



Cambridge University

Hillwalking Club

2009 - 2010

High Society

Front Cover

Spelling it out, Bow Fell, Seathwaite, New Year Trip 2010

Dave Farrow

Back Cover

What it should be like..., High House, Seathwaite Bunkhouse, New Year Trip 2010
Wearily returning after some long days, Arolla, Alps Trip 2010

Doug Hull

Dave Farrow

Editorial

Welcome to the first issue of 'High Society'. The original club newsletter, named *WainWrite*, sadly stopped being published when emailing meant that pigeonholing the whole club was outdated. The idea was started for 'High Society' when four (Ex-)Presidents went for a walk. Obviously the youngest member present got the job of producing it, despite a lack of any artistic or grammatical skill.

We thought it might be nice to let duffers (ex-members), current members and prospective members know what the club is up to, both on official trips and unofficial events.

Bethan Gudgeon:
'I tend not to make sense
all the time maybe'

The first issue consists of a few articles about the club, a crossword and some other useful information, and the best quotes from the Unofficial Trip Report Books (these are mainly from Bethan). I've had to be very selective about the photos included, I was amazed at just how many good photos there are, and of how many different activities. The connection between them is CUHWC members on a CUHWC trip, looking very happy despite the snow or rain (or both) also in the photo.

I hope you all enjoy this copy of 'High Society', and that it will inspire you to get out to the wilderness to enjoy hillwalking and other activities.

Dave Farrow

Editor,
President 2009-2010

Dr Hickson: 'I need to get home before *Shameless* finishes'



Angletarn Pikes, Patterdale, Easter Term 2010 *Dave Farrow*

Contents

CUHWC—A Fresher's Perspective

Clare Mohan

Minibus Pike

Wilderness First Aid

Kirsty Brown

Winter Wonderland

Joe Hobbs

In search of 'High Society'

Michael Fordham

Letter to the Editor

Mountain Themed Crossword

Paul Cook

CUHWC – A Fresher’s Perspective (*Or: The View from A&E*)

Clare Rivers Mohan

The Cambridge Hill-Walking Club is an odd beast. Many members seem to have been born on ‘The Hill’, with walking boots and crampons attached. They stride about faster than ought to be humanly possible, talking about the time they did that trek that was 36 miles in one day, with no food, in a colossal thunderstorm, blindfold. This seems to be the accepted idea of a ‘normal’ walk. This took me slightly by surprise: I had always thought of myself as a seasoned hillwalker.

It is worth persevering with the hill-addicted madmen, because I can guarantee that by your third week in Cambridge you will be severely missing anything resembling even a mild slope, which is why I signed up for the Fresher’s Trip. The long bus journey out to the hills was just enough to wake us all up after the early start (I’d been foolish enough to also take up rowing in my first Michaelmas, so I was used to pre-dawn starts) and the walking was wonderful. However, it was on this, my first walk with the Club, that I began to spot the dangerous signs of mountain-addiction.



Swirral Edge, Patterdale, Easter Term 2010

Joe Hobbs

Be warned – paths are unnecessary for walking.

The best thing to do is to spot the nearest patch of marsh or bog, and walk straight across it. If you happen to come across a trig point, that’s okay, but getting as muddy as possible, and even (as one of us did) falling head first *into* the mud is the main aim, so it seems. Another word of warning: don’t go for walks with engineers – the “high” point of my first outing, apparently (not that I really noticed or cared...) was not actually the hills: it was, in fact, a dam. As far as I was concerned, it just looked like a big green slope, but what would I know? I’m only an English student.

I then failed to go on any other outings with the group until May. This was totally my fault – I’d made the foolish but amusing error of signing up for the Hillwalkers Discuss list, which now means that my inbox is about ten times the size of anyone else’s, because of the high volume of mountain-related emails I now receive. I had started to ignore any CUHWC emails in the subject line until I had an approaching essay deadline, which meant that I missed out the bulletins advertising upcoming walks – which was a shame. Eventually, having realised my mistake, I started carefully reading all emails from CUHWC, and discovered an upcoming day outing to The Roaches. I signed up, dusted the cobwebs off my boots, did them up tightly (watch this space...), and set off.

Simon Taylor, ‘I love the smell of MDF in the mornings’

The walk itself was lovely: it was originally (having *carefully* studied the map...) going to be 18 miles. What we thought was a third of the way round turned out to be half way round: the pub was only two hours away! ...no, two hours later, it was an hour and a half away. No, an hour and a half later, it was still half an hour away. We pressed on, in the gloriously overpowering sun, taking



Brown Knoll, Edale 2009

David Pettit

shortcuts that fizzled out and ignoring anything that resembled a sensible path.

Eventually, we reached the pub, and then the minivan. Naturally, being tired, and knowing that we were only returning to Cambridge, the land of the perfectly flat, I loosened my walking boots, believing that no harm could come of it.

Bethan Gudgeon,
holding a tent peg:
'How does this work?'

My second walk with the club ended, tragically, with my boots getting stuck together halfway down the road to college. There followed a mild head injury, a pissed-off paramedic, and a bizarre evening spent in A&E. I say evening; I'm stretching the definition. We (I was looked after by a very helpful hill-walker, who came with me and refused to let me carry anything in case I overbalanced again) were there until four in the morning... The following morning, while my college nurse kept popping up to my room to bring me *more* pillows (in the end I had more pillows in my bed than space for me) the Club President emailed me to check that I was okay, and that I hadn't been put off the club for life.

Thankfully, I haven't. As far as I'm concerned, and judging by the stories of some of the older club members, you don't stop being a fresher in the club until you've been airlifted to hospital from the middle of a walk. My end-of-walk, middle-of-the-road stumble was a poor excuse for an accident! Bring on year two.

Upcoming Club Trips

Edale: 17th Oct
Freshers' Day Trip
Come and find out what it's all about

Caseg Fraith: 29th -31st Oct
First Weekend Trip – find out what it's really like, with real mountains in Snowdonia.

Mystery Trip: 12-14th Nov
Not even I know where this is going. Come along to be surprised! Guaranteed to be fun (I'm told)

Coniston: 26th - 28th Nov
Lakes Trip to end the term on a high note.

Seathwaite: 6th - 12th Jan
Best Trip of the year – a must. The last few years have been fantastic.

Later trips on next page

Editor's Note: *I asked for a outside view, and I suppose I got it. Clare has yet to summon the courage to come on a weekend trip, where there is a greater variety of walks (and people). There has never been a serious accident (or air rescue) on a club trip, despite my best efforts. Also, the people that talk the loudest in the pub often go for the silliest walks on the hill...you can avoid them.*

Minibus Pike

Taken from 'Scrambles sometimes in Snowdonia, sometimes in The Lakes and sometimes elsewhere'

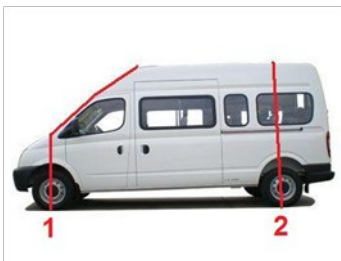
Check the orientation of your route on the day. Orientation changes regularly, and you may be able to get a helpful driver to re-orientate the bus to your liking. If the routes are damp, a quick blast down the motorway will help create a drying breeze.

1. Windscreen Slabs [Grade 1 ***]



Ascend initially using the front wheel. Beware of security of handholds – most are only cheap plastic and we wouldn't want to lose the wing mirrors. Move onto the bonnet and the rest of the ascent is on an easy slab. Keep to the arête for maximum scrambling challenge. This is the usual descent route for attempt at the other routes described here.

2. Side Direct [Grade 3 **]



Ascend initially onto the rear wheel, using the door rail as a hand-hold, and a dynamic move may be required to get a secure hand on the roof rail. Some smearing may be required from here on the steep, exposed face. Wait for a dry day! Descent by this route is not recommended.

3. Rear Direct [Grade 2 *]



Ascend onto the rear bumper. Follow the line of hinges up the arête for an exposed but enjoyable scramble. Beware of the rear lights. This is a challenging but doable descent route for the brave!

4. Traverse [Grade 2/3 ***]

Longest and most interesting route on the pike. Start at the bottom of windscreen slabs, traverse right or left to the rear vertical wall. Can be used as a circular continuous route, or combined

with rear direct and a descent by windscreen slabs for the full dinner stop experience. Normally grade 3 but reduces to grade 2 if the side windows are open.

Conservation

The sheet metal is fairly weak, and care should be taken not to dent or pierce it. You should also be aware of loose plastic stuck all over the bus. Due to previous damage, none of these routes should be used for dry-tooling – if you want to do that, find a caravan.

Access Issues

Minibus drivers have been known to attempt to put an end to this fun. The President usually likes to be seen to be discouraging of these activities, but usually doesn't make a serious attempt to stop them. It is likely the hire company will hold any climbers liable for damage they do to their minibus!

Upcoming Trips Cont

Earlier trips on previous page

Capel Curig: 28th - 30th Jan
Snowdonia, I'm hoping for some winter fun this weekend

Stair: 18th - 20th Feb
Lakes - walking between floors will help keep you fit. Don't stare too long if you didn't get that.

Swaledale: 4th-6th March
Yorkshire. Small but beautiful.

Pinnacle Club hut: 25th - 30th March
Easter Trip. Always great fun, and an amazing location

Aran Mountains: 13th-15th May
Don't be put off by the 'mountains'. They're hills really. And nice ones at that.

Ennerdale: 10th-12th June
The great after exams summer trip to the Lakes. Unmissable.

Dave Farrow: 'Joe and Amy are in the kitchen. They're washing Amy'

Websites

The more observant members will notice we have a brand new website thanks to Matthew, who is normally our Treasurer, but can do magic with computers as well as money it turns out.

www.cuhwc.org.uk

Don't be put off, we all have to sign up to the website in order to participate fully in the wiki type pages. This is stop the interesting links being put up by non members. Not that I ever looked.

Also, the duffers have a website, so for those of you that are old, or have sensibly moved closer to the hills, have a look at:

www.duffers.info.

There is also the duffers list – contact Michael Fordham to receive the infrequent mailing. That is no excuse to leave the main or discuss lists though. As usual in case you've forgotten, contacting the Membership Secretary (Kirsty) will get you on the main or discuss lists.

Fact: 'Minibuses travels
6.25metres to a battered
Mars bar

Jo Smith: 'Ice axes...can be
stuffed absolutely anywhere'



Tryfan, Snowdonia, Easter Trip 2010

Joe Hobbs



Selside Bunkhouse, Yorkshire Dales, Lent Term 2010

Jo Smith



Eel Tarn with Ulpha Fell in the distance, Eskdale, Lent Term 2010

David Pettit

Wilderness First Aid

Kirsty Brown



First Aid in action, Easter Term 2010

Seemingly minor first aid incidents can rapidly become very serious in a wilderness situation where there is exposure to the elements and no immediate access to hospital. Priorities change and first aid becomes a much more inventive process of 'making do' with what you do have with you. A group of Cambridge hillwalkers attended a two-day wilderness first aid course at the end of Easter term 2010, in order to learn effective first aid knowledge, procedures and skills for a 'wilderness' situation...

Thursday dawned bright and early (very early for those who had returned home at dawn from May Week festivities...) and a group of fresh (and not so fresh)-faced hillwalkers found themselves ready to begin the eagerly anticipated Wilderness First Aid Course. Introductions revealed the tremendous scope of participants' outdoor activities and the (rather limited) extent of prior wilderness first aid knowledge. Nevertheless, our trainer Louise was undaunted and optimistic. The day's proceedings got off to a fascinating start, with an abundance of acronyms and acrostics to guide us through the twists and turns of basic wilderness first aid knowledge. Theory was

complemented by practice throughout, with participants donning sunhats and shades to venture out into the 'wilderness' of Jesus College gardens for 'live' scenarios. Significant sleep-deprivation failed to manifest itself, even in unconscious casualties, and panic attacks were definitely energy-

Emma Fleetwood: 'We are such old men'



Eskdale, Lent Term 2010

Matthew Graham

abundant, whether triggered by trees, feathers or other unusual ‘phobias’. On Friday, participants progressed to broken bones, allergies, serious wounds and spinal injuries. Much was learned in the relaxed but conscientious atmosphere.

Overall, the course was a resounding success, teaching an enormous amount to all and much enjoyed. We greatly appreciated the knowledge and wisdom passed onto us by our brilliant trainer, Louise. But this appreciation became particularly real when a number of us found the need to apply our newly acquired skills less than a fortnight later, on an unofficial trip to the wild backwaters of the Norfolk Broads. It was a shock for some to see real blood in



Pinnacle Club hut (Snowdonia)

Jo Smith

place of stripy green and yellow gaffa tape, to the extent that one casualty almost became two... However, the situation was salvaged by the other capable wilderness first aiders, with the help of a positive group spirit (bordering on general amusement), some trusty latex gloves (unfortunately a pair which had already had an intimate acquaintance with Jesus’ gardens) and copious amounts of duct tape (note: in climates liable to see some sun –probably no need to worry about Scotland or the Lake District – choose SILVER rather than BLACK duct tape, in order to avoid burns). Within two more days, wilderness first aid experiences multiplied to include severe shock, high impact collisions (human on human...), phobias (of fish...?) and grievous burning of the tongue (surprisingly difficult to hold under running water for an entire minute...). I hasten to reassure readers that none of these injuries were incurred whilst actually hillwalking. However, it only goes to show that the skills learned in a Wilderness First Aid course can come in handy in almost any setting or situation.

Joe Hobbs: ‘You can have my Mum!’

Bethan Gudgeon: ‘Normally I’m talking so I’m not thinking’



Malverns Day Trip, Lent Term 2010

Tom Wright

Winter Wonderland

Joe Hobbs

As we (Joe, Rob and Doug) headed up the M6, it began to snow a bit. Not really proper snow, more sleet and slush, but more than enough to scare a southerner like me - I didn't realise this was only the beginning! We picked up Bethan on our way, and finally collected Matthew from Aviemore station before heading to the youth hostel. Unfortunately, despite Ben's best efforts to effect massive and rapid global warming flying from Cornwall, his flight was cancelled due to snow and he couldn't join us. As we left the A9, the sheer amount of snow that had fallen became apparent.

The next day we were up early, and dressed up nice'n'warm to brave the elements outside. Jon also joined us this morning. Our first task was to head back into Aviemore to hire crampons for the group. We then headed up into the Cairngorms and parked a little way from the funicular railway, near some ski-lifts. Here we learnt the first important lesson – make sure you can get your car to the mountain! Snow chains and a team of people to push can be invaluable!

Heading off into the hills, the problems we were going to face became apparent. The snow was waist deep (sometimes more), and extremely powdery, so wading, stumbling and swimming,



A'Bhuidheanach Bheag, Grampian Mountains, *Doug Hull*
Scotland, New Year 2010



Glyders, Yr Hafod Trip, Michaelmas 2009

Roger Brass



Route Planning, Eskdale Bunkhouse, Lent Term 2010 *Dave Farrow*

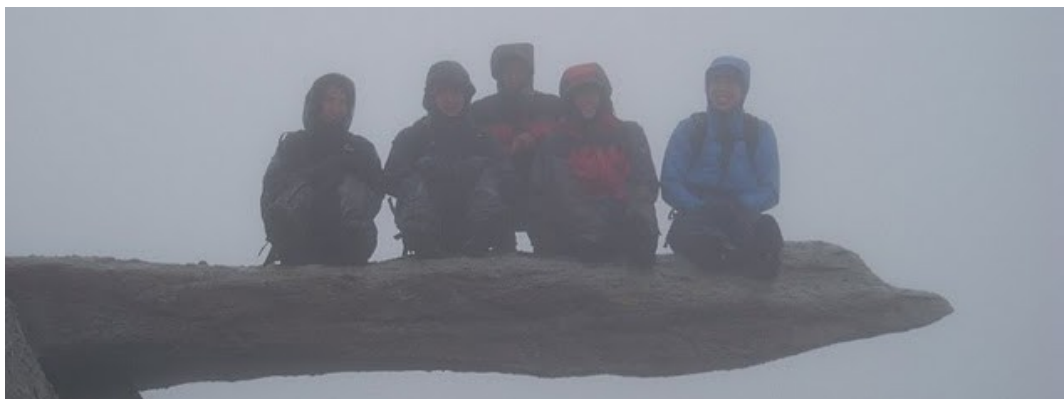
rather than walking, were the order of the day. We struggled on a few hundred metres, before stopping to start by looking at avalanche risks, and how to inspect the snow layers. This revealed that the snow was beautifully ready to avalanche, being composed of distinct layers of hard and soft snow – luckily we weren't on much of a slope yet! We also found that the harder layers could be carefully chopped from the snow to build with, which was taken as an invitation by the engineers in the group.

Once we'd had a good chance to play with building blocks, we moved on to find deeper snow, and have an attempt at building some emergency shelters. Given 20 minutes and an ice axe, we set to the snow to see if we could get ourselves 'sheltered' in that time. Soon there were 5 people digging frantically in the snow bank, vaguely like dogs after the bone they just know they buried somewhere! 20 minutes later, though, most of us had a hole we could just squeeze into, and did so happily. The fun didn't stop there – we then got hold of the instructor's snow shovels, and saw how much quicker it was to dig with a proper tool – soon tunnels and caverns were being built, and only the instructor stopped us developing an entire city buried in the snow.

Once we'd had a good chance to play with building blocks, we moved on to find deeper snow, and have an attempt at building some emergency shelters.

After this, we headed back for an evening in the youth hostel to drink tea and relax, before hitting the hills the second day. This time, we slogged through the snow to practice winter nav. It turns out that magnetic glove fingers don't help you use a compass, and deep snow makes pacing distances [*almost - ed.*] impossible! Despite the difficulties, we eventually reached the summit of Cairn Gorm, and the transmitter fetish of a certain group member was satisfied. We headed off Cairngorm still in a white-out, and after some further navigation, found ourselves back on the ski piste. Here, we attempted the task of learning ice axe arrests in deep powder. For those unacquainted with winter hill walking, the ice axe arrest is used when you have carelessly slipped on a patch of hard snow or ice, and find yourself hurtling downhill. When wading through the snow, the risk of this is small, if not non-existent. This may not sound like an immediate problem, but you can't practise stopping if you can't go anywhere in the first place! Help was at hand though when Jon pulled out his mini-sledges (why was he carrying them on a winter skills course?) and with a bit of work, a packed snow 'slide' was constructed. Like kids in a playground, we then proceeded to run up the slope and slide down many times, while attempting to stop each time. After accomplishing the ice axe arrest from a multitude of positions, we headed off the mountain and back to the hostel for a good rest after 2 days wading!

Oliver Knevitt: 'I can do a Donkey as well'



Glyder Fach, Snowdonia, Easter Trip 2010

Joe Hobbs

In Search of “High Society”

Michael Fordham

Megan sat down to write, and as always started with the date: 18th September 3735. Her thesis declared boldly in its introduction that she sought to uncover some of the most erudite and historically significant literature of an ancient language known as English. Her supervisor had pointed her towards an early 21st-century manuscript that had recently emerged, a scrap of paper that had once, it was believed, been the front cover of some kind of magazine or journal. All that survived were two words, forming a faded title.

HIGH SOCIETY

With a deep breath, Megan set to analysing these two words, hoping they might reveal something of what this journal might have contained.

“High” was a common word in the English language, and its meaning varied. High meant something of great verticality, stretching forth towards the sky. It might also have referred to a state of mind, one induced by a cocktail of hormones, narcotics and extreme religious experience. High also indicated precedence; something “high” was of greater importance than something “low”. A high king, or high court judge, suggested an individual who commanded the respect, loyalty and obedience of those less esteemed.

Megan was already having some idea of what this journal might contain. Clearly this journal was written by some of the most important people who lived in the early 21st century. They must also, she decided, have spent most of their time suffering from the effects of substance abuse, something that was believed to have been endemic in the period. Yet the reference to great verticality did not sit easily in this hypothesis, and so Megan pursued her research, desperate to shed some light on the problem. She turned to the second word: society.

A quick glance through her books revealed to Megan that a society was a complex phenomenon. One man, called Durkheim, had suggested that a society was more than the sum of its parts, transcending the individuals it contained. A group of people called phenomenologists had said a society was a complex system of human intersubjectivity. Megan found vague references to a shamanic cult from the late 20th century who were led by a mysterious witch called ‘Thatcher’ who claimed that society did not exist at all! It was all most perplexing.



Kirsty Brown: ‘Who wants to lick this?’

Jo Smith: ME!!!.....
what is it?

Caroline Hepburn, indignantly:
‘I know how to make bananas’



Angletarn Pikes, Patterdale, Easter Term 2010

Ruth Pettit

Then Megan chanced upon another reference: a society might consist of a group of like-minded individuals. This might be the clue! This journal must have been produced by a group of people, who had something in common. It was already clear to Megan that this group of people must have been very important, probably the rulers of that civilisation, and that they must have frequently been inebriated. But what was it that they had in common?

Then Megan glanced out of her window. She lived in a beautiful part of the country full of lakes

and valleys. Her room looked out over the largest lake, shrouded that evening in a blanket of mist. And, rising up above the lake, were mountains, rising and falling in a complex network of ridges that filled the horizon. At times, when work became too much, Megan would wander over those hills, finding that the air and the exercise refreshed her overworked mind.

And then, just as the clouds sometimes cleared on those hills to reveal a summit, Megan had an epiphany. These people, who wrote *High Society*, must have spent time in the mountains. *That* was the enigmatic reference to the vertical to which the title alluded. In a moment of academic frenzy, Megan picked up her pen, and scribbled furiously in her jotter:

“A thorough analysis of the title “High Society” reveals much about the strange people who produced this journal. They must, undoubtedly, have formed a pre-eminent social class, most likely ruling over their civilisation. It is not inconceivable that other, less prestigious, more rambling, folk looked upon them as deities fit for worship. It is also clear that these people spent much of their time under the influence of various narcotics, inducing a shared state of euphoria which, one may speculate, may have been associated with religious practice, or possibly entertainment. Yet what stands out is that these people must have had a love of mountains and hills, who liked nothing better than to wander over fell and dale, achieving in this a clarity of mind and perception that one might not expect from a civilisation so ancient. It is to be hoped that future archival research will bring to light further texts from “High Society”, for this will most certainly provide further elucidation on these matters.”

Megan laid her pen aside. She was certain that her supervisor would be impressed by her analysis: she might even get a publication out of it! With thought of her future academic career stretching out before her, Megan left her study, setting out for the hills, in the hope of finding the same sense of satisfaction that these people too must have found in the mountains.

Letters to the Editor

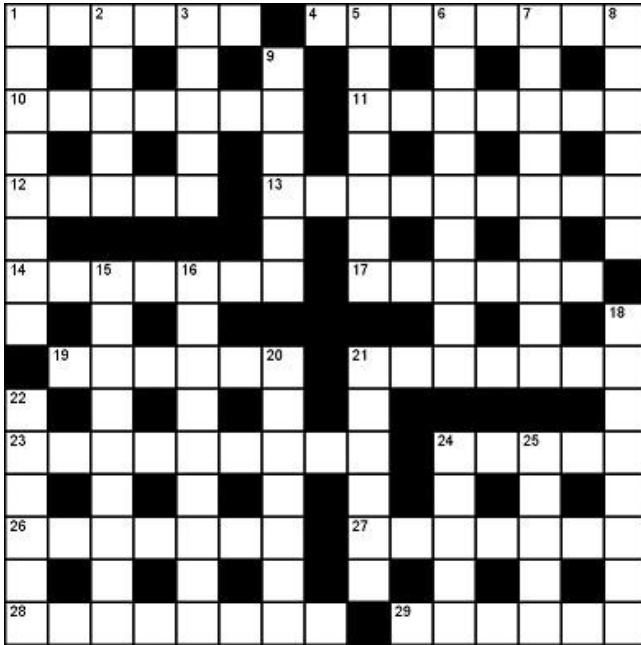
Why on earth are you naming the club journal after my atrociously bad waitressing agency? Have you all gone mad? I bet it was Mr Fordham’s idea wasn’t it? I shall have to have words...

Alison Beresford, Edinburgh

‘Hopefully Mr Fordham has made this issue clearer for you Alison. Michael, I wish you luck with your next encounter with Miss Beresford.’

Ed

Mountain-Themed Difficult Crossword April 2010



Punting, Cambridge, May week 2010

Ruth Pettit

Across

1. Where you might see Adam and Eve have a go at admirer (6)
4. Supermarket man puts herbal root in half of gammon (8)
10. This 'ere lady and I ramble (7)
11. Make better rascal ramble (7)
12. Oxygen suppliers threw front-to-back (5)
13. Can be taken roughly via a label (9)
14. TV's Jon with academic on top (7)
17. Pick your route up with this? (3-3)
19. Alp mob scramble with style (6)
21. Performer in part is terrible (7)
23. Remains in annexe and takes up post-prandial duty (7-2)
24. Within 300 miles, this capital has a 29,000ft peak (5)
26. Authorise part of tent – it leaks! (7)
27. Slopes or schools for beginners (7)
28. Anticipation of American writers in South-East (8)
29. Problem with shooting at night? (3-3)

Down

1. Eternal bliss finally after girl is in knots (8)
2. Summit near 14 could be angry! (1,4)
3. Mountain range including two compass directions (5)
5. Craft using A5 say? (7)
6. Record girl in outskirts of Ridgemont with protection from midges (9)
7. Mules may come in these colours finally to prepare garden fights (9)
8. Sibling's girls primarily navigating in expedition covering Everest's slopes (6)
9. Make holy order in road (6)
15. Put rings around very quiet places where you can camp high and low, for example (9)
16. Fair lady be lazy, we hear (9)
18. 10 to the 12 characters put blue coat and last of 20 into edges of 3 twice (8)
20. These people like collecting tops (7)
21. Join in beer from European summits (6)
22. Fools perhaps, get very little instead of A in SATs (6)
24. Order lager and stout (5)
25. Alien in 10m x 10m crib (5)



A'Bhuidheanach Bheag, Grampian Mountains, Scotland, New Year 2010

Dave Farrow

Tame trainee looking for nice novices

Most members in the club that participate in activities such as climbing and winter walking have had training at some time. I'm offering similar training for free in order to gain experience for outdoor qualifications. Anything from Winter Skills and basic rock climbing to the less adventurous activities of navigation and walking can be led and taught. Chat to Dave (dsf29) at any club event for more info.

Simon Williams: 'The greatest mystery is how you [Dave] got your ML'



Thanks

Contributors: Clare, Kirsty, Joe, Michael, Paul and the others

Photographers : Thanks for allowing me to use them all, and for taking them in the first place

Past Presidents: for the idea and thoughts at the initial stages

My summer job: for putting me in a house with no internet so I actually finished (and started) this

CUHWC: all members, for providing something great to write about, and some people to look at (and read?) it

