

OVER THE HILL



Cleveland Mountaineering Club

December 2023

Hello and welcome to another edition of the CMC Newsletter.

We think you'll enjoy some of the articles and bits and pieces we've gathered for this edition.

We have some excellent contributions from Jason Wood, snippets from the archive via John Dale, a piece from David Horner on our Tuesday walking group (yes, we've got one!) some content from Mike Conlon (of course) and plenty more.

Without what we've been sent in, there wouldn't be much to read, so please keep them coming!

Anyway, let's crack on...

Northern Spain Sept 23.

I can't remember how Naranja de Bulnes came into conversation with my 'surf' mukka Ian Brown but definitely remember the mutual excitement when we mutually 'fancied it'.

Eventually the flights got booked and the time came around. We'd settled on a road trip (read dossing where we could) with a target of 4 main areas in mind Pico's, (Naranjo) Hermida, Pedriza and Ogono. We landed with camping kit laden bags and the climber car hire man Aitor showed us to our car, a blue panda! "only joking lads" and trotted over to a nifty little Audi A3. Result, especially as we might be kipping in it!

Out of Madrid we decided to look at a 'reasonable' crag called La Cabrera. Couldn't believe our luck this was perfect GRANITE, 5 pitch joy which was festooned with cracks and slabs in equal measure. The good news, or so we thought, was modestly graded climbs (we later found out the easy grade transfer scale they've incorporated, f6b was simply English tech 6b 😊) anyhow we did a beautiful route on perfect rock and marvelled in the astonishing surroundings with vultures, waiting for a dropped move on the run out slabs, which they nearly got. Perfect start.

The joy of our first route being done inspired an approach to making the 6 hour drive North. 4 hours later sleeping in the car at a truck stop enthusiasm was slightly less 'high' however greeted with green countryside the drive to La Hermida was lovely and we arrived around 11am. Time for Hermida pillar? Only an hour's walk in but an 11 pitch E2 on trad with a biblical walk-off of 4 hours, gulp. It was always going to happen.





Strong coffee hoovered, we started the walk in. This thing looked incredible! At the bottom there was a team of 3 on the route and 2 dogs on the first belay, bizarre. The first five pitches were excellent. Pitch 6 stated 'the rock improves and so does the climbing' wow, it did. A mega exposed traverse was followed by a stunning corner with perfect climbing above it all. After a lovely link pitch we were confronted with the reputation of pitch 7. Rockfax quote "simply mind-blowing, one of the best pitches anywhere" big words.

The pitch started with a bang and was immediately steep but good holds and protection forced the victim to the arete. In this position you don't want to go there but it forces you! Reaching a thread it's go time and the pull onto the arete gives a clean unfathomable drop below your feet. Standing on the decent foothold the pressure bubbles as you realise that's NOT the crux and the crux of the pitch is for dessert. A brute of a crack with the guide promising jugs. The climbing on this bulge was pushy and leads

to a do or die moment from a sidepull (surely the most hated of holds) at the last gasp I noticed a toe hook and reached to the promised jug. Looking down was incredible from the sanctuary of the jug. With the jug came back the craic :) the following 5 pitches were a joy of jamming, chimneys and pillars and overjoyed we reached the top.

The team in front we're gearing down and explained in great English that they were descending the gully feared in the guidebook 'possible but not advisable'. They stated this would take an hour and a half, a 2 hour saving we opted for a gamble. The caution soon became vindicated by grass sections, bending pegs, manky tat and lots of scree but it was within our levels.

At the bottom we shared craic with our new found friends who explained a nearby cave had hammock points and was bone dry. It was 2 happy campers with 2 happy beers that night listening to tunes in the bivvy cave, BLISS.





With the threat of poor weather we opted for a 'rest day' next and settled on via tomato (via ferrata) the problem was it didn't rain and we kept finding more of them around Hermida! 4 in total including a k6 (doesn't get any steeper apparently) a 90 meter bridge, a 20 meter sky ladder and a tryolean. This was rounded off, very nicely I might add, with a chill/wash in the 40 degree natural spa in the river with the locals. More bliss.



Next up was the wild card of Ogono which even most locals hadn't heard of! Touted as a Penon de Ifach of Northern Spain this evoked, as the youngsters say, 'stoke'

We got there in the afternoon but decided we'd have time for a quick route. After a bramble strewn false start we got down to the route and followed 4 pitches of well protected E1 on the strange rock with a backdrop of a beautiful surfing beach! That night we sat in awe of a really violent thunderstorm rolling through which lit up the close by graveyard and woods forming a somewhat surreal setting.



Next day was back to the wall and we settled on a route on the front face which meant an hour descent to a terrace, 2 abbs from this to a lower ledge. Traverse this across to a route, do first 2 pitches of this route 6a and then 3 abbs to the start of the 7 pitch 6b. We knew this would be 'involved'

At the lowest terrace we couldn't find the access route, then discovering 2 things a) the route had fallen down b) the line we'd abbed was 6c on trad and was now our only way out 😬

This 2 pitch route was thankfully not graded badly and was in fact a 3 star route giving a bit of pump and also spice. This popped us back into the first terrace and a choice of routes onward. Having done the 6c confidence was high so we opted for a 3 star 4 pitch 6b which offered cracks of every size and again trad with bolt belays. The first three pitches were top drawer and this drew the eyesight well away from the building black skies.



That was until the BOOM of thunder drew us out from our elated slumber. Shit! Now one pitch out from the top we were in junkie limbo. Twist was the option and the last pitch was a little bit fighty for the situation. As I closed in on the last section the whole sky fell out which would have had Noah scrambling for his ark. I managed to get across to a bolt and pop a leave binder in it and drop down to Ian who was in a small cave below shielded from the rain. In the 10 minutes I was in the torrent I'd got as wet as Stevie Wonders toilet seat. We sat it out and abbed back to the terrace to a safe walk out. I'm not au fait with the Spanish vernacular but could wager the team on the hanging stance during this torrent were not in high spirits. God knows how they got up!

As the storm passed the sun reappeared in time for a dusky swim with the extremely friendly locals at Playa Laga. The sea was such a nice temperature and the waves were great for us to swim in. Hygiene back to an acceptable level, clothes still lifting. Next morning as we settled down with a coffee we decided on getting over to Naranja de Bulnes the next day. Going the wrong way resulted in another coffee and a bit of sightseeing around Potes, a beautiful place. Compass adjusted we made the massive climb up past Sortes through abandoned villages to the road head and the Bulnes walk in. With light fading and huge bags we set off. In dusky light we found a cow shit laden semi flat spot to camp watching the last rays across the high ground. Lovely.

Ian was feeling worked and really wanted to 'enjoy' the climb, so we decided on getting up to the bivvy spots near the refuge and spending a day lounging in the shadow of the big orange, I scoped out our chosen route and approach, the 11 pitch all trad, La Cepada. Early night, early start. Up at 4 due to the talk of a few teams wanting this route we crept, cartoon like, across and up the slog to the east face in the high mountain chill. We sat at the bottom in pitch black wondering if we'd been kipped by the locals but soon noticed lights coming up the gully. They had left it as late as possible before setting off in the dark.

The route was a good old fashioned HVS offering slabs, chimneys and cracks of top quality and we moved quite quickly. The crux pitch finished with a Conlon type, reborn squeeze which was hilarious to watch for all close by, the air was blue. A beautiful pitch put us up top and a rub of the 'lucky' stone sculpture on top. I cannot have been that lucky as only an hour later we had a stuck abb rope and we'd tootled off into a gully decent with associated 'mank'. Stuck solid the only remedy was climbing uncharted terrain on the dead end on one half rope and trying to release the rope.

At the rope it became apparent I'd need to leave kit as the way up to this was around E1 and a ran out decent wasn't appetizing at the time, nut left with a crab. With the rope retrieved, we got back on track and arrived at the bottom in good time. The 3 Spanish girls who'd set off from the car park, walked in, done a 14 pitch 7b and abbed in at the same time as us were seriously shifting!



Broke camp and peddled out past the friendly donkeys and bell laden cows. Emotional.

A beefy breakfast come lunch was well received in a trucker's cafe before we settled on trying a surf. I'll not elaborate but the surf was good, beach stunning and a campsite with dudes and dudesses smoking pot was very welcome and relaxing in the hammocks. Transported to the 70's. Things were reet grand.

On the way down to Madrid we planned on Pedriza but being the weekend we decided on a rerun with La Cabrera and a harder route Julito E2/3? It was an absolute granite gem with perfect jamming but have to say I was struggling to even aid the second pitch slab, Ian doing incredible on it.

The local hard man's laughter about this pitch reassured me it was sandbag and the language of climbing had both teams chuckling.

We climbed at Pantone, a lovely crag, but not for this abridged version.

We'd fallen in love with the perfect honest granite of La Cabrera and decided our last day should be there. It didn't happen as around 50 locals were at this crag early doors doing 8000+ which is a Spanish challenge where they go to different crags and try to complete as many routes as possible in 12 hours. The winners on 16 routes of a 5 pitch crag with abseil not allowed was a little bit good, mustard these kids!

Final turn was when a local slab wizard Talo Martin of slabduction 'fame' asked about our accent as it sounded similar to his friend Franco! Small world indeed. Piss taking messages to Franco ensued along with talk of Johnny Dawes recent remarkable visit (on sighting a 8b that had not been repeated), brexit, UK climbing and cold beers whiled away the day to a lovely sunset and an incredible atmosphere at the end of the competition. We did our bit for Anglo Spanish relations and we were a novelty for the Spanish in the seldom travelled area.

With happy hearts, 2000 km of mileage and Ian keeping a track on climbing footage we'd had a blast. A place that should be high on any climber's agenda!

By Jason Wood



See you on Tuesday?

A visitor to the North York Moors on a Tuesday may come across a group of pensionable hill goers on one of their weekly walks. Closer scrutiny will reveal that their ages range from sixtyish to eighty plus. In fact, a couple of hardy souls are closer to ninety than eighty! These august citizens are members of the Cleveland Mountaineering Club, together with a sprinkling of friends.

Each week the team walks 7 miles on average, sometimes more, sometimes less, in all weathers. The group may be spotted mostly on the Moors, and occasionally in Swaledale, Wensleydale, Teesdale or along the coast. The average attendance is around 10 persons. Earlier this year there was one occasion when 17 turned out! (In this case, the writer calculates that the cumulative age would exceed 1200 years: laid end to end, so to speak, this would predate Alfred the Great! Sobering.) The day's activity is generally recorded by a resident photographer and a qualified first aider is often on hand to deal with any mishaps (!).

As one might expect, given all this life experience, there is no shortage of subject matter to discuss along the way. Reminiscences from mountain days past, future plans, technical stuff, family, current affairs, last week's TV.....the list is endless. Medical matters are of particular interest; the group is expert on joint replacements, cataracts and hearing aids.

Of growing importance is the cafe stop after the walk, where social interactions continue and certain individuals are teased about the size of their cake. Some may consider the cafe to be more important than the walk itself.

The "Tuesday Walks" were instigated several years ago, primarily by Peter Hay, as a means of continuing regular activity during the winter months, once the evening meets programme was finished. Over time, the activity has evolved into a popular year round pursuit. The atmosphere is relaxed and informal. Exercise in fresh air amidst splendid scenery and in good company is enjoyed. What could be better?

Till next Tuesday then.....

By David Horner



Other Stuff

I.C.E. I.C.E. Maybe..
Keep any eye out for an email from the club asking for emergency contact details. Although not compulsory (of course) the club is doing everything it can to make a potentially bad situation less so.

Please don't forget about the incredible offer from **Malcolm Bass...**
You may remember a communication from Christine, which detailed Malcolm's offer to mentor any budding expedition planners. We've had some good take up so far, but if you think this is something you'd be keen to hear more about, then please email the usual club address and express interest.

Congratulations to the CMC's very own version of **Jimmy Nail...**
Martin race and his wife Kath, who tied the knot just the other day. Well done you two!

Now we all know it's a very **Important time of the year**, one that which we can't ignore, so please make life as easy as possible for Victoria Laing and get your membership forms back to her as soon as is humanly possible!



Short breaks in the fabulous eastern Lakes

Self-catering breaks at Grisedale Bridge - a great climbing and walking venue near to pubs and cafes. Besides well-equipped kitchen facilities, the accommodation has a shower, drying room and coal-fired stove for a relaxed and comfortable evening after a fabulous day's activity.

And Congratulations again! This time to Ed and Lauren on **the birth of** Reuben James Hutchings (19th Oct).. Good work!

Reduced rates for CMC Members - please contact us at hut.booking.cmc@gmail.com
Yes ... this is our very own Hut; see article on the next page...
To a delightful weekend in the country.



Is Wednesday the new Tuesday?

No, but you may have seen a few of the members getting stuck in recently. 2 x climb and 2 x nav nights and more to come – get involved!



Agnes Spencer Hut - CMC's base in the Lakes

Our climbing Hut has been a part of our Club since 1969 following a long search by some very visionary, not to mention determined, members. In fact, what is now our Hut was spotted by Ruth and Ernie Shields whilst they were on their honeymoon - how's that for dedication to the cause!

We'll tell you more about the history of the Hut and how we came to be custodians in another issue of the Newsletter, but for now we want to let you know how you can take advantage of this incredible asset coming to you as part of your CMC Membership. Although this information is primarily aimed at our newer members, we hope it will also encourage some of our longstanding members to give the Hut another try!

If you've never been, this is what you're missing

...

The Hut is part of the small community of Grisedale Bridge, mid way between Glenridding and Patterdale. It is conveniently placed for easy access from Cleveland and also for the walks and climbs of the Eastern and Central Lakes.

There is a scullery area for dishwashing, with toilets, shower room and drying room leading off. The kitchen is well equipped with two cookers and two fridge-freezers, as well as a couple of slow cookers, a toaster, and a full range of pots, pans, crockery and cutlery.

Our dining table was gifted to the Hut by Sue Farrant (then Sue Gardner) in memory of our former Warden Mike Statham who tragically died in an avalanche on St Sunday's. It is a great place to gather - to plan the day's arrangements or to celebrate a great day out with a communal meal.

The sitting area has a couple of settees and a bench, grouped around the coal-burning stove which heats not only the ground floor but also the sleeping area above. There are also night storage heaters in the sitting area and the scullery to keep the chills away even when the stove isn't lit.

Above is the main bedroom which sleeps 12, plus a smaller room specifically reserved for CMC members even when the main bedroom is let out to visiting clubs. The beds have an ample access to electrical and USB sockets for easy overnight charging.

Our car park accommodates six cars with careful parking.

How much does the Hut cost Cleveland Mountaineering Club?

Not a bean! The Agnes Spencer Hut is registered as a Charity and is run by the Cleveland Mountaineering Centre. Our aim is to ensure all the costs of running the Hut are covered by revenue generated from the overnight tariffs paid by our members and guest clubs.

Repairs, renovations and improvements are paid for from any savings in the Hut account, but mainly with the grants secured by our succession of very astute and dedicated Hut Wardens.

When can I stay at the Hut?

As a CMC member you are entitled to stay at the Hut just about anytime you please. There is one exception - the "Exclusive Midweek Stay" which is outlined below - but otherwise members can stay even if there is an Outside Club booked, or a Family Meet arranged.

What's a Family Meet?

Normally children younger than 14 are not able to stay at the Hut. However we identify periods 5 or 6 times each year when families can stay with younger children. These Family Meets are clearly published in the Hut Calendar

<http://www.clevelandmc.com/patterdale-hut/patterdale-hut-calendar/>

so that other members can choose to join or avoid as they wish. Parents of young families can contact us and ask to be included in the Family Meet email group so that Family Meet dates and arrangements can be discussed and agreed.



What is an Exclusive Midweek Stay?

Some members do not stay at the Hut because they are not comfortable sharing accommodation with others. Reasons for this may range from a need for privacy to a concern about babies and children disturbing other guests.

We are trialling an Exclusive, pre-bookable, 2-night midweek stay to try to address those concerns and improve access for all our members.

Members can nominate any 2-night Tuesday/Wednesday stay in the month.

Stays have to be booked at least two weeks ahead so other CMC members can plan open access stays in advance. The availability is limited to a maximum of two Exclusive Stays per month..

The cost is £50 per night stay which includes accommodation for up to 5 adults with their own children. Additional guests pay £10 per head per night for CMC members and their guests.

The hut is closed to other members for these prebooked periods - this is the only time CMC members cannot stay in the Hut and is why we insist on 2-weeks' notice so other members can see in advance that they cannot turn up and stay as usual.. To book please email hut.booking.cmc@gmail.com

How much does it cost?

In 2023 the members' tariff is £8 per person per night. Members' guests pay £10. (Members can invite up to three guests to stay at the Hut with them.) Each year the tariffs are reviewed and increased when necessary.

In 2024 the Outside Club (Visitor) tariff will increase from £13 to £14 per person per night.

Article and information provided
by Victoria Laing.

Victoria is the CMC's Hut
Bookings Secretary.

Why do we have Outside Clubs staying in our Hut?

Firstly, the terms of our Charitable Status dictate that we use the Hut to provide accommodation and related facilities "to members of the Cleveland Mountaineering Club, members of affiliated clubs of the British Mountaineering Council and other groups as agreed by the Trustees".

NB: we limit weekend bookings from outside clubs to two per month.

Secondly, we need the income from Outside Clubs to ensure we are able to cover our running costs, especially as usage by CMC members has fallen in recent years:-

In 2018-19 Outside Groups generated 61% of our income

In 2022-23 Outside Groups generated 67% of our income

Sadly, in the same two periods, CMC members' uptake fell from 52% to 32% of all bednights used.

So that's out whistlestop tour of our Hut, it's availability and finances. We really want to increase access to and usage by CMC members, so please ...

Tell us about the things you treasure at the Hut - what you'd want to preserve / see more of in the future

Tell us about what puts you off staying at the Hut - what you'd hope could be changed / what developments you'd like to see

We can't promise to please all of the people all of the time, but we'll certainly try and would welcome all constructive feedback to hut.booking.cmc@gmail.com



The 2023 CMC Dinner took place on the 11th November at the Cleveland Tontine. The excellent turnout offered a welcome opportunity to see familiar faces and catch up with old friends. The Menu didn't disappoint either! It was a particular privilege to have Malcom Bass and his wife Donna present as guests of the club. With dessert demolished, those in attendance were then treated to an expertly delivered oration by Simon Yearsley, Malcolm's friend and long-time climbing partner. With only the aid of a projector, Simon took us on a journey which was thrilling, funny and at times emotive.

Afterwards came the raffle which was drawn by Malcom himself. To much amusement, a few lucky individuals found themselves in possession of multiple winning tickets allowing them to make several trips back and forth to the prize table. There was a grand selection of prizes on offer including items and artworks donated by club members and vouchers generously contributed by Needle Sports. The proceeds totalled £240 which has been divided evenly between the Cleveland and Patterdale Mountain Rescue Teams to help support the invaluable work they do for us. The time had flown and it was now late in the evening. Conveniently, but somewhat disappointingly, there were no contenders for the Manky Piton this year so the evening was adjourned and everybody made their way contentedly into the night.

By Matt Muller



Sarah Yearsley and Malcolm Bass



Simon Yearsley giving his fantastic talk



From the CMC Archive

All aboard the Skylark, twice around the lighthouse.

It was all so normal a start to the day, rained off in the pass so we rang the coast guard at Holyhead to see what the weather was doing. He gave us all the usual, low tide at 11am, 5 metre swell 25 mph onshore breeze, 1000 metres visibility, seagulls flying about. "Yes but what is the weather doing, is it raining?" He replied "hang on I'll have a look outside, oh it's a nice day the sun is shining". That's it then off to Gogarth. Chris, Paul, Louis, Stewart and me (Richie) plus others who wish to remain nameless, as they fear being involved in litigation.

We decided Wen Zawn was a good bet as being mountaineers really a good walk to the crag should put us out of synch with the tides and make it interesting. Deciding on Britomartis HVS on the seaward side of Wen Zawn, we abseiled Chris, Paul and I down the trap and pulled down the ropes. The tide had turned by this time so with no time to lose we traversed round the arete onto the front of the buttress; we were clutching at bladderwrack and whelks.

Gathering on the stance to our dismay we find a party already on the route. I look up and see that the guy leading has only one rock boot on and on the other foot a walking boot then I realise he has only one leg! his other (the one with the boot) is a prosthetic.

Now the appeal of a route with someone already on it was diminishing, one you could hop up was positively out of the question as to do it in good style we would have to hop up it and he would think that we were taking the piss. So it was decided to do spider wall but we would have to be quick as every big wave was wetting Chris's glasses.

A swift traverse left and up to a belay ledge should give a bit of dry time. Chris led off on two ropes a rising traverse left above the lip of a big sea cave. (Spiders web) and up to the stance – 150 feet.

I followed next; the traverse straightforward with good holds then some hardish moves to get up into the crack lines that were the major part of the pitch. Now this didn't take long as the runners were sparse, adequate, interesting, or non-existent depending on your fear factor, and Paul's rope had even less!

Paul sets off up, the traverse is going ok but he goes past the point where you climb diagonally up to the crack lines. Paul's on a hard bit, but it's the wrong hard bit the right hard bit is a bit to the right. "Chris, I think he's going to fall off" "He can't fall off there, have you seen the size of that cave!" Paul disappears from sight...

Chris now fully upside down on the belay "Chris – he's fell off!!" I pull Chris upright on the belay and we get a prussik on the rope to take the strain off Chris's waist belay. Paul is now under the lip of the cave. He swings out occasionally to wave at us. Communication is difficult because of the sea. Our first course of action is to take my rope off and throw it down with several overhand knots in it to try and get him back on the rock quickly. This doesn't seem to be any help.

At this point round the headland, on its maiden voyage arrives the brand new £500,000 (– a lot of money in the 1970's) Holyhead lifeboat all new paint and 2 efficiency. So, spotting us we are considered worthy victims to impress their benefactors and each other. So, we are loudly hailed "If you need assistance raise your hands, if you need assistance raise your hands above your head" We ignored them – we don't surrender that easy So, I lower Chris as he climbs down. Paul wants to untie, drop in the sea and swim out. We think that this is not a good idea. Chris climbs back up to the stance so we can pull Paul as he prusiks up.

Cont'd...



A taste of a typical Tuesday night meet – Downholme Quarry

Tuesday's Meet was at Downholme Quarry, it is a beautiful location, up Swaledale and part of the Catterick military estate. It is unique, in that permission to climb there, has to be obtained in advance from the MOD.

Logically it is the responsibility of the Club's Meets Coordinator to arrange such permission, simple instructions are available on the BMC RAD. Now our man, who shall remain nameless (Andy), is a great guy, but being skilled in the art of delegation, passed the baton mid afternoon with the lamest of excuses.

So it was that a call had to be made and patched

through to SEO i/c Dry Areas, Catterick Ranges. He introduced himself as John, and as Woody from Cheers once said. "It sure doesn't sound like it is spelled"!

In fairness, he couldn't have been more helpful, that is in pointing out that a permit should be obtained 2 weeks in advance, by "bidding" for an available slot. Accompanying the bid, should be the names and 3rd party insurance details of all of the participants. It was explained that whilst more than happy to do this, there was only 5 minutes to spare before needing to set off to pick up one of the Sunderland girls. Presumably John has some experience of Sunderland girls, in that they are not to be messed about, and on this occasion he would, provide "expeditious exemption" due to the pressing and dire circumstances. He warned however, that he would make a flying visit to check on the party's competence.



So on to Downholme, and after weeks of slog and endeavour, the welcome five minute approach to the crag. Club early bird Dave was in residence, on his first visit and salivating at the prospect of steep, sparsely protected limestone. There was just time for a quick threesome on Line of Fire HS, before the hordes began arriving.

First in was Tony W who had collected Brian on the way in, he took one look at the steep walls, and with Commando Ridge having being his last climb back in September, he pulled up an

armchair to watch proceedings and shoot the breeze.

From then on, it was great to see a steady stream entering stage left, and in no time there were literally queues for the popular routes, and decorum going out of the window like a Primark Sale. The hard-core who had endured recent weeks' adversity agreed that a bit of rain would have been welcome to thin out the fairweather lot.





With around 30 in attendance, it would be impossible to do credit to all of the climbing action, but safe to say virtually every route received impressive attention. There was much swapping of partners, and as has become a pattern, many generous offers from the hot shots to tie in and give it a go. Encouragement, banter and derision flowed in equal measures and it was great fun. There was some real excitement with a low flying Osprey (the VTOL aircraft, not the bird), making a very low pass, presumably MOD "John" making his promised flying visit.

The indestructible Chris clocked his first lead in months, Sophie her first two leads ever, on Big Boots and Colonel Blimp. Alex, keen to develop

his trad skills to match his climbing ability, adopting an interesting strategy of only placing one piece of gear per route. Ben P, having managed to find a free route in the vicinity of Soldier Blue E2 5b *, deciding to take possession for much of the evening. Only for an hardly empathetic Dave to insist he do it one more time for good measure.

Tara having occupied Tony for much of the night, left early for a trip to the smoke, she had been excited at the prospect of Steak Night in Richmond, but mishearing had brought her own stakes. She was replaced by Louise and Rebekha, keen as ever to clock as many routes as possible.



Fittingly, the tight team of Mae, Ben and Fergal were last off the rock. On industrial placements to our area, they have brought style and humour to the Club, been great assets and loyal meets supporters. Sadly it was Ben and Fergal's last night before heading back North. They will be much missed, but both promise to keep in touch and join us whenever possible.

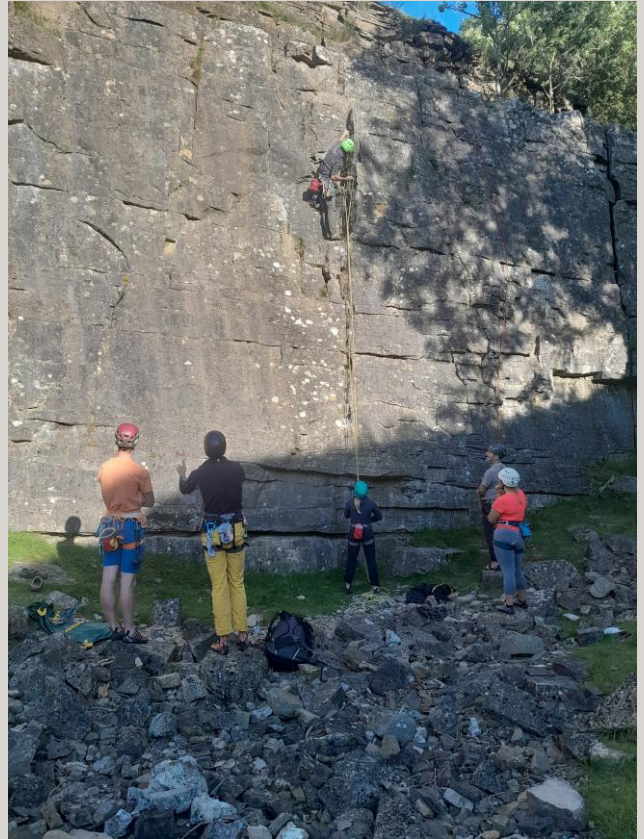
There was a late debate at the crag before leaving. Was it to be the close by Bolton Arms or Weatherspoons in Richmond? A strong case for "Spoons" was made by the more frugal element but some surreptitious manoeuvring from the affluent side won the day, so Bolton Arms it was to be. A long snake of satisfied climbers led by the very smug Bolton Arms advocates made its way along the track towards the pub. Surging forward, more than one nose received a jolt as the door was firmly locked. There was some pathetic "tail between legs" peering through windows, before without a shred of shame, a declaration of "Spoons it is then", which was signal for a race to the cars and hot foot to Richmond for the few parking spots.

It was great craic in the pub, reflecting the vibrancy within the Club. Young and old, new and established members rubbing shoulders and with the latter noting the impressive and equal contribution of the female contingent.

It's Oak Crag up Blakey way next week, a bit more effort required to get there, but from the chat last night, we can expect another good CMC showing.

Photo credits to Christine, Tony B, Tony W, Sophie, Gareth and Ben P, John D. Apologies for those that missed the early morning deadline.

By Mike Conlon



Wednesday Night Nav (fun)

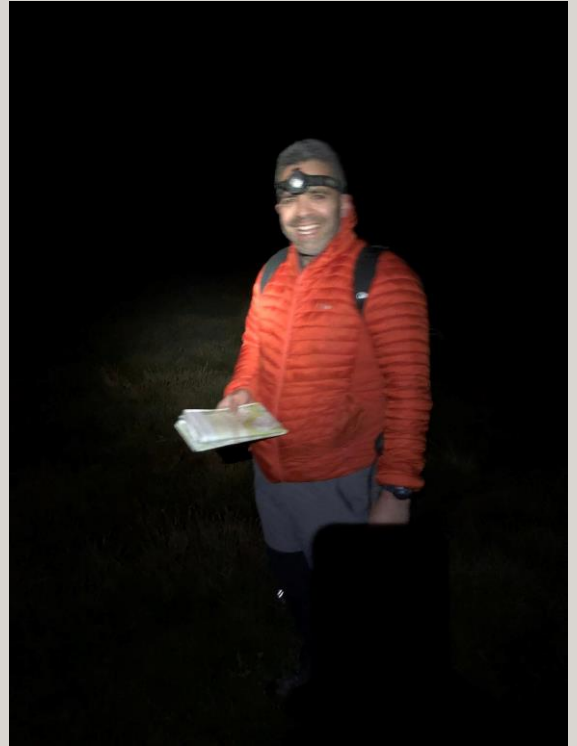
With the long period of winter evenings closed in, there was concern about how to break them up. Well this week there was climbing at ROF on Tuesday, open to all. On the same evening, night climbing at Ravenscar. Wednesday saw night navigation up on Urra Moor. Thursday is the members only session at Macmillan wall. Saturday is the highlight of the social calendar, the CMC Annual Dinner, magnificently organised by Tony.

Back to the night navigation exercise, nine of us assembled at Clay Bank, before being directed up on to Urra Moor. There were numerous waypoints, requiring a range of navigational skills to locate. A bright, clear night provided perfect conditions and there was much mentoring and honing of techniques. Not unusually, initially individuals' pacing was all to pot, and there were a few instances of "disappearing into the distance". By half way round, the cobwebs were blown off, and everyone was handrailing and aiming off like pros. There was an unplanned rendezvous with the speedsters of Andy, Gareth and Dominic. Unfortunately for them, they were off before coffee and Tony's reviving flapjack could be dispensed, much to the approval of Louise, Stewart and Tara. Dillon led off for the final leg, with a cracking pace to get us warmed up.

Best of all, it was great fun, so much so that Dominic, offered, over a pint in the pub, to organise the next session on 6th December. There was talk of ghosting, so get yourself there.

PS: Dom's night Nav session, upon Great Ayton Moor was a great success!

By Mike Conlon



The annual Arthur Evans photo competition

was held recently and the club received some fantastic entries, across all four categories.

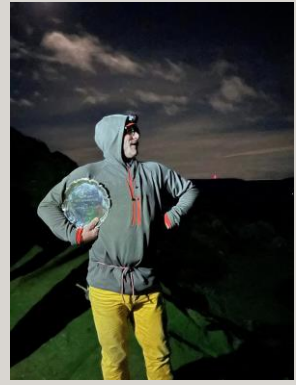
Overall winner and taking the silver salva was Jason Wood, for his excellent photo of Tony Bailes on Napes Needle, Lake District.

The other category winners were:

Mountaineering: Jason wood

Landscape: Louis Hume

Other: Louis Hume



Overall Winner: Jason Wood - Tony Bailes on Napes Needle (HS,4c) Lake District.



Mountaineering winner – Jason Wood





Landscape winner – Louis Hume



Other winner – Louis Hume

That's a wrap for this edition, although there was much more that was worthy of inclusion. The Newsletter Team is still learning its trade and we are determined to develop this and the Club's other social media platforms. We are especially keen to make the most of the creative talent within the membership, so please don't be shy and get your contributions submitted (clevelandmountaineeringclub@hotmail.co.uk)

The consensus seems to be that it has been a great year for the CMC, with lots of activity, a splendid Annual Dinner, and an influx of enthusiastic and interesting new members. They have contributed to a vibrancy around our Tuesday Meets which have been a joy to take part in. It's also a credit to the Club that they have been extended such a warm and supportive welcome.

There have been formal meets to Skye, Buttermere (camping), and two to the Chamois Centre in North Wales, including a memorable joint meet with the Chamois MC to celebrate 40 years of our excellent reciprocal hut sharing arrangement. There have been as always, many other exciting and impressive trips undertaken less formally by individuals and groups of CMC members. Long may it continue.

Wishing you all a Happy Christmas and New year from the Newsletter Team, and may you have a fun filled and safe 2024.

Tony, Matt, Mike.

