

Trip Report: The Yorkshire Dales

Date: 22nd November 2008

Group: Tony (leader), Lynn, Jim G, Selina, Chrissie, Mike and Lesley, Ian and Graham, Tilly, Molly, Tess

Route: Up and down Whernside from Dent village

Total Distance: 12.5 miles

Total Ascent: 1968 ft

Weather: Dry and very cold

Time: 4 hours 45 mins

With a nice early start we set off for Dentdale in Cumbria/Yorkshire Dales in two cars and with a new walker, Graham, Ian's brother and previous house vendee of Mike and Lesley.

Two hours later we arrived in a very cold Dent village car-park and started off up and out of the village following a small brook with waterfalls and lime kilns. In typical BUMS fashion some of us had forgotten that we had a newbie with us, who might not be quite ready for the usual BUMs rate of ascent. But, Graham soon adjusted and we were soon contouring along the lane towards our destination Whernside, the the highest of the famous Yorkshire 3 Peaks.

With the cold wind it was inevitable that there would be many calls for a coffee break but the leader held his nerve and waited until enough mileage was covered and a welcoming sheltered spot was chosen.

We carried on along Green Lane and passing High Peak we reached the Dent to Ingleton road and started on the main slog up to the top of Whernside. With the cold winds much of the ground was frozen and it made the ascent difficult with the icy ground slippery and treacherous. The group had started to spread out along to the top of the mountain to the consternation of Molly, who may have started to wonder if her master and his brother had decided to skip out the peak altogether and gone back to one of Dents's delightful tea-shops.

Eventually the summit was reached and a drystone wall provided welcome relief from a biting arctic wind while we took lunch and admired the views to other three peaks and even Blackpool Tower.

The long descent back to Dentdale followed the Craven Way through high fells down into Dentdale along the banks of the river Dee and a photo opportunity soon presented itself for Lesley.

With a last nostalgic look around the village of Dent for Tony we left the cold of the valley and headed down the motorway and towards the welcoming warmth of the fire in the bar of the Dysart.

Tony