

Aylesbury Climbing Club

News



Issue 116 February 2011

News

Chiltern Chase Report

Despite it being a very dank and uninspiring day a few of us gathered outside the Greyhound Inn in Aldbury for the Chiltern Chase. Pete C. and Mick complete with canine companions had started earlier and walked the course, Bob and Pam also came out for a walk. Nick H. and Alan completed the 24k cycle route, as did Jon who started a bit later than the other two. Paul T. and Jenny also turned out to cheer the victorious winner (and sole entrant for the running section) home. For the first time there is a female name on the trophy. Come on boys (and girls!) the winning time this year was a distinctly average 1hr 28mins, I'm sure there's plenty of you who can complete a 12k cross country run quicker than that! *Sally*



Sally beats off the late challenge from Jenny at the end of the Chiltern Chase

Autumn Slide Show Report

Many thanks for another excellent slide show from club members. We cruised Alaska with Bob; via ferrata'd the Dolomites with Barry Wright; walked the length of Corsica with Nick Haine. and took a trip round Mont Blanc with Alan. The format of four sets of slides, a beer break halfway and some second-hand kit to rifle through seemed to go down well. The next slide show will be held on the 21st March and it would be good to see a full house.

New Arrivals

Congratulations to Simon and Sarah Randall on the birth of George on the 12th of October. For the benefit of Paul Day, we can confirm that George is a baby person - not a dog! (ask Paul Nurse for an explanation - I don't have enough space!) Ed.

Meets & Events

2011

February		18th-20th	Glan Dena Ogwen Valley North Wales	
March		4th-6th	High House Borrowdale Lake District	
		21st	Slide Show	Squash Club
		28th	Green Park Climbing Wall Starts	
April		8th-10th	Homestead Bunkhouse Bamford Peak District	
		18th	ACC AGM	Squash Club
		22-25th	Easter BH (Camping Gower)	
May		13th-15th	Pen Ceunant Uchaf Llanberis North Wales	
June		10th-12th	Tranearth Torver Lake District	
		25th-2nd	Glen Brittle Memorial Hut Skye	
July		22nd-24th	Caseg Fraith Ogwen Valley North Wales	
September		9th-11th	Raven Crag Gt Langdale Lake District	
October		14th-16th	Millennium Hostel Lawrenny Pembrokeshire	
		24th	Green Park Ends	
		31st	Slide Show - Squash Club	
November		11th-13th	Tan-y-Garth Capel Curig North Wales	
		6th	Chiltern Chase	
December		9th-11th	TBA (Peak or Swanage)	
		16th	Christmas Dinner	



Buis les Baronnies



Attendees:

Peter Collins, Mick Barnes, Jon Erwood, John King, Bob Lee, Paul Jackson, Joanna Lee (Bob's niece), Mike Padmore, Lyn Griffiths, Alan Wilkinson, Nikki Holbrook, Andrew (Nikki's Friend), Mark (Nikki's Friend)

Early September saw 13 of us make our way down to the old favourite of Buis Les Baronnies in northern Provence. This would be the 7th time for me over the last 15 years, but I still feel excited about a trip there. The difference this time was that we flew down to Montpellier on the Med. and hired cars, also a brand new Rockfax guide book had just come out to the area. Buis and that part of France were off most climbers' radar, but I suspect not now. Apparently there is another new Rockfax guide out soon to the area south of here, including Verdon, St Victoire, and Calanques etc. They are expanding and pretty sure, like the Romans, they will soon have added the whole South of France to their empire.

We stayed at the same place as last time, the aptly named Gite St Julien, right at the bottom of the big crag of the same name. What better way to watch the sun rise over St Julien with a cup of coffee, and then after a good days climbing watch it set with a glass of wine? The Gite was on a working farm so was very pastoral, with lots of animals around. Lovely and quiet, apart from the hounds that are used to hunt the wild boar howling at the moon every now and again. Again Madame cooked us a fantastic meal using the local farm produce. But most nights we ate down in the town sampling the local fare. Buis is a typical sleepy French town, with most places closing down by 9 in the evening. If you're after après climbing nightlife, this is not the place for you.

Now for the climbing bit. As usual Buis came up with the goods. A week of climbing every day, with perfect weather, clear azure blue skies and dazzling white rock. We had a big storm on the Monday night, but it had cleared by noon the following day. By the end of the week, after 7 days solid climbing I was feeling a bit fatigued, especially my fingers, and I don't think I was the only one.

Local crags to Buis we went to were...

Baume Rousse: (Bobs favourite crag in the whole wide world, except after the Popular End of Stange of course), A big amphitheatre with something for everyone, with views over to the distant Mont Ventoux. Rockfax guide book has one major grade error, there is one route here that they say is 6b+, but honestly it's no more than 4+. But I'm not telling which one though.

Ubrieux: Sharp finger sapping technical climbing, after a couple of days here your finger tips will be gone.

Lou Passo d'Annibal: Nice and shady down by the river. This was where Hannibal was supposed to have taken his elephants on his roundabout route from Spain to Italy pre-Satnav I guess.



Mick Barnes on 'Vision' (5) at Combe Obscure

St Julien: The big crag above the Gite. A huge upturned reef of limestone some 120 meters high. Multipitch routes here with very spaced bolts and the grades not giving much away, make it an exciting place to climb. Also the descent is a minimum of 3 big abseils. The local guides have recently put up a via ferrata of sorts on the right hand side of the main tower. It has a 30 meter monkey traverse consisting of 3 wire ropes, with a lot of space between your feet, so most of us did it during the course of the week.

Dentelles de Montmirail: The Dentelles are about an hours drive from Buis and is a huge area with enough climbing on its own for a week. We climbed at a crag called Rocher du Grand Travers. Popular and rather polished, but good all the same, with nice views over the main Gigondas chain.

Combe Obscure: Aptly named, and one of everyone's favourites. About an hour from Buis; after driving up a badly rutted track and walking for 20 mins up a steep rocky valley you are suddenly in front of a sheet of perfect limestone. Well worth the effort. Lovely slabby climbing in a magical spot.

So it was all over, yet another good trip with good climbing, company, weather and food and drink. Buis is one of those places that can cast a spell over you, and you can't wait to get back there again. But it wasn't quite over. Some of us drove down to the Camargue and spent Saturday by the seaside before travelling back on the Sunday. A nice swim in the Med. to relieve the aching bodies and a fine meal in town followed by a surreal ride on an old carousel was the perfect end to the week.

Peter Collins



St Julien from the Gite

Tour des Rochers des Fiz: a diary

By Mick Barnes

This a diary I wrote following a four day trip to the French Alps in August 2009. It was the first time that I had done a solo trip in a mountain environment. The weather was excellent and I was made to feel very welcome every night at the huts (a little French speaking went a long way). Rochers des Fiz is a massive limestone cliff some 20k to the east of Chamonix – it can be easily seen from the autoroute and was recently featured in the Spring 2009 issue of Summit magazine. If anyone would like more information, I can provide all the details

Mick Barnes

Tuesday 18th. -Chinnor to Refuge de Moede-Anterne. An early, 03.15, start for a lift to Luton Airport for an Easy Jet 06.30 flight to Geneva. From Geneva two bus rides with SAT got me to Plaine Joux by 14.15. Started the walk to the hut at 14.15. It was very hot; I was told it was 36C. The walk in was very tiring in the heat and I arrived at the refuge at 17.30. Had a hot chocolate and white wine before a dinner of soup, spag. bol., cheese and fruit salad. Some problems paying my bill as they had no knowledge of my deposit however I eventually paid and got to bed by 21.30. Must have been tired because I had bits everywhere. Slept well and got up the next morning at 06.45.

Wednesday 19th. – Refuge de Moede-Anterne to Refuge de Sales. Sorted out my mess, had breakfast and on my way by 08.10. A nice temperature, which was good because the route started uphill for 250m to reach the Col d'Anterne. Felt much stronger today and had a leisurely walk to Refuge de Sales. After the first ascent the route descended past Lac d'Anterne. This was followed by a small ascent and then a long descent past the Alfred Wills hut, where I stopped for an iced tea, until a major path junction, GR5 and GR95. From here to the hut it was all up – 460m. The scenery was very different on this side of the mountain, very green with lovely waterfalls. Arrived at the hut at about 14.30. A hot but nice day.

Thursday 20th Refuge de Sales to Refuge de Plate. My getting lost day! Left the refuge at 08.30 to follow a waymarked path due south. Unfortunately, I swapped waymarks and started heading up the mountain towards Lac Laouches. Realising that I was gaining height too soon and being able to see the path I should have been on, I retreated back down the mountain to regain the path I should have been following. The plan was to follow the path to a junction and then head up to Passage du Derochoir. The map only showed one junction, so when I arrived there I took the fork and continued without checking position, direction etc. Near the summit, I took a break and thought to check my height and position. Lost a second time! I was shortly to summit at Breche du Derochoir leaving me with a very exposed traverse along a ridge and some exposed scrambling to get back on route. The benefit of my “diversion” was wonderful views over Plaine Joux and St. Gervais. ***NB I am sat at the refuge writing this account and watching the mountain rescue helicopter arrive, some 200m away, to lift someone off the mountain.*** My journey continued with a fair bit of height loss and a traverse of a boulder field before the final ascent of the trip – up to Col de la Portette. It was a steep climb and I saw lots of chamois on the way up. From the top I could

see Refuge de Plate and the way down was also quite steep. Arrived at the hut by about 14.30; once again very basic with little water and electricity. Looking forward to a shower tomorrow night.

Friday 21st Refuge de Plate to Chinnor via Plateau d'Assy, Le Fayet, Geneva and Luton. Left the hut at 08.15 and started the long descent. When I arrived at the path junction above Charbonniere, I followed the sign to Plateau d'Assy. I should have stuck to my original plan and followed the path through the woods. It is a nice route and you arrive without using any roads. When I arrived at the Plateau I retrieved my deposit from the tourist office then sat in a bar while I waited for the bus to take me back to Le Fayet. I arrived home at 19.00 having had four memory packed days doing the circuit with lots of good memories and a taste to do something similar in the future.

Hut Info.

Refuge d'Anterne – Best of the three with all facilities and a good sleeping area. The guardian and staff were very helpful. Located in a situation with views over the Mont Blanc range and also back towards Le Fayet. Looking the other way is sheer limestone face of the Rochers des Fiz.

Refuge Sales – A very simple hut with a limited menu and little electricity and water. No showers. Toilet block set away from the sleeping area plus a hole in the ground up the hillside. Views from the hut are of the west face of Rochers des Fiz and it is very green compared to the other side. The hut is situated at 1880m at the high end of the Gorge des Sales.

Refuge de Plate – A very basic hut which would be very cosy when full; luckily it wasn't. A dribble of water between 16.30 and 09.00, very little electricity and one hole in the ground to provide toilet facilities for the people staying there. It was cheap, 30 euro for half pension, and the people were very friendly. Four course dinner as usual and toast with jam or marmalade for breakfast. It did. The reason for the lack of water was because the hut sits on a limestone plateau called the Desert de Plate which is an old bed of a limestone lake, I think, and any water immediately drains through.



ALPINE DREAMS

for those on thin financial ice (and shorter in the tooth...)

Amy Kilpin

Last year, I can safely say that as a relatively ingenuous neophyte in the perilously vast world of climbing and mountaineering, my experience was limited to a meagre couple of rambles up Snowdon and Scafell Pike, despite a feverish desire to wilfully fling myself into the throes of epic mountaineering territory.

While my passion and ambition for the sport grew prolifically and uncontrollably, my bank account, regrettably, did not. My appetite was somewhat satiated by the monthly club meets, but inherent aspirations to venture further afield and indeed, to greater heights, lay dormant and potent. It wasn't, suffice to say, a case of the (ahem) mature demographics of the club members, or even the unpredictable meteorological aspect of UK climbing locations – it was simply a raw, unadulterated hunger for more dauntingly colossal mountain experiences.

In basic terms, the inevitable solution to this predicament would be to arrange a trip with fellow anonymous mountain aficionados via UKC means, or to book an organised trip through a (purportedly) reputable mountain guiding company. However, both lack of experience and lack of financial flexibility wedged a considerable ice-axed size rut into the flesh of my objectives.

They say with age comes wisdom, and while there has been a fair share of willingly imparted knowledge, I may have questioned the venerable perception of some of my esteemed club members at times, primarily because the advice typically appeared to be synonymous with the number of pints consumed at the nearest pub... In spite of this, I take my climbing helmet off to a nugget of sage information administered one evening after a Brookes climbing session, and although I'm sure he doesn't deserve the accolade, Paul Nurse is responsible for this shining light at the end of my mountaineering tunnel of self-pitying doom and gloom. It may be one of the only sensible attributes in his climbing club career, but I'm definitely not the one to judge that...!

Divulging invaluable information about a subsidised Alpine mountaineering course run by Plas-y-Brenin in conjunction with the Jonathan Conville Memorial Trust, Paul fed me a kaleidoscope of mountaineering dreams and transformed them into tangible feasibilities through this application channel. How any club member was aware of this slightly escaped me, given that the age bracket for attendees is limited to 18 to 30 years....

Nevertheless, I promptly Googled this gold dust course and began hammering out an application form teeming with my colourful

mountaineering aspirations and objectives, going some way to embellish my scanty experience in British mountain ranges with the desperate hope of sailing through the selection process and right on up to the zenith of mountaineering eminence. For the purpose of captivating reading, I was on tenterhooks waiting to hear back throughout the ensuing couple of months, and to cut a long (and tedious) story to its blunt point, I received confirmation of success. I'm not one for heroic sob stories, but that day I received this flabbergasting news, it really paralleled the winning of an ambition-based jackpot.

Take an unswervingly adventurous and challenging spirit, a comparatively trivial £60, three full days of course tuition, an instructor to applicant ration of 1:3, and the staggering topographical heaven of the Alps, and the result is euphoria. And a little bit of smug satisfaction at communicating this impending trip of a lifetime to every single person within hearing range.

Subsidised the course may be (from the customary fee of around £350 plus), but my six months of climbing experience hadn't amounted to a massive stock of kit yet, and in the interest of safety, which they claim is a fairly prevalent priority in the Alpine mountain environment, I was forced to make a number of rather fundamental yet financially damaging purchases to enable its commencement.

So one Easy Jet flight and a distinctly diminished bank account later, my 100l basecamp bag was packed full (to the maximum weight capacity that the stingy budget airline allowed), and I was off to Chamonix, where my mountaineering skillset would go up, but my bank balance would go down (even more). Maybe it was an oversight of mine, but somewhere along the line people failed to warn me that I might need to acquire a six-number lottery win prior to an attempt to exist in Chamonix.

All that aside, and with my depressingly small one-man tent hitched up in a small campsite in Argentiere, I was actually living the dream, and I spent three days in ecstatic and enraptured exhilaration over this bucolic, snow-capped panorama. To top it off nicely (and no, lamentably it wasn't an ascent of Mont Blanc), my fellow Convillers were all under the age of 30! That's when I faltered over the thin line that distinguished dream from reality – when there was a distinctly abridged age gap between myself and other climbers and mountaineers – it was a fairly foreign experience in itself, and one far removed from Aylesbury Climbing Club....!

In all seriousness, the guides were fantastic – patient, exceptionally informative, and even capable of a bit of youthful banter from time to time. After a day of crampon and ice axe familiarisation and a bit of altitude acclimatisation, I managed to overcome the fact that I felt like a clinically obese couch potato struggling to put one foot in front of the other without having a heart attack or an aneurysm, and realised that altitude actually is quite debilitating and that my arteries weren't actually crammed full of cholesterol-laden cheese purchased in a predictably extortionate deli in Chamonix.

An eight hour ridge climb the next day reassured me of my partial capabilities, but with archaic plastic mountaineering boots hindering my progress, my capabilities were marginally less than capable. These boots served a priceless purpose, as it happened – they were commented on by no other than Kenton Cool,



Aiguilles du Chardonet, Kilpin and Argentiere

mountaineering record breaker, eight-times Everest summiteer, owner and founder of Dream Guides mountaineering company, and personal guide to Ralph Fiennes up Everest and the North Face of the Eiger. Win.

A mild traverse of the Vallee Blanche from France to Italy was another day exceptionally well-spent, and I only baulked at the horrifyingly narrow knife-edge ridge plummeting steeply down from the Aiguille du Midi, whereupon I expeditiously learned the insolent and loutish manner of French guides. An altercation descended into a little bit of insult-sparring as we cautiously teetered along, but we had the self-righteous upper hand when we promptly overtook the guide, trying with very little effort to conceal our one-fingered fists as we smugly sauntered past. A few substantial crevasses and some nearby serac falls later, and we topped out in Italy, much to the astonishment and apparent admiration of a number of Italian men, who seemed to be under the impression that three females surely could not have traversed the glacier from France without the valiant and indomitable assistance of a burly man (or rude French guide). Again, smugness became us, and we chose to blindly disregard the flippant requests to 'take it all off' while attempting to remove crampons and uncoil ourselves from ropes – sexism, even at 3,000 or so metres! At least we knew we must definitely be in Italy...

Although fierce storms ravaged my tenuously-weather-proof tent most evenings, the weather was fairly favourable, and on the fourth day, we were metaphorically mugged by yet another ski-lift as we ascended to the Albert Premier hut, where I rapidly discovered that mountain huts don't really cater to palatable tastes, let alone vegetarians. There was more 'stuff' than 'food' in the foodstuffs. My only respite was the view – watching the sunset cast its amber hue over the aggressive, gnarly monstrosity of the Tour glacier was unforgettable. Unfortunately, so was the sour experience of sharing an alpine bunk with approximately 20 sweaty, snoring men that night, where sleep was an unattainable distant concept and definitive discomfort an explicit certainty.

Arising at 4am, myself and a mass of other sleepy-eyed summit-hopefuls forced down some stale brioche and cups of tea disturbingly akin to the stain marks adorning the 'hole in the ground' toilets, which imbued such a pungent ammonia-heavy aroma that it was enough to virtually knock you unconscious. Geared up and with headtorches in place, we trudged out en-masse, and somehow, my all-female group of three had earned the trailblazing head of the crowd and had steamed ahead to the lead. As we trudged up the glacier followed by a snaking stream of head torches bearing remarkable resemblance to fairy lights, I couldn't help but savour every flavour of this incredible experience which I had only previously read in accounts by intrepid explorers and mountaineering idols.

After a strenuous four hours of ascent, we climbed the final rocky ridge to the summit of the Aiguille du Tour and were faced with a staggering vista of mountain tops towering proudly over a smooth and densely blanketed cloud inversion; the epitome of Alpine perfection. Bearing witness to the sun rising over the austere majesty of the Matterhorn, inhaling the crisp salubrious air at 3,400m, it was easy to appreciate how this elixir-like sensation becomes a hardened addiction, a rigorous pursuit of the next adrenaline-fuelled challenge at the very pinnacle of human experience.



Although such an ascent was of undeniably modest proportion to the worldly greats, precisely the same undertones lie intrinsic to the mountaineering sentiment. What was before a yearning desire to experience greater elevations and a more serious mountain challenges, had now become a dangerous, unbridled compulsion that required assuaging only through further exposure. The resulting quandary now is that such an appetite is insatiable, and the necessity to continually step deeper into the precarious empire of the mountaineering junkie is a formidable inevitability that may never be fully evaded or resolved.

With less than 12 months of climbing and mountaineering under my harness, the course and the subsequent days spent in Chamonix were pretty mind-blowing. Aware that this is all relative, and that the club has boasted some fairly hardened mountaineers in its time, for a tenderfoot newbie such as myself it was an opportunity that I couldn't imagine indulging in without a very prolific savings account so see me through.

I don't want to sound like a preacher, but I would urge any young person to hurl themselves at the Conville Course application process, as it provided a gateway to my dreams that was previously locked and barred with the key thrown into crevasse-shaped oblivion. I simply have to document my appreciation and commendation of Plas-y-Brenin for bestowing me with this experience, despite the fact that the age restriction renders it largely irrelevant to the prevailing part of club members and avid newsletter readers.... (does she mean us? - ed.)

On a more earnest note, young people can gain valuable mountaineering skills in the hope of avoiding ignorant and imprudent mistakes rising out of inexperience, and that is a notion that really is incalculable. While I may be hasty to avoid a mountain dilemma, I've now securely fallen into a mountain dilemma of another dimension. The experience taught me a monumental amount, but it has also instilled me with a monumentally turbulent fervour to stretch my experiences, to encompass more altitude, more challenges, and ultimately, more danger.

On behalf of the author, the editor would like to apologise to the readership for the blatant ageist comments directed at your good selves.



LANDS END TO JOHN O'GROATS

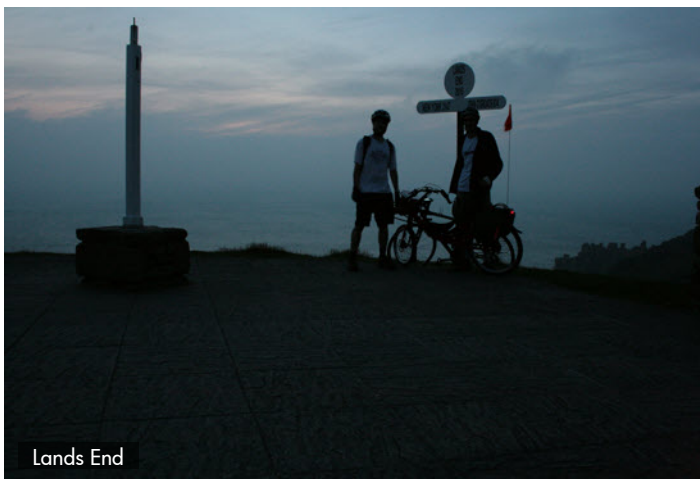
RICHARD ANDREWS SITS BACK TO GO END TO END



A recumbent bike is like Marmite – people either love it or hate it! The teenage girl in Perth who ran across the road hoping for a ride, clearly loved it. Some others of her age whom I met further South, were less complimentary! It may be unusual, and slow up hills (or was that because the pedals were not being pushed hard enough?), but it is certainly comfortable. In 16 days of cycling, my son Jon and I covered over 1,000 miles. As a bonus to the mainland route, we had planned to treat ourselves to a “lazy day” in the Orkney Isles, if we arrived at John O’Groats in time, but more about that later.

Those of you who are familiar with my level of preparation for trips will not be surprised that apart from having booked the train journeys and knowing the start point and destination, we pretty much planned the rest of it as we went along, with the aid of an iPhone. There are a plethora of routes; from the ‘fast’ route which sticks to the main roads, to one that takes in the most southerly, easterly, westerly and northerly points as well (1,300miles). Our route was somewhere in between.

It takes the best part of two days to travel back from the north of Scotland by train, so to ensure we had a full fortnight for cycling, we took the train to Penzance on a Friday afternoon. The plan being to cycle out to Land’s End, arrive by sunset then cycle back to Helston, where we had a Premier Inn (24 hr check in) booked. Jon had had a puncture on the way to the station and had not had time to repair it, so we started at Penzance by repairing the first of several punctures. What with the train having been delayed and the puncture repair, we did not reach Land’s End until the last vestiges of daylight were rapidly sinking into the sea, aided no doubt by the easterly wind. Anyhow at least the signpost was not manned and so we took our pictures for free!



Lands End

The wind was noticeable but nothing like what we were to encounter later. Also the winding route of the A30 provided intermittent shelter. A quick stop in Penzance for a pasty then onwards with fluorescent jackets flapping in the night breeze, illuminated by the occasional passing car, we arrived in Helton at about 11:30pm. It took a while to convince the receptionist that we had a reservation as it was in the name of Richard Richards! We appreciated the ‘eat as much as you like’ breakfast the next morning, which we devoured before heading south to Lizard Point. As we had left our luggage at Helston, the trip

to Lizard was quite easy going (oh apart from another puncture for Jon). Helston to Liskeard was straightforward in good weather, down into every town, across a river and up the other side (this was to become a recurring theme of the holiday). By the time we arrived in Liskeard, only one eating establishment was open, so Indian it was – very good food actually. The next day was one we had not been looking forward to as our route crossed Exmoor (3,600ft of ascent in the day). Although it was a slog getting up onto the moor (yes once again, against a headwind), it was easier than we had expected. Jon cycled all the hills but I got off for a 1:5 ascent just outside Mortonhamstead. Although we had both pared down the weight of our luggage (mine was 7kg including the weight of the panniers), it is noticeable how much difference it made. We stayed with my sister in Exeter and she rode with us a few miles the following morning to get us on the right road out of town and set us on our way to the most welcome Somerset Flats. Not only did the terrain become flatter, the sky became darker and wetter. The initial pleasant cooling droplets became more and more persistent until we were soaked through. One of the worst parts of the whole journey was cycling into Bristol up hills on the busy A38 in rush hour in the pouring rain. We stayed at an excellent B&B just outside Bristol, where we thoroughly dried out. The next morning Jon picked a lovely route that led gradually uphill through a park to bring us out at Clifton, whereupon we cycled across the bridge which Brunel designed when he was only 24 years old. It was then a ‘shortcut’ through the backstreets of Bristol (recumbents are not good for shortcuts!), anyhow we joined the A38 heading north to cross the M4, then headed onto minor roads.

We had arranged to stay with one of Jon’s friends in Cheltenham, which gave us a relatively short day. But what we gained in miles, we made up for in elevation. Just after Stroud we fitted in a scenic detour (scenic = top of hill, hmmm). We cruised into Cheltenham in rush hour, but the traffic was not bad and the weather was fine. The following day, one of my work colleagues had arranged to cycle with us for the day. We liked Cheltenham so much that we did two circuits of the one way system, before heading north, skirting around the western enclaves of Brum. Andrew left us a few miles south of Ironbridge as he had to catch a train back from Telford to Cheltenham, then drive home. Jon and I dropped in to the Ironbridge gorge, and sitting by the famous bridge in the evening sunlight, set about arranging accommodation for the night, some 30 miles further north. Once we got out of the gorge, we fairly flew along for many miles (there must have been a following wind!). Our accommodation was in rural setting and it was well dark by the time we turned off on the single track road for the last few miles. Just out of Exeter, where roadside hedges were being cut, I picked up a thorn in my tyre. It was pretty well embedded so we left well alone. Well 150 miles or so later in pitch black, it suddenly deflated a mile or so from the B&B. The owner very kindly collected me and the bike in his van.

We were now headed on towards the industrialised belt that stretches from the Manchester ship canal at Warrington up through Wigan, Chorley and finally Blackburn. We had intended to head up through the Cathills via Kirby Stephen but we had not been able to get any accommodation in Clitheroe (and if I am honest, I think I balked at the hills) so instead we opted for the flatter A6 up to Kendal and then Shap. On Shap summit, Jon who had arrived first, was on the far

side of the road, I cycled past having not seen him because of the thick mist. Some other cyclists managed to reunite us. The weather improved once we started the descent towards Penrith from where it was reasonably flat to Carlisle. A lovely sunset I recall. This was our longest day at 99 miles. It must have been a Friday or Saturday as the police were out in full force in the town centre, expecting trouble later that night. That evening we allowed ourselves to be optimistic about success. Halfway there having gained a day on our (very approximate) schedule - that's good we thought, it will be all downhill from here. Well actually it is mostly uphill from there and virtually all the rest of the route was against headwinds!

Even before we could see the 'Welcome to Scotland' signs, the wind had picked up and was a constant feature for the next week.

We crossed the country to Edinburgh, stopped on the Forth road bridge to have our picture taken, then on to Perth for the night. Breakfast at McDonalds the following morning did not put me in the best of moods, but provided some sustenance to keep the pedals turning. Jon had established that alongside much of the A9 is a cycle route, which in most places is excellent, it is either minor roads or old sections of the A9, which are now solely for cycle use. Well stoked up by a good (and expensive) lunch in Pitlochry we headed on to the Cairngorms. The cycle routes were generally excellent, although around Drumochter Summit (460 m) the tracks are mostly footpath width with numerous footbridges. We each had trouble in different ways; Jon on a racing bike with thin tyres and me on a recumbent with steering not suited to sharp bends. The gravel tracks had taken their toll on Jon's tyres. After repairing two punctures, his tyre ripped just as we arrived in Newtonmore for the night. A truckers' stop gave us a good wholesome evening meal. Fortunately there was a bike shop in town which stocked the right size tyre. Looking back, this was probably the day that Jon's frame broke, one of the struts having failed on the rear triangle - carbon fibre evidently not up to off-roading!

We were by now getting used to the ascents, sometimes in the rain, sometimes not. Despite the rain, it had not been cold, until ... coming down from Slochd summit there was a sudden storm with driving freezing rain. We saw one bike abandoned, the cyclist having hidden themselves in some shrubs for protection against the elements. We alternated between hiding and going slowly downhill as we figured it must get better lower down. It did. The sun came out, but Jon had another puncture to repair - with numb fingers. At Inverness we thawed out over a three course lunch. We had intended to take the ferry from Cromarty on the Black Isle across the Cromarty Firth but fortunately found out in time that the ferry had broken down, so stuck to the A9 and took the bridge across the firth. That night we stayed in Invergordon, with an oil rig lit up like a Christmas tree moored in the shallows.

From here on the route finding was easy - follow the A9 - it was the hills that surprised us. The views were quite different but the topography was similar to Devon; down a steep hill into a town (don't blink or you will miss it), across a bridge, try to maintain as much speed as possible to get up the hill on the other side. The ascent out of Helsmdale was a corker, the land to the north of Helsmdale is much higher than to the South, which added a surprise element to the torture! Anyhow once on the summit, I recall it was reasonably flat for the rest of the day. We stayed somewhere south of Wick (Lybster) in a B&B with a bathroom larger than our lounge! By then we were about 30 miles from John O'Groats, which we reached about noon the following day. The easterly wind strengthened once we were out of Wick and heading north along the coast. Fortunately the terrain rewards the cyclist with a gentle incline down into John O'Groats. We had made it! We just managed to stand upright

against the wind to have our photo taken. Our target of spending a day in the Orkneys could be achieved!

The passenger ferry from J O'G to Burwick was closed but the car ferry would be leaving from Gills in 30 mins. Gills is only about 5 miles from J O'G, but against a headwind it was hard work. Anyhow, we made the ferry and relaxed over a hot drink on the crossing to St. Margaret's Hope, where we had accommodation for the night. We could have taken the easy option and had a short day, but instead visited the Tomb of the Eagles; a Neolithic burial site. The wind behind us blew us along at 20mph without peddling - the return journey was harder!

The Orkney Isles comprises a group of, well, islands. During the Second World War causeways between the islands were built by 1300 Italian prisoners of war. There is a wonderful 'Italian Chapel' in a Nissen hut. Inside it is so still and quiet and the murals really make it look ornate. We only had 35 miles to ride from St Margaret's Hope to Stromness, but it took us all day. The only respite from the wind was riding uphill in the lee of the promontory. We were however, rewarded by a rainbow just outside the standing stones of Stromness. We celebrated with a slap-up meal that night before catching the ferry back to Thurso in the morning. Jon was not to be defeated and zipped up to Dunnet Head (the most northerly place on the mainland) whilst I stocked up on provisions for the train journey south. It was reassuring that it took a day and a half to get home by train and gave an opportunity to have a rest. I caught the last train from Marylebone on the Sunday evening just in time for a few hours in bed before work again on the Monday morning! It was a great holiday, really.

Was it worth doing? Definitely.

Would I do it again? Yes, but I would take longer to have more (some) time to look at places of interest.

The best bit? The end of the long days - cycling with the backdrop of a sunset. Also Ironbridge was relaxing.

The worst bit? The A38 going into Bristol in the rain.

Most enjoyable (and cheapest!) meal: Hot pasties at a tiny shop on Dartmoor.



The characteristic smile and wide legged stance of the successful long distance cyclist!

There's a bit of space left so what better to fill it than my favourite cycling related joke! (Ed)

"I've really had it with my dog," said the first guy to his neighbour.
"He'll chase anyone on a bicycle"
"Hmmm, that is a problem," said the neighbour. "What are you thinking of doing about it?"
"Guess the only answer is to confiscate his bike!"

Butterfly Collector

"On white horses let me ride away, to my world of dreams so far away..."

Diccon Proctor

Sometimes your plan all falls into place and you have a truly great climbing day...

"A Dream of White Horses" at Gogarth had been beckoning for a while but I always seemed to get sidetracked by the mountains. Finally with the forecast of yet another claggy mountain day, Barry and I took a chance and headed off to Anglesey. Showery rainclouds had long since gone and it was brightening nicely by the time we got to the car park. The approach romp across the rocky coastal heathland was not overly taxing. As you descend down grassy slopes to its lip Wen Zawn gives nothing away of what's in store. Dumping sacks at the top we scrambled down a seaward promontory to gain a vantage point looking back to the main cliff. Whooaahh!!! At first glance the quartzite Wen slab, shimmering in the sunlight, appears huge and holdless - one of those common optical illusions when looking at a route from a distance but worrying nonetheless. (The first butterflies appear).

We scrambled over the top to the far side and the abseil station. You can access the route at high tide from here and do it in three instead of four pitches but why spoil the fun. Disconcertingly you can't see the bottom of the cliff as there is a lip hiding the low tide stance (butterflies multiplying). You could reach the bottom in one go with 60m ropes. Possessing 50m ropes we did it in two sections, setting up a stance at the three-quarter point and leaving a bit of gear here to clip into on the way back up.

Its only then when you are sitting on a large block at the bottom ten feet above the sea with both ropes pulled through that you realise how committed you are. There's no walk out, swimming would unimaginably cold and hazardous, and climbing back out entails a route of at least HVS 4C. Gulp!! Tucked into a corner you can't see the main cliff due to that slight overhang at 40ft (Gulp again, butterflies swirling). The high speed ferry to Ireland nudges waves in your direction but luckily the swell and wind are both low. The sun was now out and things looked promising (butterflies settling).

Barry led off up a short slab, round an arête, over the original lip and out of sight. There's initially a choice of awkward moves to be made; either getting off the ground and established on the arête direct, or follow the slab and then a reachy step left to gain the arête shortly below the lip. Following on behind my confidence improved once past the lip as juggy holds sprung up all around These led to a rounded spike and semi-hanging belay. From here you get your first view of the whole of the slab; a massive and seemingly very steep expanse of rock.

The second pitch entails an increasingly delicate traverse out into the centre of the slab and towards the wide crack of "Wen". The gear



gets sparser, the footholds become matchbox sized, and the drop to the sea lengthens. The last 20ft is unprotectable with thin 5a moves. I'm aware of the pendulum potential and yet tantalisingly the chimney crack entices with the promise of a gear placement or two (isn't there? there must be! there'd better be!!). Do you turn back, do you lob off, do you carry on? You're committed and reversing the traverse moves isn't a great option (butterflies flocking). Keep going and reward! Another hanging belay, feet cramped but gear solid so no complaints. The long view back past Barry, anchored to his ledge, out to a wide panorama of sea and distant coast is stunning. The outlook above apparently leads to the overhanging top of the cliff (we are going the right way aren't we?)

Barry competently led the third pitch, a rising flake line with good gear. Then just before the slab steepens into the overhanging ground one or two awkward moves left lead round some bulges and drop down in to the second wide crack of "Concrete Chimney". 4c moves but nothing desperate so hopes rise fleetingly.

Wedged in the chimney, a bit above Barry, I cower as I peek over his shoulder to gasp at the sheer drop down to the sea and the arch over the mouth of the zawn. Surveying the improbable-looking final pitch my mind imagines it's heading into "E" territory; the way it crosses the top of this arch and runs below an overhanging wall over a series of corners and arêtes. It seems to lean right back, and there's got to be a sting in the tail (butterflies swarming). I don't really want to set off but retreating would be no easier either.

The first few moves are a delicate traverse using an undercling, (early gear, remember, early gear!). Steady, steady. I made it to the security of the first corner and the way ahead started to be revealed. There are in fact plenty of dividing cracks, giving reassuring protection and also footholds to bridge the corners and handholds to ease round the arêtes. Extra long extenders are essential to prevent drag, and gaining and losing a bit of height helps to weave across the broken ground. All at once the butterflies take to the air and I'm back relishing the movement and the challenge. What seemed impossible turns out to be the easiest pitch on the climb, mostly 4B but with added exposure!! A short jaggy groove to finish and you're there!

I almost got psyched out by its serious reputation and given a poor forecast or heavy seas I wouldn't "dream" of it (check out the photo of first ascent by Ed Drummond to see what it can be like). However it felt great to have overcome the difficulties and what's more with virtually nobody else there, no queuing, and warm in the sunshine. A pint in the pub and a banquet of a meal back in the hut care of Sue Barnes, and it's been quite a dream...



Committee News

Report of committee meeting on

Monday, 18th October 2010

Present: - Diccon, Nick, Sally, Paul, Jenny, Mick, Pete, Sue.

Apologies for absence: None

Meets: Diccon has published the latest list of agreed meets. He told the committee that the last two meets (September and October) made a loss.

Social Events:

Pete expressed his disappointment at the attendance at the dinner meet. He noted that a lot of hard work is involved in the organization of this event and it is a shame that it was not taken up by more club members. After some discussion it was suggested that it might be that members liked to separate their climbing weekends and social gatherings. One possible solution discussed was to combine it with the Xmas dinner in future.

2010 slide show to be held on 8th November at the Aylesbury Tennis Club. Nick will finalize the running order and either borrow or hire a projector. Pete will ask for four presentations of approximately 15 minutes each. It was decided to have a bring and buy table for members to buy and sell surplus items.

2010 Chiltern Chase – to be held on the 14th November with the same start as last year. Prizes to be awarded to the first man and first woman home. A prize will also be awarded to the person who gets most lost! Pete to approach Claire re awarding a prize and Nick to sort out route maps with Bob Lee.

2010 Xmas dinner confirmed for 4th December. And will be held at the Chequers Inn at Weston Turville, the cost being £20.00 for a three course meal.

2011 proposed dates: Spring Slide Show – 21st March – AGM -18th April – Chiltern Chase – 6th November

Membership: Latest figures show 76 full, 3 life and 9 junior members. A new version of the club emergency folder was passed to Sally for perusal and implementation.

Finance: Green Park payments are now up to date.

Newsletter Editor: The latest edition of the newsletter is ready for publication with some last minute updates to be included. Nick advised the meeting that work on the club website is continuing.

AOB: The formation of the BMC Clubs Committee was discussed and Sally agreed to attend their next meeting if she was available.

Pub Venue, Monday Evenings – After a discussion about where to meet and at what time after Monday climbing, it was agreed that Nick would post a questionnaire on the Yahoo website.

Green Park – for the last meet of the season, 25th October, Pete agreed to organise the provision of bacon butties.

Winter climbing walls – without mandating who climbs where it was agreed to suggest that the venues could be, Amersham Monday, Milton Keynes Tuesday or Wednesday and Brookes Thursday.

Club gilets – it was felt that they were not required at present.

Club calendar – Moira has confirmed that she will produce a 2011 calendar for the club if required. The decision was that it was wanted. Diccon to provide meets dates and Pete the social dates for inclusion.

Reg. Monks award - the committee was asked to give some thought for the next recipient for this award.

There being no further business, the meeting closed at 21.30

Next Meeting: - Tuesday 18th January, 2011

Report of committee meeting on

Tuesday 18th Jan 2011

Present: - Paul, Jenny, Sally, Diccon, Bob

Apologies for absence: - Sue, Pete, Nick

Paul welcomed Bob Lee to the committee, Bob having stepped in to replace Mick Barnes as secretary

Meets: The Dec and Jan meets had both been poorly attended. There was a discussion on the number of places we should book in huts, we may have to reduce these in future if we continue to get poor attendance.

The idea was discussed of assuming 80% hut occupancy and charging such that this will cover the full cost of the hut. If we get more than 80%, this leaves an excess that can be used to offset poorly attended meets. Diccon will try to book the Whillans hut at The Roaches for August 2011. We don't normally have an August meet, but the Whillans is a small hut, so should be suitable for a meet then.

Diccon is looking for venues in Sutherland for the Scottish meet in 2012 and was also considering using the Queens Jubilee weekend for this meet. He will put out an email to judge reaction to that idea. Easter was discussed and it was agreed that this will be camping at the Gower, Nicholson Farm campsite.

Social Events: In view of the poor attendance at the dinner meet in the last two years it was decided that for this year there would be no dinner meet. We will retain the family meet in its current form and retain the Xmas Dinner. The date for the Xmas dinner was set as Friday Dec 16. In view of the declining attendance at the Chiltern Chase over the last few years, Bob took the action to come up with an alternative to the current event that will attract more people

Membership: We have one new number which makes 77 full members, 3 life members and 9 children.

The issue of payment to the BMC was discussed at length, the issue being that the BMC membership year is Jan- Dec which doesn't line up with the club membership year. It was agreed that in future we will pay the BMC for the full membership as it stands in Dec, since we have had the money to pay this in subscriptions and few people join after Dec anyway since its close to the end of the club year.

Finance: Sue wasn't present to present the finances. There had been one member that owed the club for the dinner meet but they have paid up.

Newsletter: The committee congratulated Nick on the quality of the newsletter.

The website was discussed at some length, if its OK with Nick, Bob will ask Terry Sambrooks (ex member) to quote on doing a website for us

AOB: Sally had attended the BMC Clubs Committee meeting and met with Tony Williams, the London and SE rep

Pub meeting time, an attempt to bring this forward seems to have failed, so continue as is.

Bob has booked Green Park for 2011, fees look like they will be the same as last year. Pete was thanked for the bacon buttie evening.

Climbing walls –Milton Keynes seems to have taken over from Amersham, so most people are going there or Oxford Brooks.

Calendar –the committee gave a vote of thanks to Moira for this. The Reg Monks award went to Alan Wilkinson

Amy Kilpin has offered to be social secretary next year since Pete is standing down.

Pete Anderson has offered to be treasurer next year as long as he doesn't have to be in the pub on Monday nights to collect the money.

AGM- this will be 18th April – Bob to check the dates for the call for nominations and notification

Next Meeting: set for 8 March, 8.00 PM

The meeting after that was set for May 17th.

trip reports

5th-7th November 2010 Rydd Ddu, North Wales

Martyn, JacquieV, Paul, Fiona, JackieN, Bob, Jo (Bob's niece), Phil, Kay, Barry, Sally, Nick, John E, Alex, Mike P, Alan, Mel, Raymond, Mick B, Richard and Val

Excellent weekend with a mass attack on the Nantlle Ridge from various directions on the Saturday with Jac's party returning to the hut in the dark slight wet. Sunday dawned with blue skies and snow on Snowdon. Walkers went off in the direction of Snowdon and Moel Hebog. A small ginger cat summited Moel Hebog ahead of Mick, Bob, Jo, Jon, Mike and Alan where the tuna sandwiches were consumed (a link maybe?). Nick, Sally, Kay and Barry went to Tremadog and had an excellent warm November ascent of Creag Dhu Wall (HS4b).

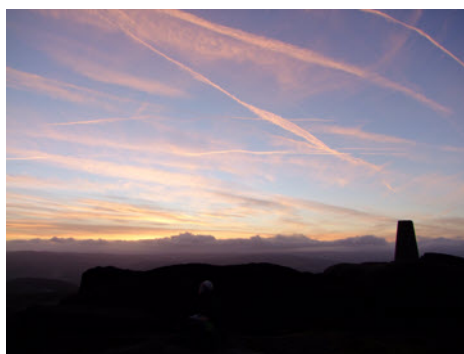


"What do you mean 'I think I dropped your friend down the back of the flake'"
Classic Tremadog winter sunshine. Nick and Sally on the 2nd pitch of Creag Dhu Wall.
(Photo - Barry Wright)

2010/12/11 Bamford Bunkhouse, Peak District

Sally, Nick H., Kay, Barry, Amy, Bob, Mick, Bill, Paul T., Jenny, Nick L., Mel, Maryke, Ray, Pete A., and Jon and Alan eventually.

On the Saturday Bob, Mick and Bill took the train to work! Walked back to the hut from Edale station via Ringing Roger, the southern edges of Kinder and Win Hill. There was very little snow left, but it was an excellent walk in the sunshine. Sally, Nick H., Kay, Barry, Amy, Pete A. and Nick L. all headed out in various cars to rendezvous at Burbage for a bit of climbing. Due to the snow on the roads we all ended up at different car parks. Pete A and Nick L. ended up at Birchen Edge and climbed eight routes. Sally and Nick H. parked at Stanage Popular End and walked to Burbage where they met up with Kay, Barry and Amy. Together we all walked across Higgarr Tor, Owlter Tor, past Millstone and Lawrencefield, up Padley gorge to Longshaw National Trust tea shop (cream tea!) then back across to Burbage. Paul T. and Ian T. climbed Covent Garden at Millstone. Jenny, Mel, Ray and Maryke walked in the dales east of Buxton, Starting from a car park near Cheedale they followed an icy path along the river to the Monsal Trail. A blocked tunnel forced them back down to the River Wye, over very muddy paths, stepping stones and slippery bridges. The dale opened up and they found some benches at a station for a lunch stop. They carried on back over the top of the dales, through the sleepy village of Wormhill with it's narrow stiles (unsuitable for the local pub landlady!), past amazing moss covered cemetery walls and finishing on slippery ice in the half dark back near the car. A good walk with great views and a pretty decent day. Sunday involved a mass assault on Birchen Edge with many old favourites being repeated and Julian demonstrating a novel method of wearing one's climbing harness. Highlights for the weekend for Jon, Alan and Phil included: Fri 21:30 M1 Jon's car ceases propelling passengers peakwards and takes up stationary position on hard shoulder; Fri 23:30 Trowell services loses it's allure, Burger King was a mistake; Sat 00:10 very nice RAC man turns up with big truck; Sat 02:30 Berkhamstead. Phil and Alan unload their kit. Alan kips at Phil's. Very, very nice man drives Jon back to Bushey; Sat 12:15 Alan drives



Stanage Winter Sunset (photo Nick Haine)

to Jon's; Sat 18:10 Jon and Alan arrive at Bamford a mere 22.75 hours late.

14th-16th January 2011 Dunmail Raise, Lake District

Jon Erwood, Nick Haine, Max Ingham-Johnson, Amy Kilpin, Kay King, Paul Turton, Jenny Walker, Sally Woodbridge, Barry Wright

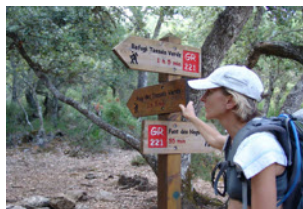


Yet another wet weekend at Dunmail Raise!
(Photo - Barry Wright)

No-one got out of bed particularly early and the main amusement of the morning consisted of different people opening the kitchen door, looking at the sheets of rain, swearing and then shutting the door again. Nick and Sally eventually ventured into Keswick but were back at the hut by lunchtime. Paul, Jenny, Kay, Barry and Amy left in two cars, leaving one in Ambleside and taking the other to the ferry in Windermere. All suitably dressed head to toe in water repellent clothing they walked back up the side of the lake to Ambleside, passing Wray Castle and Church. Footpaths were abandoned on more than one occasion as they were completely submerged under the fast flowing water. Highlights included Jenny and Paul driving all the way round the pay and display car park attempting to buy a ticket, Paul wanting to go to the Ruffy Tufty children's playgroup, Barry's wet bum, Kay's leadership skills, Amy's moaning about the rain, Jenny saying hello to every single dog en route, and the ultimate - sandwiches and a couple of pints in the pub in Ambleside. Bob and Jon completed a very wet walk from Rydal to the hut. On Sunday Nick, Sally and Amy had a mooch round Cathedral quarry and Kay and Barry found some better weather round the back side of Blencathra.

The 5 Minute Interview

Fiona Broadbent



How did you become interested in the outdoors.....

My dad. He was a great walker and took me out every Sunday afternoon from a tiny age. He had some mini golf clubs made for me but that didn't quite work out so we stuck to walking! I have always loved being outdoors - horse riding, sailing, kayaking etc but didn't get into mountain walking until about 2004. It started with the Brecons and went from there!

I am currently planning.....

What to do with a weeks spare holiday in Feb/March. I fancy somewhere warm – with long, mountainous walks. Probably somewhere in Spain – which I really love.

Top tip for a painfree holiday.....

Go with a friend who is bossier and more competent! I have a German friend named Truddi. She tells me exactly what we are doing and when, and she's extremely good at planning. That lets me off the hook which I find strangely relaxing. Only for a short time though!

My best day out was and why ?

Paul and I left Soller in Mallorca to walk to a mountain hostel on the GR14. It was so boiling hot, there were no other walkers around. We walked all day, enjoying amazing views until we eventually reached the hostel – to find there was no one else staying there – we had a beautiful hotel in the mountains all to ourselves – with our own cook! The best bit was we thought they didn't allow alcohol – but the hostel warden fished out the coldest beers from his fridge and we sat and drank them under the fig trees, Bliss!

I also love that post-adrenalin feeling of having survived some near disaster of which there have been a few.

Which piece of kit is your "used and abused" ?

Without doubt. Mountain Hardware monkey jacket – brought half price on my first trip to Scotland (Cairngorms) with the club. It was always a bit small – so now I've bought another one half price in black which is a bit big! – one day maybe Ill save up for one that fits. I love them – they are very light and extremely warm and cosy.

With £200 to spend and a long weekend I would.....

Ah well – that depends how I'm feeling at the time! and the time of year.

Could be..

- (a) A linear walk, camping on route in the mountains, waking up to utter peace
- (b) One night in a luxury country hotel in the Cotswolds with easy walks, big baths and log fires.
- (c) A train journey – the Sleeper to Fort William – nip up Ben Nevis via the arête, nice B&B and home the next day!

In a nutshell my philosophy is....

I've never had one – until this year...My sister bought me a Tibetan silver locket for my birthday. And inside is a mantra for me , plus another one I decided to add – but that would be telling!

Climbing Walls



Various members of the club climb at local climbing walls on weekday evenings.

On Thursdays a regular group can be found at Oxford Brookes although lately it has apparently been very busy. Club members are also visiting Milton Keynes on Wednesday evenings, although this has yet to become a regular arrangement. If you are interested in joining us then post a message on the Yahoo group to find out who's going where. Climbing at Green Park will start on the 28th March.

Kit Bargains & Club Discounts

Cotswold

(www.cotswoldoutdoor.co.uk)



Use your club membership card for 15% discount. The card is registered under the club chairman's name (Paul Turton).

The Outdoor Shop, Stony Stratford, Nr Milton Keynes

(www.theoutdoorshop.com)



Your club card entitles you to around 20% off the SRP of anything in the shop. Sometimes the discount might even be better – it depends what price our buyer managed to beat the suppliers down to (he's a Yorkshireman). Either come into the shop and wave your ACC card around or register online with a follow-up email to paul@theoutdoorshop.com saying you're an ACC member (he has a list of current members so you don't need to faff around emailing or faxing any other documentation). If you need any kit we don't have in stock and we deal with the supplier concerned, get in contact and we may be able to get it in for you.

Sally

Casa Xérragua



A place to rent in Northern Spain

www.casaxerragua.eu



Casa Xerragua is a village house in the Redes Natural Park in Asturias. It was converted from a barn in the early 1990's and lies at the beginning of the Ruta del Alba, a popular and beautiful walk through the Alba gorge.

- 3 bedrooms
2 twin rooms, 1 double room
- 2 bathrooms
- Fully equipped kitchen, including washing machine
- Sitting room/dining area
- Outside terrace
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- Storeroom with bicycles for your use
- Large attic
- £62/day or £356/Week
- 70 minutes from Asturias airport



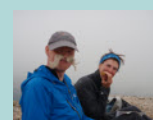
Rental is available to club members only

For More information contact Petra or Rob Brown
01442 827681,
petrabrown@ntlworld.com



Caption Competition

Following the outstanding response to the competition in the last newsletter I thought we'd give it another go so please see what you can come up with for this topical picture. Please send printable suggestions to nick.haine@talktalk.net. The best suggestion will win a North Face Sigg bottle!



"Nick takes drastic measures to fit in with the club demographic" Nick Haine



"Beware the bogey man" Diccon Proctor

"Blooming Eck" Diccon Proctor

Recycling on Meets



Many of the huts that we visit do not have refuse collections and therefore we have to remove any rubbish generated during our stay which over a weekend can amount to a considerable quantity. It's not, however, just about convenience and as a group of people who have a common interest in the wild natural environment then we should have a greater awareness of our environmental impact. If a hut does not have dedicated recycling facilities then it would be good if all club members would take responsibility for their own recyclables. If you had room to bring it then you should have room to take it home! This applies to **glass bottles, steel and aluminium cans, plastics and cardboard.**

Feedback?

The editor and committee are very keen to receive comments feedback and ideas regarding all aspects of club activities. It would help us to run the club in the way that suits you if we are made aware of any views, gripes and groans.

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Secretary	Bob Lee	01296 651308
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Treasurer	Sue Templar	01296 630513
Social	Pete Templar	01296 630513
Communications	Nick Haine	01525 385810

Newsletter Contributions

Please send all newsletter contributions (news, articles, meet reports, reviews, photos etc..) to nick.haine@talktalk.net.

Can accept most formats, including legible hand writing. If sending photos please do not place in a word document. Please do your best to check spellings, especially of route or place names.

The views expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual authors and do not represent the views or ethos of the editor, the committee or the Aylesbury Climbing Club as a whole.