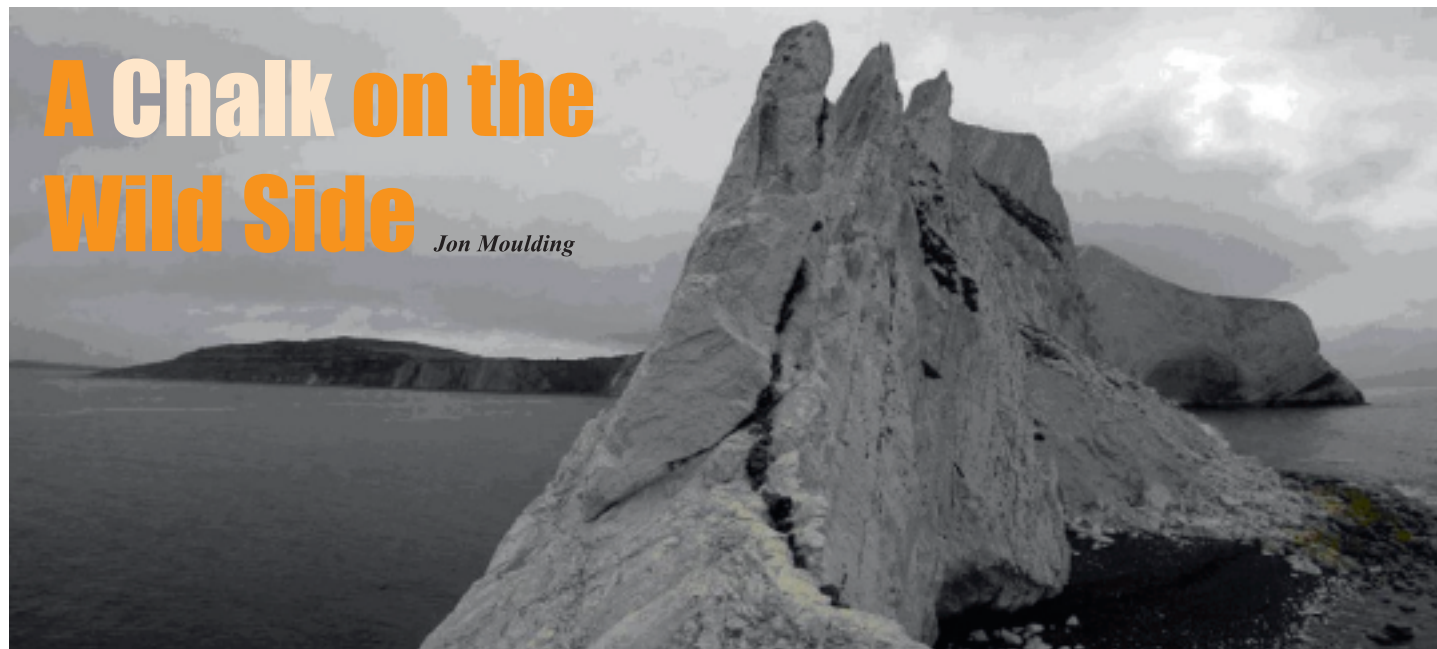




# A Chalk on the Wild Side

*Jon Moulding*



By name "Chalk bags are redundant" stated our guidebook matter-of-factly. It seemed a reasonable statement given the nature of the route, but half way up the first pitch, greasy from seaweed and sea mist, my hand subconsciously slipped round behind me to where my chalk bag should have been. "Bugger." A feeling of exposure started creeping up on me. "Put it to the back of your mind. If you have a problem with this pitch you're going to have bigger problems later on."

The adventure had begun its life (as most good adventures do) in a Lake District pub back in January. I'd been interested in climbing Skeleton Ridge for some time but had held back, holding it to be the preserve of a strange few, so talking to Nick Pearson one evening was startled to discover he'd actually climbed it a few years back. Gaining a useful perspective on the route and also discovering that his climbing partner for the weekend, Ian, was in a similar position to myself in wanting to climb the route, we started to make plans.

Seven months later, having made the required calls to the National Trust and Coastguard, we found ourselves at the Old Battery on the Isle of Wight looking down at the Needles. We'd arrived early, just before 6am, to give a couple of hours before low tide to get things in place. Hopping over the perimeter fence, we'd fixed a 50 metre rope to an old lookout and run it out to the tip of a narrow peninsular of cliff top, to leave as an anchor for the final belay... there was nothing else to belay off of.

Looking down at the white fin of rock snaking its way up to us from the sea some 200 feet below, I began to wonder "Are we really going to do this?". The forecast said a reasonable day but the clouds were down below the tops of the cliffs and a light drizzle was beginning to dampen our

### Also in this issue:



**Trans Cambrian Way, toughest ride?, page 3**

**300 climbs in one year, page 3**

**Scotch Whisky, page 5**

Hello,

First of all I would like to say thank you to Leigh and the previous committee for all their hard work over the last two years.

It's been a busy year so far, with most meets well attended and good turnouts at the climbing wall. We had an enjoyable ski touring trip in March, Dave Hall, Paul Hearn and Adrian Dobson had a successful attempt at the Cullin Ridge on the Isle of Skye, Well done and Barry has continued to organise many unofficial climbing meets.

After the success of the first aid course, we are looking at organising a winter skills course and a navigation course, numbers will be limited so watch this space.

Paul Hearn was made member of the year in March and has continued to make a great contribution to the club by joining the committee and is a regular on meets.

We have been awarded a grant by the BMC to buy some editing software which Paul Dormer is Looking into,

Finally I would like to thank the committee and all club members for their contribution to the clubs success.

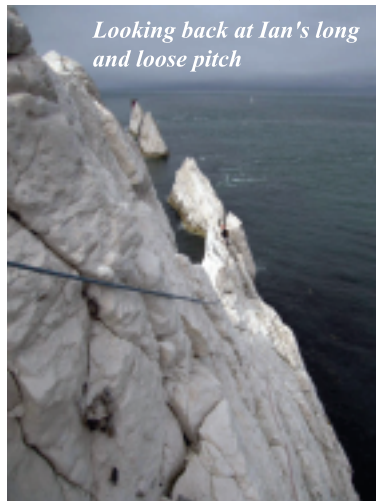
See you soon, Gary.



clothing. Another phrase from the guidebook worked its way into my forethoughts "Water and chalk don't mix". On the plus side, the sea was calm and the wind was relatively light. The time for turning back wasn't yet.

Back at the opposite corner of the Old Battery perimeter fence we lowered ourselves the few metres down to an abseil stake in a niche where the cliff tops were gradually giving way. From here it was a 90 metre abseil to the bay below and we would need to tie two ropes together and abseil past the knot to make the distance. This proved harder than at first thought, but thankfully the angle of the slope was not too steep and after several minutes of playing with prussic knots had managed to get the belay plate past the join in the two ropes and reach the beach below.

Traversing around the shoreline to near where the final point of the headland drops into the sea and becomes The Needles, we laid out the ropes and began to climb. "This is really slippery



*Looking back at Ian's long and loose pitch*

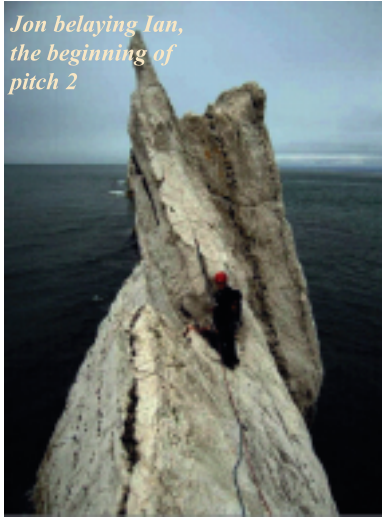
lan..." Some of the footholds felt more like ice under the shoes than rock. I carried on. As I got higher, the rock began to get grippier as the seaweed disappeared and began to get drier also, though the light rain wasn't helping. The two bits of gear I got into the crack at the beginning of the route now began to disappear below me as I started to traverse leftwards across a line of flints and horizontal scoops.

Managing to loop slings over a couple of house brick sized flints, I began to move upwards again to a niche below the first pinnacle of the ridge.

Things looked better from here. The other side of the ridge revealed a ledge that in places traversed along the left hand side of the ridge and would get us past some of the difficulties. The end of the route didn't look impossibly far away. The crux pitch was visible just past the next pinnacle and looked intimidating but climbable. "I think it's a goer" I called down to Ian and he began to follow me up as I belayed.

We sorted out the gear and Ian climbed through, traversing the pinnacle on the left hand side to set up a belay below the third (and crux) pitch. If we could do this next pitch then we should be able to finish the route. We would also be committed. I set off. From here the ridge narrowed to an arete and steepened. Footholds became the flatter ripples of the rock. The arete became the handhold. It wouldn't be a good idea to stand on or pull on anything sticking out. Gentle climbing would be the order of the day from now on as the rock became more and more brittle the higher above the pounding of the waves we became.

*Jon belaying Ian, the beginning of pitch 2*



Crouching below the crux I clipped four pegs that had been hammered in by previous climbers. Though it was doubtful that even the four of them combined would hold a fall, I was still very grateful for the people who'd hung around before me and put them in. After a pause and a few looks back at Ian I set off, teetering up the next 10 feet of arete until the angle eased, expecting at any moment something to give way.

This led to an 'a cheval' section - a section of climbing where you literally have to sit on top of the ridge with feet dangling either side. After a rock-over to pass another step, I set up a belay. We were halfway into the next pitch as described in the guidebook



*Starting the crux on pitch 3*

and would be able to run the next pitch and a half together to just leave a fifth pitch to finish. Ian led this next section, and though it didn't feel as exposed or technical as the last, it was the longest and loosest, with long stretches between worthwhile gear and worrying moments with gear far away and, more than ever, the feeling that holds could give way at any moment. I arrived at the belay to find Ian well set up under the final steepening of the route. We were beginning to have the feeling that we might just do it. Or at least have shown a damn good effort trying.

The final pitch proved much like the crux. In fact, some descriptions had it as a crux. The knowledge that it was theoretically a grade easier didn't alleviate the worries. The rock was still crumbly, and up until a few years ago there had been a 12 foot high pinnacle here which was now conspicuous in its absence. As if to prove the point, about 15 feet up the arete my left foot popped as a flint under my foot disappeared off down the side. Luckily, everything else stayed put and I managed to regain my balance to carry on up the last few feet in double quick time. I clipped into the rope left earlier at the top and Ian followed me up, slightly paled but mighty satisfied. It's a route that I find hard to recommend, mildly terrifying, but unique. The experience was a one-off and the memories will last a long time but probably best summed up by Ian's comment at the end... that he was off to put his gear on ebay (and retire!)



*Ian after the final crux section with a 200ft view down both sides of the ridge*



# 4 tackle toughest Welsh long distance Mountain bike route

In September 2010, 4 HMC members set about to ride what is commonly described as the UK's toughest mountain bike route, The Trans Cambrian Way.

The ride had been planned all year, 3 days from Knighton on the borders to Machinlyth on the west Coast of Wales just south of the



*Allyn Bowen actually tried to ride this*

Snowdonia national park.

B&B accommodation booked I went up a couple of days early and checked out the starts, ends and overnight stops as I had a few days spare.

The first day started quite civilised rolling along some lanes away from the start at Knighton railway station before ascending into leg burning 1000ft climbs, and that's basically what kept happening over remote rounded hills. Day two was a tough slog over and through the Elan valley with the path becoming literally a river for what felt like several miles at a time. Water was the name of the game! everyone soaked, then more rivers to cross, amazing landscapes, and at the end of the day I got a puncture on a fast descent and sent the

*Paul Dormer*

others off to secure a warm fireside seat and a pint, me arriving in the dark.

The last day had the best downhill sections, steep technical, flowing, it had it all, the only snag, Malcolm had managed to render his front brake useless losing all hydraulic fluid, meaning the downhills were largely walking for him. We finished with a celebratory few pints at our bunkhouse near Cader Idris. An extra day was built in for a climb on Cader but it

was a bit wet and instead a visit to the Centre for Alternative Energy (CAT) completed a great trip.

The ride was 100 miles all off-road, that doesn't sound a lot but as you can see from the pics some of the route resembled scrambling more than a cycle track.

The riders were Allyn Bowen, Paul Dormer, Malcolm Tilbe and Phil Whitehurst.

by Paul Dormer



*Stunning views on day 3*



## The Numbers Game

*Barry McRobb*

2009 for me saw a great increase in getting outdoors, more precisely getting out and climbing more routes, to my surprise, 275 by the end of the year, not a goal I had initially set out to achieve!, But by midway through the year I thought it would be a good goal to crank out 250.

So, with this achieved and some more, the sights were set upon a headier figure of 300 for 2010!!.

The year didn't get off to the best of starts. There was the opportunity to rack up a few routes on new years day whilst on a trip to the Costa Blanca, with some fellow HMC'ers I hasten to add. Hogmany, as you well know is generally a good reason for partaking in a few alcoholic beverages, add this to a long long session on the air guitars (read air BBQ utensils) with Tim Gledhill and that's a good enough reason to spend most of the next day with a severe hangover!!

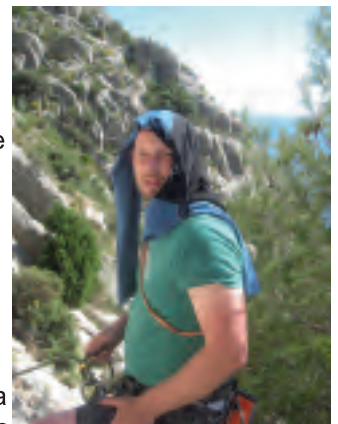
Luckily there was one more day of the trip left, Guadalest was the crag, four routes was the outcome, not too bad on an airport day, so 2 days down, 4 ticks.

Back at home the guidebooks were gathering dust, that's the problem with winter. It was some time before a climbing trip was organised, seven whole weeks!.

A recent dumping of snow over the country was to make getting outdoors somewhat of a mission, but nearing the end of February enough was enough, I needed a fix and needed some more numbers on the board.

The climbing mecca of Stanage was to be the first outdoor climbing foray on these shores, we arrived to a scene more reminiscent to the alps, albeit on a smaller scale, Stanage was caked in snow!, we could see enough of the crag to warrant heading up and trying a few routes, it was challenging to say the least, icy footholds and a snowy top made out for one of the hairiest Vdifs I've ever done on Grit, the day ended with a few more ticks for the logbook, but the best part of the day was sliding down the massive snow drifts on our backsides.

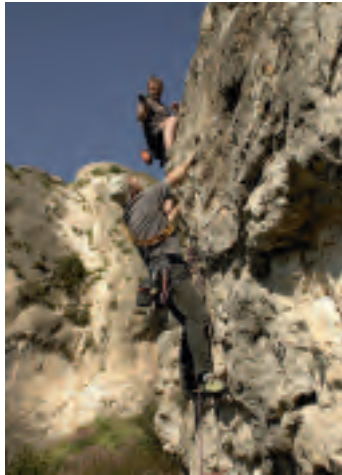
The next nine weeks didn't yield much in the way of climbing trips or numbers, I guess bad weather and the odd wedding here and there seem to get in the way these things. The last week in April provided an opportunity to significantly increase the chances of reaching the goal with another trip to Spain. We were lucky to get out there in the first place, mainly due to the great timing of the eruption of Eyjafjallajökull (that dastardly Icelandic volcano). We'd been delayed a week, but thankfully we all have understanding employers and were able to catch a flight out a week later. According to someone we met at a crag, it'd been raining most of the previous week, so maybe the volcano ash cloud problems were a blessing, for us



anyway!!.. So six days of climbing in the scorching sunshine provided me with forty routes to add to my logbook, excellent, and a sun tan tae boot too..

Back home again and the next weeks and months were to prove extremely fruitful, I've counted that out of 29 weekends after returning back from Spain, to the start of December only five of those weekends were spent at home!

Time came again to leave the country for another well earned break from the drudgery of full time employment, this time a cheap flight took Olivia and I to the south of France, arriving late into an August evening the night was spent in a Formula one hotel, probably one of the cheapest beds for the night to be found in Europe (I'm sure Steve Moore will testify this too), no frills facilities, but a good cheap breakfast is served up to see you into the day.



Anyways, back to the important stuff, less than 24 hours after leaving the U.K I found myself walking into some woods in Provence towards my first taste of French rock, luckily, it was one of those shortish walk-ins that I'm quite partial too as the temperature there was a fair bit hotter than back at home, a quick 6 routes laid down the foundation for a fairly fruitful visit. With plenty of easily accessible crags around the area we stayed in the numbers were sure to increase rapidly, along with our waistlines. Good food and wine is in plentiful supply around the town of Malaucene, where we were based for the week, for such a small town you can choose a different place to eat every night of the week without walking for any time at all, which is just fine when you need to walk back home after a three course meal and a litre of wine.

So seven days away, 6 different crag visits ended up with 37 different routes to add to the total, which by now was up to well over 200 routes.

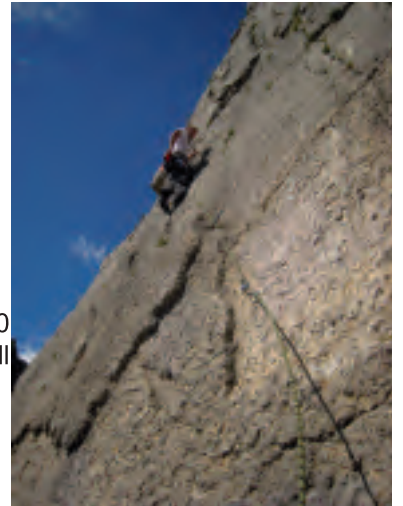
I only had to wait a further ten days to get back on the rock again, this time with a first time visit to Cornwall. 3:30 am, Friday the 27th of August Jim arrived to pick me up for an early morning attack on the motorways, armed with a flask of Columbia's finest we were soon buzzing our way down to the southern tip of the country. The weather had been poor the week before and didn't show much signs of being any better as we journeyed towards the campsite for the weekend, but a short while after pitching the tents the sun came out, and stayed out for the whole three days. Sixteen routes were added that weekend, in amongst a few beers, ciders, whiskies and wines with the other fellow HMCers that were down that weekend.

September was spent up and down the M1 between the Peak and home with only one weekend spent in Hertfordshire, the route numbers were racking up and so was the mileage on the car.. If it wasn't for an almost fruitless weekend in the middle of the month I may have

reached the goal sooner, but you can't count on the weather in this country as you'll all know.

The golden month was to be October, the golden day was the 10th, my 300th route of the year, not quite as momentous as I thought it might be, a repeat of a route on Stanage edge, but nevertheless another good day out on the crag.

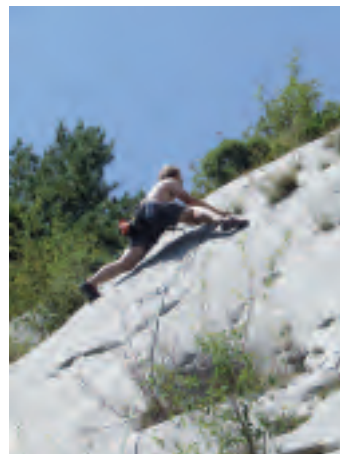
Well, with the goal for the year reached you might think it was time to relax, oh no, why not make it 350 I told myself, there was still two and a half months left in the year, October finished with another sixteen routes to add to the pot.



November saw an addition of a further fifteen routes to log, with eight routes cranked out on the 'Bangers and Mash' club meet, a decent feat considering the rainfall that is usually seen on that weekend!, that was to be the last of the routes climbed in the U.K in 2010.

I can't recall much about December, but looking back at my logbook it wasn't very busy at all. It must have been the cold, wet, snowy, wintry conditions that kept me away from the crags, or the lack of someone daft enough to want to endure those conditions too.

The last flurry of the year, funnily enough, was out on the Costa Blanca, again!, back where the countdown, or up, started, route 350 was achieved at a crag I hadn't visited



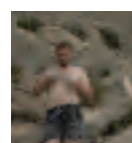
before, Olta, which must be Spanish for 'up the big hill', despite the walk in, a very nice but slightly undergraded crag, well the 5's and 5+'s were.

So the year ending 2010 culminated in a grand total of visits to forty four different crags, 5 countries (if you include Cornwall) and a heady **THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SEVEN ROUTES**. It might

have been more if it weren't for those pesky multi-pitches.

Many thanks to all that belayed me over the year, especially Olivia, who had to listen to me grumble about only managing 3,4,5 or 6 routes on certain days.

The next trick will to be to try and get out climbing 365 days in the year, fingers crossed for that elusive lottery win then....





# Members photos

*The Axe man cometh*



*A helicopter landing on  
Cnicht (Bangers and Mash)*

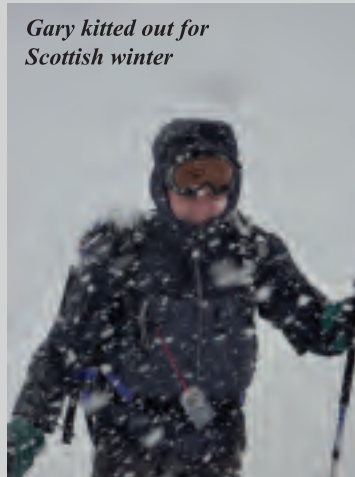


*Barry, gritstone*



*Remember if you have an  
article or photo for Crux send  
it to [magazine@thehmc.co.uk](mailto:magazine@thehmc.co.uk)*

*Gary kitted out for  
Scottish winter*

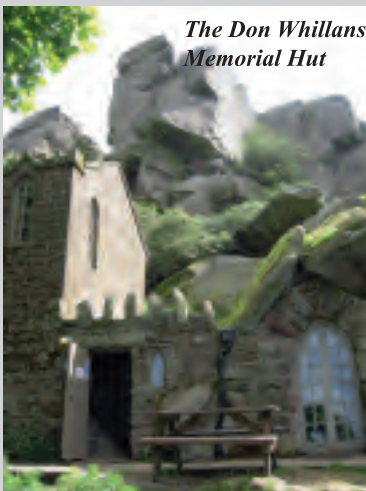


*Kinder Downfall dry!*

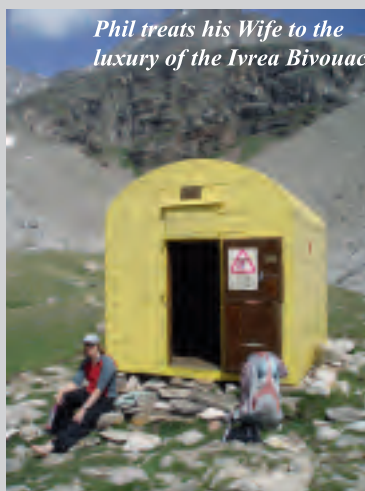


## HMC accomodation special

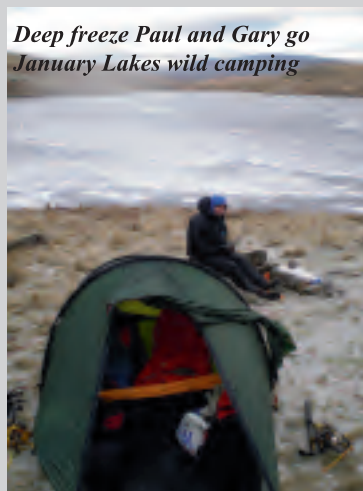
*The Don Whillans  
Memorial Hut*



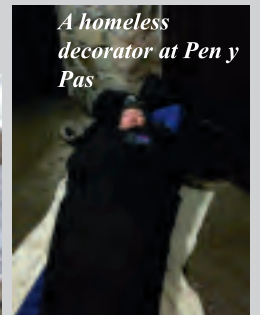
*Phil treats his Wife to the  
luxury of the Ivrea Bivouac*



*Deep freeze Paul and Gary go  
January Lakes wild camping*



*A homeless  
decorator at Pen y  
Pas*



*Scottish Bothy*





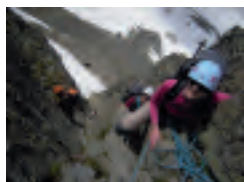
# ALPS TRIP – GRAND PARADISO, ITALY

By Alleyn Bowen, 2010

I'd been super busy with work missing the pre-alps planning trips. As usual I'd left packing to the last minute & still had a lot to do at work before I could leave work. After working late that day, I rushed home and then to the airport, for an early morning flight. I drifted off to sleep on the cramped Ryanair Flight, briefly catching a view of the alps. As we touched down in Torino, I awoke to a familiar voice - it was Jamie, the winter skills training was now happening in Chamonix. I gave Robin (the guide) a quick call and got myself booked into the course too, on condition that I was happy to sleep on the floor of the lounge. We jumped in a hire car and headed to Chamonix, to meet Robin, Sadia and Annalesse. Robin had a 2 day course planned, the first day going over the basics of glacier crossing and crevasse rescue. The second day was to be a rock day, where he would show us moving together over a rocky ridge.



Day 2 - rock day, out early to Aiguilles Rouge to traversing along the



Col des Crochues. We'd been shown moving together skills, and Robin went over these again. There was a bit of a queue on the ridge so slowly moving along the ridge we had time to think about the skills. It was getting late after ridge. Robin said "I don't care how you do it,

whether you walk, run or slide but get yourselves down there, we need to catch that cable-car". Sadia and Anna decided on sliding. In the end we arrived at the cable-car in good time.

It had been a great 2 days and we had learned a lot from Robin. The next part of the adventure on the Italian side of the alps. We arrived at the Grand Paradiso camping site to meet up with the rest of the gang (Jon, Helen, Phil and Helen Whitehurst, Caroline and Jeff, Linda, Paul, Garry, Albert and Eddy. It was rather late that evening so we quickly put up our tents and hit the sack, in preparation for the next day. I awoke a spectacular view of the valley, with perfect weather and the sun streaming down from the tops of the alps. Since we only had to hike up to the mountain hut that day, we really treated it as a rest day and spent a lazy morning of packing our bags and checking gear.

After a grueling hike to the mountain hut (refuge Vittorio Emanuele, 2775m), and settled down to a nice cold beer with a great view of the 3 peaks we were to attempt. You could see La Tressenta, Ciarforon (a round looking peak), but not quite Grand Paradiso (this was obscured from view by a large scree slope). Dinner was a classic Italian, soup, pasta for starters and pig. We loaded up and went to bed early for the alpine start of 4am.

Beep-beep, and then some over enthusiastic person turned on the blinding light. I don't think anyone had slept very well, a combination of the altitude and the fact that we were not really tired at 9pm, as well as the fact that we all new quite soon we would be getting up, and to top those things I had Jon Mouldings feet awfully near to my nose. We all headed into the dining room and tried to force some stale bread down our throats, to load up for the days hike.

Once we got over the early morning shock the hiking improved considerably, we headed out across a scree section and aimed for the base of La Tressenta. I was climbing with Jamie and Paul, who were excellent climbing partners (not sure how they managed to drag me along - for they were a lot fitter than me). Gary, Sadia and Anneliese were on a rope and Jon and Helen had left for a different (much more difficult route). The rest of the crew were to come up to the mountain hut that day. With Jamie on the lead he powered up the snowslope and bits of rocky scree getting us up to the summit for 9ish. The view was amazing, a few wisps of clouds hugging the lower peaks in the alps, and

you could see down into the valley and up to the other side. It was slightly chilly up top so we quickly said cheers to the next party who had just summited and headed for the hut. With another Italian classic of salad and pasta for lunch we sipped a cold beer and watched the other parties return from their days out. Later we found out that Garry had been showing off his moonwalking skills, ending up with an ice screw in his but, and Anna having to perform an ice-axe arrest. That evening a bunch of the others arrived, so we all had an enjoyable meal together, before another early bed-time. I think this time around we all got to sleep quite easily and less fearful of the 4am start.

The second peak in the Grand Paradiso area we attacked was Ciarforon. This was supposedly a Facile (according to Garry), and should require no gear placements. After the early morning snow plod to get to the base of the rocky band, we soon realised this was not quite the case. We had brought with us a number of runners and some nuts, and together with the sparsely distributed bolts were able to pick our way to the top. This



was a really enjoyable day out, a nice mix of rock and snow. As we summited we bumped into Jon and Helen who had done a direct assault and taken in the north face. Mid morning tea was enjoyed on the summit, while watching another guide teaching a

couple of people about crevasse rescue (the top was flattish with a lot of snow and a kind of snow ledge which they were practicing on).

Our final peak we attempted was Gran Paradiso, we awoke even earlier since this was a very popular peak and we would probably be in a queue. The way up was like an ant army marching,, hundreds of climbers slowly plodding up in single file. The way up was quite a slog, and the snow seemed to have melted more than on the other two mountains. We finally got to the rock ridge at the top where the fun all began. You were required to traverse a very narrow ledge, in both directions - to and from the summit. This meant there was a lot of congestion up top with a number of guides trying to get their clients to the summit and off without much regard for the other climbers, making it quite treacherous and rather scary.

Our trip had come to an end and we said goodbye to the lucky ones who had another week in the Alps. Jamie, Sadia, Anna and I drove back to Torino airport, before heading back to the UK.

Special thanks to the BMC for providing us with a grant to do the alpine skills course, as well as to Gary for organizing the trip.



There's no getting away from it, Scottish winter mountaineering is all about hardship. Hardship, misery and damp, dark evenings. Think back to that bitterly cold belay on the Ben where your leader appears to be

moving slower than a lethargic glacier while you are viciously exfoliated by spindrift and you slowly start to lose feeling in your feet. Think back to those walk-ins that somehow seem to sap ten times more energy than was provided by your gut-buster breakfast in Nevisport. Consider those weeks of lost days in the Highlands looking out of the window of a bunkhouse at the rain, wondering if it'll ever stop. Yes, it is all about hardship and it's hardly surprising why so many winter mountaineers take advantage of cheap flights to spend their winter holidays in the more reliable locations of Rjukan, La Grave or Kandersteg.

Don't get me wrong though, it isn't always like this. Some of my best days in the hills have been in the snowy Highlands. There is not much that can beat seeing the sun rise in a clear blue sky whilst camped high on Creag Meagaidh or finishing my first Scottish IV 5 on Lochnagar under starry skies lit by a full moon and the Northern lights (the latter was 10 years ago and I'm still stoked thinking about it now!).

So what can you do if you find that your long-planned winter week in Scotland coincides with the fastest melt ever seen and record-breaking rainfall? While some may opt for a greasy spoon cafe, Kingussie's 'Waltzing Waters' or (the worst option) going out for a walk anyway, surely the most sensible use of your time would be to educate yourself in the ways of the local firewater.

It struck me on one long winter evening that drinking whisky was, in many ways, really just like climbing. At the time, I thought it was just about the most bloody brilliant idea that anyone had ever had - ever. I think I probably told everyone within earshot too - and had I not scribbled this revelation on the back of a beer mat and stuffed that in my pocket, this moment of brilliance and clarity would have been lost to the following morning's malaise, like the memory of a dream, just out of reach.

But there it was, the next morning, in my pocket. A beer mat with garbled, enthusiastic scribbles engraved on it with scratchy biro. Things like "Glenfiddich, VS one star, tastes a bit eggy" and "Lagavulin - ooh 3\* E2". A concept was born. As is with whisky, so is with climbing. For example, you can't rock straight up to a glass of Ardbeg 10 year old and expect victory, you have to start on something easier and work up to some of the more tricky malts.

To a novice I wouldn't recommend starting on the easier spirits, A Jack Daniels really is little more than a polished V.Diff on Snowdon and a Jamesons just a short Severe with an over-used tree belay in Borrowdale. They're too easy, not really worth tiring yourself out on, but better than nothing. Likewise, the blends are mostly of little merit, mostly hovering around the HS to mild VS region, probably a little overgrown and usually with difficult route finding. No, I'd start a novice whiskeyer off on an easy malt, a 2 star HS such as The Balvenie. I know a lot of people like to warm up on a Glenlivet (1\* HS) but this is really just a trade route - one for the out-of-practice, middle aged to

# The alcoholic's guide to Scottish mountaineering

Nick Pearson



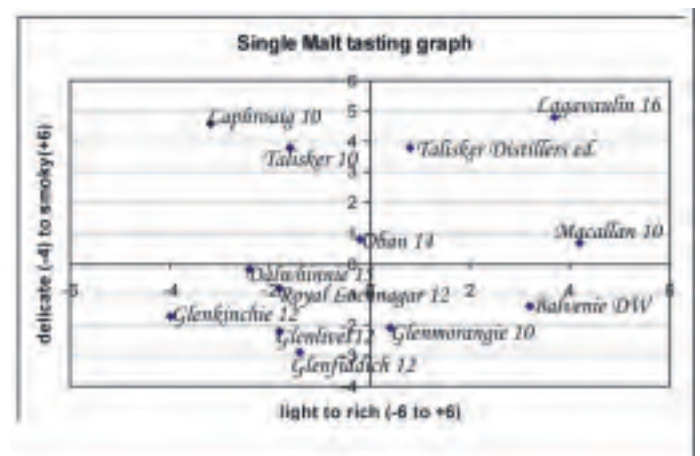
prove that they're still in the game.

Once you're happy at this level I'd suggest starting to push your grade. A Macallan is a good solid VS that will give you some surprising moments but has good gear and large belay stances. Moving on up, why not try venturing out onto some of the classics? A Dalwhinnie is a fantastic 3\* HVS. Adequate protection is combined with a sustained pitch and a very real sense of exposure. Many people will feel that this is their limit and that pushing further would simply be foolhardy. That it may be, but pushing further is sooo rewarding. Stopping at HVS is a shame because you're cutting yourself off to the delights of Talisker Distillers edition (3\* E1) or Talisker 10 year old (2\* E2) the latter requires a bold approach and some dynamic moves. Then there are the whiskies not designed for mere mortals like us. There are plenty of folk that have attempted a Laphroaig (one \* E3) and have ended the evening with an embarrassing and painful groundfall. If you have the stomach for it, nothing can beat a Lagavulin (3\* E2) - The liquid equivalent of a Sottish IV 5, illuminated by a full moon and the Northern lights. Need I say more?

To help you train for this winter's activity I have attached a handy graph and table to add some extra dimensions to the task.

I'm not an alcoholic, I'm a drunk. Alcoholics go to meetings.

	light to rich	delicate to smoky		
Laphroaig 10	-3.2	4.6 E3	"	
Talisker 10	-1.6	3.8 E2	"	
Talisker distillers ed	0.8	3.8 E1	"	
Lagavulin 16	3.7	4.8 E2	"	
Dalwhinnie 15	-2.4	-0.2 HVS	"	
Oban 14	-0.2	0.8 VS	"	
Macallan 10	4.2	0.7 VS	"	
Balvenie DVM	3.2	-1.4 HS	"	
Glenfiddich 12	-1.4	-2.9 VS	"	
Royal Lochnagar 12	-1.8	-0.8 VS	"	
Glenlivet 12	-1.8	-2.2 HS	"	
Glenmorangie 10	0.4	-2.1 VS	"	
Glenkinchie 12	-4	-1.7 VS	"	
Teachers		VS		
Bells		VS		
Grouse		HS		
Jamesons		S		
Jack Daniels		VDiff		
Canadian Club		Diff		±





# Journey of Discovery for Noam & Jen

Hey people, this Spring we were very busy cleaning all of our outdoor gear, quitting our jobs and packing the house.

The idea: taking our Land Rover Discovery for a drive around the world. A very long drive.

The concept: go far, be remote, go outdoors and have fun!

When: 16th of April. How: driving, trekking, driving, climbing, driving, diving, driving, seeing other cultures and eating. And driving. Route: UK Alps, Dalmatian coastline, Turkey, Russia, Mongolia, Siberia, Japan, SE Asia, Australia, New Zealand and everything in the middle (check out the map).

Optional leg 2: ship to Canada and get down from Alaska to Patagonia. Also optional: that we will change the route whenever we feel like. What you need to do: donate to British Mountain Rescue because they can get you out from very dodgy



places and also because they happen to be our charity partner. Do it now through our website under 'Charity'. Yes, and also have fun.

You can read more, check our blogs, follow our journey and donate here: [www.landroveroverland.co.uk](http://www.landroveroverland.co.uk).

Ok, got to go and pack that book case now, see you later.

Jen & Noam Ben Tsion

## Why buy Páramo?

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Rescue teams and outdoor instructors were Páramo's earliest converts and remain the focus of development. More than 30 mountain rescue teams routinely choose Páramo.
- 2. Designs born 'on the hill'**  
Páramo's designs work because they are created by people who understand what it's like in the great outdoors. Months spent trialling garments for comfort and functionality result in intelligent ventilation, pockets sited for maximum convenience and hoods that move with you.
- 3. Whatever the weather**  
Innovative Nikwax fabrics actively push water away from the body, making our garments better than 'breathable', more comfortable than 'hard shell' and as crunch-free as 'soft shell'.
- 4. Handled with care**  
Páramo isn't just about comfort but ethical production too. Our manufacturing facility in Colombia is a valuable social programme with the Miquelina Foundation, providing employment and skills to 'at risk' women, and funding practical help such as housing, childcare and a canteen.
- 5. Built to last**  
With Páramo comes a lifetime guarantee. With no membranes to break down in our waterproofs, your jacket or trousers won't pack up after a couple of seasons. Waterproof performance can be renewed indefinitely with straightforward Nikwax aftercare.

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## HMC Library.

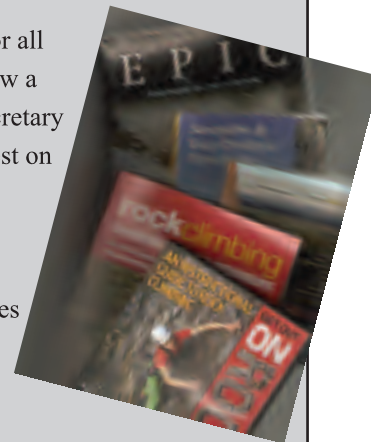
Not for the first time, the club has purchased and also had donated to it, a number of books, DVD's & maps.

This library is a free resource for all HMC members to use. To borrow a book from the library let the secretary (PaulD) know or put your request on the forum, collect at the pub.

Amongst the 30 titles

we have so far there are: Rock Climbing Essentials, North Wales Classics Rockfax Pocketz, Scrambles and Easy Climbs in Snowdonia, Alpine Essentials

DVD and many more. For a full list go the forum and search for Library, also watch the website for a library page in development.



## On the committee!

As a reminder and as it has come to our attention that not everybody knows who does what on the committee, here it is again:

Role	Person	@thehmc.co.uk
Chairman	Gary Bebb	thechairman
Treasurer	Jon Moulding	thetreasurer
Secretary	Paul Dormer	thesecretary
Outdoor meets	Barry McRobb	outdoormeets
Membership secretary	Pete Durkin	membership
Climbing	Chris Colebrook	climbing
Extra Ordinary	Paul Hearn	extraordinary



## BMC grants update

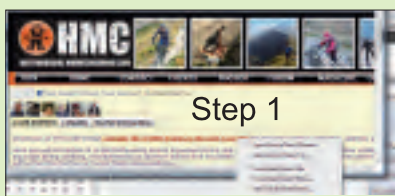
Last year the club received a grant that was used to subsidise alpine training for members who went on the summer trip to the Italian Alps. You can read about this experience on page 6.

This year we were invited to apply for a round of grants on a limited set of uses, we applied for funding to help the club develop it's online, social media, and print communications. The application was for a club licence for Adobe Creative suite software whereby the floating license could be used to produce promotional graphics, image editing, video & desktop publishing. We received half the £600 applied for and have yet to finalise the purchase.

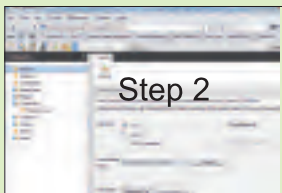
## How to get HMC events on your calendar

Many of us don't have a paper diary or calendar anymore and a really great way to plan your weekends is to have the HMC meets already visible on your calendar. Depending on what software you use, the procedure may be a little different to this, shown here is a webmail/virtual office.

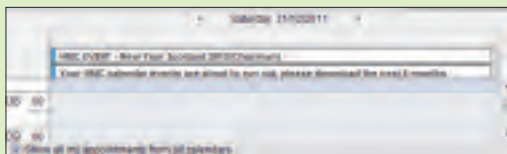
Step 1, go to the HMC Events page and download the file.



Step 2 import this file into your calendar software, the file is always called "hmcEvents.ics" and should also be recognised as an iCal file.



Once imported you will have 6 months worth of events visible, as shown here when we fast forward to new years eve 2011.



## New climbing wall for Herts

Barry reports from Hemel Hempstead " we went on saturday, theres plenty o steep stuff fur sure, so much that we were pumped silly within half an hour.." then goes on to say "there are slab areas too, i think a total of 4 lines on slabs, and theres also some shorter(around 8mtrs)vertical wall climbs, all walls aside from the fibreglass thing are painted ply, good friction but no features.." and lastly "Its worth a visit, but i'd only go if you can go fur a good 6hour+ session as the prices arenae worth goin fur a two an a half hour evenin session" Thanks Barry!

<http://www.thexc.co.uk/>

Free poster! Please put the enclosed club poster up at your place of work or suitable public venue, thanks.

## Bangers and Mash debate finally settled

In a historic committee meeting in a quiet corner of the pub in May the HMC committee decided that the Bangers and Mash meet (normally November) would in fact provide the traditional meal.



Feedback over the years and after a recent trial of curry theme (Bajis and Masala) has shown that people are largely in favour B&M although the curry was delicious. Chairman Gary Bebb was quoted saying "it's a great relief to resolve this issue which is at the very heart of the Clubs' core activities". The meeting minutes recorded

"A committee decision was made that the Bangers and Mash meet will always provide a Bangers and Mash Meal."



**FAMILY CAMP AT PHASELS WOOD. (SATURDAY 13TH AUGUST TO SUNDAY 14TH AUGUST 2011)**

Camp at Phasels Wood.. There will be use of the climbing wall and a group BBQ fund and games round the camp on Saturday evening. friends, family and non-members welcome

Contact: Chris Colebrook  
Link: <http://www.phaselswood.org.uk/y>  
Camping - £5.50  
Climbing - £6.00



**ST DAVIDS, PEMBROKESHIRE, AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY (FRI 26 AUG 2011 TO MON 29 AUG 2011)**

Planning to stay at the quiet, clifftop venue of Porthclais Farm Campsite (Map Ref: SM744242). The Pembrokeshire Coast Path and climbing areas run around the south end of the campsite, centre of St Davids 15 minutes walk away. New toilet/shower block facility with hot showers and MJ Dairies make twice daily deliveries of fresh produce for breakfast and barbecues. It's preferred that you book so we know numbers but payment will be direct to the campsite when there.  
Contact: Jon Moulding, Cost: £6 pppn  
Link: <http://www.porthclais-farm-campsite.co.uk/>

**LAKE DISTRICT, STAIR, NEWLANDS VALLEY (FRI 9 SEP 2011 TO SUN 11 SEP 2011)**

Stair Cottage, situated in the Newlands Valley near Keswick was built by the Fylde MC in 1969. The hut has accommodation for up to 21 people (dorms of 6, 7 and 8) and ample parking.  
Contact: Leigh Hulse, Cost: £12 for weekend

**CRUX**  
**HMC Events**

For Events listed here, more information is usually available on the Events page of the HMC website.

**SNOWDONIA BANGERS & MASH (FRI 11 NOV 2011 TO SUN 13 NOV 2011)**

Herts Snowdonia Centre, at the foot of the Watkin path on Snowdon, 34 places, includes meal cooked by committee, and fireworks.  
Contact: Gary Bebb or Paul Dormer,  
Link: <http://www.thehmc.co.uk/osmap.html?gridref=SH6263051090>  
Cost £34 due to Herts Council increased hut fees

**PEAK DISTRICT XMAS (FRI 2 DEC 2011 TO SUN 4 DEC 2011)**

High Ash Farm in the Peak District. Near to Buxton. Close by are the Roaches 3.5miles, Ludds church 3.5miles, Mountain Biking & Ilam, Dovedale approx 10miles. Accommodation is in two buildings, each individual rooms is en suite. Dinner is on site at the hostel. Breakfast is provided as optional.  
Contact: Leigh Hulse  
Cost: £35 or £45

**NEW YEAR SCOTLAND 2012 (TUE 27 DEC 2011 TO SUN 1 JAN 2012)**

Bring in the New Year in bonnie Scotland at the Glencoe independant Hostel. "Welcome to Glencoe Independent Hostel. Set in 2 acres of land in Glencoe on the west coast of the Scottish Highlands, the hostel is in the rural heart of this magnificent glen and is surrounded by mountains, waterfalls, wildlife and history."  
Contact: Chairman

Cost: TBC

Link: <http://www.glencoehostel.co.uk/glencoe-bunkhouse.asp>

**LAKE DISTRICT, PATERDALE (FRI 27 JAN 2012 TO SUN 29 JAN 2012)**

George Starkey Hut in Patterdale. Places for 20  
Contact: Leigh Hulse  
Cost: £18

**SNOWDONIA CENTRE (FRI 17 FEB 2012 TO SUN 19 FEB 2012)**

Snowdonia Centre bunkhouse, situated at the bottom of the Watkin path up Snowdon, plenty for everyone to do.. Approx. 30 Places available  
Contact: Paul Dormer, Cost: £tbc  
Link: <http://www.youthconnexions-hertfordshire.org/cms.php?pageid=658>

**ANNUAL DINNER (PEAK DISTRICT) (FRI 16TH MARCH TO SUNDAY 18 MARCH 2012)**

Venue to be confirmed but to be Peak District.  
Contact Barry McRobb  
Cost around £60 for the weekend including 2 course meal



**EASTER SCOTLAND MEET (FRIDAY 6 APRIL TO MONDAY 9 APRIL)**

Avimore. Contact Paul Hearn, Cost, TBA



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Simone Mora, Courmayeur, Italy. Photo: Scott Markewitz

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