



2018

**ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE
SWISS ALPINE CLUB**



Journal

MEETS PROGRAMME 2018

Date	Meet and Venue	Meet Leader
January 16-19	Killin, Scotland	Roger James
February 2 - 4	The Annual Dinner and AGM, Inn on the Lake, Glenridding	Julie Freemantle
March 23 - 25	New Members Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale	Mary Eddowes
March 30 - April 2	Joint ABMSAC/AC Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale	Mike Parsons
May 4 - 7	Royal Oak, Hurdlow, Derbyshire Bunkhouse/Camping	Andy Burton
May 19 - 25	Forset Way Bunkhouse, Ullapool	Judy Renshaw
June 8 - 10	Rhyd Ddu, Oread Club Hut, North Wales	Ed Bramley
June 22 - 24	George Starkey Hut Maintenance Meet	David Dunk
June 29 - July 7	Hotel Alpine Meet, Hotel Kramerwirt, Zillertal, Austria	Pam Harris-Andrews
July 7 - 28	Camping Joint Alpine Meet, Randa, Valais, Switzerland	Keith Lambley
August 20 - 26	Joint ABMSAC/AC Summer Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale	Judy Renshaw
August 31 - Sept 8	Hut based Trekking Meet, Argentiere, Chamonix, France	Andy Burton
September 14 - 16	Beer Meet, Devon	James Baldwin
September 21 - 23	Alpine Reunion Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale	John Kentish
October 6 - 8	Brecon Beacons, New Inn, Bwlch, S Wales	Paul Stock
October 19 - 21	Presidents Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale	James Baldwin
October 126 - 28	Autumn Scottish Meet, Strathpeffer	Phillip Hands
November 1 - 4	Monserrat, Catalonia, Northern Spain	Andy Burton
Dec 28 - Jan 2	ABM Twixmas/New Year Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale	Judy Renshaw

LONDON WINTER LECTURES

October 3	Snowcaps on the equator	Peter Payne
November 6	TransAlp Ski III 2017	David Hamilton
December 4	Still unexplored Vishnugarh, Darh	Susan Jensen
January 8	Travels in the Mountains of Northern Nigeria	Stuart Beare)
February 6	The Cross - Swiss Walk	Ken Baldry
March 6	Everest and Beyond: the changing face of adventure	Matt Dickinson

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Cover photo: Striding Edge and Helvellyn, Annual Dinner 2018, Ed Bramley

EDITORIAL

Welcome to this years Journal. Last year we had a total of 16 meets in the UK and three in Europe. This was an increase in the number of UK meets compared to previous years with the reintroduced of summer and Christmas meets at the Hut. The Skye meet reestablished last year was repeated with a visit to Kintail as well. The Brecon Beacons meet has already become a firm favourite. We are hoping the the extra meets at the George Starkey Hut in the summer and over 'Twixmas' will continue to develop. We also visited Italy, Switzerland and Bulgaria in the year. Many thanks to the Meet Secretary, Andy Burton, and the meet leaders for setting up the programme.

At this years Annual Dinner weekend Mike Parsons handed over the Presidency to James Baldwin. Many thanks to Mike for his contributions to the ABM over the last three years.

The new President, James, is a keen fell walker and has led many groups to Wales and the Lake District including four to the George Starkey Hut of which he is a director and Company Secretary. He organises, with Belinda, the annual Beer meet enjoying the ups and downs of East Devon and Dartmoor. His first ABMSAC meet was to Fafleralp in 1967 where he and Belinda were baggage handlers for the Bietschhorn climb. After a period in Africa he joined the ABMSAC in 1985 and attended the 75th Anniversary of the Club in Saas Fee and has since been a regular attendee on ABMSAC meets in the Alps and the UK. James has been Treasurer of the club since 2005 and is currently on the executive of Devon Area Ramblers and is past chairman of the East Devon Group. He looks forward to meeting many of you on meets.

I get sent meet reports from the meet leaders and photos from members during the year and I add these to the website. In addition, 'live' reports and photos are posted to Facebook - which are well received. There are now nearly 90 members on our Facebook page. This means that there are opportunities for members to keep up to date with what we are doing on meets. The Journal uses the reports and a selection of photos from the website to record the years activities. A special mention goes to Judy Renshaw for submitting five meet reports.

The George Starkey Hut Limited, a partnership with the Alpine Club has now completed its first year and those members who have visited the hut will have seen several positive changes. An update is given in the AGM minutes later in the Journal.

I would like to thank everybody who to have have contributed to the Journal with articles and photos and help keep the website up to date.

I hope you enjoy the Journal.

Mike Goodyer, Editor, June 2018

PRESIDENT'S THOUGHTS

Mike enjoying a break in the Lakes



My three years as your president ending at the AGM and dinner Feb 2018 were very eventful. Not only because of the happenings and evolution in our own club but the seismic tremors within the BMC, our representative body which are all members of, and within the Alpine Club our partner in the George Starkey Hut Ltd.

Thankfully the BMC's big decisions have been resolved as of June 2018 leaving the way open for a huge amount of work to be done, much of it by volunteers, to create a body which is both a governing and representational body which remains member lead. Above all the BMC will remain as the representative body for all elements of mountaineering, rock, sport and competition climbing.

We must posthumously thank the late Brooke Midgeley for his amazing record of organising our annual dinner for 42 years. It was with great pleasure we welcomed new member Julie Freemantle into this role for 2018. Dinner traditions were maintained whilst evolving and updating some procedures. Having John Cleare as our after dinner speaker certainly kept us all well entertained.

My first priority three years ago was finding a new partner to replace the TCC as our hut partner. A new lease had been signed before my period of office but still could have been let go. However the hut as a key resource for members and recruiting new was vital to our long term survival in my view. Thanks to James Baldwin for undertaking the final negotiations with the AC. Much work was carried out on the George Starkey Hut both before and after the new AC partnership and as chair of George Starkey Hut Limited I know we have much yet to do to provide facilities that that will take us forward the next quarter century.

Governance has been much talked about with reference to the BMC but even with our club it needed looking at. We have what are termed as 'governance guidelines' and James and I quietly modified these to make managing the club easier by spreading the load for our future presidents and officers.

It is good to see that we continue to have such an active meets program, my thanks to all who contribute their valuable time and efforts to organise our Club. The new members meet in March took place in spectacular weather and we had the pleasure of introducing new and potential members to the Lakes when tarns were iced over and the sun shone, wonderful.

Mike Parsons, Outgoing President, June 2018.

MEET REPORTS

Blacklunans Meet, 18 to 21 March - Report by John Dempster

Following four successful meets at Fassfern House we decided on a different venue for our 2017 March Scottish meet, and chose the Whitehouse near Blacklunans, a short way off the main road to Glenshee. Whitehouse proved to be a suitable, if slightly quirky, venue. In particular the kitchen was large and well equipped (provided you knew how to use the Aga) which allowed us to enjoy a convivial dinner on the Sunday night.

The hills and glens of Angus have less mountaineering interest than Lochaber, but they are attractive in their own way. The weather over the weekend was “interesting”, with continual fluctuations between snow, sun, rain and hail, always accompanied by a brisk wind. There was surprisingly little snow underfoot for the time of year.

On the first day the main party reached the summit of Tree Hill, 604m, above Glen Damff, hardly one of the better known Scottish hills, but with good views of the Glen Clova hills and the southern Cairngorms.



Striding out on the fells. Photo by Jim Strachan

On the following day we walked up to the head of Glen Isla but the wind was too strong to allow us to venture onto the tops. An interesting bridge crossing (which the meet organiser undertook on his hands and knees) compensated for the lack of climbing interest.



The team. Photo by Jim Strachan

On the final day Jim, Margaret and I enjoyed a bracing ascent of Arthur's Seat with splendid views over the Forth and the city.

Roger and Phil, the avid Corbett collectors, drove over to Glen Lyon and climbed Cam Creag on the first day, but the wind defeated them in their subsequent endeavours

Those attending: James and Belinda Baldwin, John Dempster, John and Marj Foster, Phil Hands, Roger James, Jim and Margaret Strachan, Jay Turner.

We were also delighted to see Bill Peebles, who joined us for our walk on the Sunday.

New Members Meet, George Starkey Hut, March 31 - April 2 - Report by Mary Eddowes

Twenty keen walkers journeyed from all corners of the UK for the third new members meet in Patterdale, Cumbria. Andy, Mike G and Steve went up on the Thursday to make the most of the weekend, enjoying a nice day up Place Fell on the Friday.

On Friday afternoon the M5 and M6 car parks made for a challenging drive but we all made it safely to the White Lion for a substantial dinner and then to the George Starkey Hut for an early bed ready for Saturday's walk.

A grey, drizzly morning made our decision to ride the Ullswater steamer from Glenridding to Pooley Bridge. We took the new Ullswater Way along the west of the lake as the morning slowly brightened into a beautiful sunny afternoon.



The group crossed the fields via waterfoot (we know why it got it's name), past Bennet head and along pretty lanes, to avoid the muddy waterlogged fields.

We had a long relaxing lunch in the brightening weather on Gate Craggs. We then made our way to the top of Airy Crag and down the wild watery falls of Aira force. A quick paddle and by the lake and tea in the café, before the group began the lovely lakeside walk home.

*The gang on the steamer to Pooley bridge.
Photo by Mary Eddowes.*

Mary and Sabrina hitched back to the hut with some friendly methodists to start on the big potato peel of 2017. They were joined in the kitchen by Jo, Bert, Jonny and James for the vegetarian meal preparations. Dinner was Sabrina's potato cakes, butterbean and kale stew, rice salad and greens followed by Jonny's famous apple crumble. Delicious! Thank you to the chefs! And thanks to the washer uppers!

*Saturday evening meal at the hut.
Photo by Mike Goodyer.*



After dinner, the tables were moved aside to make space for a raucous ceilidh, with dances led by Mary, Nan, Simone and Heather. The beer/wine and long walk made for many mistakes and high speed crashes, much to everyone's amusement!

Nanette had once again prepared her genius easter egg hunt, with clues and chocolate along the way. And an easter chicken hiding in the kitchen. Brilliant post-ceilidh fun!

Nursing slightly sore heads, on Sunday morning a smaller group drove to Hartsop to begin their walk up Hayeswater gill and to the Knott for lovely sunny views across to Helvellyn. After a blustery walk along Highstreet, we lunched at the Beacon at Thornthwaite crag enjoying fantastic views over to Morecombe Bay and Windermere. Then it was back down through Pasture Bottom to the car and onwards to home.

From this meet the ABM has gained 9 new members! Testament to the beauty of the Lake District, the good company and support of the older members of the club. Welcome to Jo, Nanette, Bert, James, Martha, Karen, Lydia, Dave and Jonny. We look forward to seeing you at future meets!

Isle of Man Meet, 27 April to 1 May - Report by Judy Renshaw

We spent four nights on the Isle of Man and stayed in Douglas, the capital, in an inexpensive hotel on the promenade, though some people arrived a day or so earlier. Douglas is a fairly old fashioned seaside town with large hotels along



The group at Port Erin Beach.

the seafront, many of which retain their Victorian style. Overall the weather was good, with a fair amount of sunshine, only a little rain but some cloud on the higher hills and strong winds at times.

There is plenty to do, as the island has a more-or-less continuous coastal path of 95 miles all the way round and several summits, the highest of which is Snaefell at 620m. Although this is not high by Lake District standards, it can be pretty wild at times with cloud, rain and wind, as we experienced.



There are various interesting transport options from Douglas to most parts of the island, including steam trains, the Manx Electric Railway (Victorian), horse-drawn trams along the seafront, buses to most places and a mountain railway up Snaefell. There are also a few steam railways in other places. We bought 3-day travel cards ('Go Explore') which allow unlimited travel on everything and proved very good value. The timetables are a bit complicated so it is worth taking time to study them.

*Horse tram on Douglas Promenade.
Photo by Don Hodge*

The first day, six of us took the steam train to Port Erin on the south west coast and walked along the coast path around the peninsula to Port St Mary. The scenery was similar to the wilder parts of the coast path in Devon and Cornwall, but with Ireland visible to the West. There were lovely views of coves, sea birds including oystercatchers, and wild flowers, including bluebells and wild garlic growing everywhere. We also saw seals in the water near the sound between the main island and the Calf of Man island. I went on further along the coast and caught the train back at Colby, luckily managing to get the same train back as the others. In the evening we met up with Ann and Derek, who had been exploring elsewhere.

On the coast path with Calf of Man in the background.



Snaefell had to be done the next day, so most of us took the Manx Electric Railway to Laxey on the East coast. Janet and Maureen took advantage of an immediate departure on the mountain railway while Don and I attempted to find the way up on foot. We were intercepted by a kindly postman who told us that the obvious paths on the OS map do not exist on the ground, so we had to go a couple of miles further along a small road, up a track to a ridge then over some minor tops where there is a path, though not shown on any map.

Although it was cloudy much of the way up, the path was easy to follow and I was at the top in time for lunch. There is a café for shelter, which was very welcome as it was cold, wet, windy



Laxey Wheel with mine workings

and in total cloud. Don followed some time later, taking the train up to the final summit, by which time it had begun to clear but was still very windy. I took the easy option to descend on the train, which gave me time to visit the Laxey wheel, the remains of the mines (with a mine shaft you can enter) and a miniature steam train, all of which were very interesting and well worth a visit. Most of the others visited Ramsey on the east coast and we all returned to Douglas on the train.

On our last day we all went to the West coast, intending to avoid the very strong easterly wind which had been forecast. This was partially successful as some places were sheltered but others quite exposed. Don and I did the section of coast that goes north from Port Erin, while the others went to Peel to visit the castle and do a circular walk near there. We followed the path farthest out towards the sea and took in

the top of the tower overlooking the bay. The path continued through a few trees (with goldfinches) and bluebells over to the deserted Fleshwick Bay where we stopped for lunch. I continued on over a couple of headlands to the summit of Cronk ny Arrey Laa at 437m, then back via an inland path. Although mainly sunny, the wind was strong enough at times to make progress difficult and I had to crouch down to avoid being blown over. Don went over the first headland and joined the same return path. By chance we were in Port Erin just in time to catch the same bus to Douglas.

We all returned from various parts of the island that evening and had a good final dinner in a hotel not far from ours, before flying back to Gatwick in the morning.



Don on the coast path near Port Erin



We all thought the Isle of Man was a wonderful place to visit and most of the group would like to go back there later this year, some wanting to complete the full coastal path. There was certainly more than enough for us to see and do in a few days. We found the people very friendly and helpful, the scenery lovely and varied and the wildlife interesting.

If you do intend to go up Snaefell, it is best either to use a guide book or ask people for directions, as the OS maps cannot be relied on completely and there are none at 25,000 scale. There appear to be 3 routes, we did the one from 'Windy Corner'.

*Dinner on the last evening.
Photo by Ana Cikos*

*Present: Ana Cikos, Ann Alari, Derek Buckley, Don Hodge, Janet Haber, Judy Renshaw, Mark Vine, Maureen Stiller
All photos by Judy Renshaw, unless otherwise stated.*

Royal Oak, Hurdlow, Derbyshire, May Day Meet - Report by Andy Burton

Fourteen attendees again this year, many regulars and some first timers, and three day visitors. Friday afternoon saw the organiser rock up at the Royal Oak mid afternoon, but due to an accident on the M5 the other couple of early birds failed to land until the evening. So a short cycle ride along the High Peak Trail in a loop through the farmland onto the Tissington Trail, provided a close up encounter with two lapwings walking away from their nest site in the fallow field to my right. A downhill stretch into Biggin to avail myself of the facilities at the pub and campsite, and then a little pull back up onto the trail to finish the last 5 miles on the 1 in 100 railway gradient, essentially flat to you proper cyclists out there, saw me back in time to assume the position as the attendees started to arrive.

Friday evening saw most of us gather at the Royal Oak in time for a beer and the dash to the ever welcoming fish and chip shop at Longnor. The view of the upper Dove valley as you negotiate the first hairpin bend down towards Crowdecote must be one of the finest unspoilt views in Derbyshire and neighbouring Staffordshire. You should read nothing into the fact that one of the bridges over the River Dove in this area is called Glutton Bridge. A cheeky pint in the Packhorse on our way back allowed me to speak to Mick the licensee, and book us in for dinner on Sunday night, as the organiser had run out of time to bring all the foodstuff required for a BBQ on the Sunday evening.

Saturday saw Michele Pulford and Marcus Tierney join us for breakfast and beef up the Manifold Way cycle group numbers.



The Yew Tree Inn at Caudon did not disappoint at lunch, and with judicious use of cafe stops enroute, all managed the 20 mile ride, with some doing the extra 12 miles to cycle from the Royal and back.

Already to go after a tea break.

Photo by Mike Goodyer

Ed Bramley and Howard Telford set off for a day's climbing at Froggatt edge, and decided to make sure the day was full of exercise, by parking at Grindleford cafe, and then walking in. There was method in the madness, as will be revealed. The rock was clean and dry and soon the old classic Heather Wall was being enjoyed, with it's simple, well fitting jams, and a spacious balcony just below the top, to belay out of the wind.

Other routes, including Terrace Crack and Sunset Crack (both now HS 4b) soon followed in leads from Ed, but with a cautious top rope on Sunset Slab (now HVS 4b) it still remains effectively runner less, despite all the advances in friends. More routes followed in a great day of climbing, but with The crux on Trapeze Direct (VS 4c) still having the last laugh, as Ed tried unsuccessfully to negotiate the bulge and pull over. Probably should have gone up left to start, not right.

Now the sense in parking next the café came into play as the pair made it down for a late afternoon tea and cake, before returning to the VS of eating, back at the Royal.

We were also joined early Saturday evening by Mike O'Dwyer as part of his post heart op recovery plan, which as I write this report culminated in him completing his first Brutal 10 race. Your Mum and Dad didn't raise no quitter, that's for sure. Thanks for making the effort to attend mate.

All rounded off with a late feast in the Oak Room, once Mary had been collected from Buxton railway station by Rachel and Karen, maintaining another fine ABM tradition of never being late for dinner, well almost.

Sunday 30th April we were joined at breakfast by Steve Caulton, and after a short drive to 'The Street' car park at the northwest corner of Errwood Reservoir, we commenced a 9 mile long, varied ridge walk from the wild open moorland

of Shining Tor (559 metres), 1833 feet in real money, and 50 metres higher than Shutlingsloe to the south, to the edge of Windgather Rocks, where we tarried a while for lunch, followed by the descent and return into the famed Goyt Valley.



*Shining Tor looking towards Shutlingsloe.
Photo by Mike Goodyer*

Fourteen of us enjoyed dinner at the Packhorse Arms at Crowdecote, another great pub sat almost on the Staffordshire/Derbyshire border, but one bridge downriver from the gluttonous one.

Bank Holiday Monday saw most attendees pack up and go home. Just the Class of 66, Tony Howard and Paul Stock braved the initial light shower on our way over to Grindleford Station where free parking on a Bank Holiday Monday was still to be had. This allowed us to enjoy a 7 mile walk, past the Old Mill and ancient Catholic Chapel in the conservation area of Upper Padley across the railway line that links Sheffield and Manchester (New Mills) down to the River Derwent, continuing through the mix of large deciduous woodland interspersed with river-banked grassy meadows full of flowering wild garlic and bluebells, and the occasional clumps of marsh marigolds.



*Hotfooting it to Hathersage!
Photo by Mike Goodyer*

As Hathersage was rammed we carried on past the lovely cafes and gear shops (not easy for some of us) out of the village and across the A 625, to walk underneath Scrapperlow, another impressive stand of open beech woodland and bluebells onto Mitchell Field, enjoying the sound and flight of a pair of curlews as we negotiated the open moorside, before crossing the little B road to the left of Winyards Nick, which brings you back out onto the moor between Higger Tor and the old Iron Age fort of Carl Wark, which clearly has provided a great vantage point for this part of the Peak District for thousands of years.



Mike, Andy and Paul at Carl Wark. Photo by Ed Bramley

With views of Stanage, Burbage and down towards Froggatt, a large swathe of the Derbyshire Gritstone Edges can be seen. The Sheffield City owned conifer plantation in the valley below is now almost all felled and gone, and to provide HGV access the path had to be upgraded from the main road. Now with good car parks at either end, larger wheel chair friendly gates and a firm level base any person can make their way along the path that runs from under Burbage South all the way to Burbage North End. I watch with interest how the next phase of the work of the Eastern Moors Partnership between the National Trust and the RSPB takes shape in this area.

With a Grindleford Café chip buttie and mug of tea to finish, the 2017 Derbyshire Meet came to a close in good time, to allow all the remaining attendees to escape the Peak ahead of most of the Bank Holiday traffic.

Thanks to all the attendees and day visitors without whom there would be no Meet at all!

The attendees were: Rachel Howlett, Mary Eddowes, Karen Dickinson, Margaret and Nicholas Moore, Mike Goodyer, Heather Eddowes, Dave Matthews, Paul Stock, Tony Howard, Ed Bramley, Howard Telford, Myles O'Reilly, and the Meet organiser Andy Burton.

Scotland meet report, 14-20 May - Report by Judy Renshaw

The meet was based in two locations, with four nights at the Sligachan bunkhouse on the Isle of Skye and two at Kintail, in the SYHA at Ratagan. We had a mix of weather, gradually improving throughout the week and were able to achieve something every day. Several of us flew to Inverness and hired cars, which made the journey much quicker and less tiring than driving all the way from the south. In both sites there were bar meals available nearby.

The initial weather problem was very strong wind of up to 55mph, making it difficult, if not unsafe, to go up high onto ridges. The first day was forecast for rain as well as strong wind so most of us did a coastal walk on the peninsula from Glen Brittle. We investigated the remains of a fairly extensive Iron Age settlement, and burial chamber and were able to enjoy good views of the wildlife, including seals, gannets, oystercatchers, cormorants, lapwings and orchids. Ed managed to take good photos of some of them. Don explored other areas of the island, such as the Quiraing in the north and, on other days, the coral beaches north of Dunvegan.



*Chambered cairn.
Photo by Mike Goodyer*

Tuesday morning saw horizontal waves of rain and continuing strong wind, keeping us indoors until almost midday. The Red Cuillin range looked a better option than others, being lower. Max and I ran out of patience first, so we set off in rain, up the Drum na Ruaige ridge to the tops of Beinn Dearg Mheadhonach (651m) and Beinn Dearg Mhor (731m).



The wind was so strong that I was often unable to walk or stay upright, it felt like trying to walk upstream in a raging river, with gusts pushing you over now and again. We managed the two lower tops but had to leave Glamaig for another day. The rain and cloud did stop later, so we had lovely views to the mainland and other islands. Ed, Andy, Mike and Howard went along Coire na Sgairde and up to the Beaiach na Sgairde between the same tops, so also had good views in the afternoon.

*Andy, Ed and Howard at the col.
Photo by Mike Goodyer*

The Wednesday forecast was better so Max and I attempted a route on the Black Cuillin ridge, hoping for the clearing of summits that had been forecast. We set off from Glen Brittle SYHA towards the ridge, initially on a good path into the coire then on steep scree towards An Dorus gap. The cloud never lifted in our area, so we were unable to find the

direct way across to Sgurr Mhadaidh, so we attempted the gully on wet, slippery rock and eventually found a way around on the south side towards Sgurr a Ghreadaich (973m). Since the visibility was very limited, we opted not to go back to Mhaidadh but to continue south over two tops to Sgurr na Banachdich (965m), from where there was a good descent route.



Route finding was not easy, despite it being a ridge, and we had to backtrack several times to find a reasonable way along, as some serious scrambling was involved and no one else was up there that day. It was inevitably slow going, but the way off Banachdich was easy and we were soon down into sunshine, with the welcome sight of green grass and lambs. The others went to the Quiraing and around to the Flora Macdonald monument on the NW coast and enjoyed a sunny but windy day.

The Quiraing.

Photo by Mike Goodyer



Thursday saw altogether better weather so most of us did a pleasant, non-technical route up Bruach na Frithe (958m) in good conditions. We heard the first (for me) cuckoos of the year in the valley on the approach. Rain showers lasted on and off for a couple of hours but once we were up to the ridge it all cleared to give us great views. Several other groups were up there, including people from America and Australia. We descended into Coire a Bhasteir, down some scree and over boilerplate slabs, with a section of interesting route finding, back to the car, then drove to the SYHA at Ratagan on the mainland.

Judy on Bruach na Frithe. Photo by Max Peacock



On the last full day most of us did the Forcan Ridge and The Saddle at Kintail. Since Max and I had done this last year, he opted not to join us but did a route towards the falls of Glomach. Don went up towards the Bealach an Sgairne and met up with Max later (at the ice cream shop!). The rest of us took a very good path around Meallan Odhar to a col, after a minor difficulty on starting on the right route, then up the rocky ridge. The day was warm and sunny, with nice dry rock, so most of us enjoyed the scramble sections up the ridge and on to the top of the Saddle. We briefly saw a bird that was identified as a Ring Ouzel, quite rare so we were very pleased to see that. Lunch on top followed by a leisurely descent made for a pleasant afternoon and enabled us to get back for tea and cake. We all enjoyed dinner at the Kintail Lodge hotel as a good finish to an excellent week.

*Mike on the ridge. Photo by
Judy Renshaw*

Some people had to leave early in the morning to drive back while others, including Don and I, took our time, visited Eilean Donan Castle then drove to the airport and were home by early evening. We had always done the long journey by car in the past, but the option of a flight and hire car is certainly less taxing.

*Eilean Donan Castle in the gloom.
Photo by Mike Goodyer*



Present: Andy Burton, Don Hodge, Ed Bramley, Howard Telford, Judy Renshaw, Max Peacock, Mike Goodyer

North Wales Meet , 23 to 25 June - Report by Ed Bramley

“What do you mean, the Café’s shut?” came the plaintive voice of Andy, out of the mist. It was the Friday morning, so the early contingent had ventured out onto Snowdon, in those conditions that prevent you seeing anything, but manages to drip down everywhere. “It’s shut – Come and have a look for yourself if you don’t believe me” my reply echoed out of the gloom. Sure enough, on a Friday in June, the Snowdon summit café was shut, and our dreams of large warm pasties inside an equally warm building had disappeared faster than the summit views. So we sat there in the café doorway, a series of wet and bedraggled gargoyles, eating the meagre fare we had brought with us. Even the summit birds were wishing they were elsewhere, and only made half-hearted attempts to persuade our food away from us.

Our routes were simple and tried and tested. Up from the cottage on the start of the Rhyd Ddu path, and then straight on at the path junction, to Bwlch Cwm Llan. Sharp left and upwards onto Allt Maenderyn, before ascending to Bwlch main and Snowdon summit itself. And a descent following the Rhyd Ddu path in its entirety back to the cottage. Only from passing the first of the old slate quarries onwards, the view became restricted to those few feet around us, with all the colours muted. Still, we were all out, and giving the body an airing. Tomorrow would be another day.



And to prove that even Welsh weather cannot be miserable all the time, Saturday did at least lift the cloud base to a reasonable level, so we could enjoy some views before we were back to the grey shrouds again. Following Friday’s route to start, we reached Bwlch Cwm Llan again, and this time turned right, to head up the less frequented peak of Yr Aran. Taking a set of bearings down, and several altercations with clumps of gorse and heather later, we joined the lower level path on the south of the mountain, in Afon y Cwm. Following the track round, we passed into the grounds of Craffwyn hall, complete with its carving of a dragon in the grounds. From there, the route headed unerringly into Beddgelert and the ice cream shop, even despite the unseasonal temperatures.

For those who didn’t want the luxury of a train ride, the walk back through the forest is becoming a familiar track, and we all made good time back to the cottage, just right for our communal evening meal.

*Meet Leader enjoying a rest
at Craffwyn Hall.*

Photo by Mike Goodyer

Sunday was another dank affair, which didn’t inspire most people for a day of derring do, but Don and Judy, not to be put off, made a foray onto Anglesey, and part of the coast path round from the Menai bridge. Others found low level walks around from Beddgelert that both led around the hillsides and took them nearer the various eateries. For those like Marcus and Michele who played the waiting game well, Monday started to show promise again, and they were rewarded with an ascent of the north ridge of Tryfan and Bristly ridge. All in all, not bad for a weekend of very varied weather.

Participants: Daniel Albert, Ed Bramley, Andy Burton, Steve Caulton, Heather Eddowes, Mike Goodyer, Don Hodge, Tony Howard, Mike O’Dwyer, Marian Parsons, Mike Parsons, Michele Pulford, Maggie O’Dwyer, Mike O’Dwyer, Judy Renshaw, Howard Telford, Marcus Tierney and Richard Winter.

Summer Alpine Hotel Meet, Selva Gardena, 30 June – 7 July Report by Pamela Harris

This year's hotel meet based in Selva Gardena was attended by 34 members, the most on any hotel summer meet since the club's centenary in 2009. Fortunately the sunshine stayed with us the whole week, and this, combined with the beautiful setting, variety of walks, and excellent hotel, made the meet a great success. Despite the attraction of Ötzi the Iceman being in the museum at nearby Bolzano, very few of us managed a visit, although some did go there in the days before or after the meet.

*Brogles hut and peaks of the Odle, by
Pamela Harris*



The Val Gardena is a stunningly beautiful part of the Dolomites, with the rocky spire of Sasso Lungo towering over Selva, the highest village in the valley. Santa Cristina and Ortisei are slightly lower, and the three villages are linked by frequent buses, with lifts rising to above 2000m. With hardly any of the group still under 70, this meant that even those who no longer wanted to walk uphill, or who had difficulty with the downhill, could walk at a high altitude and enjoy the lovely views. The Cicerone and Kompass guide books, together with Doris at the hotel, gave us plenty of ideas of where to go, and with walks for all abilities we were spoilt for choice.

*Up on the Alpe di Siusi, by Rick
Saynor*





Hotel Astor, by Rick Saynor

The Hotel Astor proved a great find, in a central yet quiet location close to the bus stop, lifts and shops. It was a small family-run hotel, and apart from one other couple, we had it to ourselves. But despite its size, all the rooms were large, with lovely views onto the mountains, and the dining-room was airy and spacious. Doris and her parents were excellent hosts, and Doris was a fount of knowledge on the mountain trails, having run them since she was a teenager. Even 12-year old Lucas helped at the reception, and played the accordion for us on our last evening. The dining-room was run with impeccable efficiency by the friendly Romanian waiter Riki, who had been coming over to work at the hotel for several years, and we started every day with a copious breakfast, including eggs and bacon for those who wanted. Dinner was a 5-course marathon with lots of choice, culminating in a special Tyrolean meal on our last evening.



Rifugio Vicenza and Forcella Sassolungo, by Rick Saynor

The Val Gardena was originally part of the Austrian South Tyrol, but was ceded to Italy in 1919 after the First World War. Although Italian is now the first language, German is still widely spoken, as is Ladin, a Latin based language similar to Romansch. This took a while to get used to as the road signs were in three languages, whereas the Tabacco maps used the Italian names, and the Kompass the German. Thus the Val Gardena is also known as Grödentel, Selva as Wolkenstein and Ortisei as St Ulrich. But I found the names of the mountains and huts more difficult, as when I had previously visited the valley on Alasdair's two Dolomites treks, we consistently used the German names. The two nearest and most dramatic mountains were then the Langkofel and Plattkofel, although now the Italian names are more commonly used and

they are referred to as Sasso Lungo and Sasso Piatto, while the Geisler are now known as the Odle. I never did quite come to terms with the names of the huts!



The coffin lift approaching Forcella Sassolungo, by Pamela Harris

We were warned that it might rain on the afternoon of our first day, and so decided on a fairly short walk, in order to get acquainted with the area and to get acclimatised. Thus a group of 25 of us set off on the bus to Ortisei and the chair lifts up to Mont de Sëura. From there it was a fairly flat walk along to the Comici hut, with lovely views of Sassolungo towering above us and the peaks of the Odle on the opposite side of the valley. Some stopped for refreshments at the hut, but most of us continued to the Sella pass, arriving there at noon, before the rain set in. On seeing a strange-looking lift going up from there, several of us decided to take it. The cabins were small and pale yellow, only big enough for two when standing, and our arms were grabbed by two men who ran alongside to help each of us in. The lift moved very slowly up the steep rock face before ejecting us into a hail-storm at Forcella Sassolungo and the Toni Demetz hut at the top.



We later dubbed it the 'coffin lift', and most of the group took it on subsequent occasions just for the experience. Bill and Rosie Westermeyer swore we had gone up it on the 2001 Dolomites trek, but I must have taken a different route on that day as no-one who had been on that lift could ever forget it! The rocks at the top were covered in snow, but it was a wonderful viewpoint between the peaks of Sassolungo and Sasso Piatto, looking down to the Rifugio Vicenza on the other side, and the hut served welcome hot drinks.

Walking down from the Forcella Sassolungo, by Geoff Causey



*Reinhold Messner at the Sella pass,
by Geoff Causey*

On a later date, Niels Doble and four others decided to walk up the stony slopes from the Rifugio Vicenza to Forcella Sassolungo, and then down the steep descent on other side, below the 'coffins'. Both the ascent and descent were steep and stony, over rubble and scree, and Geoff and Pauline Causey elected to avoid the knee-jarring descent by taking the lift down to the Sella pass, arriving in time to have the excitement of bumping into Reinhold Messner, who lives in the area.

The weather was more settled on the second day, and we were almost as large a group who set off for the new funicular railway above Ortisei. We were speedily transported 800m up to 2107m, from where we set off westwards, past the Rasciesa hut, towards the small chapel and cross at Rasciesa di Fuori. From here the views were magnificent, looking northwards towards the Ortler, Cevedale and Adamello-Presanella, and south across to the Sciliar massif above Alpe di Siusi, Sassolungo and Sasso Piatto, with the Sella group to the east. From the cross a lovely balcony path, with the same glorious views, wound back to the east, but higher up, towards the Brogles pass and down to the Brogles hut for lunch.

This had also been the lunch stop on the first day of Alasdair's 2006 Dolomites trek, and as we walked down to the mid-way station of the Seceda lift, Jim and Margaret Strachan had vivid memories of walking up this path eleven years before. Some of us took the lift down to Ortisei, while others took the lift up to the top of Seceda, for the views northwards over the Val di Funes, and then walked below the Odle peaks to take the Col Raiser lift down to Santa Cristina.



*Lunch at the Brogles hut, by
Pamela Harris*

By the third day members had found their own walking pace, as well as working out the bus and lift systems, so from then on we set out in smaller groups. Many walks could be made from Selva itself, and there were lovely walks linking the three villages. One giving

the best views was the high path between Santa Cristina and Ortisei, up to the crucifix on the plateau of Sëura-Sas-Alm. On the way up we found both wine-red martagon and delicate white St Bernard lilies, and a small clump of fragrant, ground-hugging daphne cneorum. Just below the high point was a café, even recommended by Tripadvisor, in an idyllic

setting, an ideal lunch spot with delicious apfel strudel and glorious views across to the towering Sassolungo and Sciliar massif. The descent to Ortisei led past St Jakob's church, the oldest in the valley, with lovely 12th century frescoes.



Sciliar massif and Alpe di Siusi, by Pamela Harris

Several of us had been on Alasdair's hut-to-hut treks in the valley, and for us it was a chance to re-visit places we had been to before. One of my best memories of the 2001 trek was walking on the beautiful Alpe di Siusi, the largest cultivated mountain pasture in Central Europe, and on different days several of us caught the chair lift from Ortisei up to the plateau. The complete circuit of 22 kms all round it was made by eight of us, a long though glorious day across grassy meadows, with lovely views and flowers all the way. We started by walking south towards the Sciliar massif and Kompatsch, where we had started the 2001 trek, and then turned east to skirt the northern slopes of Sasso Piatto, finally turning north towards the peaks of the Odle at the Zallinger hut, unfortunately not an option for a beer stop as it was being renovated. We arrived at Monte Pana just in time catch the last chair-lift of the day, and four of the group treated themselves to a taxi back to our hotel.



Sassolungo and Sasso Piatto from Alpe di Siusi, by Ann Alari



Another walk which followed part of our 2001 route was the Friedrich August Weg, created in 1911 to connect the Sella pass to the Alpe di Siusi. The path was named after the last king of Saxony, a renowned mountaineer who was a frequent visitor to the Dolomites before World War I, and there is a large wooden statue of him outside the hut bearing his name at the start of the walk. The path is very popular as it gives spectacular views of the huge rocky spires of Sasso Piatto as it skirts below them to reach the Sasso Piatto hut, a good lunch stop. After this the path turns northwards, with wonderful views towards the Alpe di Siusi. The whole tour continues back round to the Sella pass, but most of us cut it short, by-passing the Vicenza hut and returning to Santa Cristina on the Mont de Sëura lift, after a glorious day out.

*Walking along the Friedrich August Weg,
by Jim Strachan*



Bill and Rosie took the same route along the Friedrich August Weg as the rest of us, but in addition climbed the peak of Sasso Piatto, at 22954m the highest point reached on the meet. They described it as a steep and unrelenting climb of about 660 meters from the hut, up the south-west ridge, the only real difficulty being loose rock on the trail, which required a slow and careful descent. Views from the summit were spectacular, especially of Sassolungo to the northeast and of Alpe di Suisi to the west.

Bill and Rosie on the summit of Sasso Piatto, by Bill Westermeyer

The Dolomites are well known for the number of mountain huts which provide frequent refreshment stops on all the walks, and those of us on the 2001 trek will never forget Terry Shaw, on his first ABMSAC meet, stopping at every one he passed for a beer! This time we made somewhat less frequent refreshment stops at the huts we passed, but they also provided a destination for some of our walks. Several of us were keen to visit the Firenze hut, originally known as the Regensburger hut, built in 1888 and the oldest in the valley. This was due north of Selva, about 500m up an easy track winding above the village, although most of us walked down to it from the top of the Col Raiser lift.



From the hut there was a lovely walk up to Plan Ciautier below the rocky spires of the Odle, the grassy slopes covered with more edelweiss than I have seen anywhere before. We found a strategic bench for our picnic, and this was where we had our only close sight of a marmot as he stood on his hind-legs on a nearby rock, shrieking a warning to his friends, looking incredibly like a meerkat.

Walking up to Plan Ciautier, by Jim Strachan



A large clump of edelweiss, by Jim Strachan

Another hut, also due north of Selva in the Puez-Odle nature park, was the higher Stevia hut, discovered by James and Belinda Baldwin early in the week. They walked up to it from the valley, but others later in the week accessed it from the top of the Col Raiser lift. All who went there commented on its lovely location, looking straight down into the beautiful Val Lunga. Bill and Rosie took a much longer route from Col Raiser to reach the hut, turning east to climb their second peak of the week, the Col da la Pières, 2,747m, col being the Ladin word for hill. They reported that although there was a good path to the summit, the final approach was steep and airy, with fixed cables along the most exposed stretches. The flat summit commanded a stunning 360° panorama, and from there a grassy ridge with abundant edelweiss led down to the Stevia hut.



Summit of Col de la Pières, by Bill Westermeyer

The whole of the Val Gardena was a flower-lovers paradise, the most frequently found being black vanilla and fragrant orchids, globe flowers, mountain avens, alpine asters, small blue bladder gentians and tiny pink alpine gypsophila clinging to the rocks. One of the valleys with the greatest variety of flowers was the Val Chedul, also in the Puez-Odle park east of Selva. Some of us accessed the valley from the top of the Dantercëpies lift from Selva, while others reversed this route and walked up, taking the lift down. From the top of the lift the path contoured past Jimmy's hut, visited by most of our group at one time or another, and then wound up a steep and stony scree slope, secured with wooden steps, to reach the Forcella Cir.



Rhaetian poppies, by Rick Saynor

To our surprise, this seemingly barren environment was the home of masses of bright yellow Rhaetian poppies, a welcome sight as we continued upwards to the dramatic crucifix on the Forcella Crespëina, at 2530m the highest point of the week for many of us. From here there was a glorious view down the Val Lunga towards the rocky spires of the Sassolungo, Sella and Sciliar massifs, with a rather muddy Lago Crespëina below and the Puez hut ahead, about the same height as we were, but still a long way across the stony plateau. The Puez hut had been our base for two nights on the 2006 trek, and from there we had climbed the Piz de Puez, just under 3000m. As we descended from the Forcella Crespëina into the Val Chedul, the terrain became progressively grassier, with more and more varieties of flowers. There were great

quantities of attractive pink potentilla nitida, found only in the Dolomites, and as we were higher than we had been for most of the week, alpenrose and trumpet gentians were still in bloom, a few of them the curious blue and white striped form endemic to the Dolomites. After a long walk down the Val Chedul we finally came into the Val Lunga at the tiny chapel of St Silvester, and were back with the crowds of families and dogs.



View from the Forcella Crespëina, by Rick Saynor

On the final day of the meet Jay Turner led a fitter group on a long but exciting walk from the Gardena pass into the upper Val de Merscia. They started across flowery meadows, past lovely orange lilies, to the Forcelles hut for their first coffee of the day, and then cut off on a narrow path into the Stella Alpina valley and up stony slopes past the dried up lake bed of Lech Ciampëi to the Forcella di Ciampëi, the narrow separation between the Val de Merscia and Val Lunga. The stony path into the Val Lunga looked most uninviting, so they decided instead to cross the plateau to the Forcella Crespëina with its large crucifix, and to return via the Forcella Cir at the top of the Val Chedul. From there they took the same route they had taken on a previous day to Jimmy's and the Dantercëpies lift back to Selva - a long but rewarding day.



Group at the Forcella Cir, by Rick Saynor

The nearest walk from the hotel was into the Val Lunga, and most of us walked at least part of the way up this lovely valley. One day we took the higher path from Selva, the 'via crucis', which contoured past 15 beautifully carved stations of the cross to the chapel. Half way along was Wolkenstein castle, now in ruins, which had once guarded the valley. Orange lilies grew here too, and it was here that Geoff and Janet Bone found the floral highlight of the week, the rare devil's claw growing high on the cliff at the side of the castle. Geoff went back a few times to photograph its development,

and by the end of our stay seven more of us had been to look at it, finding several more plants in flower as the week went on.



Devil's claw, by Geoff Bone



Orange lilies, by Rick Saynor

Another flower-studded walk was Farrer's Bindelweg, starting at the Pordoi pass. Elizabeth Wells had taken the bus here earlier in the week, having visited in past years, and after the meet had ended, a small group of those who stayed on caught the bus here too. While John Dempster and Dinah, together with Geoff and Janet, took a lift up towards Piz Boè, which John and Dinah had climbed in 2006 from the Pisciadù hut, Alan and I turned south towards the Col de Cuch and then east along the Vièl dal Pan, the old 'bread' route used by grain smugglers in the Middle Ages to avoid taxes of the Venetian Republic. This was the Bindelweg, and Farrer had written of the extraordinary variety of flowers here in his 1913 book on the Dolomites. We discovered many of those he spoke of, including Monte Baldo's anemone and Moretti's bellflower, rare even in the Dolomites. We were no longer in the Val Gardena but on the other side of the Sella group, and as we walked along we had glorious views of the snow-covered Marmolada, the highest peak in the Dolomites.

It was good to have with us again the long-standing members of the club who had not been on the summer meet for a few years, and to see much everyone enjoyed their week's stay in this beautiful valley. As we drove away, many of us were already planning to return in the not so distant future.

Participants: Pamela Harris & Alan Norton, James & Belinda Baldwin, Geoff & Janet Bone, Ian Brebner & Morag MacDonald, Derek Buckley & Ann Alari, Geoff & Pauline Causey, John Dempster & Dinah Nichols, Niels & Guni Doble, Richard & Katherine Heery, Sylvia Mercer, Roger Newson & Sheila Coates, Rick & Carol Saynor, Jim & Margaret Strachan, Barbara Swindin, Jay Turner, Elizabeth Wells, Bill & Rosie Westermeyer, Brian & Ursula Woodhouse, Dick & Karen Yorke.

Joint Alpine Meet - Bregaglia 15 Jul - 5 Aug 2017 – Report by Keith Lambley

Joint meet with ABMSAC, Climbers' Club, FRCC, SMC, LSCC, Wayfarers, Pinnacle Club and Yeovil MC.

Over 50 people from seven clubs and their guests attended the meet during the 3 week period and despite the weather forecasts being pessimistic at times the weather was good for most of the meet, a few teams encountering rain and snow on a couple of occasions.

The campsite staff in Vicosoprano were very welcoming and despite the sloping ground most managed to find a spot flat enough not to require a belay in the tent.

Again this year, rock climbing was more popular than the alpine peaks especially as for the third year in a row it had been a lean winter and a very hot spring which in common with the rest of the Alps meant the glaciers were in poor condition. Ascents were made of Piz Badile (two teams climbing the Cassin route and several more the North Ridge), Piz Palu, Piz Morteratsch, Piz Kesch, Il Chaputschin and Monte Disgrazia by several routes in ascent and descent one of which ended with a minor epic.

The multipitch rock routes surrounding the Albigna and Sciora huts saw many ascents and the valley rock climbing and via ferrata were also popular.



Rick and Helen Snell on Via Leni (VI) on the Spazzacaldera, by Rick Snell



Dominic Schneiders, Helen Snell, Stu Mackenzie after Via Leni, by Rick Snell

A barbecue for 30 people was organised by Ellen ably assisted by Adam. When they volunteered to do it I don't think they quite realised how many people they would be catering for but it was a great success.

Summer Lake District Meet, George Starkey Hut, 14-18 August - Report by Judy Renshaw

Five of us made it to the hut for this week. Max arrived on the Monday and stayed most of the week, Heather, Dave and I were there from Wednesday to Friday and Howard joined us on the Thursday and stayed a few days. We had a very enjoyable time in excellent company and managed some very good days out in the hills. The weather was a mix of very good and partly wet days, better than might have been expected on the basis of this month so far, and almost always better than the forecast.



We woke on Thursday to bright sunshine and clear hills so Helvellyn had to be visited (Dave's first time there!). We took the ridge route by Birkhouse Moor, which has some of my favourite views over Ullswater, up to Swirral Edge and were on top for an early lunch in the shelter. The crowds were amassing on Striding Edge, so we were glad not to be among them or queuing for the 'bad step'.

Dave on the way up Helvellyn, by Judy Renshaw

We continued over Nethermost and Dollywaggon Pikes then down to Grisedale Tarn. Although bright and sunny, there was a fairly strong wind and the ground was very wet from recent heavy rain. The becks were all very full, so crossing the normally small outflow from the tarn was quite challenging. We returned via St Sunday Crag, with more great views, just before the next bout of rain. We had been very lucky to have a dry and clear day.



The gang on top of Helvellyn, by Judy Renshaw



Rainbow from the Hut, by Judy Renshaw

The evenings were almost busy as the days, with some work in the hut, including making decisions about the pictures on the walls. After a pub meal on Wednesday we played a new card game of Heather's (a kind of complicated version of Snap) which was challenging and fun. The next evening saw us all sorting through all of the reading material on the bookshelves, sifting and deciding what to keep.

Present: Heather Eddowes, Dave Matthews, Max Peacock, Howard Templeton, Judy Renshaw

Pirin Mountains, Bulgaria, 9-16 September - Report by Judy Renshaw

I had previously visited the Pirin mountains with a friend who has an apartment in Bansko, the main town, and had met Liz Alderson who has recently set up a new company for trekking and other activities, Pirin Adventures. It seemed like an ideal opportunity for ABMSAC members to experience these mountains with people who know them, who could provide support, logistics and accommodation.

Marian and Mike spent a couple of days in Sofia, the capital, to recover from the early morning flight and look around, before most of us went out to Bulgaria. Liz met us at Sofia airport, picked up Marian and Mike then took us to Bansko where we stayed in comfortable rooms in apartments adjacent to hers. Some people had a look around town that afternoon (and managed to find a suitable bar) while the rest of us settled in, had tea and cake and went over the itinerary for the week. We were provided with excellent dinners every night, a more than adequate breakfast and food to pack up for lunch every day, as well as tea and cake in the afternoons.



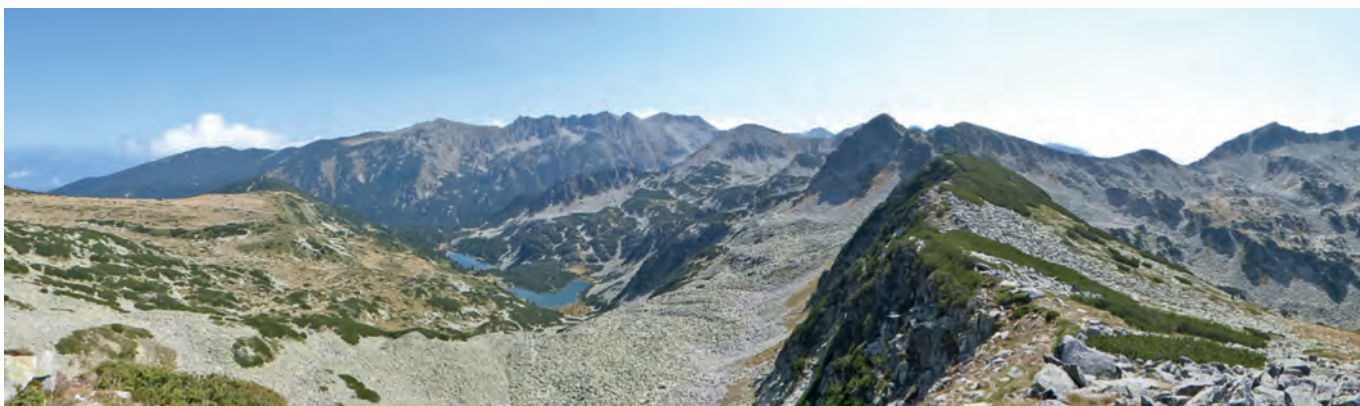
Bansko main square, by Ed Bramley

Every day but one was sunny and warm, so most people wore shorts much of the time. The first day turned out to be the longest, as we went quite slowly with many stops and it all took longer than anticipated. We started at the Vihren hut at the top of a long mountain road. There were many people and cars, as it was a Sunday, but they gradually dispersed as we went further away from the road. A good path took us up into a valley with several beautiful lakes, then up to a col. Liz and her dog, Charlie, came with us part of the way before turning back but the two people working with her, Niki and Hristo, came with us all the way.



Four of us continued up the ridge to Todorka which has a couple of minor tops and the summit at 2746m. The summit area was a mass of boulders, not dissimilar to the Glyders in North Wales. The views were spectacular, allowing us to see a panorama of the Pirin range in all directions. Mike and Marian took a traverse path below the top and we met up with them again at the Demyanitsa hut in the next valley. The sting in the tail was a long trail of another hour and a half down to a parking area where Liz met us. It was good to get back for showers, rest and a lovely dinner later on.

Rest stop on the way to Todorka (Hristo, Niki, Marian, Mike and Myles), by Judy Renshaw



Panorama from Todorka, by Ed Bramley

The next day was an easier walk so we managed to be better organised, with an informal split into a faster and a slower group, with Niki and Hristo taking turns to join each group. We started lower down near the west side of Bansko at Predel, where Liz dropped us off, then she took one car round and walked across with Charlie to collect the other one later. We went up through forest for a few hours, had several rest stops in sunny places and found masses of raspberries near a river. Ed managed to get a photo of an eagle in flight, which had been circling above. We came to a col with views and descended to a valley then over a saddle to the Yavarov hut, where we all tried the local Bulgarian tea. Liz had driven up a long track and took most people down in the car. Ed, Niki, Hristo and I did a rapid descent on a forest path for 45 minutes to collect the second car and managed to arrive back at base just before the others.



Gang of 6 plus Niki head off into the mist.... by Liz Alderson

We had intended to do a challenging route the next day along the Concheto ridge from Yavarov, but the weather prevented us from achieving this. The forecast was for very strong wind and low cloud but it kept changing so we headed up to the Vihren hut to attempt it from the other end. The cloud was very low, obscuring the ridge and all the main peaks and the wind strong. This was the only day we needed warm clothes and waterproofs. Ed and I set off with Niki and Charlie the dog (but Charlie was determined to go back from the start so Niki had to go down to return him to Liz). As it turned out, he had made the right decision, since we only managed to get as far as the saddle, where the wind was blowing us over and gusting even more strongly, with horizontal rain in our faces making it hard to see.

We went up the first part then turned back, meeting the others somewhere below the saddle. The only other group we had met attempting to go up had also turned back. Lower down it was pleasant enough to stop for lunch in a sheltered place, before meeting up with Marian who had done some sketching from a viewpoint nearby. Back in Bansko it was still warm and sunny so a relaxing afternoon was had by all, reading, sketching and drying clothes in the sun.



On the summit of Vihren, by Ed Bramley

The following day was intended to be a rest day but, since we had rested a fair amount already and had failed to do Vihren, the highest peak (2914m), four of us felt like having a go at it. Liz very kindly lent us her second car and Ed volunteered to drive it up the mountain road, so we set off at our usual early time. Since it was a weekday there were no crowds at the hut this time. We went up the path that was already familiar, now with sunshine and views, and made good time to the summit, 15 minutes less than the guide time, including several rests. We descended part way and found a good sheltered spot for lunch near the saddle. We then explored the next minor peak, Hvoynati (2635m), and its ridge before returning down the main path.

Marian and Mike had taken the cable car and walked from there to a hut at Bandaritsa for lunch. That evening we ate at a very nice restaurant in town, where we had some typical Bulgarian dishes, plenty of salads and side dishes, wine and beer for an absurdly cheap price.



For the last two days we did an excursion to a more remote area of the Pirin and stayed overnight in the Tevno Esero Hut. We set off once again from the Vihren hut, with Liz and Charlie accompanying us as far as the main ridge above the lakes. The weather was great, sunshine and a little cloud. We took a path past the 'frog lake' and a long lake, and stopped for an early lunch before ascending a couple of boulder fields to the ridge.

Niki starting up the boulder field from Long Lake on the way to Tevno Esero Hut, by Judy Renshaw



Views of the larger peaks were good, and the lakes picturesque. We continued along the ridge, sometimes up and down and occasionally narrow and rocky, for several hours before reaching the hut about 4.30 in the afternoon.

Niki, Dave and Ed on the way to Tevno Esero Hut with Vihren behind, by Judy Renshaw

The more 'leisurely' group arrived only about an hour later. We were lucky to have a nice bunk room for just our group (my previous visit had been on a crowded matratzenlager with a lot of school kids).

The hut is in a spectacular position among the high mountains, on the edge of a small lake. What it lacks in facilities it makes up for in the setting, so people took plenty of photos, including some of the stars at night. There were a couple of other groups at the hut but it was not full. Dinner in the hut was adequate but unexciting.



Tevno Esero Hut in the afternoon sun, by Ed Bramley



Group with the Hut warden at Tevno Esero Hut in the morning, by Liz Alderson (Niki)

The morning temperature was not far above freezing so a cold wash was somewhat bracing. After a fairly early start and breakfast of sort-of fried dough breads with honey, a Bulgarian hut speciality (I opted to eat supplies I had brought with me instead), we set off up to a ridge on the other side. There were some boulder fields to cross but shorter than yesterday's. We passed more lakes and through valleys, below the peak of Bezbog to the lake and hut of the same name, in time for lunch.

After a rest, it was a leisurely walk down through forest to a lower hut, where Liz and Charlie were waiting for us. That evening we had a very jovial dinner, with excellent food as usual, and said our goodbyes to Hristo, Niki and Liz, who had organised such a great week for us.

We gave them some bottles of vodka as a thank you and hope we may meet again some time.



Approaching the Bezbog Hut, by Ed Bramley

*Present: Mike Parsons, Marian Parsons, Ed Bramley, David Seddon, Myles O'Reilly, Judy Renshaw
Support provided by Liz Alderson and Pirin Adventures, with assistance from Niki and Hristo. Hristo also provides accommodation in the Rhodope mountains.*

Beer Meet, 15-17 September - Report by Belinda Baldwin



It was decided that we would not do too much travelling to reach the starts of the two walks. On Saturday we took the picturesque bus ride from Beer to Sidmouth. This is no ordinary bus ride as it goes via Branscombe, which involves narrow lanes with about 6 inches space between the bus and hedges. This problem is compounded by bends and steep hills so not much fun for approaching vehicles but entertaining to us passengers admiring the driver's negotiating skills.

Sidmouth, by Dinah Nichols

We took the coastal path back to Beer a distance of 9 miles so not far but described in the guide as severe then strenuous as there are high cliffs intersected by deep narrow valleys. In all we climbed 925 metres so quite like a mountain day. Unlike a mountain day we enjoyed our sandwiches on the beach.



The shore at Weston Mouth is pebbled with a solitary abandoned house and high wooded cliffs and just us. A far cry from the lively Sidmouth we had left behind. It's not surprising that few go there as the steep gradients down and up are not for the faint hearted. There was talk of a possible let out at Branscombe for a bus or a wait to be picked up later but we all decide what was needed was a tea break at the Sea Shanty. We were entertained by a wedding reception taking place by the beach before the penultimate climb. Back in Beer some took refreshment at the Anchor before the last pull and easiest up to Beer Hill.

Ready for lunch, by Heather Eddowes

On Sunday we drove westwards to Bowd north of Sidmouth for a shorter walk up to Harpford Common enabling those with time to make the journey on. There were many fine views of coast and countryside. Hedges and pasture were still in their summer glory so we were surrounded by splendid greenness as well as blackberries to keep our energy up.

We had clearness on both days. On Saturday we did have to don waterproofs for a little while but the rain was nothing like that forecasted. It had been yet another good ABM Meet.

Present: Antonia Barlen, John Dempster, Heather Eddowes, David, Margaret Moore, Max and Vivien Peacock, Dinah Nichols, James and Belinda Baldwin

Brecon Beacons Meet, October - Report by Paul Stock

I can't believe that it's a year already since our last visit to the Brecon Beacons, but there we were to enjoy them again. The meet was held once again at the New Inn at Bwlch which is a Bunkhouse with ensuite pub!

As if by magic the Friday afternoon walk participants all arrived at the Bunkhouse within five minutes of one another. Amazing considering they were coming from Devon, Hampshire, Wiltshire and Nottinghamshire. Once we had deposited



our bags in the rooms we set off on what is fast becoming a Friday afternoon fixture walk. This walk leaves Bwlch via a path past the old church, now someone's home, to reach the ridge which passes to the east of Llangors Lake. The weather was kind with sun and clouds allowing us to view the north edge of the Brecon Beacons winding its way to the west and the Black Mountains to the east. The ridge is approximately 5km in length from Bwlch to the pass at the far end. We stopped for lunch at the small pond just off the summit of Mynydd Llangorse.

After lunch walking along the ridge, by Mike Goodyer

There are splendid views across to southern Herefordshire countryside. At the pass at the far end of the ridge we took the rather muddy bridleway south along the bottom of eastern slope of the ridge until we could regain the ridge via a

steep path. We retraced our steps back to the Bunkhouse for the evening meal and some refreshments with the remaining weekend participants.

On Saturday we decided to try a different approach to ascending the major Beacons peaks. We drove to the car park at the northern end of the Celn Cwm Llŵch ridge, just south of Brecon.



Heading through the bracken to the Pen y Fan path, by Mike Goodyer



After a dodgy start (my fault) we made our way onto the ridge and followed it to the top of Pen y Fan. Once again the weather had been reasonably kind with an overcast day but still giving cloud free summits. The view from the top of this very popular mountain is amazing in all directions. However, you have to share it with around 50 or so like minded individuals.

Leaving the busy top of Pen y Fan, by Mike Goodyer

We followed the normal Brecon Beacons horseshoe path to the summit of Cribyn. At the summit the team split with the majority following the horseshoe path to Fan y Big and three intrepid adventurers (gluttons for punishment) who went

down the Bryn Teg ridge for a while before cutting down to the old roman road to follow it back to the pass between Cribyn and Fan y Big. The group rejoined on the summit of Fan y Big and then descended the Cefn Cyff ridge to its northern end.



*walking down the Cefn Cyff ridge,
by Mike Goodyer*

Unfortunately the group split by accident taking two routes back to the car park. One via the roads with occasional footpaths and the others via a longer path which followed the tips of the northern ridges. The later route involved a very dodgy “ford” crossing. Once reunited at the car park we returned to the Bunkhouse for some much needed sustenance.

On Sunday we left the Bunkhouse to travel to Gospel Pass for a walk involving Offas Dyke. Amazingly we managed to get all our cars parked in the small upper car park and set off towards Hay Bluff.



*Group at Hay Bluff,
by Mike Goodyer*

At the summit we headed south east along the Offas Dyke path. After approximately 4.5km we reached the pile of stones and headed west on the path to the bottom of the valley containing Llanthony Priory.



Lunch was taken in the valley and then we followed the path up to the western ridge at Blacksmiths Stones. The well trodden path north east passes Twyn Talycefn and allows views of the Grwyne Fawr reservoir. Once we reached the northern edge of the Black Mountains we made our way to the summit of Twmpa (Lord Herefords Knob). On arrival at the summit we were met by the most spectacular view of the suns rays shining through the clouds which had drawn quite a crowd.

Lunch time! by Mike Goodyer

*view from Twmpa,
by Mike Goodyer*

We made our way back to the car park at Gospel Pass for our fond farewells after an extremely busy weekend which had culminated in quite a late finish. I would like to thank all of the meet participants and thank them for their enjoyable company. I'm already looking forward to our next Brecon Beacons meet but how do I manage to top those walks?



Present: Paul Stock, Andy Burton, Steve Caulton, Mike Goodyer, Belinda and James Baldwin, Heather Eddowes, Mary Eddowes, Myles O'Reilly, Jonny Dixon, Daniel Albert, Rachel Howlett, Dave Matthews, Nanette Archer

Strathpeffer Meet 13 - 16 October - Report by Philip Hands

Eight participants gathered on the Friday evening at the Highland Hotel in Strathpeffer. Saturday morning dawned with the appearance of promising weather so we were all anxious to “head for the hills” soon after breakfast.

On the Saturday, Margaret and Jim drove west to Glen Carron and climbed Moruisg (928m) in fair weather, until reaching the summit ridge where they encountered very strong winds making walking difficult. Rain on the descent ensured they arrived back at the car in a rather damp state. They had a good day nonetheless.

Marj, John, Jay and Peter climbed a Graham, Carn na Coinnic (673m), by a good estate road from Bridgend in Strathconon that was followed up to around 600m then a traverse up boggy ground to the summit. Descent was by the same route. The weather was warm and windy, but manageable except near summit where the wind was cold and strong but the group found shelter just below the summit for lunch.

They then drove to the end of the public road and walked along the glen westwards and back for a mile or so. Roger and I climbed a Corbett, An Sidhean (814m), from the Monar dam in upper Glen Strathfarrar. This hill is situated in very remote country north of Loch Monar and the summit area does have that feeling of remoteness. Our route was along Loch Monar's north shore past Monar Lodge. Very wet underfoot and windy on the summit.

This area is the location for Iain Thomson's book, “Isolation Shepherd”. He moved to Strathmore on Loch Monar in the 1950s with his young family and the book is a moving and interesting account of the shepherd's life. Well worth reading. Alas, his home was submerged under the waters of Loch Monar when it was later dammed for a hydro scheme.

On the Sunday Margaret, Jim, Jay and Peter had a pleasant drive up Strathconon to just short of Inverchoran Farm, where they left the car. The party climbed another Graham, Beinn Mheadhoin (663m), by a stalker's path and very old cairns all the way to the summit, again in fair weather and with extensive views from the summit. A strong buffeting wind soon brought in heavy rain clouds and a hurried descent. Again, they had a very wet interlude necessitating the donning of over-trousers after they were already wet, this was a more prolonged episode of wind and rain. Wet and soggy, they drove back down the glen taking a detour over the dam on a small side road to Contin.

Then a walk around upper Strathpeffer to admire the architecture of the Victorian villas, before supper.

Marj and John opted for a “low level” excursion on the Sunday, they took a lovely, windy walk on Dornoch beach.

Roger and I climbed another Corbett, Little Wyvis (764m), on the Sunday. The weather would best be described as “gloomy” with the top shrouded in cloud and a very strong, cold wind which hastened our descent from the summit cairn. Very wet underfoot.

An excellent weekend where the walking, the accommodation and the company was most agreeable despite the mixed weather.

Present: Peter Farrington, Marj and John Foster, Roger James, Margaret and Jim Strachan, Jay Turner, Philip Hands

'Twixmas' Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale 2017/18 - Report by Judy Renshaw

We had a convivial gathering of members and friends in the days between Christmas and New Year. As usual, people arrived and left on different days but for a time there were some 9 or 10 people in the hut, with Mike and Marian also popping in occasionally. It rained a fair amount while we were there, but on some other days it was clearer and enabled people to get onto the higher fells.



Howard and Richard did a local walk towards Brotherswater one day before the rest of us arrived, then Andy and friends from Nottinghamshire were there for a couple of days, as were Don and I.

Brotherswater, by Andy Burton

On the Saturday Richard, Don and I went over some lower hills in St John's in the Vale, which is a good option for a wet and windy day as it is low but has interesting views and makes a good circuit.



Don and Richard below High Rigg, photo by Judy Renshaw



We parked at the north end of Low Rigg, went over both this top and also High Rigg, including numerous intermediate summits, and returned by a path on the East side. In this area the wind was not overly strong, and the rain only intermittent. At times we saw several groups of local people walking and Landrovers parked on the road, then later saw a pack of hounds out on the fell.

*Brief sun on Blencathra
from base of Low Rigg,
by Judy Renshaw*

Andy and company went up to Angle Tarn in rain and wind and descended via Hayeswater. We heard later that 12 year old Ruby was one of the strongest walkers in the group!



*Wintry Angle Tarn,
by Andy Burton*

The next day Don and I investigated part of the newly marked 'Ullswater Way' along the West side of the lake. In the main, this links together existing paths with regular waymark posts. The southern section includes a long established path close to the lake and continues with a newly created section beyond Glenridding to Aira Force. It then goes over Gowbarrow, following at some distance away from the lake, to below Little Mell Fell.

We began just south of this point, taking another footpath to join the main route, as we had already explored the earlier sections on various occasions. Once we had found our way through the campsite (with some difficulty) and through a wet field, we were on the waymarked path through Bennethead and Wray to Waterfoot Farm. After this there was a new section of path to Pooley Bridge. Although direction finding was easy, due to the markers, most of the path was extremely muddy, with some sections going up and down very slippery fields. The few people that we met along the way also commented on the mud and one person was covered in it, having slid down a particularly muddy field. Since it was still raining when we reached Pooley Bridge, we took advantage of the very good bus shelter in the centre to have our sandwiches and watch the activities of the town. As often happens, the ferries were cancelled due to high winds. We returned on a path closer to the lake, below several hotels and activity centres, which was less muddy but not continuous as you have to walk along short stretches of road. It made an interesting day out without going too far or too high.



Most of the others did indoor activities that day, except Howard who went up to Red tarn and back via Glenridding and Patterdale. John Kentish of AC and his friend Diana arrived before we left, and went out with Marian and Mike the next day.

*Looking towards Hartsop Dodd,
by Andy Burton*

Overall, the meet was relaxed, friendly and everyone enjoyed themselves, making a good opportunity for a break from the Christmas and New Year festivities.

*Present: Richard Hampshire, Howard Telford, Andy Burton, Claire, Ruby, Jane, Jos, Don Hodge, Judy Renshaw.
(Also John Kentish (AC) and Diana, Mike and Marian)*

Annual Dinner Meet, Glenridding, February 2018 - Report by Mike Goodyer

The Annual Dinner and AGM was a great success. The club AGM and the George Starkey Hut Limited AGM were held before the dinner on the Saturday night. At the club AGM James Baldwin was elected President and Heather Eddowes was elected Vice President. Many thanks to Mike Parsons and Jim Strachan for their time as President and VP respectively (Minutes of the AGMs are presented later in the Journal).



As you are all aware Brooke passed away in September and a new member, Julie Freemantle, took up the task of organising the dinner. Arline was invited to the dinner as our guest.

Once again the club dinner was at the Inn on the Lake, the room was decorated with our Swiss flags and Canton bunting. After a fine dinner we were regaled with mountaineering anecdotes from our guest speaker John Cleare.



John Cleare and outgoing President Mike Parsons



James Baldwin with Julie Freemantle and Julie Jones

The early birds on the Friday were rewarded with blue sky and sunshine and snow covered tops.



A group went up Striding Edge (no queues!), across the top of Helvellyn and down into Glenridding for a pint in the Travellers

Another group, arriving a little later on the Friday enjoyed an ascent of Red Screes from Kirkstone Pass.

Paul just above the 'Hole in the wall'

On the Saturday the weather had changed and lower level plans were the order of the day.



In true Annual Dinner form the weather improved on the Sunday and folks were able to get into the high fells.

A snowy St Sunday Crag from Nethermost Ridge on the Sunday

Many thanks to the organisers of the dinner and AGM weekend. Looking forward to next years already.

MEMBERS ARTICLES

One Mountain: Three Attempts by Morag MacDonald

Quinag (The water stoup) is the guardian of the northern border of Assynt, the last distinctive 'mountain' in the chain of Torridonian sandstone which stretches the length of the Western seaboard from Applecross to Cape Wrath. (Bennet and Strang, 1990).

A dominating 808m Corbett with three summits in NW Sutherland, Quinag has beaten us three times. Not that each effort lacked compensations and rewards but that eventually, either the weather or the scale of the mountain circuit or both, won.

A John Muir Trust property whose literature describes it as a dramatic Y-shaped range of peaks covering over 9,000 acres, is very accessible lying directly on the A894. This road is now a section of the N500, the newly acclaimed scenic route of dubious benefit to Scottish Tourism. Although not yet as critical, the route shares the problem of excessive tourist numbers with Orkney where thousands are disgorged from cruise ships to visit the historic sites. These are now in the process of being destroyed and in a similar way, the N500 is virtually a victim of its own success (Glass, 2018). Thanks to excessive publicity, the route is subject to motorhome traffic which has damaged B&B and small shops due to supplies bought in supermarkets and created problems where sites and facilities are limited.



Apart from its size, peaks and dominating position, Quinag is renowned for several factors. Towards the north, massive cliffs and buttresses overlook Kylesku. Approaching this aspect, McNeish (2015) describes the view on our days as 'intimidating' and 'menacing' but he also ascribes the three summit walk to be one of the best high-level excursions in the north. Each of these summits has some hazard or degree of difficulty depending on weather. From higher on the mountain, the view south is towards Loch Assynt and its Eastern Munros while extensive westward coastline views encompass Suilven, Lochinver, Edrachallis Bay and, given good visibility, the Western Isles. It was the good weather with outstanding virtually 360 degree views which made the initial attempt in 2015 the most rewarding.

View towards Suilven and the West from the ridge.



The ridge is the highlight of the climb and we were fortunate to have dry conditions underfoot since the quartzite present near the first summit, Spidean Coinich (764m) and other areas is very dangerous when wet (see Bennet and Strang above.). Unfortunately, an increasingly strong wind required care on narrowing exposed paths thus taking longer than anticipated. Time was running out at the end of ridge descent. Knowing that Sail Ghorm (776m) the second summit on the Western flank of the mountain was more than two kilometres away, including a short climb out of the Bealach a' Chornaidh which divides the mountain forming the huge 'Y' shape of the West and East flanks or spurs of the mountain, we retreated. Visibility was still perfect.

Descending from Spidean Coinich

In 2016, we were in the area but did not go to Quinag. However, back in the NW in May 2017, there was a magnificent week of sunshine with repeat visits to Handa, Durness and other beaches. Primroses were everywhere. The scenic coastal 9 km. circuit of Balnakeil Bay via Durness starting at the Cape Wrath Ferry is highly recommended apart from experiencing the cries of sheep parted from their lambs. A shepherd from Kinlochbervie said that this separation in May is the saddest day of his year.



With good visibility all week and the long hours of summer daylight, we went back to attempt the main summit. Without the need to repeat the ridge, we walked up the Coire a Chornaidh path to the loch of the same name. From near here, a path forming the circuit descent route leads to the Eastern flank or spur of Sail Garbh (808m). Yet again, wind which was not problematic lower down, only allowed us to reach the large cairn marking this path on the flat summit spur. The virtually level summit route from this point and continuation to the barrel buttress involves, almost mid way, walking near a very steep slope on the right which leans steeply into the uphill Coire access path and a cliff area on the left. This is the aforesaid hazard of this area and in normal circumstances would not be problematic. There is also the return vice versa to this cairn, perhaps an hour later. Safety won.

Ridge descent with the dome of Sail Garbh in the far right approx. 2-3 km distant



Ian in 2017: showing part of the ridge and part of Lochan Bealach a Chornaidh

The third try, with a reasonable weather forecast in August 2017, saw us return to attempt a better degree of success. Mist and rain prevailed. A fourth attempt to complete the summits is unlikely. Not only is the travel distance considerable but the situation is similar to tackling Foinaven's summit some years ago with the knowledge that the great hills of the NW should have been climbed earlier. Now philosophy and acceptance rule. We were singularly unfortunate with strong winds. Climb Quinag if you can in one day. It will be a worthy endeavour.

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Exploring the Dordogne by Pamela Harris



The cliffs and river at la Roque-Gageac

Perhaps what made the walking most interesting for me is that this is such a richly historical area, and many of the walks have as a focus a picturesque medieval town or castle, church or abbey. Sarlat in *Périgord Noir* makes a good base for walks in the central area, and is a lovely old town of honey-coloured Renaissance-style buildings with steep gabled roofs, and a colourful market twice a week. Nearby are walks starting at Beynac and la Roque-Gageac, both huddled beneath high cliffs in spectacular sites on the river, with the castle of Beynac dominating the surrounding countryside. This is the land of Eleanor of Aquitaine and Henry II of England, and castles like Beynac were fought over bitterly during the succeeding Hundred Years' War.

The Dordogne may not seem the most obvious destination for members of an alpine club, but this is one of the most beautiful regions of France, where walking is a delight. Although there are no high mountains to climb, the highest peak being a mere 316m, there are plenty of low hills, steep gorges and rocky limestone plateaus. It is easily accessible from the UK, with airports at Bordeaux, Brive and Bergerac, an added bonus being the mild climate which means you can walk here at any time of the year.

I first visited the area with Alasdair back in 2003, and was pleasantly surprised how much we enjoyed the walking. I always wanted to return, so when Cicerone Press asked Alan and me to revise their Walking guide to the Dordogne, and to find a few new walks, we jumped at the chance. This led to five more visits, so we had plenty of time to explore.

Beynac Castle





High on a rocky outcrop on the other side of the river is the fortified town of Domme, start of one of our favourite walks. The town is surrounded by thick walls and gateways, and we entered through the largest, the immense Porte des Tours, and walked up to a wonderful viewpoint overlooking the Dordogne river. After leaving the town through a second gateway, we continued through fields and chestnut woods to cross a shallow valley from where the path climbed gently up to a low plateau. We finally re-entered the town through the smallest yet most important gateway of all, for this provided access to the town's only water supply.

Porte des Tours, Domme

Northwest of Sarlat is the town of les Eyzies on the Vézère river, home to the greatest concentration of prehistoric sites in Europe. The longest walk in the book starts here, following the Vézère river for nearly 20km, with a total ascent of 500m. The walk winds uphill into woodland, passing farms and small hamlets, to reach Turzac with its small 12th-century fortified church. After crossing a bridge over the river, we continued back along the other side, past the troglodyte village of la Madeleine, to finish below a line of overhanging rock shelters and caves with prehistoric paintings, some still open to the public. However, the most famous caves in the area are not at les Eyzies but at Lascaux, and the walk starting at Montignac enabled us to visit the recently opened centre of Lascaux IV, a high-tech facsimile of the entire cave system, with precise laser-scanned 3D reproductions of all the paintings in the original lighting and temperature, with a visitor centre explaining the history of the site.



Prehistoric rock shelters at les Eyzies



Monbazillac château and vineyards

Bergerac, the main town of the wine-producing area of *Périgord Pourpre*, makes a good base for walks further west. The shortest walk in the book starts just south of here, a 5.5km stroll through the vineyards of Monbazillac, which produce a delicious sweet white wine. A walk to the north of the 16th-century Château de Monbazillac was in the previous edition of the book, but for reasons best known to themselves, the local tourist office had decided to re-route it to the south. So it became a new walk for us, with a new route description and map. The vineyards and the views are equally attractive on either side, and both walks end at the château, now a Wine Cooperative, and a good place to stop for free wine-tasting.



We were keen to find new walks which would give a feel for the importance of the river that has given its name to this department, and thus one of these became the first route in the revised edition of the guide. This is another easy stroll, along the peaceful banks of the river at Bergerac from the small port on the edge of the town to the modern dam and fish ladder. The riverside path goes past the Vieux Port, once the busy scene of numerous boats unloading their cargo, but now just a quiet backwater, the river home only to ducks, swans and canoeists.

Riverside walk at Bergerac



Another of the new walks we included in the guide starts at Limeuil, an attractive medieval town at the confluence of the Dordogne and Vézère rivers. We left the small riverside port through a medieval gateway and wandered up the cobbled streets of the old town to the panoramic gardens at the top, from where we looked down onto the confluence with its double bridge. After leaving through a gateway at the top of the town, the track entered chestnut woods interspersed with open grassland, bright with heather and yellow gorse, and with tiny purple orchids when we were there in the springtime. After passing a few farms and a turreted manor house, we finally lost height again to end back at the river, through orchards and vineyards, and by a large wine-producing *domaine*.

Confluence of the Dordogne and Vézère rivers at Limeuil

Further east, in the department of the Lot, there is a long walk through the Alzou gorges to the spectacularly sited pilgrimage town of Rocamadour, and a walk on the limestone plateau of the Causse de Quercy from the subterranean chasm known as the Gouffre de Padirac, where you can take a boat to visit caverns of stalagmites and stalactites one hundred metres deep. This is the last route in the book and another of our favourites for its scenic variety, ending with a dramatic ridge walk above the Cirque d'Autoire.



Rocamadour



Cirque d'Autoire from the ridge



Other walks in the guide visit the attractive villages of Creysse, St-Geniès and St-Georges-de-Montclard, all with small Romanesque churches; the medieval *bastide* towns of Beaumont, Monpazier and Eymet, with their half-timbered houses; and the Château des Milandes, with its beautiful gardens of roses and immaculately kept lawns.

Walking through the village of Creysse



And if you get tired of walking and of visiting châteaux, you can always take a ride on a tourist *gabarre*, one of the flat-bottomed boats used until the past century to transport cargoes down river to the coast. These glide lazily along the river from la Roque-Gageac and Beynac, giving the best views of the castles lining its banks. After which there is always a café in the sunshine to enjoy an aperitif of sweet white Monbazillac wine, followed by a delicious meal of the regional specialities of duck or goose for which the Dordogne is so famous.

Tourist gabarre

If this inspires you to explore the area and do some of the walks yourself, take a look at the Cicerone website for details of the guidebook: www.cicerone.co.uk/walking-in-the-dordogne.

Photos by Pamela Harris and Alan Norton

A visit to all the Tors and Rocks on Dartmoor by James and Belinda Baldwin

When is a Tor not a Tor, when it's called a Rock! It can be called a Tor and be nothing more than a pile of stones rather than a magnificent uprising. Then there are spoil heaps that rise high on the horizon and an exercise in finding Tors is compounded but has led to an endless and fascinating journey.

It was the realisation that living in Devon to ascend every Munro was unrealistic especially if you start the siege after retirement and do not wish to spend all your time in Scotland. The nearest hills were in North Wales or the Lakes but again a considerable amount of travel required. Dartmoor seemed the obvious answer as there are rocks, called Tors, and to ascend all would be quite easy.

The easy bit was to get hold of a book with a list and a grid reference. It then became evident that there were a number of lists. Unlike Munros, Tors are not judged by height and then there are Tors that are called rocks so a simple list was

Yes Tor, 619m.



agreed upon that if it was called a Tor and was on the OS map it would be on the list to ascend.

It started well with recceing walks for the local rambler's programme and taking them on the walk. Then there were the more obscure Tors that were in the middle of one of the MOD firing ranges. The good news is that the MOD publish dates when the ranges are out of bounds and they patrol by helicopter some of the areas close to the range and advise keeping below the skyline! The Tors within the firing ranges were completed, some in very boggy areas and only accessible in dry conditions. The next challenge was the fact that some Tors are on private land and in a number of cases in private gardens. Vixen Tor was a case in point where the BMC and Ramblers together with other interested parties thought the Tor should be accessible. It was hoped that the CROW Act would give access but after the first part of the PRW Inspection hearing was abandoned, heavy snow on the roads to Princetown, the land owner found evidence in old Parish minutes of access being denied. After a six months period between the first and second part of the inquiry, access was rejected by the inspector. There are around 170 Tors named on the OS map and a further 220 Tors and rocks that are not on the map but listed. In addition to Tors and rocks there are numerous prehistoric standing stones, longstones or menhirs, cairns and stone rows on the moor.

Dartmoor is an area of approximately 370 square miles and has the highest, wholly English peaks, south of the Peak district. The highest point is High Willhayes at 621 metres closely followed by the more familiar Yes Tor at 619 metres. The moor has been the site of tin, copper, china clay, micaceous haematite and other mineral mining for centuries and the landscape has been altered by the activity in the hundreds of mines. The basic rock is granite but alluvial deposits of various minerals are in the valleys and easier to extract, crush, sort by buddleing and eventually smelting. Mining on Dartmoor was a very precarious activity and like most mining activity it is dependent upon the price of the metal. Miners lived in rough stone huts with a reed roof and lived off the land as best they could. Records show that there were fights between land owners and miners over catching rabbits. Tin was the most prolific and valuable ore and once alluvial deposits had been removed miners

Hameldown Tor, 529m



started to go underground. This necessitated draining the mines of water and there are numerous examples of water wheels with their associated leats that drove the overshot and undershot wheels. The wheel installed at the mine in Belstone, was reported to be the largest in England at over 60 feet in diameter. The transmission of rotational power from the water wheel to the pump house was done by a flat rod system with long rods running on granite supports or iron pulleys. At the pumphouse this reciprocating energy operated the pump. There are records of mines being closed for long periods because the link between one rod and another fractured and the mine quickly filled with water. The introduction of air drills in the late 1800s, whilst increasing production of ore, put an even greater reliance on water wheel power and the need for rain to keep a flow of water in the leat.



Sittaford Tor, 538m

There are a number of theories as to how Tors were made but it is better to refer you to the many works published on the subject. Tors are found in other parts of the UK, Scotland, Wales, Shropshire the Pennines and Cornwall. Further afield France, Germany, Malaysia etc. Some are very large, such as Hay Tor, a favourite climbing area with easy access, or very small no more than 2 metres in diameter above ground. One of the strangest is Bowerman's Nose a set of precariously laid rocks that from the right direction looks like a face with a hat.



Ryders Hill, 515m

What started as a box ticking exercise to visit and get to the top of every Tor and Rock on Dartmoor has become a fascinating journey discovering mines, water wheels, personal history, industrial archaeology and above all walking to all 390 Tors and rock recorded. That is not the end of the fascination with Dartmoor as the writers are heavily involved with the creation of a walking route around the moor, The Dartmoor Way, a 100 mile long circular perambulation visiting many interesting sites around the edge of the moor and linked to routes up onto the high moor.

We acknowledge the activities of Devonshire Association, Industrial Archaeology Section and the books by Terry Bound, The A to Z of Dartmoor Tors, and Ken Ringwood's book Dartmoor's Tors and Rocks.

All photos kindly given by Michael Owen.

Deep Winter in Wyoming's Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks

By William Westermeyer

In the summer of 2017 a friend of mine and I drove through Yellowstone National Park while on a road trip through Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho. I hadn't seen the Old Faithful area in decades, so we stopped to have a look. The Old Faithful geyser was just as I remembered it as a teenager, still erupting to the delighted oohs and aahs of those who saw it. But it was astonishing to see vast parking lots packed with cars and a ring of people around the geyser that numbered in the hundreds. With so many seeking to photograph this marvel of nature it was difficult to find an unobstructed view.

I encountered a dramatically different scene in early March 2018 when my friends and I arrived by snow coach for a three-night stay in Yellowstone's Snow Lodge. Old Faithful was as grand as ever, but there were never more than a handful of people around to see it erupt. It was even possible to be alone or nearly so in the early morning, and this was at the most visited site in the Park. Walk, snowshoe, or ski a short distance from Old Faithful, and it is easy to be alone while contemplating the remarkable geysers, hot springs, and mud pots of Yellowstone's Upper Geyser Basin. To see the Park like this, however, one has to be prepared to endure extreme cold and sometimes harsh winter weather.



Getting to the Old Faithful area is an adventure in itself. Starting in Jackson, Wyoming, our group assembled at 4:45 am for a 60-mile drive in frigid temperatures and near complete darkness to Flagg Ranch for a rendezvous with the snow coaches that would take us into Yellowstone National Park and the Old Faithful area. Travel north of Flagg Ranch is only possible by snow coach, snowcat, or snowmobile. The snow coaches we used were a first for us. Equipped with wheels that were at least two feet wide, they were well-suited for travel over snow. They were also much quieter than the older snowcats and much more fuel efficient. The snow coaches followed the trace of the paved road into Old Faithful but travelled over packed snow that in places was more than ten feet deep.

The drive into Old Faithful took about two hours, but it was a magical drive in a genuine winter wonderland.

The trees were laden with fresh snow. The lakes we passed were frozen solid and covered with a mantle of snow. We played tag with the Continental Divide, crossing it three times. On one side of the Divide, the Yellowstone River flows north, eventually to merge with the Missouri. On the other the Firehole River, aptly named, flows through the Upper, Middle, and Lower Geyser Basins of the Park. We were to get to know this river well in the next few days. At one point just south of Lewis Lake, we crossed inside the boundary of the ancient caldera that was formed the last time a volcanic eruption occurred here, about 640,000 years ago. It is mind-boggling to discover that this eruption spewed out some 240 cubic miles of debris, creating a huge basin, now covered mostly with lodgepole pines and dotted with lakes, that comprises the central part of Yellowstone National Park today. The magical landscape was marred somewhat by the many naked and grey tree trunks that have remained upright for years after the several fires that have swept through parts of Yellowstone. The most damaging of these was the great Yellowstone fire of 1988. Nevertheless, it was encouraging to see that a dense forest of new trees now reaches twenty feet or more in height in many places. It may take years, but nature does renew itself in its own time.



As we advanced north into the heart of the Park, indeed, into the heart of the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem, my friends and I felt increasingly alone in a vast, nearly untracked wilderness. This was a far cry from the experience I had had in the summer following a steady stream of traffic into the Old Faithful area, which had become a lively, small town swarming with tourists. When we finally reached the Snow Lodge at Old Faithful, it seemed we had arrived at a small wilderness outpost. It was not unlike my experience many years ago on arriving for a 4-month stint at McMurdo Station in Antarctica, the main difference being that Yellowstone had trees and geysers.

Most winter visitors stay in comfort at the Snow Lodge, but the experiences of being in a harsh environment are mostly lost when one has only to walk down a heated hallway to reach the dining room, gift shop, and large lobby with its roaring fireplace. Our lodgings, instead, were in rustic cabins hundreds of yards from the Snow Lodge. While we did not complain, we had to bundle up in multiple layers to keep warm as we trudged through deep snow on our way to the dining room. For most meals, large, fluffy flakes fell as we walked, as snow fell almost continuously during our three-day visit.

Practically the first thing we did after unpacking was to strap on snowshoes and head to Old Faithful. We'd just missed the most recent eruption, which occurs about every ninety minutes, so we set out to explore the Upper Geyser Basin. The landscape we had entered has to be considered one of the more mysterious ones on Earth, especially in winter.

Numerous thermal features produced masses of steam along the Firehole River, an incongruous and eerie sight in a land covered in deep snow except within a few feet of each hot spring or geyser. One could easily imagine a train, its cars hidden from view, making its way slowly along the valley floor as steam wafted from its engine. The hot springs displayed a marvel of colours around their edges. In our frigid surroundings, their crystal-clear waters seemed to beckon us to jump in for a swim, but we would have been quickly boiled in the scalding water.

It wasn't long before we observed the first of many bison we were to see in the area. Their large, dark brown hulks stand out in the wintery landscape. They weren't far from the main trail, and we had to snowshoe by them in order to proceed down the trail. We knew that they could be dangerous, but as long as we kept our distance, we had no problems. Indeed, they were completely occupied in trying to find what little food could be found below the snow. They used their massive heads to brush aside the deep snow until they could expose frozen vegetation below. This was easier to do in the geyser areas, as warm subsurface temperatures kept the snow thinner in these areas than elsewhere.



It is difficult to convey the feeling of solitude I felt while snowshoeing and skiing through the Geyser Basin. On our first day some of us wanted to snowshoe to Observation Point, a small mountain above Old Faithful where we would have an elevated view of the next eruption. When we arrived at the trailhead we discovered that the entire area had been closed to snowshoers. We later learned that a bison had died in the area and that wolves were enjoying a feast somewhere above. This was their domain, and we were merely day trippers peeking into an alien land. The trail was reopened on our last day, so three of us set out again. No one had gone before us, and after three days of near constant snowfall, we encountered deep, untracked snow. We saw many animal tracks, including some that looked to us like wolf tracks. Later we learned that they were most likely coyote tracks, but the wolves were constantly on our mind. At some point near the top, the faint impression of a trail disappeared completely in deep, wind-blown snow. So we made our own trail. Somewhere near the true trail end, we found an excellent observation point and were completely alone as we looked down upon a spectacular eruption of Old Faithful. Even better, off to the east, we spied a herd of bison hard at work seeking food below deep snow, and we were certain that no others who saw Old Faithful erupt that day were aware of these bison.

Another day I rented back country skis and joined my more experienced skiing friends. Our goal was Lone Star Geyser. In summer, perhaps, this isolated geyser is not really so remote, but as we headed up steep hills on skis following only the tracks of two people who had broken trail before us, we felt completely alone in the wilderness. I was enjoying the

silence and isolation of Yellowstone in winter. The greyness of the day and the gently falling snow added even more to my feeling of solitude. After several hours of climbing and gliding, we reached the geyser. Remarkably, given that Lone Star Geyser erupts only every three hours, it erupted just as we arrived. If anything, we enjoyed this treat more than we enjoyed seeing Old Faithful erupt. Not long after this however, we completely lost the return trail and decided that we would most likely find it hugging the Firehole River. If it were not for sighting one of our snowshoeing colleagues walking in from the other direction on the proper trail well above us, we might still be wandering around in the wilderness.



If anything characterizes Yellowstone in the winter, it is the struggle for survival. Here we saw nature in the raw, as the Park's animals get through winter any way they can—or don't. Humans do not intervene to alter the natural course of events in this struggle. We were told that there are now some twelve packs of wolves in the Park. The Wapiti Pack was known to be in the Old Faithful area while we were there, and perhaps this was the

pack that had found the dead bison near Observation Point. I think many of us were hoping to see a wolf, and when we spotted a large canine near the Biscuit Basin geysers, we were sure it was one. Later, rangers informed us that it was almost certainly "Old Limpy," a coyote with a limp known to inhabit the area. While spotting a pack of wolves would have been exciting, we were also anxious to avoid becoming directly involved in a struggle for survival. Perhaps the best outcome possible in this setting was to hear a pack of wolves howling in the distance. This eerie sound breaking the silence as we snowshoed around Biscuit Basin was a reminder that we were not necessarily at the top of the food chain here.

We left Yellowstone for the long snow coach trip back to Flagg Ranch shortly after our morning hike to Observation Point, headed now for a three-day stay in Grand Teton National Park. This park has been special to me ever since, as a college student, I had spent two summers in the 1970s working as a night auditor at the Colter Bay Village resort there. I had climbed the 13,770-foot Grand Teton then, as well as Teewinot, the Middle and South Tetons, and many lesser peaks in the Park, but I had never seen the Tetons or the Jackson Hole area in winter. As beautiful as the Tetons are in summer--and they are, in my opinion, America's most dramatic and photogenic mountains--they are breathtaking in the winter. The same snow storm that had dumped more than a foot of snow in Yellowstone while we were there dumped a nearly equal amount in the Tetons. This had the effect of turning everything white, including the steepest slopes in these rugged mountains.



We were content to snowshoe on the lower slopes of the Teton Range, but even here trail finding through deep snow was difficult at times. For example, our quest to reach the northwestern end of Phelps Lake ended when we lost the trail in the deep snow of Death Canyon. We continued for some time through unbroken snow, exchanging leads occasionally, but it eventually became clear that we had not given ourselves enough time for all the trail breaking work that would be required to reach the lake and return. Nevertheless, we enjoyed a beautiful snowshoe hike at the foot of the Tetons. Anyone who followed our tracks hoping to reach the lake would have been both confused and disappointed when they ended abruptly. We were more successful in snowshoeing to snow-bound Taggart Lake and to an overlook where we could look down upon a group of people crossing the lake in snowshoes.

We were also rewarded here with our first sightings of the Grand Teton and other Teton Range giants, as the clouds gradually cleared during our hike. The colours white and blue now prevailed, with the green of trees not completely encased in snow adding to perhaps the most impressive winter scene in the country.

One evening we attended a “hootenanny” near Dornan’s Spur Ranch Cabins, where we were staying. This was a weekly gathering of local and visiting folk singers that had been established by one Bill Briggs. I vaguely recalled hearing about Briggs in the 1970s when I worked in the Park, but it wasn’t because of his folk singing abilities. I was soon assured that this was the same Bill Briggs that had been the first person to ski from the top of the Grand Teton, a feat thought to be impossible in the early 1970s. He lived to tell the tale and thereby established the “sport” of extreme skiing. To see him now, at 87 years of age, onstage emceeing and playing folk music was remarkable. The hootenanny is held in a restaurant packed with locals and visitors who enjoy folk music, food and drink, and an atmosphere rich with local tradition. If it is not too dark or cloudy, one can see Briggs onstage at Dornan’s and the Grand Teton he so daringly skied through a large window as he plays.

We had our best views on the last day of our stay, as remaining clouds cleared away in the night to reveal the Teton Range in all its snow-covered glory. Several of us vowed we would brave the extreme cold (indeed, the absence of clouds enabled heat to radiate away in the night, so that when we ventured out at 6:30





am, the temperature was -10°F) to see sunrise on the Grand Teton. Few more impressive sights can be imagined as sunshine struck the tip of “the Grand” at about 6:45 am and slowly revealed more and more of its upper slopes. We were too cold to wait for full sunrise. We had to be quick as we snapped our photos with fancy cameras or smart phones. Our bare hands could only function well in the extreme cold for a few seconds at a time.

For now, we were experiencing Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks in “deep winter.” In a few more weeks, however, the long melt would begin. Bears would soon emerge from hibernation. The thousands of elk grazing on the flatlands of the National Elk Refuge just south of Grand Teton National Park would soon begin their migration to the high country. The first wildflowers would soon begin to emerge. And many other signs of Spring would soon become apparent.

The snow coaches stop carrying people into Yellowstone in mid-March, but not for lack of snow. It takes several months for snow ploughs to clear away the many feet of snow covering the Park’s hundreds of miles of roads and for Park staff to ready Park facilities for the influx of summer tourists.

Soon Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks would be alive again, but we felt among the privileged few to be able to enjoy them in winter.



Walking in a 'secret' corner of Switzerland by Mike Goodyer

Inspired by Geoffrey Pockocks book 'A week in the Parc Ela' Andy and I spent a week trekking from Bivio in Parc Ela.



We arrived as suggested by Geoffrey plane via Zurich, train to Tiefencastel and post bus to Bivio.



The Ela Hut



Ski hut at Piz Platta, Tga





As a warm up we visited the Septimer Pass and climbed the Roccabella, which had great views down the valley and over to the Julier Pass (the end of our trek in few days time).

Weighing 410 tons and costing two million Swiss francs (nearly £1.6 million) to build, the new theatre created by the organisers of the Origen contemporary opera festival was designed to withstand strong winds of up to 240 kilometres per hour and even avalanches.



Summit of Roccabella

First day of the trek was over the Stallenberg pass and Furcla da Faller to descend to Alp Faller.

Very few people were walking in this lovely high summer meadow.





The ski hut at Tga is run by a couple who were delighted to be in Geoffrey's book. (*On our return we sent them a copy of the book to keep at the hut.*) Overnight there was a tremendous storm and we walked down the valley and bussed to Savognin.



The weather improved for the next few days and we were able to enjoy the pleasures of the walk. Steady climbing in high meadows took us over passes, often after crossing boulders and/or steep scree, with new vistas appearing as the pass was gained. The passes were mainly between 2500 -2900m

We had the joys of our self catering at the Ela Hut through to gourmet dinner at Berghaus at Alp Flix. In addition there were several opportunities to have second breakfasts and mid morning beers at small stubli along the way.



Obituaries

William Brooke Midgley (1935 - 2017)



Brooke's had three great loves. First his family and joint second mountains and MG cars. Mountains is where the ABMSAC comes in.

As a teenager, life was about swimming and he competed nationally. School was a place you went to; to bide the time. He found his vocation as an engineer, when he joined Adams Hydraulics, where he was placed in the drawing office before National Service with the RAF. Afterwards he returned to the company studying in the evenings at Bradford Polytechnic going through all the stages to become a chartered engineer. He worked independently as a consulting engineer involving in things watery such as sewage and waterworks. Of more below.

He joined the ABMSAC in 1963. Back then men became members to gain access to SAC huts but Brooke realised that it would be good to have a hut sponsored by the club in the Lake District. In the seventies he played an instrumental role in making this happen and the George Starkey Hut was borne. He did not leave it at that but carried on the Hut Management Committee chairing it from 1995 until 2005. I haven't checked but would not be surprised that his bed nights with his family holds the record attendance as it became a regular weekend and bank holiday destination for them.

The accommodation at the George Starkey Hut made it possible to have an annual Northern Dinner at The *Glenridding Hotel* organised by Brooke starting in 1977. Hotel guests had had the pleasure of swimming in the pool that Brooke installed early this century. In 2016 the dinner moved to the *The Inn on The Lake*. The Northern Dinner kept its name after it had morphed into Annual Dinner with AGM, as it was no longer feasible to have a London dinner alongside the club's AGM. The 2017 dinner was to be his last. Organising forty dinners is some achievement.

Brooke was President of the club from 1997 until 2000. He was made a life member in recognition of his long commitments to it. His wife Arlene was always at his side and as the children came it was a family affair. His daughter Denise was our honorary solicitor from 1996 until 2003.

His love of MG cars tied in with mountains. He would drive his MG annually to the Alps. The delight in the region led to them having a holiday home in the Aosta valley. MG cars are fun but not comfortable. He and Arline always went in an MG rather than something with good seats and radio that travels faster. Brooke died suddenly at his home in Yorkshire, while still full of action.

Belinda Baldwin

Elizabeth Parry (1921-2017)



Only one member of the ABMSAC/Alpine Club, past or present, has sung as a soloist at Glyndebourne; been a Middle East Forces Sweetheart during the Second World War; collaborated closely with Benjamin Britten and founded her own opera company. Elizabeth Parry did all these things before taking up serious mountaineering in early middle-age and then undertake a wide range of climbs including the Innominata and Peuteret Ridges and the Weisshorn traverse.

Elizabeth was born in Aberdeen. Her mother Mhari Forbes was Scottish with a trace of French while her father, Arthur Haydn Parry was Welsh. Music was in the blood. Not only was her father a talented pianist, but her grandfather Joseph Parry, was the composer of the famous hymn *Aberystwyth* and the first opera in the Welsh language. He was once described as Wales's greatest composer, yet Elizabeth only discovered her Welsh musical heritage late in life. Elizabeth adored her father, an outstanding scholar and musician at Cambridge, who was seriously wounded in the First World War before becoming a junior Permanent Secretary to Churchill. After the war, his career as a City stockbroker prospered and enabled the family to enjoy a leisured life in Kensington

with holidays in Scotland and skiing in the Alps. But all this changed dramatically in 1929 when the stock-market crash ended both Arthur Parry's career and his marriage.

When Elizabeth's mother subsequently remarried her childhood sweetheart, Elizabeth's life resumed a semblance of normality with an English boarding school education polished at an *avant garde* Paris finishing school which closed her last term there with a visit to the *Folies-Bergere*. Elizabeth's musical and academic talents, already evident at school, helped her secure the offer a place at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford to read French and German literature. However, when her eighteenth birthday coincided with the outbreak of the Second World War on 3rd September 1939, Elizabeth had no hesitation in deciding that in these straightened circumstances she could not immure herself in academe's ivory tower so joined the Red Cross as an ambulance driver instead.

In the autumn of 1940, she successfully auditioned for the Staff Band of the Royal Army Medical Corps as a soprano soloist and for the next three years gave musical shows and broadcasts for Forces programmes and the BBC's *Workers Playtime* interspersed with professional singing lessons. In November 1943, she was offered a tour of the Middle East as the Staff Band's sole female singer entertaining British Forces in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Persia, Syria and the Canal Zone. Over a hectic year involving 20,000 miles of travel and much rough living, the Band staged 200 official performances and Elizabeth was voted British Forces Sweetheart in the Middle East. She recorded this epic of wartime service and adventure in her autobiography *Thirty Men and a Girl* which earned the plaudits of Dame Vera Lynn and a host of other admirers.

After the war. Elizabeth launched herself into a full-time singing career with a classical repertoire that ranged from Mozart, Verdi and Rossini to Britten. Recitals at the Wigmore Hall led to engagements at Glyndebourne and a close involvement with Britten's newly-formed English Opera Group where she sang the title role in his *Rape of Lucretia* and toured Britain with artists such as Kathleen Ferrier and Peter Pears.

In 1950, Elizabeth established her own opera company the London Opera Players which, for the next fifty-six years, became the mainspring of her professional, artistic and social life both as its director and regular performer. The LOP was to stage 3,585 touring performances of thirty-nine different operas employing 360 soloists, 13 conductors and a supporting staff of well over one hundred to bring the best of live opera to many thousands all over Britain who would otherwise never have heard a note of it. The LPO was undoubtedly Elizabeth's greatest achievement and the Parry Trust, which she established to promote young singers and now administered by the Welsh National Opera, remains her ever-lasting legacy.

Almost from the outset, mountains had played an important part in Elizabeth's life from the time when she became the youngest member of the Ski Club of Great Britain throughout the years when she accompanied her mother and step-father on successive summers at Zermatt, invariably staying at the Monte Rosa Hotel when it was *de rigueur* to change for dinner. Her imagination had been captured by the Pyrenees during a pre-war visit but it was at Zermatt in 1950 that she met a young English mountaineer, Sidney Nowill, who was to expand her mountaineering horizons. After Sidney's introduction to easy climbs on the Riffelhorn and Trifhorn, Elizabeth joined the Mountaineering Association in London for weekend excursions to North Wales and the Lakes. Returning to Zermatt she engaged Willi Truffer as her guide to realise an early ambition not simply to climb the Matterhorn by the normal route but complete the traverse to Italy yet be back in time for dinner at the Monte Rosa the following night. Another favourite guide was Celso Degasper with whom she did several Dolomite classics.

In 1961, her fortieth year, Elizabeth engaged Gilles Josserand, a sophisticated Parisian guide who later became a top instructor at the Ecole Nationale in Chamonix and her life-long friend. On the Aiguille de l'M, Gilles lost patience with a slow-moving party in front of them; went off- route and then came off when a hand-hold broke. Elizabeth managed to check what would otherwise have been a fatal fall. The following year, she joined up with Sidney Nowill in the Bernina where they were avalanched on the Piz Roseg before climbing the Piz Palu and after moving on to Chamonix climbed the Rochfort Ridge, the Aiguille Noire de Peuteret, the Chardonnet by the Forbes Ridge and the Purtscheller Ridge on the Aiguille Dorees.

In 1963, Elizabeth was a member of Sidney Nowill's month-long expedition to the Turkish Ala Dag and it was she who led the ice-encrusted crux-pitch in the Hodgkin-Peck couloir on the Demirkazek to make the second-ever British ascent. Driving back to England in her beat-up Morris Minor, Elizabeth and Nigella Blandy (Hall) stopped off at Chamonix to pick up Gilles and finish their summer season with an ascent of the Grepon, a crossing of the Col de Dolent into Italy and a traverse of Mont Blanc by the Innominata Ridge.

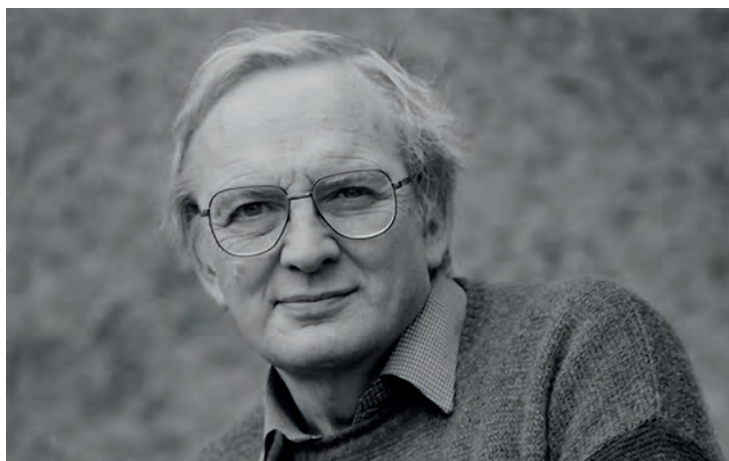
1963 had been a vintage year, but 1966 was Elizabeth's most brilliant. During another of Sidney Nowill's pioneering Turkish expeditions to Hakkari, the party was robbed by armed Kurdish bandits yet still managed to climb Hendevede, the highest peak in the Sat range and several others. On returning to Europe, Elizabeth joined Sidney, Dorothea Gravina and Sylvia Yates and with three guides, led by Michel Vaucher and Gilles Josserand, embarked on a traverse of Mont Blanc by the Peuteret Ridge. After bivouacking below the Aiguille Blanche, Vaucher took a chance on uncertain weather which deteriorated the higher they climbed. Unknowingly in a white-out, they passed two climbers who had died in their tracks. Vaucher later described one seemingly endless ice-pitch as longer and more difficult than anything on the Eigerwand. At the close of their third day, they reached the Vallot just before dark. Elizabeth had completed the climb despite a heavy period and diarrhoea. As a finale to an exceptional season, Elizabeth and Dorothea Gravina then traversed the Weisshorn by the Schalligrat and N Ridge supported by Willi and Bernard Truffer.

In the 1970s Elizabeth did a couple of Pyrenean seasons with Dorothea Gravina and also joined Sidney Nowill for one of his three visits to Turkey's Kackar Dag where bad weather frustrated their attempts to climb Kackar Peak itself. In 1983, she embarked on her last serious expedition, an incident-filled, month-long trek through Zanskar. Her zest for adventure remained unquenchable with subsequent treks in Iceland and Svalbard; a journey along the Silk Road trip when she was 84 and a visit to Patagonia when 86.

Elizabeth Parry's was an exceptional life of service to her county, her muse and an opera company that inspired and nurtured six generations of young singers. The warmth of her personality made her life-long friendships and in the epitaph she dedicated to Sidney Nowill she wrote: 'My dream of perfect dying is at the foot of some great mountain to step fearless and joyful into the Unknown'.

JGR Harding (*Photo from cover of Thirty Men & a Girl, designed by Tony Denton*)

Walt Unsworth



Walt Unsworth died on June 6th 2017, aged 87. He was a writer and publisher and the co-founder of Cicerone Press, which has produced walking, climbing and mountaineering guide books since 1967.

Although Walt had not been a member of the ABMSAC for a number of years, he was one of a group of "Northern" members, who were instrumental in changing the whole nature of the Association.

Walt joined the Association in 1962, at a time when there were only two traditional meets a year: Easter in Scotland and Summer in the Alps. Committee meetings, along with the annual dinner were held in London. So as a national club, with members all over the country and with a role as an active club on the British scene, it was recognised

that changes were needed. The London bias could be a potential problem for the future of the Association.

So in 1971 the Committee asked a group of Northern-based members, one of whom was Walt, to look into the feasibility of a Northern Sub-Committee. After much deliberation in a pub in Castleton, the group sent a report to the Committee. The case for a sub-committee was not proven, but what did arise out of this meeting, was an increase in the number and variety of meets and an official Northern dinner in February.

Meets were usually held in huts belonging to other clubs, rather than hotel based. The exception being the dinner meet, originally based on the old Church Hotel in Edale; a walking and skiing meet.

Northern members volunteered to lead the meets, often using their local knowledge to introduce club members to new or unfamiliar areas of the North. Walt's meets were often in "deepest" Lancashire. He was born at Ardwick, Manchester, on December 16th, 1929, educated at Abram, near Wigan and was Head of Physics at Birch Road Secondary Modern School in Walkden, Manchester, until he left teaching to become a full time editor and writer. So he led meets in the

Forest of Bowland, or climbing at Anglezarke quarry, near Horwich: Walt wrote the guide book and made many first ascents. Also Walt always led the October meet in Langdale, in the early '70s.

The increase in Association activity also highlighted the need for a hut of our own. Walt was a driving force in this, serving on a Hut Sub-Committee, formed with the intention of obtaining such.

Features of the current ABMSAC: the George Starkey Hut, a full meets programme and a February dinner (no longer titled the "Northern Dinner"), all stem from this period in the Club's history.

Walt was the author of some 20 books; including "Everest" (1st published 1981) and the "Encyclopaedia of Mountaineering" (1st published 1977). Early publications included beautifully hand-drawn guide books like the Otztal Guide for West Col. He edited "Climber", later "Climber and Rambler" magazine. In 1978 he launched a new magazine for walkers: "The Great Outdoors" (now known as TGO). He was also a founder member, in 1980, of the Outdoor Writers' Guild (now the Outdoor Writers' and Photographers' Guild). He became its first president.

The Association was very fortunate to have Walt as one of its members, at a pivotal time in its history.

Tony and Suzanne Strawther (*Photo with courtesy from Cicerone Press*)

Livia Gollancz 1920-2018

Livia attended ABMSAC Alpine meets in the late eighties and early nineties. A lively lady enjoying a bit of mountain time after a distinguished life. Firstly, as a professional musician playing in the Halle Orchestra and secondly as a publisher for Gollancz having taken it over after her father died. She joined us on several Alpine meets. I

n 1992 Livia came on the Zermatt meet to acclimatize at Alpine level before going on to Ladakh, with members Ashley Greenwood, John Whyte and others. They trekked above 5000 M so there was a need for the preparation. Livia was then 72 years old, about average for the party. They were impressed with themselves for doing so much post 70 years.

She spent her years in retirement singing, tending her allotment and attending the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institute.

Belinda Baldwin and Dr Sheila Coates

Paul Owens

Margaret Leppard writes: **Paul Owens** died on 6th November 2017. Brought up in Chateau D'Oex, Switzerland, he loved the mountains – both mountaineering and skiing. He moved to Scotland in 1975 and continued mountaineering until he was badly injured in a car crash in 1992. He carried on walking and some fell running until about 1999 and skiing until 2013 when later that year he had a severe stroke. Although I am, what Paul called, 'a Surrey rambler', we both enjoyed reading the newsletters, Les Diablerets and the SAC Magazine.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

Minutes of the meeting held at the Inn on the Lake Hotel, Glenridding on Saturday 3rd February 2018.
The president Mike Parsons was in the Chair, 37 members were present.

Apologies for absence: Steve Bowes, Pamela Harris, Alan Norton, Lin Warriss, Mary Eddowes, Rachel Howlett, Karen Dickinson, Celine Gagnon

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 4th February 2017

These were accepted as being correct, with the proviso that the copies distributed had a couple of date errors. The minutes attached to the journal were fully correct.

Matters Arising: None

Election of Officers and Committee:

President - James Baldwin has volunteered to be the next president

Proposed:- Ed Bramley, Seconded:- Marian Parsons

All members in favour, by a show of hands

Vice President - Heather Eddowes to replace Jim Strachan

Proposed:- Don Hodge, Seconded:- Belinda Baldwin

All members in favour, by a show of hands

The following office holders and committee members indicated that they are willing to be reappointed:

Treasurer	James Baldwin
Membership secretary	Ed Bramley
Meets secretary	Andy Burton
Secretary	Dick Murton
Editor	Mike Goodyer
Elected member	Pamela Harris-Andrews
Co-opted member	Julie Freemantle
Hut warden	Marian Parsons

All reappointments were confirmed by a show of hands.

Treasurer

Although a volunteer was requested at last year's AGM, and again when the AGM notification was sent out, no-one had volunteered so far. James stated he was prepared to stay on and train up someone over the following months, but to be President and Treasurer was not considered acceptable.

Hut Booking Secretary

Marian Parsons is to stand down from this role, but to continue as hut warden. It is proposed that there should be two hut booking secretaries, to cover each other during absences etc. Nominations had already been sought from the AC membership, with 3 volunteers. None had been received from the ABM membership.

Ian Mateer will lead the implementation of the new on-line hut booking system over the next few months. As a certain amount of discretion is required sometimes re allowing bookings, Marian will assist in identifying when and how this has been carried out, to maintain consistency of approach.

Hon Treasurer's report

The full details were attached to the late autumn newsletter, and attached at the end of these minutes.

In summary, the club is financially sound, with sums invested from which a small income is periodically taken.

It is proposed that the subscription bands for 2018 - 2019 remain as follows:

- Single Membership £23 - £27
- 2nd. member at same address £15 - £18
- Junior Membership £10 - £14

The actual membership fees for 2018 – 2019 are to remain unchanged at:

- Single Member £23.50
- 2nd. member at same address £15.50
- Junior Member £10.00

There were small losses on Scottish meets amounting to £206.

Consideration is being given to using a financial adviser to improve the investment portfolio.

Proposed:- Paul Stock, Seconded:- Andy Hayes

All members in favour, by a show of hands

President's report

On taking on the presidency three years ago, it was a very steep learning curve because I had not been a committee member at all in the past. The first obvious thing was that we were very aged as a club and we needed new members and so at the beginning that looked like the number one priority.

However a new 30 year lease for the Starkey had been signed just two years prior to my taking office. The hut since its inception had been a partnership, two thirds ABMSAC and one third Tuesday Climbing Club (TCC). The TCC said they were thinking of closing down and as they were undertaking probably the lion's share of the maintenance work it was obviously critical to find a new hut partner. As securing a new partner was urgent it was considered necessary to persuade TCC to do this as soon as possible and we offered free long-term membership to enable them to continue the benefits of using the hut. Once this was done it led the way open for us to find a new partner. We first targeted the Alpine Club. 70% of their members responded to their initial survey and 90% of replies in a subsequent vote agreed to join as partners in managing the hut. As I am a member of the AC, to prevent conflict of interest, James Baldwin did the negotiation to bring the AC into the Starkey hut as an absolute equal partner; the cash input, directors, management committee and members of the company limited by guarantee. The role of chair of this committee alternates between the two clubs, with myself taking the first three year period.

We would like to thank the TCC very much for transferring their residual funds of circa £10,000 to George Starkey Hut Ltd with a stated preference for certain updates to be made such as the windows.

The hut renovation update phase one was done prior to the new partnership with the Alpine Club, phase two being completed after that. Phase three the website is up and running and booking/payment system is in progress and could be complete in one – three months from now.

In September last year we held our first joint hut maintenance meet. This was equally divided between ABM and AC members and work very well indeed. Club cultures, just like company cultures, have big differences so running a successful meeting this way was something that I was very happy about.

The upgrading of the hut has been extremely time-consuming for both myself and Marian, and judging from the comments by members this weekend this work is visible and appreciated, thank you. Personal thanks to Marian P for all the daily work involved as both booking secretary and hut warden.

This leaves us with the vital question of membership. I am in the centre of the median age of the club membership. We are still not out of the woods regarding membership numbers and ages, and need to continue recruiting new and active members. If we don't do something about it, this 110 year old club with an amazing history we will simply fade and die. I urge you all to recruit one new member ASAP please.

I am now handing over the Presidency to James Baldwin who has, amazingly, agreed to take on this role even though he is still treasurer. We urgently need to find a successor.

In the discussions I had with James, we talked about the various committee roles. We felt that the guidelines should be changed such that the VP should be chosen by the President as someone who would be able to support this time-consuming role. I therefore am pleased to hand over the Presidency to James Baldwin and the Vice Presidency to Heather Eddowes, and wish them every success.

There have been a lot of problems with the BMC, and I have been active in critiquing and supporting the work going on within the BMC to improve the relevance to such as ourselves. I urge everyone to read a copy, which if necessary is available on-line, and respond to the BMC with their comments.

George Starkey Hut Ltd

Some of this has been covered in the Presidents report. There have been and still are plenty of discussions with the AC re the refurbishment and use of the hut. The upstairs windows and bunks were replaced before the AC became partners. Special thanks were given to the TCC for their funds given over for the benefit of the hut and users.

The new hut booking system is virtually ready to trial. This is awaiting one or more booking secretaries to be trained up by Ian Mateer. It is expected to be a closer to three months before training is complete and the system debugged if required. Marian will assist with guidance where discretion is applied re numbers, ages, usage etc. to maintain consistency.

Any other business:

James thanked Mike Parsons for his Presidency, especially the work carried out on the George Starkey Hut and the new Company.

Stuart Beer raised concerns about the changes at the BMC. For instance, there was little reference to the essential support that clubs give the BMC. The clubs provide considerable revenue to the BMC through the subscriptions, which costs the BMC very little to administer. He does not consider that it is in the best interests for the BMC to be the co-ordinating body / representative for competitive climbing such as the Olympics, and would prefer a separate governing body. He urged the committee to consider this and progress with the BMC.

Date of next meeting:

It is proposed the next AGM will be held in February 2019, to coincide with the Annual Dinner (2nd February assuming this is the first weekend as usual). The details will be confirmed at a later date once hotel availability, costs etc. are known.

Provisional date of next year's AGM – Saturday 2nd February 2018. 18:00

Dick Murton, Secretary, February 2018

Treasurers report - copied from the December '17 newsletter

I propose that the subscription bands for 2017 - 2018 remain as follows:

- Single Membership £23 - £27
- 2nd. member at same address £15 - £18
- Junior Membership £10 - £14

The membership fees for 2017 – 2018 remain unchanged at:

- Single Member £23.50
- 2nd. member at same address £15.50
- Junior Member £10.00

Meet costs reduced this year as arrangements for the summer Alpine meet were honoured by the hotel. There were small losses on Scottish meets amounting to £206.

As members will have noted there has been a significant increase in membership and this is due in very large part to the demise of the TCC. The arrangement with those members is that they will pay BMC fees only and will be treated as Life members. We are very pleased to welcome them as members of the ABMSAC and to thank them for all the work they did supporting the George Starkey Hut prior to the demise of the TCC. Those of you who are members of George Starkey Hut Ltd. Company will note that a significant sum of money was given to the company by the TCC during its winding up phase.

Investment value increased to £145,000 but, again, I must emphasise that this is a snapshot at the end of September 2017.

The club has a very healthy balance sheet with some £70,000 in cash, mostly held in interest bearing accounts, and £145,000 in investment spread over 7 holdings.

Now that the George Starkey Hut is on a firmer footing and the new partner, the AC, are on board its future is more secure. In the light of this it is my recommendation that the incoming President and Committee give very careful consideration as to the future use of this cash and investments. It is not going to be possible to purchase the freehold of the Hut as was intended years ago so alternative uses of the funds should be considered.

James A Baldwin
Hon. Treasurer October 2017

Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT	Notes	2017	2016	NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS	2017	2016
for the year ended 30 September 2017				for the year to 30th. September 2017		
Income				1. MEMBERSHIP		
Subscriptions	1	4181.22	3994.41	Category		
Dividends/Bank Interest	4	3280.68	3025.84	Full	51	54
Sale of ties		22.5		Affiliate	173	149
Total income		7484.4	7020.25	Total	224	203
Expenditure				Value		
British Mountaineering Council		-2650	-2431.5	Amount Paid	422	404
Journal		-1457.48	-1493.92		6.02	6.79
Newsletters		-49.64	-25.6	add Subscriptions from previous year	1011	959.3
Administration		-390.59	-518.56		.7	2
London Lectures		-81	-75	less Subscriptions paid for next year	-	-
Meets		-205.87	-463	Net	418	399
Annual Dinner		-173.5	-138.5		1.22	4.41
Donation, Mend our Mountains 2016			-1000	2. Profit/Loss on SAC Transfer is derived from:		
ABMSAC History				Total subscriptions (ABM & SAC) from members	783	709
Profit/Loss on SAC Transfer	2	8.81	18.29	less ABM subscriptions	2.82	5.94
Total expenditure		-4999.27	-6127.79	less subscriptions remitted to SAC	-	-
Surplus		2485.13	892.46	less Bank Transfer charges	-15	-15
BALANCE SHEET				Profit/Loss	8.81	18.29
as at 30th. September 2017				3. Investments		
Fixed Assets				These are as follows:		
Investments at cost	3	19151	19151	4320 Brunner Investment Trust Limited Ordinary Shares of 25p each		
Assets sold in period				6360 Invesco Income Growth Trust plc Ordinary Shares of 25p each		
Current Assets				1665 Murray International Trust plc Ordinary Shares of 25p each		
Stocks		0	0	7782.1units Standard Life		
Debtors		0	0	2565 units Witan Investment Trust plc		
Cash on deposit		51887.74	49357.81	4652.3 units Architas Multi - Manager Investments Accum.		
Total Current Assets		51887.74	49357.81	1233.613 units Lloyds Gilt Fund Ltd. Reinvested shares		
Current Liabilities				Cost of these holdings £19,151		
Creditors		0	0	Aggregate market value at 30th. September 2017 £145,132		
Subscriptions in advance		-1056.5	-1011.7	at 30th. September 2016 £131,765		
Total Current Liabilities		-1056.5	-1011.7	4. Dividends and interest for 2016/2017		
Net Current Assets		69982.24	67497.11	J.A. Baldwin, Honorary Treasurer, 02/10/2017		
General Fund				In my view the financial statements give a true and fair statement of the Association's affairs as at 30th. September 2017 and of its surplus for the twelve month period then ended.		
Brought forward at 1st. October		67497.11	66604.65	Malcolm Reynolds, 16th October 2017		
Surplus from I&E A/C		2485.13	892.46			
Donations and Bequests						
Carried forward at 30th. September		69982.24	67497.11			

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING GEORGE STARKEY HUT LTD

Minutes of the AGM held at Inn on the Lake Hotel, Glenridding on Saturday 3rd. February 2018 at 17:00

Present:

Directors: Mike Parsons, ABMSAC Chairman; Derek Buckley, ABMSAC Treasurer; James Baldwin, ABMSAC Company Secretary; John Dempster, AC Director; Tom Curtis, AC Director; Jonathan White, AC Director; and 12 members.

Apologies for absence: Mike Fletcher, Dr Geoffrey Neuss, Pamela Holt, Pamela Harris Andrews, Mrs. A. Barlen

Minutes of previous meeting: Jonathan White wished his attendance to be recorded.
The minutes were agreed with the above addition. Proposed by Marian Parsons, Seconded by Jonathan White.

Directors' report and Accounts to 30th. June 2017: Derek Buckley stated that a small surplus had been made in the year excluding project expenditure such as replacement windows, cladding and lighting. He noted that the next rent review was due in October 2018.

An increase in bed night rates was being considered from £6 to £7 for members and to £11 for all visitors. Marian Parsons considered that an increase to visitors' rate was preferable to that of members. Jonathan stated that his recent review of rates showed bed night rates ranging from as low as £5 to £12 for visitors and that £7 for members was in the right area. It was noted that some clubs owned their huts and that the George Starkey Hut was leased with rent reviews based on increases in RPI every four years. It was further noted that membership rates for ABMSAC were very low and that some clubs subsidise their huts from membership subscriptions. Judy Renshaw questioned if the GSH needed more money as it had a healthy balance. Derek Buckley told the meeting that reducing expenditure was quite difficult as the major items were rent and energy both were aligned to increases in RPI.

Jonathan White noted that whilst a large amount had been spent on upgrades in the past two years there were ongoing maintenance items to be covered.

It was agreed that an analysis of bed nights would be carried out by Marian Parsons and Judy Renshaw and that Derek Buckley would project income and expenditure, at the revised rates, including the Oread Club reciprocal rights.

John Porter, AC President, highlighted that the AC had not pushed the use of the GSH but were preparing to do so with adverts. Marian Parsons commented that visitors would like to see smaller rooms but that the washrooms were rarely referred to. Jonathan White stated that the quality of the washrooms was the most frequently mentioned item to him.

Mike Parsons summed up by informing the meeting that he was in discussion with the HMC about the next phase of work to sort out the two washrooms and upgrade the sleeping accommodation. He went onto say that he and the HMC would be preparing a vision for the future.

The report was accepted, proposed Don Hodge Seconded by Belinda Baldwin

Hut booking secretary

Mike Parsons reported that Marian Parsons had confirmed that she would be standing down as hut booking secretary as soon as the automated booking system was up and running. He went onto say that Ian Mateer who was implementing the system, based on Free to Book, would act as trainer with assistance from Marian. He confirmed that a request for two booking secretaries had been sent out to both AC and ABMSAC members and that three positive responses had been received. He thanked Marian for stepping in to take over the booking system on the death of Mike Pinney. Marian would continue as Hut Warden.

There was discussion on the functions of the hut booking secretary including how many beds should be occupied at any one time, children, group booking etc.

Any other business

Mike Parsons reported on the successful hut maintenance meet run in September 2017 and confirmed that next one was scheduled for the weekend of 22 – 23 June 2018, he went onto thank Nigel Hollingworth for his sterling work sanding down and varnishing the living room floor.

Don Hodge questioned the timing of the new booking system. Mike Parsons replied that the system was currently under test and that he anticipated it would go live for member in two to three months.

John Porter, President of the AC, reported that the AC would be hosting a meeting of the UIAA at the George Starkey Hut over the weekend of 19 - 20 May 2018. John went onto confirm that a number of pictures from the AC would be available shortly and that he wished to make the hut welcoming and for the clubs to be proud of their hut.

Mike Parsons thanked Heather Eddowes for rehangng the pictures and confirmed that an AC plaque would be affixed to the outer door shortly. It was suggested that the signs in the car park needed to be replace to reflect both the ABMSAC and AC.

The meeting closed at 17:55
James A Baldwin, Company Secretary, 6th February 2018

Historic List of Officers

List of Officers since the formation of the Association

PRESIDENTS

1909-1912 Clinton Dent
 1913-1922 A E W Mason
 1923-1926 Dr H L R Dent
 1927-1930 Brig Gen.The Hon C G Bruce C MVO
 1931-1933 W M Roberts OBE
 1934-1936 A N Andrews
 1937-1945 C T Lehmann
 1946-1948 Dr N S Finzi
 1949-1951 Gerald Steel CB
 1952-1953 Col E R Culverwell MC
 1954-1956 F R Crepin
 1957-1959 George Starkey
 1960-1962 B L Richards
 1963-1965 Dr A W Barton
 1969-1971 Frank Solari
 1966-1968 Vincent O Cohen MC

VICE PRESIDENTS

1948 Gerald Steel CV & Colonel E R Culverwell MC
 1949 Colonel E R Culverwell MC & Brigadier E Gueterbock
 1950 Colonel E R Culverwell MC, Rev G H Lancaster (died April 1950) & Dr C F Fothergill
 1951-1952 Dr C F Fothergill & Lieut-Colonel A E Tydeman
 1953 Lieut-Colonel A E Tydeman & J R Amphlett
 1954-1955 J R Amphlett & Robert Creg
 1956 Robert Creg & Dr J W Healy
 1957-1958 Dr J W Healy & B L Richards GM
 1959 B L Richards GM & Dr A W Barton
 1960-1961 Dr A W Barton & D G Lambley FRCS
 1962 D G Lambley, FRCS & V O Cohen MC
 1963-1964 V O Cohen MC & F Solari
 1965 F Solari & J G Broadbent
 1966-1967 J G Broadbent & J S Byam-Grounds
 1968 J S Byam-Grounds & W Kirstein
 1969-1970 W Kirstein & Dr D R Riddell
 1971 Dr D R Riddell & M Bennett
 1972-1973 M Bennett & Rev F L Jenkins
 1974 Rev F L Jenkins & P S Boulter FRCS
 1975 P S Boulter FRCS & J S Whyte
 1976-1977 J S Whyte & F E Smith

HONORARY SECRETARIES

1909-1911 J A B Bruce & Gerald Steel
 1912-1919 E B Harris & A N Andrews
 1920-1922 A N Andrews & N E Odell
 1919-1928 A N Andrews & W M Roberts
 1929-1930 W M Roberts & M N Clarke
 1931-1944 N Clarke & F W Cavey
 1945-1948 M N Clarke & F P Crepin
 1949-1953 F R Crepin & George Starkey
 1954-1956 George Starkey & R C J Parker
 1957-1958 R C J Parker & H McArthur
 1958-1960 R C J Parker & F E Smith
 1960-1962 F E Smith & M Bennett
 1963-1970 M Bennett & J P Ledeboer

1972-1974 D G Lambley FRCS
 1975-1977 M Bennett
 1978-1980 P S Boulter FRCS
 1981-1984 J P Ledeboer
 1985-1987 Wing Commander H D Archer DFC
 1988-1990 J S Whyte CBE
 1991-1993 A Ross Cameron ARC FEng
 1994-1997 Mrs H M Eddowes
 1997-2000 W B Midgley
 2000-2003 M J Goodyer
 2003-2006 A I Andrews
 2006-2009 J W S Dempster CB
 2009-2012 M Pinney
 2012-2015 E A Bramley
 2015-2018 M C Parsons
 2018 - J Baldwin

1978 F E Smith & J P Ledeboer
 1979 J P Ledeboer & F P French
 1980-1982 F P French & S M Freeman
 1983-1984 S M Freeman & F A W Schweitzer FRCS
 1984 FA W Schweitzer FRCS & Wing Commander H D Archer DFC
 1985 F A W Schweitzer FRCS & A I Andrews
 1986-1987 A I Andrews & W B Midgley
 1988 W B Midgley & C G Armstrong
 1989-1990 C G Armstrong & R W Jones
 1991 R W Jones & G G Watkins
 1992 G S Watkins & F B Suter
 1993-1994 F B Suter & Commander J W Chapman OBE
 1994-1995 Commander J W Chapman OBE & D R Hodge
 1996-1997 D R Hodge & R N James
 1997-1999 R N James & M Pinney
 2000-2001 M Pinney & Dr D W Watts
 2001-2003 Prof D C Watts & D F Penlington
 2003-2004 D F Penlington
 2004-2007 W L Peebles
 2007-2010 T J Shaw
 2010-2013 Mrs B Baldwin
 2013-2018 J H Strachan
 2018- Mrs H M Eddowes

1971-1972 J P Ledeboer
 1972-1976 FA W Schweitzer FRCS
 1976-1978 R A Coatsworth
 1978-1983 S N Beare
 1984-1986 A G Partridge
 1987-1988 S M Freeman
 1989-2000 H F Romer
 2000-2001 A I Andrews
 2001-2006 J W S Dempster
 2006-2010 Mrs A M Jago
 2010 - D Murton

HONORARY MEETS SECRETARIES

1971-1974 S N Beare
 1975-1979 A Strawther
 1979-1983 A I Andrews
 1984-1988 J C Berry

1989-1994 F B Suter
 1994-2001 M J Goodyer
 2001-2003 E A Bramley
 2004-2009 J C Foster

2009-2010 J F Harris
 2010-2013 M Parsons
 2013- A Burton

**HONORARY MEMBERSHIP SECRETARIES
(Formerly Honorary Registrar)**

1965-1968 George Starkey
 1969-1971 F A W Schweitzer FRCS
 1972-1974 J E Jesson
 1975-1977 D J Abbott

1978-1980 A N Sperryn
 1980-1984 J W Eccles
 1985-1991 T G B Howe MC
 1991-1993 H M Eddowes

1994-2003 Dr M J Eddowes
 2004-2012 E A Bramley
 2012-2014 M Pinney

HONORARY EDITORS

(The following officers carried out duties of Hon. Editor until post was created in 1949: 1909-11 J A B Bruce, 1912-28 J A B Bruce & A N Andrews, 1929-48 M N Clarke)
 1949-1962 M N Clarke
 1963-1964 W R H Jeurwine
 1965-1968 G A Hutcheson

1968-1974 Graham A Daniels
 1975-1986 S M Freeman
 1987-1992 M R Loewy
 1992-2002 M I C Baldwin
 2002-2009 R B Winter
 2009- M J Goodyer

HONORARY EDITOR NEWSLETTER

1992-1995 F B Suter

1909-1911 C E King - Church
 1912-1925 J A B Bruce
 1926-1954 C T Lehmann
 1954-1957 J A Amphlett

HONORARY TREASURERS

1957-1969 F R Crepin
 1970-1978 R Wendell Jones
 1978-1980 R A Coatsworth
 1980-1997 M Pinney

1997-1999 K Dillon
 1999-2005 A I Andrews
 2005- 2018 J Baldwin

HONORARY AUDITORS

1909-1914 A B Challis
 1915-1922 Reginald Graham
 1923-1930 W L Adams
 1931-1940 F Oughton
 1941-1952 J A Marsden-Neye
 1953-1956 S E Orchard

1957-1967 R A Tyssen-Gee
 1968-1974 A Hart
 1975-1977 J Llwlwyn - Jones
 1978-1979 G A Daniels
 1979-1980 C J Sandy
 1981-1984 N Moore

1985-1999 D Bennett
 1999-2005 K N Ballantine
 2005-2009 P McCulloch
 2009-2011 N Harding
 2012 - M Reynolds

Posts no longer in use**HON. CHAIRMAN - HUT MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE**

1974-1977 J P Ledeboer
 1978-1980 D R Hodge
 1980-1987 W B Midgley
 1987-1990 D W Edwards
 1991-1994 D Beer (TCC)
 1995-1998 S Maudsley (TCC)
 1999-2005 W B Midgley
 2005-2010 S Bridge (TCC)
 2010-2012 D R Hodge

HONORARY LIBRARIANS

1909-1918 J A B Bruce
 1919-1928 C T Lehmann
 1929-1932 A N Andrews
 1933-1938 George Anderson
 1939-1952 S de V Merriman
 1953-1963 C J France
 1964-1966 J Kemsley
 1966-1968 R Wendell Jones
 1968-1970 S N Beare
 1971-1974 W R H Jeurwine
 1975-1979 H Flook
 1979-1981 K J Baldry
 1983-1984 Miss J Gamble
 1985-1986 S N Beare

HONORARY SOCIAL SECRETARIES

1971-1977 P S Boulter
 1978-1980 P V Andrews
 1980-1983 F A W Schweitzer , FRCS
 1984 Prof. E H Sondheimer
 1985-1990 Mrs P M Boulter
 1991-2001 J P Ledeboer
 2001-2002 Wing Commander H D Archer, DFC

HONORARY SOLICITORS

1909-1932 E R Taylor
 1933-1973 The Lord Tangley
 1974 M Bennett
 1991-1995 S N Beare
 1996-2003 Mrs D K Lewis (nee Midgley)

CURRENT HONORARY MEMBERS

Wendell Jones, Don Hodge

**Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club - Membership Details 2018
(Insert)**

Useful Contacts

George Starkey Hut

Warden Marian Parsons on george.starkey.hut@gmail.com

Members Booking Secretary

Tim Ratcliffe on george.starkey.hut@gmail.com

Members must book beds in the Hut before the visit to ensure space is available
See george-starkey-hut.com for details regarding the hut

Oread Mountaineering Club – we have reciprocal rights at the following Huts

Hut at Rhyd Ddu, North Wales

Hut booking secretary – Michael Hayes

Tel: 07771700913

E-mail: hayes_michael_j@cat.com

Hut at Heathy Lea, Baslow (Grid Ref: SK 273722):

Twenty places mixed, offering basic accommodation, 12 in the cottage and 8 in the barn

Hut booking secretary – as above

ABMSAC Office Holders 2018

Committee

OFFICE	HOLDER	ELECTED
President	J Baldwin	2018
Vice President	H Eddowes	2018
Hon. Treasurer	J Baldwin	2005
Hon. Secretary	R W Murton	2010
Hon. Membership Secretary	E A Bramley	2014
Hon. Meets Secretary	A Burton	2013
Hon. Editor	M J Goodyer	2009
Hon. Hut Warden	M P Parsons	2014
Co opted Committee Member	Julie Freemantle	2017
Committee Member	P Harris-Andrews	2014

George Starkey Hut Ltd Directors

Chairman	M C Parsons
Company Secretary	J Baldwin
Treasurer	D Buckley