so hard over the last 50 years to bring it to fruition. I was very blessed as child being able to spend time there and now share those experiences with my own family. With a trip to the Artic tundra of Norway next winter on the cards for myself and Chris, I for one am going to be trying to get out and about in the Lakes more this year to get my fitness up, stay tuned for updates on what I have been getting up to!

I encourage all of you to take even just 5 minutes each day to get outside and take time to really appreciate the world around you. It is so easy to get wrapped up in day to day life that we forget to appreciate the natural world. Set a side a little time and see where you end up.

Here's to 2023, may it be full of fun, adventure, discovery and friendship and hopefully many trips to the beloved Hut.

Deadline for input to the next Newsletter is **14th June**. Material for the next newsletter can be sent to me at:

newsletter@theymc.org.uk

or

ymcnewsletter@gmail.com

Soraya Homayoonpoor



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Cover photos:

Front: Jane Wainwright

Rear: A Chilly Start- Natasha





Committee Matters

It was stated in the last newsletter that the Environment Agency [EA] had approved the club's application for a sewage permit but it had not been physically issued. However, it can now be reported that on January 6th 2023 it was received by the Club Secretary. This permit has, in accordance with EA regulations, to be kept permanently at the club hut.

Contained within the EA regulations is the requirement to have in place a written Environmental Management System, which includes the need for regular checks of the sewage system. It is planned these will take place at every maintenance meet. However, if any member occupying the hut between these meets notices any ponding, stagnant water or sewage odours it would be helpful if they could report their findings to any member of the Committee.

It was reported in TYM 390 that Northern Rock guide sales were slowing down after an encouraging start and this trend is currently continuing. In the first two months of 2023 only 33 copies had been sold but it was anticipated that this would increase as we progress into spring/summer.

Mentioned in the last newsletter was the fact that the stock of the Yorkshire Gritstone Guide Volume 2 was very low and a reprint should be undertaken. Robin Nicholson, a former YMC guide editor was to be consulted about overseeing this reprint: Robin has since confirmed his willingness to do so and it seems likely that he will be assisted by Adi Gill, who was also involved in the production of previous YMC guides.

The new website mentioned in the last newsletter has yet to become operational. It was planned to have a working demonstration available at the beginning of January but unfortunately work commitments of Henry Green have hindered progress. A new hosting site has already been obtained so a swift transfer from the existing hosting site can be made when the club is in a position to go live. Hopefully in the near future.

Intensive work took place at the hut at the beginning of February following the decision to undertake ceramic tiling to the external walls in the letting section of the building. This action was prompted as a solution of a long-standing problem with mold on the plasterwork around the sink areas. Considerable preparation was needed before the tiling took place: the area around the window looking across the valley has been completed but unfortunately the cutting of some tiles into

irregular shapes has meant there weren't enough to finish around the window on the rear wall. Completion will take place at the meet scheduled for the beginning of April.

In a move to prevent mold forming on the internal end wall, a cooker hood and splashback is to be installed during the same meet.

Also planned for this meet and as mentioned in the last newsletter, is the long overdue repainting of all internal walls throughout the building. Preparation for this painting has already been completed, and included a small amount of patching to the plasterwork.

The planned improvements to the storage areas beneath all worktops are still on hold.

The club's relationship with Craven Mountaineering Club continues to develop: initially joint meets took place on an informal basis but now this initial relationship has evolved into joint meets being conducted on a formal basis, commencing in 2024. The Craven club is also reported as having a developing young and enthusiastic climbing section and this could be beneficial since both clubs are seeking to improve this aspect of their activities.

Members will have noticed from the Club Meet List that a celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Coniston Hut opening is taking place. Initial plans have been made in organising a suitable function, to be held over the weekend of October 20th/21st.

Members will be informed of developments as they progress and any suggestions relating to the event would be welcomed.



Looking down the Coppermines Valley, The YMC Hut in the distance

Landon Wood

1937-2023

Landon joined The YMC in 1965, previously enjoying organised alpine holidays with the Austrian Alpine Club. With his brother Peter and friends, they formed a skiffle group and played in local pubs and clubs.

Whilst in The YMC, he met and later married Moira Morritt and they enjoyed many holidays abroad, walking and sub aqua diving. Sadly Moira passed away in 1989.

For years Landon and Moira were regulars on club meets and work meets, especially during the restoration of the Coniston hut.



After retiring, Landon visited The Dolomites, Austrian Alps, Chamonix and Zermatt for walking holidays but at a slower pace.

His brother Peter thanks members for attending Landon's funeral. The collection raised £326, which will be donated to The Upper Wharfedale Fell Rescue Association.

The YMC in the News

On Saturday 14th January, the Yorkshire Mountaineering Club was featured in The Yorkshire Post detailing the impact the club hut has made over the last 50 years.

“The acquisition of four derelict former miners’ cottages in the Coppermines valley, Coniston which would eventually be turned into a welcome and warming shelter for walkers, school and scout groups.”

When The YMC acquired the one up, one down cottages...there was no roof, no electricity and no toilet other than the outside one. The YMC used a grant from the Sports Council for £1300 to buy the buildings then members had to fundraise themselves to pay for a roof and eventually internal alterations.

Nowadays...it boasts a solid fuel fire, bunks, kitchen facilities and toilets, a shower and a drying room.

The YMC wants to make it possible for more young people to get outdoors, enjoy the environment and learn outdoor skills.

The YMC has also recently teamed up with other northern clubs– Northumbrian Mountaineering Club, Red Rose Definitives and The Cleveland Mountaineering Club to produce Norther Rock, a new guidebook to the best traditional climbing, sport climbing and bouldering in Yorkshire , Northumberland, Lancashire and the North York Moors. “

(Excerpts taken from Emma Ryan’s, The Yorkshire Post Country Correspondent’s “The Club Still Moving Mountains to Help Young People” -14th January 2023)

50th Anniversary of The Hut

On the 5th October 1972 our offer of £1300 was accepted by the Le Fleming estate for the 4 cottages in the Coppermines valley. Previous to this the late Bren Jones and Kim Wainwright put some temporary protection on the roofs.

In early 1973 after a lot of fundraising, the roof was completed for us by Ushers in Coniston so we could then begin the restoration. Working meets were organised fortnightly until on the 27th October 1973 we could hold the opening.

Since then, many improvements have been made including getting electricity in 1976. Over the years we have had a multitude of stoves, heating, pots and pans. The biggest work also done by Ushers and managed by Laurie Morse was the rear extension providing excellent toilet facilities.

I don't know what celebrations can take place due to the cost of living crisis, strikes and staff shortages, but the hut will still be there. On the 28th of October this year will be the start of the next 50 years for the next generation of our younger members to enjoy the hut. Look after it please.

Derek Field



Irish Row– The YMC Hut– Soraya Homayoonpoor

YMC Meet Report – Stanage and Burbage Edges

Date: Sunday 18th September 2022

Start Point: CP Hathersage Village, Oddfellows Road

Attendees: Ben Gilbert, Tony Raithby, Peter & Jennifer Tennant, Kath & Graham Willis (members).

After arriving at the car park to find the meter wasn't working we left a note on



Peter & Jennifer Tennant below Higger Tor

the dashboard of our cars and set off towards Hathersage main street. Crossing the road we headed north up Baulke Lane where it became evident that there was to be a fell race that day as the field on our right was full of cars and potential competitors. We later learned that they were competing in the Fat Boys Stanage Struggle – a 9.9km/6.2mile race with 355m/1165ft of ascent.

Our route continued north, and after passing through several fields we crossed the minor road after Brookfield Manor Training Centre. The path wound its way through fields and woodland, passing Green's House and Dennis Knoll on our left, before we turned left on the minor road with ample parking spaces. From here the plan was to continue north onto High Neb but with the bracken at shoulder height we opted to continue along the track passing Buck Stone and arriving at Stanage Edge just in time for the fastest of 'the Fat Boys' (and girls) to arrive in front of us.

We decided to go along to High Neb, dodging the runners and after reaching the trig point they headed downhill and we headed back along the edge before diverting from the route to visit Stanage Pole.

As is usually the case Stanage Edge was very busy with runners, climbers and walkers all enjoying a dry sunny day with excellent visibility, so after a brief stop at the trig point we scrambled down the rocks to find a suitable, quiet spot for lunch. The second part of the walk along the footpath above Burbage rocks was less popular and we eventually took the path down towards Burbage Brook and up onto Hathersage Moor passing over Carl Wark (fort site) with Higger Tor in the distance on our right.

From here we dropped down to Whim Plantation before crossing the road and taking the track on the High Lees estate. This led to a sunken path through the trees which continued down to the main road (A6187) which led us back to our start point in Hathersage. Refreshments were taken by some of the group at a local public house

Kath Willis



Higger Tor - Party of (L-R) Peter Tennant, Tony Raithby, Jennifer Tennant, Kath Willis & Ben Gilbert

Meet Report: Hawnby Bridge to Fangdale Beck

Date: 4th September 2022

Attendees: Ben Gilbert, Graham Willis, Kath Willis, Tony Raithby

After managing to flag down Tony Raithby who I noticed driving past the start point, the small party of 4 set off from the slightly out of the way car park at Hawnby Bridge.

From Hawnby Bridge footpaths and tracks lead us past Easterside Farm, from where we joined the grassy track that leads north east all the way across Shaw Side Moor and then down to Fangdale Beck, providing good views across Bilsdale on the way down.

From Fangdale Beck we took footpaths past Stone House and Coniser to reach the tarmac access road towards



Looking north towards Hasty Bank from just above Fangdale Beck



Tony, Graham and Kath on Hawnby Hill

the three replacement transmission towers on Bilsdale West Moor. Getting up on to Bilsdale West Moor via the tarmac access road was bit of a slog, but we stopped 2/3 of the way up for lunch with more good views across the valley.

The open access area towards the top of access road was closed off due to work taking place to replace the previous Bilsdale transmission tower which caught fire a little over a year ago, so we made a brief cross country detour.

Fortunately a track leads south west to within a few hundred metres of a line of shooting butts which in turn lead to the track running south along the middle of Bilsdale West Moor.

By coincidence I was up on Bilsdale West Moor not far from the route of this walk on the day that the original transmission tower caught fire. Initially I noticed a little smoke coming out of the top of what must be the hollow transmission mast, but fairly soon this was followed by flames and a lot more smoke coming from the base. The fire was evidently terminal and the tall mast that has been on top of Bilsdale West Moor for as long as I can remember, is no more!

From the area of the replacement transmission masts we followed a track south for a couple of miles to Hawnby Hill. A 100 metre climb leads to the narrow ridge along the top of the hill from where made our way down to Hawnby village, and then on back to Hawnby Bridge.

Refreshments followed at the excellent Owl Inn at Hawnby.

Ben Gilbert



The fire at the original mast on Bilsdale West Moor

Christmas Fuddle Photos- Barden Scale- Embsay Moor Meet

Date: 11th December 2022

Photos by Laurie Morse





South Kintail Ridge in Winter, or... One Mistake After Another!

Outside the window January rain drenched the garden for yet another dismal day. The phone rang. It was S. "How do you fancy doing the South Kintail Ridge next weekend. Set off Friday evening, return Sunday evening?". "But it's chucking it down". "Yes. But they're getting loads of fresh snow in the Highlands and it will be in prime condition by next weekend". My first mistake was not to say "No thank you" then and there. Instead I asked who else was signed up? "G is up for it" was the response. Quickly I noted that my two potential companions were half my age, at the peak of their fitness, and not already beyond retirement age like me. I should have quickly declined the offer right then (second mistake), but instead I asked who else? "Well B wants to come along but we can't get three in one tent". Slowly it dawned that I was being invited merely to make up numbers. But I hesitated to decline. Memories flooded back of a brilliant winter day on the Saddle and Forcan Ridge with N and M, descending on crisp pink snow right down to the road as the sun set in a cloudless sky. It would be good to repeat that experience. And B was not quite as young and fast as the others, and all three were good to be out with. So I made the third mistake, and agreed to join

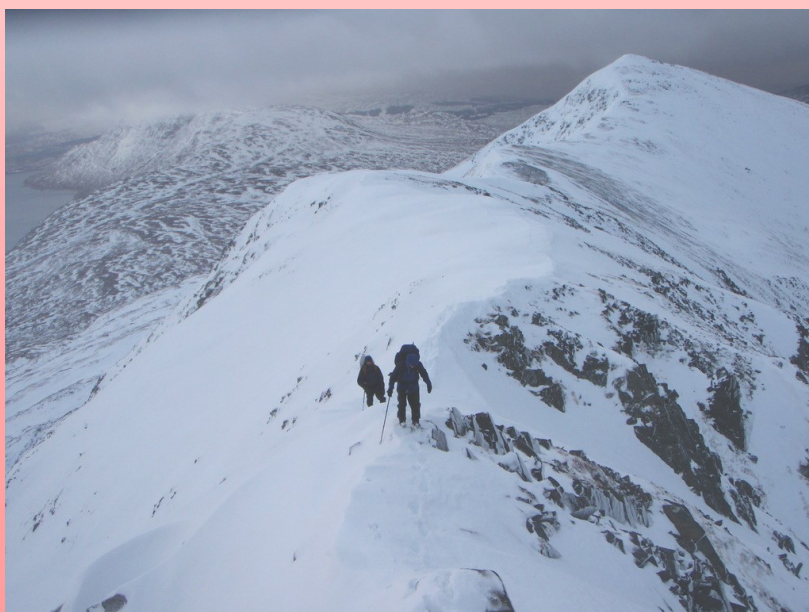
Immediately I was volunteered to drive the Friday night journey in S's people carrier. "We can be off by 6 o'clock and bedded down by 12" I was told. From past experience of delayed departures I should have known better (mistake four) but I went with it, and my extra role, to organise the victuals. Getting email agreement to a menu was reasonably straightforward as none of us were faddy eaters and standard fare of porridge breakfast and a pasta-based Saturday evening meal were readily accepted. For lunches I came up with the idea of making sandwiches in advance to save messing about with ingredients on the hill. Ham, and cheese fillings were agreed and come Friday afternoon I set to splitting teacakes and making up eight ration packs with supplementary fruit cake slices and chocolate biscuits and other goodies (mistake five). When eventually we came to unwrap our sandwiches the fluffy teacakes had been squashed flat in our tightly packed rucksacks and were quite glutinous and clagging to consume.

The car was nowhere to be seen at 6 o'clock, surprise! surprise!, and by the time everybody had been collected and their kit loaded it was nearer 8 o'clock when we got away. At least traffic was light as we sped north and we made reasonable time to Fort William, though too late for a Ben Fong supper. Not that B noticed: he somehow slept all the way. After Spean Bridge the snow was down to road level but the roads were clear. S knew a layby off the A87 at the head of Glen Shiel where we could camp in comfort overnight. It was approaching 2 a.m. by the time we got there only to find the snow

plough had walled off the layby with a three foot snow barrier. So we pressed on. Eventually we found a patch of grass verge, snow covered, big enough for two Terra Nova Quasars and by 3.a.m. we settled down for a sleep. Or at least we would have slept were it not for the all-night procession of heavy lorries heading off to France with their precious cargoes of sea foods, grinding past our heads only 20 feet away (mistake six).

Morning came: dull, low cloud and mild. We filled our pans from icicles dripping off the peat hags roadside and ate a hearty breakfast, packed and drove down to the Cluanie Inn car park. The plan was to hitch-hike back to the car when we had finished the ridge. Here we assembled our loads and chose our attire. With hindsight my choice of five layers of insulation was probably a bit too much for the day (mistake seven) (See Footnote). By now the mist was Scotch Mist, heavy drizzle drenching our Goretex, and melting the snow at a rapid rate. No problem: in advance anticipation I had waterproofed my jacket and over trousers, lathered my boots with wax, and glued on my yeti gaiters, so I should be dry OK?(mistake eight). We set off across the reservoir embankment and up the tarmacked track toward Glen Loyne, tramping through slush. I had forgotten how much winter camping and mountaineering kit weighed and puffed along with the others as best I could. Somehow in the clagg we missed the stalkers path (mistake nine) and went too high on the track before we set foot on the hill proper on the slopes of the north ridge of Creag a Mhaim. We paused for a late damp lunch, before eventually arriving at the summit. The clouds had lifted a little but not off the surrounding Munro summits so the view was a bit disappointing, but at least the snow underfoot was a bit more frozen.

We pressed on along the ridge (to Drum Shionnach summit. Mid-afternoon by now, and mindful of the early sunset (what sun?) in the Highlands in winter, we now dropped left off the subsequent ridge into a high coire to find a campsite. We seemed to descend a long way before anything like flat ground appeared. Eventually a promising spot was found, not too slopey, big enough for the two tents end-to-end, and with a burn handily by. We stamped out platforms in the deepish snow and set up camp.



S.Shiel Ridge Beyond Creag a Mhaim



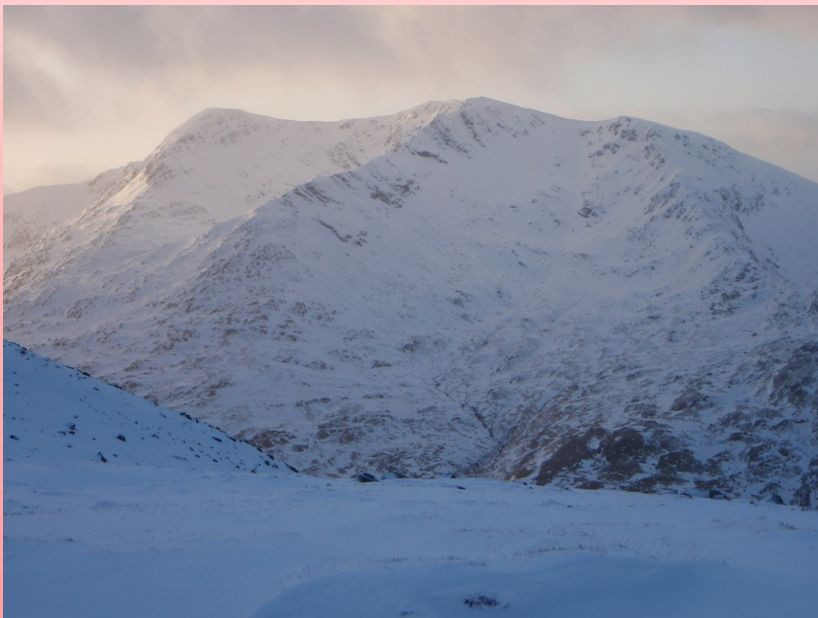
S. Shiel Ridge Campsite Drum Shionnach corrie

Only now did I begin to realise just how wet I had got as my temperature dropped now exertion had ceased. My “waterproof” jacket and trousers were sodden, my fleece jacket was well damp; my fleece sweatshirt (well named!) and my trousers were very damp; my woollen shirt was very damp on the shoulders, and my thermals were pretty damp everywhere. Underpants? Let’s not go there. My boots were sodden too, so of course my

socks were ringing wet. Fortunately though the rain had penetrated the rucksack cover and the outer carcass of my rucksack, thanks to the poly-bag liner I still had dry kit to put on. Somewhere I had heard that if you slept in damp clothes they dried on you overnight. So discarding the outer layers I changed my socks for dry ones, and retaining my sweatshirt, trousers, shirt, and thermals, I slipped into my sleeping bag. Very cosy (mistake ten).

With the tents end -to-end we could get a welcome brew going, and cook in the end bays of each and reach food between the two. The disadvantage was using one end for cooking meant that storage space at the entrance end was under pressure if we were to get in and out without difficulty. So where to store my waterproofs? I decided under my Thermarest they would be out of the way (mistake eleven) and my boots with gaiters attached could stay in the entrance bay, handy for slipping on (mistake twelve). Perhaps it was unavoidable that there was a lot of condensation from cooking given the ambient humidity and it was best to avoid touching the tent if possible if you didn’t want an unwelcome cold shower. It was gone 8 o’clock before we had finished eating and when I stepped out to scour the pans and plates with snow I was pleasantly surprised to find the sky had cleared of cloud and the Milky Way was spectacularly clear to see. But with that had come a sharp drop in temperature, and was I glad to get quickly back in my bag.

We turned in early to try and catch up on lost sleep, and my tent mate G was almost immediately gently droning. I soon followed him, but woke after a short while to find I was sliding down the groundsheet towards him. The ground was not quite flat and my wet outer-clothes were sledging me on my Thermarest down the slope of the wet slippery nylon groundsheet. Somehow I managed to push them into the bottom corner of the tent, and settle down again. A vole came snuffling along almost under the tent but sounding in the night's silence like a large beast, and delaying me getting back to sleep. After maybe 3 hours I woke again, feeling chilly. So I donned my fleece jacket and settled down again. Another hour and I was awake again, feeling cold. I decided to pay a call of nature, but struggled with my boots which were freezing up. It felt good to get back to my bag, but not for long. I woke shivering. All the warmth seemed to have left my bag, and the only way to get warm was to lie on my back, pressed to my Thermarest. Unfortunately, as soon as I fell asleep I rolled to my normal sleeping position, on my side, and started cooling down. After 20 minutes or so I woke again shivering, and I started the process again back on my back. Even my feet in dry socks were cold. This went on for hour after hour until in desperation of getting at least a couple of hours' kip I woke G and asked if he minded swapping his down jacket for my fleece jacket. Generously

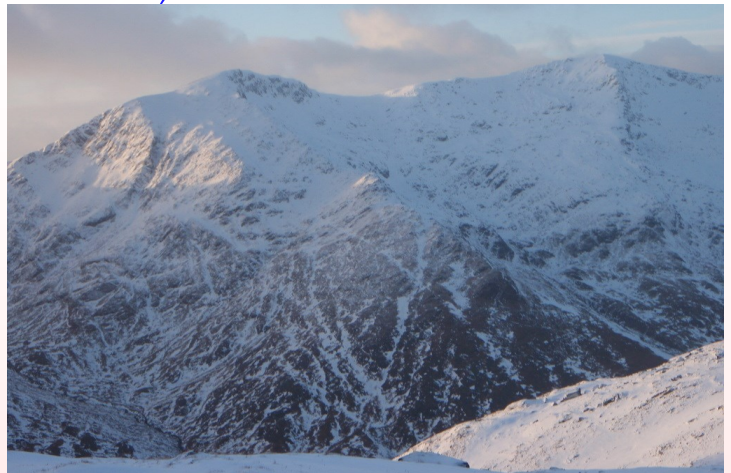


S. Shiel Ridge Spidean Mialach

(cos' that's the kind of guy he is) he sleepily agreed, and after that I slept without interruption the remaining two hours. Come morning I found my sleeping bag was like a wet rag. Evaporation from my clothes had passed through the down filling but when it reached the surface of the bag the freezing air temperature had caused it to condense again, leading to my bag gradually getting soaked, and losing its insulating capabilities.

We had another good breakfast, and broke camp by 09.30. The clouds were back but there were sunny breaks which was encouraging, and giving views to the south

of Spidean Mialacha and Sgurr a Maolaich (**Pic 4**). However, the ascent back to the ridge was made harder as the thin frozen snow crust formed overnight wouldn't bear our loaded weight. It was a real drag to regain the ridge before Aonach air Chrith and a steep climb to the



S.Shiel Ridge Sgurr a Mhaoraich



S.Shiel Ridge Aonach air Chrith



S.Shiel Ridge View back to Aonach air Chrith summit before dropping down again and continuing along the now narrower ridge to ascend Maol Chinn-dearg. Then steeply down again. Low cloud had come back accompanied by a cold wind. I was feeling tired and lethargic, trailing behind the others a bit, so at the next summit Sgurr Coire na Feinne I said I was cutting short my adventure and descending to the road, and back to the car.



S.Shiel Ridge Ascending Maol Chinn-dearg



S. Shiel Ridge Ascending Maol Chinn-dearg

B decided he would accompany me. Not sure if that was for his benefit or my safety! We discussed how and where B and I could pick up G and S when they had finished the ridge. B thought he knew the spot the footpath came off the hill to the road, and I failed to take enough interest in the location on the map (mistake thirteen). S and G offloaded all their soggy camping gear on to B and me, and we parted company. At least we had mobile phones for contact.

Toting even heavier packs, we set off down the long ridge to the valley, stopping for lunch when the cloud lifted with a view at last of Sgurr na Carnach and some others of the Five Sisters. The hillsides were running with melting snow, everywhere was slippery and soggy, and crampons remained useful on the steep wet grass lower down. Eventually we came to the valley bottom where, not surprisingly, the burn was in spate, more of a fast-flowing river than a stream. Wading looked a dangerous option, so we hunted for a narrowing of the flow, but it was obviously very deep, and not that narrow! The big wet loads on our backs seemed to grow in weight. However, loosening our rucksack buckles and grasping our ice axes we shambled as fast as we could and leapt the stream- just! Relief!



S. Shiel Ridge Descending Maol Chinn-dearg

From there it was four or more miles of road walking back to the car, but how it dragged. Nobody wants to pick up a sopping hitch-hiker. Back at the car we were able to strip off our wet clobber. I tipped a cup of water out of each boot (and they took over a month to dry out back home), and wrung plenty out of the rest of my clothes. But it was great to be back in warm dry clothes. We tucked in to the hoard of chocolate bars, and relaxed, knowing we had an hour or so to kill. Late afternoon we did a recce down the glen and parked up where we thought the meeting place was (mistake fourteen). After it had got dark and cold again, we began to have doubts we were at the correct location. We drove down the glen again, but in the dark B was unable to identify a more likely location, and I couldn't make the map match my scant recollection of instructions.

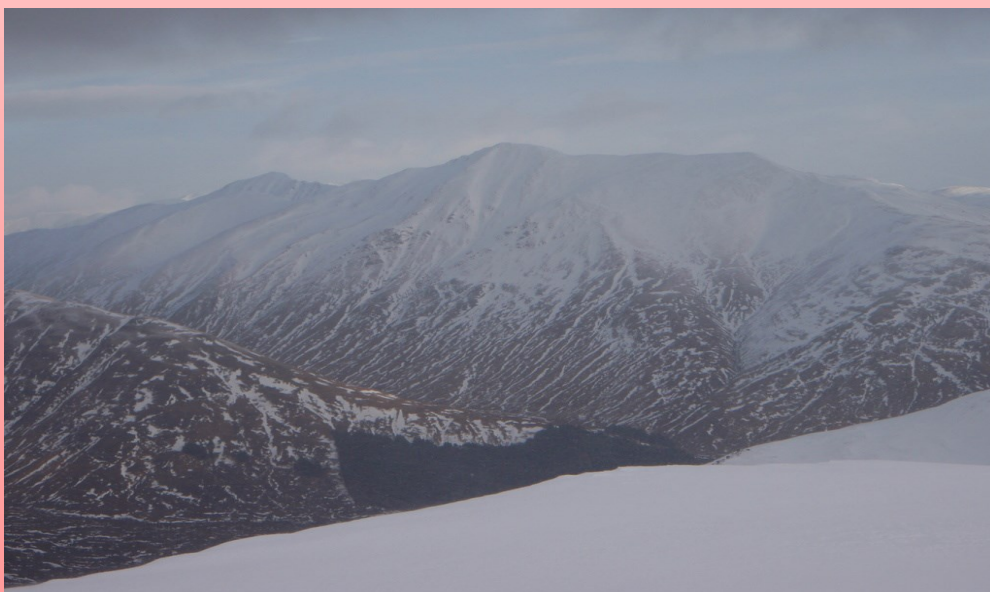
So we went back to our original spot and rang S's mobile. He answered but faded before we had time to explore the question. He hadn't had chance to charge up his phone before we left home (mistake fifteen). Should we stay, or should we move? We stayed (mistake sixteen). After what seemed an age a car came up the glen, kindly carrying a message that Sand G were waiting for us further down. We quickly found their headtorches flashing at the verge. They were mighty glad to see us, and unexpectedly forgiving of our ineptitude. Perhaps they knew us too well! They had completed the ridge, going on to include Sgurr na Sgine and descending over Faochag, but they too had been delayed by problems crossing a swollen burn which eventually they had been forced to wade. So they were soaked and cold, and looking forward to dry clothes and a hot drink.

After that I think things went swimmingly. I fell asleep almost as soon as we got under way and only woke as we approached West Yorkshire early Monday morning, but still ready to drop into a nice warm bed. So "tak heed", and learn from our mistakes!

Footnote : For comparison here is Frank Smythe's description of his attire on Everest in 1935: "I wore a Shetland vest, a thick flannel shirt, a heavy camel hair sweater, six light Shetland pullovers, a pair of flannel trousers, and over all a silk-lined "Grenfell" windproof suit. A Shetland balaclava and another helmet of "Grenfell" cloth protected my head, and my feet were encased in four pairs of Shetland socks and stockings...a pair of woollen fingerless gloves inside a pair of South African lambskin gloves, also

fingerless, kept my hands moderately warm". And he didn't even have Scotch Mist to contend with!

Anonymous



S. Shiel Ridge View of Sgurr na Carnach

Weekend Meets 2023

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 or 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

Attendance at any meet at the Coniston cottage including maintenance meets is by advance booking only through the hut booking secretary, Claire Howarth.

March

- Mar 26th Crummackdale Circuit. Yorks Dales.
Clapham NP Car Park. GR SD 745 692.
Kath & Graham Willis.
- Mar 31st Coniston Hut – Housekeeping Meet. (2 nights).
Hut Booking Secretary.

April

- Apr 7th Easter Club Meet Coniston Hut (4 Nights).
Hut Booking Secretary.
Sally Harris.
- Apr 14th Langdale. Lakes Climbing & Walking Meet (2 Nights).
Robertson Lamb Wayfarers Hut. Langdale. LA22 9JS.
Henry Green.
- Apr 23rd Lantern Pike & Cown Edge. Hayfield Environs. Peak District
Roadside Parking on Monks Road. - TBC
Kath & Graham Willis
- Apr 30th Snowdonia Scrambling Day Meet (Tryfan / Glyders / Idwal area).
Ogwen Cottage Car Park. LL57 3LZ.
Damian Rose.



May

- May 14th Millington Dale - Holm Dale – Pocklington. Yorks Wolds.
Car park at Millington Wood. YO42 1TZ – GR SE838530
Ben Gilbert & Graham Willis.
- May 27th Skye Glenbrittle YHA - Spring Bank Holiday Hostel Meet. (7 Nights).
Arrive Saturday 27th May – Leave Saturday 3rd June 2023.

June

- June 11th Kinder Northern Edges & Snake Pass. Peak District.
Birchen Clough Car Park. GR SK 109 914.
Kath & Graham Willis.
- June 23rd Coniston Hut – Housekeeping Meet. (2 nights).
Hut Booking Secretary.
- June 30th Roaches Climbing Weekend. Don Whillans Memorial Hut. Peak District. (2 Nights).
Rockhall Cottage, The Roaches, Upper Hulme, Leek. ST13 8UB.
GR SK 007 622 - Rob Dracup.

July

- July 2nd Roaches Hut Meet - Day Walk.
As above.
- July 16th Blea Moor Environs & Cam Fell. Ribblehead. Yorks Dales.
Roadside parking between Ribblehead road junction & Gearstones Lodge.
LA6 3AS
GR SD765793 - Eve & Steve Bartlett.
- July 21st Coniston Mines Meet – Slate & Lead Mines Underground Tour (2 Nights).
Coniston Hut Booking - ymchut@gmail.com
Meet Coordinator Sean Kelly.

August


- Aug 6th Hebden Bridge Environs – Deerstones Edge, Cock Hill & Crimsworth Dean.
South Pennines. Midgehole NT Car Park. HX7 7AA.
Kath & Graham Willis.
- Aug 20th Nether Stilton - Black Hambleton & Great Arden Moor. - N. Yorks Moors.
Stilton Forest - Forestry England Car Park on Moor Lane, Nether Stilton.
YO7 2LL
GR SE 467 937.
Ben Gilbert & Graham Willis.

September

- Sept 10th Grassington Environs. Yorks Dales. Taking in Hebden Gill, Lead mines,
Water Fowl Butts, Mossy Mire & Star Treck Lane.
YD National Park Car Park Grassington village. BD23 5LB. - GR
SD002637.
Andy Barton.
- Sept 22nd Snowdonia Hut Meet. (2 Nights).
Booking - Natasha Cook.

October

- Oct 1st Langfield Common & 4 Reservoirs. Littleborough.
Peak District. OL15 0LG.
Car parking near The White House pub adjacent Blackstone Edge
Reservoir.
GR SD 974 180 - Kath & Graham Willis.
- Oct 6th Coniston Hut – Housekeeping Meet. (2 nights).
Hut Booking Secretary



Oct 20th Coniston Cottage Opening ~ 50th Anniversary Club Meet (2 Nights).
Accommodation Booking - Hut Booking Secretary.
Shared meal is planned for the Saturday evening.

November

Nov 3rd Coniston Hut – Club Bonfire Meet. (2 nights).
Hut Booking Secretary.

Nov 19th Simon's Seat from Barden Bridge. Near Bolton Abbey. Yorks Dales.
Roadside Car Parking - GR SE052572 or Approx Sat Nav - BD23 6AT
Eve & Steve Bartlett.
Meet Time – 10:30am.

December

Dec 8th Emily Kelly Hut – Pinnacle Club, Snowdonia (2 Nights).
Nantgwynant. - GR SH.653.541
David Lomas.

Dec 17th Xmas Fuddle Walk - Barden Moor, Skipton. Yorks Dales.
Barden Scale. Approx Postcode BD23 6AP- Roadside parking - GR SE051568.
Derek Field.

Dec 22nd Xmas / New Year Coniston Hut Club Meet (11 nights).
Hut Booking Secretary.

Dec 26th Ilkley Cow & Calf – Traditional Boxing Day Meet.
Cow & Calf Public Car Park. Approx post code LS29 9RF – GR SE130467
Derek Field.

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