

Trip Report: The Yorkshire Dales

Date: 16th October 2010

Group: Colin (Leader), Tony, Lynn, Mike (2nd driver), Les and Sue, plus Roxie and Tilly

Route: Gordale Scar, Malham Tarn and Malham Cove

Total Distance: 11 miles

Total Ascent: Unknown

Weather: Unknown

Time: 5 hours 30 mins

This is one of the classics walks, but the usual route from Malham is typically only 7 or 8 miles, so a bit of forward planning in Dysart on Friday evening with Tony allowed me to extend to a distance more suitable for BUMs. We decided to start a few miles south of Malham, in Hanlith, head NW to the Weets, pick up usual route, but extend a little further north over *Great Close Scar*.

The weather did not disappoint with fine sunny weather throughout the day, but the leader had left his reading glasses at his office, so large scale maps were prepared much to the merriment of the team. Actually, they were so big they were useless, and we nearly lost our way at the very beginning of the walk so were binned!

We set off with glorious views of the Cove to arrive our first (mini) stop at the Trig point at The Weets.

Some murmurs that the time was right for a coffee, but we pressed ahead to take a slight detour past Gordale Bridge to reach Janet's Foss, a pleasant waterfall. Foss is Scandinavian word for waterfall and legend states that Janet, or Jennet, Queen of the Fairies lives in a cave behind the waterfall. There was no sign of her though. Here coffees were allowed amid the pleasant setting.

We rejoined the route to the scramble up Gordale Scar and although Tilly needed some persuasion, as she hadn't had any Via Ferrata training, we very quickly made it to the top.

Next up was the beautiful Malham Tarn, but first we scaled the heights of *Great Close Scar* before dropping down to the waterside for lunch break. Scotch Eggs and pork pies were in abundance as we felt no guilt, as Jim who frowns upon such diets had to pull out to attend his sisters 60th. Interesting fact: Malham Tarn is one of only two natural lakes in the Yorkshire Dales.

From here, we simply had to follow the Pennine way all the way back, so navigation skills were not required, (more great planning from the leader) as we headed back through the magnificent Malham Cove and picked our

way across the limestone pavement, comprising clints (ridges of rock) and grykes (the deep fissures).

Dropping steeply back (230 feet) to the stream below we strode back to find the masses of tourist below staring up at the cliff.

We fought our way through the crowds back to Malham, where again with Jim not being present there was a very strong temptation to down a foaming pint Landlord at the Buck Inn, but the leader dismissed any such transgression of BUM rules, and we followed the river back to the car without problems.

Switched on the radio for the footy, but the trip home was scarred as United yet again let a two goal lead slip, much to mirth of Tony the Toffee, and Lynn the (plastic) Scouser! They nearly had to walk home. Couldn't spoil a great day though...

Colin