



# CRUX MAGAZINE

NEWSLETTER OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

## New Website and Forum

In the Autumn of 2008 the new look HMC website was launched after a very successful trial of a forum, the new site has a new look and feel and the forum is host to many lively and funny threads, please visit soon at [www.thehmc.co.uk](http://www.thehmc.co.uk)



Welcome,

The AGM is fast approaching and soon we will be welcoming new faces onto the committee. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the committee and club members who have helped out and contributed to the club this past year.

Through the efforts of club members we now have a new poster, website, forum and HMC T shirts. Many thanks to those who were involved in bringing this together.

The member tally for 2008 was 122 which is close to last year's membership. Some of the highlights of 2008 included the Alps trip, a snow covered Snowdonia at Bangers and Mash and for me personally my son's first camping trip to the HMC meet at Baggy Point. Meets to look forward to this year include the Annual Dinner in North Yorkshire, Glencoe at Easter and the Alps trip to Saas Fee. We will soon be booking meets for 2010!

Happy mountaineering,  
Pete



## A Week in the Black Cuillin

By Adrian Dobson

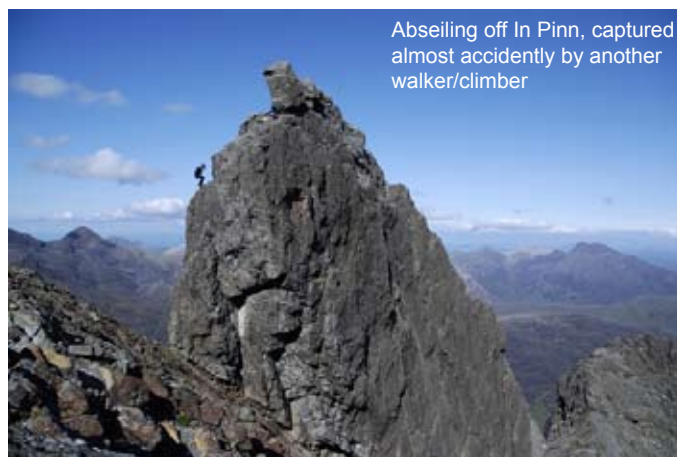


For two years I'd planned to go to Skye and climb the Cuillin, but circumstances and other commitments prevented me.

On the 31st Dec 2007 I got my first views of the Cuillin, albeit at a respectful distance from Elgol across Loch Scavaig. That really whet my appetite, and just about everything I did for the next 5 months was focussed on the trip to Skye in June this year.

As it turned out, only Dave Hall and I set off for the Isle of Skye on Sunday 1st June. We arrived at Glenbrittle campsite that evening, with time to pitch tents and have supper before the sun set shortly after 9pm – but not before I had my first encounter with the “mighty midge”! One of my first purchases at the camp shop was a midge net!

For me, a whole week in the mountains on rock can be classed as an epic. The significant lack of rain during the daytime for the whole week, and the “grippy gabbro” rock, made it a brilliant adventure. I was privileged to have the exclusive ‘services’ of a trusted guide, Dave Hall. Together our escapades for the week reflected the words on our club t-shirts, that climbing and mountaineering “should only be attempted by those who look like they know what they are doing. \* No experience required” ... Dave looked like he knew what he was doing, and I had no experience of the Cuillin!

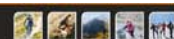


Abseiling off In Pinn, captured almost accidentally by another walker/climber

But let's talk about the mountain...

Day 1: On Monday we set off for Sgurr Dearg and The Inaccessible Pinnacle, with me wanting to get the scary one under my belt. Then the rest of the week would be easier (of course). We took a route via An Dorus (The Door or Gate), slogging up scree before we reached the ridge proper.

It was soon apparent that Gordon Stainforth was right when he said that “the word ‘walk’, as used by some Cuillin guidebooks, bears little





resemblance to the normal use of the term.” (1, p97) As we reached the ridge the scrambling began in earnest, both up-climbing and down-climbing, the latter with some helpful guidance from Dave below.

The weather needs a mention: hot, with almost no wind, and the clouds around didn't offer much shelter

from the sun. The views from the ridge were amazing. We got it all: blue sky, sea, lakes, valleys, peaks and rock. We proceeded along the ridge, first up and over Sgurr a Greadaith (973m), on to Sgurr Thormaoid (926m) and Sgurr na Banachdich (965m), before descending to Bealach Coire Na Banachdich. Only to be faced with the torturous ascent of Sgurr Dearg (978m).

What a reward when you reach the top of Sgurr Dearg, and are confronted with the intimidating blade of Inaccessible Pinnacle. A pinnacle experience indeed for me here on day 1: my first 'real' rock climb (and that a narrow arête with a 300-400ft drop to the north), followed by my first abseil on rock. And without having to queue to climb! I wondered how the rest of the week could live up to this...

Day 2: That first day was very exhausting – a shock to the system, especially in the unaccustomed heat. So when Tuesday started with rain showers, it provided the perfect excuse not to climb. It did clear up beautifully, but we spent the day in leisurely rest and recovery. We visited Neist Lighthouse to spot whales. We saw none, but a fisherman told us he'd seen about 12 the day before...you could say 'typical', or 'Yeah, sure'. We did spot a seal though. We also visited the graves of



two of the Cuillin's great pioneers, John Mackenzie and Norman Collie. And we planned our assault on Dubh's Ridge the next day.

Day 3: The Dubhs Ridge was a BIG day out. In fact, 11 hours and 55 minutes in total, and particularly satisfying for Dave who'd

not yet had an opportunity to tackle it. It was sunny, but not as hot as Monday. The cloud around was high and off the peaks. We had excellent views all day long, first along the coast, then along the ridge.

At two kilometres long, Dubhs Ridge rises 920 metres (3000ft) from the shore of beautiful Loch Coruisk, including the peaks of Sgurr Dubh Beag (733m) and Sgurr Dubh Mor (944m). We accessed it the long way round, via the coastal path (about 12km from the campsites).



We enjoyed excellent sustained scrambling, with challenging moves to start, and a challenging abseil off the smaller Dubh, before we tackled Dubh Mor, which posed both tricky path-finding and some difficult moves. This was a mountain!

We finished off the Ridge via the third Dubh, Sgurr Dubh an Da Bheinn (938m), before boulder-hopping and scrambling down into Coir' a' Grunnda and returning to camp along the coastal path.

Day 4: The Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gilleann (964m) from Sligachan, returning via Coire a' Bhashtier. Another awesome day of scrambling unfolding before us, with some serious exposure in places as we negotiated the four pinnacles and finally Sgurr na Gilleann itself. The fourth Pinnacle is called Knights Peak, just to confuse things, and the route included three abseils.

It's amazing how that exposure focuses your mind on the job at hand, demanding concentration and calmness. Fred W. Jackson's words in 1986 on climbing in the Cuillin very aptly reflected my experience: "As I had no intention of losing either hold or head, there was no risk, and

I found that my confidence was not betrayed when I whispered to the rock, 'You stick to me, and I'll stick to you.' It is as we all know, the keen enjoyment of such moments that lifts a climb out of the ordinary. It is always a succession of surprises; ... Besides, there is the ever-present possibility of a fall resulting in a body being, in the words of Ettrick Shepherd, 'dashed on the stanes intil a blash o' bluid.' This keeps the wits alive.” (1, p99)

This was the gloomiest day of the week, but disappointingly we only got about 10 minutes of very light rain on the walk out.



Day 5: For a less strenuous, but no less enjoyable outing, Dave led us up Edgeways, a climb on Sgurr an Fheadain, finishing with a scramble to the summit. My legs felt like lead after the previous two days exertion, but I made it! This 688m peak is the centrepiece of the view of the Cuillin Ridge from the west, standing out because of the clearly visible Waterpipe Gully cutting it from top to bottom.



Ready to climb Kings Chimney

Day 6: Sadly, the last day! We'd planned to climb Sgurr Sgumain (947m), Sgurr Alasdair (the highest peak of the Cuillin at 992m), and Sgurr Mhic Choinnich (948m).

I awoke wondering if I could handle another day of exposure and feeling stretched like a rubber band between mild terror and exhilaration. But Dave reassured me, "Whatever you want to do, Adrian". After a good coffee and breakfast, I felt up for Sgurr Alasdair and even King's Chimney climb on Sgurr Mhic Choinnich, but

not yet "the superbly exposed Colliers Ledge" (1, p137). We approached along Sron na Ciche, the broad ridge above Cioch Buttress and The Cioch, up to Sgurr Sgumain.

Descending from there the real excitement began. We avoided the Bad Step, scrambling up a chimney to get onto the SE slope of Sgurr Alasdair. The rock in this area was noticeably not all gabbro, but included brittle basalt and slippery dolerite, requiring added care. What a feeling to summit the highest peak in the Cuillin. Indescribable.

From the summit we descended part way down the Great Stone Shoot to traverse to the gap between Sgurr Thearlach and Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. A short way along the broad section of Colliers Ledge we climbed King's Chimney, followed by a short scramble to Mhic Choinnich's summit.

Here we were reminded of the real dangers on the mountain: a commemoration plaque to someone who fell off the top in 1953 or 58. That made me sit very securely eating my snack, and made me really not want to do Colliers Ledge! However, once we set off on the descent, Colliers Ledge turned out to be an excellent experience. Another great day in Skye, and overall, an unforgettable experience.

I'd like to become one of those visitors to the Cuillin, of whom Charles Pilkington wrote in 1888, "We who have been have gone again, and advise you to go. You will not be disappointed" (1). I wasn't.

...Oh yes, and in the process I bagged seven Munros.

NOTES:

1. Stainforth, Gordon (2005): The Cuillin, Great Mountain Ridge of Skye.



# Pennine Way by Bike.....

by Paul Dormer

This was the 4th year in which the HMC has completed a multiday Mountain Bike route. We've now ticked off The Coast to Coast, The Ridgeway, the South Downs Way, and the 2008 challenge was the Pennine Way. The route is so far only partially completed and runs from Middleton Top in the Peaks to Hebden Bridge, the northern half I'm sure will be one of our future rides but as yet it does not officially exist as a Bridleway.

## Day 0

It all starts on a Thursday evening as load up the first bike on the rack, I shoot to St. Albans, get Nick, Stevenage get Phil, drive to Hartington (which is our base), we are running late so dive in a pub on-route for a pint and a meal then make the Hostel by about 10pm.

## Day 1, Middleton Top - Tideswell.

Simple, so we can leave the car at Hartington we decide its easy enough just to ride the 10k or so to the start, I had not actually planned this part of the route but Middleton was clearly marked after we got a few k's across the peaks, we follow the signs to Middleton and have trouble finding the beginning of the path even though we are clearly in the middle of the village, a local lady pointed us up the hill we had just descended so off we go, half hour later we have taken a speculative turning that 'felt right' still no Pennine Way... by now Phil's starting to whinge a bit so we carry on for a while until we are completely lost and then the emergency kit (a GPS phone). It turns out we are now the wrong side of the wrong Middleton (there are two or three in the area). A farmer confirmed this and pointed the next few valleys and muttered 10 miles. Once



we find the start at least it easy going till lunch and we've really made some distance, the weather is beautiful, and we stop by the way for an outside lunch at an Italian Restaurant, it was lovely.

After Lunch we had a super af-

ternoon of mixed terrain, making good time up for our morning cock-up, and arrive in Tideswell a quaint little town with a Pub that was our home for the evening. Many Pints later we are beating the local at Pool, and enjoying an evening. Jenny and Alex arrived late and after a last drink and chat we retreated to the superb B&B's nearby.

## Day 2

Now there are 4 riders and Alex has been reduced to support vehicle this year after completing the previous 3 years routes finally his knees have packed up. The second days riding again starts with big climbs, excellent views and tracks the occasional technical bit, one highlight of the day is arriving at a brew at the Roadside with our support car. The afternoons riding was bril and about 4 pm it dawns on me that we've got a long way to go, over a lot of hills, and we weren't going to make it to Stanedge until Dusk, the pressure was on to get to the B&B before dark or might have to abandon as we had no lights, we pushed on and on over fell after fell and rode the last 1k or so in half-light the accommodation was a welcome sight.



We all went to Delph and had a wonderful Curry before collapsing in our beds. My planning of day 2 was a bit suspect, 10 hours in the saddle over that terrain was a bit too far.

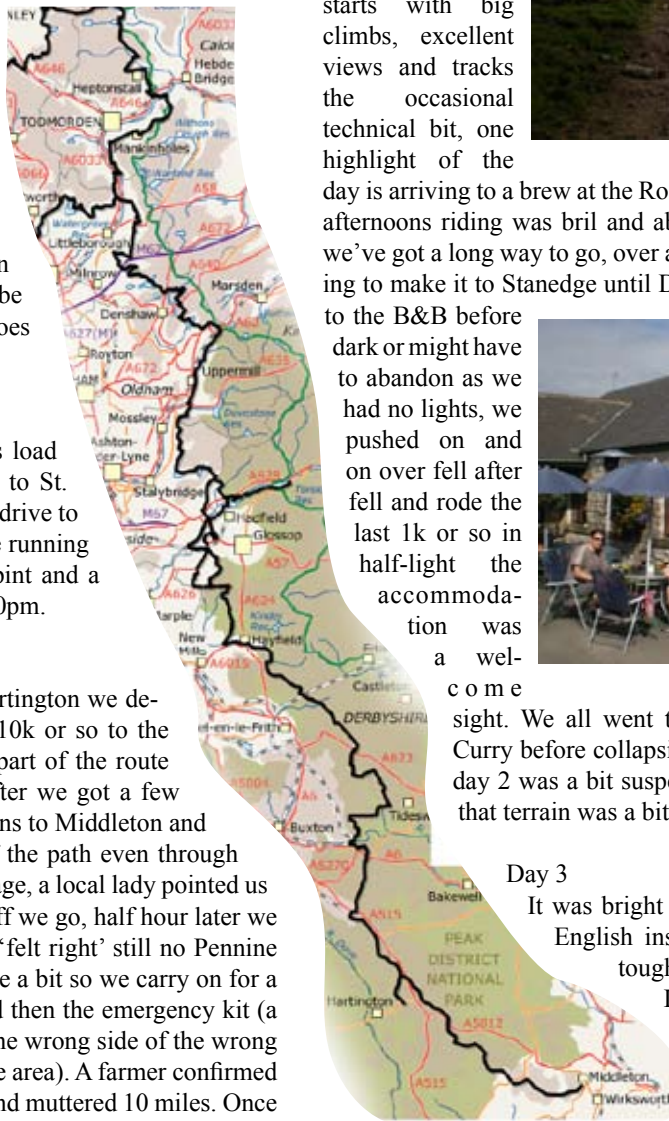
## Day 3

It was bright sunny morning and with a full English inside we head off, some of the toughest climbs are in this section, I don't like to have to push & carry my bike but the fact that you have to now and then to me says you on good mountain biking trail!! Super countryside all day finishes with spectacular fast descent into Hebden Bridge, so fast in fact that I went straight on when I should have turned left and ended up in the middle of Hebden bridge, so I had to ride all the way back out of town to meet Alex and the team, we loaded up our bikes and drove back down to Hartington where Alex and Jenny continued to Herts, and Phil, Nick and I went for a well earned pint and meal whilst planning our next days bonus day on the hills.

## Day 4

We walked up the original Penning Way to Kinder Plateaux, and bogtrotted our way across and down the other side before jumping in the car and driving back, a thoroughly enjoyable minibreak for me and the others, looking forward to September already.

Thanks to Jenny, Nick, Phil and Alex for great company.



I start this Bothy adventure story with a small confession: having grown up in a desert environment, I get embarrassingly excited by any form of snow.

We were sitting in a cosy, dry warm pub when Gary suggested to spend a night in a remote Bothy up in the Snowdonia. It'll be snowing, he suggests. I know many people who would turn this idea down with excuses... logical and acceptable. But not your desert boy here. Cold Bothy high in the Carneddau. Count me in!

Now comes the boring part with many technical details, so feel free to skim if you're not planning to freeze your arses in our mountain Bothy in the near future (no hard feelings. Really).

We left Hertfordshire early Thursday morning, picking up Paul from Shrewsbury's train station and dividing our supply equally as possible:

- food (sausages, 3 large potatoes with a future, 3 cans of beans and 1 fabulous Jamaican ginger cake)
- drinks (handful of tea bags, 2 bottles of wine)
- Fuel (10 kilos of coal and 5 kilos of wood)
- Entertainment set (which its contents will be kept between Paul, Gary and myself, and no – it didn't have boobs).

Even before parking the car up it was already agreed: we are blessed with a large amount of this fluffy white stuff and we should feel happy about it. And so we were. Quickly, while going on our way to the Bothy as dark closes in, our joy turns into unpleasant recognition: reaching the Bothy is not going to be an easy task, but let's not spoil the fun. Not just yet anyway.

Nevertheless, after couple of hours of walking in the dark on the soft virgin snow we arrived at our destination ('walking' might not be the correct word to use here but my vocabulary is too narrow to describe the action of strenuously moving one leg at the time while the other is sank 2 feet in to the deep snow). There, under 7 layers of clothes, shivering in the dark.

We met Lee. Lee didn't bring any coal or wood. Maybe it's got to do with 'blue lips' are back in fashion, but I reckon it's more likely because he didn't bother to read my most important tip one will ever get before going out to the Bothy: BRING COAL!

The Bothy, divided into two rooms, is equipped with; a fire place, 3 wooden beds, basic crockery and alcohol bottles that would be full only in a utopian world. Food was left on the shelves by others and a few documents to read on the wall, just in case you find the Bothy Code interesting reading material. There is also a shovel to bury your human waste, a small broom and extra mats that you really don't want to be dependent on their mercy. And no, no Jacuzzi in this type of accommodation.

I'm sure that those of you who walked to this Bothy before would agree with me that starting the fire, placing candles and preparing dinner are definitely the first 3 most welcomed actions after arriving to the Bothy. So *Chef Le Paul* was in charge of the cooking, Gary made tea and I was busy keeping my blood temperature above freezing point. I'd never seen someone move so quickly from point A to B as when we invited Lee to share the fire warmth with us. How nice of us. Please mark one merit point to our Karma: we saved a human being from a painful freezing death.

Now I'm going to ignore all of you - my dear cynical friends - and describe how great it felt in this Bothy, surrounded by endless snow, while strong gales blow outside, trying to bring down our humble rocky shelter. Inside, sitting around the fire, shadows of flames are dancing on the toasted inner walls, we're chatting into the night and drinking another cup of tea just before crawling into our welcoming sleeping bags that were previously warmed by improvised hot bottles.

Oh, your desert boy had the nicest dreams.

We woke up with the crack of dawn (ish), had a quick breakfast and started the next part of our Bothy adventure.

Ascending to Garnedd Uchaf (926m) was easy, if you kept your head down and eyes shut. I'm not sure how you like it, but I prefer to keep the haze away from my eye balls as much as I can. At the summit, the view is magnificent: a colourful mosaic of green fields and brown grazing areas, framed by pure white snow slopes with a tragic grey heavy clouds closing by, creating a dramatic timeless atmosphere. Definitely a worthwhile ascent.

We carry on South to Foel Grach. With visibility decreasing and a heavy snow, we were provided with a great opportunity to play a pleasant afternoon game: let's see how close we can stay to the completely hidden path by only using a compass and a map. We called this game 'navigation'. It kept us entertained for a long time, while having a slow progress on the Eastern flanks of Foel Grach. The way down, I must admit, was much more fun: First, find the steepest angle down, forget about any responsibility that you may have in your life, and then sit on the snow and simply slid down. It's quick, silly and fun.

15:00. We have completed our imaginary circle and are back to the Bothy. Lunch, tea, then head back to the car park to start the big informal 'race' that all of you, B&M attendees, were part of: getting the best room in the hut (the one with the least snorers)

That's it. I tell you the story as accurately as possible but also to get you to the end without falling asleep. However, if you're planning to follow our Bothy adventure please feel free to contact me with any additional questions and keep one thing in mind: you really (but REALLY) want to carry loads of coal with you.

With Many thanks to Gary for the great organisation and to Chef Le Paul, for making it so much fun!

by Noam Ben Tsion





# Members Photo Gallery

A panoramic photo taken on Ians mobile phone on his way down from Bow Fell



Club members warm up by the fire



The Carneddau, Paul Dormer



Eddie Cornell, Via Ferrata



Bizarre Signage, Swiss alps



Kieth Hurst and Alex Pender on Moel Hebog





Leigh and Mike's wedding



The Cullins , Dave O'Gorman



Barry at Bangers & Mash



Dingle Peninsula, Ireland, Easter



Adrian and Andre,  
Boiler Slab, Gower

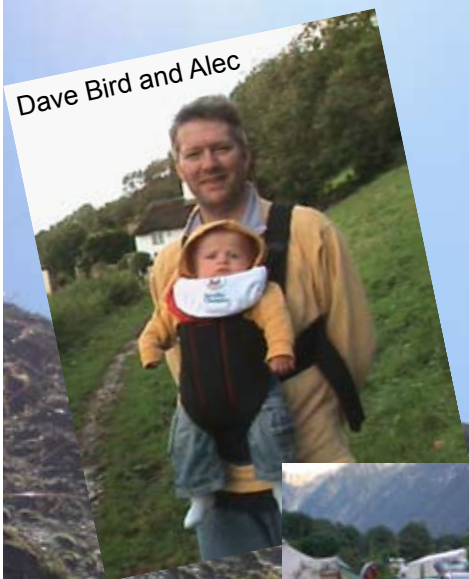


Dingle Peninsula, Ireland, Easter



Dave O'Gorman, snacking!

## HMC Kidz...



Dave Bird and Alec



Young Gary Bebb on a Lakes meet



Simon, Mellissa and Ailsa

Background picture is Hannah Dormer (12) crag climbing nr Viccosprano, Switzerland



# Swiss Alps meet Vicosoprano

Late July various HMC'ers headed off to Vicosoprano, which is a municipality in the district of Maloja in the Swiss canton of Graubünden, and is the largest village in the Val Bregaglia, it is about a 30-40 minute drive over the Maloja pass to St. Moritz.



On the footpath to St Moritz

On the campsite there were other clubs including the Irish Mountaineering Club

The HMC had a reserved section of the Campsite. On the one nights when everyone from the first week was at base, there was a BBQ shown in the picture bottom right on this page

Some of the mountains/routes completed by Club members were:

Piz Trovat 3146m (Phil solo via via ferrata)

Piz Boval 3353m (Phil partnered with Nick, Andre & Lucy as a rope pair same day)

Piz Murtel 3433m (Phil partnered with Paul)

Piz Morteratsch 3751m (Phil partnered with Nick)

Piz Palu 3905m (Phil partnered with Gary and Dave)

Rock Routes

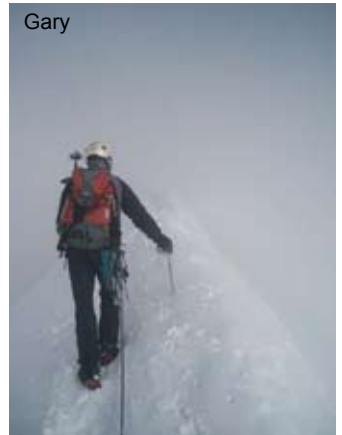
Left hand variant (the easier one!) of the PIZ-DEL-PAL tower – 5 pitches. (Phil partnered with Nick)

Spazzacaldeira following the NE\_Ridge (4c) - 8 pitches. (Phil partnered with Nick and Ian)

Paul also completed a trek from Vicosoprano to St. Moritz, and with his family completed some 2000m peaks and other walks from the campsite and did some cragging and sightseeing.



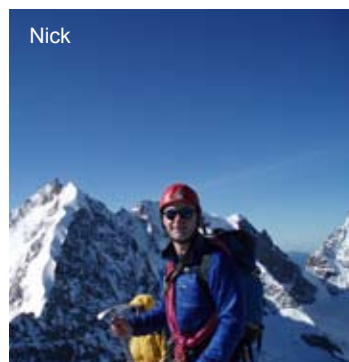
Dave



Gary



Lucy and Andre



Nick



Paul



BBQ

**J**ourney into Zanskar, 24 days in India, 16 days trekking.

Clouds on the Rotang Pass, pine trees reach towards the sky and the air monsoon moist softens both mountains and road. I sit on a stone by the roadside, watching the clouds and a lizard hiding under the shadow of a stone. Enterprising Indians unload boxes from their cars and sell biscuits, one wanders down the road offering dope; while we wait in a long snake of vehicles that curls back down the pass. The road has been blocked since early morning and the hours pass till eventually a battered smoke belching JCB arrives with a detachment of soldiers and the road is cleared. Rain comes, and in mist and mud the bus slowly grinds up and over the pass; so begins the journey into the mountains themselves. Delhi and its heat and crowds and colour are 2 days and a world away.

Two days later, still the rain falls and sheltering under a large rock sipping tea I feel the ground shake earthquake like, as another huge mass of earth and boulders sweep down from above and across the path to the river below.

Another three days and with tired legs and amid swirling snowflakes I cross the Shingo La (5096m). At its crest a cairn with prayer flags shredded by the wind, and below a green lake shrouded in mist. The snow turns to rain and we hurry down. Across an ice bridge the valley opens; Zanskar welcomes us with sunshine and clearing skies. From the hillside marmots whistle and at a stone bridge a lone horseman smiles a greeting.

That night the valley is floodlit by a cold mountain moon. I watch bright stars above sharp toothed peaks and feel that unmistakable magic of the high mountains. In the morning I shiver and wait for the sun, above me in a blue sky I watch a dragon uncurl in the clouds, stretch across the sky and dissolve into the air.

Days pass and the journey continues. A monastery built into the mountain side, high above the river. Bridges that sway above fast and angry torrents, their broken timbers

patched with rocks. Small fields of oats, flat roofed houses white in the sun. Laughing women with Tibetan eyes and shining hair, a red dress splashes colour against an arid mountainside.

Leaving Zanskar the path mysterious and hidden winds upwards through a narrow canyon and into the sun. Hard work on the Phitse La (5250m), nausea, no breath. Two pinnacles mark the top and it is so good to rest. Prayer flags against the snow, surrounding peaks lost in clouds.

Yaks graze among the tents and we walk on. Later the valley opens onto a wide plain. At times I stand alone, the mountains reaching upwards, the plain seemingly never ending. A small cairn of stones engraved with Buddhist images in the middle of this emptiness. I feel small and insignificant and yet my mind expands to encompass the mountains and the sky. Eleven days now at well above 4000m has stripped away the clutter of the everyday, perception is clearer and each moment simpler.

Another high pass and down the Chandra valley towards Speti. Immaculately chiselled into a rock the initials AE and a date July 1838. I wondered on his or her adventures and where their journey ended.

Snow covered peaks and early morning thigh deep river crossings, feet frozen, heart stopping icy water. In the afternoon rivers swollen with snowmelt and thick with silt and tumbling rocks, thunder into the valley. Few people seem to come this way and most of the peaks at just over 6000m are untouched since climbed by the British in the 1930's.

Journey's end. Ponies graze by a turquoise lake, and I stretch out in the afternoon sun and listen to the ringing of their harness bells.

Next morning the sun scatters diamonds on the water and reflected prayer flags shimmer. It is time to start for home.

John Parrott



## Footsteps in a Quiet Valley





In May 2008 we celebrated 50 happy years of mountaineering with the HMC. Dinner and dancing at the Quality Hotel in Hatfield. Great evening, with around 76 attending. Two of our original members, Robin King and Graham Daniels as well as a number of other old members attended. Speeches by Pete Durkin, Graham Daniels, Dave Nicholson and Bill Burt.



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**HMC AGM****Tues eve 10 Mar 2009****Contact:** Secretary**Details:** Cotswolds, st Albans**Annual Dinner, North Yorkshire****Sat 14 Mar 2009 to Sun 15 Mar 2009****Contact:** Jenny Gould**Cost:** £50**Link:** <http://www.dalesbridge.co.uk/>**Mapref:** OS Grid Reference SD 762 676

Details: Annual Dinner, Dalesbridge Centre, Austwick, near Settle, North Yorkshire. Another evening of fun and a chance to get your best frocks on. £50 including 3 course meal and disco, everything on site including a bar. Accommodation in six bed dorms with a shower room and basic kitchen.

**Inchree Hostel, Glencoe, Scotland****Thu 9 Apr 2009 to Sun 12 Apr 2009****Contact:** Geoff Sharpe**Cost:** £54**Link:** <http://www.inchreecentre.co.uk/inchreehostel.htm>**Mapref:** NN 024631

Details: Scotland meet staying at the Inchree Hostel, Inchree, near Onich, between Glencoe and Fort William. 19 places. 4 Nights £54

**HMC Events****Cadair Idris, Wales****1 May 2009 to Sun 3 May 2009****Contact:** Gary Bebb**Cost:** £30 for the 3 nights**Link:** <http://www.snowdonia-wales.net/acc/bunk/torrent.asp>**Mapref:** SH745184

Details: The Torrent bunkhouse on the outskirts of Dolgellau. room for 24. Close to Cadair Idris for walking and climbing and close to coed Y Brenin for mountain-biking

**Climbing, Whitsun Bank Holiday****Sat 23 May 2009 to Mon 25 May 2009****Contact:** Dave Watson**Details:** Climbing meet.**Camping, Snowdonia North Wales****Fri 19 Jun 2009 to Sun 21 Jun 2009****Contact:** Carolyn Dent**Mapref:** Llyn Ogwen

Details: Camping meet, Snowdonia, N. Wales. There is an option to take part in the Paddy Buckley challenge walk that Dave Hall is organising. This is far from compulsory but if interested please see member events for further details and to contact Dave.

**Phasels Wood, Herts****Sat 4th July 2009, 1 night****Cost:** tbc (cheap)**Contact:** Paul Dormer

Details: Climb, Camp for the night, and BBQ till late, bring your kids for fun and games too in this Scouts run campsite.

**Alps, Saas Fee / Saas Grund, Switzerland****Sat 18 Jul 2009 to Sat 1 Aug 2009****Contact:** Gary Bebb**Cost:** tbc**Link:** <http://www.saastal.ch/en/page.cfm/SummerSF>**Mapref:** Saas Fee

Details: Camping in the Sastall valley with many easily accessible 4000m peaks. Great walking, climbing, Alpine climbing and mountain biking.

**Hardhurst Farm Campsite, Hope, Peaks****Sat 18 Jul 2009 to Sun 19 Jul 2009****Contact:** Barry McRobb**Cost:** £4 per person per night**Mapref:** Hardhurst Farm

Details: Wonderfully cooked breakfast onsite cafe, luxury showers! For evenings there are pubs 15 mins away in Hope, or the Travelers Rest pub, a 5 minute walk away. Loads of climbing, cycling and walking around these areas (and caving), that it'd be daft to list anything, so if your new to the Peak District, why not ask a climber, cyclist or walker from the club what there is to do.



**WHERE ADVENTURES BEGIN**

Simone Moro, Courmayeur, Italy. Photo: Scott Markewitz

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