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DERBYSHIRE PENNINE CLUB NOTES.

MAY 18-21. — The Whitsun meet was at Curzon Lodge Farm, Brassington, near Matlock. A water-swallow in the neighbourhood was explored, and members also climbed on the Brassington and Harborough dolomites, and visited Dovedale.

On June 8th a visit was paid to Stanage Edge, above Hathersage, where there is some fine gritstone climbing. All went well until the advent of the Cerberus of these parts, who, with much politeness, invited the Club to "move on." Just at the moment two members were struggling with a very difficult crack, and, being at a lower level than Cerberus, were unseen of him. With commendable prudence, they lay low for a period, until, movements above leading them to conclude that the guardian was resuming his perambulations, our two guileful ones were able to issue forth and join their comrades at Bamford and tea.

The fixture for June 22-23 was a night walk from Penistone to Bamford :—

It was only a stern sense of duty that impelled us to turn up at Sheffield Station, in pouring rain, an hour before midnight. This year has been remarkable for its weather, and the night in question was one of the worst ; so, when we requested to be supplied with Penistone-Bamford walking tickets, there certainly seemed some ground for the astonished booking-clerk's assertion that we should all be drowned.

The occasion was a moorland walk from Penistone to Bamford *viâ* Cutgate and Slippery Stones, organised by the Derbyshire Pennine Club. This walk is, of course, nothing new ; the novelty was to consist in doing it at a

time when all good people were in bed. Acting on advices from Old Moore, the Club Committee had wisely arranged for the moon to shine for an hour or so ; but our faith in the Almanack was considerably shaken when the Queen of Night failed to put in an appearance during the earlier part of the railway journey. The Committee's arrangements were vindicated, however, when, about a mile before Penistone was reached, the thick storm-clouds parted, the rain ceased, and every tree and hedge showed out distinctly in the moonlight. Two Manchester members awaited us at Penistone, and we set off in high feather at about a quarter to twelve. During the first half-hour the weather was on its best behaviour, a piercing wind being accounted as nothing. Then up rolled ominous clouds, and we were treated to some stinging rain, which continued, with a slight interval, until the new reservoir was reached, and the farm of North America hove in sight. About this time faint streaks of dawn were visible on the horizon at our rear.

Near the farm the way turns off at right angles ; and, having succeeded in waking no dogs, we forsook cart track for moorland path, and comparative quiet for rainstorm and howling wind, which were to continue for some hours. The path was not always plain in the half light, and now and again we progressed more by faith than by understanding.

Rising gradually, the path attains a height of about 1300 feet, and then turns somewhat to the left as a slight descent is reached. The full force of the gale was now apparent, sometimes hurling us from the narrow track and almost flooring us, the driving rain meanwhile searching our garments. It was pleasant to encounter, in about an hour, a little wooden hut by the side of the path. If only they have left open the door ! They had ; and, in almost less time than it takes to tell, we were inside, unpacking our lunch. One man went outside to look for water, but the pouring rain had rendered all the streams unfit for

drinking. So recourse was had to ginger wine, and, in some cases, to a wee flask of something stronger. The light was very uncertain, and the rain worse than ever when we shortly afterwards forsook our hut.

The highest point of the Cutgate was attained after about a mile of walking, or, rather wading, along the sunk track, and at about 1650 feet above sea level we began to look out for sunrise. But sunrise this morning was a ghastly failure; nothing else could be expected considering the sloppy sky. The only redeeming feature was a fine streak of steely dawn-blue away to the left, over Margery Nield. All the front distance was blotted out by fog. We could, however, see the valley through which we were to pass to reach Slippery Stones. The descent is in places rapid, and the deluge had converted every streamlet into a respectable brook, whose contents found a facile passage through puttees and into boots.

A wee rabbit which we encountered shortly afterwards (it was wet to the skin, says our humorist) seemed in no hurry to depart, but rather appeared to court our companionship. It was almost the only living thing we had seen on our walk.

Arrived at the ford, Slippery Stones were not to be seen for the rush of water along the infant Derwent's course. So, reflecting that, had we attempted to cross, the booking-clerk's prophecy of death by drowning would probably have been realised, we kept to our side of the river, along the path leading to Howden House. The weather conditions had slightly improved by the time this was reached, and the view began to open so that we were shortly enabled to make out some of the curious rock formations on Derwent edge.

The Birchinlee reservoirs, yet in the making, loomed large and ghostly as we passed above them shortly afterwards. The party became divided, one contingent crossing to the right to inspect the navvies' village, whilst the other kept straight on towards Derwent Hall, halting

on the way under a convenient wall, where water was poured from boots in the intervals of a second lunch.

Gleams of sunshine enlivened the journey to Bamford, alternating, however, with showers—hints of what *might* happen to us should we become too jubilant. The people at the inn near the station, where we called for breakfast at about 8:15, were obviously in doubt as to our character—were we tramps or madmen? The state of our garments certainly favoured the former hypothesis. So they kept us in the bar until breakfast was ready!

Messrs. Bishop, Freeman, Pearson and Puttrel, with Mr. J. L. Hambly (Southport), non-member, spent several days in July at Gorphwysfa. Climbs were done on Dinas Môt, Cynr Lâs and Lliwedd.

A walk from Chinley to Edale, *viâ* South Head, arranged for July 20th, was postponed to March 21st next year.

Prospective arrangements include visits to Elden Hole, Wharncliffe Crags, and Speedwell Cavern.

On September 21st a most interesting meet took place at Elden Hole, near Peak Forest. Fourteen or fifteen men were lowered down the shaft, which is almost 200 feet in depth. Descending the steep scree slope at its foot, and passing underneath a low part of the roof, operations were commenced at one corner of the large chamber, where the presence of a swallet was suspected. It was not possible to make much progress here, so another spot somewhat higher up the scree was tried. The removal of a few large stones disclosed a downward slope; and continued removal work allowed of a depth of 70 feet being attained. There are still possibilities here.

Wharncliffe Crags furnished, as usual, ample food for thought when the Club paid them a visit on October 11th. There are six or seven places within reasonable distance of Sheffield, where the scrambler, be he novice or expert, can find sport; but Wharncliffe has still, perhaps, the pick of the climbs. (It is always a pleasure to Sheffield scramblers to

have visitors from other clubs, and arrangements can generally be made to show them the climbs.)

The Annual General Meeting and dinner took place at the Marquis of Granby Hotel, Bamford, Derbyshire, on November 2nd. The Club's guests at dinner were—Mr. E. M. Wrench, M.V.O., F.R.G.S., of Baslow; Mr. J. Rooke Corbett, M.A., Manchester, representing the Rucksack Club; Mr. John Royse, of Castleton. A most pleasant evening was spent, music being contributed by Mr. Henry Bishop, A.L.C.M., Mr. W. Amies and Mr. W. Smithard. On the following day some members walked from Bamford to Melandra Castle, Glossop, *viâ* the Roman road known as Doctor's Gate, whilst another section made an excursion to Alport Castles and Bleaklow.

