



Correction to membership cards

Unfortunately there was an error in the meets section of the membership cards, the AGM 2014 is the weekend of **the 10th of October**, not the following weekend as stated. Apologies for this. In addition, two meets had not been finalised at the point of issue. These are:

- Alpine trip – 2nd-10th August
- Yorkshire Dales meet – 12-14th September

Don't forget, you can find the most up to date meets list by visiting www.ulgmc.org.uk/meets

Forthcoming Meets

Don't forget to check www.ulgmc.org for the latest news on trips.

2014 meets

Land's End: Spring Bank Holiday 2014

Booking deadline is now passed!

Contact: Margaret and Geoffrey Batten, grb@batten.eu.org, 0121 475 6604

Alpine Summer 2014

After a very successful Alpine trip to the Dolomites last year, this year has been somewhat more complicated to organise thanks to the globetrotting nature of our members. Mike Hale, Stephan and Heather will not be able to attend due to prior commitments.

HOWEVER, Alpine action will still be occurring. ULGMC are going to Chamonix for the first week of August and would be delighted for ULGMC members to attend. A few have already signed up, so if you do fancy heading to the Alps this summer, please contact Tomaz Smith (tomaszadamsmith@googlemail.com).

It's never too early to organise next year's summer trip (2015), so if you have any ideas or would like to volunteer to run the meet, please contact the meets secretary (meets@ulgmc.org.uk).

Tour de France unofficial meet: 5 July

On the 5th July the Tour de France's Grand Départ will start in Leeds to arrive in Sheffield the day after. Mike Hale thought that this is a fabulous excuse for a meet at Fallcliffe!

Please, let Stephan know as soon as possible if you are interested to join me, so that I can confirm with Dave if I keep the booking of the hut.

Contact: Stephan Tietz, stephan.tietz@gmx.de

Symonds Yat unofficial meet: 25 July to 1 August.

Although not an official meet we have booked 3 pitches at Doward Park Campsite, <http://www.dowardpark.co.uk/>, starting on Friday, 25 July for a week. You are most welcome to join. There will be space available without the need to book ahead.

Keith Mott, keith.mott@ulgmc.org, 07973 747756.

Oggie 8 fundraiser: 2-3 August

On the 2nd August 2013 **Ogwen Valley Mountain Rescue** (OGMRO) will run their annual fund-raising event known as **Oggie 8**. Teams of 2-6 people race to climb all of the 8 mountains over 3000 feet (914m) along the Ogwen valley.

The route starts at OGMRO base station opposite Caseg Fraith. The first peak is Carnedd Llewelyn followed by Yr Elen. After that one follows the ridge over Carnedd Dafydd to Pen yr Ole Wen from where one descends towards Ogwen cottage using the "back way". That's one half of the route done. The return is via Y Garn, Glyder's (including Castell y Gwynt) and Tryfan.

Last year 21 teams participated and the winning team ("To the pub") completed the circuit in 7 hours and 48 minutes. The slowest team completing the circuit took 14 hours and 28 minutes. Only two teams retired early.

Stephan Tietz and Heather Rumble are planning to partake and **they are looking for people to join their team or to support their efforts by helping us raise money for OGMRO**. This is their main fund raising event of the year and at previous years participants managed to raise almost £100 per person! You can sponsor them by either visiting <http://www.ogwen-rescue.org.uk/sponsor/> (and then



choose the event under "Stephan Tietz") or donating cash during upcoming meets and socials.

Contact: Stephan Tietz, stephan.tietz@gmx.de

Meets List

Location	Date	Meet Leader	Notes
Cornwall	23-26 May	The Battens	Bookings needed by 1 Feb!
Devon	13-15 June	Mike Pollitt	
Wales Coastal path	16-20 June	Sue Esten	
Fallcliffe	4-6 July	Mike Hale	Tour de France
Alps Summer trip	Summer	Tomasz Smith	Contact Tomasz Smith ASAP if interested
Oggie 8 & Welsh 3000s	1-3 August	Stephan Tietz	On the 2nd August 2013 Ogwen Valley Mountain Rescue (OGMRO) will run their annual fund-raising event (Oggie 8).
Caseg	23-25 August	Stephan Tietz	Plas y Brenin instruction available, children and dogs welcome
Yorkshire Dales	12-14 September	Kim Ashworth	
Caseg	10-12 October	Linda Coombs	AGM and BMC safety seminar
Fallcliffe	31 October - 2 November	Neil Brindley	Bonfire weekend!! (Tim take note)
Caseg	31 December - 4 January	Heather Rumble	

<http://www.ulgmc.org.uk/meets>

Meets

New year 2013/2014

Heather Rumble

Another snowy New Year, though slightly more slushy than last year. At its busiest we had 14 attendees this year including four guests. Stephan Tietz, Craig Rice and myself kicked off the meet by attempting the Grib Lem Spur on the Carneddus. Unfortunately the snow put us (well, just me actually) off when it started getting rocky and we headed back to the hut where Keith Mott and Mark Stitson had kept the hut warm for us. Andy Worster, Kim Ashworth and two guests joined for the evening along with the rest of the Mott family.



The next day was pretty rainy so we graced the Llechwedd slate caverns with our presence. The cavern tours are due for

an overhaul in 2014 and, unfortunately, it shows. It was a pretty good day out, with some interesting information and the backdrop of some truly impressive underground excavations but the tour itself is pretty cheesy and dated. Luckily the company was good and we made the most of it, but one couldn't help feeling that the steep price is not quite deserved. I think after the refurb it will be a great day out though.

Having not quite used up enough energy in the slate caverns, Stephan and Andy decided to do a late afternoon ascent of Tryfan, managing a very respectable sub-2 hours. Kim, Craig and I decided a run to Llyn Ogwen would suffice and had great fun running down the old road, which by then was more of a river.

Day three was New Year's Eve and Mark, Craig, Kim, Andy and their two guests went to the Beacon to do some indoor climbing. Stephan and I went for a brisk walk around Llyn Cowlyd, making the most of the short break in the weather. There was even blue sky! The Motts went to Caernarfon in search of a slate clock, which, I believe, they found.

In the evening two more guests joined us and we had a smashing party in the hut to celebrate the New Year. Our home-brew was flat and possibly non-alcoholic but was nevertheless received gratefully. New Year's

day was home day for most of us, after a quick clean of the hut.

So, overall a very mixed meet in terms of activities. The weather could have been better but has certainly been worse! We hope to see lots more of you there next year.



Fallcliffe - 24– 26 January

Keith Mott

I started coming to Fallcliffe in late 1980 or early 81. I like to think it might have been the Bonfire meet. But this was not my first visit to the Peak District.

In 1972 I spent 2 weeks at my very first summer camp with the Scouts, 15th Ealing. I was 12, going on 13. Although I had grown up in the country we had moved to London when I was 6. We had a bungalow by the sea, in Norfolk, and usually spent some of the summer in Cornwall and, later on, Devon so I was definitely not a complete townie.

Staying in the Peak, at North Lees farm, just below Stanage, got me hooked on camping and the outdoors which not even the great number of intervening years has managed to diminish. I even get withdrawal symptoms sometime after Easter.

Part of the fortnight involved a hike, with Good Companions, to Edale and back. I remember most of the first day very clearly – the climb up to Win Hill, using our enamel mugs to take drinks from the streams we crossed and then, when we thought it was all over, pitching the tents for the first time at the mercy of the midges at the campsite. Bliss. The next day we visited Blue John Caverns and climbed Mam Tor – no heritage plaques then – on the way back.

In all those years in between I had dreamed of retracing my steps, quite literally. Several times I suggested the walk but it failed, quite naturally, to inspire others. You just had to be there, aged 12.

In January my dreams came true. With only 6 in the hut and with 2 leaving before the rest of us were up I felt the time was right. Stephan and Heather had caught the train to Edale in order to walk up Kinder. Mark Stitson and George Nicols planned to boulder at Curbar and were kind enough to take Elanor along for the ride – the car would come in handy when the rains came.

I had hoped to get a lift up to Stanage but this was not to be. I parked by the station in Hathersage and, after buying lunch, started up the valley toward North Lees Farm. Whilst never completely dry, the valley certainly showed the effects of the continuous torrential rain over the last few months.

Since there are a great number of paths criss-crossing the area below Stanage I was never certain that I was following the exact same path but the intention was there. The field where we camped in 1972 was empty of tents but there were a few walkers around. The field seemed awfully small even though I was then probably only an inch or so shorter than I am now.

I made good progress and stopped on the bridge over the Derwent at Bamford for lunch. It was very peaceful, apart from the phalanx of motor bikes, or whatever the collective noun is. Raucous, perhaps?

The direct path to Win Hill seemed much steeper than even the last time we walked this section a couple of years ago. In my defence, I should say that I developed a cough that day that forced me to take a week off work, the first time in 14 years.

As I cleared the trees at the top I could see the weather moving in. There was a line right above my head stretching out to the west with bright sunshine to the south, dark clouds to the north. The White and the Dark? There was even a couple sitting on the west side of Win Hill, she to the south was blond, he to the north dark. I could not make it up.

Shortly after leaving the top the wind got up and rain approached. It came on so quickly that by the time I had my jacket on there was no point in getting the trousers out. I did regret that five minutes later when the hail hit so hard I thought it would tear through my summer weight trousers. By this time the wind was so strong that keeping a straight path was almost impossible.

Instead of approaching Edale from the north as I did with my patrol, I decided to make for the road just as it bends west from Bamford. Not quite the scenic route I had planned. I contacted Heather and Stephan who were kind enough to postpone their departure from the Rambler Inn in Edale to wait for me. A thoroughly enjoyable trip down memory lane, especially with a pub at the end!

There is another story about the train journey back to Hathersage but that will have to wait for another time.

Sunday saw the other 4 head for a wall in Sheffield.

George Nichols

On Saturday Mark, Elanor and I took advantage of a break in the weather to try and tackle a few boulders. We took a couple of pads over to Curbar and found some south-facing problems that were almost dry. After a few easy ticks on and around the Gorilla Warfare boulders we took a stroll up and over the top of Curbar proper, across the road and along the top of Baslow edge. Along the path the grand Eagle Stone emerged through the mist, but as we drew closer we saw the small lake that the weeks of continuous rain had formed at its base. Rather than lash our pads together into a raft and float across to the stone we scrambled down the edge to join the footpath below and strolled back to the car as the rain came in. We took an excellent tea at the David Mellor design museum in Hathersage and watched the

rain turn to hail before returning to the hut to meet the others.

Loch Tay (Scotland) – February 2014

Sam Hardman

Whilst spring, summer, and autumn may see us happily wild camping in the rain in a bog, in winter, when the conditions are less clement, we err on the side of caution. Hence, for a week on mid-February ten of us descended (or ascended) on a luxurious holiday cottage in the banks of Loch Tay, open fire, range cooker and en-suite bathrooms keeping us warm, dry and comfortable after a snowy day on the hill.



Sunday 16th – The day dawned bright and sunny, so we made the most of it by setting off up the largest hill in the vicinity – Ben Lawers (1214 m). Whilst the photos make the day look idyllic the wind was blowing a hoolie and the cloud was sitting stubbornly above 1000m. By the time we'd reached the first peak (somewhere around Bein Ghlas (1103 m)) half the party decided discretion was the better part of valour and descended to the valley to practice ice axe arrest and dig snow holes whilst a brave few carried on to the summit. We all got back to the 'hut' safe and sound and ready for dinner.

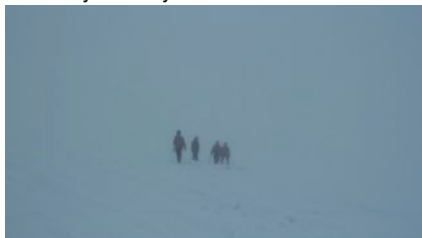
Monday 17th – The weather took a bit of a downward turn, the cloud base descended and there was a dampness in the air, so we set our sights a bit lower on Meall Dhùin Croisg (748 m), still a decent sized hill by English standards. We walked in 2 groups, setting off at different times, going up the hill on opposite sides, but by good fortune we met near the summit, before heading off in opposite directions, to meet again at the cars. The wind was whipping up spin drift, and we were glad to find an Andy Kirkpatrick style hell hole (i.e. sheltered crevice under a huge boulder) for lunch.



Tuesday 18th – The day dawned mizzly again, so we decided on a nice easy navigation day - Meall nan Oighreag (833 m) – one wall to follow for the entire 700 m ascent. Our luck changed when we got to the top, the cloud cleared and we could actually see some other hills! Encouraged we carried on to Creag Uchdag (879 m) with its trig point and enjoyed the first (of many) glissades back down to the cars.



Wednesday 19th – The weather still wasn't much better, but we thought it was time for another Munro, and Meall Greigh (1001 m) fit the bill nicely. It was a complete white out above about 750 m, so we got some good navigation practice and managed to find to summit without too much distress. We only met one person during the whole day, who materialised out of the mists with the summit cairn where he was eating a sandwich. The highlight of the day was not the views from the summit (white, white and white), but the descent. After making fairly sure we were free of the crags we glissaded down over 300 m, all in one go. Definitely the way to travel.



Thursday 20th – There was actual rain forecast (rather than just the low cloud of previous days), so a few of us went on the wet-weather walk we'd had in reserve all week. A 'gentle stroll' along forestry tracks and up to the diminutive Greag Gharbh (673 m) was made more exciting by occasional hail showers.

Friday 21st – The final day arrived, and with it the wind, Meall nam Maigheach (779 m) was our destination. It was a simple route on paper but the warm weather made the snow conditions – interesting, as did the

70 mph winds on the top.



All in all the weather was surprisingly good (for Scotland in February), the snow conditions surprisingly stable (ditto) and the food and company unsurprisingly excellent.

Fallcliffe, joint with ULMC, 22-23 March

Heather Rumble

The annual ULGMC/ULMC joint trip was a good one. Around 10 ULMC people turned up, as well as Keith Mott, Mark Stitson, Stephan Tietz and myself. On Saturday Mark accompanied one group of ULMC climbers to Brimham before the rain set in and they had to retire to The Little John, Hathersage. Stephan and I had decided to walk the infamous Edale Skyline route, particularly as the race itself was due to be run the next day. This is a circular route that we started and ended in Hope, taking in Win Hill, Kinder, Lord's Seat, Mam Tor and Lose Hill with a mixture of gorgeous sunshine, torrential rain, horizontal snow and stinging hailstones poured upon us. Keith had also gone for a walk with those ULMCers not so interested in climbing and this involved a healthy amount of tea and ice cream. On Sunday we all went to Burbage for some bouldering with two groups peeling off eventually to walk around the nearby area.

Easter Meet 2014

Heather Rumble

This Easter we had a bumper crop of walkers and climbers with 21 people in the hut. On top of that, we had fantastic weather so some of us have, for once, come home with a bit of summer colour. Most people arrived on the Thursday night so the real action started on Friday.

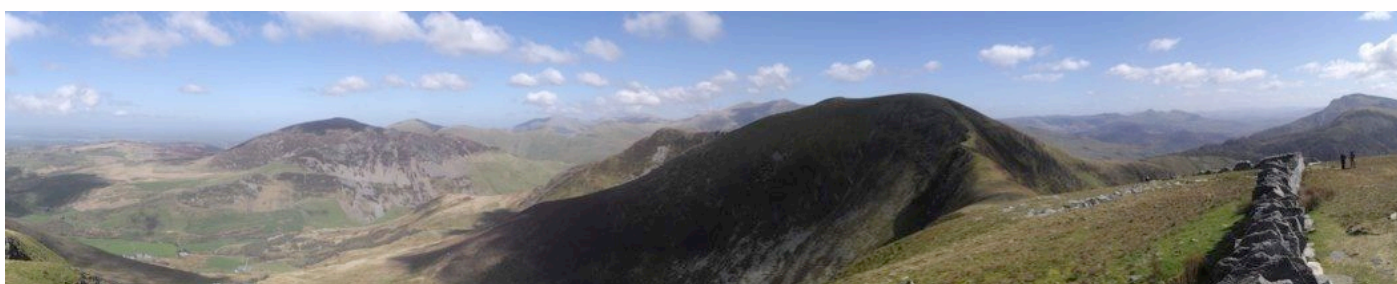
Sam Hardman and Mike Pollitt had organised a two day wild camp that myself, Stephan Tietz and Mark Stitson tagged along on. We walked from Llyn y Dywarchen near Rhyd Ddu up to Y Garn

(the other one!) and along the Nantlle ridge to Garnedd Goch, taking in a fantastic scramble on the way between Y Garn and Drws-y-Coed. We found a very pleasant clearing on a small crag 2km below Graig Goch and tucked in to cous-cous, noodles and a rather decadent bottle of red wine carried by Mike. Day two was a bit tougher, walking over Moel Hebog, with half the group opting for the steep Bryn Banog route via a lovely old slate mine. We ended the day walking over Moel yr Ogof and Moel Lefn and finally skipping through Beddgelert forest. We ended the day with a much deserved ice cream in Beddgelert.

Back in the world of sanitation (well, sort of) and real food, Tom Smith and Francis Hardy, guests from ULMC, had a great day leading Grooved Arete on Tryfan on Friday before Jake Howard joined them on Saturday for some climbing at Clogwyn Bochlwyd and the RAC boulders. Graham Cunningham spent Friday walking up Cwm Tryfan, down to Llyn Bochlwyd and up to Y Gribin before observing a group trying (and failing) to dislodge the cantilever on Glyder Fach. On Saturday Graham, The Motts (including Jack the dog), The Charalambouli and Phil Tarr, the new Caseg hut warden, scaled Tryfan via Heather Terrace before Keith cruelly tricked them into finishing in Capel. Simon Hills and his 5 year old son, Vincent, spent both days walking the mountains from the hut.

Sunday was a bit of a wash-out for some of us due to impending drizzle and aching muscles. The climbers (Tom, Francis, Mark and Jake), undeterred, went to Blaenau Ffestiniog for some multi-pitching. The Motts and Charalambolouses walked the old road to Capel before climbing the Pinnacles. Stephan and I tried and failed to find a direct route up to Carnedd Llewelyn in preparation for the Oggie 8 in August (volunteers needed!) before returning to the hut to help Mike, Sam and Phil do a deep clean of the hut. Graham spent the day geologising at the seaside cliffs of Llandabrig, whilst the Childerstones went for an epic walk around the Nantlle ridge area.

Sunday saw the return of the sun and a dwindling group of mountaineers. Tom, Francis, Stephan, Mark and Jake climbed a few routes behind the hut including Holtt Lydan, Llech and Canol. The Motts and myself mooched around the hut and the crag offering encouragement. Mike decided



a solo ascent of Tryfan was a good way to spend a sunny day, whilst Graham went for a walk around Llyn Idwal.

This was the first meet I can recall for quite a while where North Wales did not benefit from any of us visiting the various "wet weather backup" tourist attractions. It was a brilliant trip, thanks to some fantastic sunshine, a group of enthusiastic outdoors men and women and a salubrious stock of home-brew!



Caseg May day weekend Shaun West and Heather Rumble

Shaun arranged the trip hoping (forelawnly) that a group from ULMC in the 1990s would turn up. In the end Penny Laithwaite and her family arrived for dinner! It still gave me an opportunity to show the kids the hut and to meet some new people (mostly having only used Skype/email in the past to speak with them!). As it turned out Graham and I did already know each other.

On Saturday, Mike Pollitt, Sam Hardman, Kate Shuttleworth, Heather Rumble and Stephan Tietz did the Snowdon horseshoe, adding the ridge to Gallt y Wenallt onto the end before a steep descent. Stephan also modified the route by racing us up Crib Goch via the North Ridge. It was a draw, but as we all started from Pen-Y-Pass you can draw your own conclusions about whether it was a fair race!

Shaun took his kids climbing on 'Little Tryfan', on Saturday, where he learnt to climb. Everything was going well with the top rope until Shaun rapped down the rope and could not free it (no bolts here) and had to walk ups and pull it out - then down climb, whoops!!



Matt Walters and co. went for a walk around the slate quarries before heading to

Beddgelert for a walk and an ice cream on Sunday.

On Sunday Heather went for a bimbble around the woods in Capel Curig, getting lost in a forestry plantation, as seems to be her wont these days. Graham Cunningham went to Anglesea to continue his geological tour of North Wales.

Oggie 8 meant that Shaun and Stephan were gone at 0600 on Sunday. This meant that they arrived at the top of Tryfan at 0730. From there the weather got worse until Y Garn where the clouds lifted. On the descent from the Carneddys they were passed by Andy and Misha who had been climbing on the Carneddys. Stephan and Shaun returned to the hut in under 12 hours, happy and tired and in need of a beer and the Cava!



On Monday Mike, Heather and Stephan went up Crimpiau in Capel, where Mike invented the sport of "Brambling". This is the art of turning up to a boulder field and scrambling/bouldering all over it, much as a schoolchild does in a playground. It was very fun. Family West did much the same, but on the little rocks behind the hut but did have the kids so it therefore become 'climbing'!!

News from Members

A short walk across Knoydart (c1972)

Tim Marshal

Inspired by the recent account of a trot through the Cairngorms, here is an account of a shorter walk across the eastern edge of Knoydart, one of the remote peninsulas of the West Highlands; it was done solo. For reasons lost in the mists of time, I decided to walk from Glenfinnan station (GR: NM 899810) to Barrisdale (NG 872047). The whole walk was contained within a single sheet (35) of the old OS 1-inch map: Loch Arkraig, 40p; but not the subsequent walk-out through Glen Affric. (Apart from the section Glenfinnan - Strathan, it's also on sheet 33 of the Landranger series, but at £6.50)

The train from Fort William to Glenfinnan goes over what has become known as the Harry Potter viaduct. In 1972 there was no such appellation, but the

sights are still the same: from the viaduct, a magnificent view to the SW down Loch Sheil; at the lochside, Prince Charles' monument, where in 1745 he raised his flag, rallying the clans to join him in overthrowing the Hanoverian dynasty; and between the two, a circular grass field on and around which the Glenfinnan Highland Games are held every year in the middle of August.

From the station, I walked down the road back towards Fort William until a footpath on the left took me under the viaduct and up into Glenfinnan itself. The path went more or less due north for 4 kms at which point (Corryhully - NM 912845) it took a sharp turn to the north-east. There was no-one else about, nor even, to the west, the ghosts of times past, where a short glen had once seen a thriving community of highlanders before the laird came and threw them off during the clearances; read all about it in John Prebble's *The Highland Clearances*.

By now there was no path, so it was just a question of keeping alongside the stream as it climbed up to a saddle at 1586 ft. (NM 943868). Then, just following my nose, on down Gleann a'Chaoruinn to a place called Strathan (NM 977914) which the map suggested had a smattering of houses where I thought I might find somewhere to stay the night. Well I did, sort of. There was an empty house with a locked door, but devoid of windows, so I climbed in and found a bed which may (or may not) have had a mattress. It was enough to provide a night's good sleep, and was at least dry; on the descent through the glen the weather had been increasingly menacing.

In the morning I left a note thanking whoever's cottage it was for the accommodation, and commenting that they would have a tremendous cottage when the refurbishment was complete; I also left my name and address. Months later I had a post-card from someone in Stirling telling me that I'd been the guest of the Laird, Cameron of Lochail, and offering to find a climbing partner for me when I next went north.

Strathan was more or less at the head of Loch Arkraig, which from here flowed eastwards to the Great Glen. I was bound in the opposite direction, though, up Glen Dessarry (the deserted glen) to the north west. A light drizzle began, and gradually increased in intensity throughout the day. Glendessarry (the place) was followed by Upper Glendessarry, and then the path bent westward past Lochain a'Mhalm (NM 902945) and on, skirting some very steep ground to the north, to Finiskaig (NM 872947) at the head of upper Loch Nevis.

Loch Nevis is one of those lochs miles away from the glen or mountain of the same

name; Loch Sheil is another, for Glen Sheil is many miles north on the road to Skye, whereas this walk began some miles to the south. Here, the map showed a footpath along the edge of the loch, leading to a footbridge over the river Carnach at NM 867965. Alas, there was no such bridge, though from the skeletal ironwork on each bank there had been a bridge, once. If you had managed to cross the river, the path turned north-west and then west down Gleann Meadail towards Inverie at NM 774995. Inverie is one of number of settlements on the shores of Loch Nevis which are supplied by boat from Mallaig, there being no easy land route. It is also where about 30 years ago the impresario Cameron Mackintosh had a country house burnt to the ground.

However, this is going miles off route. With no bridge at Carnach, or further upstream, I still had to get across the river somehow. The map indicated that there were many fewer streams flowing into the Carnach on the west side rather than the east side (NB the more modern Landranger map shows more or less the same number either side - ???), and therefore fewer streams (? torrents – by now, it had been raining steadily for several hours) to be crossed. So, somewhere upstream from Carnach, after the river had become shallow enough, I forded it (water up to mid-calf – very wet), continuing up the west side of the Carnach to its junction with a footpath coming west from Loch Quoich at approximately NG 895004.

The watershed here is curious, for the map shows two streams rising separately at NG 889011 and NG 895011, then joining at NG 897001, before immediately separating, with one stream flowing east to Loch Quoich and the other flowing south to become the Carnach. A book I've read but since lost, "Walking the Watershed" by Dave Hewitt, would no doubt clarify things. (It's not well-written, but nevertheless a fascinating account of a walk along the watershed of Scotland from the Cheviots up to the north coast at Cape Wrath).

Here is also Munro country. I had passed two, both to the west, the day before going over to Strathan. Now, there was Sgurr na Ciche 3410' NM 902967 2 miles east of Carnach; Meall Buidhe 3107' NM 848990, 2 miles north west of Carnach; Luinne Bheinn 3083' NG 869008 about 3 miles north of Carnach; and the grand daddy of all Knoydart peaks, the twin-summitted Ladhar Bheinn at 3313' NG 822042 and 3343' NG 825039, about 3 miles west of Barrisdale. None of these could be seen, as the cloud came lower, and the rain got heavier.

I've read, or heard from somewhere, that the path from Loch Quoich was actually one of General Wade's military roads (or his successor, General Caulfeild) built in the

aftermath of the '15 or '45 rebellions to facilitate the movement of troops around the countryside in order to keep the clans suppressed; but I've been unable to confirm the truth of this, either way. What seems certain, however, is that it was, or became, a drove road, used to take livestock from Skye (they were *swum* across from Skye to Glenelg) to the Great Glen and onwards to more southerly markets. Again, read all about it in ARB Haldane's *The Drove Roads of Scotland*.

The path continued down Gleann Unndalain past mixed a mixed wood plantation and, according to the map, crossed over to the west side of the stream before recrossing to the east at a "ford" at NG 871041. However, given the weather, I didn't believe the ford would be fordable, so I crossed the burn high up and went down the east side. Just as well, really, for at the "ford" the burn had become a raging torrent when I came level with it. I was now barely half a kilometre from Barrisdale. What I thought I might find there I cannot now remember, but it would have been pretty shattering to find nothing and no-one there at all. Fortunately, there was a house occupied by an estate worker and his family and, best of all, a caravan, used for renting out to people such as me – 3/6d (17 1/2p) a night.

There was a heater, so after emptying ½ " of water from the bottom of the rucksack I could begin to dry things off. And, best of all, there was a cooker, so I could have some hot food – until now it had been cold food all the way. The "last great problem" – how to get out of this place – I left until the morning.

Recent correspondence in the pages of Wikipedia suggests it's possible to drive to Barrisdale; not in 1971 it wasn't. To the east a path went along the south side of Loch Hourn for about 10 kms to Kinloch Hourn, from where a road wound its way eastwards to Loch Quoich and thence into Glen Garry; not, however, where I wanted to go. To the west lay the Knoydart peninsula, largely uninhabited except for a few settlements on the south side; and to begin with at least, no path for about 11 kms. To the south was where I'd just come from, whilst to the north was the main body of Loch Hourn. How to get out? Or, just as pertinent, how did the estate worker and his family get in?

The solution arrived with the postie and the phut-phut-phut of his outboard motor. He came in a small, clinker-built 15 ft. dory, very similar to the one I'd used on another visit to the west coast which took me from Kilchoan on the south side of the Ardnamurchan peninsula to Tobermory on Mull; this was long before that ferry route became so popular that Calmac put on a proper flat-bed car ferry on the route. I can't imagine such a development ever being

possible at Barrisdale. So I hopped into the dory – none of this Health and Safety nonsense about having to wear a life-jacket, and if they did insist it was done in such a low key that I have no memory of it – and was taken 8 kms down the loch to Arnisdale (NG 841105) on the north shore.

From here the options seemed 2-fold: either to strike north-east for about 15 kms to the southern shores of Loch Duich and Ratagan youth hostel at NG 918199; or, to hitch round the peninsula through Glenelg and on to Ratagan. With the prospect of a 35 km walk down Glen Affric the next day, I took the easy option and hitched round.

CEM or Estate Management, College of and the Club

Mike Warden

For the club, it is sad that CEM moved and became part of Reading University in the 1970s. Part of London University, CEM was tucked away in a small corner of Kensington, a small specialist college that punched well above its weight within the university. To become a Chartered Surveyor, Land Agent or Estate Agent and Auctioneer you either, like solicitors, became articled to a firm doing the knowledge and studied postally for the exams of the professional body, or you went to one of the few Colleges that offered courses that were accepted by those bodies. CEM offered evening classes for those working in London or the south east; postal courses which were the route for most people hoping to join one of the professions; while a lucky few of us attended full time three year courses.

Students tended to be a year or two older, many with work experience, some with family ties to professional firms around the country trying to pass the professional exams and having holiday jobs guaranteed back at home. When I went to CEM in 1974, there was an active fledgling college mountaineering club arranging club meets but also taking an active part in ULMC. A succession of CEM members took on the roles of Chairman, treasurer, and secretary and meet secretary of ULMC. An active group of climbers and mountaineers, it was inevitable that CEM members would join the graduate club. Because we had been studying land and property law, valuations, taxation and accounting, it was inevitable too that we were happy to become actively involved in Caseg Fraith and later Fallcliffe.

John Burrows, ex CEM, was one of the group of undergraduate members that decided to search for a hut in North Wales, and it was John that discovered the Vaynol Estate was wanting to establish three huts in the area, now the Scout's Hut at Idwall, the MAM hut, and Caseg Fraith, otherwise it

could have been a miner's cottage in Bethesda! Treasurer of ULMC during the construction of the hut and it's first hut warden, in his words, more by default than anything else, when Willie Butler retired, Mike Tuson, ex CEM, took over as hut warden. It was Mike that created the two loft bunk rooms, making a surveyor's decision to remove some to the head height purlins, and thereby making space to form the sitting room and fire place. I was his deputy hut warden. The title meant bugger all but gave me some authority to boss occupants about. During much of that time James Webster was ULGMC treasurer and I became secretary, both of us ex CEM.

The Club decided to search for a hut in Derbyshire, we couldn't afford one in the Lakes. Again it was John Burrows, then an estate agent in the area, who was very active in searching for a suitable property. During a club meet in 1969 in Derbyshire, John collected amongst others Bill Renshaw and me, both of us ex CEM, to view Fallcliffe. Incidentally Bill subsequently achieved a law qualification and has been active in advising BMC on amongst other things Right to Roam and Coast Access. Mike Lewis, ex CEM, became one of the first Fallcliffe hut wardens.

It isn't essential that the hut warden is a surveyor. Bob Nun installed the fabulous dining tables in Caseg, and we've been lucky to have three excellent lady wardens, Laura Hampton, Liz Parkinson and Elspeth Howell. Mike Bennett was warden during the underpinning of the west gable. Dave Jacobs was our man at Fallcliffe for ever it seems. But over the years there has been increasing legislation affecting property which third parties pay to occupy. Liz Parkinson ran a holiday property letting business and she brought her lettings knowledge to bear during her tenure as warden at Caseg.

Club members gutted and refurbished Fallcliffe, plumbing, sewerage, electricity, the lot. But none of us are certified to do those works. Sadly those days are gone. The trustees of the huts carry the can. In large part it is why in recent years the trustees increasingly have had to initiate professional standards of management. Not only do trustees have to make sure the buildings are sound, the sewerage is sound, the electricity is safe, we also have to show that there are procedures in place and prove that checks are carried out regularly.

Step forward Mike Parkinson. Of all CEM club members, Mike has had to mastermind at Caseg Faith the underpinning of the west gable wall; damp proofing of the west wall; the installation of the new sewage treatment plant; and at Fallcliffe, re-roofing and re-wiring; as well as instituting health and safety procedures and checks for both huts to name but a few of

the major tasks that have taken place over the last few years.

In the not too distant future, Mike Parkinson and I will retire as trustees of the two huts. It will be in the hands of our replacements, Mike Pollitt and Mike Hale to carry the huts forward. We are trying to make sure that they are in the best condition they can be to serve current and future needs. Sadly for ULGMC, the future supply of professional surveyors from CEM to take over has ended.

Bonfire meet and the police (c1979)

Tim Marshal

The traditional bonfire meet was the occasion for an unusual event some 35 years ago, which younger members might find entertaining. A club member, Mike Tuson, at one stage hut warden for Caseg, went into exploring the world by boat (his travels ranged from East Greenland to Spitzbergen and the Falklands). Amongst the equipment he had on board were naval distress flares, in the event that the vessel foundered and they needed rescuing.

The flares ran out of date, naturally, and rather than just dump them or hand them in to the appropriate authorities, he gave them to someone to enhance the Bonfire week-end. And did they! The fire was blazing, sparklers were in widespread use by the children (of all ages), and fireworks were being let off with the usual disregard for any firework safety code. Someone suggested letting the first of the naval flares, so we did. And mightily impressive it was, far outdoing any rocket seen at Fallcliffe either before or since.

After about 20 minutes people suggested letting off the second flare. "But someone might think it was a distress flare" suggested one Jeremiah. We all laughed. His thought was pooh-pooed as ridiculous, surely no-one would have such an idea, on a bonfire week-end, in the Peak District? So we let that one off too, and it was just as impressive as the first.

Within a minute there was the sound of a car drawing up on the road outside and, rather more noticeable, a flashing blue light. A member of the local constabulary came through the gateway, and asked for who was in charge. What a stupid question, there wasn't anyone in charge on occasions such as this. But someone must have been found, and the officer explained that they had received a call to the effect that a distress flare had been seen, and it looked as though someone might be in trouble on the hills. The police had wondered whether it was anything to do with us – somehow, they either knew or suspected there was a bonfire at the cottage, and had come to investigate. The second flare, which they

had seen after leaving the station, merely confirmed the correctness of the decision to investigate.

There was some admonishment about failing to notify – who? The police, the local authority, the fire brigade? Memory fails me, but the upshot was that we said, "We've got another one, can we let that off or not?" "Hang on a minute", said the officer, and disappeared back to the car, which was still flashing its blue light. After not very long, he returned and said that would be OK, but to give it a couple of minutes because the lads in the station wanted to get outside and see what it looked like.

Silveretta on Skis, Easter 2014

Shaun West

We only were able to take 2 days of ski touring at Easter this year. For that reason we took the train (OK mostly in the bar) to Partenen where we ate very well. In the morning the lift took us up to the top and after the tunnel bus system we ended up at the carpark by the Bielerhöhe (the location for the competition!). Simply ski across the frozen lake and then up to the Wiesbadernhütte. It was very hot under the blue skies and the beer at the hütte was very refreshing!



Over the evening the Föhnstrom arrived and the morning was very 'Scottish'. We changed our plans, no more Piz Buin and down to Klosters but over the Fuorcia Vermunt and down to Guarda. Much of the navigation was based on the old compass, altimeter and map approach to route finding and helped us get to the Nothütte at the Fuorcia. The hot choco at the Chamonna Tuoi was very welcome, the final 5km of walking in ski boots were not welcome!



Club News

President's Corner

Heather Rumble

It's only May, but we've already had an eventful year in terms of meets and membership. We're six meets down and have already seen in excess of 60 people attending overall. Unlike in recent years, these have not been restricted to "the usual suspects", but have included previously lapsed members, former ULMC and MACs students returning after a period away and enthusiastic current undergraduates. This is a really positive development and a sign that things are looking up in terms of membership and I hope that this develops into a self-sustaining recruitment stream in the next few years.

Nevertheless, this remains a mammoth task and the committee are working hard to find ways to attract new members. This includes canvassing undergraduates and climbers at local walls to find out what they want from club membership, and we have upped our game on this front. Feedback so far highlights the value ULGMC offers in terms of knowledge and expertise. Undergraduate clubs are currently lacking in the expertise needed to climb traditional routes and to mountaineer.

Climbers at local walls similarly seem to consider joining clubs when they want to move from plastic to real rock. Publicising meets and ensuring we have a consistent, engaged and diverse presence on these meets will help here. The recent surge in not only member numbers attending meets, but also their diverse backgrounds and interests is a positive step. So, if you haven't been on a meet for a while, I urge you to do so. If you're lucky, there might even be home brew!

Caseg continues to draw the largest numbers, but we've also had two really successful meets at Fallcliffe this year, including a joint meet with ULMC. Fallcliffe needs the support of members throughout the year, so please consider it when thinking of your summer holidays this year, whether independently or to see some of the action which the Tour de France is bringing to the area in July.

Happy clambering,

Heather

Membership Sec and Treasurer report

Stephen Tietz

By now you should have either received a membership card or heard from me directly. If you haven't then either something has gone amiss or you haven't renewed your membership for 2014. Either

way give me a call (07984583146) or drop me an email (members@ulgmc.org.uk).

I would like to apologise that this year's mail out of membership cards has been a bit later than usual. I had quite a few problems convincing printers and photocopiers to take the heavy card, jamming multiple devices on the way.

We currently have 145 members and our affiliation with the BMC has been renewed. The BMC has informed us that they will have to raise the cost of their liability insurance for the next year. The current proposal is an increase of £1 per head, which will probably mean that we have to raise our subscriptions for the next year too.

There are a few more exciting things that I am looking at presently and I will update you in the next newsletters when they have progressed a little bit further.

Ogwen Valley Mountain Rescue Fundraiser

Stephan Tietz

On the 2nd August 2014 Ogwen Valley Mountain Rescue (OGMRO) will run their annual fundraising event known as **Oggie 8**. Teams of 2-6 people race to climb all of the 8 mountains over 3000 feet (914m) along the Ogwen valley starting and finishing at the OGMRO base station opposite Caseg Fraith.

So far, myself and Heather have raised about £40, so we are hoping for more people **sponsor us** by either visiting <http://www.ogwen-rescue.org.uk/sponsor/> (and then choose the event under my name) or we also take cash during upcoming meets and socials. We are also looking for **people to join our team!**

Snowdonia Fell running Challenge

Stephan Tietz

I would like to announce the first successful rambler of the "**Snowdonia fell running challenge**": Shaun West (our newsletter editor) successfully completed the **Oggie 8** on the 4th May, despite a scheming apple attempting to thwart the attempt on the way round. I had the pleasure of accompanying him on his round starting from Caseg at 6:10 in morning. We climbed Tryfan via the North Ridge (avoiding the jump from Adam to Eve) onwards to the cloud covered Glyders. Luckily the clouds disappeared as we climbed Y Garn and descended to Ogwen Cottage. Unfortunately, we had to discover that the new tourist centre doesn't serve bacon butties anymore and to my great surprise did serve Eccles cakes (and not Welsh cakes). Nevertheless we faced the

last big challenge of Pen yr Ole Wen and continued the along the ridge via Dafydd, Yr Elen and Llewelyn. We returned to Caseg after approximately 11 hours and 45 minutes, any quicker and we would have had less time to enjoy this rather fabulous long day out!

While I consider how I replace the first bottle of "finest" Freixenet Vintage Special, there is still a second bottle up for grabs, which will go to the first person completing the **Welsh 3000s** (either peak-to-peak or as a round trip) in under 24 hours. Give me a shout if you are about to attempt it!



Club committee contact details

Committee

President - Heather Rumble

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Secretary - Mike Pollitt

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Meets Secretary - Linda Coombs

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Treasurer/ Membership Secretary - Stephan Tietz

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Jill Bennett Club archivist
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Shaun West Newsletter editor
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Obituary for Pat Owens

We are deeply saddened to report that Pat Owens, a long-standing member of ULGMC, recently passed away. Pat was a former President of ULGMC and a friend and companion to many ULGMC members, he will be greatly missed. Our thoughts are with his family, particularly his wife, Pauline.

There will be a thanksgiving service for Pat on Sat 17th May, 2pm, at the church of St. Thomas More and St Edmund, St Paul's Way, Rochford Av, Waltham Abbey, EN9 1SB and afterwards at the Welsh Harp pub, also in Waltham Abbey.

