

Cambridge University  
Hillwalking Club

# High Society

ISSUE 3: 2011-2013



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*Admiring the views close to Drws Bach in the Aran Mountains, AW*

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*CUHWC is good for ... regional relations*

Being stupid is not unique to people from the north [MJ]

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(Front cover: Sparkler fun at Granchester post 2012 Punting, MG)

# *Editors' Note*

by Andrew Williamson and Matthew Graham

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*Ex-president, AW*



*Ex-ex-president, MG*

CUHWC's 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Year is about to commence: a celebration of the countless memorable times we've spent together on the hills and the friendships formed over such a wonderful shared interest. With a bumper special-issue journal to celebrate a quarter of a century of CUHWC due for publication in 2014, it might have been expected that persuading people to pen articles for this issue would have been problematic. Quite the contrary, in fact!

Sad to have missed out on the CUHWC 'Scotland' Trip this summer? Phil's article guides you every step of the way. Heard horror stories about the unofficial trip to trek Corsica's GR20 last year? Read on to find them embellished – but also to discover just what motivated Mark to keep toiling on despite boiling temperatures and an unrelenting pace. Feel like you don't know our current President well enough? Find out what fuels Vicky's hillwalking fire with her article on her local hills, the Mourne. Ever deliberated what drives people to find and explore unclimbed peaks? No need to wonder anymore: Dave's article explains the necessary personal characteristics to do so. To prevent geographers and geologists from being faced with plagues of questions on the processes forming the hills we so love, Jo's article gives an introduction to the geology of the mountain ranges CUHWC frequents. You'll discover some useful advice articles – see Dave's submission if you're considering buying a new waterproof or Tom's if you're stocking up on food for your next CUHWC trip. There's also a letter from one anonymous member expressing concern at the behaviour of this year's President, another of Paul's crosswords to keep you occupied on Club trips, some quotes highlighting what 'CUHWC is good for' and many superb photos captured on trips over the past years.

We can only conclude by saying that we are sure that all that makes CUHWC quite so special to be part of, as reflected in many of this journal's submissions, shall continue over the coming year and for the next 25 after that.

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*CUHWC is good for ... political insights*

If Stalin were in CUHWC, he'd be a bagger [MF]

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# *The Mournes ... Just Why?*

by Vicky Ward

As a keen fresher it always seemed to astound everyone I met that I was a seemingly complete hillwalking novice when it came to most of the well-known mountain ranges in Britain; I had never scrambled up Tryfan or even got the train up Snowdon, I had never set my eyes on the Cairngorms nor had ice cream in the Lakes. Instead, I seemed slightly obsessed with a small mountain range whose entirety fits on one mere OS sheet and only boasts a highest peak of a meagre 850m above sea level. Now, despite having been



*View over Ben Crom Reservoir, VW*

awed by the tremendous views (and as a geographer) the geological features on display on the mainland, I still confidently name the Mournes as my favourite mountain range. Having completed the 22 most worthwhile peaks, with most repeated from every possible angle, I have now moved onto the smaller less known peaks trying to complete all X – when it comes to the Mournes even I have to admit to the much derided bagging tendencies. But the question still remains....why? Why am I still obsessed despite my mountain horizons having been extended and enriched by CUHWC?

## **1. Surely they're too small to love?!**

The Mournes are small – no doubt about that, but since they're very compact, one can easily do numerous mountains in a day or cross the entirety of its length in one direction. This small size makes for a more intimate relationship between “hillwaker” and “hills-walked”. Never does one have to walk 5 or 6 hours to hit the foot of the intended peak.



*Binnian Doan and Loughshannagh, VW*

## **2. Surely their height never provides adequate satisfaction?**

Well on this point I may concede that 850m being the highest point is really not that tall (in fact the vast majority of points are only 600-700m). BUT the north and east mournes are accessed from sea level– this just adds to the feeling of the satisfaction as you can truly say you climbed the entirety of the peak - a true 'bag'.

## **3. What about Climbers?**

From the power of Google (and not sadly personal experience) and the boasting of friends, I know that for rock climbers there is also plenty on offer – the latest rock climbing guides give over 800 routes, which cover the entire grade spectrum. One always sees climbers on Hen or on the Pollaphuca slabs. The Devil's Coachroad is a favourite of scramblers offering routes in grades 2 and 3. I can also personally recommend Lower Cove and Percy Bhyse for cavers, too.

#### 4. Why do a lot of Northern Irish people hate the Mournes?

One simple word – Donard. It’s a boring steep climb up stone steps, providing no brilliant views in my opinion (although you can see my house...) and has the brilliant ‘disappearing top’ [a.k.a. ‘false summit’] syndrome. The main path up is usually teeming with families and couples on good days – most true hillwalkers avoid this big boring lump or tag it on to the end of a longer more diverse walk.



*A side view of Devils Croachroad from Beg, VW*

#### 5. Newcastle

Other needs of the keen hillwalker can also be met in the area – those of ice cream and pubs. Northern Ireland’s very own Newcastle is a small town at the foot of Donard and is easily accessed in under two hours from most of the Northern Mournes.

#### 6. The Beauty

The Mournes offers the exciting bare tors of Slieve Bearnagh and Slieve Binnian, the dramatic cliff faces of Ben Crom and the startling small pointy Doan. With the sparkling views over Silent Valley and Ben Crom Reservoir provided by ascents of Binnian, Lamagan or Bearnagh in particular no one can doubt why this is an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. It is always a boast that C.S. Lewis was inspired to write the Chronicles of Narnia due to the Landscape that the Mournes provided for his imagination.



*North Tor Binnian, VW*

#### 7. The Irish Names

The attempted pronunciation of Irish names (or technically the anglicised versions thereof) by visitors never ceases to amuse with examples such as *Slieve Commedagh* (Commada), *Slieve Binnian* (Bin-yin) and *Slieve Bearnagh* (Burna) often being demolished in the vocal cords of others. Even *Doan* although simple looking is not pronounced the way it looks. Slieve (from Old Irish *slíab*, pronounced Sleeve) means mountain for those who did not know. The translations of the names also provide some sources of amusement – for example the *Pollaphuca* (Pollapucka) *Slabs* bizarrely mean the “hole of the fairies” literally.

#### 8. The Weird Names

Then there’s the more literal way of naming areas...

- *The Brandy Pad* – useful for brandy smugglers
- *Devil’s coachroad* – the devil’s bite from Beg.
- *Hen mountain* – with squinted eyes the bare tors look like a hen.
- *Cock Mountain* – ‘nuff said.
- *Wee Binnian* – small, cute and beside Binnian!
- *Butter* – soft like butter due to its miraculous amount of ever present bog!

- *The Kingdom of Mourne* – the mountain areas official name. Really is true.

## 9. The Mourne Wall

An old stone-built wall threads its way over 15 of the peaks covering a grand 22 miles – this acts as a useful aid for navigation, provides good wind shelter and is pretty in a rustic sort of way!

## 10. Other places are better...

A weird point to finish on when writing top 10 things to know about the Mournes but I think it's an important point. Other places are better – you can always find better examples of everything... but wee Northern Ireland's wee mountain range ought not to be disregarded completely.

So there we go...my numbered rant on the awesomeness of the Mournes – the mountain range that made me love mountains! Dissect it and disagree with me but upon writing this article I promise never to mention my slight obsession again.

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*CUHWC is good for ... meeting people*

Nice to meet you Pablo – looks like I'll be sleeping with you ... [AW]

Oh no, you were supposed to be sleeping with me! [VW]

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*Llyn Conglog from Allt-fawr, DP*

# *The CUHWC ‘Scotland’ Trip (Part I)*

Based on the exploits of Fiona Petersen, Laurent Michaux, Tom Leach, Mark Jackson & Alex Elliott, as recalled by Phil Brown

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## **Day -3**

### *Aviemore*

“I’m thinking of dropping out of the Scotland trip”, Andrew told me on Thursday. “The forecast’s looking rather rainy”.

This left me concerned. My past experiences of Andrew suggested that as one hundred days of rain heralded a second Flood to wash away the sins of the world, he would be happily bagging any peaks that remained above the rising waters. This forecast really must look rainy. I laughed the maniacal laugh of a man who is already in Scotland and knows that a new train ticket back home from Scotland will cost £160. “I’m sure it’ll be fine – we’ll just have to get wet,” I replied blithely.

## **Day -1**

### *Aviemore – Glasgow – Kendal*

On Saturday I finally saw the weather forecast myself. The BBC website was a concrete-grey wall of Heavy Rain hieroglyphics. MWIS’s stilted prose proclaimed “rain generally light and scattered, North-West Highlands heavy and continuous. Cloud scattered except in Northwest Highlands, where visibility minimal. Wind moderate in most hilly areas, gale-force in Northwest Highlands. Effect of this wind on you: abject misery. Hope you’re not camping!” We were planning to camp in the Northwest Highlands.

The intention had been to backpack from Inverie (a village on the western coast of Scotland accessible only by boat) to Glenfinnan over five days; five days of frolicking under the sun-drenched skies of mountains seldom touched by human feet. We would bathe in chattering brooks, gaze upon bleak and rugged vistas from atop cloudless rocky spires, and perhaps dance with hares in summery glades under the azure dome of the sky. This now seemed unlikely.

At 10:00 I called the other hillwalkers and begged them to reconsider urgently. My train left Aviemore for Mallaig at 15:24; the others were planning to join me the next day. They remarked that only in the Northwest Highlands was the forecast dire; other mountainous areas looked rather juicy and delectable. I assented fervently, and waited for more information.

At 14:55 Laurent phoned. He was admirably brief. “Kendal. The Lakes. See you there tomorrow at 7.30pm.” This was fantastic, except for the fact that all I know about the location of the Lakes is that it’s not in Aviemore. Alas, I was. I begged Laurent for aid.

If his physics PhD falls through, a stellar career in customer service awaits Laurent. I heard the tap-tap-tap of a keyboard. “No problem, Mr. Brown; just get on your Mallaig train then change at Glasgow Central onto the 18:36 to Oxenholme. That’ll be... £60. Let’s see if we can bring that price down for you.” Tap-tap-tap. “That’s better: £20 with an off-peak return.” I’m no financial expert, as my ill-advised purchase of a large quantity of gold-based commodity derivatives in late 2011 demonstrated<sup>1</sup>, but £20 sounded like a lot less than £160, and there’d also be some hill-walking involved. This was great.

Fortunately Kendal had an abundance of both town maps and secluded forest. The former led me to the latter, and I settled down to sleep in my bivvy bag. Being alone in woods at night is a chilling experience; it speaks to some primal fear of being watched and hunted. To calm my fears I read a brief section of Bill Bryson's *A Walk in the Woods*, describing his hiking of the Appalachian Trail. The chapter focused on the considerable number of lonely hikers murdered along the trail. This did not leave me feeling less uneasy.

**Day 0**

*Kendal – Oxenholme*

Thankfully, I survived the night. After spending a pleasant morning reading about bear attacks on the Appalachian Trail, I met up with Alex and enjoyed a ploughman's lunch of gorgeously gargantuan proportions – the sort that leaves you too waddlingly bloated to turn sharp corners. We staggered in sated contentment to Oxenholme, and met with the others at the Station Inn pub, our campsite for the night<sup>2</sup>.



*Mark shows off his sausage, PB*

Our council of war decided a five-day hike would happen as planned: we would travel by train and bus to Grasmere, then walk in an anticlockwise circle around most of the Lakes. We laughed at the forecast for Inverie, watched Mark flourish his large quantities of sausagemeat, and retired to bed.

1. Sadly this is not a joke
2. 'Campsite' somewhat overstates the amenities the Station Inn Campsite provided, which consisted primarily of cheapness.



*Mirrormere: looking towards the Snowdon range, CH*



# *Undeserved*

by Mark Jackson

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*Monte Cinto (Ultra) and the Cirque de la Solitude, from Paglia Orba on the GR20, MJ*

At the time of writing, it had been a couple of months since I got back from Corsica, and the memories are beginning to blur together – somehow two weeks has become one long day in my mind, and specific quotes are hard to remember.

But I remember staggering up the interminable southern slopes of Monte Alcludina, watching five pinpricks disappear into the mist far above me, and saying to myself ‘This is stupid. This is stupid. This is stupid.’

What’s 600 metres, when one walks it along the ground? Yet to drag myself up that distance in height seemed nothing short of impossible, especially when I’d done 1500 metres earlier in the day, a good chunk of which was just to get back onto the path after I’d got too far behind the others and blundered off down the mountainside. And the ground seemed nothing but rocks, and I’d never carried this much weight on my back before, never mind the water I was gulping down at six litres a day, and I’d spent the three weeks before the trip doing virtually nothing but sitting on my behind at home, and we’d been on the move since six, and I was going to cross the highest peak on a day when there were supposed to be Mediterranean-style thunderstorms, and the heat was sapping my strength and the sweat was running down my face and caking my shirt in salt and dirt...

Why does a man climb mountains? Or, to be more precise, why does a man disappear up into the heart of nowhere, among crags and carries a dozen miles from the nearest farm, and not come down for two full weeks? Why does a man chase a host of shadows at full speed up a steep slope of shifting scree, only to turn, and fall, and trip and tumble through the tangled thorns on the other side? Why did I force my protesting body through a landscape without pity, where the tales on the trail were of hardship and hunger, of broken backs and knackered knees, and the day's end was a bowl of lukewarm spaghetti, a bed of stones and battered foam and frantically flapping fabric the wrong side of twenty kilometres away? How many people would hide away when faced with a choice between warmth and comfort and waking up at five to a cold, bleary, tired, aching morning where the predawn chill holds the promise of the heat to come?

Twisted roots, prickly shrubs, drifting dust. Twice more, at the back, I fail to find the way-markers and force the others to wait for a long time while I stagger back onto the path. Gasps, gulps, gashes. Boulders lying choked in streambeds and scattered through forests of burned, blackened, uprooted, smashed trunks, silently testifying to the power of wind, water, fire and lightning. Food is a variation on a theme; whatever you can get your hands on – cereal bars, peanuts, spaghetti, bread and the kind of salami that takes ten minutes to chew a mouthful. Blisters come and go, the stabs in my feet just one more thing to ignore. Packing becomes a liturgy, poles, pegs, plasters, a whole life stuffed into a protesting ten-kilogram sack. Lungs and legs conspire in tandem. Snatched naps, huts gutted by fire, polished slabs poised above precipices. The lurching beat of each footstep on the rocky ground is echoed in the larger picture, the jolting, irregular rhythm of the others' waits for me every twenty minutes or so – for as long as it takes each time. I traipse along, wondering how long they've had to halt this time. 1900 metres, 2000 metres, 2100 metres. Two days. Five days. Nine days to go. Six days to go. Head down. Why does a man climb mountains? Why does a man climb mountains? Why does a man climb mountains?

And the pace remained. Sometimes I wondered if the answer was that we were trying to prove ourselves, trying to wring meaning out of the kind of achievement that treated the mountains as a racecourse. Am I fast enough now? Am I strong enough now? Will I ever catch them? Even if I do, will I ever complete enough walks, see enough seas, climb enough mountains?

The only answer I could give myself was no. 'I can't do this,' I said, sitting down halfway up Monte Alcludina for what I thought just might be the last time. And whose fault was it? The others had the right to expect me to not behave like a prat, to keep an eye on the way-markers, to prepare a little beforehand. How proud was I to think I could do the opposite and still bounce along just fine? Just as proud as I was when I refused the others' company many times later on.

If they cared enough about our friendship to keep us together, something had to give. I could apologise all I liked and it wasn't going to solve the problem, not right then, with the result of my mutton-headedness weighing down my back and leaving us all high and cold past the hour we should have been down. The pack still had to be dragged up the hill.

Undeserved kindness. It was there every time the others waited patiently for me, but it was there most of all when Peter took my pack off me and carried mine and his – twenty-five kilos in all – up the final slopes of Alcludina. It didn't half make an impression on me

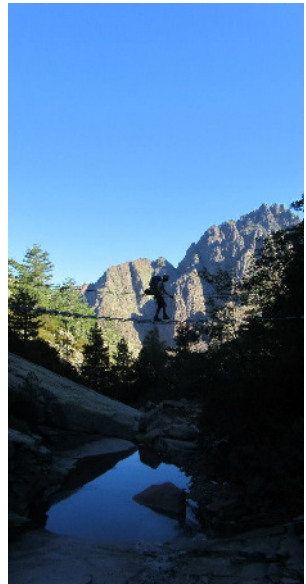
– and all the more because I knew it wasn't fair, and I could see that it was darn well hurting him. But it *worked*. I was grateful – and as I staggered to the top of Alcudina and rested my arms on the metal cross that crowned the peak, I couldn't help seeing all the parallels with the one who bore my far bigger burden.

And the reward?

On the eighth day, we left our packs behind and went for a scramble up the monolithic fortress of Paglia Orba. Two and a half thousand metres up, the wind bore the heat away. We climbed in shadow; hands in crevices, rough boulders of rounded conglomerate, the sure feel of the earth under our fingers. Each move treated with care, the party tightly bunched, helping hands extended, shouts of aid. Through the notch and under the overhang, our feet trembling above the drop, ants on the edge of the world...

The view from the top was phenomenal. Even our cameras couldn't really do it justice, and words now certainly couldn't: because half the pleasure was the pain of getting there. Every mile of wilderness that now lay painted beneath us, every yard distant from the nearest building beyond a mountain hut, felt well earned. The impossible pinnacles ahead, the curving pyramid of Cinto, the sheer scale of the valley to the south, the blue Mediterranean bays, even the hole in Capu Tafunatu, were only made complete from this belvedere in the sky, this field of rest poised above the chaos, this balcony which we had to claw and scramble and heave to reach. On Corsica, the bustling reach of mankind is limited to a grey sprawl along the coast and a few spaghetti roads cutting a frightened course through the nowhere. You can read, and you can look, but to truly see it, you have to be there.

A sweet rest at Pozzi, a beautiful ring of Alpine meadows in the midst of the wilderness, complete with bubbling stream, calves, pigs and cows. The brotherhood of the trail; tales exchanged with Andrew's Uncle and Aunt on a narrow peak on the third day; our dinner with a pair of teachers from England at Castel di Vergio; watching the Olympics together on a tiny TV at Haut Asco; stories and warnings about the Cirque du Solitude. Solitude it was indeed. Early start and fast pace now set in stone, we met not a soul till the far side of the corrie. The sharp rocks taking chunks out of the roll-mat strapped to my back, we slid and leaped down the slabs past ladders and fixed chains, the rungs cold to the touch with the sun still trapped behind the imprisoning ring of pinnacles, the day young and full of promise. Then flying up the scramble on the other side. Finding fresh pleasure in simple things: a shop open and stocked with food, a spring of water, a good night's sleep. The crowning glory of Monte Cinto itself, towering above frigid cwms filled with August snow. Andrew summed it up: 'We took Europe's hardest trek and we made it harder by adding on a few extra peaks and chose to walk it in three-quarters of normal time. This was nothing short of epic.'



Spassimata Gorge, PK

It's a land that demands a certain speed, to get the biggest climbs out of the way before the heat and have time to relax in the evening. And there is joy in going fast and strong. But I appreciated having the chance, on the last day but one, to be there for a different reason from the others. To sit, and let the others go on up their extra peaks while I drank in the view – alone, in the heart of the mountains, grateful for being there at all when I sometimes didn't think I'd make it that far, for the friends without whom I couldn't have done it, and for the grandeur around me.

None of us live our lives on a mountaintop. No matter how long we spend up there, we all have to come down and get on with life at some point. Perhaps, then, it's wise to make sure that we come down having changed a little. And perhaps I came down trusting a little less in my own strength, and trusting a little more in the one who helped me every step of the way, in one way or another, and who was good enough to crash the wonderful mountains together in the first place.

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*Annual Dinner 2013, SW*

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*CUHWC is good for ... compliments*

Bethan talking about the size of her thighs...

Bethan, are you pregnant? [AW]

Bethan, are your hips expanding? [DH]

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# *Unclimbed mountains*

by Dave Farrow

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*Dave enroute up an unclimbed peak in the Tien Shan, Kyrgyzstan, JS*

There is something special about climbing unclimbed hills or mountains. The excitement and anticipation of the seeing views, climbing ridges and achieving summits where no man has been before gives a rather peculiar feeling. On reaching the top of my first virgin peak, I was completely overwhelmed by all the different feelings that a man can have. Not too many, but the combination of wonder, relief, happiness and pride was quickly swept aside by a single more salient thought: 'We have to get down'.

Another side to climbing virgin peaks is the reaction you receive back home. The typical reaction is of astonishment that there are still unclimbed peaks in the world and that they are talking to someone that has climbed 'a few'. Basking in glory is OK for a few seconds, but none of the peaks I have climbed are hard, and I don't really feel I deserve much credit for bothering to slog up a hill that no-one else can be bothered climbing.

Hopefully this article goes some way to explaining how difficult climbing an unclimbed peak really is, so you can make your own decision on whether I deserve a pint next time you see me or a pint of ice to help the swelling of my head.

Climbing a virgin peak takes two stages: finding it and climbing it.

## **Finding It**

Finding unclimbed mountains involves luck and hard work. Generally unclimbed mountains fall into 2 categories: 1. technically difficult or 2. very remote. Some are both.

Technically difficult ones are often known about and have had several attempts. Places such as Greenland, India and Bhutan all have easier unclimbed mountains but they are expensive, high-altitude and illegal (sacred), respectively. Once a mountain range and country has been decided on, a search of various alpine journals, the British Mountaineering Council and Royal Geographical Society databases can be cross-referenced to mountain tourism websites both from the country and from the UK to give an idea of what has been climbed. Asking local and international guides can bring in loads of useful information. Google Earth satellite images have height data, and people have uploaded photographs of places humans have been.

Now that you've found a mountain to climb, you just have to get there and climb it. Getting there is like organising a club trip: simply get some people, some transport, some food and some kit together, and off you go. Just remember to get the right people, the right transport, the right food and the right kit, otherwise it might be a one-way trip.

### **Climbing It**

Try to imagine your favourite Lake District hill when it was unclimbed. There are no paths in the area at all, never mind up the hill. You have no good map, so can only make navigation decisions by looking at the hill. In reality, it would be fairly simple. Most routes follow valleys and then ridges. In the Lakes, most ridges are walkable, so given a day of good weather, you'd find yourself at the top fairly soon. Getting down is a simple matter of reversing your route. Next time you forget your map, just pretend it's a first ascent.

Most unclimbed mountains are actually more similar to Alpine peaks than the Lake District, and ropes are needed for the glaciers and snow. The techniques are just the same as in the Alps, but there are no friendly huts halfway up willing to sell you a beer. Just like the Lakes, you will probably follow valleys and ridges (rather than faces). Binoculars and zoom lens on a camera are a good way to look at your proposed route and guess the difficulties the day before. You can then judge if you can do it, and how long it will take you. Remember that ridge lines at an easy gradient can still be steep on either side. Turns out that staying on a knife edge between steep bullet-hard ice and loose rock isn't that easy.

Misjudging the size is also a common mistake. Rocks that I thought were chair-sized and possible to scramble up turned out to be room-sized blocks of bedrock with ice climbs in between. Once up that, I noticed the top was actually the next pinnacle along, and had to do some very speedy climbing to keep on schedule.

You have to be prepared for different conditions on the way down, and for different conditions over the expedition. I've watched as a snow bridge we crossed day after day sagged further each afternoon we crossed it. I made sure I wasn't the first to cross it each day.

### **Mentality**

There is one last thing you have to have... You have to be able cope with or even sustain yourself on the unknown. You have to cope with 'interesting' sections where you forget that rescue is near-impossible. You either have to be 'mental' or very, very good at logical thinking under pressure to calculate risks. It's a state-of-mind thing. Whether it's the right or wrong state is personal opinion, an opinion which is possibly affected by your state of mind...

## *The Hillwalking Diet*

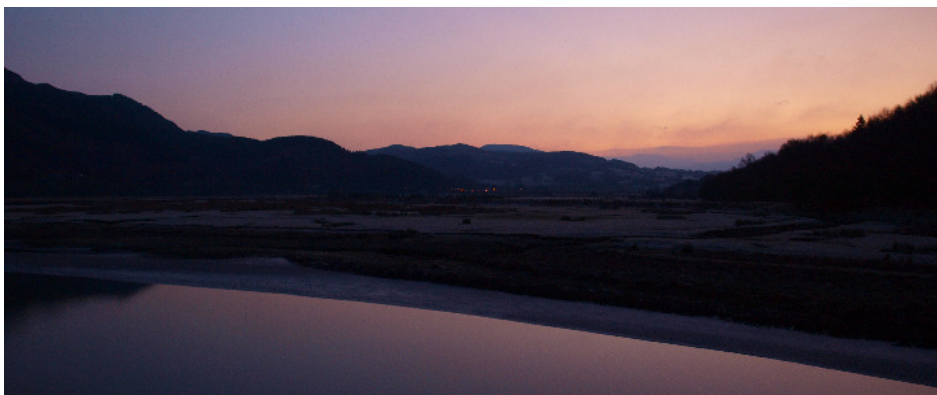
Written by Tom Leach; Tableby Mark Jackson, Laurent Michaux & Fiona Peterson.

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Food represents a hillwalker's lifeline – not just providing the energy one requires to conquer, explore (or bag as the case may be) the fells, but a tool to improve morale during the inevitable British rain, or a mechanism to refill those empty stomachs at the end of a long day. Nothing beats the opening of the jelly babies in rainy Wasdale; the tucking into the sandwiches at Seathwaite ...

Yet such delights have to be transported, and hence a hillwalker's diet forms a trade-off between comparative weight, taste, cost, and durability. Inside the relative sanctuary of the bunkhouse, this is rarely a problem, hence the club tradition of exciting Saturday night meals, from pizzas made from scratch to homemade spring rolls or a cheese fondue delight. During longer, multi-day hikes, such a trade-off becomes increasingly hard to perfect, as provisions eat into rucksack space and weight a hillwalker down. Compromises become needed: is surviving on couscous for weeks a worthy price to pay for reducing weight? Tastier meals worth lugging around a glass jar of Lloyd Grossman pasta sauce?

Such compromises spurred exciting debate between the participants of this year's CUHWC 'Scotland' Trip, where food choices ranged from squirry cheese on oatcakes to squashed sandwiches or bananas, and led to the writing of the CUHWC 'Backpacking Food Chart', shown overleaf, illustrating the calorie count per 100g of a variety of hillwalking foodstuffs, together with their nutritional information, and durability rating. Top on energy emerge the most 'unappetising' products – lard and crackers, anyone? Or powdered milk for daily hydration? Nuts and chocolate consistently lead for items you might actually like to eat, hitting 600 and 500 calories per 100g respectively, while cheese, or anything milk- or dairy-based, appears to stand out, whether it be chocolate, yoghurt biscuits or simply custard creams. Eating snacks all day does appear to be perhaps the best strategy – staple foods such as couscous, pasta or rice often barely hit 200 calories per 100g. So there you have it: an official endorsement of the popular 'eat jelly babies all day' strategy.



*Sunrise on the estuary, Dolgellau trip, LM*

## Backpacking Food Chart

Food	Brand	Nutritional information / 100g							Durability 10=Best	Notes
		Pack size (g)	Calories	Fat	Carbo-hydrate	Sugar	Fibre	Salt Protein (equiv)		
Lard	Asda	250	897	99.7	0	0	0	0	0	10 C / 3 11 1
Milk powder	Asda Evaporated milk	410	675	9	12.2	12.2	0	7.8	0.5	9
Peanuts	Asda Smartprice	200	608	49.2	9.8	6.8	7.7	27.7	1.2	10
Roasted cashew nuts	Asda Roasted and Salted	40	605	16.8	23.3	8	4.1	20.7	0.7	10
Milk Chocolate	Asda	100	550	32.8	55	54.4	2.1	7.7	0.3	10
Plain Chocolate	Asda Dark chocolate	100	515	28.8	52.6	46.8	9.9	6.5	0	10
Custard Creams	Asda	200	502	23.3	66.7	29.4	2	5.4	0.4	5
Flapjack	Tesco Mini Flapjacks	300	465	21.6	58.9	34.9	4.1	6	0.5	8
Pesto	Asda Italia classic basil	190	454	45.4	6	3.8	4.4	5.3	2.8	7
Mars Bars	Toll size 4 pack	232	449	17.1	68.9	59.7	1.29	4.3	0.41	6
Chorizo Sausage	Asda Extra Special Spanish	225	419	38.7	2.2	0.1	1.3	22.3	3.7	10
Yoghurt Coated Raisins	Ston-Maid	30	433	16.7	70	63.3	3.3	3.3	0	10
Oatcakes	Nature's Rough Oatcakes	250	431	17.3	58.6	1.3	8	10.2	1.52	6
Chocolate raisins	Asda Milk chocolate raisins	200	430	15.1	66.4	63.8	4.2	5.1	0.2	9
Cheese	Asda Medium cheddar	450	420	33.3	1.6	0.2	1	23.5	1.7	10 C / 1 11 1
Yoghurt Coated Biscuit	Go ahead Strawberry 6pk	210	417	10.1	74.8	41.2	2.7	5.3	0.5	7
Trail Mix	Asda Fruit and Nut mix	200	392	11.9	60.9	48.6	4.8	8	0	10
Boiled Sweets	Asda	250	384	0	95.9	70	0	0	0	10 2
Foam Bananas	Morrisons	80	375	0	90.7	84.7	0	2.9	0	10
Jamaica Cake	McVities	245	364	10.5	63.4	37.8	1.6	3.7	0.5	6
Brioche Rolls (Plain)	Asda	360	12.2	53	13.3	2.1		8.4	1.2	5
Brioche Rolls (with chocolate)	Asda		357	12.4	52	19	2.3	8.3	1	5
Porridge oats	Quaker Oats	1000	356	8	60	1.1	9	11	0	10
Muesli	Alpen (no added sugar)	1300	352	5.2	65.1	16.3	7.8	11.1	0.4	10
Kerdal Mini Cake	Romneys	85	350	0	95	95	0	0	0	∞ 3
Dried Mincestron Soup	Asda	38	347	1.1	70	11.5	5.2	11.8	4	10
Hambo	Super Mix	160	344	0.2	39	63.4	0.3	6.6	0	10
Fruit Pastilles	Asda	250	344	0.1	81.3	53.7	0	4.4	0.1	10
Loec! Fruit Cake	Asda Loec! Fruit Bar	500	342	3.3	72.6	49.3	2.6	4.1	0	10
Jelly Babies	Asda	250	340	0	78.7	73.1	0	6.2	0.1	10
Wine gums	Maynards	190	325	0.2	75.4	57.3	0	5.7	0	10
Mali Tofu	Original	266	302	2.4	63.7	18.3	3.6	7.1	0.71	8
Chips	Average 'chip shop' chips	400	240	12.4	30.5		2.2	3.2		0 4
Bread	Wahartons sliced white	600	234	2	43.8	2.2	2.6	9.9	1	3
Squirry cheese	Primada	150	200	15.3	3.3	3.3	4.4	12.1	0	7
Couscous (Plain)	Asda	300	138	0.9	29.6	1	2.3	6.6	0.3	10
Pasta	Asda Parsilli	500	156	0.6	31.3	0.5	2.1	5.3	0	10
Couscous (Ainsley Harriot)	Spice Sensation	100	138	1.4	25.4	3.4	2.7	5.1	0.27	10
Thma Tin (No drain)	John West	130	119	1	0	0	0	27.6	1	10 5
Rice (Plain)	Asda Basmati	500	119	0.2	26	0	1.3	2.6	0	10
Rice (Ainsley Harriot)	Sue-Fan	120	113	0.8	24.4	3.6	2.6	2.1	0.3	10
Bananas	Mixed	170	72	0.2	0	0	0	17.5	0	1
Thyrd Grossman Pasta Sauce	Tomato and Basil	350	61	3.4	5.8	4.8	0.8	3.5	0.83	10 5,6
Apples	Mixed	1150	53	0.1	11.8	11.8	1.8	0.4	0	5
Stock Cubes	Knox Vegetable Cubes	80	10	0.6	5	0.2	0	1	0.9	10

### Notes

1 C – Cold weather, H – Hot weather

2 Rhubarb and Custard flavour

3 Planned to check as not on pack

4 From <http://www.weightlossesources.co.uk/calories-in-toad/veg/Chip-Shop-Chips.htm>

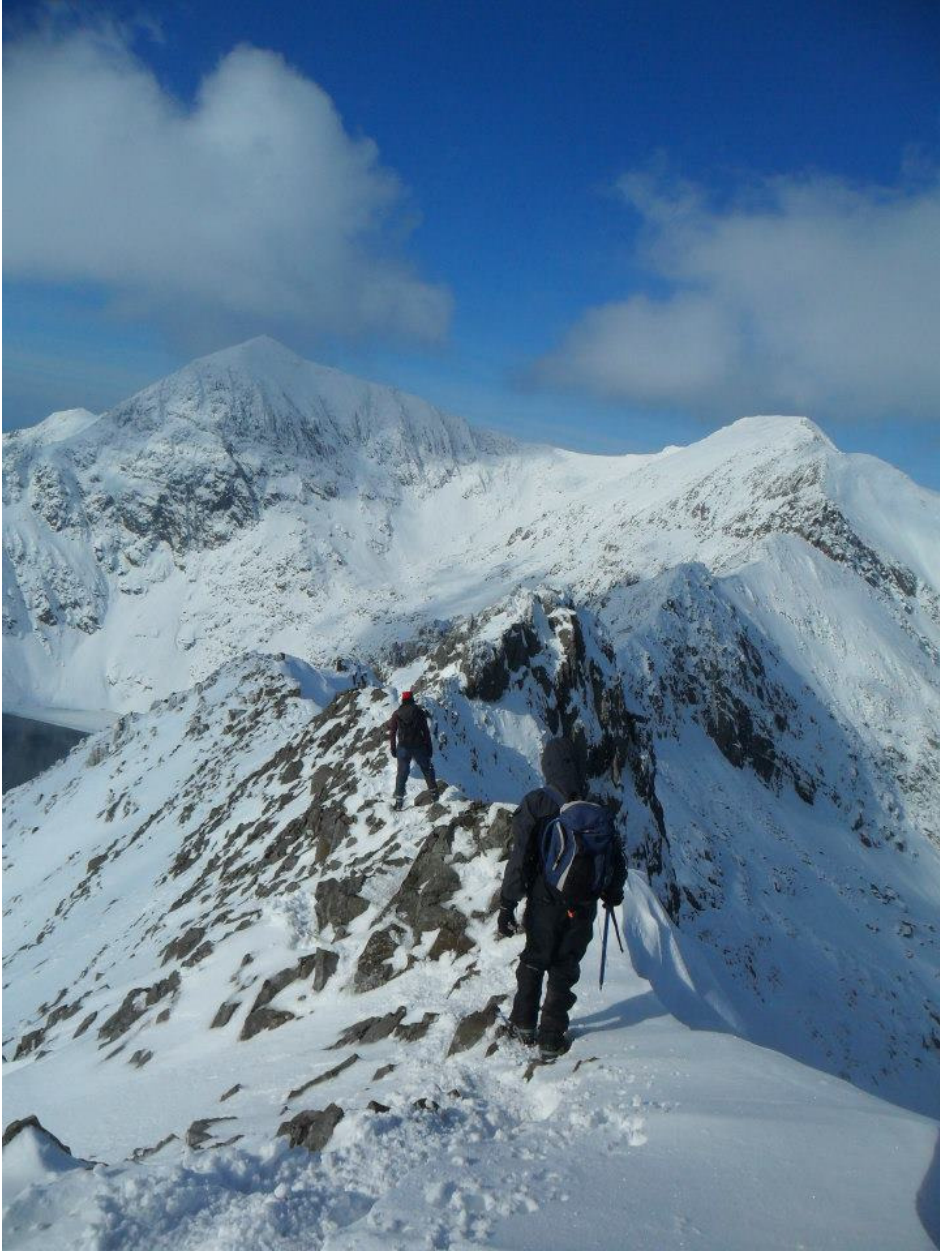
5 Container left over

6 Until jar breaks

*CUHWC is good for ... career advice*

(to Geographers): You're almost science students... Just ones with no job prospects. [JR]





*The ridge of Crib Goch, with Snowdon behind, in 'Alpine' conditions, RH*

## *The CUHWC ‘Scotland’ Trip (Part II)*

Based on the exploits of Fiona Petersen, Laurent Michaux, Tom Leach, Mark Jackson & Alex Elliott, as recalled by Phil Brown

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### **Day 1**

*Oxenholme – Rydal – Great Rigg – Fairfield – Helvellyn*

Our walk began at Rydal rather than Grasmere so Laurent and Fiona could bag an additional Nuttall<sup>1</sup>. Laurent and I strode boldly off along the road, laughing about how maps were for the weak. We backtracked to the path we’d missed, and climbed into the cloud.

The views from Great Rigg and Fairfield were spectacular, if you like looking at clouds. We didn’t, so found them a little dull; we consoled ourselves with the thought that at least we weren’t in Scotland. My lunch at Grisedale Tarn consisted of the regulation six oatcakes, 80 g of cheese, and a small handful of dried fruit; previous backpacking treks had taught me to pack light food and ration it carefully. I watched enviously as Laurent ate his third fruitcake of the day.

Weather up on Helvellyn was poor, and we were glad to pitch our tents at the far west end of Red Tarn, beneath Helvellyn’s cloud-shrouded bulk. The first of many Ainsley Harriott couscous and chorizo dinners were cooked. Laurent had his usual three-course banquet, while Fiona appalled us all with a swim in Red Tarn’s chill waters. I contented myself with skimming an eight-bounce stone off their surface. As darkness fell, we went to bed and hoped our tents survived the wind.

### **Day 2**

*Helvellyn – Raise – Great Dodd – Clough Head – Keswick – Coledale Beck Ford*

Mercifully our tentpegs remained clasped in the ground’s tender embrace, and we awoke to the splashes of a swim-hungry Fiona. The day began with Laurent racing up Catstye Cam, his eyes aflame with the cold light of the Nuttall-bagger. Seldom if ever has a gratuitous bagging detour been so richly rewarded: Catstye Cam perched pert and perfect just below the cloudbase, giving magnificent views over the eastern Lakes. We scrambled along Swirral Edge through the mist, and continued north down Helvellyn’s flanks.

On one of the Dodds we paused briefly to eat and debate calorie density. Mark contended that Sainsbury’s Basics Salted Peanuts contained the most calories per gram of any food on the walk (6.08 kcal/g), far outclassing feeble pretenders like trail mix (3.92 kcal/g or chocolate raisins (4.30 kcal/g)<sup>2</sup>. I foolishly accepted a rhubarb and custard sweet<sup>3</sup> from Alex, and developed an immediate and insatiable addiction. I would spend much of the rest of the trip attempting to trade food, clothes and non-essential limbs for just one

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1 It was one of *those* trips

2 Did you know that, contrary to all good sense, plain brioche rolls have a higher calorie density (3.60 kcal/g) than those containing chocolate chips (3.57 kcal/g)? Madness.

3 An unimpressive 3.84 kcal/g.

more edible bundle of purple-and-white joy. A small number of sheep wandered over to join our discussion, but their contribution was frankly trite and banal.

We dropped north from Clough Head at the end of the ridge and raced west to Keswick along the old railway track. The track's unforgiving solidity ravaged our feet for 7 km, and I will never speak of it again.

In Keswick, Mark, Tom and Alex decided they would take the bus and some cheesy chips to Braithwaite. Fiona, Laurent and I snorted scornfully at this betrayal and walked instead. We reached Braithwaite chipless and blistered, but with our integrity intact. At the ford across Coledale Beck, tents were pitched, and we settled down to another dinner of couscous and chorizo. Laurent enjoyed some truffles and roast swan from the cavernous depths of his food bag.

### Day 3

#### *Coledale Beck Ford - Crag Hill – Whiteless Pike – Red Pike – Hay Stacks*

Dawn brought cloudless skies and ravenous midges. Most of us escaped their fearsome assault, but sadly Alex fell behind and was consumed. Leaving the midges to feast on his corpse, we climbed the steep path to Coledale Hause into a day of perfect sunshine, boundless vistas and well-trodden paths. I selflessly volunteered to navigate through these challenging conditions.

We ditched our bags at the saddle and ran packless, as light and free as soaring swallows, up to Grasmoor and Crag Hill (not coincidentally, both Nuttalls). Donning our packs once again, my formidable navigational abilities led us down the large path to Whiteless Pike, slowed only by a large French herding dog taking its human for a walk. We lost all our hard-won height to eat lunch on the sunny shores of Buttermere. While Alex opened a tuna tin using an original but time-consuming pen-knife method, Fiona stood in Buttermere and dreamed of swimming. Laurent wandered around for a few hours trying to find an updated weather forecast.

The climb to Red Pike was brutally steep. We reached the saddle tired and dusty – Laurent even briefly considered not bagging Dodd before realising this was a betrayal of everything he believed in. Continuing southeast along the ridge as the daylight dwindled, we camped by Innominate Tarn in the shadow of Hay Stacks. Fiona, Alex and Tom wallowed in the mud of the tarn and claimed they were swimming, while I lay on my bag, ate rhubarb and custard sweets and felt glad I had no further to walk today.



*A lovely day for Nuttall bagging, PB*

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*CUHWC is good for ... life planning*

Walking with normal people on Patterdale meant I could talk about marriage and babies [AW]

# *Idiots' Guide to British Mountain Geology*

by Jo Smith

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Become an expert with this handy reference...

## **Some useful terms and pictures to start you off**

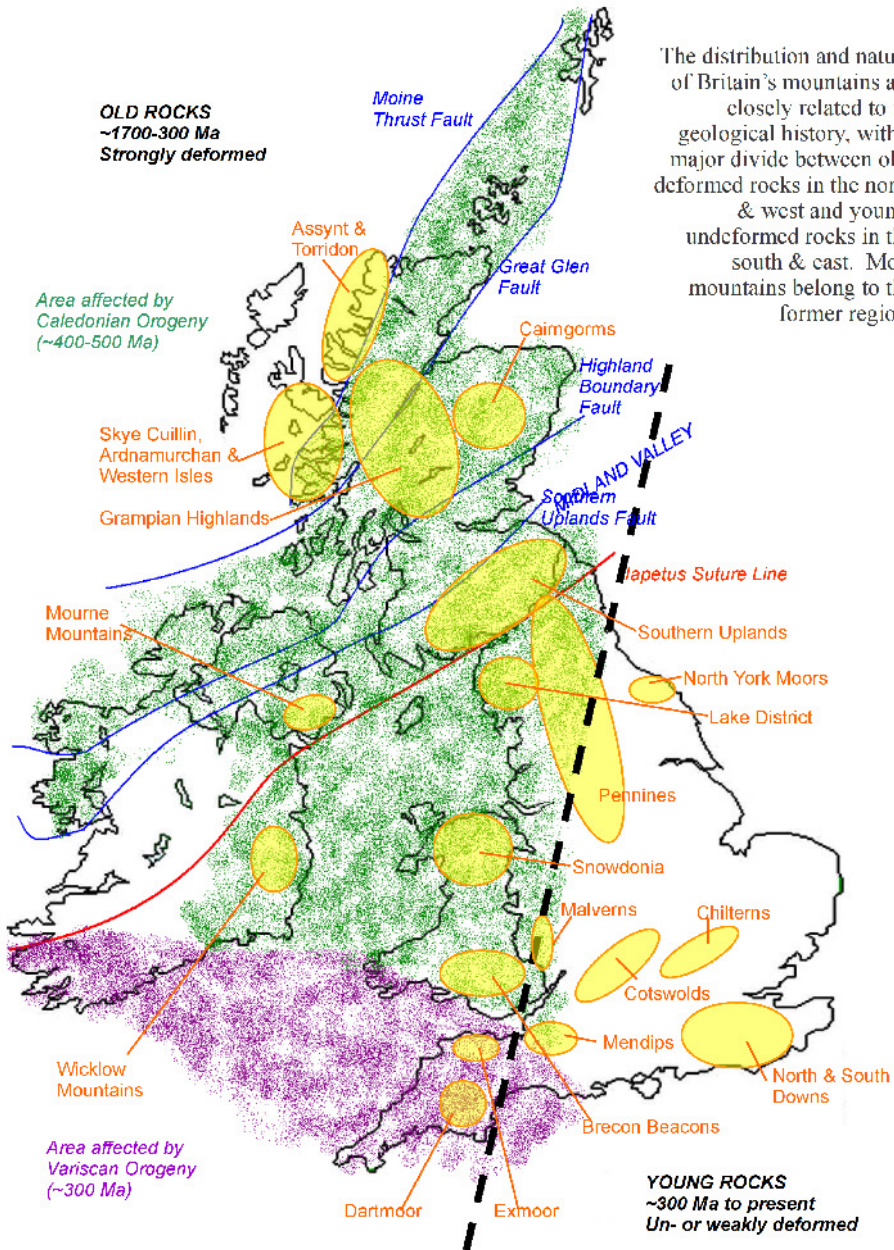
**Ma** – Not your mum or a free Cambridge degree, but shorthand meaning ‘million years ago’

**Orogeny** – Episode of mountain-building, usually resulting from a continental collision. Results in large-scale rock deformation including folding, faulting and metamorphism. May be associated with magma formation and volcanic activity. The effects of two major orogenies can be seen in Britain: the *Caledonian* (~500-400 Ma) and the *Variscan* (~300 Ma). The process of mountain-building in this way is known as *orogenesis*.

**Igneous rocks** – form from molten rock: either plutonic (formed deep in the crust from solidifying magma) or volcanic (erupted from a volcano). *Plutonic* rocks form extensive bodies, have large interlocking crystals, are resistant to weathering and are generally good to climb on. Magmas with more iron and magnesium form dark *gabbro*; magmas with more silica, sodium and potassium form grey, white or pink *granite*. Granite contains a lot of *quartz*, which is also often found on its own forming white pebbles or veins. Volcanic rocks are very varied – they can have very small interlocking crystals (often you can't see them) like *basalt*, or be solidified *ash* and dust. Volcanics are frequently interleaved with sedimentary rocks.

**Sedimentary rocks** – can be divided into two main groups: clastics and limestones. *Clastics* are essentially bits of other rock that have been eroded, mineralogically altered, re-deposited and cemented together. Common types include *gritstone*, *sandstone*, *siltstone*, *mudstone* and *clay* (in order of decreasing particle size). They can be a wide range of colours. *Shale* is mudstone that is very strongly and finely layered. *Limestones* are carbonates, mainly calcium, that form from accumulated shells of marine animals or are directly precipitated from water. They are usually pale grey or yellow; *chalk*, an extremely fine and smooth variety of limestone, is white and good for writing on blackboards. *Coal* is formed from accumulated bits of plant, normally in swamps. Sedimentary rocks are deposited in layers and so are useful for identifying structures such as folds.

**Metamorphic rocks** – are pre-existing rocks that have been altered by heat and pressure (without complete melting) into new rock types, and therefore common in mountains formed by orogenesis. *Marble* and *quartzite* form from limestone and sandstone respectively, and are simply harder, more sparkly, fused versions of the original rocks. Mudstones form the widest variety and some of the most common metamorphic rocks, including slate, schist and gneiss (in order of increasing heat and pressure). *Slate* looks like shale, but is harder and blacker, and you can write silly messages on it with other pieces of slate. *Schist* has aligned crystals and is often glittery because of the presence of shiny *mica* minerals. *Gneiss* has even larger crystals and usually has black and white stripes – it is, I must say, quite a nice rock.



The distribution and nature of Britain's mountains are closely related to its geological history, with a major divide between old, deformed rocks in the north & west and young, undeformed rocks in the south & east. Most mountains belong to the former region.

**A (very) brief history of Britain**

Long, long ago (around 500 million years, to be relatively precise), two halves of Britain were separated by the Iapetus Ocean, a fore-runner of the Atlantic. While England,

attached to continental Europe, Africa and South America, was floating about somewhere near the present-day Antarctic Circle, Scotland was joined to North America and Greenland at roughly the current latitude of Uruguay. Ireland too was split across the middle. Over the next hundred million years, plate tectonics brought the two halves together as they drifted north. When they finally collided, there was an almighty mess known as the Caledonian Orogeny, with rocks being deformed and melted and mountains springing up all over the place (though mostly in Scotland). No sooner had all this died down than there was another collision (the Variscan Orogeny) further south as northern France joined the party, with the effects felt in southwest Britain. From around 300 million years ago, when Britain crossed the Equator on the way to its present latitude, things were quiet for a while, and sedimentary rocks formed in the shallow seas of southern and eastern Britain. The last real excitement was about 50 million years ago, when the opening of the North Atlantic caused widespread igneous activity across northwest Scotland and Ireland. The final, superficial adjustments were made only recently by ice sheets that covered much of the country between approximately 500 000 and 10 000 years ago, to create the landscape we know and love.



*Balancing act on ascent of Lochcraig Head, near White Coomb, Southern Uplands, LM*

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*CUHWC is good for ... unusual excuses*

It isn't my fault - I blow aggressively! [MJ]

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# *Waterproof materials – a review*

by Dave Farrow

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*Red, blue, and all between the two, Patterdale trip, LS*

Advice on waterproof materials has often been asked for on the Discuss List, as different fabrics flood the market and everyone gets confused. As members' time is ever more saturated, the effort needed to purchase a waterproof is becoming a more effective way of procrastinating for students. Hopefully this will condense the main arguments and come up with a watertight conclusion.

This review takes data from the manufacturers' websites and the 'CUHWC Discuss List' (from October 2007 to present, covering approximately 10 conversations) as the most reliable sources of information to be found.

The choices come into two camps - proper waterproofs, which have a membrane to 'stop' water coming in, but let hot air out (useful in this club), and the 'soft' waterproof (found on 'hard' walkers), through which your body heat forces sweat to flow from inner to outer, taking any rain with it.

## **Proper Waterproofs**

*GoreTex ActiveShell* - So light it feels like you're not wearing anything when it's hailing (Personal Experience, 2011), probably short-lasting

*GoreTex Performance Shell* - the 'cheap' one

*GoreTex Proshell* - the expensive and heavy one, but might be more breathable and durable.

*eVent* - meant to be more breathable than GoreTex, but also leaks more easily if you sit in snow

There are also 'Own Brand' materials from almost all manufacturers. These will at least be 'waterproof' to the industry standard, but breathability isn't going to be great. Luckily your legs don't breathe so it's a good option for trousers and some people find this additional sweat a minor problem for jackets as well.

### 'Soft' Waterproofs

*Polartec NeoShell* - waterproof according to industry standards, but only half as waterproof as GoreTex. 99.9% Windproof. That 0.1% will equate to a chilling breeze in Scotland.

*Paramo Nikwax Analogy* – warm but very breathable, and waterproof until you sit in a puddle.

Anyone that has got this deep into this article without being slightly confused at all the options available either works in an outdoors shop or should (Jo, 2011)

### Asking the Oracle: Discuss List opinion

Previous enquiries into the subject (CUHWC Discuss List, 2007-2012) have brought in torrents of opinion. A summary is tabled below.

No account is taken of the fluidity of the argument made.

	<i>Paramo</i>	<i>Membrane</i>
For	9	6
Against	4	0

The obvious conclusion from the above is to buy a membrane fabric.

Interestingly, no distinction is ever made between membrane fabrics. Although Paramo is a much-argued topic, no arguments against membrane waterproofs have ever been aired. Will (2009) praised both *Paramo* and *Goretex* in the same email, thereby somewhat watering down his arguments. Bethan (2009) refused to publish results in the public domain, preferring them to remain private between her and her advice-seeker.

Those against membrane fabrics may be not posting to the Discuss List because they are (a) too busy outdoors staying dry and having fun, or (b) still drying out all their kit from last time. Either way, it seems opinions against membranes are not strong enough in the wearer's mind to be published in the discuss list, so are therefore ignored.

In addition to the above, two testers have been trying a variety of jackets over the last year. Dave's *GoreTex Active Shell* looks worn out after a week's use, but then is still waterproof. He is slightly scared of trying it again as it's painful in heavy rain, but it will probably last longer than he expects. Dave's *GoreTex Proshell* is fantastic and makes him feel at home in a tortoise-like manner on the hill. He did get a bit wet out in the Lakes once, but he wasn't using his hood. Jo is wearing a *Paramo*, and although it is too warm for summer, she pours out admiration for it at every opportunity. Luckily it does seem to keep the drool as well as rain out, or she would get very wet.



## *The CUHWC 'Scotland' Trip (Part III)*

Based on the exploits of Fiona Petersen, Laurent Michaux, Tom Leach, Mark Jackson & Alex Elliott, as recalled by Phil Brown



*Tom and Mark feeling chilly, PB*

### **Day 4**

*Hay Stacks – Brandreth – Great Gable – Scafell Pike – Great End – Angle Tarn*

After breakfast Mark briefly left us to go and stand on a modest-sized clump of heather. He returned flushed with satisfaction, reporting that he had now bagged everything with more than half a metre's prominence within a ten-mile radius. Impressed, we allowed him to lead us south-east to Brandreth. We continued south to Green Gable and Great Gable (with a short Nuttall-based diversion to Grey Knotts).

Mist became thick cloud and drizzle as we descended from Great Gable down a steep and rocky path to Sty Head. Here we paused to eat lunch; my oatcakes were somewhat lacking in structural integrity by this stage of the trip, and Fiona had a large and tasty-looking bag of biscuit dust. Laurent produced a whole roast hog from his bag, and ate it looking rather satisfied.

We took the Corridor Route up to Scafell Pike then descended northeast, crossing Broad Crag (a rocky outcrop with a short but exciting scramble to the top) and Ill Crag (flat, tedious and shrouded in thick cloud. Crucially, also a Nuttall). Another stroke of bagging-inspired good fortune led us up Great End just as the cloud lifted, affording unexpected and spectacular views of the Isle of Man. On the descent, we found ourselves discussing hills, weather and career prospects with an off-duty policeman on a walking trip in the Lakes. It transpired that Alex had just finished a philosophy degree.

“And what are you hoping to do with that?” the policeman asked, intrigued. We laughed awkwardly – you don’t actually do anything with a philosophy degree.

The Angle Tarn outflow provided a flat camping ground with a pleasant stony beach. Fiona declared that she didn’t feel like a swim today; appalled, Tom went in instead. Apparently, Angle Tarn was a lot warmer than Innominate Tarn. Mark shivered and put on another pair of waterproof trousers.

As it was the last day of cooking, we could finish all our evening meals. In celebration, I ate tuna on my couscous, and watched as Laurent sprinkled some caviar on his wild boar steak. We briefly debated opening the Ultimate Military Jet Top Trumps – which I had complained loudly about carrying for the last four days – but decided it was a little late to start them now.

## Day 5

*Angle Tarn – Martcrag Moor – Pike of Stickle – Blea Rigg – Silver How – Grasmere*

The weather began wet and gloomy, and only went downhill. Thankfully, so did we – this was the last day of walking, and we planned to descend into Grasmere early and return to the Station House Inn for a pub dinner of indecently vast proportions.

For the first time, we left well-trodden tracks and struck out fearlessly into the unknown. This proved to be a mistake. The path we were aiming for proved to be less existent than we’d hoped, and we had an enjoyably damp wander across wet grassy tussocks and through gurgling bogs. Just as we lost all hope, and I started to consider who I’d eat first, if it came to it, we stumbled down from Mansey Pike<sup>1</sup> onto a large and obvious path.

This led us to the summit of Martcrag Moor, a flat top of stupefying dullness. Pike of Stickle was a lot more exciting, with a scramble over damp rock onto a wind-ravaged summit. Lunch was eaten on Pavey Ark. I stared for a while at the last battered hunk of my trusty cheese companion, which had nourished and sustained me without complaint for five days – now it seemed more of a friend than a food. Then I ate it with great relish.

We climbed from Stickle Tarn to Blea Rigg, hunched against the worsening weather. The track from Blea Rigg led over low rounded hills, in sharp contrast to the vast rocky fortresses of yesterday – the Lakes is nothing if not varied. Finally, we stood on Silver How and gazed upon Grasmere and Rydal, where we had begun five days ago. It had been an epic trip – 94 km around the whole of the Lake District, over 6,000 Nuttalls climbed<sup>2</sup>, and many tonnes of Ainsley Harriott couscous eaten. Below us was a world that slept within walls that didn’t shiver ominously in the wind; people who ate meats that weren’t chorizo and wore more than one pair of trousers a week. We stared down at them from the rain-swept moorland, damp, stinking and content.

“Horrible weather up here” said Alex. “Let’s get to the pub”.

1. Or somewhere nearby, probably.
2. Really, 37

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*CUHWC is good for ... logic*

I saw Andrena going into the bathroom, so I followed her [GP]

---



*"Shall we link the other hands too?", Caseg Fraith trip, MJ*

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*CUHWC is good for ... getting wiser with age*

(on the Old Duffers): They've finished all their bagging, so they actually talk to each other [PK]

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*Admiring the view, Dolgellau trip, PK*

## Letters

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Continuing with the last issue's trend, we have received only one letter this year:

“Dear Cambridge University Hillwalking Club,

I regret to inform you that the current President, Vicky R. Ward, duly elected at a properly convened and fully quorate Annual General Meeting on 5<sup>th</sup> February 2013 (Julian Day 36) is leading this esteemed club down a miserable road, which could lead to its eventual destruction in its historic 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Year. I have decided to write to all current Club members summarising my top 5 concerns. However, please note that this is but a concise list and could be expanded rather substantially.

### **1. The Fire-Extinguisher Incident**

As far as I am aware, she is the only President that has led to the potential banning of the club from a bunkhouse. In future, the President should ensure that all members are *not* well rehearsed in fire safety procedures in order that no one touches any fire extinguishers in order to put out potentially life-threatening fires.

### **2. The Minibus**

On the trip immediately following her election, we expensively damaged the minibus. I can but declare this an omen for the remainder of her Presidential year.

### **3. Number of Trips**

As already noted by the esteemed Mark Jackson, the President has been a notable absentee of recent late on trips since her election. I feel that excuses such as ‘exams’ are unacceptable and she needs to get her priorities straight – even if said exams do occur at 09.00 on the day following a weekend trip.

### **4. Typos**

Just read any Bulletin or trip email. Nuf said.

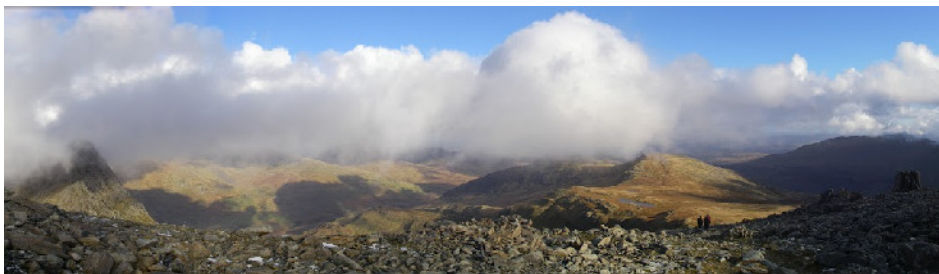
### **5. The ‘Garden’ Party**

The Garden Party of 15th June 2013 (Julian Day 166) was a rather singular one in the fact that it did not take place in a ‘garden’. This concerned member would like to point out that this could be viewed as a ‘misrepresentation’ and would therefore request that their payment be refunded. The President also took this as an opportunity to force certain unwilling Club members into a series of tortuous enforced games of active social engineering with which I was most displeased.

My advice to the Club would be to hold a re-election with immediate effect of experienced recent past Presidents such as Andrew Williamson, Jo Smith or Dave Farrow, whom she already overly relies on for advice, to repair the shambles and disgrace which has been induced by our woeful President.

Yours sincerely,

A Concerned Member”



*Tryfan and hills east of the Glyders (licence: CC-BY-SA 3.0), Capel Curig trip, PW*

## Crossword

by cookie

1		2		3		4		5		6		7		8
9								10						
11								12		13		14		
15		16			17									
				18										
19										20				
									21					
22						23						24		25
26		27				28		29						
30				31						32				

## Across

- 1 Mark holds record in warehouse (5)
- 4 Drake, at sea, cleared leaves (5)
- 7 Worker almost gets meat or drink (3)
- 9 Getting up around first light and doing what we all do (7)
- 10 He comes after rent with chemical weapon! (4,3)
- 11 What injured ungulate finally: return of fighting on street (4,5)
- 13 Grey, like producer of eggs (5)
- 15 Benefit of tippie in Kyoto for example (4)
- 17 Italian course given by Tory, telling it without endings (10)
- 19 Van Gogh's second railway is fleeting (10)
- 20 Short girl is sick after visiting hospital (4)
- 22 Dip river island into sun god (5)
- 23 Deprive team? People can barely be seen here! (5,4)
- 26 Perfect circle is 6 using this 8 20 9 5 (7)
- 29 Lake held back by reservoir at noon (7)
- 30 Face part of service which is insincere (3)
- 31 Two, four or six for example could be made from seven? (5)
- 32 Revolutionary amusements synonymous only with 31 (2-3)

## Down

- 1 Rod to succeed, nearly (5)
- 2 Could be North or South 20 9 5 but not 8 (5)
- 3 First of the YBA longing for cuppa (6)
- 4 I got mirrors revealing stiffness when late (5,6)
- 5 Christopher contracted it after taking potassium (3)
- 6 Island hospital department coming up ready for sketch (8)
- 7 Visit 20 and start to bribe with silver (3)
- 8 Damaged asset line like oil (9)
- 12 Software pro prepared 8 20 9 5 (11)
- 14 Half an island territory initially (5)
- 15 Mocking reformed racist (9)
- 16 Beige starter for beetle we hear (5)
- 18 Top leftmost key, a dead mushroom (8)
- 21 Empty toy after dog - like a dalmation? (6)
- 24 Artic parrot with repeated direction (5)
- 25 Chemist 8 20 9 5 (5)
- 27 Another short girl returns for 8 20 9 5 (3)
- 28 Yet another short girl to take legal action (3)

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*CUHWC is good for ... interesting wakeups*

Bethan, the first thing I heard when I woke up this morning was Doug saying to you:  
"Don't you have any of your own underwear?" [JP]

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*Descending Swirral Edge en route to Catstycam, Dunmail Raise trip, JS*

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Thanks to all who took the many superb photos included in this issue and for allowing them to be published, and also to those who provided some quotes to include:

Michael Fordham

Matthew Graham

Constanze Hammerle

Rebecca Howard

Mark Jackson

Laurent Michaux

Jane Patrick

Gaspard Pelurson

David Pettit

James Ritchie

Jo Smith

Lucy Stone

Vicky Ward

Simon Williams

Andrew Williamson

Philip Withnall