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## KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

THREE of our members, to wit, Puttrell, Pearson and myself, along with Holt—a detached comrade—celebrated August Bank Holiday by sleeping on Kinder Scout, the highest and wildest ground in Derbyshire.

We reached the top of the pass about 9 o'clock in the evening, when there was just daylight enough to make out the roads marked on the six-inch map, but not sufficient to read the names by. However, we had no difficulty in rounding Kinder Low end by following the footpath through thick beds of dewy bracken to the big stone barn which is used as a stable for ponies in the shooting season. The place was open, so we took possession of it, threw down our heavy rucksacks, lighted some candles, and at once proceeded with supper. It was soon apparent that we were equipped as though for a siege; some of the party produced loaves of bread, cooked meats, butter and marmalade, while others started a spirit lamp and prepared the tea. There was no hurry, for we had to await the rising of the moon; but all of us were quiet and on the alert, in case the keepers should be prowling about and detect our unwonted bivouac.

At eleven o'clock the moon appeared over Kinder Low, so we shouldered our baggage and started up the steep and rocky slopes. It was a severe tug ere we stopped to breathe on the ridge, and to see the lights of isolated dwellings in the valleys that now came into view. Then for a time we strolled about this lofty promenade, thickly carpeted with dense bilberry bushes, drinking in the sweet night air under the wide canopy of stars, and watching the vague outlines of the adjacent hills. As the startled grouse flew noisily away before our footsteps, we felt almost like poachers. The moon must have made our silhouettes plainly visible from afar, and we often fancied that distant lights were moving quickly towards us; but no intruder came to disturb our plans.

Owing to the very heavy dew on the vegetation, we abandoned the idea of sleeping quite on the open moor, but found some dry sandy places, sheltered on one side by a weathered group of gritstone rocks.

Each of us had a woollen rug, which we wrapped round ourselves as we lay down at midnight, with rucksacks for pillows. After watching the Great Bear for a time, I fell sound asleep, but wakened up at one o'clock feeling rather uncomfortable on my hard bed. The others were uncertain as to whether they had slept, but one man was sure he was violently hungry; however, his proposal to prepare a meal met with no response, and we all lay down again. I tried a second posture, and slept well for another hour, *i.e.*, till two o'clock, when my bones called out for relief, and I felt rather cold. The hungry man was now abusive as well as vehement, but he could not persuade any of us to go with him down the hill for water. I put on a "sweater," and was soon slumbering again in yet a third posture, which answered admirably for another hour, and might have done for longer, but the hungry one was now desperate, and he roused us all effectually by continued buffeting and shouting.

The moon was still high in the heavens, but the eastern sky was showing over a wide expanse the clear light of day-break. While the more ravenous of the party prepared breakfast, the others walked along the ridge westward. The peculiar light made a wide stretch of fine landscape doubly beautiful. The bulky masses of Kinder Scout shut out all view eastward, but in other directions many hills and valleys could be seen, all etherealised by a thin pearly luminous haze. The most prominent near feature was the peak of Mount Famine, but equally plain were the more distant Eccles Pike, Chinley Churn, Combs Moss, and Axe Edge. The four or five cloughs which spread fan-like from Hayfield were seen to perfection, the edges of the fan being dark woods or moorlands, and the interior gently rolling pasture lands of various green tints.

Breakfast was by no means a perfunctory meal, but the cooking apparatus must have got a little mixed during the night, for the cocoa was strongly flavoured with methylated spirit. Meanwhile the stars disappeared, and the eastern sky

gave lovely indications of our progress towards the sun. A heavy bank of dark cloud became a mass of purple, streaked with crimson, and the rim of the orb emerged above the hill, and shot yellow rays horizontally over the moor towards us. There was a freshness, a purity, and a vividness about everything that defies description.

In due course we packed up our belongings and strode leisurely across the plateau, which seemed to be clad entirely with the bright new green foliage of the bilberry bushes. We reached the Downfall about 7 o'clock, kindled a fire of wood, and had a second breakfast, the cocoa being perfection this time. Five hours were spent in exploring minutely the crags and cliffs of the wonderful ravine, which, though often visited before, had never been seen under pleasanter conditions. The early morning light showed up in striking relief the chaos of huge fallen slabs poised at all angles in the upper bed of the stream, also the sheer and lofty precipices of gritstone below, and the grotesquely weathered cliffs of softer sandstone. There was no stream at all, but in the cave was a crystal pool of pure water, maintained by a number of tiny rills that percolate through the rocks; and the Mermaid's Pool was also full. The effects of last winter's wear and tear are sufficiently obvious, and some big blocks of stone quite recently have been riven off the front of the Downfall, thus hastening on the time when the clough shall be carried back into the heart of the plateau, there to meet other cloughs, which, together, will make long valleys, and transform the league-stretched moors of Kinder into a number of small ridges and hills.

In the afternoon we made our way back to Edale by easy stages, and arrived at Grindsbrook after being nearly twenty-four hours in the open air. The experiment had been a complete success; the chief drawback was the weight of the food and rug we each had to carry up and down, but that was amply compensated by the novel and delightful vistas obtained during the hours of twilight and dawn in a lofty and commanding position. Of course the weather is the most important factor in such an enterprise, but one always has to take the risk of that in open air projects; we were lucky. W. SMITHARD.