

14th September - Stump Cross Caverns.

For the second time in as many weeks we were heading back to “God’s own county”, Yorkshire that is, a place where “it never rains during the daylight hours, only at night when the gentle folk are dreaming of Geoff Boycott”.....weird. I like Yorkshire puddings, but don’t dream about them!!!

Stump Cross Caverns was the destination today and eleven Hatters, including 2 Pints who had returned from Circus Maximus at Llangollen in the early hours to be “Tail end Charlie” today in Arthur’s absence, set off just after 1030. We picked up two guests at Rising Bridge – John, who had been at the last chapter meeting to find out about us had asked if he could join us, and his mate Bob tagged on at the back. First stop was at “Roaming Roosters”, a fresh produce shop at restaurant. We have used their tea room in the past but this had been booked for a private function so it was refreshments on the sun terrace – unfortunately no sun. Six teas, six coffees and our member from “darn sarf”, the A***nal fan ordered a Latte (posh or what?). Drinks drunk and paid for, we set off through Barrowford and Barnoldswick to the A59, turning right towards Skipton then left up Wharfedale to Grassington. Five miles to the East was our destination – Stump Cross Caverns.



The sun was threatening to put in an appearance but still hadn’t managed it when we went in for lunch – burgers, bacon barmes and sandwiches with tea or coffee. “Penicillin” Dave checked his burger thoroughly this time but no greenery that he hadn’t ordered was present, no refunds today. After lunch there was enough time to go into the caves, £1 off admission for a group. Paul B paid for me, thanks mate – my turn next time. 65 steps down into the darkness (well it would have been had there been no lights). An a cappella version of “Going Underground” from Snatch – acoustics were brilliant according to him – and a lot of head banging (good job we had hard hats). We didn’t have time to watch the video about the formation of the caves, apparently it took millions of years but we needed to be home for MOTD2.



Leaving the caves we headed for Pateley Bridge for fuel, John and Bob left us at this point (Bob had to get home) then through Dacre to the A59 and headed West towards Skipton. At Bolton Abbey we headed South, (Steve H. left us here, he also needed to get home) through Silsden and as we approached Colne, made a sharp left to take us to Howarth. A toilet/ciggy stop for those that needed then back to Birch services via Hebden Bridge, Littleborough and Hollingworth Lake. As we pulled in to Birch the sun came out, typical!!!!

Great roads, great company, good laughs, a grand day out.

Ross Fearn
Head Road Captain