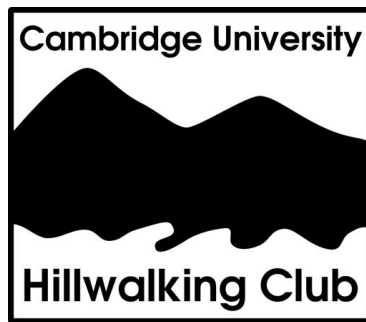


2010



2011



High Society

Issue 2: October 2011

Front cover: CUHWC on the Cantilever, Glyder Fach, Snowdonia, Easter 2011
(Dave Mackenzie)



Editorial

Jo Smith

It's a difficult job editing the second issue (even more difficult than apple-bobbing and then picking sweets out of a pile of flour with your mouth. Trust me, I know). Should one maintain continuity with the original, or take the opportunity of a lack of established protocol to change everything? I've tried to strike a balance: it's been a privilege to work on an almost-blank canvas, but, thankfully, not as daunting a task as starting entirely from scratch!

I was forced to examine my relationship with hillwalking and CUHWC in more detail than usual earlier this year, when (then Membership Secretary) Kirsty asked for volunteers to help with her dissertation research into the club. It soon became clear that both have played a big role in my life over the past three years. I was wondering how to put something of this into words here, but luckily Bethan has done the job for me, in a wonderful account of her time (so far) with the club. And you can also read more about Kirsty's study (and the results) in her own words.

Kirsty's questionnaire also partly inspired the 'Meet a Member' feature, and there is more hillwalker-analysis in an updated take on James Blake's 'Hillwalkers' Self-Analysis Questionnaire' and Michael Ashdown's 'What Type of Club Member Are You?'. Also in this issue, you will find a bagger's apology, a political discourse, and some tips for how to enjoy a night out under the stars (from someone who's been there and made the mistakes for you!). There are plenty of stunning photos to look at, a round-up of club news and upcoming trips, and of course the crossword.

Enjoy - and happy hillwalking for the year ahead!

Contents

- ❖ Getting my degree with CUHWC - **Bethan Gudgeon**
- ❖ Addiction: being a baggerholic- **Andrew Williamson**
- ❖ Ten top tips for a successful night bivvying - **Joe Hobbs**
- ❖ The many kinds of Hillwalker - **Mark Jackson**
- ❖ "So what exactly is your dissertation on again?!?": The first (and maybe last) dissertation written about CUHWC - **Kirsty Brown**
- ❖ Political Manifestos for the Cambridge University Hillwalking Club - **Michael Fordham**
- ❖ Meet a Member - **Chris Wade; Helen Phillips**
- ❖ Club news, the year in quotes & upcoming trips
- ❖ Letters
- ❖ **Mark Jackson's** Leaderboard
- ❖ Crossword - **cookie**





Getting my degree with CUHWC

Bethan Gudgeon

When I sat down to write this it was hard to decide where to start. Now I am finding it hard to choose the important bits because there is just so much to talk about!

It's hard to say when it began, but I suppose once I knew I had a place at Cambridge and started researching its societies, CUHWC had potential. I wanted to join an outdoor club of some description and get out of the city every now and again. So I knew what to look for at the Freshers' Fair, and I didn't have to search far because the outdoor clubs were just inside the door. However, I ended up with at least three societies with their Squash on Monday 13th October, and had to decide which one to go to... Hillwalking won - it did after all have cheese and biscuits!

I therefore turned up at Gonville & Caius at 7pm for the first (and still the biggest) Squash I went to. I sat in awe through the presentation: THIS was the club that I wanted to be a part of! The thought of having people the same age as me who liked walking was brilliant, and everybody seemed very nice and friendly. I couldn't wait to go on a trip, so I signed up for Edale as soon as I managed to get to the front of the queue. On my way over to the cheese and biscuits I spotted Jane, the other Cumbrian girl who I'd met earlier in Freshers' Week. We spoke for a while about the weird coincidence of meeting again and were soon talking to current Hillwalkers because Jane's brother and his girlfriend Emma were in third year. As the Squash became less squashy, Emma convinced us to sign up to the first Hillwalking formal at Newnham College. Upon leaving, we were very much looking forward to a trip out walking as well as the social side (the navigating would perhaps need some attention).

I went to basically every club lunch that term, met more current and new club members, and certainly enjoyed the plentiful food for only £1.50! When Edale came around, Jane and I went on the walk advertised as the "long, non-muddy one" by the tall brown-haired Safety Officer, rather than the VERY muddy walk with the very tall ginger Scottish guy. This turned out to be the biggest group and everyone seemed very keen, but at the final club event for those leaving after three years (the 2011 overnight punting), only Jane and I remained: the rest must have drifted off to other activities. I suppose this is what could have become of me if something hadn't kept drawing me back. Because something certainly was drawing me back - and I managed to squeeze a place on the first weekend trip to Snowdonia.

I met three other Freshers (including Matthew) on the minibus and we embarked on the weekend together, going along with the mad murder mystery game, cooking an amazing stir fry, singing the hilarious cow song, making a cow pumpkin and watching the wax factory, as well as doing some all-important hillwalking. The first day was an unsuccessful attempt of a snowy Snowdon horseshoe with the very tall ginger guy, known as Dave. But the second day, Dave and the tall brown-haired Safety Officer, Simon W,



decided I could go on a snowy scramble up Tryfan and Bristly Ridge to the Cantilever. That experience, putting snow, mountains and scrambling together to give me a break from a mad first term, left a lasting print on me.

I realised that Hillwalkers were definitely people I enjoyed spending time with in Cambridge too. With them I visited plenty of colleges and formals, went for bike rides, 'other walks', clubbing and pubbing - and they even kept me company in lectures. By the end of first year I had got myself winter boots and crampons, signed up for a mountaineering course in the Alps and had someone to discuss my choices for Natsci 2nd year with, among other things. The Alps were epic - there aren't too many other words for it. So much snow and such beautiful views - getting to the top of mountains here certainly was an incredible experience.

Returning to Cambridge with a year of CUHWC already under my belt made choosing what I wanted to do and who I wanted to spend time with a whole lot easier, though I did try CUMC's Freshers' meet. It was useful climbing experience and there were some nice people, but it also confirmed that too many people and things to choose between isn't always the best. So I continued through second year with the bulk of my social contact (much needed through the ups and downs of my degree) being CUHWC. There were formals, lunches, trips, unofficial trips, the Garden Party, overnight punting, canoeing and another Alps trip (with plenty of unforgettable times and a day I probably would rather forget). This was also the year I joined the Committee. Organising events was something other than work to concentrate on - and a big excuse to spend more time with Hillwalkers, obviously (especially the other half of the social secs, Jane).

Third and final year began after a trip to India and Nepal (including a trek in the Himalayas and a 5000m peak!), where another part of CUHWC happened for me: its ability to form couples... For a while in Michaelmas, club transport allowed much-needed visits to the north, so I was able at least to do some work some weeks, and the company of those in the CUHWC continued to be extremely important to me. Unofficial trips around Christmas were amazing, as was third year running of Seathwaite - even though this was the first year it rained and so a day or two was spent working in the bunkhouse. Lent term didn't bring many opportunities to escape to the hills but the one day at the end was well worth it, even if it was only to Shropshire. It was good to get away from both revision and my project on the Easter trip, spending time in fun company in sunny Snowdonia. And in the last term, final exams approached with the promise that afterwards would be full of 4 weekends in a row with CUHWC members: climbing, walking and partying. This, along with the support network I'd gained in the club, made the revision manageable.

Then the end came, and after the 4 weekends of CUHWC fun, I graduated. I had managed to get a degree, but not without help of all descriptions from CUHWC. I'm pretty sure that, without CUHWC, getting my degree would have been a somewhat different experience. I suppose there would have been other things in its place - but really, how is it possible to replace the mountain walking, scrambling and climbing experiences as well as the socials, formals and evenings on trips? Even more importantly, how would these three years have gone without the friendships gained through the club? From start to finish, CUHWC has been as much part of getting my degree as going to lectures and writing essays. I hope that I've managed to portray that to some extent with this article thing - and that although I haven't exactly got a reputation in the club for talking sense, it makes a little. Thank you to you all.



*Casey Fraith, Snowdonia:
Halloween trip 2010*



Addiction: being a baggerholic

Andrew Williamson

I'm addicted. I confess. I've finally managed to pluck up the courage to come out and say it. But I'm not addicted to cigarettes, alcohol or rollerblading – no, no, no; it's something much, much worse... I'm addicted to bagging.

Bagging, you ask..? What on Earth is bagging? This is a question I once asked myself, but that moment is now fading into distant memory. Addiction has well and truly set in and I'm sorry to say it. But, for those of you that haven't yet come across this so-called bagging, a simple Google search can provide some truly enlightening information. It tells us that bagging can mean any of the following: ventilating a patient with a bag-valve mask; a form of drug abuse akin to huffing and, perhaps the best; having lots of hot sex in one night... Well, bagging isn't any of them – no, it's more obscure and fun: it is the act of collecting peaks by visiting their summits, combined with some record (perhaps a mental one; more commonly, a tick list) of one's having visited these peaks.

Was I a born bagger? No, I wouldn't say I was. That said, when I discovered there was a list of summits in the Lake District that Alfred Wainwright (also AW) had come up with, I did have some crazy inherent desire to visit them all, ticking them off. Back then, I wasn't really an addict though. I would go along with my Dad, visiting the Wainwright summits and maybe making the odd contribution to route plans to maximise the day's bagging. Within weeks of learning of these things called Wainwrights, I'd created a huge A2-size poster to show the location of all of the Wainwrights; I'd cross them off on here when I'd been to them. Still, at that time, I had other more important things in my life than bagging. I only began to be doomed to a life of bagging when I discovered Munros. I'd heard from my Dad about Munro bagging when I was younger; however, it was only when the SMC Munros book—the Holy Grail of UK bagging lists—was given to me by a willing Uncle (yes, also a bagger) that I discovered the world-changing wonders of Munro bagging. If my bagging craving was bad before that, it was about to get a whole lot worse: I'd spend hours fingering the pages of this astounding book, poring over my Memory Map, covering it with blue routes for all of the walks that would be necessary to complete the Munros and creating a wondrous routes file, complete with laminated map printouts, for the next time I'd be able to visit the baggers' paradise that is Scotland. I even fashioned a complicated spreadsheet that would tell me about the extent and success of my bagging activities.

By the summer of 2010, I'd bagged all of the Wainwrights; yet, the Munros were still a work in progress. Enter CUHWC. While I may have been on the road to addiction before I joined, the speed at which I moved towards it increased inexorably when I was a CUHWC member, thanks to those meetings with the likes of Mark Jackson and David Pettit.



Castell y Gwynt on Glyder Fach (a Nuttall – who knew?)

I mean, I hadn't even heard of Nuttalls, Hewitts, Murdos and certainly not HuMPs. And even if I had have come across them, I'd probably have swiftly discounted them. The wise Mark told me that there are others out there like me and that one shouldn't be ashamed of being a bagger, whether one is addicted or not. It apparently becomes a whole lot easier when one accepts the truth. So, that's what I did...

I knew what I had to do next. Firstly, I had to decide which lists of hills I'd bag. Well, that

was easy: I'd visit anything vaguely on route and which was worth bagging. (Admittedly, I'm not yet(!) bagging those things called Jacksons or P30s—hills with thirty metres' prominence—as they seem to be unworthy of hill status.) But, how would I know where these baggable hills were if I hadn't plotted them all onto my Memory Map? That was easily solved: I used flags (for Corbetts and Nuttalls), first-aid symbols (for Munros and Marilyn's) and man-overboard symbols (for Deweys). Secondly, I needed to maximise my bagging opportunities, so I planned out my year to include as many as possible, learning future CUHWC trip locations and even planning routes for them up to six months in advance. Thirdly, I signed up to the RHB Forum and the Hill Bagging website, so I'd have bagging information at my disposal when I was away from my bagging-infested computer. The daily emails from other like-minded baggers on the RHB Forum now keep me sane, reminding me there are others for whom bagging addiction is also a way of a life. After all, I can't have constant contact with CUHWC's other addicts.

It's only now that I realise that this addiction has changed me as a person, even altering the way other people regard me. Every time I write a route card, it's immediately assumed there is some hidden bagging motive behind it. What's more, I have comments about me posted on Picasa photo albums suggesting my "[bagging] appetite render[s me] an unstoppable machine". Furthermore, thanks to CUHWC's gossip network, I hear of people saying things like "well, he never used to be like this." Admittedly, I didn't. That was after I'd chosen to walk alone instead of

with friends on the Aran Mountains Trip to maximise my Nuttall-bagging efficiency. I regretted it afterwards, but knew I couldn't have torn myself away from those two Nuttall highs.

Welcome to the frustrating, highly rewarding lifestyle of bagging addiction. We all have some bagging instinct inside of us; it just takes time for all of us to realise and, often regrettably, accept this. I've learnt that much; it's been a long process, but I can say, with some confidence, that I'm a bagging addict. I'm no longer afraid to say I'm abnormal. I'm a baggerholic.



AW

The top of Newton Tors, Cheviots, November 2010



MJ

Snowdonia, Easter 2011



Ten top tips for a successful night bivvying

Joe Hobbs

1 If it looks like rain, don't go! Need I explain this one? The weather in the Lakes in June is variable. It doesn't matter if you've just handed in your project or finished exams – the weather probably doesn't care and may rain anyway, just to spite you. Despite our hopes and prayers for good weather, it was raining and we were only saved one night by a fortunately placed bothy.

2 Choose a suitable bivy bag. There is a massive choice available, from £2.99 orange plastic survival bags right the way up to £299 bivy bags that weigh less than a feather and will keep you dry in a tropical storm. If said bivy bag is known from previous experience to let water in, stay away! Head-holes need not be a massive problem, but you need to have some form of plan as to what to do when it rains. 4am is not the time to start thinking about this with a small torrent coming through the head-hole! A further consideration is whether the bag is big enough for you to move inside. This may allow you to get dressed and then face the elements, rather than the other way round. When you've stood, wearing nothing but a pair of boxers in a torrential downpour, you will understand the importance of this.

3 Take plenty of varied food. Cous cous for breakfast, cous cous for lunch, cous cous for snacks, cous cous with chocolate spread, cous cous with instant soup powder, cous cous with herbs, plain cous cous, solid cous cous, cous cous cake – you name it, we probably ate it with cous cous. Cous cous is also a source of fibre and keeps the innards flowing nicely (see point 5).

4 Try to avoid going with someone who will make horrendous jokes for 3 days solid. You know who you are.

5 Put your toilet paper in a dry bag. Do that right now. No, put the nice new shiny bivy bag down and do it now or you might forget. You'll regret it if you don't. Interestingly enough, a soggy mass of pulp is not particularly effective for that all-important task.

6 This isn't the time to try out a suspect pair of new boots. If the last time you wore them, they rubbed and were uncomfortable, it's unlikely that some magic fairies have come and carried out custom alterations in the intervening time. The results are likely to be as follows:

- *Day 1:* Painful hot spots, swollen feet and discomfort. Minimal effect on walking.
- *Day 2:* Hot spots become blisters; your feet refuse to go back in the boots after they've been taken out. The pain is considerable and reduces you to a slow hobble.
- *Day 3:* Minimal skin left on your feet. Excruciating agony, made worse by the fact it's pouring with rain so you will stop at nothing to get off the mountain and into a teashop.

In all likelihood, the fact that this pair of boots weighs 70 grams less than your trusty, proven boots will be negligible compared to the 10kg rucksack, and the raw feet will not help.



7 Glaciers are not good places to bivvy. "I know: since I can't be in my nice warm bed at home, I'm going to sleep on a MASSIVE ice cube. Wonder if I'll get cold..." If the cold doesn't get you, it will certainly freeze your boots solid (okay, more solid than they were beforehand). The plus side is impressive views while falling asleep. It's advised to dig a hole to sleep in as bivvy bags make good sledges. If you see bare ice, it also reduces the likelihood of inadvertently sleeping on (and melting) a snow bridge.

8 Don't take the leaky thermarest. You know it goes down overnight and when it does, it no longer is comfortable or warm. The ancient foam mat with bites out of it (appears I was always as hungry as I am now) was far better, despite making me look very much like I was doing D of E.

9 Get there early. Especially important if you're planning an early alpine start. Sleeping a few hours in the light can be difficult though, especially when you've chosen the best bivi spot on the mountain and you keep getting disturbed by the disappointed cry of "c'est occupé!". This can also help prevent a mutiny amongst the hungry, tired people you've dragged round on your bagging trip.

10 The single transferable bivvy bag. Where number of people > number of bivvy bags {error()}. It will start with a struggle to get two into the thing. One arm will then go numb due to lack of blood. Movement is a joint effort. It will be too hot, except where the sleeping bag insulation is crushed – these will be cold spots. Someone may end up without a hood and get a very cold brain. The only bag big enough for two will be a plastic survival bag which will ensure no moisture escapes overnight leaving you with a very wet sleeping bag the next morning. We are pleased to report that despite all this, we still got the best night's sleep!





The many kinds of Hillwalker

Mark Jackson

Once you've been in this club long enough, you start to realise that most hillwalkers seem to be a combination of a few basic character types. The following is the result of long and extensive research, and yet any resemblance to real members of the club is, of course, entirely coincidental.

THE NEWCOMER Confused by all the strange people (especially when the singing starts). Gets up late to find everyone rushing about and lots of route cards to places they've never heard of – and aren't all those distance figures a bit big? Talks a lot about their D of E expedition (the only long walk they've ever done) until the uphill starts, at which point they slow down dramatically and spend the rest of the walk at the back trying to work out what on earth the rest of the group are talking about.

THE TOURIST Joins a trip primarily to 'see this quaint little country', and is full of impressive tales from abroad. Spends most of the walk wishing they hadn't made disparaging remarks about Britain's hills being 'so very small' the night before, and wondering whether they should have asked how long a walk it was going to be *before* they signed up for it.

THE RAMBLER Walks at 50kph on the flat and 1kph on a steep slope, although speed can rapidly become 0 if scrambling is involved. Constantly surprised by how big the mountains are, how exhausted they feel after climbing them, and how badly the soles have come off their boots. Describes everything as 'epic' and demands to know why there aren't more tea rooms in the hills.

THE PRODIGY Turns up at the squash having already climbed half the Munros, learned all the verses to the Cow Song and the name of everyone on the committee. Spends the entire minibus journey asking about every aspect of Club life. Is generally elected President for the following year before the end of their first trip, on which they have led two walks and saved someone's life.

THE SOCIAL-IST Turns up at every single Cambridge event and attempts to make each one last until at least three in the morning. When they do come on trips, always takes the minibus (to maximise the number of people they can talk to), and only ever walks with at least six people. Can be relied upon to bring alcohol / sing loudly / suggest some silly game when evening comes.

THE SOCIALIST (not to be confused with the above category) Insists that everybody goes on the same walk, wears the same gear, walks at the same speed, enjoys themselves equally, and sings the Cow Song to the same tune.

THE [LONG-SUFFERING] COMMITTEE OFFICER Is usually the one who gets left to take a party of newcomers up the Miners' Track on a beautiful day when everyone else has disappeared to go scrambling/bagging/socialising on Crib Goch. Spends hours going through the dozens of emails from anxious members who want waterproofs / membership / a last-minute place on the next trip / to know why the club is £3000 in debt / to pull out of driving for the next trip / to know why the punting trip hasn't been booked yet – and then there's still the speech for the freshers' squash to rehearse... In extreme cases, workload (or extreme nobility) can lead to missing out on trips altogether.

THE SAFETY MANIAC Whether or not they are Safety Officer, unflaggingly pursues new members demanding to know their blood type, amount of experience and at least six emergency contact numbers. Is sent into a nervous breakdown by the thought of a group getting back half an hour late. Demands that the club buy twelve extra pairs of waterproof trousers 'in case of emergency' and then brings all twelve pairs on the next walk 'just in case', along with two shelters, four spare layers and an ice-axe (in summer).

THE GEOLOGIST/GEOGRAPHER/NATURALIST Informs/entertains/annoys everybody else on the walk by continually pointing out amazing rock formations / glaciated valleys / small beetles. In extreme cases, holds the whole group up for half an hour while they try to identify whether a mineral is orthoclase or oligoclase.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER Sees trips primarily as an excuse to take photos. Spends half the walk talking animatedly about F-values, flash apertures and ISO100 standards and the other half holding up the group while waiting for the perfect interplay of light and cloud. The irritation caused by multiple photographers on a walk is proportional to the square of their number.

THE SCRAMBLER Gets a party of newcomers halfway up a grade-2 ice scramble with reassuring cries of 'It's fine' and 'It's just a few simple moves'. Is later forced to revise their opinion when several of the newcomers refuse to go either up *or* down. The *next* trip, creates a route card for themselves and their scrambling buddies and then promptly eats it before anyone less competent can join the 'walk', which is a good thing as to Butterworth it's actually a V.Diff rock climb.



THE CLIMBER Immediately recognisable by the large quantity of karabiners, ropes, nuts etc. dangling from their rucksack. Often looks down on regular walkers (literally). Rarely visits summits or goes on long walks; instead, walks at about 200mph to the base of the nearest cliff and then spends two hours faffing about with ropes. Spends most of the evening talking to the other climbers about gear and mysterious things called 'Diff's', 'HVS's, and 'E6 4a F7's.

THE BAGGER The sort of person who cheerily announces to a party of wet and tired newcomers that *of course* the quickest way back to the bunkhouse is a five-mile diversion across the moor to the next featureless lump in David Bloggle's Comprehensive List of Featureless Lumps. In extreme cases, deliberately misleads the President as to the merits of the Forest of Bowland or Radnor Forest so that the bagger can conveniently tick off a few more Marilyns when the club goes there.

THE ANTI-BAGGER Climbs all but one Wainwright then leaves the last just to make a point (usually that sloggng across two miles of boggy moorland to Featureless Lump #437 is pointless). May memorise which hills are and aren't on the list so that they can avoid climbing them. [Take care to avoid bringing an anti-bagger into contact with a bagger – the results may be explosive.]

THE FITNESS FANATIC Sees every walk as an opportunity to break their personal record for distance or ascent. In an attempt to convert others, puts their walk speed as 'Moderate' and then walks anyone unfortunate enough to join them to within an inch of their life. Particularly potent when combined with the Bagger; after all, the faster they walk the more hills they can climb...

THE OLD HACK Usually at least thirty. Looks down on newcomers, baggers, pedants, safety maniacs and tourists, and has done every walk and heard every joke at least twice. Gets up half an hour after everyone else, signs up for the first walk that takes their fancy, gets back to the bunkhouse early, drinks someone else's whisky copiously and enjoys themselves tremendously without making any effort.

THE PEDANT Compulsively corrects everyone's usages of 'less' to 'fewer' and 'who' to 'whom', as well as pointing out everyone's mangled Welsh pronunciation. Spends their spare time arguing the finer points of Article 42(iii).c of the constitution and engaging in earnest debate as to whether there should be a hyphen in Hillwalking. At the AGM, produces a long list of detailed questions to ask the President on every conceivable club statistic.

THE TRADITIONALIST Spends their whole time correcting other members, usually to the tune of 'It wasn't like this in my day,' demanding that the club reinstate obscure traditions that haven't been performed since 1992 (usually for a good reason), vigorously opposing any changes to the constitution and ignoring the fact that their club membership expired in 1997.



"So what exactly is your dissertation about again?!?": The first (and maybe last) dissertation written about CUHWC... **Kirsty Brown**

There had been three weeks of solid rain in Ambleside and only the odd (very) committed walker to be found on the hills and interviewed. When planning the research for my undergraduate Geography dissertation, I had failed to take Lake District weather into account. The few interviews I had managed to record around the Fairfield Horseshoe on the only dry day were completely impossible to hear over the wind. My vague and rather too theoretical ideas about hillwalkers "engaging with the landscape" were reduced to short conversations about the inadequacy of any waterproof when faced with the determined downpours of the Lakeland Fells. Sitting in Bethan's shed, listening to the rain drumming on the roof and wishing I was on the club trip in the Swiss Alps instead, I started to rethink... Admittedly, the possibility of researching CUHWC itself had been in the back of my mind for a while. The bad weather became an excuse to ditch the initial plan, and my DoS replied unexpectedly positively to my tentative email suggesting some new ideas. I flew off to Nepal for a much-needed mountain fix, letting the ideas simmer for a bit.

Returning to Cambridge in October, I was spurred on by interest from club members, and encouraged by the number of people willing - even eager - to participate. Unfortunately, I tend to get carried away when writing, and soon found that my 'questionnaire' was almost four-thousand words long. Despite painful attempts to cut it down, I eventually emailed it to everyone who had shown interest, trying to communicate how apologetic I felt about its length... To my great surprise, many people seemed unfazed, and responses trickled back throughout Michaelmas. It's hard to convey how excited I felt each time I received a newly completed questionnaire - I could rarely withstand the urge to delve into it straight away, no matter where I was or what I was (supposed to be) doing at the time. In one particular Statistics practical I must have got a few strange glances, giggling quietly in the corner as I read somebody's remarks about the rambling club or their affection for sheep when I should have been attempting Principle Components Analysis... Altogether, hillwalkers are far too interesting, entertaining and eloquent. There was enough material to write a book (or several); however, I was constrained to a measly ten-thousand words. It was clear that such a short report would barely scratch the surface of the deeply-ingrained attachment my participants felt to the hills, and the complex ways in which this attachment was negotiated through hillwalking and all related activities.

Landscapes and people seemed to be tightly woven together via a long plod up a steep slope through the rain, followed by a muddy descent and a long evening drying off singing bizarre songs. It was going to be difficult to communicate this to an outsider, let alone make it "academically meaningful". I chose an equally bizarre school of thought to explore my 'data'. French philosopher Bruno Latour, the main proponent of 'Actor Network Theory', himself announced that Actor Network Theory is not a theory - more a philosophy, but not exactly that either, and definitely not a methodology... This sounded like the sort of open-ended and exciting (non-)theory which could be used to both tie together and pick apart my ideas. Focusing on humans and non-humans (including technologies) equally, it offered a unique perspective on the world, in which the significance and identity of each 'actant' (human or non-human) is continually reconstructed through their associations with other actants in the network.



Numerous technologies are important in hillwalking, from waterproofs, warm clothing and walking boots, to more visibly hi-tech gadgets like GPS devices and mobile phones. Much to my astonishment, I discovered that academic articles had already been written on many of these, from a similarly obscure angle to the one I proposed. Titles included "These boots were made for walking...: Mundane Technology, the Body and Human-Environment Relations" (Michael, 2000); "The end of outdoor weather: outdoor garment industry and the quest for absolute comfort" (Jankovic, 2009); or even the jargon-filled "Cellphone in the countryside: on some of the ironic spatialities of technonatures" (Michael, 2009). Eventually I decided to look at how using a map or taking a photograph changes the hillwalker's perception of the landscape and their interaction with it.



As well as interviews and questionnaires, 'participant observation' seemed an obvious method, not entirely because 'research' then became an excuse for hillwalking, but also because hillwalking is particularly difficult to understand without actually getting involved with it yourself. 'Faffing' became a central theme of the dissertation. It was evident that hillwalkers describe many of the situations in which they use cameras or maps as 'faffs'. I dutifully defined a 'faff' for the benefit of uninformed readers, and even chose to call section 2.2.3 'Faffing', also carefully reproducing the long-treasured '*Observations of a Faffologist*' (written by CUHWC ex-member Rob McQueen) in the Appendix. As well as demonstrating how ingrained the concept is amongst hillwalkers, this inclusion also held some comic value and was intended to demonstrate the light-heartedness of (most) accusations of faffing.

Another section explored how photographs enable hillwalkers to reconnect with landscapes and walking companions even after time has passed and they are stuck at a desk in flat Cambridge, evoking vivid (if partial) memories. I spent many a happy hour looking through every photo from every hillwalking trip which I could possibly access on Facebook and Picasa. There are many very talented photographers in the club. And it is evident that the memories represented are incredibly significant to the photographer and all those present. But photos are completely inadequate at capturing either the full experience of hillwalking or the true meaning of the club to its most active members: the strength of friendships formed on club trips. I attempted to make up for the frugal word-limit by including a generous number of pictures. During the most stressful stages of the write-up (notably when my laptop corrupted all files, including USB back-ups, three days before the final deadline), these photos made it more colourful, cheered me up, and reminded me that even if the dissertation itself was rubbish, the 'research' had included some fun days on the hills!

Again I must thank everybody who helped me with my research, whether filling in my ridiculously long questionnaire...or answering strange and probing questions in interview whilst trying not to break teeth on overcooked flapjack...or passively by turning up on trips and being observed (in the most positive way possible). This gave me a very much appreciated and truly fascinating mass of information and depth of insight into the meaning of hillwalking to different people. It was impossible to do it justice and although I enjoyed endeavouring to do my best, I am convinced that many of the participants would have written a far superior piece. In her history of walking, *Wanderlust*, Rebecca Solnit points out that there is infinite opportunity for research around man's fascination for walking. In agreement with her, and frustrated by the minute scope of an undergraduate dissertation, I must emphasise that "The paths I trace are not the only paths". I would really encourage anybody else to do further research and writing on hillwalking and CUHWC. As predicted by a cataloguer of Munro-bagger lists in the SMC and scrawled across a piece of paper found in the collection: "One day some poor sod will write their Ph.D on this" (in Lund, 2006).

Party Manifestos for the Cambridge University Hillwalking Club

Michael Fordham

The “right” way

Membership: At the Freshers’ Squash all new members are to sit a test. If they pass this test then they are allowed go on the best trips. Those who fail can go on less challenging trips, though we don’t see any reason why this would lead to a two-tier system.

Trip Sign-Up: There will be a bidding system for each trip. Each member of the club will be allowed to bid as much as they want in an open market. Those that bid most for a place on the trip will gain a place. We will run poor-people trips for those who can’t afford to go. We see no reason why this would lead to a two-tier system.

Elections: All elections take place on the principle of one person, one vote, and we therefore propose a First Past the Post system.

Trip Cost: The trip cost will be driven by the open market with the cost rising and falling in line with supply and demand.

Safety: The club has gone ‘health and safety mad’. Scrap the safety officer, save money on purchasing equipment and, if someone dies on a trip, then at least that creates spaces for those who can actually look after themselves.

Training: Why bother? You either have it or you don’t.

International students: There is a quota for the number of foreign students who are allowed on a trip. They will be allowed on the trip only if they score sufficiently highly in an assessment of their hillwalking ability and commitment to the principles of CUHWC.

Poor people: ‘The poor’ can go on club trips provided they do community service such as cleaning the toilets and cleaning the boots of normal people.

The Cow Song: Shall be sung on every trip to celebrate our history and identity.



The Red Cow

Membership: Membership is open to all people from all backgrounds regardless of race, gender or hillwalking knowledge and experience. In fact, we propose that the club positively discriminates by giving pre-signs to women, ethnic minorities and novice hillwalkers.

Trip Sign-Up: Everyone who wants to go on a trip will be asked to submit an application a week in advance of the trip. The names of those interested will be placed inside a hat and then the correct number of people would be drawn out. If necessary, however, we might introduce quotas for minority groups.

Elections: All elections take place on the principle of one person, one vote, and we therefore propose a system of Proportional Representation.

Trip Cost: Each member of the club shall have their income assessed and be placed in a ‘band’. Those on higher incomes shall pay more.

Safety: A thorough health and safety check will be conducted by the Safety Officer before any walk is allowed to go. Each walk leader must submit a risk assessment to the Safety Officer; incomplete forms will delay groups from setting off.

Training: New members will be assessed and then repeatedly tested to demonstrate that they are making two levels of progress each trip.

International students: Foreigners are welcome on club trips, and indeed we would encourage foreigners with particular skills, such as minibus driving, to join the club, offering incentives where necessary.

Poor people: ‘The huddled masses yearning to break free’ will be offered ‘trip-aid’ to help them attend trips.

The Cow Song: Shall be sung on every trip to celebrate our glorious revolution.

Meet a Member



BG

Chris Wade

Fitzwilliam College
4th Year Physics

What is your background in hillwalking? Ten Tors and family holidays

What has been your favourite trip so far? Mystery trip to the Cheviots - not knowing the trip location in advance gave an extra sense of excitement.

What is your favourite...

...hill or mountain area? Isle of Mull, Scotland. There are some lovely hills that are all the better for being largely unvisited.

...individual hill or mountain? Walbury Hill, Hampshire Downs: there's no place like home.

...bunkhouse? High house, Seathwaite; perfect location for being snowed in.

...takeaway stop? Weatherby chippy. Club classic.

...brand of outdoor kit? The best item of kit I've ever had is a pair of Mountain Hardwear gaiters. They've lasted at least 8 years and show no signs of giving up (despite some fairly regular punishment).

...type of biscuit? Bourbon

And finally: Teabag or loose leaf? Teabag



JS

The Cheviots Mystery Trip, November 2010

Helen Phillips

Girton College
4th Year Veterinary
Medicine



UK

What is your background in hillwalking? Family walking holidays where I constantly tried to get my parents to climb a little bit higher and explore slightly wilder areas.

When and why did you join CUHWC? Last March, for the Swaledale trip. Joined because I have been meaning to for two and a bit years and I needed to escape slicing mouse placentas for my third-year project.

What has been your favourite trip so far? The Easter Snowdonia trip, my first proper scrambling: Tryfan and Bristly ridge, a very cosy hut, really cute Welsh mountain lambs, some stiff competition in the cardboard box game and some truly amazing chocolate and banana desserts.

What is your favourite...

...hill or mountain area? I love the Lakes and the North Pennines.

...individual hill or mountain? A bit controversial here: Kinder Scout. I have climbed it so many times, in different seasons but have never tired of it. It also has some really friendly sandwich-stealing sheep.

...takeaway stop? I have only ever stopped at the Wetherby Whaler!

...brand of outdoor kit? If I could afford it...Rab

...type of biscuit? I really love rich tea biscuits but do get through quite a few Bourbons on club trips.

What are you most looking forward to about the next year with CUHWC? More adventures in new places, more nights singing and talking about completely random things and hopefully overall victory in the cardboard box game.

If you could go on a club trip anywhere in the world, where would it be? Have always fancied exploring Bulgaria and its mountains.

And finally: Teabag or loose leaf? Shockingly I don't like tea - but CUHWC is slowly changing my mind.

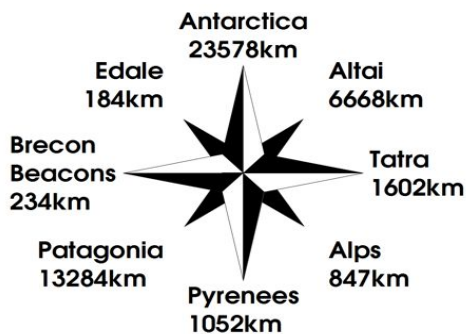
Club News

T-shirts and Songbooks

Thanks to 2010 President Dave Farrow, we have a new T-shirt design (see below)! This must-have garment can be seen sported by many current members - royal blue seems to have been a popular choice this time round. There are still some available to buy at £9.20 each – contact Social Secretary Joe Hobbs for details.

There is also a new (and much-expanded) club songbook, a collaboration between Joe Hobbs, Andrew Williamson, Mark Jackson and others, so bring your singing voice along on the next trip.

Cambridge



Ideally located for the hills!



Cwm Dyli, Snowdonia, Easter 2011

Upcoming trips

Edale – Sunday 16th October

Rydal (Ambleside, Lake District) – 28th-30th October

Caseg Fraith (Ogwen Valley, North Wales) – 11th-13th November

Brecon Beacons (South Wales) – 25th-27th November

Seathwaite (Borrowdale, Lake District) – 6th-11th January

Patterdale (Ullswater, eastern Lake District) – 2nd-4th March

...as for the rest, you'll have to wait and see! Keep an eye on the mailing list and website for details.

The year in quotes...

A few of my personal favourites – for the full selection you'll have to read the Trip Book, available (unless the President forgets it) on all trips and sometimes even at the pub.

Joe Hobbs: "The Cow's not a mascot, it's more of a...deity" (*Cheviots, November 2010*)

Michael Fordham: "What's Jordan got that this club hasn't?" (*The pub, November 2010*)

Doug Hull: "I think Bethan's going to pay for my lunch...not that I've told her yet" (*Emmanuel formal, November 2010*)

Matthew Graham: "Oh no, I've lost my nutmeg!" (*Seathwaite, January 2011*)

Mark Jackson (on David Pettit's new car): "As far as I'm concerned, it's a vehicle, not a love-child" (*Capel Curig, January 2011*)

Jo Smith: "When is April the first?" (*The pub, February 2011*)

Becky Howard: "This photo's quite good because you can't see anything" (*Snowdonia, Easter 2011*)

Paul Cook: "Dave, your shorts aren't helping – take them off!" (*Snowdonia, Easter 2011*)

CUHWC weddings

The tradition continues...

- ♥ **Thomas Ashton** and **Valerie Brandt** married on the 25th June 2011 in Grantchester, Cambridge. Having met three years previously at a summer hillwalking club pub meet, they really have a lot to thank the club for!



- ♥ **Daniel Andrews** and **Katrina Stewart** sent in the following message:

Dear CUHWC,

As some of you may know, we are engaged and have a wedding planned for March 17th, 2012. This will indeed be a club wedding, as we met on a club trip to Snowdonia four years ago. We would like to thank the club for all the wonderful trips we've had over the years, and for bringing the two of us together.

If you have any news that you'd like included in the next issue (due out September/October 2012), let us know! Don't worry, we'll remind you nearer the time...

Letters

Much like everyone's favourite Radio 4 panel show *I'm Sorry I Haven't Clue*, we have received nearly one letter this year (it was more of an aside, really). It does not, however, come from a Mrs Trellis of North Wales:

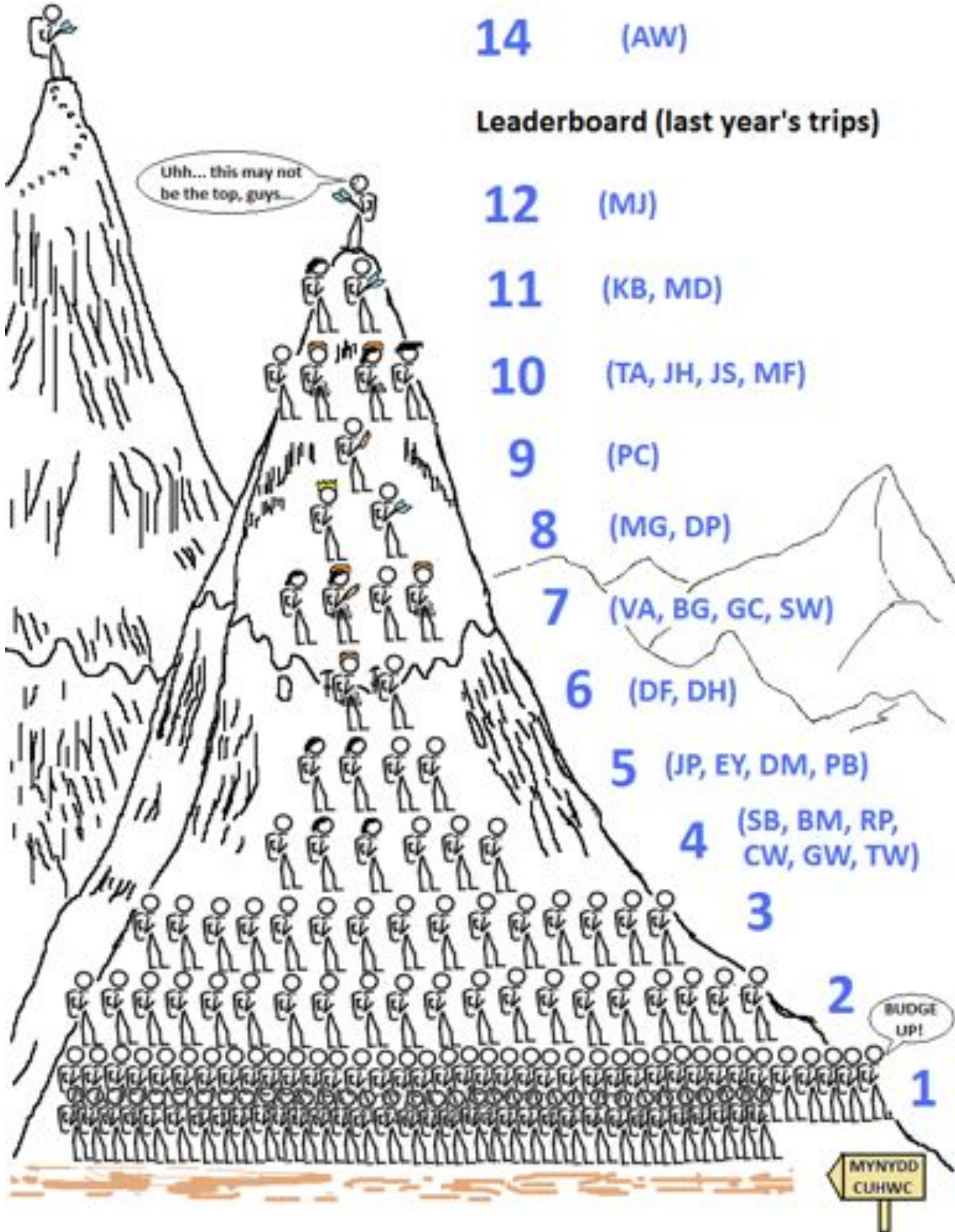
I hope this year's issue can be even longer and contain more articles than last year's. I hope it's going to be fully checked too as (I think) last year's had at least one error...

Andrew Williamson, Girton College

Who better to proof-read this issue, then, than Andrew himself? Direct the blame for any remaining mistakes to him, please!

Mark Jackson's Leaderboard

...how high did you get?

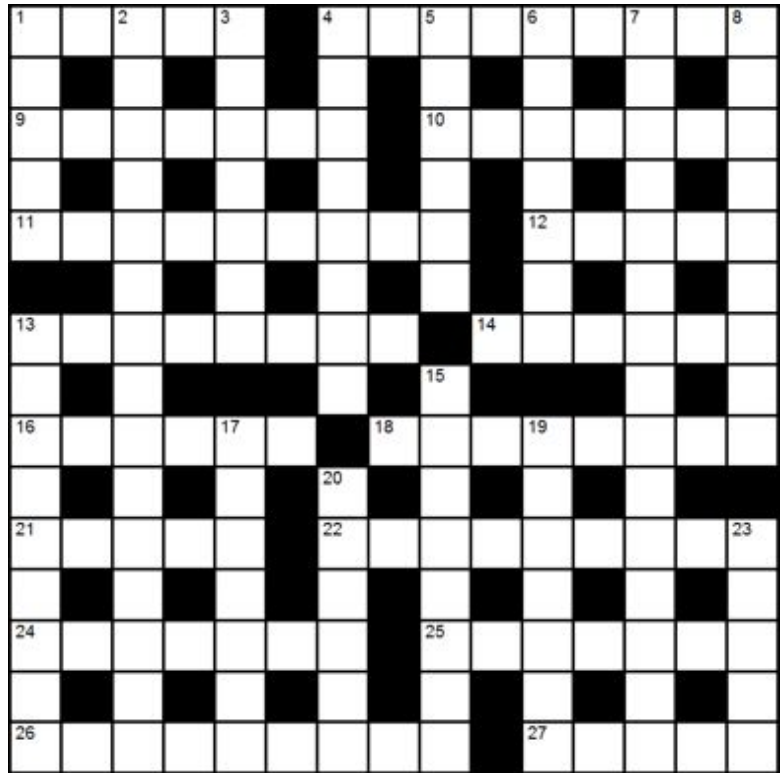


Cryptic Crossword #2

cookie



UK



Across

1. French island found after saint steps over wall (5)
4. If inside, a politician lies or at least exaggerates (9)
9. Half-mutant to put up with beast (7)
10. Tropical flower has an auburn shade in US city (7)
11. With change in Euros, Reno is mistaken (9)
12. Take 7 to start with, add 101 plus half of 5 to get 1984 for example (3-2)
13. Boundary of white region is now left in wave (4,4)
- 14,5d. Finish is actually two different languages (6,6)
16. Provide optimism, winning raise (6)
18. Soak the girl and buy empty fish and chips here (8)
21. One or two, say, like computing (5)
22. Dative and genitive after cabaret auditions (9)
24. Sheet is one of these! (7)
25. Nice immersion? (7)
26. Slough film group (4,5)
27. Berra's Buddhists (5)

Down

1. Georgia say (5)
2. Tolerate ceiling design by Emma and Clare say? (15)
3. Captivated by grebe, tern, albatross and four songbirds (7)
4. Flying Scotsman finally in hole after song (8)
5. (see 14ac)
6. One inducing a charge from lion is eroded (7)
7. One putting pantaloni on vinaigrette (7,8)
8. Generous in scheming like an unpaid labourer (9)
13. Pandas with signs of damage around leg muscle (5,4)
15. Owing a debt to what aged in mountain (8)
17. Financial contracts provide outcomes as yet unseen (7)
19. Circumvent IT security to raise currency for borough (7)
20. Prolific creator of 12 in quasi-movies (6)
23. Chronicles unaffected on reflection (5)



TW

Caseg Fraith, October 2010

"Everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike." – John Muir



DM

Photo credits:

Kirsty Brown
Mark Jackson
Simon Williams
Unknown

Bethan Gudgeon
Dave Mackenzie
Andrew Williamson

Doug Hull
Jo Smith
Tom Wright



DM

CUHWC are online at www.cuhwc.org.uk. The Old Duffers are at www.duffers.info.