



# *Ingleton Walking Weekend*



*April 2016*



## Ingleton Walking Weekend 2016

**DAY ONE** (Friday 15<sup>th</sup> April 2016)

*5 head for North Yorkshire for an Erratic start (5.2 mile)*

*Once again, creeping down stairs in the dark trying not to wake the rest of the slumbering Brown household in the early hours of Friday morning, it was time to head off for another rendezvous with Mike and Mick at Rog's. I thought that the previous week's e-mail exchanges suggesting a 5:45am meeting time had been a joke, but gradually it became clear that no one was willing to be the first to suggest making it later. My slumber that night had already been disturbed by Ann's verbose sleep talking at 3:00am which gradually became louder – still at least she had not kneed me in the thigh ... this time.*

*The early start meant that we could include an extra walk on the Friday in this case a circular walk starting from Austwick - even though the weather forecast circulated by Mike looked pretty gloomy ...*



Mike's weather forecast: "Have I got news for you: It's raining, men!"

*I arrived at Wickford in a dream like state at about 5:35 am and tried to disguise the Lotus as an inconspicuously covered damp lump in the corner of Roger's drive. Mick and Mike arrived soon after at 5:40 am and the planned expo was gradually taking shape. Even Roger's pre-flight checklist was being ticked off on schedule. Mike was kindly providing the park and ride transfer facility for the onward connection to the Brentwood Webex shipping service - here we would make the seamless transition of bodies and baggage to the Webex mobile.*



*In a matter of minutes we were speeding northwards up the M11 and A1. A now familiar pit stop on the A1 was agreed for refreshments and vital caffeine level top up – AA members were entitled to a significant discount – AB smiled as he proudly produced his Gold AA membership card – says more about me than any other card can.*

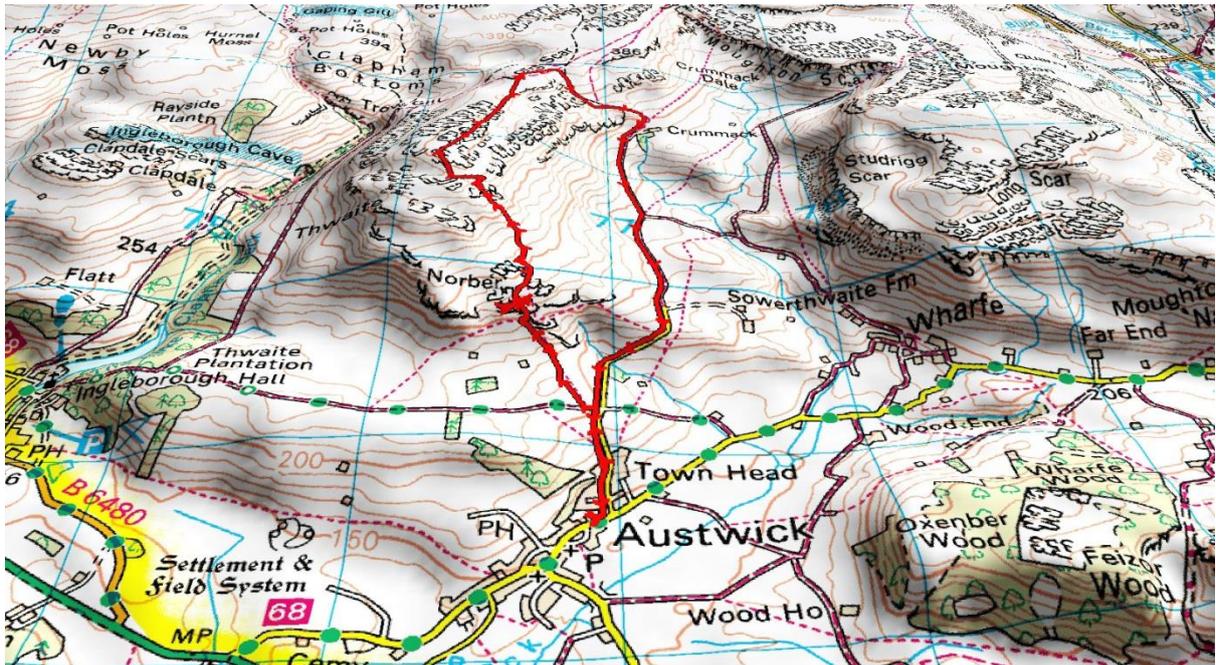
*After a smooth journey northwards passing through Wkley, we arrived in good time at Austwick for the start of the first walk of the weekend: the Norber Erratics.*

*I must confess that I may have dozed for the odd few minutes here and there. My first glimpse of a signpost indicated that we were crossing the Pennine Way near Austwick.*



*AB wakes up from his car nap and slowly opens one eye: “Are we there yet?”*

*The route had been selected from on-line sources and with the aid of GPS tracking receivers carried by both Roger and Steve the actual walk was tracked for comparison with the planned route and to obtain vital statistics such as average speed and distance...*



Norber Erratics from Austwick



*I attempted a self-timer shot to get all five of us in the picture from the start – but I was a bit too impatient, turning around just as the camera took the picture...*



*An erratic start from impatient AB who cannot wait to check if the camera is still there – by the way Proctors Scar is in the background*

*The relentless quest for worthy photographs of hill walking compositions continued. AB thought to himself – there must be someone who could emanate the aura of a seasoned hill walker through the medium of photography?*

*And just then as if responding to this speculative query, a vision appeared before him with the answer ....*

*... erm...*

*... no, there was not.*





*Eventually we came across a series of Erratics (literally meaning 'boulders in the wrong place') known as the Norber Erratics.*

*One of the more sensible members of our party let me down by showing how strong he was by supporting a large Erratic single handed.*

*The boulders which scatter the landscape are of Silurian stone and were left when the glaciers retreated in the last Ice Age.*

*Sadly all attempts by Steve to put them back proved to be futile.*



*Erratic behaviour from Steve who appears to be unbelievably strong*



*As forecast: It's raining men now*



*By late afternoon the rain had set in as forecast and soon waterproofs were out in force as we trudged on back to the car with the promise of a nice dry youth hostel at Ingleton. But were our spirits dampened?*

*Well despite appearances ...*

*... of course not.*

*We were all looking forward to a pub meal and a few pints of liquid refreshment. After all, what could possibly go wrong with that plan?*

*Read on dear reader, read on*

*for more...*





*Ingleton Youth Hostel*

*The soggy 5 arrived at Ingleton Youth Hostel, depositing wet clothes in the drying room and themselves into Room 4 (far right top window). This is now an Independent Youth Hostel but can still be booked through the YHA website – a pleasant elevated location overlooking Ingleton.*

*The next easy task was to locate a local pub for the evening – after a short stroll we found ourselves at the Wheatsheaf around a table in a busy dining area. Mick had been asked by his sister to give ratings of local pubs – so we waited eagerly to see what would emerge from this pub's quality audit.*



*The Wheatsheaf - Ingleton*



Roger was the first to look slightly disconcerted as a young girl on the next table repeatedly sneezed into the air. The next table comprised several families with young children so our food order would be delayed, particularly as the waitress informed us that they were short staffed in the kitchen. Still the liquid refreshment was slipping down nicely – and the time was used to plan for the following day's logistics. Roger reflected on the longevity of expo events – indeed we had last been in the area some 25 years ago in 1991 as recorded in Mike's Wainwrights book on local walks.

After much reminiscing the food finally arrived and we started our long anticipated meals. Steve had gone for a beef burger – maybe not the healthiest option in retrospect, particularly as he found a large piece of plastic sandwiched between the burger and bun. The waitress looked horrified as Steve showed her his unexpected burger topping – immediately offering him a double scotch by way of compensation. After a replacement meal and double scotch, Steve was looking nicely pacified – a good exercise in customer relations – and the rest of us searched our meals in vain for potential compensatory contaminants.

A very long day, a walk in the hills, a meal and a few beers – there would be no problem sleeping with snoring Youth Hostellers that night. In fact it was alleged that I may have snored soon after my head hit the pillow – apologies for any inconvenience caused.

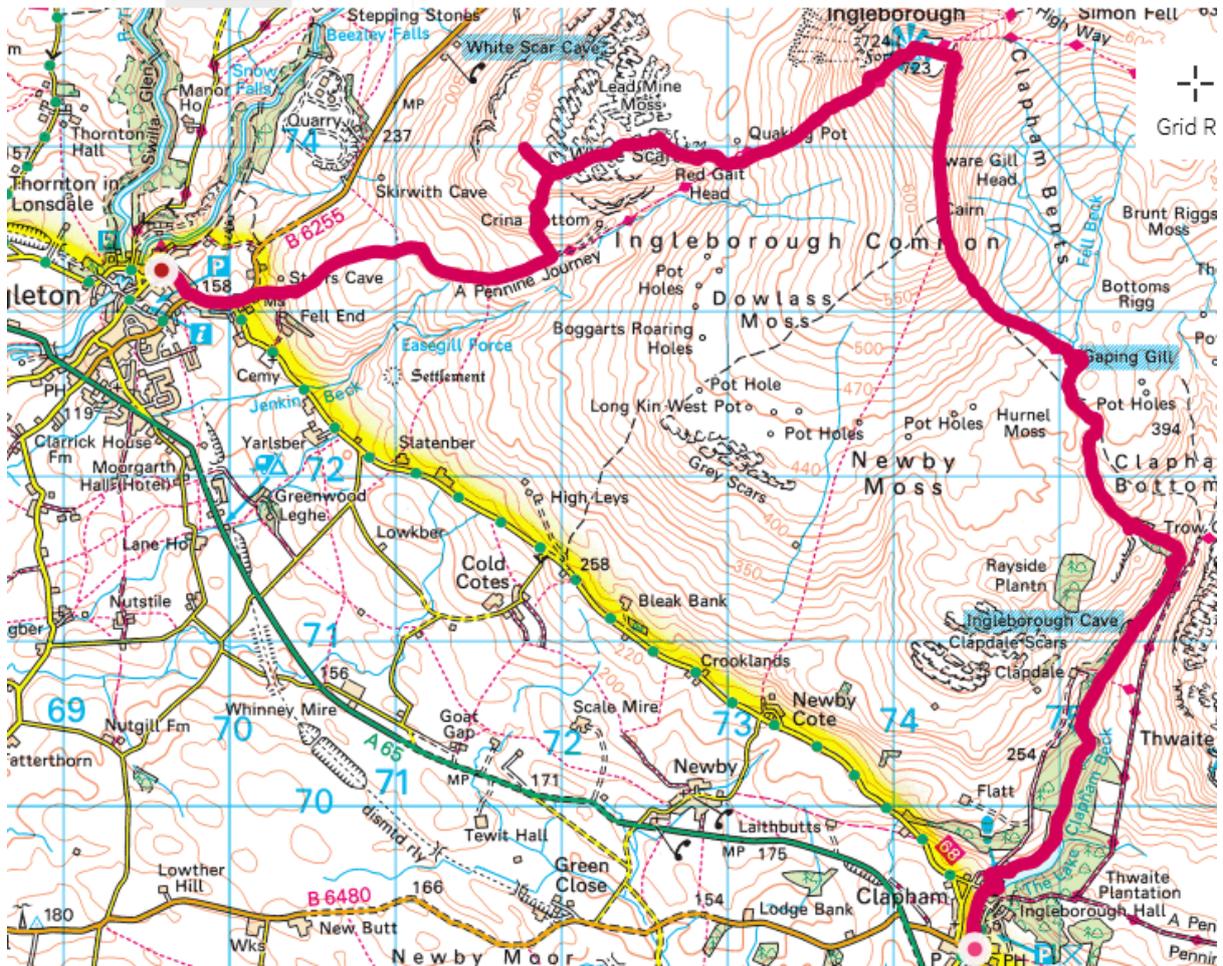
**DAY TWO** (Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> April 2016)  
*Ingleborough from Clapham (9.6 mile)*



Early one morning just as the sun was rising we ate a hearty breakfast in the dining room below



The weather was looking much better the following morning. Breakfast time, which included award winning sausages rather than the standard Youth Hosted variety, had been advanced to 7:45am to give us time to catch the 9:00am bus to Clapham for the start of the day's walk to Ingleborough. Senior citizens over 60 in the party made good use of their bus passes – while us younger members paid the very reasonable single fare of £1.70 from Ingleton to Clapham.





*Another expense (£0.65) soon loomed as part of our walk was along a pay as you go nature trail from Clapham to Ingleborough caves with a ticket machine located at the start of the trail.*

*The walk towards the caves provided pleasant riverside views with welcome prolonged sunny intervals and scattered photographic opportunities.*



*Clapham Folly*



*A two second visit to Clapham Folly*





*Steady on Mike*



*Trudging Towards Trow Gill*



*Looking back down Trow Gill*



*The path narrowed as we ascended through Trow Gill and after a few hundred yards we arrived at Gaping Gill for a look around and a short snack stop. Far right is flashback to 1991 and a braver 45 year old Rog.*



2016

1991



*The shaft is 100m deep. A detailed 3D model of the chamber has been created using a laser range finder which showed that its volume is comparable to the size of York Minster. Don't worry Lisa that's not Steve slipping down Gaping Gill!*



*Inside Gaping Gill – the views we could not see*



*Unfortunately Steve became an injury statistic at Gaping Gill. He was walking across the stream that leads into Gaping Gill and slipped on the slimy surface cutting his hand and somehow getting quite muddy (I blame the previous night's double whisky).*



*Despite four other cameras being ready for action, no one witnessed the actual incident and Steve was not willing to demonstrate a reconstruction. It was thought wise not to let Lisa know Steve had fallen down at Gaping Gill just in case she got the wrong interpretation.*

*Before any other mishaps could happen we resumed the walk towards Ingleborough.*



*Onwards and upwards towards Ingleborough*



*Frozen Ingleborough summit*

*There was a dusting of snow on the summit of Ingleborough – and this made for a very chilly lunch stop. We sought some protection from the cold wind behind a crossed wall not far from the actual summit.*



*Steve has an idea for a simultaneous 5 camera group selfie*



*Operating cameras in these conditions was tricky – the cold, the wind, trying to get the exposure right and getting subjects in a position agreeable for each and every self-timed camera was proving awkward.*

*There was much loud discussion and mounting exasperation when one of our party who shall remain nameless (well actually it was Roger come to think of it) uttered “Oh B\*\*\*ocks!” a bit too loudly. If there are any children reading this the “\*\*\*” is a replacement for a rude word which old men use when things go wrong – for example it could have been “Oh Blow my socks!”.*

*Anyway, Roger immediately regretted saying this, putting his hand to his mouth and muttering “Oops”. But it was too late for that – there is no delete key for audio output. A young Norfolk lady appeared from behind the wall offering help and commenting that Roger was surely much too nice to be saying things like that. She offered to take a group picture – and once we had clarified that it would make sense to use Roger’s camera rather than her own, we did our best to look normal for Norfolk. Roger had missed the fact that she was from Norfolk – a shame really. It could have been the start of a long and confusing relationship.*



*Last of the summer wine – Take 5 – Cut! – Steve, will you please look into camera 3 and keep your legs together!*

*On the way down from Ingleborough in a more sheltered area, it was much warmer and in retrospect we should have had lunch there rather than freezing at the top.*



*The effects of the double whisky were still apparent as Steve began to see multiple Mikes...*



*Mike reveals his cloned brothers*

*Actually I used the facility that allows you to select the best person from multiple images of a group shot and just selected Mike each time.*



*I like to take a well-balanced picture*



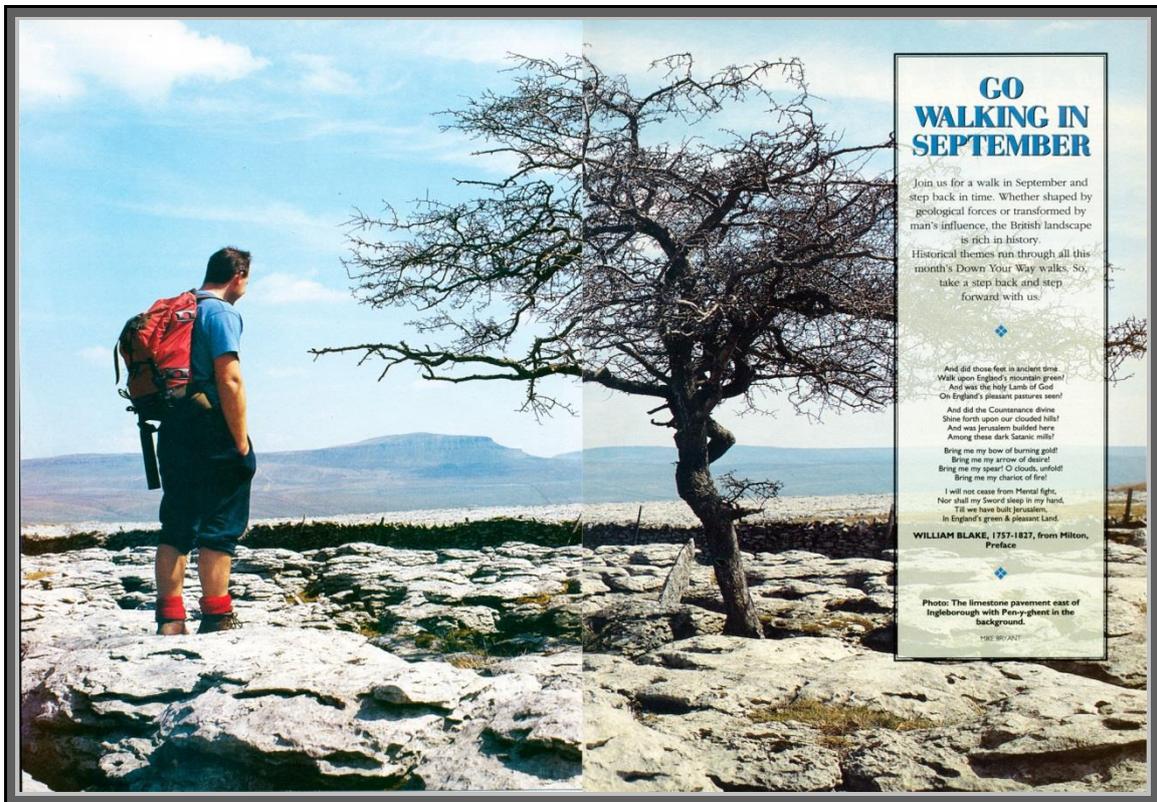
*Eagle eyed photographers had spotted a tree growing out of limestone on the horizon – a detour was hastily planned to allow a few more megabytes to be accumulated in each camera.*



*Is that a familiar tree I see before me?*



*Tree growing through the Limestone Pavement at White Scars below Ingleborough*



*Flashback to 28<sup>th</sup> April 1991 - another time another tree!*

*Limestone Pavement east of Ingleborough with Pen-y-ghent in the background and a young Kev in foreground*

*Mike's photo from Country Walking published 1992/93*



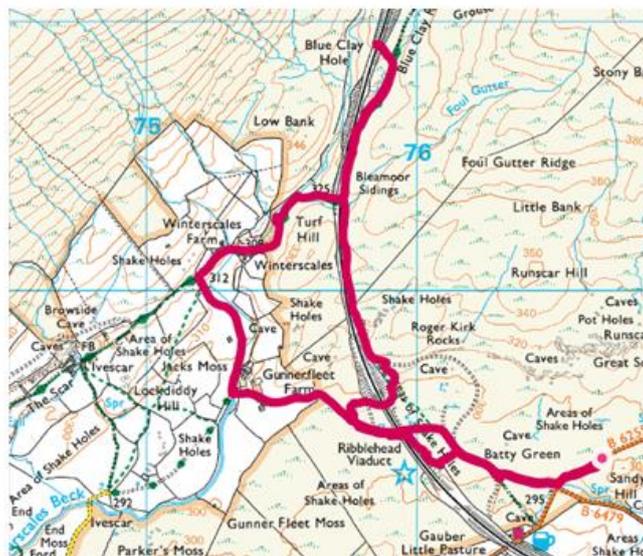
*Two Three Peakers take the wrong route down from Ingleborough*

*That evening we returned to the Wheatsheaf with no further mishap to report; the pub was quieter the service was faultless and the overall rating went up a notch.*

**DAY THREE** (Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> April 2016)

***Ribblehead loop (4.3 mile)***

*The last day of the expo dawned and after some deliberation it was decided to walk in the vicinity of Ribblehead viaduct. We confirmed that Ribblehead viaduct was next to Ribblehead station and parked just off the road with other Sunday walkers. Another fine day would allow many more photographs to be taken exploring views of the viaduct from nearly every possible vantage point.*





*Ribbleshead Viaduct – park and walk zone*



*Ribbleshead Viaduct*

Ribblehead Viaduct



*The 100 foot high viaduct spans the valley of the River Ribble and carries the Settle- Carlisle Railway. It was designed by Sydney Crossley and built by one thousand navvies between 1870 and 1874.*

*Around 100 navvies were killed during construction. The line was opened 3rd August 1875 for goods trains and 1st May 1876 for passenger trains 140 years ago.*

*The viaduct was restored in 1991*

Ribblehead Viaduct

**Ribblehead renovation**

*116 years between major servicing: this plaque depicts the link between Victorian and late twentieth century construction workers*





*Ribblehead footpath (with a blurry Rogerhead in background)*

*Our route skirted around the viaduct taking in pleasant countryside and railway views.*



*Roger enjoys another shooting expedition*



*Finite Field*

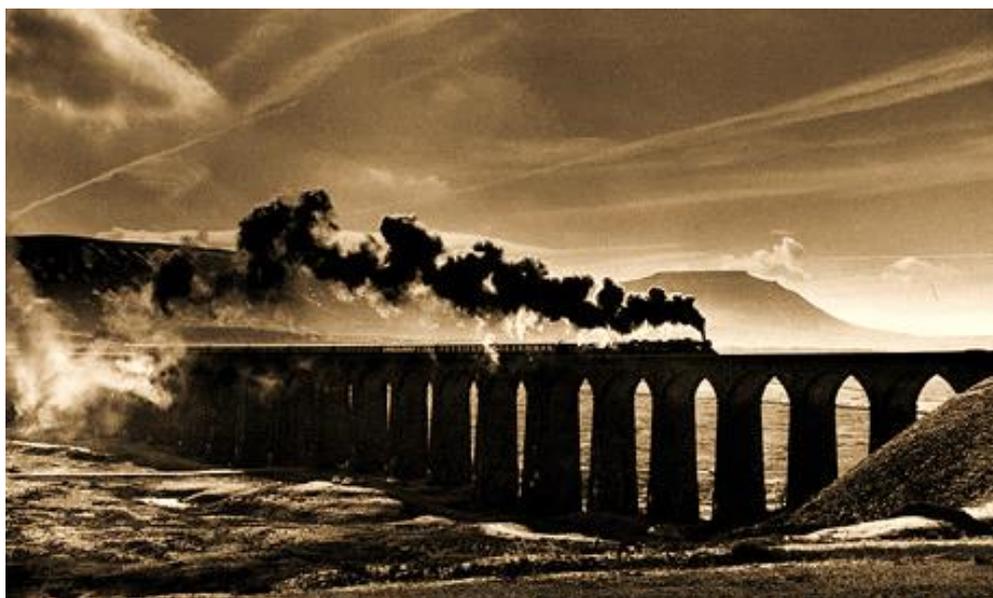


*Baa Baa White Sheep*



*Just enough time to dash over to our review panel's tea break for their reaction to the latest expo edition*

*Apparently in this Blindbeck café photo Lisa mistook Steve for Roger. Roger and Steve are still trying to work out if anyone is offended or complimented by this mistaken identity or whether Lisa just needs to visit the opticians. I better not mention that Steve looks like Ann when I have come back late from the pub... doh... too late (just joking darling... darling?... ouch).*



*Pity we did not have: 'Steam over Ribbleshead viaduct' - Denis Thorpe 1986*

*The End*