

THE NORTH YORK MOORS



SPECIAL No 2

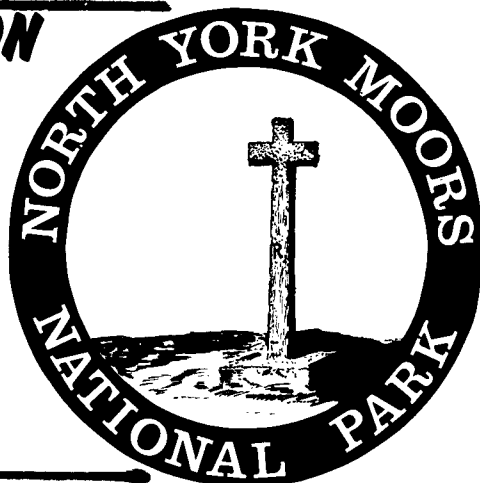
FEBRUARY 1976

LONG DISTANCE WALKERS ASSOCIATION

INTRODUCTION

"The only fear is the unknown".

The following pages have been compiled from the experiences, words and pictures of members of the Long Distance Walkers Association in the hope that they will provide INSPIRATION to some other members to get out there and explore this beautiful less well known part of England.



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Malcolm Boyes for photographs on Cover and Pages 2, 4 & 26

Geoffrey White for photographs on Pages 10, 23, 28 & 29

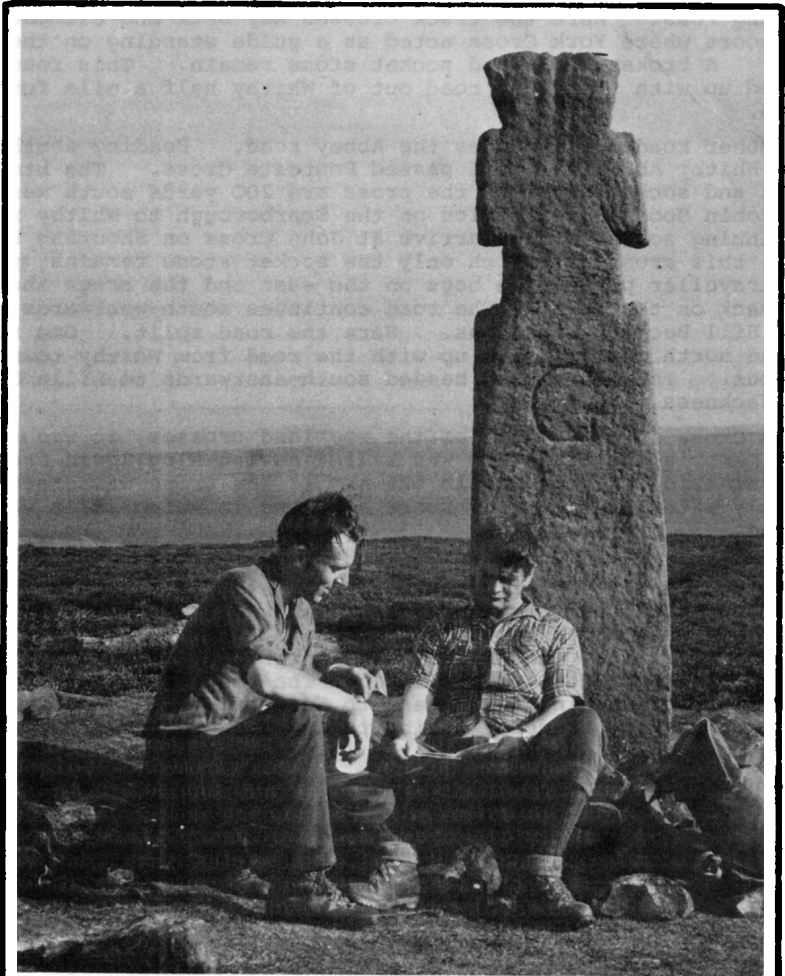
Brian Graves for the sketches on Pages 1, 5, 10 and the map on the back cover.

Our representative in the Northern Area is: Mike Smith (336)

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The Ancient Crosses of the Floors

By Malcolm Boyes



The Author (left) at Lilla Cross with Pete Gough.
This cross is the emblem of the walk badge.

High on the moorlands of north east Yorkshire stands a number of stone crosses. They appear to be set up without either rhyme or reason, but each of them served a very important purpose. They were the signposts of long ago.

As the motorist speeds along his way he takes his directions from the county council signposts. But for hundreds of years people have been crossing the moors; the crosses were used to indicate the direction they should take, or to point out a road junction. Some of them are situated at dangerous places showing the route around bogs or away from crags.

How do you find the crosses? The best place is around the Whitby area. The only access in and out of Whitby, apart from the sea, was along the pack horse tracks over the moors. One track from the harbour went south past Sneaton to Red Gate and down to Falling Foss. Here the track crossed May Beck and climbed onto the moors where York Cross acted as a guide standing on the skyline. A broken shaft and socket stone remain. This road joined up with the other road out of Whitby half a mile further south.

The other road was known as the Abbey road. Heading south from Whitby Abbey the road passed Postgate Cross. The broken shaft and socket stone of the cross are 200 yards south west of the Robin Hoods Bay junction on the Scarborough to Whitby road. Continuing south west we arrive at John Cross on Shooting House Rigg, this cross, of which only the socket stone remains, guides the traveller passed the bogs on the east and the crags above May Beck on the west. The road continues south-westwards over Blea Hill Beck to Ann Cross. Here the road split. One road headed north west to join up with the road from Whitby town and harbour. The other road headed south-eastwards to Lilla Cross and Hackness.

Lilla Cross is the oldest of the moorland crosses, it was erected as a memorial to Lilla who was killed saving King Edwin from assassination. This was in 626 A.D. The cross was erected shortly afterwards on the bronze age Howe in which Lilla was buried.

A third ancient route out of Whitby headed west over the moors to Guisborough. The first cross still standing on this route is Stump Cross, half a mile east of Danby Beacon. The road continued west-northwest to Job Cross, a stone pillar by the side of the track, and White Cross at the Comondale junction of the Castleton to Lingdale road. The road then kept to the high moorland heading north-west to Guisborough. This track would be used by traders selling their wares to the abbey and the other houses in the town.

Heading south from Guisborough was another road. The road passed over Percy Cross Rigg, where Percy Cross acted as a way-marker, to Westerdale where it crossed the infant River Esk by the old Hunters' Stee pack horse bridge. Climbing south onto the moor again the road reached its highest point at Ralphs Cross.

There are two Ralphs Crosses within a couple of hundred yards of each other. One is situated beside the Castleton-Hutton-le-Hole road. Standing nine feet high the cross poses a problem for anyone wishing to carry on the old tradition of placing money on the top for needy travellers. The second Ralphs Cross is about two hundred yards to the west and is situated on the

This picture shows Maurice Boyes at John's Cross - one of the less well preserved.



old road from Guisborough Abbey.

White Cross is situated about a quarter of a mile to the east. This is one of the oldest crosses on the moor and is situated at the meeting point of the roads from Rosedale Abbey, Westerdale and Danby. The cross is also the meeting place of the Rosedale, Westerdale and Danby parish boundaries. This short, squat socket stone which carries a wheelhead cross is affectionately known as Fat Betty.

Bottom Cross, a broken shaft and socket stone, lies a mile to the east of Fat Betty and was on the old track from Rosedale to Danby Castle. Old pack horse tracks criss-crossed the moors. Where the tracks crossed boggy moorland they were flagged with stones to prevent the horses sinking in. Half a mile south of Bottom Cross, near Loose Howe, you can see a section of the old pack horse track from Rosedale to Glaisdale. At the side of the track is a stone inscribed 'Causeway Stone 1864'.

The picturesque village of Lastingham was an early ecclesiastical centre and the church was a sanctuary church for fugitives. The boundaries of the sanctuary were marked by crosses, two of which still remain, High Cross on the Appleton-le-Moors road and Ana Cross situated two miles to the north on Spaunton Moor. Ana Cross is a corruption of Ain Howe Cross and is a 19th Century replacement. The original cross head can still be seen in Lastingham Crypt.

The names of the crosses are often derived from their shape or colour, Stump Cross, High Cross or White Cross, but some were named after local people. Redman Cross was set up somewhere to the south-east of Ana Cross and was named after a local Rosedale family. Mauley Cross which stands near the start of the Newtondale Forestry toll road, north of Stape, and Malo Cross at the foot of Whinny Nab, near Saltersgate, are both named after the de Mauley family. The de Mauleys used to live at Mulgrave Castle, near Sandsend, and owned a hunting lodge called St Julian's Castle near Goathland. The crosses probably marked the boundaries of their land.

Mauley Cross is situated close to the roman road over the moors but marked the course of the old Whitby-Kirkbymoorside road. This road was last used in the early 1800's by timber wagons returning to Helmsley after delivering their loads to the Whitby

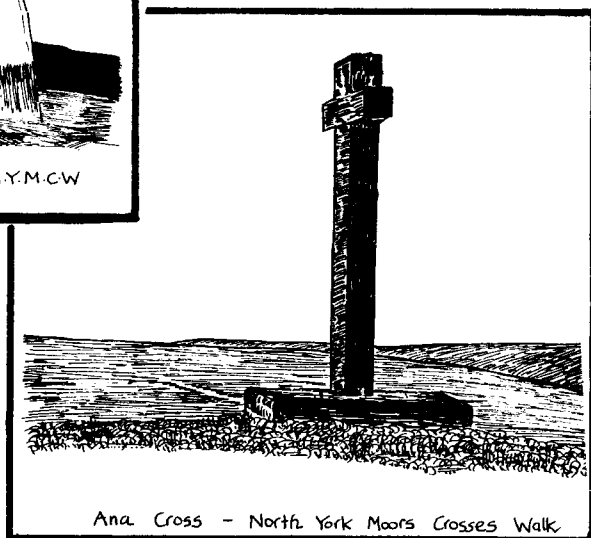
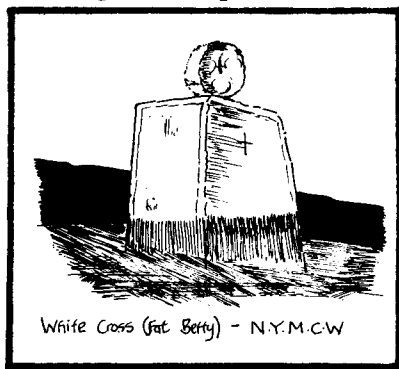
shipbuilders. Travelling over this road they avoided paying turnpike tolls. The route came past Sil Howe, north-east of Goathland, skirted the western side of Simon Howe to Brown Howe Cross near Brown Howe Farm, Mauley Cross, then south-westwards to Stone Cross, near Spiers House, in Cropton Forest. Nothing now remains of either Brown Howe Cross or Stone Cross.

Malo Cross disappeared for about fifty years but someone found the cross in a garden at Pickering and returned it to its rightful place.

Each year hundreds of people pass two socket stones belonging to old crosses without knowing of their existence. Every year hundreds of people attempt the Lyke Wake Walk without realising they pass the socket stone of Donna Cross as they traverse the front line of the Cleveland Hills. The socket stone is in the col between Cold Moor and Cringle Moor and marks the route south into Bilsdale from Kirkby-in-Cleveland.

Sutton Bank is a popular place in the summer months. Many people cross over the road from the car park to the viewpoint without realising they are within a few feet of Coopers Cross. The socket stone is at the northern side of the road about one hundred yards from the top of the hill. The cross marked the point where the old Drove Road over the Hambleton Hills split. One road went south via Oldstead to York, the other road headed east to Malton.

In October 1971 six walkers pioneered a route around fourteen of the ancient crosses. The walk has now become an annual event and takes place each July. So if you fancy a walk, there are 53 miles in front of you and hundreds of years of history behind you.



Walking The Crosses

by TONY CRESSWELL (1062)

Saturday 12th July 1975

The Crosses Walk came as a welcome 'cheap weekend' to me, a Newcastle lad - for once there were no stunning rail fares to pay in order to get to Wales and the likes. Instead my trusty motor scooter provided the cheap but rather cool means to arrive on the morning.

There in Goathland were the usual cheery faces of the Association and my main companions for the event, Mr and Mrs Cooper of Ludlow plus their ever active dog Joey.

After a hundred hellos and the usual preliminaries of gear check etc., noon came and active tongues gave way to active footwear. Peter Cooper and I set off at a brisk pace while Betty Cooper and Joey, our support drove up to checkpoint 1. The Lewsleys, Puckrins, Baumeisters and Leathers quickly disappeared in a cloud of dust leaving we lesser mortals to jostle our way up to the open moor. No sooner was it gained than from Wintergill plantation and checkpoint 1 we plummeted down into Glaisdale. Joey had since joined us and seemed to enjoy the deep heather a lot more than the walkers.

Straight out of checkpoint 2 in Glaisdale we flogged up the narrow tarmac road out of the valley head to the moor once more. The Crosses Walk joins the Coast to Coast Walk thereabouts and by coincidence a walker on the latter passed us with Wainwright's book in his hand. Sweet memories were outweighed by jealousy while he can only have been puzzled at the sudden influx of walkers! With the field a bit more spread out we arrived at the concentration of Crosses and checkpoints around Rosedale Head, Ralphs Cross East being by far the most popular (refreshments available). Betty told us of all the folk who had already passed through (daunting news if ever there was) so Peter, Joey and I stalked off down the road in pursuit. As we passed the Lion Inn we terminated our brief encounters with the Lyke Wake and Coast to Coast Walks and so on to the famous Rosedale Ironstone Railway with its relatively fast but rather monotonous progress - even the dog thought so. The sighting of Rosedale Abbey heralded our arrival at checkpoint 6 and the ever encouraging Betty. The lack of refreshment near the railway line forced the dog to retire and from the inside of the car it looked at Peter and me in pity. I am sure his tongue was out for more than one reason!

Pleasant moor and a bit of road took us to Low Cross and checkpoint 7 in Appleton-le-Moors. Being 25 miles down range supplied us with the small excuse for a swift pint in the Oddfellows Arms - bless it. This recharged us for the tricky section to Mauley Cross, the difficulty being navigation through forest lands. I felt this bit had to be done in daylight and it was gone 7.30 pm so with my nose glued to my Tourist Map we hurriedly crossed the River Seven, and entered Cropton Forest. This was another trying section along hard forest roads which seemed as straight as a die. Peter evidently thought even less of it because on arrival at Mauley and checkpoint 8 he was a few minutes behind me. Betty

greeted me again while the dog simply snored to himself. I was beginning to feel those 32 miles down range and was glad of my refreshments.

Night time tactics sensibly enforced by the checkpoint staff before we were allowed to leave on the next stretch. Peter wanted more time and then I realised my chance to beat the iron man from Ludlow - or so I thought. Several of us then set out with our torches on more monotonous forest road walking. I had luckily joined a group of lads who had recied that section a few weeks before as the crossing of the steep sided Pickering Beck valley was tricky to say the least. We ably met the task by going upstream a mile to join a steadily rising track up to the lights at Saltersgate and checkpoint 9.

To herald the arrival of Sunday a light drizzle had started to fall so it was waterproofs-on time. It was goodnight Betty from there as well - with no chance of pulling Joey back into the fray again she was to drive back to Goathland to get some sleep - like any other normal human being would do.

Peter arrived as we left for the next stretch over to Malo Cross during which I realised the futility of my efforts. Here I was trying to put some distance between a friend and myself then the news came through that Phil Puckrin was already finished in a new record time of 9 hours 40 minutes!.... It makes me wonder just why I bother!

The section from Malo to Lilla Crosses was without doubt (in my mind) the least enjoyable; the light but persistant rain made us keep our waterproofs on thus soaking us with condensation. You try to get over it but what can you see and hear? - the mechanical growl and myriad lights of Fylingdales Early Warning Station. Its monotonous perimeter road and barbed wire fence (I'm sure no one wants to get in) add to the area's delights but eventually the one light we did want to see came into view - that at checkpoint 11 on Lilla Cross.

Inspite of the damp, tiredness and stiffness, I was to find the remaining miles to Goathland the best of the Walk. First light came as we passed checkpoint 13 at John Cross. This is a torturous business passing checkpoints you would later have to visit. The temptation was great but pointless - so it was on to Fostgate teasingly situated a mile up a road that had to be reversed. I received the best brew of the event up there, so much so that I settled down and enjoyed several of them. The crazy staff had a menu up with some weird delicacies on it like 'Duck a la Pond', 'Conker Cocktail' and 'Nettle Crumble'! Alas only 'soup of the day' was available! The rain seemed to have stopped and I was eager to rid myself of waterproofing. I did so soon to regret it for this allowed Peter to catch up and in fact overtake.

I set off back down the road in pursuit but the rain started again... I do not know anything more uncomfortable than replacing recently used waterproofs! Peter was away by now so I gave up and settled for finishing the Walk. After John Cross the rain just about stopped so I continued in colour (orange) if not in comfort. From May Beck the last main climb to York Cross was encountered - a total of about 4,000 feet for the event and the penultimate hole was stamped through my stout plastic tally. I had my final drink at a suprise refreshment point on Sil Howe before trudging the final mile or so down the road into the valley and Goathland once more.

A noticeably refreshed dog welcomed me in, Betty gave her congratulations and then I checked in at the finishers table. My time of 20 hours 53 minutes brought me the dazzling position of 124th - but I was quite pleased to have been equal to the challenge that is all.

A good breakfast followed then after picking up my certificate I decided to drive straight home before I felt too tired. I cannot remember much about the journey home - there seemed to be a lot of horn-blowing although I cannot think why - at least it kept me awake!

In summary, the Crosses Walk is not, I am afraid to say, one of my favourites. It may sound strange to say that the walking is too easy but this is in fact true. A lot of it is pretty flat and on man-made walking surfaces, thereby inducing monotony. There is no disputing the fact that it is a fine challenge walk of no mean length and no Long Distance Walkers Apprenticeship is over until the Crosses is as well.

Where to stay & how to go?

WHERE TO STAY.

"Accommodation" (Information Service, North York Moors National Park, Helmsley) gives sources of information including Youth Hostels and caravan and camp sites (See also under Safety Measures)

"Cleveland Way Bed and Breakfast List" (Yorkshire Tourist Board, York).

"Bed and Breakfast and Bus Guide" (Ramblers' Association) Details of buses limited to main operators.

LOCAL PUBLIC TRANSPORT.

"Durham, Tees-side and Yorkshire Area Bus Timetable" (United Automobile Services Ltd, Scarborough).

"Esk Valley Line Paytrain Guide" (British Rail, Newcastle-upon-Tyne). Runs from Whitby to Middlesbrough, with connections to Pickering (see below) and Newcastle.

"North Yorkshire Moors Railway Timetable" (N.Y.M. Historical Railway Trust, Pickering). Runs from Grosmont (on Esk Valley Line) to Goathland (steam section) and on to Pickering.

SAFETY MEASURES.

"Walking over the Moors" (Information Service, North York Moors National Park, Helmsley). Deals with recommended equipment, weather forecasts and emergency procedures.

MAPS.

"North York Moors One-inch Tourist Map" (Ordnance Survey) covers entire Cleveland Way except for small sections in the extreme NE and SE for which Sheets 86 and 93 respectively are required.

Compiled by John D. Reynolds.

THE CLEVELAND HUNDRED

The planning of this walk has stemmed from experience gained in participating in the ICKNIELD EIGHTY and the DOWNSMAN HUNDRED. In organising the CLEVELAND HUNDRED we have considered the points raised in discussions with other entrants.

We are using a large portion of the Cleveland Way - a long distance footpath that passes through areas of outstanding natural beauty - hence the walk is called the CLEVELAND HUNDRED.

The Southern end of the Cleveland Way from Filey to Scarborough hops from one caravan park to another and then involves a trudge through Scarborough itself. This rather tedious stretch is avoided by starting the walk on the north side of Scarborough only a few hundred yards from the cliff path. To bring the distance to 100 miles the finish of the walk is extended from Helmsley (the end of the Cleveland Way) to Malton.

It was felt that this had the added advantages that both start and finish would have a nearby Youth Hostel and both start and finish would have a nearby Railway Station.

The route chosen has a pleasant blend of different types of terrain - a blend which should test even the most hardened and experienced walkers. Roughly equal parts of the walk are on cliff top paths, on moorland tracks, on footpaths, on forest roads, and on green roads.

We cannot guarantee the state of the weather. We are hoping that Alan Blatchford will bring along his personal high pressure system which produced fine weather for the two previous Downs-men, the Icknield, the Peakland and the Surrey Group Lyke Wake crossing. Has the man ever got really wet?

PETER SLEIGHTHOLM (588)

Further details and entries from Entries Secretary, Cleveland Hundred, Tony Cresswell

All offers of help should be sent to General Organiser, Cleveland Hundred, Peter Sleightholm

WALKING ENDURANCE is based on self confidence and the will to achieve success. ENDURANCE requires total commitment long before the event. ENDURANCE requires training not only of the body but of the mind. It means coming to grips, face to face, with the awesome reality of the task ahead. C.S.

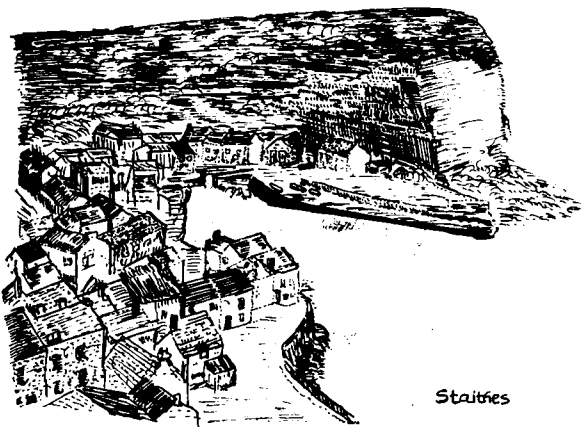
THE CLEVELAND WAY by John D. Reynolds



Market Cross - Helmsley



The Monks
Trode to
Rievaulx
Abbey.



Staithes

STAITHES - one
of the pictur-
esque fishing
villages north
of Whitby.

THE CLEVELAND WAY by John D. Reynolds.

INTRODUCTION

To some people the title of this article may conjure up visions of an athletic purist intent on gaining a complete acquaintance with national Long Distance Path No. 2 by walking it twice - in 1970 and again (the other way round) in 1974. Other less charitable readers will calculate that in taking 5 years to tackle a nominal 100 mile route, utmost exertion produced an average daily sally - or even a crawl on hands and knees as a penance for my sins - of less than 100 yards. Pray allow me to dismiss these theories at once.

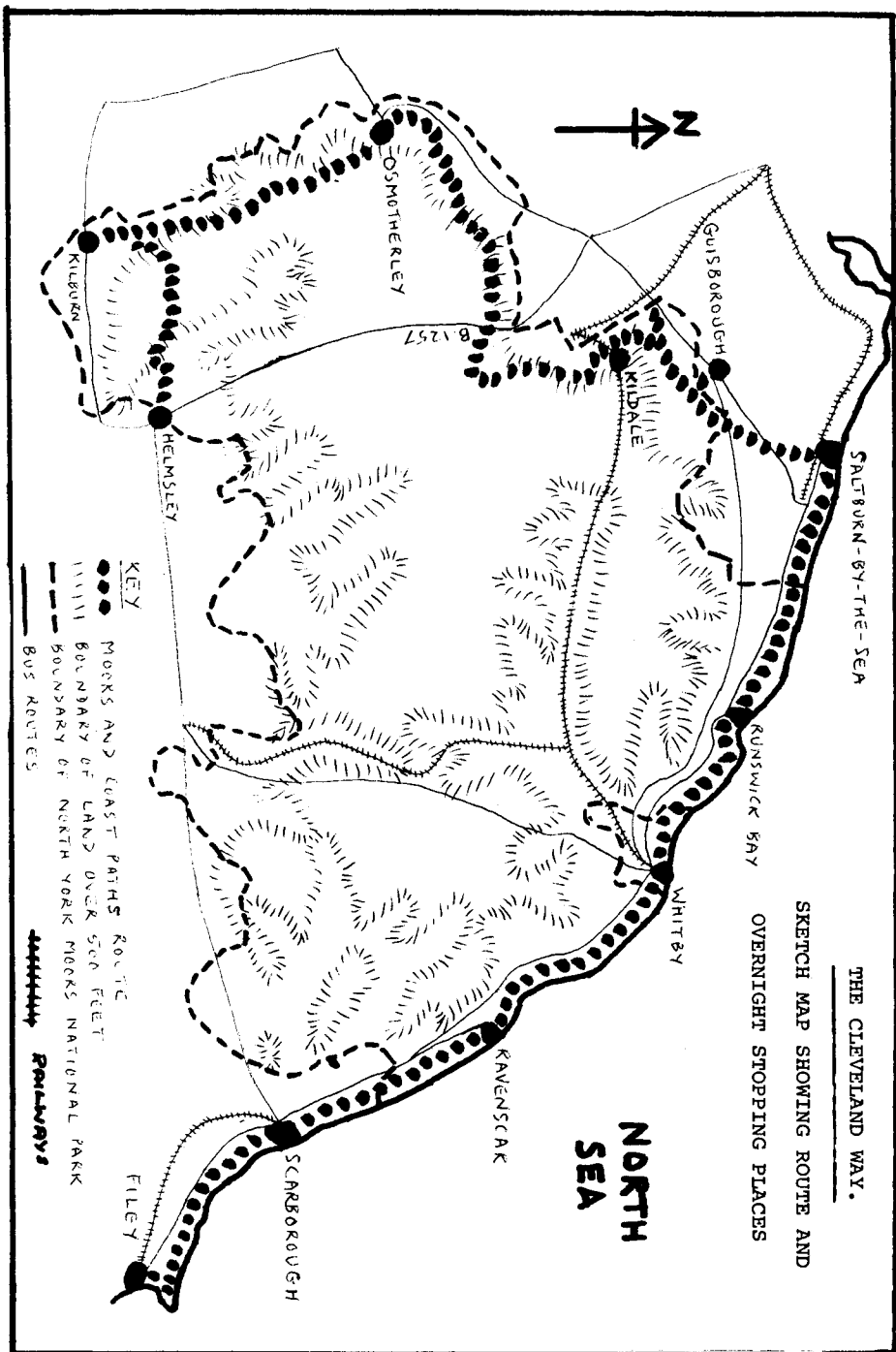
The truth is that a friend and I set out from Helmsley on the Moors Path section of the Way in June 1970, intending to walk the entire route in the traditional direction in 7 days. Although we had tramped together previously, I was apprehensive on this occasion about the eventual fate of my companion's feet. He had elected to wear someone else's well-worn boots with uppers as hard and undulating as corrugated iron! Despite metho-dic attention to inevitable blisters and the liberal application of plasters, there was a gradual deceleration in pace until, by mid-afternoon of the third day (when the B1257 road at Clay Bank was reached after walking W, N and E) he was forced to retire from the attempt. Reluctantly I agreed to abort the mission at this point, and fortunately there was not long to wait for one of the few daily buses back to Helmsley.

Feeling very disappointed at this turn of events, I vowed to return sometime in the future to finish the walk, but such an opportunity did not present itself until September 1974. This time I was on my own, and decided to re-start at the other end of the Way (Filey) so as to have the sun behind me most of the time as I proceeded NW along the Coast Path section to Saltburn-on-Sea. From there, heading SW, S and W via the remainder of the Moors Path Section to Clay Bank enabled me to complete the rest of the horseshoe-shaped route in the opposite direction.

Following the 2½ day stint in 1970, I took another 7½ days to cover the rest of the course in 1974 - an overall daily mileage of about 10. Such a performance will doubtless shock many inveterate LDWA members for it bears no comparison with doing the Pennine Way in just over 3 days, an average rate of about 85 miles per day! (See LDWA Newsletter No. 10, December 1974, page 28). However, my philosophy decrees that long distances may also be walked legitimately in short stretches if, like me, one enjoys stopping to chat with strangers, pausing to admire scenery or watch incidents, deviating to visit places of interest, and maintaining a photographic record.

In both years overnight accommodation was secured, mostly without booking ahead. Heat-wave conditions prevailed in 1970 whilst in 1974 rain fell on only two days, and the whole length of the Coast Path section was negotiated in the dry. No complaint could be made about the weather experienced, strong winds being compensated by sunshine in good measure.

Having explained when and how the walk was made, it will be readily understood why the account that follows is in two parts.



STAGE I JUNE 1970 - HELMSLEY TO CLAY BANK

Motored from Cambridge to Helmsley in evening, leaving car at Butler's Garage and staying overnight at Mrs K. Ainsley's

DAY 1 - HELMSLEY - KILBURN

Spent some time at the castle before setting off on the Moors Path section and soon made detour to view Rivaulx Abbey. Lunched near ford at Noddle Hill Bank, and later passed the well known racing stables at Hambleton House. Impressed by first sight of Vale of York. Some aerial activity at Yorkshire Gliding Club (good thermal currents?). Proceeded to White Horse (stood on its grass eye!) and then descended to Kilburn. Night spent at Mr and Mrs J. Mayne's, The Foresters Arms.

DAY 2 - KILBURN - OSMOTHERLEY

Before leaving village, looked around the oak furniture show-room of Robert Thompson's Craftsmen ("The House of the Mouse"). Lost time in making detour along base of scarp, passing Roulston Scar and Knowlson's Drop before ascending to reach top of Sutton Bank on A170; took advantage of mobile cafe in car park. Continued, admiring view of Lake Gormire and hazy Vale of York. Had lunch by the Iron Age hill fort near Boltby Scar. Passed through forest and then climbed up from Low to High Paradise Farms to reach old Drove Road. Heard curlews on way to Black Hambleton ridge, pausing to examine ruins of Lime Kiln House. Experienced some difficulty in finding route from Jenny Brewster's Spring (quenched thirst there!) to reservoir below, but plain sailing thereon - although legs suffered on steep climb through wood on Middlestye Bank - eventually to reach Osmotherley. Overnight at Mr Ken Morgan's, The Queen Catherine Hotel, now (1974) under new management.

DAY 3 - OSMOTHERLEY - CLAY BANK

As we left I prayed that my companion's feet would improve with further effort! After passing the Lady Chapel, early morning mist caused some confusion before the TV booster station at Beacon Hill suddenly loomed into sight. Noted hereabouts a sign on a gate counselling:

Be ye man or be ye woman,
Be ye going or be ye comin',
Be ye soon or be ye late,
Be ye sur' to shut this gate.

(Ripon C.S. School. 21st June 1968)

Joined Lyke Wake Walk path and in due course lunched on the summit of Live Moor. This was the day of most ascents and descents encountered on the route. No signs of gliders on Carlton Moor. By the time we reached Hasty Bank, the condition of my friend's feet had slowed him down to a snail's pace, and when we descended the steps to the B1257 at Clay Bank he was about beaten. It was obvious that our next destination (Kildale)

could not be reached that evening, so we waited for the next bus back to Helmsley and luckily secured accommodation at Mrs Ainsley's again. Needless to say, she was surprised that our expedition had ended so soon!

On the following day retrieved my car from garage and journeyed home to Cambridge, feeling very sad at failure to complete the Way.

STAGE II SEPTEMBER 1974 - FILEY TO CLAY BANK

Travelled alone by car from Cambridge to Helmsley in morning and parked again at Butler's Garage. Noted town seemed more commercialised than in 1970 - Mrs. Ainsley's house now an antique shop and new cafes round the market square. After lunch in one of these cafes, left by bus for Scarborough, changing there for Filey where I found accommodation at Mrs. Hewitt's overlooking Filey Brigg.

DAY 4 - FILEY - SCARBOROUGH

Set off, pausing to view 12th century St. Oswald's Church, for the Brigg. Record tides the previous day had attracted numerous archaeologists who hoped, at extreme low water, to see the remains of the Roman jetty associated with the signal station built on the promontary during the occupation. At Gristhorpe Cliff, and at other places subsequently on the Coast Path, observed that effect of northerly winds on shrub shape affected hawthorn most. Lunched behind hedge on SW side of A165, where path meets road, to avoid hot sun and traffic noise. Between the NALGO holiday camp and Frank Cliff I found an excellent source of ripe blackberries, and dallied for some time striving to quench my thirst. Negotiated the front at Scarborough, staying the night on the N side at Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Mitchell's

DAY 5 - SCARBOROUGH - RAVENSCAR

After viewing the castle's western side, proceeded along North Bay promenade and then up on to the cliffs at Scalby Ness. Noted the interesting rock strata at Cloughton Wyke and later scrambled down and then up the steep banks at Hay burn Wyke (pausing at the foot-bridge over the beck) to rest for lunch at the top. Then on again, hugging the cliff edge - the path, as so often, a narrow groove providing, what with the wind, little room to manoeuvre - to the rocket launcher post (the first to be seen) and Raven Hall Hotel (on the site of another Roman signal station) at Ravenscar. Overnight at Crag Hill Guest House supervised by Miss Nicholson after half a gallon (?) of Afternoon Tea.

DAY 6 - RAVENSCAR - WHITBY

Soon made first acquaintance with disused (trackless) railway. At Boggle Hole, decided to walk along beach and met holiday maker who informed me that the upper floors of the old water-mill (now Y.H.) used to be accessible from the adjacent steep

bank in former times. Passed a party of students who, judging from their equipment, were from Leeds University Marine Biology Research Unit later noted at Robin Hood's Bay. This picturesque little place was marred for me by the masses of sightseers and presence of cars (which should have remained in the car park provided at the top of the bank) in the sole main street winding upwards from the sea. I did not linger long here and soon found a convenient seat, looking out to sea, to rest and eat my lunch. Resuming, I passed near the lookout hut and rocket launcher post (complete with rocket!) at Ness Point and soon looked down on the shale "pavement" at Homerell Hole. Further on a small piece of ploughed land caused me to ponder on the nerve of the tractor driver who had turned the soil right up to the edge of the cliff!

At Maw Wyke Hole I was greeted by a sitting figure with the words "It's nice to have arrived!". It transpired that he was pleased to be at the sea-side again after 8 days and nearly 190 miles, having just completed (subject to reaching Robin Hood's Bay!) Wainwright's Coast to Coast Walk eastwards from St. Bees Head in Cumbria. He seemed none the worse for wear, apart from a splintered spectacle lens, having managed to find some form of rough shelter (where there was no nearby Y.H.) each night. At Whitestone Point I passed by the immaculate Whitby Light-house and fog signal, being thankful the latter was silent to my ears and that, indeed, neither I nor the shipping encountered any sea mist along the whole length of the Coast Path. In due course sight of the harbour entrance and Abbey silhouetted against the sky-line heralded my entry into Whitby. I tarried awhile at the Abbey ruins and then, by the old parish church of St. Mary's (close to the Y.H.), descended the 199 steps to the harbour, crossed the road bridge over the river Esk, and climbed steeply through the west side of the town to my night's halt at Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Atack's Europa Private Hotel

DAY 7 - WHITBY - RUNSWICK BAY

Before leaving I returned to view the busy harbour and to glance across to the old part of the town for a last look at the Abbey and St. Mary's Church. Proceeded then to the Spa to admire the archway formed by a pair of whale jaw-bones presented by Thor Dhal in 1963 to commemorate Whitby's associations with the whaling industry including, by no means least, Captain William Scoresby Sn., inventor of the Crow's Nest from which whales were sighted accompanied by the cry "A fall - a fall!". A famous adventurer, Captain Scoresby sailed further north than any of his British contemporaries in search of whales.

On the golf links I descended from the cliff top and walked along the beach to Sandsend. Soon I spied an enormous black dog running towards me, chased by a man - or was the dog trying to out-pace the man? I forget, but the human stopped (for breath?) to pass the time of day, mentioning that I would spot a dead seal pup, washed up by the tide, at East Row. Apparently seals play havoc with the salmon in the River Esk and precautions are taken to keep the former out of the river. Young seals swimming too close to the coast-line are often pounded on the rocks and then thrown up by the sea, dead or dying, on to the shore. I felt very sorry for this poor little fellow when I eventually came across him. North of Sandsend I found myself walking along

a stretch of the disused railway again to a tunnel where the route led right, steeply up steps to continue along the cliff edge. Soon I reached Keldhowe Point where, alongside a large patch of bracken, I consumed my lunch.

Near Holms Grove I passed the remains of yet another Roman signal station on a nearby hill top and, beyond Kettleness, descended very steeply at Claymoor End to reach the beck's mouth on Runswick Sands. Here I followed the beach to Runswick Bay and, after wandering round the narrow streets to look at the old houses clinging to the cliffs, made a wearisome climb up the road from the sea front car park to the top of the bank. What a pity this delightful place did not remain like Robin Hood's Bay with motorists being encouraged to park on or near Bank Top and then proceed to the village and shore on foot. That's how it used to be! Stayed at Mrs Pearson's

DAY 8 - RUNSWICK BAY - SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA

Soon after taking my leave on this, the last day on the Coast Path section, what seemed to be the "lost" harbour of Port Mulgrave hove into sight. No signs of a port, just a few scattered buildings on the cliff and down below, and a number of small boats in the harbour. Further on I watched three sailing dinghys fighting the strong wind. One looked as though it would capsize any moment, but they all turned for home and safety as I descended, first gradually and then steeply, into quaint Staithes with its old houses "hanging" on the sides of the deep cove. On the front, overlooking the small harbour, a retired farmer from nearby, who regularly visits this little port, recalled former times when there was no sewerage and the fish thrived on "everything" which, for convenience, was thrown over the sea-wall. They were easily caught there and "tasted better than they do today!". He also reflected on the well-to-do who can out-price the local inhabitants in buying second (holiday) homes. Apparently someone had recently paid an enormous sum for a cottage situated next to a building used for temporary fish storage whilst awaiting transport to market. The ex-farmer reckoned the new owners wouldn't be in residence long because of the permanent smell!

Further on Boulby was passed, followed by a steep climb leftwards up the path to near Boulby Barns where I rested against a stone wall, just off the track, and ate my lunch. Building stone, iron stone, alum and jet used to be mined hereabouts. Then onwards to Loftus Quarries, now abandoned, followed by the drop down to Warren Cottages (where I had to find a route through a mass of closely-packed cattle) and on to Hummersea Bank. Soon I found myself poised above the uninspiring town of Skinningrove where the sea in the bay was even more rusty (from the steelworks) than I had imagined. Descended to "civilisation" to find rows and rows of terraced houses and the link between the works and the sea - Kilton Beck, which I nicknamed the orange-juice river after the beverage I drank with my lunch each day. However, despite a thirst and no real orange squash left, I did not succumb to the river's tempting colour! Skinningrove struck me as a "ghost" town - almost deserted streets, cold, uninviting, with the wind blowing litter round every corner. I was glad to move on, through the archway in the harbour wall and then slanting left up a scree slope (now easy to negotiate in either direction) to the cliff top.

The path now hugged the edge of the coast-line, passing the dis-mantled railway yet again at Hunt Cliff and the site of another Roman signal station just beyond, before going suddenly down hill to Old Saltburn and then Saltburn-by-the-Sea, town of gem-named streets! Here a conventional pier projecting into the sea - the only one seen from the Coast Path and which, alas, has since collapsed through growing tired of waiting for sufficient funds to permit renovation. Sought out Mrs E. Trider, Manor House Private Hotel where I stayed the night.

DAY 9 - SALTBURN-BY-THE-SEA - GUISBOROUGH

Facing myself SW, I was now about to leave the Coast Path and the sea which had been my constant companion for 5 days, and resume the Moors Path section from whose other end I had been obliged to retreat in 1970, due to my companion's indisposition 2½ days out from Helmsley. Before dragging myself away from the town I recalled that quite a number of places, through which I had journeyed, had boasted fishing fleets - large or small - in the past. My impression, however, was that today only Whitby can be classified as a fishing port, and the industry is virtually extinct now at such villages as Robin Hood's Bay, Runswick Bay and Staithes where the old fishermens' cottages remain as monuments to those who went to sea to ply their trade.

In Crow Wood beyond the railway viaduct (in use) I glimpsed a grey squirrel on the path between the conifers. A light drizzle (the first rain experienced whilst walking the Way) grew heavier as I entered Skelton, an unenchanting town whose appearance was not improved by the gusty rain. Here I met a man who had just acquired some bamboo canes for staking plants. He knew my part of the world, having resided previously near Bedford, and kindly offered to show me the way to Skelton Green (where he now lived) and verify my intended route to Slapewath. From the "heights" near Skelton Green he pointed out Skelton Castle built on the site of an earlier fortress, and Upleatham which, he said, possesses the smallest church in England. Near Airy Hill Farm I saw Highcliff Nab for the first time, and was soon descending the slag tips to the Fox and Hounds Inn at Slapewath. Wet clothing plus a thirst prompted me to rest and imbibe at that hostelry, whilst consuming my sandwiches. The rain seemed set in so I enquired if accommodation was available for the night. A negative answer indicated that Guisborough was the logical place to stay. I decided against catching a bus there, but to cover a few more miles of the Way in the wet and then drop down to the town when I got near (due south).

Leaving the inn about 2pm, I had some difficulty in tracing the Way via Charlton Terrace and Spa Wood to Justice Bank, but eventually found myself heading in the right direction (SW) through forestry plantations. A sign-posted path to Guisborough by a quarry was deliberately ignored, and I continued along a track, through interminable coniferous woodland till I judged Spring Wood had been reached. Here I turned N for the town, but found most of the forest glades ran E-W parallel with the contours. Hence it took me ages, zig-zagging down the scarp and feeling rather claustrophobic amongst so much woodland, before I reached the road below Belman Bank. From there I made for the Fox Inn in the centre of Guisborough, but found that establishment full up for the night. Here I met a hiker who had wisely reserved a

room in advance, but had a tale to tell. Tramping over the moors in the opposite direction, he'd been caught in a sudden fierce local thunderstorm. The lightning prompted a quick descent to Kildale where his arrival fortunately coincided with a west-bound train on the Esk Valley Line. A ride on this, followed by road transport, had enabled him eventually to reach his night's destination. When I described Skinningrove, he announced that next day he would avoid the next section of the official route and make direct for Loftus, rejoining the Way near Staithes.

Enquiring about accommodation brought no success. Finally, in desperation, I spoke on the telephone with Mr Green, manager of the Moorcock Hotel, and sighed with relief when offered the only vacant room left. This necessitated a mile's walk through the town, W along the A171 to the junction with the A173. My first impression of the hotel was one of luxury, with prices to go with it! The room allotted had the usual mod. cons. plus many more. Dinner in the grill room (with half-a-bottle of wine as a treat) was excellent and reasonably priced. But oh! that taped music score did pall after half-a-dozen repeats. This plus a door somewhere which seemed to bang all night and cold water for washing and shaving the following morning made me fume and nearly explode when I was charged over £5.00 for bed and breakfast! I must place on record that none of these ignominies were suffered in any of the other more modestly-priced places stayed at during 1970 and 1974.

DAY 10 - GUISBOROUGH - KILDALE

From my bedroom window I could see Roseberry Topping (Cleveland's answer to the Matterhorn) in the distance, which I hoped to ascend later in the day. I retraced my steps to rejoin the Way in Spring Wood, stopping en-route to discuss Britain's economic plight with a man who was exercising his large Labrador dog. Soon Highcliff Nab came into sight, a lot nearer this time, and once there I got my first view across Hutton Moor with the summit of Roseberry Topping just peeping over the top. Descended towards Codhill Farm, one of the first holdings to be reclaimed from the virgin moorland, catching sight of Captain Cook's monument far away as a tiny speck on Easby Moor. Following round the boundary wall of the farm I continued WSW, eventually reaching the corner of the Way where it turns southwards.

At this point I spent an hour descending Black Bank and climbing to the summit of Roseberry Topping (1057 feet), eating lunch just below the top - out of the strong wind - before returning by the same route. Visibility was good and extensive views of the course of the Way, in both directions, were obtained from Roseberry Topping and, later on, from the site of the monument to Cook who attended school at Ayton below. After traversing eastwards an area of woodland on the edge of Coate Moor, I turned S downhill past Bankside Farm (designed like a Danish long-house) where, in addition to the ordinary washing being dried on the line in the garden, there were two freshly-washed rabbit rag-dolls hanging by their ears! Soon I entered Kildale to stay the night at Mrs. F. Close's cottage at 2 Station Road. As two other hikers - travelling the other way from Osmotherley - were expected later, I was offered a hot bath followed by afternoon tea before they eventually arrived to join me for an evening meal.

DAY 11 - KILDALE - CLAY BANK

After calling at the Post Office for provisions, I set off to re-climb the scarp by the track to the ancient Park Dyke on Warren Moor. The two other walkers at Mrs Close's had reported shooting on the moors on Tuesday. However, when several people in a Landrover passed me, coming down-hill after what appeared to be a reconnoitre, I concluded that the foul weather on the tops, including one of those notorious Cleveland "roaks" (mist) had probably spared the game that day. For me, it was a comfort to know that, all being well, I wouldn't get mixed up in a drive!

I plodded on through the dense mist, southwards across Battersby Moor, noting several tumuli and many groups of shooting butts. My only obvious mobile companions all day were the grouse which uttered almost human cries as they flew off whenever disturbed.

Beyond Tidy Brown Hill on Ingleby Moor I paused to examine the square stone post (dated 1757) close to the track, here named Thurkilstye by the Danes of yore which was the northern end of their route to York. The top of the post was concave, and held a shiny one new pence coin as a reminder of the times when alms for the poor and needy were placed in this and similarly carved stones in the area.

Soon after resuming I successfully located, in the mist, the old iron-stone quarry incline top to the right of the path, and followed this down to the disused railway. A short distance along this I bore SW along a narrow boggy track to rejoin the Way at Red Stone. Heading W and then NW, I passed to the left of the summit of Botton Head - the highest point on the entire route (1489 feet) - without detecting the cairn or triangulation pillar because of bad visibility. Near here I noticed many fresh boot marks, of various sizes, heading in the opposite direction. As I had not seen or heard any hikers, I assumed that this party must have taken the alternative (Lyke Wake Walk) route eastwards.

Now the path started to descend gradually towards Carr Ridge, heavier rain making the clayey soil underfoot very slippery. Eventually I reached the end of the ridge and dropped steeply to meet the B1257 road at Clay Bank, via Hagg's Gate, after a lapse of over 4 years! My timing was good for, half-an-hour later I was aboard the early afternoon bus to Helmsley. On arrival there I had a meal and dried out in one of the cafes, and then sought accommodation. Every place I tried was full up so I collected the car and drove to Sutton Bank. Here the Cookson family at the Hambleton Inn looked after me for the night.

The next day I left Sutton Bank by car for Cambridge, feeling highly delighted on this occasion with the realisation that I had succeeded, at long last, in walking the whole of the Cleveland Way!

Services and Information Guide on Page 8.

THE MISSING LINK ~ or Scarborough to Helmsley

On the 6th December 1970 we were walking the last stretch of the Cleveland Way from Cloughton to Filey. Over a series of week-end walks we had enjoyed the fine scenery around Sutton Bank and the Kilburn White Horse, over Black Hambleton and the Cleveland Hills to Roseberry Topping. When we joined the coast path at Saltburn it was an enjoyable change from the moorlands we knew so well. Between Staithes and Scalby Mills is the most scenic stretch of coastline in England. On the last stretch of the walk to Filey the scenery did not meet this high standard. Cornelian Bay, Cayton Bay and Filey Brigg were picturesque, but the views inland were marred by numerous caravan sites.

In 1975 I began thinking of the fine scenery between the coast and Helmsley. A circular route would enable anyone to start and finish the walk anywhere en route. After a few hours work with a map I had a provisional route. A series of weekend recce's worked out the sections of the route I did not know. Then we were all set.

On May 2nd, 1975 Colin Hood (LDWA 17), Maurice Boyes and June and Pete Gough joined me at Crook Ness. It is situated about 3 miles north of Scarborough on the coast. There was a stiff breeze blowing but the weather was clear and sunny.

We followed the road to the Three Jolly Sailors at Burniston. We then headed westward along a series of rights of way over farmland to Beacon Farm and Surgate Brow Farm. A forestry track led us onto the plateau top near Reasty Bank (965944). There is a fine view from the headland over Harwood Dale to the sea. (The number of fine viewpoints is a feature of this walk.)

From Reasty Bank we followed the Forestry Commission's long distance trail to Allerston. The route of the Missing Link coincides with the trail to Crosscliffe, (895915). The trail is marked by a blue walking man sign. The trail utilises Forestry Commission roads, fire breaks and paths. Two miles of Forestry road leads to the deep valley of the river Derwent. The trail descends the steep Barns Cliff along a narrow winding path. There is an extremely good view of the gorge from the ruins of Barns Cliff House. At the foot of the cliff the trail follows the Derwent southwards for a mile.

The river is crossed at a series of stepping stones and then the long ascent of Langdale Rigg begins. There is a fine view from the trig pillar at the top. After descending the hill the route passes through Langdale Forest on a series of forest tracks and fire breaks. Where the trail follows Black Beck there is a fantastic display of rhododendrons in the season. There is no inn on this section of the walk, but you can obtain tea and cakes at Noddle Farm.

A steep climb through the trees brings us onto the three mile escarpment overlooking Allerston High Moor. The road and track lead to Saltersgate Bank Top. From the top of the hill there is a fine view of the Hole of Horcum, a vast 300 foot deep hollow in the moors. At the sharp bend on the hill a path leads over Levisham Moor to Dundale and Seavy Ponds. At Dundale Pond turn left and the track meets the walled lane into Levisham. This would make an ideal stopping place. The Y.H.A. I believe are

acquiring Locton School for use as a hostel - this is a mile away.

The next day's route heads east along a side road. At the first sharp bend a path leads over the fields to Newtondale. The first view of Newtondale is breathtaking. The ground falls away into the steep sided glacial overflow channel, the valley sides are well wooded, and when we completed the first walk the yellow gorse bushes added an extra touch of colour to the scene. The path contoured northwards along the side of the valley to the road from Levisham to Levisham Station.

We crossed Pickering Beck by a footbridge and headed up the hillside to Stape. From Stape we took the forestry road past High Muffles to the sharp bend that leads down to Spiers House. We continued straight on along a series of fire breaks and tracks to Hartoft Beck and the road near Hartoft End. The route passes over a stile and follows the beck to its meeting place with the river Seven. A delightful place. We crossed the river on a fallen tree trunk which spans the beck. There is an alternative footbridge about 200 yards higher up the beck.

The route to Lastingham is along a track which is shown on the map, but not on the ground. At Lastingham we took a liquid lunch at the Blacksmiths Arms. After climbing Lidsty Hill, we ate our sandwiches at the top of the hill with a fine view over the moorlands to the north. We passed through Spaunton and across farmland to Hutton-le-Hole. The village would make a fine overnight stay for anyone attempting the walk in three days.

We followed the road to Lowna Bridge in Farndale which is associated with a ghost story. A path through the woods climbs the western side of the dale to link up with a track over Harland Moor. The track joins the Gillamoor to Bransdale road north of Sykes House. A right of way then passes Stonely Woods House to Sleightholmedale. I made a mistake in calculating the distance around here and we had two miles more to walk than we expected.

We crossed Hodge Beck near Otter Hill and crossed Skiplam Moor. A number of new intakes led us to Birk Nab Farm. It was now about seven o'clock and we were hoping to be finished by then, but we still had six miles to go. We followed the road to Pockley Grange and then turned off into Riccaldale. There, spread before us, was the dale winding its way down into Ryedale. About a quarter of a mile from the road we turned off past Reargarth Farm. It was now just a pleasant stroll into Helmsley Market Place as night drew in around us. Our last task was finding somewhere to celebrate - we were back where we started the Cleveland Way five years before.

The walk is a fine two or three day walk in its own right. If it is combined with the Cleveland Way it would probably be advantageous to stop at Scarborough Youth Hostel and I think an alternative route is available from there. If you walk through Scalby to the foot of Hay Brow a path halfway up the hill leads across to Suffield and Hackness. Hackness is a beautiful village with an interesting church. Then take the track from 967902 to Broxa. Descend to the river Derwent by the road. A right of way then leads via Backleys Farm and South Moor Farm to the Forest Drive at point 757. It is then north-west on a forestry road to join the trail at Crosscliffe.

by MALCOLM BOYES (132)

THE LYKE WAKE WALK



THE LYKE WAKE CLUB

Condolences on your crossing!

PHYLLIS JACKSON

Date **13-9-75** Time **13-50**

THE CHIEF DIRGER,
POTTO HILL, SWAINBY,
NORTHALLERTON.

We travelled with Surrey group members to Yorkshire on the Friday evening, our coach making several stops on the way to pick up prospective walkers, finally travelling via York and Scarborough to Ravenscar, where we arrived about 5.00 am to meet the support party and the last of those who wished to attempt the walk.

By this time dawn was breaking and the air felt extremely cold as we alighted. We were welcomed with cups of tea and generally prepared ourselves for the long trail ahead. Soon we were off.

It was indeed a beautiful morning, and as our limbs became warm again with the brisk pace we had set ourselves, we soon began to appreciate the loveliness of the scenery around us, whilst at the same time giving a wary glance at the stony track beneath our feet. We soon began to leave the sea behind and the moors appeared on every side in a dozen shades of purple and lilac, with various browns and greens mingling between, while the sky above was a clear soft blue with the merest traces of cloud above small rises in the ground. We were pleased to find the track clear before us and reasonably dry and soft to our feet with only an occasional sticky patch to negotiate. There was quite a strong wind in our faces but it was stimulating rather than a hindrance.

Before long we saw the famous Fylingdale "golf balls" and beyond them reached our first checkpoint (a great morale booster) at Ellerbeck Bridge, where we eagerly consumed the tea, coffee and squash so generously provided for us, and were soon on our way again. Soon we mounted our first steep slope and went on again past Wheeldale Howe and innumerable white boundary posts to our next checkpoint at Ralphs Cross. By this time the sun was high, like our spirits, and our appetites were fully whetted for the soup, and bread and butter supplied, together with whatever goodies we'd brought with us. We had at this stage begun to space out in the inevitable way and were also meeting the bulk of the day's travellers who were coming in the opposite direction. It was strange to see a thin line of people coming and going in both directions as far as the eye could see, while on

either side the moors stretched endlessly away, empty and desolate. Not long after our "lunchtime" stop a number of us diverted across an expanse of heather to rejoin the correct path, and I was soon to find that the apparently dry-looking area was deceptive and there were indeed still bogs beneath the surface, however dry the weather had been. I sank down almost knee deep and later my feet found a deep rut before I regained the track along the old railway route. This I found a long and tedious stretch, although the valleys and surrounding scenery still looked peaceful and beautiful in the sunshine - a scene I felt was just asking for a paint brush to capture it for all time. I was walking mostly alone at this point, neither catching up with anyone nor having many pass me - indeed it was quite a welcome diversion when they did - at least I had a different coloured rucksack or anorak to keep my eye on in the distance. The wind suddenly dropped at a sheltered turn in the path and I was then conscious of how strong the sun, in fact, was. At last there was a change of view after a sharp left turn and now we saw our first glimpse of the hills ahead. These I felt for me would be the real test, especially at the latter part of the walk. Having traversed them only the year before on the Cleveland Way route I knew them as more than "mole" hills, but at least the majority of the mileage was now behind us.

The grapefruit and rice at the Hasty Bank checkpoint was more than welcome, and after a change of socks and the briefest of rests I felt I could allow myself, I set out for the final "leg" (appropriate word!). I had occasional company which helped me to keep on the correct track and was assured by them that there were plenty of folk behind me, which was comforting. Although the clouds had gathered a little, when the sun did come out it was really warm and I felt my fleecy lined anorak - such a comfort in the morning - was a trifle out of place when I was struggling up the heights. I spurned the lower or "ladies route" and renewed my acquaintance with the Wain Stones, from whence I remembered there was a superb view of the vale below. Some climbers under instruction up there were a diversion for me and later still after the final checkpoint the hang gliders provided a most colourful sight at the top of Carlton Bank, where I deeply regretted not having my camera.

*Cold Moor
and Hasty
Bank from
Cringle
Moor on the
Lyke Wake
Route.*



By now I was definitely tiring a little, with still several long miles ahead of me and at each new turn in the path I expected to reach Osmotherley at any moment, although I had realised from the tops that it was still some distance away. Now the steep downward slope seemed as tiresome as the "up" ones had been and I was grateful to be down in the valley at last - and what a long valley it seemed to be! A path I had imagined to be quite short led on and on and I was beginning to think I saw things that proved to be something quite different when I reached them! Up to this point I had managed by luck and the good fortune of having accurate route finders with, or ahead of me, not to have to consult my own map; but my laziness was about to bear bitter fruit, for thinking I must be a stone's throw from Osmotherley I enquired of two blackberry pickers the way to the village, the obvious route being a little obscure to me in my tired state. I dutifully went through the gate and down the path they indicated to the metalled road, where they told me I was to continue on down the hill. After over a good half mile of this I was horrified to read the word "Swainby" and cursed myself for not specifying which village I wanted. Back uphill I trudged to the path junction and this time actually had the sense to consult my map. From that my spirits were not cheered to see I still had at least a couple of miles to go, and all hopes of being home and dry by 6.30 pm vanished. To cheer myself up and give my weary limbs a final boost I rested briefly for a short snack and drink and set off on the home stretch. I was worried that the rest of the party might be anxious about me, and it was good to find they had only just set off to find the lost sheep as I rounded the last bend to the finishing point. It was still just about daylight and I'd made it in less than 14 hours - not a bad achievement I felt for an expectant granny of nearly 52 who'd thought it quite out of the question at the beginning to do it in the allotted limited time we had. Hearty congratulations to all those with longer, tougher or younger legs than mine who'd done it in 11 hours or so, and most grateful thanks to our noble support party who had shivered in the chill morning and evening air to minister to our needs and saved us from a lot of needless humping round of food and equipment.

After a good nosh and tank-up at the local hostelry and chip shop and a much needed wash and brush up we felt considerably revived and our careful and expert driver got us speedily on our homeward way - everyone having completed the walk. Our one unpleasant experience was the noisy crowd of drunken football supporters at the Motorway Service Station where we made a necessary stop on the way home. I couldn't help contrasting their idea of enjoyment with ours, and I knew which I would rather have! We had indeed had an enjoyable time - I know I did anyway. We had, of course, been extremely lucky with the weather and conditions underfoot - indeed the rain only held up to allow us to get half-way home, and under bad conditions one could easily realise the full 24 hours traditional allotted time would be needed. Someday maybe I'll try it again in the original West-East direction, taking the full time to get the maximum rest and enjoyment - but could I depend on such ideal weather? - I wonder!

PHYLLIS JACKSON (1995)

THE WHITE ROSE WALK

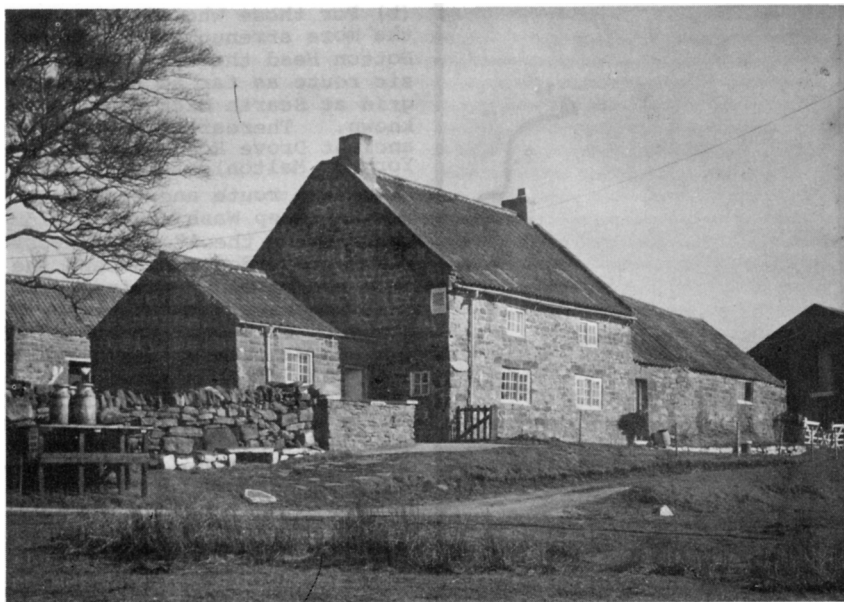
by GEOFFREY WHITE (366)

This walk, 34 miles long, or 40 if the long route is preferred, links two well known land-marks, the White Horse and Roseberry Topping, much of it following the Cleveland Way along the western escarpment. The total heights climbed could vary between 3,700 ft (via Chop Gate) and 4,900 ft (via Scarth Nick) and it is expected that walkers in good condition could complete the journey within the hours of daylight in the summer. The walk may be divided into three sections of a (White) Rose Bush as it were.

(1) The Rose Berry (or hip) - Starting at point 336 just S. of the village of Newton, which is N. of Great Ayton, climb Roseberry Topping, Yorkshire's Little Matterhorn, from which good views of the Cleveland Plain, Middlesbrough and the Tees can be seen. Loop round to the Monument to Captain Cook on Easby Moor by way of Newton Moor and Great Ayton Moor. The bi-centenary of Captain Cook's voyage of discovery was celebrated on Monday 26th August 1968, 200 years after he set sail from England. From Easby Moor there are extensive views of the more dramatic parts of the Lyke Wake Walk, the North face of the Cleveland Hills from Botton Head to Near Moor. The route now takes us E. for a mile through young forest country along the top of Coate Moor down to Bank Side Farm and through the pretty village of Kildale. Turn W. towards Stokesley for 1/3rd of a mile, then S. along the narrow road which leads up to Kildale Moor. This road has recently been tarred but is little used. On reaching the top, the ground to the E. of us is the gathering ground for the source of the R. Leven. Continue S. along Battersby Moor and Ingleby Moor, leaving Baysdale on the left. We are now approaching the highest point of the North York Moors but the gradient is gradual. The ruined building at Incline Top will soon be seen on the right and walkers should cross the heather to this point on the well-known disused railway from Rosedale. Because of the activities of contractors in 1970/71 laying mains for natural gas, avoid for the time being the morass by continuing South on the road past Incline Top for 1/3rd mile and turn SW across the moor to rejoin the route at the railway cutting. Continue W. as far as the Lyke Wake track to just before point 1489 (the highest point) at Botton Head. After passing the Face Stone a choice has to be made between continuing NW on the Lyke Wake Classic route or taking the left-hand fork along a well marked wide track over Urra Moor to Seave Green.

(2) The Foliage

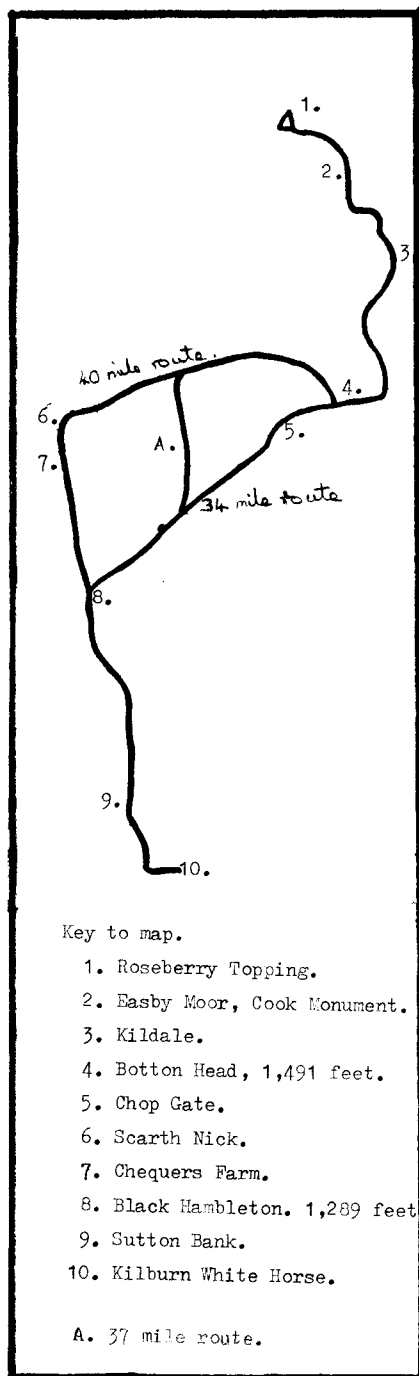
(a) The short route through Seave Green and Chop Gate will probably appeal to most people and descending into Bilsdale one can see the southerly aspect of Hasty Bank and Cringle Moor and a pretty broad view of Bilsdale. The shop at Chop Gate should prove a popular stopping place or if the hours are right the Inn should be even more popular. A couple of hundred yards or so S. of the Inn leave the main road at the bridge in a SW direction. There is rather a severe climb up to Cock Howe on Bilsdale West Moor; a track is shown on the 1" Ordnance Survey map but it is difficult to find on the ground after the initial climb. Some may prefer to walk along the ridge to Green Howe (keeping to high ground to avoid bog) then S on a well used track



This picture shows Chequers Farm on the Drove Road, near Osmotherley.
It was formerly an inn and is on the White Rose Walk.

on to the Arnsgill Ridge. Alternatively, one may continue SW from Cock Howe towards the Arnsgill Ridge over roughish moor. The path marked on the map can seldom be found. When Head House comes into sight make for the right-hand far corner of the intake wall, this will ensure a reasonably dry route, an easy crossing of the stream and no walls to climb.

Take the Arnsgill Ridge track SW leaving Rye Farm on the right and entering the yard of the other farm nearby (not named). Turn right at the farm gate into the farm track which leads to the road, water splash and onto Low Cote Farm. Continuing S on a ½ mile stretch of narrow but popular motor road (walkers are requested to walk in single file on the right of the road) the two bridges at point 559 (Wheat Beck) are reached and this is a suitable place to be met by a support party. Turn to the right off the road, over the minor water splash (concreted) where there is a small footbridge. The track leads us along an entrenchment, over a fence and through a cow pasture where there is a right of way. (The cart road through the woods follows a tortuous path and is not recommended). Make for the gate at the top far corner of the field then turn left on the moor along the wall side, picking up the track towards the top of Black Hambleton. Soon after taking the left-hand hairpin bend, scramble up the steep track on the right until the cart road at the top is reached with a cairn by the side of the track. This is not the Drove road so avoid the temptation of turning to the left. Instead turn right and the road goes across the moor to the Drove Road at White Stones.



(b) For those who wish to take the more strenuous road from Botton Head the Lyke Wake classic route as far as the cattle grid at Scarth Nick is well known. Thereafter we take the ancient Drove Road (from Yarm to York or Malton). Leave the Lyke Wake route and turn S as far as Sheep Wash, marked Old Quarries on the 1" map; cross the foot-bridge and ascend the very rough road, continuing S past Chequers Farm at Slape Stones. This used to be an old Inn and was famous for a continuous peat fire, reputed never to have been out for more than 200 years. Soft drinks can now be obtained there and the notice on the side of the farm is worthy of reading -

"Be not in haste,
Come in and taste,
Tea tomorrow for nothing"

In the old days "Ale" was always promised "tomorrow".

The track of the Drove Road over Black Hambleton on to White Stones is well defined and the views to the W include Osmotherly and nearby the two reservoirs for the Northallerton Water supply.

(c) Other routes between the ones described in (a) and (b) may be taken; for instance, from the Newcastle Gliding Club Station southwards to join the Arnsgill Ridge.

(3) The Stem - The Drove Road S presents no problems but does present wonderful views across the Vale of Mowbray in good weather. Wensleydale with Penn Hill on its S side, Buckden Pike and Great Wherside can be picked out when conditions are clear. Keep to the Drove Road as far as High Paradise Farm, a mile north of Sneek Yate Bank. Turn right on the moors path through the farm and then continue S. Be careful not to descend too far. Less than half a mile S of the farm the track turns down hill. Leave it here and go through the gate straight ahead, through the

forest to the top of Boltby bank below Sneck Yate, another suitable meeting place for a support party. Cross the road and from the gate on the other side make for the farm at the top of the hill - pass between it and the small wood and keep up as high as possible along the next mile or so, walking near the fence adjoining cultivated land. One or two points here would be just a little tricky at night time but are perfectly safe in daylight, so if darkness has set in this route should not be taken - instead one should continue S along the Drove Road to Sutton Bank, but much the more scenic and pleasurable way is along the cliff edge. The aspect locally from now on is very fine and culminates in the sight of Gormire Lake which is a little jewel in a perfect setting. On to Sutton Bank round Roulston Scar past the Yorkshire Gliding Club Station to the final destination of the White Horse. Supporters could meet walkers at the car part immediately below.

SOUTH to NORTH JOURNEY

The foregoing notes will enable walkers to mark their maps and thus the return route is pretty obvious. There are, however, one or two landmarks to look for and points to remember:

Sneck Yate - If a support party is meeting the walkers coming from the direction of Gormire they may well find that muddy conditions do not allow for cars to be parked near the gate but will have to be at the cross-roads at point 993; in which case it would hardly be worth while for walkers to return to the forest route and they can immediately take the Drove road northwards.



WAINSTONES, HASTY BANK - The Cleveland Way, White Rose and The Lyke Wake Walk all pass through here.

White Stones - Long route walkers (via Scarth Nick) look for the left turn. Short route walkers go straight on and after a ¼m. watch for a pile of stones by the right-hand side of the track. This, however, is not the cairn guiding the traveller down to Wheat Beck although in mist it could be so mistaken; go on for ½ mile from here until a bigger cairn is reached and at the time of writing there is a low barrier of stones across the track at this point; turn down to the left 20 yards beyond the cairn.

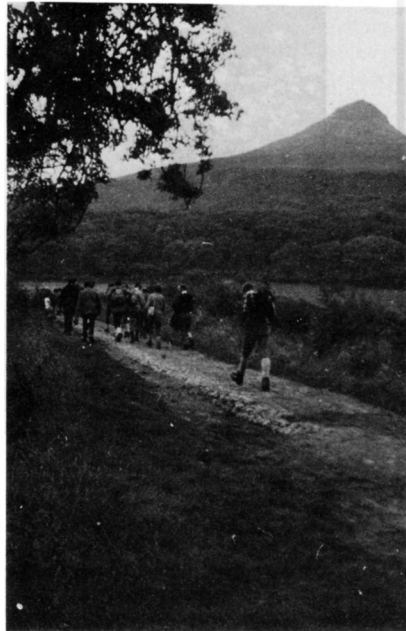
Arnskill Ridge - When approaching Head House do not go through the gate into the intake but keep left by the side of the wall joining a clear track at the corner of the wall which leads down to the stream where an easy crossing can be made. From the stream there is a danger of travelling due east towards the tumulus which is nearly ½ mile south of Cock Howe; a natural path takes one in that direction. It is, therefore, advisable to take a compass bearing at the stream in order to take the true NE direction to Cock Howe, not then in sight.

Ingleby Moor - At the point on the track near the tumulus (marked 1299) there should be a sign marked Moors Path leading right to Battersby Moor; vandals do not leave this sign alone and if it is not there at the time of arrival watch out for an isolated locked gate, which is the place at which to turn.

Roseberry Topping - In darkness it is not recommended that the Topping be climbed; at the dip in Roseberry Common turn to the right and take the tracks leading to Newton - initially the direction must be NE and one is loath at this stage to do anything but take the direct route; nevertheless the slopes further on are particularly steep and slippery and in poor light present a danger for anyone but experienced climbers.

The walk was first completed on the 1st June 1968 by the Yorkshire Wayfarers, travelling S. Out of 46 starters 41 completed the walk in times varying between 10 hours 20 minutes and 13½ hours. All except three took the short route. The three on the long route took 12 hours 6 minutes as shown below. Since then in the same direction have travelled five staff and boys of Ryedale C.M. School; J.C.Wilson and E.Smith 6 members of the York Fell and Ski Club; 8 Scouts of York Treasurers House Troop. Twelve members of the Staff of Tadcaster Grammar School completed the walk in a Northerly direction. In September the Hood family of Malton with their friends K.Beales, J.Waudby and M.Boyes took the long route S. and enjoyed it so much that they did the return trip in October, starting from the

ROSEBERRY TOPPING - Some Yorkshire Wayfarers setting out on the White Rose Walk.



Horse at 1.40 a.m. and very sensibly missing the cliff edge in the dark, taking only 14 hours. Since then they have done it several times including a winter walk. Thirty-three Wayfarers reversed the process in June 1969 and others, including the Harrogate Stoachers Club have followed suit. In 1970 the numbers increased and with the issue of the badge the walk was becoming quite well known.

Cards of contratulation are available at 5p each and an attractive cloth badge (25p) from the Recorder of the Yorkshire Wayfarers, Mr F.G. White
Please send stamped addressed envelopes for your reply.

CAMP SITES AND ACCOMMODATION. The following information is given in response to requests from prospective W.R. walkers. All camping requires the permission of the respective landowner or farmer. Camping on open moorland and forest areas should be avoided because of fire risk. Farmers are generally willing to allow camping on the basis of a personal enquiry but the availability of camping facilities on farmland cannot be guaranteed. When possible, enquiries should be made in advance, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

CAMP SITES

G. R.
600108
579043

537043

475970
567005

506830

559837

VILLAGE HALLS - Large parties may sometimes be accommodated overnight.

Chop Gate - Write to Mr G. Garbutt

Cooking facilities available.

Osmotherley - Write to the Village Hall Secretary, Osmotherley, Northallerton, Yorkshire.

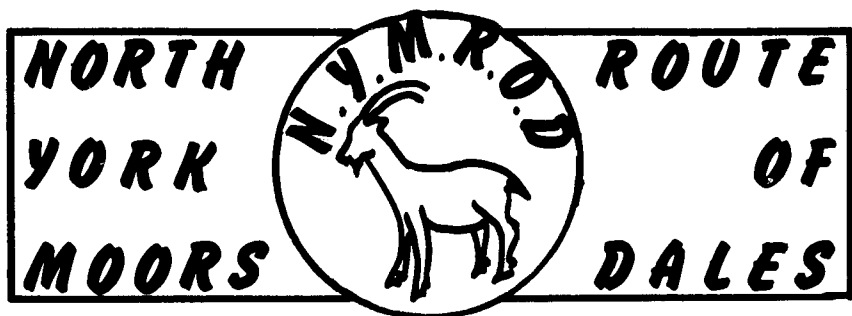
ACCOMMODATION

Chop Gate (1) 565965

(2) 567005

Great Ayton Behind the Buck Inn.





34 MILES - 5200' OF ASCENT (approx.)

From the information given below, you will be able to plot the route on the Ordnance Survey 1" North York Moors Tourist Map. A fairly recent edition of this map showing rights of way in red is required - 2½" sheets numbered SE 69, SE79, NZ 60 and NZ 70 are useful in places but in many respects are out of date.

The walk starts and finishes at the same place. Anywhere on the route may be chosen but most walkers will probably choose Church Houses in Farndale as food and drink is usually available.

THE ROUTE Church Houses (Grid Ref. 670975), west on road to Monket House, up bridle track past Dickon Howe to Cow Sike in Bransdale. Road to '9' of point '739', forestry track through Bloworth Wood turning right at a hairpin junction through a gate (this junction is not shown on the map). On to Rudland Rigg, Burton Howe, north east on bridle track and along west side of Grains Beck to Baysdale Abbey, Shepherd's House, Great Hograh Moor, Little Hograh Moor, south east to farm above 'o' of 'Stocking House', Youth Hostel, Westerdale Church. Lane towards Broad Gate Farm, then turn east to cross Tower Beck above 'e' of 'Beck' Footpath to farm, cross Castleton Rigg above the word 'Blackmires' then to West Cliff, Plum Tree Farm, farm road to point '591' then to farm north of North End Farm. Go south of point '831' to Crossley Gate Farm, Forester's Lodge, north east above the woods to Head House, Furnace Farm, Finkel Bottoms, track south east to road then go north east for a couple of hundred yards to point '511' before taking bridle track to 'a' of 'Hollin Hall'. Bridle track south to Glaisdale Rigg, descend to road at the point under '1' of 'Glaisdale Side' (no path shown on the map for the descent to this point). Take farm track to 'i' of 'Glaisdale Beck', south west to Nab End, footpath south to 1000' contour line then either head across pathless moor through point '1045' to road junction at Bluewath Beck Bridge or continue along bridle track from 1000' contour and then walk down the road to the junction. Road to Hamer House, south west to Northdale Farm, Bottom Farm, west to buildings and chapel, High House Farm, footpath to south of Woodstock Bower having crossed Blakey Ridge just south of point '1256'. Low Bragg House, east bank of River Dove along daffodil route to the 'Feversham Arms' at Church Houses.

A limited supply of Nymrod badges (30p) and certificates (5p) are available to successful walkers. Any remittance received after the supplies have been exhausted will of course be re-funded. Please send a stamped addressed envelope to I.K.Angus

BIBLIOGRAPHY

by MALCOLM BOYES (132)

WALKS IN YORKSHIRE by W.S. Banks, published 1866. We tend to think of long distance walking for pleasure as a modern sport. This book was published over 100 years ago and still makes interesting reading. You may find a copy in a second hand shop or your library should be able to obtain one.

TRAMPING IN YORKSHIRE (North & East) by A.J.Brown. This is one of the classic walking books of Yorkshire. Half the area dealt with is outside the North York Moors. (Out of print).

THE LYKE WAKE WALK by Bill Cowley began the successful Dalesman series of walking books. It tells the story of the walk from its inception, and is a must for anyone attempting it as it gives details of the route and many places of interest en route.

THE WHITE ROSE WALK by Geoff White (LDWA 366) gives details of the walk which is fast rivalling the Lyke Wake, and how to apply for the badge and certificate. Dalesman Publishing Co.

THE CLEVELAND WAY by W.Cowley. The hundred mile long distance footpath around three sides of the N.Y.M. National Park, and details of the history, people and industrial archaeology of the area. Dalesman.

THE CLEVELAND WAY by A.Falconer is similar in format to the above. There are additional chapters on geology, the flora and fauna, and it also contains the Ordnance Survey 2½" maps.H.M.S.O.

WALKS IN CLEVELAND by A. Falconer may be out of print. It gives some 28 short walks on the moors, about 6 - 7 miles long and covers the coast, Cleveland Hills, Eskdale and the southern dales. Dalesman Publishing Co.

NORTH YORK MOORS WALKS FOR MOTORISTS by Geoff White (LDWA 366) Some 60 short walks which make pleasant training sessions for the experienced walker. Published by Gerrards. (The Dalesman Publishing Co. also issue a similar book by the Ramblers Assoc.)

THE CROSSES WALK by Malcolm Boyes (LDWA 132) This book tells how the 54 mile walk around the moorland crosses was pioneered. It is now popular with LDWA members all over Britain. Copies from M.D. Boyes Price 75p PP

THE COAST TO COAST WALK by A.Wainwright.- The route across England finishes across the North York Moors. About a quarter of the book covers the North York Moors. Westmorland Gazette £1.05

Should you finish the Coast to Coast walk with time to spare, you could pick up a copy of Walks around Robin Hoods Bay. These have been published in a small booklet by Harry Schofield (821) and his friends. For 10p you get a map and 18 walks in one of the most beautiful areas of Britain.

The Dalesman 1976 Annual contains an article on the walks which have been formed since the Lyke Wake Walk began twenty years ago. The article is 3,000 words long and there are two photographs. The book costs 66p post paid.

Looking into the future, I am in the process of writing a guide to the Cleveland Way and Missing Link for Constable's The Pocket Size Book with maps and 40 photographs which could be available late in 1976.

The address of the Dalesman Publishing Co. is Clapham, Lancaster. They issue a list of books that are available.

The Countryside Commission's leaflet on the Cleveland Way is available on request from John Dower House

