



Spring/Summer 2001

Crux

The Newsletter of the Hertfordshire Mountaineering Club

www.thehmc.co.uk

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

For those of you who didn't attend, this is what he had to say at the AGM in April.

Welcome to the New Year. Well, the HMC year anyway. It was the wettest year on record for most of Britain, which accords with my memory of the HMC events, where rain was rarely absent. I would like to thank **Albert** for his work over the year, which culminated in his being voted a life member of the HMC. He took over from **Anne** as Secretary, sorted the membership, carried on being Treasurer, updated and webmastered the web site, as well as red coated some meets. **Gary** organised the indoor meets, as well as organising one of the most successful trips, abroad to the Atlas Mountains last year.

Ann Peden, has organised the outdoor meets, which is a position that is vitally important to the club as without them we wouldn't be much of a mountaineering club. **Rupert** has been a stalwart of the climbing section and been active in promoting the club. The indoor climbing walls have seen an unprecedented growth this year, so thanks to him and particular thanks to **Carolyn**. Her enthusiasm and time she gives for organising again deserves special thanks. **James** did an excellent job of Crux newsletter, a thankless task done on an incredibly small budget. Overall, the club is in excellent shape.

Neil's trip to the Alps was a total success with many alpine first timers and even a number of serious mountains climbed. **Adrian** organising many weekend trips, and **Pete D** has volunteered additional climbing meets. **Lyn's** trip to Spain was so successful it could become a regular fixture. I also welcome the many new members that have joined and become keen participants. We didn't change the structure of the club last year, but can look forward to some changes: getting our own website name (www.thehmc.co.uk), moving the venue of Tuesday meet night and promoting the club even more.

The New Committee

We have another keen committee, with **Pete Durkin** joining as Climbing rep and **Geoff** joining as ordinary member to add another mountaineer/walker on the committee. **Bill Marsh** will now edit the Crux and **Rupert** is the new Treasurer. You will be suffering me for another year as Chairman, **Albert** carries on as Secretary and **Ann** will continue as outdoor meets.

Happy Mountaineering, Bill Burt



For those in the know, and even for those who thought they knew but weren't sure, Aviemore was the place to be for a New Year extravaganza. Dave and Anita thought they knew, but the general opinion was that they didn't quite know enough to stay in the Youth Hostel and instead opted to camp under three feet of snow*. It is obvious now that Dave is working his way up to becoming the official 'hardman' of Hertfordshire with Anita vying for the women's title: the competition having slunk away to a warm bed.

The town of Aviemore (for that is where we stayed), is a small place consisting mainly of shops and bars either side of the main road. Despite this, it still manages to be more hip and exciting than the entire purpose built city of Welwyn Garden and also has the more youthful and attractive holiday population, which gives a much more friendly

atmosphere. But enough of that, what about the climbing? Well, what climbing? We got in a superb frozen Scottish ridge on the first day allowing us to blunt our freshly purchased axes and crampons. However, the quality of the snow was not up to doing the gully ascents that we were really keen to do. The fun still continued though, with walking, sleeping under rocks, dead-tree climbing, downhill and cross-country skiing.

All this, though, was small potatoes compared to the Mambo Café. We discovered it about half way through the holiday and what a find it turned out to be... which was nice! The locals had built New Year up to be some sort of impending stampede and so we were naturally concerned for the largeness of the night we would get. The Cairngorm Hotel had promised to be bursting to capacity by 7 o'clock so a forward party set out to establish advanced base camp by occupying as many tables as was polite. Once installed we sent Pete forward to scout out the

Continued next page

Ed's Big Column

It's been a long time coming, but here is your new Crux from your new Editor. I hope that you feel the wait has been worthwhile. Our thanks to James Hargreaves for producing the last two excellent editions.

James handed over a lot of articles and pictures and I have tried to include them all. Apologies to anyone who took the trouble to write but does not appear. There are also pictures with no indication of who the people, are or where they are, so some may appear alongside the wrong article. In the interest of having a meaty issue out quickly before the stuff is out of date I have not over-indulged myself on the design.

My editorial policy is this:

If you take the trouble to write it I will print it. If you don't write it there is no Crux. I will not be ego tripping and filling it with my own articles.

As you will see from our Meets List there is something for everybody and I congratulate those responsible for putting together such a variety of activities and venues. This is a thriving club with a very enthusiastic committee so continue to support them and attend the Meets.

This issue has a distinct Scottish flavour. The club has had two very successful trips there this year with about 14 at Aviemore for the New Year and an amazing 29 members on the May Bank Holiday meet to Ben Nevis area. Routes achieved include the Carn Mor Dearg Arete to The Ben, Tower Ridge and Gardyloo Gully. There was also an 'unofficial' meet at Easter in Glencoe where Gary and a few others made great use of the conditions on the Aonach Eagach Ridge and Stob Coire nan Lochan. Some guys are getting in some serious practice for the Alps!

Be out there



Bill Marsh

NEXT ISSUE—AUTUMN

Please send your articles to me at :

dnades@globalnet.co.uk

Save your files as text or rtf only. Photos or jpegs with captions of who and where.

Mambo situation. As it turned out we could get in free (woo hoo!) before eight. We radioed back to the cook tent to inform the others to hurry up with their fish and chips, the situation at advanced base having become very dull and our only option was to push on to the Mambo. I suspect the 7 o'clock rush for the Cairngorm Hotel never happened.

A while later we were reunited with the rest of the party in the upstairs chill-out room of the Mambo Café.

Once suitably refreshed, another party set out to tackle the disco jungle and to try our luck with the ladies. On reflection, had it been possible to combine all our efforts together I think we might have had a slim chance of pulling a pint. Other than that, the outlook was bleak. Pretty girls clung to their boyfriends, some ran away and others got their coats. James gyrated wildly in the middle of the floor and still more fled. But, it's the taking part that counts and there we definitely scored.

The next day everything had melted so the skiing had to be abandoned. I attended a walk on the nature trail with Adrian and Pete; we played with icicles and spotted Deer till we were too hungry to stay out. We regrouped in the kitchen

and wallowed over climbing literature till it was time for an afternoon nap.

In the evening most of us went out for a last supper of pizza, there was no room at the posh one so we were sent forth to the seedy end of town to Papa Fraser's pizza and kebab house. He claimed, on his menu to source the finest ingredients for his pizzas, though where he got them from was a mystery. Perhaps he had meant to say 'The flavourless ingredients'. To compound this Pete had managed to order a meal consisting almost entirely of onions, which caused him to keep picking at Helen's 'carnal feast', which was covered in various spicy animal off-cuts. In the end there was too much pizza and too little flavour so the remnants were bagged and tagged and hand delivered to the hostel by Helen.

Meanwhile, in the Mambo Café, the party continued as we dug ourselves in for another evening of disco fever. It was, I have to say every bit as enjoyable as New Year's Eve and the choice of music probably even better. One by one the early starters left for bed unable to cope with another night of dancing and ogling.

And that was it. Scotland was over, but I think we may be back...

*Actual depth may vary.



THE BEBB WITCH PROJECT

When the prospect of a bivvy in November was first suggested, over a pint, in the comfort of a nice warm pub in Hope it seemed like a good idea. I had made the critical mistake of mentioning to Gary Bebb that I had an as yet untested bivvy bag that I received for Christmas last year and wanted to try out at some stage. The plan was originally for Gary, Charles White, Dave O'Gorman and myself to travel up on the Thursday night, and bivvy out under the stars - sounded brilliant. However, we had not reckoned on the wettest October in years and the trip was promptly upgraded to a bothy that Gary seemed to think he had stayed at in the past. I was starting to have my doubts...

The Thursday dawned. It was raining. Not just raining but absolutely chucking it down. Was I going to stay in this bothy? Was I NOT! I was going to get up there and then abandon the lads for a nice cosy room at the Bryn Tyrch, complete with monster breakfast. We drove up in driving rain most of the way. Doubts were developing into an absolute refusal - but as the only female I was not about to be the first to wimp out. Luckily Dave showed signs of wavering... The A5 gave way eventually to a narrow single track road to nowhere. The ghost stories started. The bothy was apparently an abandoned quarry hospital building which had not quite lost all its old occupants... We were all starting to get spooked and I was very reluctant each time I got out of the car to open yet another gate in the rain.

The parking space was reached. Charles did his best to write the car off by reversing into a grassy bank. Waterproofs and head torches were donned, the rain was slowing. It was 11:45 when we headed off towards Carnedd Llewellyn, and hopefully the bothy. Bets were had as to when we would eventually arrive, or indeed as to whether Gary's navigation would ever get us there. All our doubts and teasing however were in vain - at 1:30 am the bothy appeared out of the mist exactly where it should have been. It had a real roof, real windows, and a real door (unlocked), and it was a very grateful foursome who collapsed inside to a hot cup of tea and flask of Lagavulin. Brilliant! Before settling down to sleep we were entertained by readings from previous occupants entries in the bothy book. An old chap found in an uncompromising position with his border collie (sunk right up to the nuts he was...), mice that appeared out of holes in the wall - just like cartoons, and ...the one eyed girl who drifted through walls in the dead of night. It was the one eyed girl that stayed with us as we tried to sleep...

The next morning we woke up to more drizzle and mist. The plan was to go and climb Great Gully (V. Diff, Craig y Ysfa). I hate gullies (particularly wet gullies), I much prefer a

nice open arete (e.g. Crackstone Rib - sex on Rhyolite!) - but again, was not prepared to be the one to wimp out first! The walk up to Craig y Ysfa started out as a bit of a slog up grassy slopes, and I was grateful for frequent stops to consult the map. Once we had climbed up above the bothy the surrounding landscape soon became brilliantly remote and moorland-like, with some good spots for a high camp in the summer. When we stopped for another map consultation it finally became apparent that we had misjudged the location of the crag, and time to get to and complete the climb was starting to run short. I was secretly quite relieved when plans for the route were abandoned, and we decided to scramble up a convenient gully to the summit of Carnedd Llewellyn instead.



Carolyn's flash has Gary staring in disbelief!

The mist was pretty thick by now, so we could not see far ahead, and as we started scrambling we were surprised to come across the first pockets of snow. Then more snow, and more, until eventually we were following Dave's steps up a good deep snow slope (it was steeper than it looked at the slide-show - honest!). We all had a good buzz on when we hit the ridge near the summit of Carnedd Llewellyn - the snow had been an unexpected bonus, even though we still had our rock boots in the back of our sacks! We window-shopped at the top of a couple more gullies, dreamed of winter, ice-axes and crampons, before heading along the ridge to a shelter where we had lunch. The weather deteriorated after lunch, with snow turning to rain, so we headed back to the bothy, the car, the Snowdonia Centre, eventually ending up (surprise, surprise) in the pub. All in all a very satisfying trip.

They still made me climb Lockwoods Chimney on Sunday though, a sadistic little route!

Oh! and I still have an untested bivvy bag!

Carolyn Dent

Aviemore Times supplement

Bivi Four Return to Hero's Welcome.

By: Harriet Hackette - Outdoors correspondent.

In the late evening of yesterday, the 'Bivi four', as they have been dubbed, arrived back safely at the Aviemore Youth Hostel. A welcoming crowd had gathered awaiting their arrival, which was thought to be some three hours overdue. The four had set out that morning on the final leg of their epic two-day journey across a Scottish mountain. They started out early on the morning of the 30th heading for the Shelter Stone in the Cairngorm mountains, where they intended to bivi-out (camping without any form of comfort).

The Stone of Scorn

In an effort to save weight, the Four took only minimal sleeping equipment, consisting of thin cotton sleeping bags protected from the icy wind only by Tesco plastic bags. 'We were going to use the heavy duty re-usable ones' said expedition leader Gary Bebb, 'But they turned out to be too heavy'.

The stone itself was a part of local folk law, 'A guy in a café had told us that a hundred people could have slept under there comfortably', continued Gary 'But I think he was having us on'. Once there the team discovered that the Shelter Stone was no bigger than a car and were forced to sleep one on top of the other in order to fit

under. 'It was a nightmare' said team member Ian, 'every hour we had to swap round so that everyone got a turn on top, I hardly slept at all'. 'Another party tried to get in too' added Geff Deans 'but we were forced to turn them away'.

Walking back to happiness!

Back at their Aviemore base, the Hostel Warden had read the route plan incorrectly and lead the rest of the team (who had stayed in bed) to believe that the Four would return around 2pm in order to start the New Year festivities. 'My main concern was for the morale at the Hostel', said Rupert, the chief moral officer. 'While our friends were potentially in trouble on the hill there was a definite feeling of guilt about going to the pub and forgetting about them. I didn't want this to upset the others, especially on New Years Eve. As it turned out we panicked too early'. In a final stroke of luck, the 'Bivi Four' arrived just as the first search party was about to set out. The waiting crowd greeted them furiously, before heading off into town.

Team leader Gary had only this to say 'Absolutely brilliant— fantastic trip— best ever!' The only female member Helen said: 'That was the worst weather ever!' She refused to give any further comment.

Aviemore Times Jan 2001

BALDERS, ARE YOU READING THIS?

'Let's stop at Cannock and re-assess the situation' I said to new member Martin. Five hours and 150 miles into our journey and still not certain whether to continue on to Aviemore, another 350 miles away. Local weather reports on the radio said Cumbria was badly hit by snow. I didn't fancy being stuck on Shap (as I had once before in similar conditions).

But, we sailed up the M6 and on past Carlisle. Not a bit of snow in sight! Had the propaganda machine been at work discouraging people from travelling? Then we hit Glasgow, under four inches of snow. No turning back. Phoned the Youth Hostel who reassure us there will still be our beds and would be open until 2 am. We finally arrive after twelve hours in the car, a mere four hours overdue.

As the rest of the crowd had arranged their activities for the next day we went for the Fiacail Ridge route to Cairngorm but with fresh snow and low cloud it was the 'Fuck all' Ridge as we neither climbed it or saw it.

With so much fresh snow around Martin decided it would

have to be skiing for the next two days. As I didn't fancy spending a night under a boulder for no apparent reason, with Gary, Helen, Pete and Ian, I also opted for skiing. How old do you have to be before you are too old to start? Here was an opportunity not to be missed. For £45 all in James joined me as a skiing virgin for a day's instruction. It was brilliant. By the end of the day I not only knew the difference between carvers, semi-carvers, blades etc but also that langlauf, telemark and alpine were different types of skiing. And I could snow plough too! So at a stroke I had demystified the myth that it was expensive, you needed special clothing, it takes ages to learn. Just turn up on the day and hire.

Next day Ann, Alison, Martin and I went cross-country skiing, or should I say langlaufing! We hired 'skins', yet another unfamiliar term. These were hired for £12. So, two great days skiing for under £60.

Is it this cheap at La Source?

Bill Marsh, January 2001

Heather help me!

The wonderful thing about a handing in a route plan in the morning is that come the evening there can be no dispute about what the intentions were before setting off. On this occasion, to be fair, which irks me greatly, there was no dispute about intentions. It was just that the terrain did not match the map. Walking over featureless ground, or in enveloping mist, navigation may require some fine tuning. But on a bright, frosty, Scottish morning when we had already seen, as it turned out, the easily distinguishable path trodden through the glistening snow, it was harder to forgive ourselves the minor error of walking away from the intended route.

The misjudgement led our small, intrepid party of Geoff, Anne (Noon) and myself, eager to explore the western plateau of the Cairngorms, to retrace our footsteps through deep, snow laden heather. Admittedly it doesn't sound especially testing, but to one used to negotiating nothing more serious than the office stairs, it was a severe trial. Never a convincing athlete, to me each step constituted a minor hurdle, with the right ankle brought to knee height before being placed slightly ahead of the left foot and vice versa. By the time we had performed the 1000m heather hurdles to gain our lustrous path, all the mountain walking muscles in my legs felt as though I had just finished an arduous day, and were incapable of any further locomotion. The reality was that we had completed almost none of the 700m ascent necessary for the first peak.

So we started toiling painfully and slowly upwards. In the distance ahead of us were sprinklings of ants, as miniature figures stood out against the background of white. On the right, black grouse made primeval, harsh, rasping barks as they darted over the moorland. It was entertaining to spot also several snow snails as they whizzed past us up the hillside. All my energy was meanwhile channelled into taking the next step. There was deep

concentration in coaxing the now aching, now numb, thighs to lift my feet forward. In terms of effort, every gram on your foot is the equivalent of 3 to 5 grams on your back, and it felt as though I was carrying a 30 kilo pack on my feet. Looking down didn't help, so I looked up, and wondered why the groups ahead had stopped following the path and were making their own tracks parallel to it. Could they not see it? Or was it easier to walk off-piste? Indeed, I was feeling a little piste-off with my own lack of fitness. But still before lunch, we flailed feebly up the remaining ascent. And were the tribulations worth it? Were there spectacular views from the summit of Carn Ban Mor (1052m)? Er, no. It was cloudy, with an invigorating wind. It

was also minus 5°C. But by good fortune, the cloud receded soon afterwards so that when we trotted across the plateau to Sgor Gaoith (1118m), there were fine views all around, and especially into Loch Einich with Braeriach and Cairn Toul beyond. The spring in our step having bounced back on the flat, we were now on a roll as the wind dropped and, in bright sun, we strolled over to Sgoran Dubh Mor (1111m). Once again, we gazed around, marvelling at the beauty and majesty of the mountains in their winter plumage. As dusk began early to extend her rosy fingers across the luminescent sky, we headed down, having enjoyed an exhilarating day on the hills.

Matthew Taylor, January 2001

New Year's Day in Aviemore

Dave O'Gorman and Anita in idyllic winter setting provides perfect photo opportunity



A great British winter in pictures

Winter in The Lakes

Almost there



Ben Nevis north face in May



Bill on Ben



Adrian looking for a Diff.



Many thanks to Chris Cook for the use of his digital camera on Ben Nevis, without which there would be no evidence of me on the Ben.

Hertfordshire Mountaineering Club Meets - May 2001

Date	Location	Organiser
2001	Foot & Mouth - Please note that all meets will be subject to potential cancellation, or change due to the current access restrictions. Contact the meet organiser for latest information	
26 th – 28 th May (May b/h)	St Davids Head, Pembroke. Sth Wales, Camping at Caerfai Bay Caravan and Tent Park SM 758244, £3 per night, car £6. Sea cliffs Climbing at Craig Caerfai and Carreg y Barcud, Grades from V Diff up to as hard as you want!, superb traditional 120ft+ climbs, Walking, PDurkin@roomuw.co.uk	Pete Durkin (01727 764989)
2 nd – 3 rd June	Bilton Park Campsite, Village farm, nr Bilton Dene, Bilton, Harrogate, Yorks, HG1 4DH, grid ref SE 320578	Rupert Priestnall (01707 333376)
23 rd – 24 th June	Carolyn's leaving party weekend, Bryn Tyrch hotel & camping, Capel Curig, North Wales cld21797@GlaxoWellcome.co.uk	Carolyn Dent (01727 863875)
30 th June – 1 st July	Camping, Gower Peninsula, South Wales cld21797@GlaxoWellcome.co.uk	Carolyn Dent (01727 863875)
14 th – 15 th July	BBQ at Phasells Wood climbing wall, Abbots Langley, Sth Herts. Climb Sat/Sun, BBQ Sat night, Camp overnight. Bring your own BBQ Food, Drink, Tent & Sleeping bag.	Gary Bebb (01920-462437)
21 st July – 4 th August	Trip to Arolla, Swiss Valais Alps. Self Catering / Camping / Huts to be arranged. contact via email neil_wolstencroft@eur.3com.com	Neil Wolstencroft (01727 838889)
28 th – 29 th July	Camping, Peak District	Tba
11 th – 12 th August	Camping, Bedgellert Caravan & Camping Site, Gwynedd, LL55 4UU, North Wales. Tel 01766 890288 SteveLayzell@hotmail.com	Steve Layzell (01920 469912)
25 th – 27 th August (August b/h)	Northumbria, Camping, Rock Climbing, Walking, (adrian@lozenge.freereserve.co.uk)	Adrian Jones (01462 484920)
1 st – 2 nd September	Camping, Climbing & Canoeing, Symonds Yat, Gloucestershire	Rupert Priestnall (01707 333376)
15 th – 16 th Septembr	Swiss Alpine Hut, Patterdale, Lake District. Sleeps 20.	Tba
1 st – 16 th October	Trek and climb in Nepal, Kathmandu to Pokhara, trek to Mardi Himal base camp near Annupurna Sanctuary, optionally climb Mardi Himal. Contact Gary Bebb for more details	Gary Bebb (01920-462437)
6 th – 7 th October	Don Whillans hut, Roaches, North Staffs. Sleeps 12	Tba
3 rd – 4 th November	Bangers & Mash weekend, Herts Snowdonia Centre, Nant Gwynant, Nth. Wales, 34 places, Grid Ref SH 626511	Tba
8 th – 9 th December	Christmas Party weekend, Herts Snowdonia Centre, Nant Gwynant, Nth. Wales, 34 places, Grid Ref SH 626511	Tba

If any member wishes to arrange an Ad hoc meet or become the organiser for one of the above meets, please let the committee know so we can publicise it for you. Any suggestions for future venues gratefully accepted.

2001/2002 Committee contacts

Position	Member name	Phone No	Email Address
Chairman	Bill Burt	01582 842982	waburt@worldsites.net
Secretary	Albert Sillwood	01462 490173	Albert.Sillwood@cwcom.net
Treasurer	Rupert Priestnall	01707 333376	See membership list
Outdoor Meets	Ann Peden	01727 838889	captainpeden@yahoo.com
Indoor Meets	Gary Bebb	01920 462437	GaryBebb@hotmail.com
Climbing Rep	Pete Durkin	01727 764989	Pdurkin@roomuw.co.uk
Publicity Rep	Bill Marsh	01920 830435	Dnades@globalnet.co.uk
General / Walking	Geoff Deans		Gdeans3@csc.com
Hertfordshire Mountaineering Club Web site			www.thehmc.co.uk

Club BBQ, Phasel's Wood 14/15th July

The annual club BBQ is booked for saturday night, 14 July (Bastille day costumes optional). The camp fee is £3.29 pppn, use of wall is £2.60 /day. Please let me know if you wish to go, it is not completely necessary to book, but it will help in our charcoal calculations!!!

a) wishing to eat

b) wishing to camp (bring family, kids etc)

Activities on the sat night will be rounders match, much merriment around

a roaring BBQ, eat wot yer bring, drink wot yer can, fire eating, juggling (subject to availability) and break dancing. Sunday will be climbing and either, neither or none of the following if you advise Bill soon so he can book it, potholing, canadian canoeing (seems a bloody long way to go, but that's wot it says 'ere), walking in muddy fields and woods. (not necessary to book!) Anyone fancy arranging a sunday lunch at a pub?

Bill Burt

p.s. Gary may organise additional activities at Phasels over that weekend.

The Back Page

The 2000 Annual HMC Awards

Hosted at the Prestigious Herts Snowdonia Centre

By: Rupert Priestnall, Society correspondent

This year's ceremony was held at the prestigious Snowdonia Centre in the heart of North Wales's beautiful countryside.



For more pics of Richard and Carolyn visit porn.org

The gravel car park, brimming with four-wheel drives and cut price motors, is a testament to the continued popularity of the event. The celebrity guest list unfortunately went out with the wrong dates so none were actually present for the ceremony itself. Despite this, Hertfordshire's great and good were out in force and evidently enjoying the press's attention.

First to arrive was the Club's illustrious Secretary and ex-chairman Lord Albert of Sillwood. The red carpet was rolled out

and Lord Albert strolled down it, accompanied by Miss Tessa Co Lagerfeld who had accompanied him. Shortly after the cameras were rewarded with more photo opportunities as the rest of the committee arrived. First Mr William de Burt followed by Ms Anne of Noon then a stretched hatchback pulled up, delivering Field Marshal Anastasia Peden and her mysterious date for the evening, the reclusive Rambler Mr Neil Woollenmill. The last three members of the committee arrived moments later in an even larger luxury Cavalier; Prince Rupert the Priest, Gareth Bebbinton Smithe and James Hargreave-Hargreave emerged from the car onto the red carpet with no less than six beautiful debutantes - truly a measure of their enduring popularity.

The ceremony itself was hosted by the legendary climber Johnny Dawes; who was welcomed with rapturous applause. After the opening speeches and the meal, the awards commenced with the following categories:



THE WINNERS

Most Impossible Climbing Move

Adrian Wyn-Jones: For the mantleshelf and rockover at Mile End

Most Dangerous Leaderfall

Stepan Ptacek: For falling off and hurting himself

Most Leaderfalls off Easy Climbs

Neil Woollenmill: For all of his leaderfalls

Best Supporting Climber

Christian Dometakis: For accompanying Neil

Most Bombproof Gear Placements

William de Burt: For all the bits that fall out

Most Stolen Leads

Sir Peter Durkin: For Eliminator and other higher-grade climbs

Most Rocks Slept Under (this year a joint award)

Gareth Bebbington Smithe, Helena Norris, Ian de Gibbon and Colonel Geoffrey Deans: For 'The Shelter Stone'

Lifetime Achievement Award

Lord Albert of Sillwood

News in Brief



Baby looking for Peak District!

For those of you that don't already know, Abigail Jane Whitrow arrived on Friday 27th April at 6.30 a.m. weighing in at 8lb 9oz. The less said about the labour the better - but if I say my waters broke at 4.30 a.m. on the Wednesday morning, and looking at my mountain bike brings tears to my eyes, you should get the picture!! Despite that, she's definitely worth it, and yes I would do it again. Obviously Dave and I think she's perfect and I've enclosed a couple of pictures to prove it.

Something for Nothing

Galibier boots available for free, resoled, good condition (toecaps repaired), ladies size 9 / 42.

Contact Albert at the pub or by email: Albert.Sillwood@mcm.com

Unwanted wedding gift

For sale, Lowe Alpine 45L Alpine crossbow rucksack 1 year old £80 wrong size

Gary Bebb 01920 462437

B-B-Q at Phasels 14th/15th July

The Club will again be holding their annual barbecue at Phasels Wood. **See previous page for full details.**