



2020

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



Journal

MEETS PROGRAMME 2020

Date	Meet and Venue	Meet Leader
Jan 31 - Feb 2	The Annual Dinner and AGM, Glenridding Hotel, Glenridding	Julie Freemantle
March 20 - 23	Scottish Early Spring Meet, Strathpeffer CANCELLED	Marj Foster
March 27 - 28	New Members Meet, GSH, Patterdale CANCELLED	Mary Eddowes
May 2 - 3	George Starkey Hut Maintenance Meet, Patterdale CANCELLED	Marian Parsons
May 17 - 22	Scottish Spring Meet, Braemar CANCELLED	Judy Renshaw
June 12 - 13	Rhyd Dhu, Oread Club Hut, North Wales CANCELLED	Ed Bramley
July 4 - 11	Alpine Meet, Hotel Piz Buin, Klosters, E Switzerland CANCELLED	Pam Harris-Andrews
July 4 - 25	Camping Joint Alpine Meet, La Berade, Ecrins CANCELLED	Paul McWhinney
July 10 - 12	Royal Oak, Hurdlow, Derbyshire Bunkhouse/Camping CANCELLED	Andy Burton
August 28 - 31	Bank Holiday Meet, GSH, Patterdale CANCELLED	Judy Renshaw
September 5 - 12	Picos de Europa Meet, Casa Gustavo	Paul Stock
September 18 - 20	ABMSAC/AC Late Summer Meet, GSH, Patterdale	Dave Broadhead
September 26 - 27	'Roving Meet', Swanage	Paul Stock
October 2 - 4	Brecon Beacons, New Inn, Bwlch, S Wales	Paul Stock
October 17 - 18	Presidents Meet, GSH, Patterdale	James Baldwin
October tbc	Scottish Autumn Meet, Venue and date to be confirmed	Book your own
14 November 2020	North and South Day Meet, venues to be confirmed	P Stock, E Bramley
Dec 28 - Jan 2	ABM Twixmas/New Year Meet, George Starkey Hut, Patterdale	Book your own

LONDON WINTER LECTURES

October 2	Kärnten/Carinthia, our home Land	B Cimžar, D Kleber.
November 4	Insights from my half century gear design/innovation career	Mike Parsons
December 2	AV2 ² or Alta Via 2 times 2!	David Beer
January 7	Exploration of Unclimbed Peaks in Kyrgyzstan	Jon Burgess
February 4	Trekking in Tajikistan	Judy Renshaw
March 3	A voyage to the Antarctic	J Dempster, D Nichols

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Cover photo: Approaching the M'goun summit, Morocco, June - Mike Goodyer

EDITORIAL

Welcome to this years Journal. It is being published digitally because of the Covid-19 lockdown and furloughing of local businesses at the time of preparation. We hope to publish the Journal as a book later in the year, as the situation improves.

We have a bumper edition to celebrate our 110th year. We have articles from five members covering travels around the globe and an insight into preparing a book for publication. All the Meet Organisers have sent in reports of the meets and many members have sent in photos. Many thanks to you all for your contributions.

Last year was the first year of the training and development initiative and the two recipients of grants have presented an account of their training. We already have another two members who squeezed in some training before the Covid-19 lockdown came in March (see website for the reports).

To celebrate our anniversary last year members were offered an ABMSAC buff and I asked for photos of you wearing them on your trips out. Many of you responded - thank you - and I put photos up on the website as they came along. I have now put them together in the Journal. The buffs were well travelled and got to just over 4000m high on the Mgoun, and as far as Antarctica (over 10000 miles away). We even a few lockdown face coverings.



We had a good programme of meets for this year, but so far we only have had the Annual Dinner and AGM in February.

The New members meet this year was a virtual one with attendees meeting on Zoom - thanks to Mary for organising it (see website for the report and photos!)



We are hoping that some meets can go ahead in some form in the autumn. Please keep an eye on the website for updates on meets and availability of the George Starkey Hut.

Don't forget that you can add your own outings to the ABM group Facebook page, just let me know if you want to join the group.

I hope you enjoy the Journal.

*Mike Goodyer,
Editor, July 2020*

PRESIDENT'S THOUGHTS



At the time of writing World Governments are grappling with COVID – 19 and how to open activities and ensure that a second wave of infection does not result in an increase in the R number and more deaths. Swiss huts are open but overnight stays must be booked in advance. In England, hotels, Pubs, B&B and Youth Hostels may open in July but with social distancing, face masks, barriers, and other controls. Wales, Scotland, and Northern Ireland have different arrangements. The George Starkey Hut has been closed since March, but BMC have issued guidelines which may allow the hut to reopen later in the year. Club meets are being reviewed on a month by month basis, but it is unlikely that any will be held before September and only then under strict social distancing rules. Do please take care and observe guidance issued by HM Government, www.gov.uk/coronavirus, and check the ABMSAC website for updates on meet arrangements.

2019 was our 110th. year and it was a delight to attend so many well run and enthusiastic meets. Thanks to all who made these happen. Detail meet reports follow in the Journal. The Anniversary Dinner in February was well attended and with Jonathan and Lesley from Cicerone as our guest speakers it matched our 110th. with their 50th. The Swiss hotel meet in Klosters was a superb occasion, the hotel provided a fine spread and our guests Christian and Bernard Ody, known to many of you from visits to the Britannia Hut, gave news of the SAC Geneva Section and the overall effects of climate change in the mountains and action being taken by the Club. The Presidents Meet in the George Starkey Hut was another triumph for its incredible food, prepared by Andy Hayes, and lengthy discussions about proposed improvements to the Hut.

Tony Westcott (Alpine Club) has taken over from Mike Parsons as Chair of the directors for George Starkey Hut Ltd. The proposals to improve accommodation have been prepared by him and a team of architects and engineers. A vision *Statement with Aims* has been prepared to go along with the suggested updates so that any changes meet with the wishes of both the AC and ABMSAC.

The Committee decided to digitise the remaining Journals going back to 1909 and the process was completed in February 2020. Mike Goodyer has been uploading to the website in batches so do have a look as they are a fascinating and in depth look at the club history.

James Baldwin June 2020

MEET REPORTS

Pitlochry Meet, 22-25 March - Report by Marj. Foster

Eleven participants attended the meet, at the comfortable Pitlochry Hydro Hotel.

Saturday was partly a tale of groups losing their way! As the forecast for the day was good, four people - Margaret and Jim, John Dempster and Richard set off to Glen Lyon to climb Meall Buidhe at 931 metres, a 90 minute drive. After the group had parked and climbed a couple of hundred feet, it was realised that they had set off from the wrong dam - Loch Lyon - and therefore indeed the wrong hill! Retracing their steps to the car, they set off for the correct location. Following some confusion, they arrived at the dam on Loch an Daimh . It was by then late morning when they finally set off for Meall Buidhe, and having arrived on the summit ridge with about another half hour necessary to reach the cairn, they decided to turn back, mindful of the long drive back, and arriving at the hotel at 6.00 p.m.

Philip Hands and John Foster were rather more successful, climbing the Sow of Atholl from Dalnaspidal, with good views of distant Munros from the summit though it was cold and windy. Having decided not to descend then ascend the Boar of Badenoch, they then walked along the track beside Loch Garry.



Philip Hands on Sow of Atholl, photo by John Foster

Geoff, Janet and Marj. opted for an easy morning walk up via Black Spout to Edradour, then missed the road junction for Aberfeldy after lunch, resulting in getting caught in a traffic jam, so when they finally reached Aberfeldy intending to climb to the top of the Birks, time also eventually ran out for them! Meanwhile John and Frieda-who was recovering from injuries- drove to Glenshee, had a short walk then drove on to Braemar.

On the Sunday, bad weather was forecast. However, Margaret, Jim, John Dempster, Richard and Philip drove over to the Spittal of Glenshee and climbed a Corbett, Ben Gulabin. Although the weather was surprisingly bright and clear, giving good views from the summit, there was a strong wind blowing which increased towards the summit.

John and Marj, after initially abandoning the idea due to a torrential shower, finally decided to walk along Glen Garry from west of Kinloch Rannoch, but eventually turned round because of a stream in spate, then got caught in another torrential downpour before deciding to drive across Rannoch Moor to the station instead. Geoff and Janet opted to visit Queens View and explore Pitlochry, while John and Frieda drove across Loch Rannoch and had a walk near Rannoch Station.

On the Monday, several participants headed straight for home, while others visited the Loch of the Lowes to view the ospreys. Margaret, Jim and John Dempster climbed the old favourite Ben Vrackie, again with a strong wind blowing and grey skies, so they did not remain for long on the summit.



Margaret and John D below summit of Ben Vrackie



Jim and John on summit of Ben Vrackie

In all, an enjoyable weekend in good company.

Present: Margaret and Jim Strachan, John Dempster, Richard Forrest, Philip Hands, Janet and Geoff Bone, Frieda and John Gregson, Marj. and John Foster

New Members Meet, George Starkey Hut, 12 - 14 April - Report by Mary Eddowes

This was the fifth new members meet and we were delighted that 20 people came along for the fantastic spring weekend up in Patterdale.



The pre-meet crew of Mary, Celine, Andy, Ed and prospective new member Steve arrived on Thursday evening and planned their route for Friday in the White Lion over a pint (or two). The next morning we set off early for a stride out along Striding Edge in the sunshine. It was a perfect day for such a walk, with low winds, blue skies and not too many people on the ridge. Ed led the way along the top, springing from rock to rock like a Yorkshire Ibex. We took our time to and take in the stunning scenery and the clear views over to Ullswater, enjoying the challenge of the final steep ascend before a lovely lunch at the summit of Helvellyn altogether. We descended via Dolly Wagon Pike and Grisedale Tarn to get home to the hut just in time for the rest of the weekend travellers to arrive.

People arrived from all over the country during the evening - from Kent, London, Glasgow, Bristol, Nottingham and of course a few locals made appearances during the weekend. Our Friday night White Lion dinner was a hearty treat, as usual. Friends new and old said hellos and settled into the hut in chilly Patterdale under the starry sky and a big bright moon. The focus of the meet was to delve into navigation and map reading skills with the prospective and less experienced members.

Celine and Andy on Striding Edge



Map reading training



Ed and Andy planned exercises for the group, to brush up on forgotten skills and learn new ones. They gave excellent pointers and set little challenges throughout both the Saturday and Sunday walks. This informal training was thoroughly enjoyed by all and plans are afoot for further training courses in the summer/autumn.

Saturday saw the group head up the Grisedale valley before zigzagging up the side of St Sunday Crag, up onto Fairfield, looping back around via Hart crag and down over Hartsop above How.

On the way up St Sunday Crag



The wind brought some chills high up but lovely sunny moments out of the gusts for lunch and tea were welcomed. A few people also relished a quick sun/nature bathe on top of Cofa Pike.

Fairfield to Helvellyn panorama, by Pete Bennett





We naturally split into two groups and the faster folks headed back to the hut to prep for the big communal dinner.

A menu of sweet potato and butternut squash curry, followed by Jonny's famous crumble was a feast for all.

Post dinner, Nan's eggcellent Easter egg hunt with cryptic clues and lots of chocolate provided a lot of fun for everyone!



On the boat, by Pete Bennett

Sunday was a windier day and so we opted for a lower altitude option. We navigated our way up Place Fell, with a few mini map tests from Ed, and then continued along various routes to Howtown for tasty afternoon teas at the cafe. We took the steamer back to Glenridding, gulping in the wind as we sped back up the lake, just in time for people to head home in the new British summertime light.

A few of us stayed on Sunday for an extra night and enjoyed leftovers, no phone signal and resting our tired legs with some relaxing horizontal time by the fire. Thank you George Starkey hut for hosting us once again!



Alison with her new member goodies!

This year we welcome five new members to the club. A warm welcome to Steve, Nan, Anna, Claire and Alison. We look forward to seeing you on some more of the ABM 2019 meets. Also a big thanks to Ed and Andy for being so generous with their time and sharing their knowledge of the mountains with us all.

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

Thirteen attendees were at the Bunkbarn and adjacent pub this year, plus two in the Premier Inn at Buxton, and two on a caravan site the other side of the hill, plus five day visitors, and one extra for Saturday's evening meal.



Friday afternoon saw Mike, Paul, Ed and I arrive at the Royal Oak shortly after midday. We drove to Hartington and set off along the River Dove through Beresford Dale and Wolfscote Dale. Here we saw the first of three pairs of Mandarin ducks spotted on each of the river systems visited during the meet. Ed spent some time capturing the photo of the gaudy male.

We then hung a left at Iron Tors, skirting the edge of the woodland up back out onto the hilltop passing between the Liffs and its tumulus, at 1128ft, and Johnson's Knoll, at 1215ft, with its disused mines, before joining a little lane that lead us back over the hilltop to Biggin, and onto Hartington past the Hall, which is now one of the finest YHA properties in this part of the world.



A quick visit to the Village Stores to purchase some supplies and back to the bunk barn for late afternoon tea, put us in good stead for meeting other members as they began to gather at the Royal Oak for a beer, and the dash to the ever-welcoming fish and chip shop at Longnor. A pint in the Packhorse Arms at Crowdecote on our way back completed the usual Friday night round this year, as in many of the previous years!

Saturday for Ed and Myles, was a bike ride of ridges and dales. Heading north on the back roads, they passed the Hade Edge raceway before emerging onto the main Leek road at Axe Edge, the high point of the route, and turned south. After four miles, they were back on the minor roads again, on the long moor ridge road which offered both a great slow descent, and superlative views of Ramshaw Rocks and the surrounding countryside. Crossing the Hamps valley for the first time, they then ascended Ipstones Edge, which offered a different perspective on this southern part of the Peak District. After a short rejoining of the Hamps valley at Waterhouses, their route again took them up the quiet roads, with a stiff climb up to Calton, before crossing the pasture land around Throwley Hall, a timeless part of the Manifold valley. Here, the road for all the world looked like the farm yard, complete with cattle, and it was only when one of the farm hands proffered that it was indeed the road, did they venture through the gates and cattle. Sure enough, a road sign tucked away further on confirmed the fact. Lovely run outs into the Manifold valley, past Ilam to meet the Dove at Thorpe, where a further climb took them out of the valley and on to Tissington. Myles was pleased he had the advantage of a third chain ring on his bike for such occasions. A welcome respite for a late lunch at the café there, before descending to the watersplash, and around to the

delightful village of Parwich. Beyond the village the route ascends several limestone dales, all tucked away with their own displays of nature, and are gifted with names such as Liffs Road and Hardings Lane, before entering the aptly named Long Dale, just outside Hartington. Its four miles up the dale to the top of the climb, and the weather is starting to spit now, so we're pleased that it stays dry for the final couple of miles back to the Royal.

Paul, Mike, Heather, Dave, Margaret, Dick and Lin, Don and I cycled and/or drove to Parsley Hay, where those without bikes rented one. Here we were informed that the High Peak Trail was closed somewhere near Longcliffe, due to a bridge having been damaged by a lorry strike. A quick change of direction, and off we all rode down the Tissington Trail to its namesake village, where elevenses was enjoyed in the cafe built into the wall surrounding the Hall. Here lycra clad cyclists sat cheek by jowl with wedding guests gathering for a 12-30pm service at the church across the road.

Heather going through the ford, photo by Mike Goodyer



Paul and Margaret decided to start their return, as everyone else agreed to extend the ride out to Carsington Reservoir, before looking to negotiate our way round the damaged bridge back onto the High Peak trail and return to the Royal. Some fun was had riding through the ford as you exit the Tissington Hall estate on its eastern edge, and a new bit of cycle path avoided having to use the busy main road before continuing up the hill into Bradbourne, one of this country's few Doubly Thankful villages.

A picnic lunch was taken on the northern shore of Carsington Reservoir, before cycling around the lake which was looking much more established than when I had last passed this way. I particularly like the grass-roofed viewing hide.

Up through Carsington and Hopton and under Harboro Rocks saw us riding a series of deeply rutted green lanes in our quest to rejoin the High Peak trail. Don seemed to enjoy and cope with this terrain better than any of us. For the rest of us rejoining the 1/100 railway gradient and reliable track surface came as a blessed relief, and allowed as all to finish in good order.

Marcus, Michele, James, Belinda, Howard, Judy and Chris walked from The Royal Oak along the High Peak trail before heading southwest to the upper Dove valley. They then continued to Longnor, where some had a pint, via Pilsbury Castle, an ancient motte and bailey monument, before heading back towards Parkhouse Hill. They traversed under the hill to get to Earl Sterndale and then returned to The Royal Oak.



The Saturday walkers. Photo by Marcus Tierney

The Saturday evening meal in the Oak Room at the Royal provided everyone with a righteous portion of whatever they had ordered. I don't think anyone left hungry anyway, so my thanks go to Josh and Paul and the team for looking after us all so well yet again.



The large group snake across the fields, photo by Andy Burton.

Sunday morning saw Steve Caulton and Michele and Marcus arrive, and tuck into a Royal Oak breakfast cob, before we all car shared our way to Taddington, where we met up with Andy Hayes and Ian Mateer, and an equally large contingent of the Castle Mountaineering Club, led by their walk organiser, Pete Hammond (also an ABM member).

Once Pete had got to grips with the size of the group, he led us all on a cracking 9 mile walk along Millers Dale, into Chee Dale, Wye Dale, Deepdale, Horseshoe Dale, returning via the village of Chelmorton.

Chelmorton claims to be both Englands highest parish, and village, at 1209ft above sea level. The church is the highest with a spire, the top of which is adorned with a gilded golden locust weather vane. Remnants of the ancient water supply from the spring at the top of the

village, known as the 'troughs' can still be seen from the footpath. The village sports a stone telephone box, and a pub, the Church Inn, which comes highly recommended by a local licensee who runs a great pub himself.

Bank Holiday Monday morning your Committee convened at 9am in the Oak Room in earnest deliberation for a little over an hour before everyone went their separate ways. Dave and Heather went off cycling again, James and Belinda explored the footpaths between the northern end of the trail and Buxton.



Ed, Mike, Paul, and I drove to Monyash and walked across the fields to the Magpie Mine near Sheldon. Then over a couple of hills crossing the B5055, where Mike's spoke broke last year, and into Over Haddon, before walking down into Lathkill Dale, and out by the Old Quarry back to Monyash.

Here we finished the meet with the second of Lin's most excellent suggestions, the first being the meet up with Pete Hammond and joining his walk on the Sunday, and the second being the home-made apple pie and ice cream at the Olde Smithy cafe, just round the corner from the cars. Having had an ample sufficiency, the four of us wended our separate ways home.

*We inspect the Magpie Mine,
photo by Andy Burton.*

Attendees: James and Belinda Baldwin, Dick Murton and Lin Warriss, Judy Renshaw, Don Hodge, Margaret Moore, Mike Goodyer, Heather Eddowes, Dave Matthews, Paul Stock, Ed Bramley, Myles O'Reilly, Chris Lund, Howard Telford, Marcus Tierney, Michele Pulford and Andy Burton.

Glenfinnan Meet, 19-25 May – Report by Judy Renshaw and Andy Burton

This year's May meet in Scotland was based in a bunkhouse with a difference, the sleeping car at the Glenfinnan Station Museum. This is a converted railway carriage in which the dining area and the bunks are original train fittings. It was well equipped and comfortable for the five of us who stayed most of the week but would have been a bit too cosy if another two or three had attended. Karen Dickinson and Rachel Howlett had to change their plans at the last minute but did turn up for the last night, so were able to get at least a taste of it. The rest of us arrived on Sunday afternoon, Steve and Andy having driven from Nottingham and Mansfield, Max and Judy from Inverness airport and David had been staying in the area for a week or so beforehand. The nearest pub/hotel was very close and provided excellent food and a friendly, relaxed atmosphere so this became our dining place almost every evening.

Our bunkhouse, photo by Judy Renshaw



Steve Caulton and I signed up for Judy's 2019 Glenfinnan Meet because it was an area we wished to return to after spending a foul weather day in March on one of John Dempster's Meets at Fassfern House, driving around this area of Scotland, so inextricably linked with Bonnie Prince Charlie, and some of our more recent military history. After a steady and enjoyable 9 hour drive up from Nottinghamshire, we arrived at Glenfinnan Station in time to introduce ourselves to the lady manning the station/tourist office and find a bunk in our own railway carriage for the week.

Everyone made themselves comfortable, plans were made for the next day, and that evening's meal, which was taken at the Prince House Hotel, about 250 yards walk away.

A post dinner walk to the nearest viewpoint above the Station afforded Steve and I some great views of Loch Shiel and the surrounding hills in the gloaming.

The first day saw very low cloud, although not much rain, so we all decided to begin by exploring the local area and to head up Glenfinnan. From the bunkhouse we took the scenic path towards the monument and visitor centre, with Dave pushing his mountain bike, initially above the 21-arched Glenfinnan Viaduct.



There we had lovely views, giving me the sudden realisation that I was in the highlands, after yesterday's quick journey. Here there were bluebells in profusion (which had finished long before at home), deer close to the village and calls of the first cuckoos of the year. Later we heard and saw stone chats. From the path there were good views of the famous viaduct, including the classic one above its curved span, as seen in the Harry Potter films. The 'Jacobite' steam train was due some time around 11.15, so a large number of people were gathered, waiting to see it from various vantage points.

Max, David and I continued up the valley to the bothy near Glenfinnan Lodge, to the col towards Gleann Cuirman. There were several parties of backpackers heading north, many of whom had stayed overnight in the bothy. The cloud was still down to the level of the col, so we did not go any higher this time, but returned on a slightly different path, watched the afternoon steam train (about 3pm) and investigated the lakeside area.

We all traversed underneath, and then back through the viaduct and made our way up Glen Finnan itself. Here we got separated from Judy, Max and Dave because Steve kept stopping to try and re-calibrate his E-Trex Garmin sat-nav. My shouts of 'there's iron in them their hills' did not appear to help much either.

The famous Viaduct, photo by Andy Burton



With our first sightings of red deer, other than the venison I enjoyed the night before, coming as we approached the Corryhully bothy, situated by a discreet mere, and close to a beck, and Steve still chuntering about his device, we entered my first bothy. The previous night's incumbents had left a fire glowing in the grate, there was electricity in the form of a light switch and a kettle. I was pleasantly surprised at the level of amenities, but later conversations with Munro and Corbett veterans within our group, assured me that this was not the norm.

Steve appeared to be coming to terms with managing just with a map, and as we were not going where the others were heading, we left the bothy and crossed the River Finnan by a plank placed across some stones a few yards from the bothy door. As I crossed the river, I heard a shout and turned around in time to see Steve lying flat on his back on the plank, and as I watched he proceeded to roll off to his

left into the water, completely soaking his left-hand side. At this point I thought our plans were going to change considerably, but Steve was adamant we carry on and that he would soon dry off. At this point we struck pretty much straight uphill, first along the side of a watercourse and forestry edge to our right then out onto open hillside with no obvious path.

After about an hour and a bit we stopped in the lee of a couple of large rocks and had a drink and a bite to eat, then continued our ascent to the Bealach and up the last 150 metres to the top of Bheinn an Tuim at 810 metres. Here we sat enjoying the last of our food and drink in a cloud ceiling which covered all the tops that morning. As we got up to start going down on the Loch Shiel side the clouds parted and we were treated to one of those views that in my opinion make Scotland so special, as Loch Shiel and the surrounding hills opened up and stretched out before us.

Looking down to Loch Shiel from Bheinn an Tuim, photo by Andy Burton





Slowly the afternoon sun began to work its magic and light up the loch from the monument and viaduct right out as far as the eye could see towards Acharacle.

After a suitable time of paying photographic homage we set off downhill picking our own way across the land as best as we could, finally exiting out of a steep water-course onto a rough but recognisable path in full sunshine, with an amazing view out to the viaduct and beyond.

I have so far not made any reference to the current interest for many people in this location, but at that moment I fully understood why the director of the Harry Potter films chose this magical location, and by the number of people gathering at the various newly prepared viewpoints, courtesy of the National Trust and teams of local workers, for the afternoon return of the steam train from Mallaig, they understood it too.

With everyone regrouping at the railway carriage kitchen for tea and cakes, plans were made for the next day, and dinner again enjoyed at the Princes House, with a sighting of a large red deer doe within the maintained land at the side of the station on our return.

The next day dawned sunny and clear so the three of us did an excellent round on the opposite side of Loch Shiel, including the Corbett, Sgurr Ghuibh Sachain and two other tops of similar height. We left early, taking a dubious path across the river to the other side of Loch Shiel (we found the right way coming back!) and a track alongside the loch, past a salmon farm, to the bottom of a ridge. This gave us a lovely way up, with great views all the way and several opportunities for rock scrambling.

It seemed a long way, as there were a number of false summits before we reached the true top around 12.15.

Max on the ridge of Sgurr Ghuibh Sachain, photo by Judy Renshaw





Since it rained briefly just at that time, we descended towards a col for a lunch stop. The next top also had a rocky summit to scramble up which was good fun. The final top was lower, so did not take too long. We descended into a valley to the east, picking up a path back to the head of the loch, making about 8 hours in all to return to the bunkhouse, glad to have tea and a rest.

David and Max on the summit of Sgurr Ghiuibh Sachain, photo by Judy Renshaw

The following morning was beautifully sunny and demanding to be enjoyed. I was out of action, laid low by whatever evil microbeast has taken up residence in the Burton inner parts so Steve, having ensured I was replete and not likely to succumb in his absence, set off in sunshine to explore Glenfinnan village and its delights.

Crossing the A830 opposite the sleeping car a leisurely stroll down an off-road path took him past a mix of houses and cottages set amongst their own numerous trees, some clearly having been there a long time from when they served more of a purpose to the community than just today's enviable homes. The rustic architecture, cottage gardens and the unsophisticated aspect of a charming bygone era, all bathed that morning in dappled sunlight, made for a thoroughly pleasant walk towards the shore of Loch Shiel. There he found a panorama of blue sky reflected in the still waters of the loch, the green hillsides of Moidart and Ardgour all around, and a magnificent view northeast taking in the famous Glenfinnan viaduct and the previous day's summit of Bheinn An Tuim. Just across the head of the waters, on his 18-metre column stood the Highlander figure who has stared inland since 1815. (Well it is a nice view).

The Glenfinnan House Hotel was nearby, situated on the shore itself. A building with some history of its own. It was built by the local Alexander MacDonald who had thrown in his lot with Bonnie Prince Charlie and the Jacobites. (He must have seen him rowing up the loch). All he got for his troubles apparently was a musket ball as a souvenir. An inn since 1755 it has been added to over the years to what we see today. Steve felt compelled to relieve the place of a pot of morning coffee whilst he took in the magnificent view down Loch Shiel towards distant Acharacle and contemplated taking one of the varied boat trips along its 18-mile length. Birdwatching and wildlife spotting excursions of various durations make for a tempting outing. Steve says a future visit to Glenfinnan will see him take the opportunity for walkers and cyclists to alight at the new pontoon at Polloch for a few hours and catch the boat back later.

From over his coffee cup he could see to the south, a classic view of the imposing summits of Sgurr Ghiubhsachain at 849 metres, and Sgorr Cradhbh A Chaorainn at 775 metres, nestling on the Ardgour side of Loch Shiel. By all accounts steep and rugged slopes with little in the way of paths keep walkers to a minimum and Steve admitted he couldn't help but feel a little pride that even as he finished his last cup, Judy, Dave and Max were on the slopes of Ghiubhsachain somewhere upholding the honour of the club.



Sgurr Ghuibhsachain from Loch Shiel, photo by Judy Renshaw

Now reinvigorated, Steve took the short walk to the beautiful village church of St Mary and St Finnan standing close by the main road. Designed by Edward Pugin, famous Victorian architect, it is regarded as being of outstanding architectural excellence. Smallish and intimate this church has stood for 140 years. Sadly, those years have taken their toll. All that harsh Highlands snow and rain battering the roof and stonework found its way into the plasterwork, and the damage is still being repaired. That aside the interior is airy and bright, with ornate columns, intricate carvings and timber roof beams all adding to a grandeur seemingly out of place in a parish church. With its large rose window and arched doorways this mini Cathedral is well worth a return visit to see what some TLC has achieved.

A walk around Glenfinnan wouldn't have been complete without Steve scratching his itch for all things historical so his next call was to the Glenfinnan visitor centre and monument. Always a busy place it is a tourist hot spot but he got around the exhibition and once again soaked up the tragic saga of Bonnie Prince Charlie's futile and bloody campaign to put the Stuart's back on the throne. He had rallied the clans in this very spot in 1745 and the Highlander monument Steve had spied earlier paid tribute to a promising start. Disappointingly, and contrary to popular belief, the kilted figure with the bonnet atop the monument itself is not Bonnie Prince Charlie.

So, spiritually refreshed and steeped in the history of Loch Shiel it was time for a proper leg stretch. Directly across the road from the visitor centre Steve took the lengthy wooden walkway which wound its way over unwelcome ground to cross the River Callop where it joins Loch Shiel. From there, in glorious warmth and sunshine he walked along the very good metalled roadway southwest on the Ardgour side of the water. The scenery was spectacular and the water blue and sparkling in contrast to the day before's cool greyness. There was some interesting boating activity along the loch, courtesy of the

Salmon Farming Industry there, who were tending the several very obvious farming pens to be seen. All very picturesque and apparently a good use of such a natural amenity it might seem but a chat with a local told Steve a different story. The locals, fishermen in particular and now the Scottish government itself, are less than happy with this new industry. It would seem the Salmon Farm 'lost' thousands of young fish which have interbred with the native Salmon causing an ecological catastrophe. What they look like now is anyone's guess. Next year we may be asking for fried leg of Salmon, who knows?.

Still it didn't spoil his walk and he soon found himself having lunch way down the loch at the foot of the previously mentioned Sgurr Ghiubhsachain. The afternoon turned into a glorious ramble until it was prudent to turn back and enjoy the walk from another direction before fetching up at the station and the predictable tea and cake finale.

A beautiful area in which to simply wander. Many more paths to explore and much more to do. It would be a pity just to berth there and not take advantage of such a wonderfully scenic and varied landscape. I'm sure we shall find ourselves there again and we won't be wondering what to do.



Since the conditions were good, we planned to do the Munros above Glenfinnan the next day. Max and I arranged to hire bikes from the bunkhouse to reduce the time to walk in and out, as David already had his bike with him. However, the next day went back to very low cloud and drizzle so we deferred the bike hire and found a pleasant walk near the coast at Arisaig.

As we were back early I investigated the local area, visited the museum and visitor centre, took photos of the steam train on the viaduct and attempted to make friends with the deer that live near the churchyard.



The next day Steve and I made our way to Arisaig, somewhere Steve had explored with Carol the previous year whilst on holiday. Enroute we looked for an old house I remembered staying at with the family when I was a teenager on the shores of Loch Ailort. We found it fairly quickly, although it is now part boarded up, and all the access gates are locked. Armed with its correct



name, Inverailort House, we visited the combined museum and tourist office in Arisaig, where we established it had been the first home of the SOE at the start of the Second World War, before being handed over to the Royal Navy in 1942, when it became known as HMS Lochailort, and used as a Combined Operations training centre for naval ratings and cadets in preparation for D-Day.

With further excursions to the café, church and harbour, a clear view out to Eigg from the end of the quay, a plan for the next day began to form. A quick look at the map coupled with some knowledge imparted by the museum about characterful locals, we set off along the single-track road further into the Rough Bounds up to where the public road ends.

Here lies the old ferry house and store with remnants of the concrete quay and various rusting old mooring rings still visible among the rocks, and a clear view of Eigg and Rhum directly across the wide straights.



Across to Rhum, photo by Andy Burton

A couple of bird watchers appeared behind us looking inland at a large bird. Once I had collected my bins, it turned out to be a white-tailed eagle which we watched until it flew out of sight. Steve and I then walked along the gated road to a footpath which led us to a secluded beach and camping spot, where a group of kayakers had pitched up and where making ready for the night. From here we had a long distance, but with the binoculars, clear view of the Ardnamurchan lighthouse, which Steve had last seen whilst sailing by on one of his sail training weeks in these waters.

That pretty much sealed what we would be doing the next day, and with a ticket for two to Eigg on the morning sailing of the M.V. Sheerwater in our pocket we returned to join the others back at Glenfinnan Station.

Although the next day continued with low cloud and some rain, the three of us all felt it was time to have a go at the Munros anyway as we risked running out of days in the week. This did mean that we ended up doing the hardest route on the worst day for weather! Max and I took the hire bikes, with David on his own bike, to ride up the valley just beyond the lodge and bothy, then hid and locked them behind a hillock. The path towards the first Munro, Sgurr nan Coireachan, began a short way afterwards and was straightforward to start with. We lost the path for a while the found it again on the way up the ridge. Soon after, we were well into the cloud and the rain became heavier. Higher up, the path disappeared more seriously so we wasted a fair amount of time, going around the mountain, backtracking and eventually finding a way up that was one of the options, as there seemed to be no consistent main path at all. Our route involved some scrambling, not hard but slightly intimidating in the wet, misty conditions, combined with uncertainty about where we should be. We had seen no one else on the mountain until the top, where 3 people appeared, one of whom appeared to be guiding the others. They had also lost the path on the way up, but managed to start heading down rapidly before we could follow.

After a quick lunch stop, we all agreed to go down instead of attempting the full round along the ridge. When someone said 'We'll be down in a couple of hours' I kept my scepticism to myself, but later it proved justified. At first we managed to take more or less the route the others had done but soon became unsure before reaching the lower top which is a 'false summit' on this mountain. In retrospect we should have gone up and over it, but instead we attempted to circuit round it to reach our initial ridge, thus ending up far too far West. When we were low enough to see anything we gradually realised that we were heading down the wrong valley that could have taken us many miles from our start point,

with ridges and valleys in between. Checking all the maps we had between us, we realised that we had to ascend again, over a tall ridge, then get into a western valley that linked with Glenfinnan. Once we had accepted the need to do this, it did not actually take too long, and eventually we could see a river and path in the right direction. When down near the bothy, it was easy to cut across country to collect the bikes and have the pleasure of an easy ride down to our destination – even though it did rain again on the way down. Fortunately, having the bikes had enabled us to make only a 7.5 hour day out of what could have been 9.5 hours, which was much appreciated.



Thursday morning Steve and I arrived in good time to secure a decent parking place in Arisaig, and after a quick coffee we boarded the ferry for the ten-mile sailing to Eigg. We were dropped off and given a time 5 hours later to be back ready to board for the one and only daily return sailing. With that Steve set off at a cracking pace uphill heading for An Sgurr, 393 metres/1289 feet, the sharks fin like peak that dominates the island. This large lump of volcanic rock is virtually sheer on three sides and is accessed by a couple of footpaths that skirt round its sides.

Ferry at Arisaig for the Small Isles,
photo by Andy Burton

Our chosen option on the northern side continues under the cliff until an access gap appears in its side, and we climb up and into the interior and back up to the summit. As we spent the whole time in and around this lump in mizzling low cloud, and ate our lunch in the rain with one other solitary walker from Yorkshire on the summit, there are no photos from what must be a great viewpoint on a clear day.

A brief encounter having strayed from the footpath as we escaped out from under the cloud cover with a large bull provided both of us with enough excitement, and impetus to get back in time to visit the harbour café and be ready for the ferry returning from Rhum. The return sailing once we sailed out from the protection of the island was a much rougher affair until we were back in among the outlying islands on the approach to Arisaig. Here we saw



Steve at the gap ascending An Sgurr,
photo by Andy Burton

several seals sat on the rocks, and close to the original ferry site we visited the day before, the white-tailed eagle appeared again much to the delight of the passengers.

A quick stop on the way back to identify where Bonnie Prince Charlie traditionally departed for France, where a fairly recent cairn monument has been erected very close to the road. We arrived back in time to join the others for our last evening meal at the Prince House as Steve and I were heading back home the next morning.

Friday was our last day with much changeover of people. Max left for the weekend with Vivien and her sister, Andy and Steve set off for home and David decided to leave too, having spent almost 3 weeks in Scotland. The day was dry but, again, low cloud on the hills so I drove to Acheracle at the south end of Loch Shiel and found a very nice walk across to a sea loch with good views and an unexpected castle on a small island. After exploring that, I was back at Glenfinnan before Max and Vivien left. They had just been in time to take the best pictures of the steam train on the viaduct, so were very happy about that. Quite soon after they left Rachel and Karen arrived, as they had booked a weekend nearby to follow the meet but illness had prevented them from participating in the main event. We had a convivial evening together with lively discussion of mountaineering and much else too.

We had had an enjoyable week, despite mixed weather, and managed to do a number of summits and other walks. The area was very interesting and the bunkhouse comfortable for 5 of us, though it would have been a squeeze if many more had come. We are considering the Cairngorms near Braemar for next year's meet, so I hope that a number of people will want to attend.

Present: Andy Burton, Steve Caulton, David Seddon, Max Peacock, Judy Renshaw – with Karen Dickinson and Rachel Howlett

Andy's account is in italic

Trekking in the land of the Berbers, 8 – 15 June – Report by Ed Bramley

We've been travelling to the start of our trek for over four hours now, and the road is indicative of our progress. At first, it was wide, tarmac surfaced, with a white line. As we turned off, it narrowed noticeably, and the white line disappeared. Now, as we near Agouti, even the tarmac has gone, and our driver cautiously skirts the potholes. Then we are there, on the edge of the Ait Bouguemez valley, otherwise known throughout Morocco as the Happy Valley, a point emphasised further by our guide, Rachid, who comes from these parts. In Agouti we meet up with our muleteers and

the process of loading commences.



Left: Agouti and now packing up ready for the off

Below: On the way to Arous, our first camp.

Photos by Mike Goodyer

For us, we can now start to stretch our legs and feel how well, or otherwise, we move. This first afternoon is a gradual introduction to the scenery, altitude and heat. The track is wide and distinct, and takes us slowly upward through farmland, to our first evening's camp at Arous. We follow the river upstream through fertile farmlands and the occasional profusion of wild flowers, including orchids. At our camp, as the sun sinks and the shadows lengthen on the close of the first day, we're aware both of the



tranquillity of our surroundings, and the contrasting night time temperatures.

We rise at just after seven, with the sun touching the tops of the nearby peaks, and within half an hour the campsite is warming in the morning light. Our trail today is straightforward, ascending over two passes, before descending to a high plateau, but that would belie both the beauty of the area, and the increasing exertion required as we slowly but surely ascend to over 3000m. On our way up to the first col, a number of runners come jogging down past us, making light work of it all, and we look enviously on. Our first pass, more of a ridge line really, is the Tizi-m-Oumskiyg pass (2910m). From here, the vistas of the Central Atlas start to open up around us. The hillside around is covered with myriads of plants, resplendent in their blues and yellows, looking like an ornate scattering of cushions on the hillside.



Crossing the hillside of cushions, photo by Ed Bramley

Upwards we go, increasingly slowly, to the second pass, Aghouixni Est (3,400m), which offers a grandstand view of the whole of the M'Goun range.



At the second pass, photo by Mike Goodyer

To keep us fuelled, Rachid produces a container of trail mix, and those of us who have been before know the delight that is coming. A mix of brittle coated nuts, peanuts, mini breadsticks and dates provide just the right boost. A steady descent takes us to our overnight camp on the beautiful high plateau of Tilibiyt N'Tarkeddit which overlooks the Tessaout Valley. On the way down, we pass a nomadic Berber tented encampment used by the herdsmen.

Our campsite on the plateau is on a lush green area, and our mules and those of several other parties are frolicking around, the occasional cloud of dust rising up as one of the mules rolls over and takes a dry bath. It feels timeless here, and many of us enjoy the afternoon taking in the remoteness and beauty of the plateau and the surrounding mountains. That enjoyment is tempered by the knowledge that it's a pre-dawn start tomorrow, and the effects of altitude are tapping away at everyone, which makes for a restless night for many of us.



Idyllic camp on the high plateau

Tuesday is Big Day in all senses of the word, and we're up just after 4am, so we can be off soon after 5. We fumble around the camp in the torchlight, trying to take on board some breakfast before we set off. It's easy rolling countryside at first, and the first alpenglow is not long in lighting up the nearby peaks. Along the way, we encounter a group of wild camels, probably owned by one of the local herdsmen. As our route swings into a side valley, we lose the sun, and the drop in temperature is marked, with hands cold to the point of hot aches, despite wearing gloves. The scenery has changed as well. No longer the clumps of pincushion flowers, we're now in scree central, although it is still remarkably stable underfoot. Slowly, as we climb higher, the sun is on us again, and the body immediately feels the welcoming warmth.



Early start for the Mgoun summit

Photo by Ed Bramley

We are now at the start of a series of broad ridges that sweep round the skyline for nearly a mile, rising slowly but surely to the summit of M'Goun (4,068m), the third highest peak in the Atlas Mountains. We're at over 3,800m now, and all feeling the effects of altitude. Small ascents that would be straightforward in the Lake District now require major focus. The ridge itself is great, with one section looking like it's been paved, the rock formation is so regular. More effort, just to climb those final few feet, despite the heaving lungs and the constant headache.





The view from the summit is incredible, like nothing we've seen before. Great tilted rock strata interspersed with whole valleys of scree, and ridge line after ridge line of mountains, receding into the distance. Great weather to have been on the ridge, as it can be "fun" in windy weather. We've just had a few zephyrs on the summit, exchanging the warm still air for something altogether cooler.

Down now, and our route off is initially down a steep scree slope, which means we can lose altitude quickly, before a much longer descent to our overnight camp. As we reach the valley proper again, we pick up the signs of habitation, from the shepherd on the hillside, to the cave dwellings in the valley. And it's pancakes and honey for late afternoon tea. Just the thing to help revive tired limbs.





Our overnight camp was in a sheltered valley, and to keep us company, we had a cacophony of frogs who wanted to serenade one another at random times throughout the night. Ah, the sounds of the country. Up at our normal 7am time this morning, but with a long distance day in front of us. Our route takes us out of one valley system, through landscapes that looked like pit slag heaps, before reaching the start of the cultivated part of the valley. On the hillsides roundabout is wormwood, with its distinctive smell, and also some patches of sage. Rachid expertly navigates us round different sets of field systems and water channels, before resting under a walnut grove for our lunch.

As we sit in the cool shade, we tuck slowly into helpings of salad and pasta, and we marvel at the skill of Ali our cook, who had produced all of this, and carried there on two of the mules. We are now in the start of a cultivated area, and pass round several more water channels after lunch. Again, there is a profusion of smells, from juniper wood, to the many roses that are growing in this, the rose valley. At one point we cross a small waterfall, which brings out the playful in all of us, and a welcome cooling as well. Further down the valley there is serious construction underway as a new road is being built between the Rose Valley and the markets in the Ait Bouguemez valley. We see several strange sights on the way, including a pick-up full of mules, part of another trek returning home.



Today has been a long day, over 16 miles, and we are relieved when we reach our overnight camp at Tigoutine (2700m), on the edge of a set of gorges. Hot too, with top temperatures not far short of 40 Celsius. Late afternoon mint tea and doughnut type samosas with honey further help to restore the aching limbs and combat our dehydration.

We start our last day descending the first of two gorges, the Amsekar gorge. Big towering sandstone walls and, at one point, a concrete ramp which the mules skitter down. Emerging out of the first gorge, we are immediately into cultivated land, and the meadows we pass through are loud with the sound of bees. By the river, the local ladies are doing the village washing, a scene that is repeated several times throughout the day.



The oleander plants at the entrance to the gorge

We pass into a second, larger Petites Gorges du Mgoun, which has many oleander plants blossoming. Fish swim in parts of the river and frogs plop into the water as we pass, whilst swallows and other birds provide the flypast to our nature extravaganza. We are treated to another open air feast for our lunch, before we head out into the sun again, and the last part of the walk. In the villages we pass through, we see several examples of Kasbahs; Ancient fortified grain stores, akin to our Pele towers. To give us a last piece of excitement, at one point our trail follows a water channel, and we promenade along its outer edge, perched some feet above the main river.

A short distance further on we reach the village of Boutaghar, our final destination and our gite, where we can enjoy a warm shower and chill out on the terrace whilst we reflect on another great trek.



Farewell supper in Marrakesh, photo by Ed Bramley

Participants: Ed Bramley, Simon Bramley, Andy Burton, Steve Caulton, Mike Goodyer, Mike O'Dwyer, Myles O'Rielly, Judy Renshaw and Rick Snell

North Wales meet: 28 -29 June - Report by Ed Bramley

With a number of recent meets having been blessed with good weather, the question was whether it would hold for our annual return to Rhyd Ddu for our North Wales meet. For an early arrival contingent, Thursday afternoon was set fair, and so they made most of the good weather and headed up to Snowdon summit to take in the views, returning via the Snowdon Ranger path to make a circuit of the outing.



By Friday morning, more of us had arrived, with a variety of aims in mind. The challenge was to avoid the masses on top of Snowdon, so a variety of routes were devised. One group headed out to Llanberis via the pass at Foel Goch to Llanberis, then returning via the halfway house near Clogwyn. Another chose the climbing option, including Central Route on Carnedd Y Filiast. We decided to head for the Glyders, parking near the PYG hotel.

*Ed heading for Glyder Fach,
photo by Mike Goodyer*

We followed the miners track onto Glyder Fach, and posed for the obligatory picture atop the Cantilever stone. Already the day was warm, and we were drinking our way through lots of water. Past the Castle of the Winds and onto Glyder Fawr for some lunch, before making the decision to descend the Devils Kitchen and into Ogwen Valley. By this time, we have all got through our first filling of our water supplies, so it was with some relief we descended to the café at Ogwen Cottage, to refill and also to enjoy a cooling ice cream. By now it was well into the afternoon, and it made a long pull back to the col next to Tryfan, before returning to the car at the PYG. A hot and exhausting day.



Across the Glyders, photo by Ed Bramley





Paul, Mike and Judy, note the gate, photo by Ed Bramley

On the Saturday, the weather was kinder for us, with low clouds rolling round the Nantle ridge.



Whilst we hadn't planned it that way, it seemed that most of us ended up at the monument for an early lunch, admiring the clouds rolling in from the sea, a complete change from the day before. Whilst some opted for a fuller day, pressing on to Craig Cwm Silyn, we opted for the gentle return down one of the ridges, connecting onto the forest tracks from Beddgelert.





Enjoying the evening meal, photo by Don Hodge

In the evening, we did our usual Tardis approach to Tan yr Wyddfa, managing to seat 18 of us around the table, including those stopping at the nearby pub, and in their camper van. Given our recent Moroccan trek, the Moroccan theme was continued for part of the communal meal, with Harira soups for starters, followed by lamb tagine. The usual assortment of puddings including apple pie and trifle rounded off the refreshments.

Sunday saw a range of options for routes, including Moel Siabod, and Sentries ridge, as well as a more leisurely walk to Beddglert and the Aber Glaslyn gorge, before the obligatory ice cream and short train ride back.



Paul on a cloudy M. Siabod, photo by Mike Goodyer



With a few people stopping on longer at the pub, opportunities to get out continued to abound, with Moel Siabod being visited again on the Monday, along with Mynydd Mawr, whilst on the Tuesday there was still time left for climbing on Idwal slabs, including Faith.

We had hoped for good weather, and had more than our fair share of it, even if the clouds did roll in for a while on the one day.

Michelle on Sentries Ridge. photo by Marcus Tierney

Marcus on Faith. photo by Michelle Pulford



Participants: Belinda Baldwin, James Baldwin, David Blackett, Ed Bramley, Andy Burton, Steve Caulton, David Clear, Mike Goodyer, Don Hodge, Tony Howard, Ian Mateer, Margaret O'Dwyer, Mike O'Dwyer, Michele Pulford, Judy Renshaw, Paul Stock, Howard Telford & Annette, Marcus Tierney

ALPINE HOTEL MEET – KLOSTERS, SWITZERLAND 5 – 15 July

by Pamela Harris

This was the first meet to be held in Klosters since 1989 and, with such a wealth of walking trails amidst beautiful mountain scenery, it was difficult to understand why the club had not returned in the intervening years. Six of this year's group had attended the earlier meet during which John D, Jim and Margaret had climbed the Piz Buin, and Heather and Sheila the Silvrettahorn, but age had taken its toll, and thirty years on no one even attempted these giants.



*Silvrettahorn from the glacier,
by Pamela Harris*

Since 2019 was the 110th anniversary of the club, it was decided that the customary seven night stay should be extended to ten, to accommodate a celebratory dinner on the last Saturday. Most welcomed the additional days, and the meet attracted a grand total of 41. Klosters had experienced temperatures of over 30°C in the week prior to our visit, and we were somewhat relieved when it cooled down after our first two days, and even welcomed the occasional shower. We were all out walking every day, mostly in sunshine, returning with wet boots after walking through snow patches rather than with wet rain-jackets.

*Landquart river,
by Alan Norton*

The 4* Hotel Piz Buin proved an exceptional find, in a central yet quiet location by the Landquart river, which was torrential with snow melt when we arrived. There was a bus stop outside the door, and the train station, Gotschna lift and shops were just a short walk up the road. Monsieur Huber and his team went out of their way to make our stay a success, and nothing was too much trouble for them. The rooms were large, well-appointed suites, and the complimentary mini-bar was re-stocked every day: a pleasant surprise. The balconies overlooking the mountains and river were a welcome place to relax at the end of a day's walk, as was the swimming pool and fitness centre, both much appreciated. We started each day with a copious buffet breakfast featuring such delicacies as smoked salmon and eggs cooked to order, and the evening meals were equally delicious and beautifully presented.

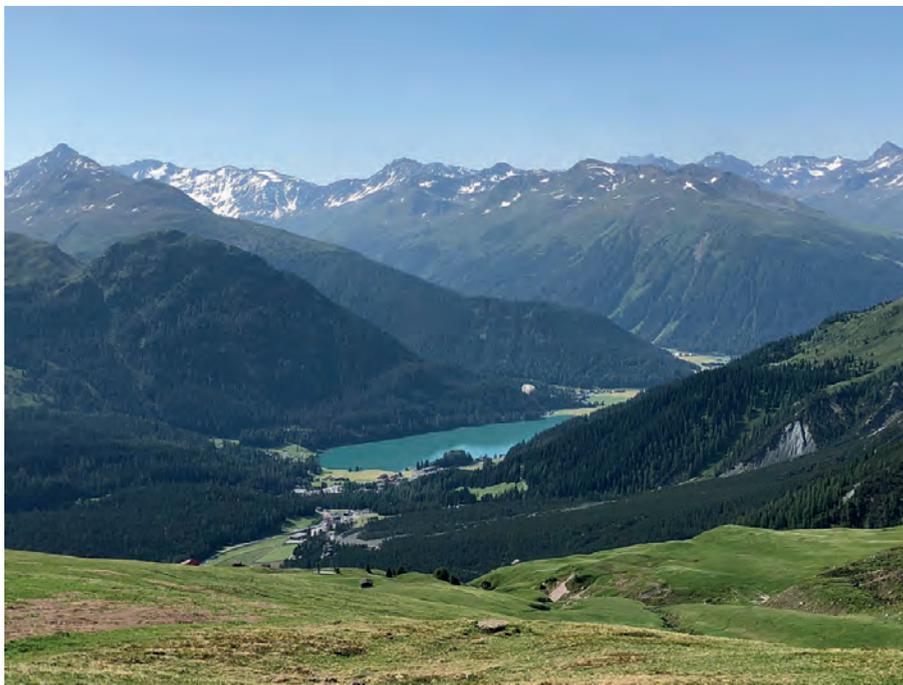


The Klosters and Davos tourist offices work together, and the guest card included free use of buses, trains and lifts in both resorts, though we quickly decided that the smaller Klosters was much more attractive than the larger, glitzy Davos. As the first morning dawned bright and sunny, most of us headed for the nearby cable-car heading to Gotschnaboden and Gotschnagratt at 2285m, but an unpleasant surprise awaited us, for the lift was more than half filled with mountain bikes and their owners.



Sharing the Gotschnagratt path with cyclists, by Ann Alari

Fortunately these headed off directly downhill from the top station, leaving us to wander along the aptly named Panoramaweg in peace. As we neared the Parsenn hut there were spectacular views across to the peaks of the Silvretta Alps in Austria and down onto the waters of the Davosersee below.



Davos lake from the Panoramaweg, by Alan Norton

The flowers were equally spectacular, with the alpine favourites of blue trumpet gentians, red alpenrose and white edelweiss, as well as several varieties of primulas and other gentians, including a tiny white snow gentian. Those who took a later lift turned off at the middle station of the cable railway and took it up to its highest point at the Weissflüjoch to enjoy the views before returning down to Davos-Dorf and taking the train back to Klosters. After a brief picnic lunch, the rest of us continued along to the Strela pass where there was a welcome café, and then steeply down to Schatzalp which boasted an immense hotel, formerly a sanatorium, and two alpine gardens.



Cypripedium tibeticum,
by Elizabeth Wells

The other lift starting at Klosters went up to Madrisa, and Bill, Rosie and Don took this on their first day to ascend the steep rocky slopes of Calanda to the Rätshorn, 2703m, returning via the Rätshenjoch on gentler slopes. Jim and Margaret repeated this route later in the week, but most of us found easier and equally scenic trails to explore there. The lift was a gondola which thankfully was too small for the ubiquitous bicycles, and we enjoyed being free of their annoying presence both in the cabin and on the trails. On taking the lift a few days later, a group of us headed eastwards towards Schlappinerjoch on the Austrian border. The slopes here were red with alpenrose, and the views of the Silvretta Alps were glorious. But before long it began to cloud over, and we reached the col in thick mist as a helicopter with equipment for the small building nearby landed near us. Fortunately the cloud lifted as we got lower, and as we passed the signpost leading down to Schlappin, we decided to take that route rather than retracing our steps to the gondola. It was a delightful path winding down through flowery slopes to the small lake below. A café awaited us on its shores, and here we chose the luxury of a taxi back to Klosters to avoid a further 500m descent. James and Belinda, however, were made of stronger stuff for they walked all the way back to the hotel.

Most visited the gardens later in the week, where we were delighted to find a Tibetan slipper orchid in full bloom. One day Alan and I took the funicular up to Schatzalp and continued southwards along the contouring trail to Stafelalp, through meadows full of flowers and grazing cows, from where we dropped down to Frauenkirch and the bus back to Davos.

Summit of the Rätshorn





Two walks using minibus transport on private roads had been included in the meet planning, in the hope that the majority of the group would join in. These proved a great success, though the crossing of the Jörfliüelafurgga from the Flüela pass road to the Berghaus Vereina had to be postponed for a day due to the closure of the Vereina road for the annual 'alpage', when cows from as far away as Basel were to be trucked up for their summer vacation.

Reports indicated that so far this season no one had made the crossing, and all anyone seemed to know was that there would be snow on the higher north-facing slopes.

*Berghaus Vereina,
by Alan Norton*



*Walking up to the Jörfliüelafurgga,
by Rick Saynor*

Snow crossing before the pass, by Rick Saynor



So it was with some trepidation that a diminished group of eleven set off from Wägerhüs on the Flüela side, with another group of twenty opting to go directly to Vereina, hoping to meet up at the Jöriseen lakes for a picnic lunch.



Frozen lakes, by Bill Westermeyer



Despite having to negotiate snow on the rocks and a loose protective cable, the first team of Don, Jim and John F. raced down past the lakes long before we had a chance to get anywhere near them. The others made a more leisurely descent, stopping at the still frozen lakes to admire the magical sight of myriad soldanellas pushing up where the snow had just melted.

Soldanellas below the pass, by Rick Saynor

Although not all of us reached the lakes – partly due to the circuitous route we took after missing a crucial signpost – we were content just to enjoy being in this wonderfully unspoilt valley, enjoying the flowers and the views, free of all bikers.



Primula integrifolia, by Marian Parsons



Pulsatilla alpina, by Mike Parsons



Seetal lake, by Marian Parsons

Our path led alongside a stream and then steeply upwards, through slopes of alpenrose and other flowers, over narrow bridges across streams.

Walking up to the Silvretta hut, by Alan Norton

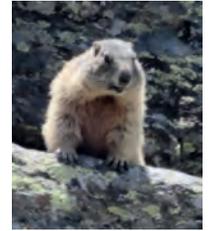
The other walk we made using minibus transport was also beyond Monbiel, this time to Alp Sardasca, into another lovely unspoilt valley. We were a group of 15, and most of us walked from here up to the Silvretta hut, although Mike and Marian elected to climb to the Seetal hut and lake instead.





Silvretta hut, by Alan Norton

After a fork leading right towards the easier drovers' path, we could see the hut above us and zigzagged up the final slope to reach it, guarded by a seemingly tame marmot. Once there we continued higher up onto the glacier trail, which gave spectacular views of the Silvrettahorn ahead. We took the same route down, and while waiting for the return minibus, it was a pleasure to relax at the delightful self-service café at Alp Sardasca, with cold beers and soft drinks on offer in the trough of the outside fountain, comparing injuries incurred on the descent. We all agreed that it had been another splendid day.



Lacerated legs at Alp Sardasca



Jatzhorn summit, by Jim Strachan



There were other lifts to explore too, and later in the week we took the cable car to the Jakobshorn, again accompanied by mountain bikers. Fortunately they avoided the dramatic ridge walk up to the Jatzhorn, enjoyed by many of our group on different occasions, with spectacular views and flowers. Unfortunately, the steep path taken by some of us down to Sertig Dörfli was too narrow to be enjoyable, with groups of bikers continuously hurtling down behind us.



Another ridge walk, saved for our last day, was the Rinerhorn circuit from the lift above Davos-Glaris further down the valley. It was another sunny day, and a group of nine of us set out to do the circuit in different directions, even managing to meet up on the summit for our picnic. We saw no other walkers all day apart from a couple with two dogs, and this time there were no bikers to spoil our enjoyment. We were not far from the Jatzhorn, and Margaret looked across in eager anticipation, hoping to see Jim who had gone up there on a second occasion, this time with John F.

Bill on Schwarzhorn summit

*Rinerhorn circuit,
by Katherine
Heery*

With so many free transport options, most of us with cars were happy to leave them in the hotel car park for the duration of the meet, although on occasions some did use them to go further afield. Bill, Rosie, Don and Caroline set off one day in search of a 3000m peak, driving over the Flüela pass to the base of the Flüela Schwarzhorn. Only



Bill and Don made it to the summit at 3146m, though Rosie and Caroline reached the ridge at 2880m. It was a steep ascent, but in a wild and beautiful valley, and they reported that the views from the summit were well worth the effort. John and Dinah set off later in the week to attempt the same peak, but in less clement weather, and after driving into the mist, decided that lunch in Italy was a better option. Caroline and Don were the only ones to drive up the Dischma valley to Dürrboden, from where they climbed up through the snow to the Chamanna da Grialetsch, which Caroline had last visited with her family as a teenager. Mark set off in his car one day to take Geoff on a tour of the passes, thus living up to his record of arriving late for at least one dinner – his excuse was that the Umbrail pass was unexpectedly closed, necessitating a very long detour back.

We all found plenty to do on less energetic days too, with shorter walks from Klosters up to unspoilt alpine meadows, along the river to Monbiel suspension bridge, or around Davos lake. Some went to the lovely painted houses at Serneus, the Kirchner Museum at Davos, the heritage museum in an old wooden house in Klosters, and the churches at Klosters and Davos, both of which boasted stained glass windows designed by the Swiss artist Augusto Giacometti, older cousin of the world famous Alberto.

*Painted houses at
Serneus, by Alan*





The most popular option for a less strenuous day was to take the historic Rhaetian train from Davos to Filisur, with its original wooden seats and open carriages.

Those who did this came back with tales of the impressive Wiesner viaduct, 210m long and towering 88m above the gorge, with various nearby viewpoints to access, as well as the gorge itself to walk through, which Dick and Lin did.

*Wiesner viaduct,
by Rick Saynor*



The climax of the meet was the dinner on the last Saturday to celebrate the 110th anniversary of the club, which provided a fitting end to a memorable meet. Everyone at the hotel went out of their way to make this a special occasion, helping us decorate the dining room with Swiss and cantonal flags to add to the union jack bunting that Heather had brought over, and designing a special menu card with photos of the ABM

logo and banner, and the Britannia hut. We were served drinks and nibbles beforehand, followed by a delicious four-course meal where the chef excelled himself. It was an honour to have Christiane and Bernard Ody of the Geneva section as our guests, and Christiane spoke after the meal about the importance of the club's link with the Britannia hut since its foundation more than a century ago, showing photos of past celebrations and present improvements. We were reminded by James of the 110 years of the club's history and by Pamela of past alpine meets, and we all agreed that, although our club has diminished in size, time has if anything increased our enjoyment of the mountain environment. *(Photos of the dinner are presented earlier in the Journal, Editor)*



*Christiane with the ABMSAC
shirt, by Rosie Westermeyer*

Participants: Pamela Harris & Alan Norton, James & Belinda Baldwin, Geoff & Janet Bone, Derek Buckley & Ann Alari, Geoff & Pauline Causey, Mark Davison, John Dempster & Dinah Nichols, Niels & Guni Doble, Heather Eddowes & Dave Matthews, Marj & John Foster, Mike & Anne Goodyer, Don Hardy, Richard & Katherine Heery, Sylvia Mercer, Dick Murton & Lin Warriss, Roger Newson & Sheila Coates, Mike & Marian Parsons, Rick & Carol Saynor, Jim & Margaret Strachan, Caroline Thonger, Elizabeth Wells, Bill & Rosie Westermeyer, Dick & Karen Yorke.

Beer Meet, 13 - 15 September – Report by Belinda Baldwin

This was our final and fifteenth Beer Meet. We were blessed with continual sunshine unlike the inaugural one, when the Saturday was a washout and we managed the shortest route to Branscombe for a pub lunch sitting in soggy clothes. We did the walk along cliffs, when it brightened up a bit.



Just before the off on Saturday morning, by Dinah Nicholls

This year we set off along those cliffs with the sea looking Mediterranean at a leisurely pace and stopped by the Branscombe beach for coffee and cake.



Enjoying the morning sun at Branscombe.



On the way home, both by Andy Burton

A decision was made that we would walk just beyond the village to the *Fountain Head* before turning back to follow inland footpaths back to Beer. It was warm enough to tempt some ladies into the sea as that is what the seaside is for. I was glad not to join them.

We dined at The Smuggler's Kitchen, where we were joined by Debbie and Michael Owen, who were on a meet at Saas Fee in 1988 with their baby son. They live further west in Devon. James has been working with Michael on the *Dartmoor Way*, a new route around Dartmoor. John, who was on the Sunday of the first meet and has been at many more said some very kind words to us. It has been a great pleasure. There have been many laughs and no tears that we are aware of. We have always looked forward to being able to hold a meet for a climbing club without a mountain in sight.



Seascape towards Seaton, by Mike Goodyer

On Sunday we walked from base again to Colyton over undulating landscape. There two decided that a tram ride was a good way to get back to Seaton, whilst the rest of us wandered back beside the Axe. The tram riders were given a tour of the works on their return. Ice creams were consumed on the Esplanade and Sheila was tempted back into the sea. This year's outings were a far cry from when we would walk briskly over Dartmoor or eight miles over cliffs and returning on foot inland.

Antonia, Penny and Sheila were present at for the whole of the first meet. John and Dinah plus Dick and Lin have become regulars. We have seen many come and sadly go. We are looking forward to Paul Stock's meet further east but still in the south away from any mountains with zero responsibility.

Present: Penny Austen, Antonia Barlen, Andy Burton, Sheila Coates, John Dempster, Heather Eddowes, Mike Goodyer, Sylvia Mercer, Dick and Lin Murton, Dinah Nicholls, James and Belinda Baldwin.

Brecon Beacons Meet 4-5 October – Report by Paul Stock

This year we broke from our traditional Friday afternoon walk and decided to attempt a crossing of the River Usk and onwards to the summit of Tor y Foel. However, after walking over Buckland Hill we dropped down to a foot bridge clearly

marked on the map only to find that it was impassable due to being situated on private property and protected by a coded gate. So we adjusted our route accordingly and set off for the 13th century bridge across the river at Llangynidr. Once across that bridge we took the waymarked path alongside the river bank. This path was quite challenging as the rain which had fallen heavily for the previous week meant the river level was very high and in places had flooded the path. After about 1 km along the path it was completely blocked by a fence. So once again we had to alter our route to reach the base of Tor y Foel. Eventually we reached the summit of Tan y Foel which gave some fantastic views over Talybont reservoir and the higher range beyond.



Mike and the Daves on summit of Tan y Foel

All of the weekend participants had arrived in time for the Friday evening meal which was up to the usual New Inn high standards. Plans were made for Saturday during the evening. The weather forecast was improving at every inspection. On Saturday morning we had a brief visit from Wendell Jones and his wife who were staying locally. They also agreed to meet us for the Saturday evening meal.

Three teams set off on Saturday morning with different objectives in mind. Steve Caulton and Andy Burton set off to complete a walk to the top of Tor y Foel via the Usk Valley path, Brecon Beacons Way and a bit of canal towpath. I believe that it may have been punctuated with a pub lunch and afternoon tea.



The bridge over the Usk



Steve getting in the mood for the canal towpath

The rest of the group set off on two variations of the same walk around the skyline of the Talybont reservoir. One involved a shorter linear walk (9km) involving the use of two cars and the rest of the team completed a longer (21km) whole circumnavigation.

The team at Carn Pica in the low cloud



The race was on for the teams to complete their walks before the rain which was due in around 5pm. The

longer walk team just made it as the heavens opened. The morning views were slightly spoiled with low cloud but after lunch it cleared away to give quite extensive views across the ranges.

Nant Bwrefwr waterfalls just before lunch.



The evening meal was a very convivial affair with Wendell's visit.



On Sunday we decided to walk up a very sunny Sugar Loaf as it enabled everyone to take routes of varying lengths according to the time required to depart for home. We gathered at a car park above Abergavenny and set off as one group to the summit via a long ridge. At the summit we all said our goodbyes and went our separate ways back to the cars and onwards to end a very successful meet.

*Top of the Sugar Loaf
on a sunny morning,
by Heather Eddowes*

Attendees: Andy Burton, Steve Carlton, Mike Goodyer, Heather Eddowes, Myles O'Reilly, Rick Snell, Alison Henry, James and Belinda Baldwin, Dave Clear, Dave Blackett and Paul Stock.

Presidents Meet, 18 - 20 October - Report by James Baldwin

The euphemistically called Presidents Meet has turned into a gastronomic tour de force with Andy Hayes preparing yet another banquet on Saturday evening the highlight of which was the chocolate coated strawberries on top of poached pears, thanks Andy.

The meet started on Thursday with a stalwart party arriving early to warm up the George Starkey Hut and bag a few hills. The remainder of us arrived on Friday with one latecomer on Saturday in time for dinner. Many routes were attempted in fairly indifferent weather.



Andy on the way up to Great Dodd with Blencathra behind

The team on Watson's Dodd

Friday was bright and sunny, but with a cold breeze. The early birds of Ed, Andy, Mike and Paul travelled round to Threkeld and parked at the old station. After some interesting navigation to actually get on the fell the team headed across the boggy ground to Great Dodd, for a lunch stop and then onto Stybarrow Dodd by way of Watson's Dodd.

From Stybarrow the team continued along the ridge to Raise and then back to Glenridding via the zigzags and then to the hut. Fish n chips awaited at the White Lion. A great day across the unfrequented Dodds.



The weather on Saturday was mixed and yesterdays team ,accompanied by Judy, set off for Pooley Bridge via the south side of Ullswater.

The tops were shrouded in low cloud and rain never looked far away. We continued along the path, stopping for refreshments at the cafe in Howtown, with lovely views down to the lake.

By the time we reached "The Cockpit" stone circle the rain had settled in and we had all put our overtrousers on - yes even Mike! We pulled into town and had over an hour wait for the next boat. Andy whistled up a local taxi and we were all back at the hut in time for tea and cake - and to help in the meal preparations.



Saturday Evening Dinner, menu designed and cooked by Andy H, ably assisted by several volunteers, was a great treat.

The menu:

Starter: Goats cheese with figs, cardamom and smoked bacon, on a bed of rocket with balsamic glaze.



Main: Chicken Cacciatore with samphire with chantenay carrots, red & yellow peppers, chestnut mushrooms, olives with herbs, tomatoes, white wine vinegar and vermouth, served on a bed of tagliatelle and topped with asparagus.



Pudding: Pears poached in red wine, with strawberry and cream shortbread and strawberries dipped in dark chocolate. Cheese, followed by a selection of British and continental cheeses.

Many thanks to Don for the culinary pictures.

The Committee met on Sunday morning and concentrated on hut upgrade proposals with the views being fed back to the George Starkey Hut company directors.

After an energetic meeting we were ready for some fresh air. So it was a quick dash up to Lanty's Tarn and along the watercourse to the Greenside Mines in poor weather. Once back at the hut we had afternoon tea and headed off home.

Belinda and James had the pleasure of visiting Mary Boulter and her daughter on Sunday afternoon before returning to Devon. Mary passes on her best wishes to club members.

(With additional reporting from Mike Goodyer and Don Hodge.)

Attendees: James and Belinda Baldwin, Ed Bramley, Andy Burton, Mike Goodyer, Andy Hayes, Don Hodge, Ian Mateer, Dick Murton, Judy Renshaw, Paul Stock and for Saturday evening, Ann Jago, Mike and Marian Parsons.

Fort William Meet 18 - 21 October -Report by Philip Hands

Fourteen participants gathered on the Friday evening at the Caledonian Hotel Fort William. Alex and Richard took Hugh and Susan's place as unfortunately, they had to return home early as Hugh was feeling unwell.

The weather forecast was not particularly good for the weekend. Saturday morning dawned dull and cool but dry.



*Looking North
towards Corpach
from Stob Ban*

Jim and Margaret Strachan, John Dempster and I drove down Glen Nevis and climbed the Munro, Stob Ban in the Mamores, from there, retracing our steps back to the car.



Looking West over Mullach nan Coirean (939m) from summit of Stob Ban (999m)

John and Marj Foster took a scenic drive around Ardgour, Graham and Allison Daniels opted for a walk into upper Glen Nevis as far as Steall Bridge. John Gregson also took a low level walk in Glen Nevis whilst Peter Farrington did a low level walk in Glen Etive.

Roger James and Shirley Mackay took it easy in the hotel watching the Rugby International and the Brexit vote on television!



The team setting off in Glencoe

Sunday dawned sunny but windy and cooler with a light dusting of snow on the high tops.

Jim and Margaret Strachan, John Dempster, Peter Farrington and I set off to climb the Corbett, Meall Lighiche from Glen Coe. I parted company with the group at the foot of the hill to climb solo. The summit views were superb and on the descent I rejoined the group for the walk back to the start and a pint in the Clachaig Inn.

Roger James and Shirley Mackay drove to Ardnamurchan and climbed Ben Hiant, described by the SMC as a “superb viewpoint” despite its modest height.



Peter, Margaret and John enjoying the view



Aonach Eagach, Glencoe

Graham and Allison Daniels and John Gregson opted for a walk in Glen Etive. Unfortunately, we had another casualty in Graham Daniels who fell just before setting off on their walk.

Fortunately, a paramedic was camping nearby who was able to administer first aid before Graham went to the hospital in Fort William for treatment.

I hope all our casualties are recovered, including Marj Foster who had undergone a hip operation just before our meet!

Apologies if this report is more akin to a medical bulletin than a meet report!

Attendees: John Dempster, Graham and Allison Daniels, Peter Farrington, Marj and John Foster, John Gregson, Roger James, Shirley Mackay, Margaret and Jim Strachan, Hugh and Susan Chapman's son and grandson, Alex and Richard and myself.

The 2020 Annual Dinner Meet - Report by Julie Freemantle

The Annual Dinner and AGM weekend meet 2020 was attended by 49 members who enjoyed a great weekend despite the terrible weather!



The Friday arrivee's were able to get out on a walk despite the poor weather forecast. A low level walk was chosen with various café's, pubs and hotels to stop in at the beginning, middle, and end.

Two cars left Patterdale after breakfast with six walkers, all suitably prepared with packed lunch, hot drinks, and full foul weather gear.

The group comprised of Ed and Mike, Michele and Marcus, Dave Blackett (who had driven down from Sunderland that morning to join the group), and Andy.

After a slight detour which allowed the rain to ease, they parked up in Portinscale, and set off walking along the Cumbria Way, initially through open woodland with glimpses of Derwentwater through the trees.

At least two of the group saw a red squirrel, and others a woodpecker, high up in one of the trees. The woodland also has a couple of unusual pieces of permanent artwork dotted about.

At the end of the lake they walked as far as they could before the very swollen River Derwent blocked the way. It was then across the marshland fields feeling very grateful for the new plastic raised walkways, joining the road, where a very full Eller Beck flowed into the valley bottom.

Lunch was taken under some trees where they enjoyed views of the falls in spate through the cleft in the hills, behind the Lodore Hotel, where its new extension sat in beautifully landscaped grounds

After lunch the group resumed walking alongside the lake at Strutts Wood, below Ashness Bridge all the way into Keswick crossing back over the



Rain stopping over Derwentwater

Derwent via the Portinscale footbridge which brought me quickly back to where the cars were parked.

A great day out sharing stories and memories of many different visits to this area, with everyone having plenty to contribute. Definitely pinched one against the forecast!

One of Saturday's walks was led by Marian, who talked Rick and Alison, James and Belinda, Margaret Moore, Anne Jago and Andy into walking in the rain, by making the mid-point the Brotherswater Inn, and assuring that there would be little or no road walking. They set off over the Goldrill Beck, up through Side Farm, and along the footpath that takes you past Rooking and Crookabeck, crossing back over the Goldrill past Beckstones Farm, then climbing a stile to walk alongside the beck on a permitted path leading to the A592, where we crossed over and walked another permitted path through Low Wood, to Cow Bridge, with Marian pointing out the best areas for spring flowers, and red squirrel.

At one point they stopped, and Marian pointed out the steep permitted path going up through the trees and out of sight, that leads to Hartsop above How and Hart Crag. The group then popped out onto the wide path just after the little car park, close to where Andy drowned his VW Sharan one year, and walked alongside Brotherswater looking across the wind-swept water at the steep ramp of Hartsop Dodd. At Hartsop Hall they turned left, back across the fields through the Sykeside campsite to the Brotherswater Inn at Kirkstonefoot.

With the aid of a large log burner fire, a glass or two of mulled wine and a bite to eat, and with no one being in a hurry to go back out in the rain, the facilities were enjoyed and everyone dried out a bit, whilst looking out of the large picture windows to where Dove Crag could just about be seen.

Return was back along the other side of Brotherswater, crossing over the road to enter Hartsop village by the new footbridge over the Pasture Bec and up and over the concrete road under Calf Close, crossing the Angle Tarn Beck via one of the two new bridges to rejoin the way we had come back to the George Starkey Hut.



Another group, Ed, Myles, Judy, Dave and Mike G, set off bit later when the rain eased off a bit, towards the Greenside Mines via Lantys Tarn and the high level path. Some of the group hadn't been to the Tarn before and were surprised at the location. Unfortunately the fine view over Ullswater had vanished in the low cloud. On arriving at the mines Dave and Judy decided that the rain wasn't bad enough at this low level and decided to head for Sticks Path (they got wet for their troubles!). Ed, Myles and Mike decided to call into the Travellers Rest for a liquid lunch and dry off a little. A portion of chips appeared and was soon eaten.

Both groups arrived back at the hut at similar times and copious amounts of tea, cake and crumpets were devoured. Then it was a quick dash into the showers, change and head off to the AGM and dinner.

Ed and Myles after lunch

There were a few other highlights from the weekend for those who decided to not brave the terrible weather – swimming in the pool at the Glenridding Hotel, plenty of energetic table tennis competitions at the hotel and cream teas at the Lodore Hotel. There was one unfortunate incident with poor Michele breaking a bone in her foot on the descent from Hart Crag.

On the evening of the 1st February the ABMSAC AGM was held followed by the AGM of the George Starkey Hut Ltd. Once these had finished it was on to the annual dinner.

This year it was held at the Glenridding Hotel and was attended by 49 people including some guests for the evening - Tony Westcott, Chairman of the GSHL and his wife and Tom Curtis a director of the Alpine Club.



The hotel served a splendid 4 course dinner which included choices from a good selection of dishes including Thai Fishcakes, Parsnip soup, baked pork tenderloin, pan fired seabass, chocolate lava cake and the groups most popular choice of dessert – sticky toffee pud!

The formal parts of the evening were expertly managed as ever by President, James Baldwin.

After dinner we moved to a separate room to hear the talk from our guest speaker for the evening, David Johnson. David is a former army officer who has had 30 years experience of leading or taking part in expeditions to the Arctic regions.

He gave an absolutely fascinating talk with accompanying slide show outlining some of his Polar experiences including a 1999 trip when he and Glenn Morris became the first Britons to cross the Greenland ice-cap by Nansen's original route of 1888.

On the following pages are a series of photographs of members at both the Annual Dinner and the Celebratory meal at the Klosters Meet in July.

**Annual Dinner Weekend,
February 2020
Glenridding**







110th Anniversary Dinner at Klosters





New Membership System

Behind the scenes with our new membership system

By Ed Bramley, Membership Secretary

As with any club, we need to maintain a database of members. It enables the club to manage our collection of subscriptions and carry out the necessary liaison with both the BMC and the SAC. It also helps our forward planning by understanding the current makeup of the club and how this is likely to change. For members, it facilitates us communicating with one another, and the club communicating with us.

To do this requires a lot of information to be accurate and kept up to date. We have over 200 members and hold over 50 items of information for each person, including contact details, GDPR preferences, when you joined the ABM (and SAC), what classes of membership you have, and your subscription payments. There are 30 different combinations of ABM, SAC and BMC membership within the club, and each year, the rates for each organisation must be correctly combined against each membership category, including taking into account the vagaries of the current exchange rate with the Swiss Franc. Add to this the requirement to send out renewal (and sometimes reminder) notices, as well as posting out both ABM and SAC cards, and it becomes clear why the period from December to March has historically been a busy time for the Membership Secretary.

Up until this year, we kept our records on computer spreadsheets (rows and columns of information), with over 2,000 lines of bespoke programming behind it to help keep all the information accurate and aligned. As a club however, we were aware that this made running and upkeep of the system a labour-intensive requirement and required specialist skills from the Membership Secretary. Furthermore, the system did not provide benefits to members directly. With all these challenges in mind, the club looked into commercially available membership systems and, after a period of evaluation, selected a system by MemberMojo.

The new system, which allows us to make customisations in line with the needs of the club, provides all the facilities of our old system, plus some new ones, and does not need specialist skills to maintain it. Some of the new facilities you will have experienced already. The system will let you know when your subscription is due for renewal, and when your payment has been received. You can now log into the system and maintain your own details. You can also get the up to date contact details of other members (GDPR preferences permitting). For the club, it makes it easier to send out email communications, and in creating labels to send out journals.

There are also future possibilities, which we will consider using from next year onwards. We could issue membership cards electronically, which means that they can be stored on your smart phone, although the option to print at home will also be available. We could also add the option to directly pay your subscription online, as an integral part of the renewal process. Currently we only offer “off-line” methods of payment, by either bank transfer or cheque payment, and these are not integrated electronically with the renewal process. Even here though, technology is already helping. Bank transfers into the club account can be checked via smart phone. Even cheques can be deposited by smart phone, cutting out those trips to the bank with a handful of cheques and a paying in book.

All of this reduces the burden and complexity of carrying out the role of Membership Secretary now and the resilience of the club going forward. Going completely digital next year will further speed up the renewal process, decrease our carbon footprint and save the club money in postage, as well as bringing further benefits to members. Even despite the changes that took place to the renewal system this year, we had received more renewals than ever by due date which is yet another bonus for the club and, of course, the Membership Secretary.

SAC General Assembly Lugano - 15-16 June

The General Assembly of the SAC takes place every four years and I was delighted to be invited as a guest representing the Association. The General Assembly ran strictly to time beginning at 10:30 and ending promptly at 16:00 so as to give time to prepare for the evening dinner. On Sunday there was a choice of activities.

The General Assembly this year was held in the lake shore town of Lugano close to the Italian border. The last time the Association had been invited was back in 2009 when Alasdair and Pam attended.



Francoise Jaquet, President addressing the conference

The General Assembly is when representatives from all sections of the SAC are invited to approve the annual report, financial statement and vote on motions presented by staff. The annual AGM is a business meeting.

The invitation came from Francoise Jaquet the current President and Daniel Marbacher the Secretary general with the inviting preamble: "After four years we are celebrating the Central Feast again this year. It is the opportunity to cultivate club fellowship and celebrate the values of the SAC".

Two items were highlighted, the first a discussion and vote on the commitment to the Glacier Initiative. The Central Committee had already spoken out in favour of it but it was the opinion of the Central Association that delegates and thus the sections must also stand behind it. Rene Michel presented the resolution and answered questions from delegates for nearly one hour, the resolution was passed. The second item covered election of members to the Central and Audit Committee as current incumbents had come to the end of their term of office.

After the launch of the SAC Route Portal and the new website, the SAC continues to advance in digitalisation and for the first time, sent the official invitation electronically. [The 2018 Annual Report](#) is available in digital form and can be translated on line.

The gala dinner was held in the Hotel Splendid Royal and I had the pleasure of sitting with a number of past Presidents including Frank-Urs Muller who attended the ABMSAC 100th. Anniversary dinner in Patterdal in 2009 and Thomas Kahr UIAA Vice President. The evening was a tour de force in that it started at 6:30 pm and coffee was served just before midnight! Between courses entertainment was provided by a group of three jugglers and an accordionist.

On Sunday a large group climbed aboard the funicular to visit Monte San Salvatore and walk back down to Parco San Grato in Carona followed by a guided tour of the botanical gardens with their amazing sculptures.



During the tour I met with Carole Maeder – Milz President of the Neuchatel Section. Her father Hermann Milz was Central President of the SAC, made an address and unveiled a bronze plaque 35 years ago at the Britannia Hut during the ABMSAC 75th. Anniversary celebrations which Belinda and I attended. She told me that he was in a nursing home but remembered our President Peter Ledebor and had fond memories of their time together at the anniversary. The customary aperitif was followed by a crowded bus ride back to Lugano.

My thanks to the Ticino Section for organising the weekend, Francoise and Daniel for the invitation and hospitality and to Stephanie Bellwald who arranged the event. We may get a call from Stephanie as she is planning a cycle tour of Scotland later this year.

James Baldwin, President
26/06/2019

Development and Training

At the February 2019 AGM the committee introduced a Development and Training package to encourage those who wish to develop their skills. The aim is to increase skills, promote the ABMSAC and increase membership.

The package was finalised by Paul Stock and approved by the committee. Heather Eddowes, Vice President, will coordinate the scheme, which is presented below.

SUPPORT FOR MEMBERS TO ATTAIN OR REFRESH MOUNTAIN SKILLS

In the mountains there is always some level of risk associated with outdoor activities. These risks can be mitigated through exploiting skills to move over difficult territory such as rock, snow and ice safely. Being a good mountaineer takes a lot of practice, physical and mental strength, knowledge of terrains, understanding of the weather and proficiency in the use of technical equipment. The club is prepared to provide some financial assistance to enable club members to attain or maintain some of the skills and qualities necessary to become proficient in a variety of mountain activities.

Personal development opportunities include practical or theoretical training courses, mentoring sessions or participating in club meets where multi-activities are available or experiences are shared. (For example: Navigation courses, Winter Skills courses, Mountain Biking courses and Basic Snowshoeing courses). Club members can avail themselves of this support providing that they meet certain criteria and agree to follow the simple process highlighted below.

Criteria:

- Club members are deemed eligible to apply for financial assistance once they have been a member for two years and have attended at least three club meets in the previous year.
- Club members are only allowed to apply for financial assistance once per year.
- All club members in receipt of financial assistance will be required to attend at least three club meets during the year following the personal development opportunity.
- Club members are required to be covered by the relevant insurance during the personal development opportunity.
- The level of financial assistance provided is to be determined by the club committee.
- The club committee decisions are final and there is no appeals procedures.
- All applications for financial assistance for personal development opportunities will be approved by the club committee.
- All club members in receipt of financial assistance will be required to create a short article for the club journal on their experience.
- Where multiple participants of the same personal development opportunity exist a joint article is to be produced.
- The club will not be responsible for any additional costs caused by non attendance.

Process: Club members will apply individually for financial assistance with a simple application form downloaded from the Club page on the ABMSAC website and forward to the clubs Vice President at least one month prior to the personal development opportunity.

- Where multiple club members are applying for financial assistance to attend the same training event a single form is to be submitted by the meet organiser at least three months prior to the personal development opportunity.
- A copy of the relevant insurance cover is to be sent with the application form.
- Journal articles are to be submitted within one month of the personal development opportunity or within the timescales set by the clubs journal editor.
- If the club member cannot attend the personal development opportunity once booked it is their responsibility to find a replacement or pay any costs incurred.

To enable the measurement of the success of this process the club committee will:

- Monitor the financial expenditure on personal development opportunities at each club committee meeting.
- Report the costs within the annual club financial statement.
- Review the total number of personal development opportunity applications at each committee meeting and report the number of successful applications at the clubs AGM.

During the year two applications were approved and the reports are presented below.

Training report from Celine Gagnon, July 2019

I went to Plas Y Brenin in Snowdonia to take on the 5-day Mountain Skills training in May. Whilst the emphasis of the course is very much on navigation – which I needed rather desperately – it offers many other learning opportunities such as how to wild camp responsibly and sustainably, how to plan a route, how to stay safe using ropes and how to use weather forecasts. A lot to cram in over 5 days...



On Day 1 we looked at the basics of weather systems and map reading. We went out to Moel Siabod with a map each, concentrating on the different types of paths that exist and looking for signs – natural or man-made – to ensure we were following our chosen route.

Day 2 started with preparations for our overnight camping expedition. We looked at weather systems in more details, and how it affects route planning particularly when considering wind speed and direction against climb and ground exposure. We also looked at equipment essentials and how to pack as lightly as possible.

We headed to Pen y Pass and started our expedition on the Miners' Track. We were given a series of increasingly specific/difficult navigation challenges and asked to take turns to lead the rest of the group in pairs. After lunch at Llyn Llydaw, we made our way up to East and West



Peaks, then joined the Watkins Path before we traversed to Cwm Tregalan and set up camp for the night. We talked about the ethics of wild camping, which could be surmised as: leave the site as you found it. A small group got back out in the dark to learn and test the basics of night navigation.

We woke up on Day 3 to fog and rain. Once we packed camp and put the site was back to its original state, we made our way to up to the Snowdon summit. Our task was to decide on the most direct route from our camp back to the Watkins path, making sure we were not blown away by the strong winds once we reached the ridge. The foul weather actually gave us perfect learning conditions. After a rather quick break at the café – which closed 15 minutes before we reached the summit – we made our way down back to Pen Y Pass via the PYG track.

The theme for Day 4 was safety. We spent the morning discussion the various hazards that can arise in the mountains and learned how to use ropes. We made our way to the Ogwen Valley to practice with ropes and actual rocks near the lake. Back at the centre, our last task of the day was to work in pairs to plot a 2-day route, taking weather, pace, direction, distance, terrain, inclination, water sources, shelter and so on into planning. We then had to present our plan to get feedback from the group and the instructors.



Day 5 saw us scramble up the North Ridge of Tryffan, in strong wind and sunshine. Again, our instructor explained the basic notions of scrambling (route finding and grading), then took us up and down what turned out to be a fabulous mountain. We even practiced some rope work in a sticky patch. Back at the centre, our 3 fantastic instructors gave us tips and resources to continue our conquest of all things alpine.



I left Snowdonia with grazed knees, good navigation skills and a taste for scrambling. This is, without question, one of the most enjoyable weeks I've spent outdoors. Plas Y Brenin offers decent accommodation, good food, fabulous instructors and great learning opportunities. Thank you to ABMSAC for supporting this fab experience!

Training report from Howard Telford, July 2019

My navigational certificate came through the post today and it reminded me write a summary of the course.

Bronze Navigation Course. My first choice of course was cancelled at short notice so I looked around for a course at a similar price and found one based on Hebden Bridge. As it turned out it was a good choice as I had not been to the area before (and it was cheaper!).

Although I have been navigating in the mountains (and elsewhere) for a very long time it was very helpful to be able to compare my level of competency with a national standard. I was informed that I could have taken the Silver course but this was an excellent refresher in navigation techniques using just a map and compass.

What we covered. We revised map symbols. The number of paces for a 100m distance and the time to walk 100m over different types of terrain. I now have a crib sheet to help me work out time for various distances. We also covered choice of route and splitting the route into smaller manageable legs. This enabled me to recognise a navigational error quickly and take corrective action to relocate.

The bronze course requires the use of linear features, (e.g. paths, tracks etc. as handrails.) We did stray from the syllabus and took bearings over open ground to find an objective. (This is covered in Silver). We also got some advice on access issues and legislation and our responsibilities within the Countryside Code.

I would recommend other members to take this course and/or I could provide some training at the Bronze standard on a less formal basis.

Further applications for training have continued to come in and will be presented on the website and formally presented in the Journal next year.

Celebration Buff

To celebrate 110th Anniversary of the ABMSAC the committee commissioned the ABMSAC 'buff' (neckwear), which was issued free to members who requested one. In the future a buff will be sent to all new members as part of the welcome pack.



We commissioned a firm called Giraffe to make the buff to our design. We were very pleased with the simple design and hoped that they would be a useful item of members outdoor kit.

The Members Secretary sent the buffs out to members when they renewed their subscription for 2019. There was a very high take up of the buffs.

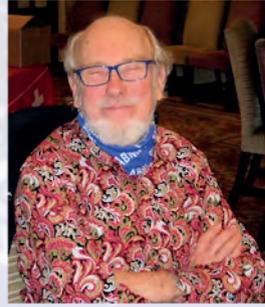
There has been an unofficial competition among members to see who could travel the farthest and/or highest wearing a buff. A page was set up on the website to show off the buffs. Unusually disguises were also sent in.

At the start of the year the furthest that the buffs had travelled from my house (official starting point for measurement!) was 4422 miles to Fernie, BA, Canada on a members ski trip. This looked being the record until I was contacted by Jack Whittaker who had returned from Antartica – a distance of a little over 10000 miles. Well done Jack!

The highest was a little over 4000m on the M'Goun in Morocco in June.

Overleaf are the photos that members have sent in. Many thanks for joining in the celebrations.

*Mike Goodyer
Editor
May 2020*



Jack Whitaker takes the prize for furthest travelled at just over 10000 miles!





Lockdown face coverings in 2020



Member's Articles

Walking in Western Crete, by Pamela Harris

After our island-hopping trip to Crete, Rhodes and Santorini in the spring of 2018, Alan and I decided to return to Crete the following year, but this time for more of a walking holiday. Our idea was to base ourselves in the west of the island so as to explore the White Mountains, the Lefka Ori, which rise to almost 2500m. Alasdair, along with Jim Strachan and Geoff Bone, had talked nostalgically of ABMSAC meets to this part of Crete, following in the footsteps of Patrick Leigh Fermor when he captured the German general, and how there was still a strong bond between the local Cretans and the Brits so many years after the war had ended.

On our return I re-read Jim's report of the 2001 meet, and realised how similar our trip had been to theirs. This account will, I hope, bring back many happy memories to those who have visited the island on previous occasions.

We arrived in early April to find the mountains still heavily snow-covered, and were told that Crete had just experienced its worst winter in 500 years. This meant that high walks were not possible, although we found plenty at a lower level to choose from, and the flowers were as spectacular as I had hoped.



The harbour at Chora Sfakion

We divided our time between the old Venetian capital of Chania on the coast north of the mountains and Chora Sfakion, a much smaller village on the coast to the south. Both are attractive places to stay, their harbours lined with tavernas where we enjoyed our evening meals, usually of Greek salad and whatever freshly caught fish was on offer, washed down by copious quantities of local wine and raki.



Chania from the road to Omalos

On our first day we set off southwards from Chania towards the Omalos plateau high in the White Mountains. The road wound up through orange orchards, the brightly coloured fruit still on the trees at the same time as the new blossom. But as we gained height we realised the extent that winter had taken its toll here, for the road had partially collapsed, and from then on there were potholes and bulldozers to negotiate, as well as herds of wandering goats. Busloads of hikers drive up this road to walk down

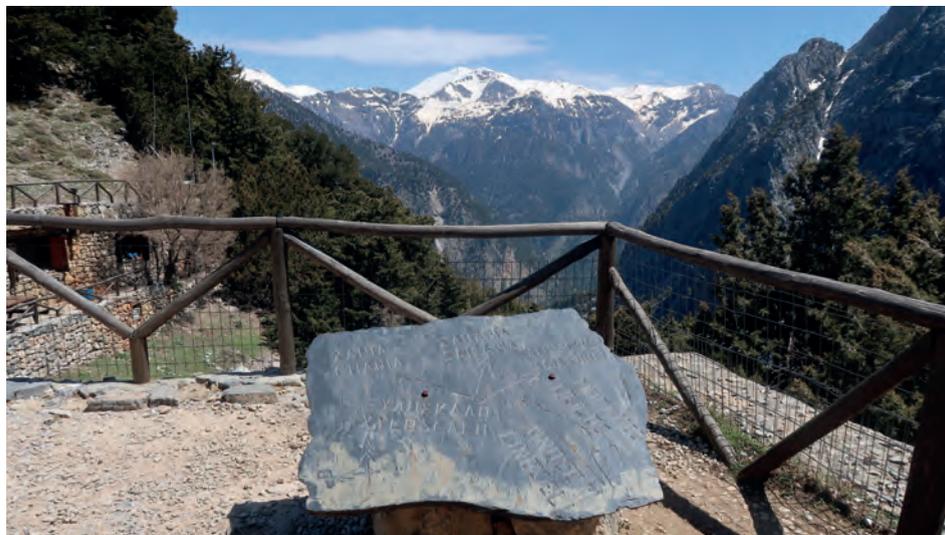
the Samaria Gorge in the summer months, but there was no chance of a bus getting up here so early in the season.

The road finally flattened out when we reached the plateau just below the snow-line, an idyllic spot encircled by mountains. The walk around it was easy, the ground covered with brightly coloured purple and blue crown anemones, delicate pink and white tulips, and a variety of other flowers, although it was not always possible to get off the road to inspect them as fences enclosed grazing goats and sheep. We then set off for Xyloscala, the wooden steps at the top of the Samaria Gorge, one of the longest in Europe. This is arguably the most popular walk on Crete, with as many as 3000 hikers setting off down it on some days in summer. However, no one was attempting it when we were there for it remains



Crown anemones and tulips on the Omalos plateau

closed each year until May 1st, but the view from the top was spectacular, with the high peak of Gingilos rising to the right. We envied those members who had climbed it twenty years earlier, but had to be content with just looking, and wishing we were younger.



At the top of the Samaria Gorge

The next day we decided on a coastal walk, so set off from Kolimbari on the Rodopou peninsula to the north-west. As we walked up the quiet road, gradually gaining height, we looked down onto the sea and back towards the White Mountains high above Chania. We then turned inland through olive groves and vineyards to reach the village of Afrata, where we found a small taverna for our lunch, opened just that day for the first time after winter. At the next village we began our descent into a wilderness of flowers, both pink and white cistus, spiky purple French lavender, and bushes of yellow hypericum, finally reaching the outskirts of the town and the sea again.



French lavender



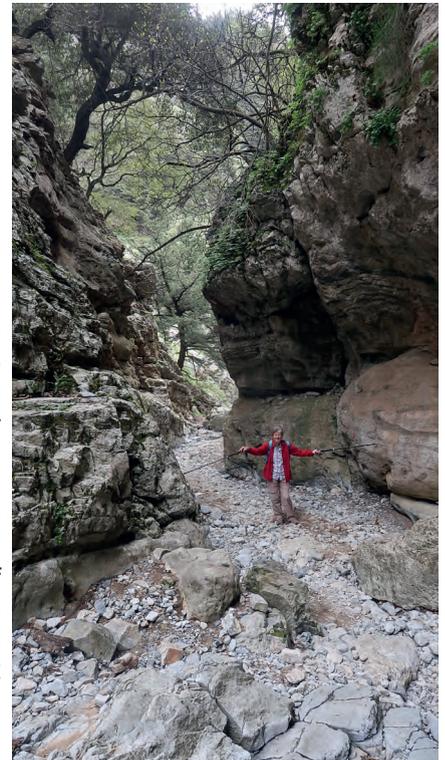
Bushes of hypericum

Another day was spent exploring the monasteries on the Akrotiri peninsula, after which we took the road through the White Mountains, crossing a high pass to eventually descend to Chora Sfakion on the south coast. I had first stayed there more than fifty years before when there was just one small hotel, with three bedrooms. The village had inevitably



grown, and now there were several places to stay and a wealth of tavernas to eat in, although with such an idyllic setting it had retained its charm. At the height of their Mediterranean empire in the 14th century, the Venetians had also discovered Chora Sfakion, building the castle of Frangokastello on the coast nearby to guard their territory, and carving their symbol, the winged lion of St Mark, on its entrance gateway.

Venetian castle of Frangokastello



Walking down the Imbros Gorge



The south coast is still largely inaccessible by road, for there are several other deep gorges as well as the Samaria running through the mountains. That nearest to Chora Sfakion is the Imbros Gorge, an obvious choice for us to walk down. After leaving our car at the bottom, we took a taxi up to the top and started on the 700m descent. It was a warm sunny Sunday, and we were soon overtaken by families enjoying the easy walk, and by a large party of schoolchildren, jumping from rock to rock in the dried-up riverbed. The gorge closed in as we got further down, and at the narrowest point it was possible to touch the walls on either side. Soon after we passed through a large natural archway before the gorge finally widened out as it neared the sea. A variety of brightly coloured flowers had rooted in minute fissures in the rocks, the most prolific being large clumps of yellow tree flax.

Natural archway in the Imbros Gorge

There was no road from Chania to the south until the 1960s, and the route down the gorge was that taken by ANZAC soldiers after the Battle of Crete in May 1941, escaping the pursuing Germans to reach safety on the coast and evacuation to Egypt. The Sfakiots paid dearly for helping the Allied troops, for all the men and boys in the village were killed in reprisal. The monks at the nearby monastery of Preveli also helped the Allied troops escape, and we were not surprised to find so many New Zealand tourists, come to see where their compatriots had been saved and the monument built in commemoration.



Preveli monastery

ANZAC monument at Preveli



Another gorge near Chora Sfakion is the Aradena, which we walked to from the village of Anopolis, situated in a fertile plain of orchards and olive groves directly beneath the looming White Mountains. We first climbed up to the small chapel of Agia Ekaterini high on the hill above, where white and yellow asphodels coloured the slopes. From here there was a spectacular view straight down onto the village of Loutro, 600m directly below, set in a small bay accessible only by boat.



Loutro peninsula from Agia Ekaterina



Chapel of Agia Ekaterina

From the chapel we found a path leading through the ruins of the old settlement to the Byzantine-style church of St Paul, from where an easy cobbled track led across the plateau. And suddenly before us there was the gorge, plunging straight down into the depths below, with a village on the far side. Straddling the gorge was an iron bailey bridge, which vibrated noisily whenever a car crossed over. When we looked more closely, we saw there were large gaps between the slats – crossing on foot was clearly not for the faint-hearted! And neither was the way into gorge itself, for an exposed, zig-zagging path cut into the steep sides, leading down to the coast far below.



We were quite happy to make our way back to Anopolis on the track we had taken, and to have time for a drink in the local taverna before driving down the winding road back to the rocky coast and the sparkling blue sea.



Minoan palace of Knossos

All too soon it was time to make our way to Heraklion for our flight home. But there was one more place to visit before we left the island: the spectacularly restored Minoan palace at Knossos, and the nearby Villa Ariadne, from where Patrick Leigh Fermor had abducted the German general.

Photos by Pamela Harris and Alan Norton

The Dartmoor Way, walking and cycle route around Dartmoor – *By James Baldwin*

Or what to do when the big hills are a long way away!

The Way was originally conceived in 2000 under the stewardship of Dartmoor Towns to promote joint links between the moorland towns and villages. The writer's involvement started in 2009 when it was decided to update and enhance the route including the southern moor. A feasibility study was carried out by Devon Renaissance which demonstrated there was a demand for improving the way and funding of £48,000 for the project was sourced from several organisations. The full fund was used for the cycle route and overseen by Sustrans with a launched in 2013.

In 2014 a Community Interest Company, The Dartmoor Way CIC, was set up to manage both the walking and cycling routes, project manage the creation of the Walking Route and to take responsibility for the finance and ongoing maintenance.

A Steering Group representing the statutory bodies Dartmoor National Park Authority, DNPA, and Devon County Council, DCC, together with Ramblers and business members was created.

It was soon realised that the walking route was a much bigger challenge than that for the cycle route. Apart from fund raising the route travels through numerous parishes and across footpaths and bridleways owned by many organisations.

The three directors, George Coles, Ramblers Devon Area Vice Chairman, Michael Owen, B&B owner based on the Moor, Duke of Edinburgh examiner and past member of the ABMSAC and the writer set about developing a budget, route and adding to up the Steering Group. DNPA were becoming concerned by the number of walkers visiting the high moor and the project might spread the footfall over a greater number of paths. Devon Area Ramblers considered it a good project that would bring together volunteers from their many Groups around the County.

The budget kept expanding as the realisation hit about the size of the undertaking. How many posts were required, how many stickers and screw on signs were needed, what permissions were necessary, an interactive website, guidebook, maps etc. The budget topped £85,000 and it became a two-year challenge to obtain financial commitments. The breakthrough came when Totnes Group of Devon Ramblers, who had been left a substantial legacy, agreed to support the project with £18,000 from the Franklin Fund provided they had representation on the Steering Committee. DNPA offered an equivalent amount but in kind so provided the posts were supplied they would install, and in addition they would plot the route and arrange with Ordnance Survey for the route to be uploaded onto their mapping system. The 2000 route around the north moor had been removed from the map as was not signed, OS policy on long distance routes. Other donations came from Ramblers Holidays Charitable Trust, Viridor, Awards for All and several other organisations, the project was funded and activity started on surveying the route, contacting the landowners and increasing the Steering Committee. Damion Wilcox from Encounter Walking Holidays and Sue Vicars editor of the Dartmoor Magazine and a Cicerone editor joined the team. Sue is writing the guidebook to be published by Cicerone in 2021.

Contacting the landowners became a big task but with help from the National Park wardens and Michael's knowledge of Dartmoor it was finally achieved. A very small number requested changes to the planned route, and they were accommodated. The next challenge was to find volunteers to help with signing of the full 130-mile figure of eight route. Adverts were put in Ramblers Group newsletters and sent to other walking groups locally plus an update on the website for volunteers. Much to the team's surprise and delight over 80 walkers volunteered to help.

Managing the volunteers presented a bigger challenge than expected as it had been anticipated that they would be divided into groups of four and given a small section route map, marked up with locations for each sign, and the necessary hammer, nails, screws, electric screwdriver, gloves, eye protection etc. Steering Committee members went along on the



first day and found that whilst Michael had taken pictures of each location and marked up the map some volunteers found it difficult to relate information to the route. A decision was taken to have a Steering Committee member go with each group and the signing was completed in early autumn 2019.

Whilst all the practical work was progressing a launch plan was being finalised and invitations prepared for volunteers the press, television and dignitaries from all around the route including DCC and the DNPA.

(As I write the directors have decided to postpone the launch from May 2020 until May 2021 due to COVID – 19)

The route is a 108-mile-long circular walk which winds its way around the natural beauty of Dartmoor National Park, linking hamlets, villages and towns along its length. The recreational route takes walkers through the varying landscape surrounding the High Moor, visiting attractive and interesting locations which offer a wide choice of places to eat, drink and stay for the night. The signed Dartmoor Way Walking Route follows quiet Devon footpaths and lanes. In addition to the main circular route, there is a 27-mile-long High Moorland link. This allows the walker to follow a figure of eight route, or alternatively enjoy either of the shorter north or south circular routes. Walking the route, you will discover full days of beautiful scenery, wonderful places to stay and great places to explore.



The aim is to increase tourist activity around the perimeter of Dartmoor, it is on existing rights of way and way marked to make it easy to follow. The route has been designed to link many of the hamlets, villages and towns on the edge of the moor to deliver tourists to the businesses in these locations and encourage them to enjoy their special qualities. It is designed to deliver tourists to the towns and villages along the route such as Okehampton, Moretonhampstead, Chagford, Bovey Tracey, Ashburton, Buckfastleigh, Ivybridge, Yelverton and Tavistock.

Horsham Steps



The Dartmoor Way crosses Fingle bridge, above and the clapper bridge on the right

The provision of way-marking and a down-loadable PDF route description will make the route accessible to all without the need for map reading capability.

The project aims to deliver environmental benefits by encouraging users to follow the circular route between towns and villages without the need for car or bus transport throughout their holiday. Access to the mainline rail network is at Newton Abbot, Totnes, Ivybridge, and Plymouth. Access is also available at the branch line station at Okehampton and the heritage railway at Buckfastleigh.

The route description will include information on walking and/or use of public transport to get to the Dartmoor Way from these stations. The project will contribute to the Health & Wellbeing strategy of the Government and Local Authorities by promoting healthy exercise in the open air.

(See website: <https://www.dartmoorway.co.uk>)

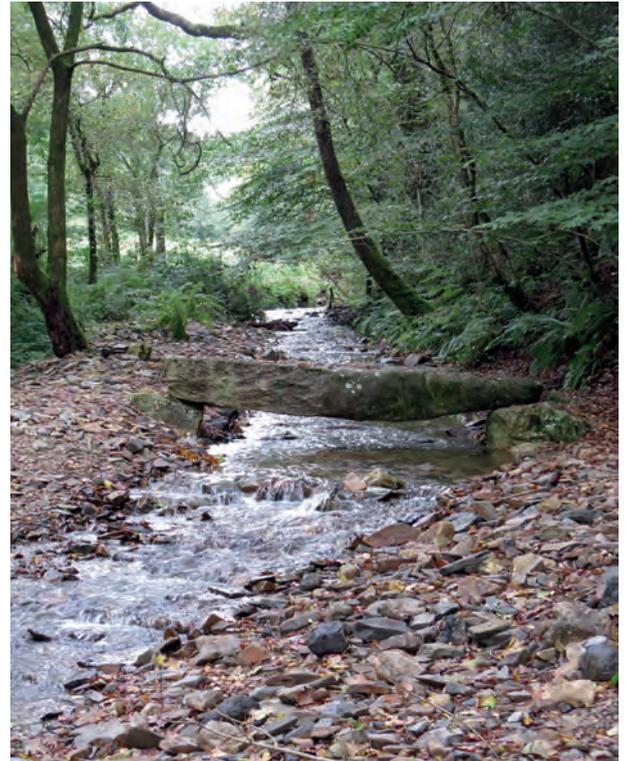
Having walked most of the route during the planning stage I decided that Belinda and I would try to get around the walk using public transport to return to base. It did work but with few if any busses on Sundays and some villages only have one bus per week it needed careful planning!

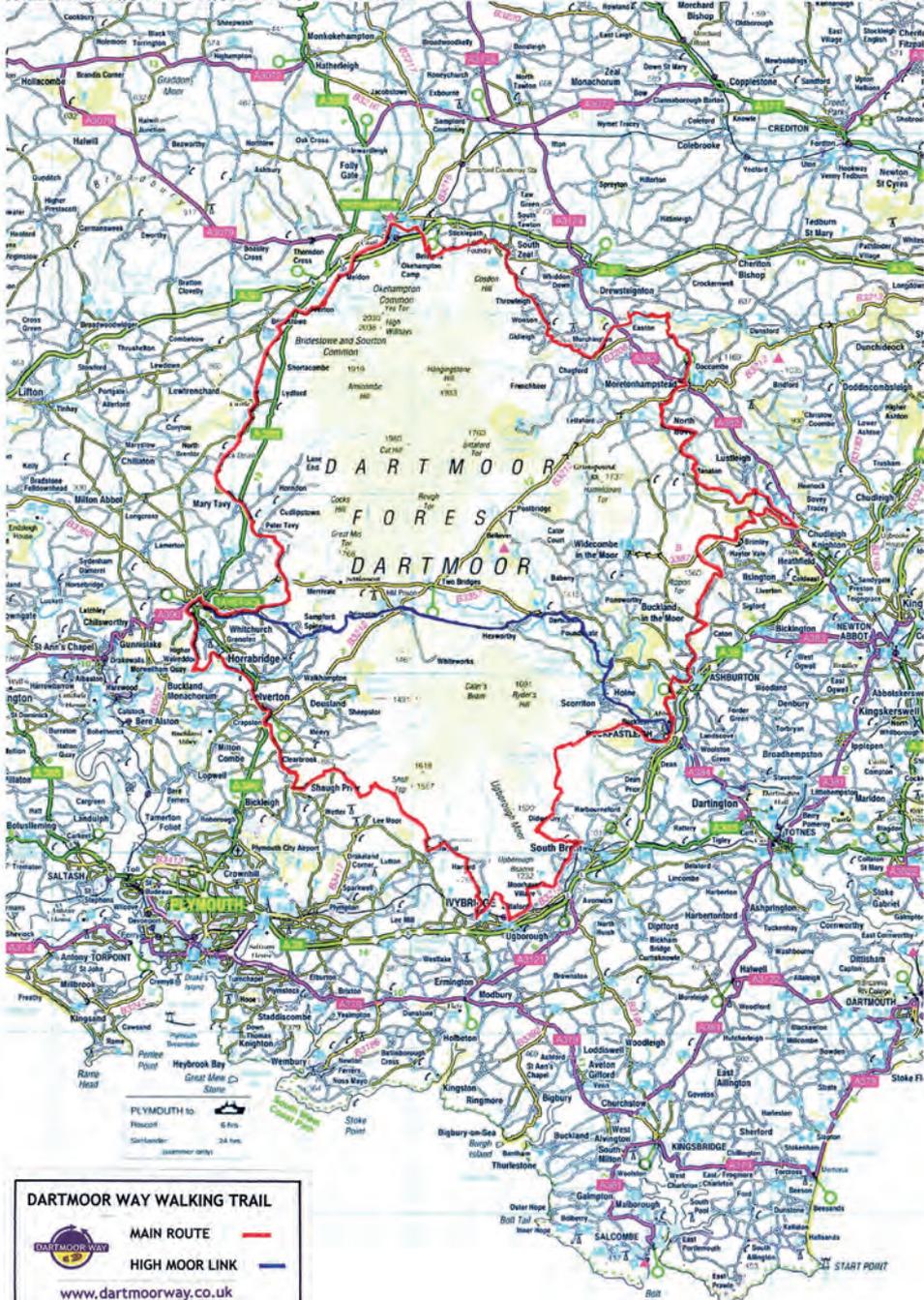
Acknowledgements: Many thanks to George Coles and Michael Owens for their input.

Overleaf is a map of the route.

In the longer term, it will be possible to add themes such as wildlife, archaeology and gourmet trails. Elements of these themes will be included in the web site route descriptions from inception to inform users and to indicate the long- term potential of the project.

An important objective of the project is to get the way-marked route back onto the Ordnance Survey 1:25,000 mapping (OL28) as a named route.





DARTMOOR WAY WALKING TRAIL

 **MAIN ROUTE** ——— —

HIGH MOOR LINK ——— —

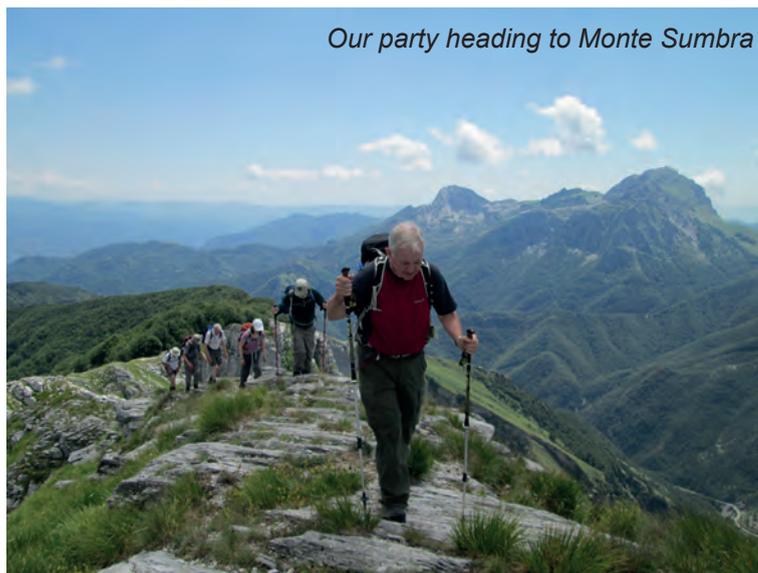
www.dartmoorway.co.uk

Italian Ramblers holiday – *By Don Hodge*

Judy and I decided to take a Ramblers holiday in Italy in July 2018, and as the walks are split into two grades, it allowed us to decide whether to do the harder or easier route each day. The area was the Apuans and Apennines in the north west of Italy and north of Pisa. On day 1, we flew from Heathrow to Pisa airport where we joined the other fifteen people on the holiday and were met by our guide Meryl. The coach journey stopped for a break at the Devil's Bridge which allowed us time to cross the ancient steeply humped bridge across a river. We then continued to our hotel at Castelnuova di Garfagnana, which would be our base for the first week.

On the second day as the second guide had not yet arrived from the UK, we all did the walk together starting from the hotel. It was supposed to take 4½ hours, but it took nearly twice as long perhaps because it was very hot and had to stop to drink water frequently. Back at the hotel, there was a nice swimming pool to help cool off before having a very good dinner, which included wine.

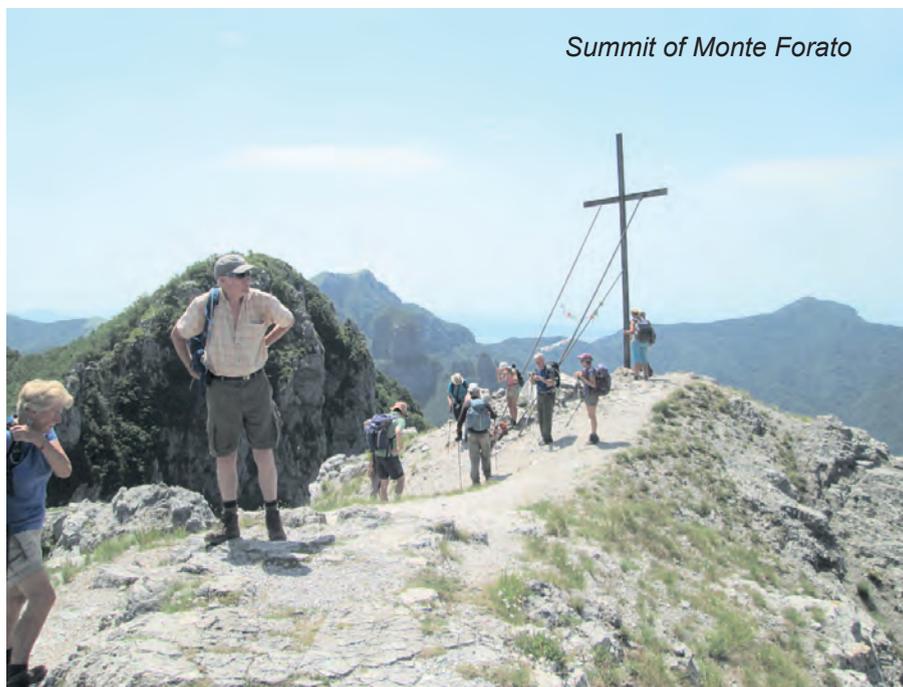
Before the meal, we had a briefing about the next day's (day 3) route, which would be divided into grade 6 and 7 walks as the other leader Tom had arrived. I decided to do the shorter route, which was supposed to be 19.5km long and involve 700m of ascent and 400m of descent and to take 5½ hrs,. During the following days, we found that the figures for many of the routes were somewhat inaccurate, and were usually longer and involve more ascent and descent. Also the times stated for the routes seemed to exclude all stops including lunch and therefore took much longer. We went by minibus up to a mountain refuge La Vetricia to San Pellegrino Pass, and then followed the ridge north along the former state border between Tuscany and Emilia Romagna. It was quite windy and a bit damp as we walked along the ridge, and the path was narrow although not very used but was straightforward. Unfortunately one of our group tripped over and ended up with a blooded head. At the point where we started our descent, there was a small shrine with piles of rocks nearby, the rocks having been carried up people as a penance. Judy of course did the longer route which went up into the cloud on Monte Giovo (1997m) then followed our route.



Our party heading to Monte Sumbra

The following day's walk (day 4) was in the same area of the Apuans but climbed Monte Sumbra and I decided to do the harder grade 7 walk, which was 16 km long and had 800m of ascent and 1350m of descent. We started up through woods until we emerged onto a limestone ridge which gave some interesting scrambling up to the summit, with fantastic views of other tops all around. After the summit we descended a bit to have lunch when it started to rain so waterproofs were quickly donned. Our descent took a different route from the grade 6 walk, and meandered through fields on a narrow path with long grass hiding it. At one point three of us at the back missed the path and had to back-track a short way. Much to our surprise, we met one of the other group who had taken a shorter descent route. She asked if we had seen one of their party, who had gone back up the descent path to look for his glasses which he had lost. We had not passed him on the single path, but we went back to

look calling his name. Eventually we saw him just as he fell a short distance off the path, so rushed to help. In falling, he had bashed his head and was the same chap who had hurt himself the previous day and he hadn't found his glasses! We then caught up with all the others where the guides administered first aid. Fortunately he was ok and able to walk back to the transport, but because of the delay we did not have time to go down to the lake at the ancient hamlet of Isola Santa.



On day 5 our walk was to Monte Forato which means "the holed mountain" because of the natural arch at the peak. We started at Fornovalasco and ascended in woods until we emerged in an area with views in all directions over the Tuscan mountains. As we neared one of the limestone crags, we could see a line of helmet clad climbers doing a "via Ferrata" route. We then arrived at the "hole" which gave views down in the wooded valleys below then continued to Monte Forato, from where we took a different route back to our the village of Fornovalasco. Here we were able to buy ice creams and beers before taking the coach back to the hotel, and Judy also found time to wade in the river that flowed through the village, where two children were splashing around in the water.



*Judy walking cautiously
past a "crocodile"*

Day 6 was our free day, so most of our group decided to take the train to Lucca, which is a walled town. The train was packed and took much longer than scheduled as it had to wait several times for up-coming trains on the single track line.

The town is very interesting and the huge walls allow people to cycle multi-person bikes around the wide track. Puccini lived there and we visited his house which is kept as a museum and has examples of his music scores. We then walked around most of the town, which had lots of very ornate churches. We went up one tall tower which has a small roof garden with trees growing on its top and very many steps to reach the top, with the final ones being very narrow. From the top we had a grand view over all of Lucca. We then explored a feature that we had seen on the town map, which turned out to be an aqueduct still in use today, bringing water from the hills many miles away. Returning to the town, we saw several people coming to a standpipe in their cars to fill up large water containers, as apparently they preferred the water coming directly from the aqueduct, rather than water from the house taps.

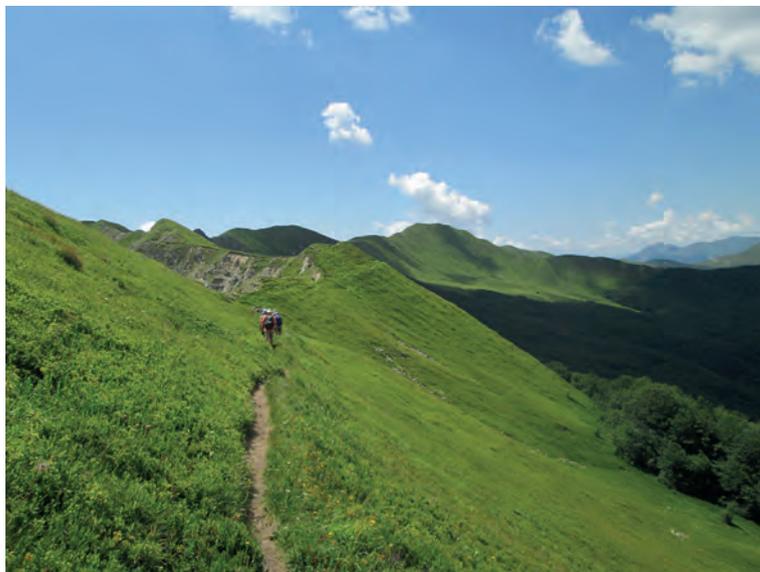
On day seven, the route took us to Pania delle Croce known as the "Queen of the Apuans" and at 1885m was one of the highest and most beautiful in the Apuans. Both groups headed up to Rifugio Rossi, then took a rocky ascent to the spectacular summit ridge. The grade 6 people returned by the same route, but we continued over the top and descended clockwise back to the starting point. Much to our surprise, we arrived back at the coach before the other group, where our leader received a phone message from the other leader that they had had an "incident" so he returned back up the path and shortly met up with them. The person who had already had two accidents on this holiday, had again fallen. This time he had hit the side of his head and his chest and had also lost one of his hearing aids, but fortunately he was able to walk back to the minibus. Since both groups had arrived back at the same time, there were too many to fit into it, so some volunteered to wait for its return, but had to find shelter as just then it started raining. The coach with our injured man dropped him and the leader off at the hospital in the town, so that he could be examined by a doctor. We were then dropped off at the hotel before the coach returned to collect the others. Later, the leader and our injured colleague returned to the hotel, and we were told that he had not only damaged his head, but also cracked some ribs.



*Don and Judy on summit of
Paniam di Corfino*

The next day (8) we took the coach to our next hotel and on the way we climbed the Paniam di Corfino (1607m). We started at a visitor's centre which had a farmers market nearby selling home-made bread, cheeses and other home-made food items. From there we climbed up through woods which had a long-disused ski tow alongside, until we reached the summit, giving glorious views over the whole Apuan range across the valley. Our descent took a different route back to our starting point at the visitor's centre. The hotel was at Passo dei Carpinelli at an altitude of 800m but in spite of the hotel being quite high, it was warm enough to enjoy our multi-course dinner outside on the terrace. A new leader had arrived from the UK to replace the one who had arrived after our first day as he had to return home. Our injured colleague

decided that it was also time to leave, especially because of the pain due to his cracked ribs and so he travelled back to the airport on the train from the station in the valley below with the returning leader.



On day 10, we started from the mountain pass of Passo di Pradarena then crossed the north facing slopes of the Tuscan-Emilian ridge, then followed it until we came to a wood where the leader expected to find a path. None was found so we had to descend the trackless slope from the ridge, until we reached a good track, which allowed us to bypass the wood and find the path back to our starting point.

Walking along the Tuscan-Emilian ridge

Day's 11 route was described as "A gentler day, walking through the woods from the hotel to and from Lake Gramolazzo" which was just visible below. The updated walk statistics gave the grade 6 as 19km with 450m of ascent and descent, rather than the advertised figures of 16km and 400m respectively. The grade 7 walk was now 26km increased from 20km so I decided to go with the grade 6 group. It was very hot that day, and more so since we were not on top of a mountain and the so-called descent to the lake involved quite a bit of uphill through the woods. On our previous walks along ridges, we had seen signs of up-rooted grass caused by wild boar but had not seen any. This day however, we heard a crashing sound ahead of us and our leader had a brief glimpse of one running across our path. Before we reached the lake, some of the group started a revolt as their various satnav gadgets showed that we had done nearly all of the 400m of ascent, even before we started the climb back to the hotel. The leader phoned a taxi firm some way down the valley, but the cost was too much so she contacted the hotel and negotiated a better deal for the few who wanted a lift. At the lake, my group stopped for refreshments at a cafe where the hotel taxi would come, and in the mean time I went for a swim in the warm water. Soon after my dip, the grade 7 group arrived at the lake, where Judy immediately went for a swim. Their route having been even longer than expected as the leader had lost the way a few times. I walked back with the reduced grade 6 group up an initially tarmaced forest track, which rose steadily uphill through the forest and past tree felling operations. It was very hot and we stopped many times to drink our water in the shade, until we arrived back to near the hotel, where we dived into a cafe for beers and ice creams. A bit later, we saw the grade 7 group who had taken a slightly different route back, but they were made of sterner stuff and continued directly back to the hotel.

The next day should have been another mountain walk, but was changed to our day off as the mini-buses were not available. Since Judy and I had enjoyed our swim in the lake on the previous day, we decided to go to the lake directly, by following our previous ascent route. We were aware that storms were predicted but hoped that they would not affect our day too much. Down at the lake it was rather windy and cool but we had a swim in the warm water just before a light drizzle started and we could hear thunder. We started back up the forest track and were just beyond the village when

the heavens opened with thunder, lightning and very heavy rain. The only shelter there was under the trees and in spite of our waterproofs, we quickly became soaked and had to wait 30 minutes before the rain reduced a bit. Nearer the hotel the sun came out and we able to try and dry out a bit, except that every bit of my clothing was wet. When we spoke to the other members of our group, we heard that the storm had been right over the hotel which had lost power for a time and some of them had been in the nearby cafe where they were trapped for a while.

On day 13, we started again from Passo di Pradarena at an altitude over 5000 ft, then ascended Monte Tondo (1782m) and the grade 7 group continued to Monte La Nuda (1895m) in dry conditions, however on our descent through the woods back to our hotel, it rained for several hours.

We did more mountain walks on the next three days and on the last day we travelled by coach down to the port of La Spezia to visit the Cinque Terre which is a world heritage site. A few of the group wanted to walk along the cliff path above the villages, but the rest of us went to the train station where many hundreds of people were queuing to buy train tickets, before taking the very crowded train which runs through tunnels above the cliffs between all the villages. At our northern village of Monterosso al Mare, we took a boat back south along the coast, which gave stunning views of the beautiful villages, but we were told that the boat could not berth at any of them "because of tide and swell issues". We landed near our starting point where we had time for a couple of swims in the warm sea, although it was difficult to find places which were not private. We all met up at the coach to return to our hotel. The group who had wanted to walk along the top of the cliffs had not been able to find the path so their day was less interesting compared with ours.

The holiday was over except for the return coach trip to Pisa and the flight home and from the plane, we had a very good view of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. One of our leaders lived in Italy, spoke the language and had reconnoitred the routes previously. The other two leaders did not know the routes or the language and it was quite a responsibility for them to lead an unknown group onto mountains that they did not know, with only a map to follow. Several members of the group had phone apps which gave very detailed maps with our location and they were often able to advise the leaders about our route.

Judy and I liked the holiday very much and enjoyed the company of the other members. The hotels were very nice and the food was delicious and plentiful. The only criticism was that most days we had an hour's coach or minibus drive up to the start of the route and sometimes the descent route seemed endless down through woods, back to a different pickup point.

(Editors Note: This article was omitted from last year's Journal – sorry Don)

Trekking in Tajikistan – By Judy Renshaw

For a long time I had wanted to visit central Asia, especially the countries which were formerly part of the USSR, located between China, Russia and the West. Tajikistan is one of the most mountainous of the 'Stans', making it attractive to trekkers and mountaineers. I chose to go with KE adventure travel as they offered a trip combining two weeks trekking in a remote area with a few days in Samarkand, Uzbekistan.

Tajikistan is on a latitude equivalent to the southern Mediterranean so in August it was very warm in the valleys and cities but cold at higher altitudes. The country became independent in 1991 and now has a stable government, after

experiencing some years of tension. Most of the population are involved in agriculture, with cotton and wheat being the main crops. The vast majority of people are follow the Islamic faith but appear to do so in a fairly relaxed way, keeping their weekends in line with ours. The country maintains close links with Russia and Uzbekistan.

We arrived at the capital, Dushanbe, around 3.30 am (it is 4 hours ahead of UK time) after a daytime flight and a change at Istanbul. Around two-thirds of the passengers to Istanbul were Turkish but those going on to Dushanbe were almost all from Western Europe, including a large party from Lithuania, most of whom looked like trekkers or tourists. Despite this, we saw very few other trekkers in Tajikistan. Fortunately we were met by a guide and driver, who had had to come to the airport at this uncivilised hour. After a few hours' rest in the hotel, we met our English guide and did the compulsory sightseeing in Dushanbe, as we would not be coming back there. The centre of the city is spacious and modern, with large statues of its founder, Timur, and elaborate areas of fountains, as well as a smart new covered market. Most of this was built in the 1980s, before it became independent from the USSR. We saw very few people, either locals or visitors, in any of these places that morning

We spent the rest of the day travelling in a minibus to the start of the trek, at first on good roads, later on unsurfaced roads and finally a rough jeep track. We were a group of 8, from a mix of countries, including Lichtenstein and Denmark, with 3 guides. Our main mountain guide, Nazarradin, knew the area and the routes very well indeed but could not speak any English, although he communicated well with signs. Our interpreter, Faizeboy, had a good command of English but was young and had limited experience of organising groups. In addition, we had an English guide, Natalie, who was extremely helpful, as no one else there could realistically have managed us and the team as she did. There were four more of the team - Doniour, our cook, and three 'donkey men' who dealt with the tents, the transport and everything else. As well as six donkeys, one final member of the crew was Rex, a dog belonging to one of the donkey men, who kept us company and protected some of our camps from other local dogs.

The 12 days of the trek took us on a clockwise circuit of the Fann mountains in North Western Tajikistan. On most days we went over a pass or up towards one, so almost all of the route was either ascent or descent. The first few days in the south were in slightly lower mountains so were warm, even at night, but the later section to the north was in higher mountains so was always cold at night and occasionally during the day as well. In the south we saw no one else trekking but we did see other trekkers on a few days in the north, as this area is more popular with mountaineers.

The minibus took us to the first camp, beyond the large Iskander Lake where the president has his summer residence, next to a large river. Camp had been set up for us, so we did a first sort out of tents and gear, had a quick wash in a stream and enjoyed a very good dinner. Natalie had impressed on the cook that we needed to eat well (after the previous year's poor experience) so there was always plenty to suit everyone. Dinner started with a (cooked) salad, often beetroot, aubergine, carrots peas etc., a substantial soup, followed by meat and vegetables, with potatoes, buckwheat or rice. Sometimes there was watermelon or peaches too. That night was very warm, although at 2400m, and I slept only intermittently, despite the lack of sleep the previous night.

Every day we had a morning call with tea at 6am (though many of us were up before then) and breakfast at 6.45, having already packed our bags and cleared the tents. We set off at 7.30, sometimes earlier if everyone was ready. Each day we each carried some of the lunch – tins, bread, fruit etc. and had an extended stop to eat it. Usually there was tinned fish, cucumber and tomato salad, bread, rice, buckwheat or pasta and fruit. We were each given a snack bag as well with nuts, sweets etc.

Our first day trek was up the valley then an ascent on a fairly steep rocky path to camp at 3400m below a col. Unfortunately I managed to step on an unstable boulder and gash my leg on the very first morning, which was highly annoying as it needed careful treatment for a few days though did not cause any major problem (except missing out on one swim). The scenery was beautiful and varied, from the valley up into the mountains and the first of the snow line. There were alpine flowers and marmots in the higher area. Just before reaching the camp we passed some shepherds with a large flock of sheep and goats. We were told to stay close together as their dogs are trained to be aggressive and anyone on their own might be attacked. We all passed by safely, with Nazarradin having a friendly chat with the shepherds. The camp was just below some patches of snow and a rock wall. Washing was a little more difficult there, although still possible, as the ground close to the river was very wet, and it was cold too. Later in the evening, Rex was spotted scent marking all around our camp, which may have helped to keep the other dogs away. During the night there was a commotion with much barking of dogs and braying of donkeys, so everyone was awake for a while.



In the morning we ascended a narrow path over a large moraine to the Dukdon Col (3800m), each person going at their own pace and passing across a short snowfield. The crew and donkeys came through after us and we watched as they carefully descended a larger snowfield on the other side. Nazarradin cut steps for us, so it was not difficult to follow. Below was a large area of juniper bushes and a shady lunch place. We reached camp by mid-afternoon, down at 2700m on an island in a wide confluence of rivers, so we had to wade across to reach it. Once there, it was one of the best campsites on the trip, with plenty of good streams for washing, comfortable rocks to sit on and enjoy the evening sunshine in the wide valley and great views all around.

Donkeys crossing Dukdon Col

Nomad women churning yogurt

The next day we took a detour from the main valley to a picturesque lake high above the main valley, passing two 'nomad' camps. Several families live in each camp, looking after the sheep and goats that belong to many other families from a village below. The men take the animals out on the hills to graze while the women make yogurt and cheese. They sell some of this in the markets, give some to the other families and use some for themselves. We were invited to meet the women and children and to sample their very nice yogurt. They refused any payment and were happy to give some to us with nothing expected in return. In their culture visitors are made welcome and giving



some of their produce is considered an honour. Sadly, this will almost certainly change when the area becomes more popular with tourists. We returned to the main valley on a different path and took another narrow valley, the Akhmat valley, to our next camp. The path to this was overgrown with giant hogweed, which is reputed to be corrosive when cut, so we had to go carefully, especially as most of us were in shorts and T-shirts. The camp was on a narrow terrace without any shade and with more difficult access to water, so some of us squeezed into the small shade of the dining tent until the sun went down.

From the terrace in the overgrown valley we had an unusually long day up to a pass at 3400m and down through alpine meadows, crossing many rivers and streams, eventually reaching a more populated area of farmland. This led to the main wide valley again, which had a jeep track. We had to camp here by the track, as the donkeys and crew had taken a lower route and found that a bridge to the higher valley was too broken up to be safe for the donkeys to cross. The consolation for the long day and less than ideal campsite was finding many apricot trees on the way down and being allowed to take some on our way.

From this camp it was only a half-day up to the village of Guitan, which formed a sort of half way point to the trek and provided the luxury of having a house to sleep in, as well as a basic shower. It was very good to be able to rest indoors, out of the sun and the inevitable afternoon wind. It was also possible to wash clothes there and hang them in the garden. Later we took a short tour of the village, including a shop, which sold bottled drinks but very little else. Most of us bought something, mainly to support the shop. There was also a small school and traditional stone and mud houses with apricots drying on many of the flat roofs.

The following day we continued up to the Guitan pass then down through a lovely pine forest to the Chukurak lakes at 3450m. On the way we passed another small nomad camp and were given more yogurt as well as their delicious home-made bread. We were early into camp so there was plenty of time to explore this very beautiful spot. However, it was a shock to find - for the first time - other trekkers there, camped at the other end of our lake but dipping into the lake just near us! Several of our group had a brief swim in the icy water as well. I was very annoyed that my leg was not sufficiently healed to allow me to swim, so I had to console myself with a paddle and a walk around the lake, crossing the river at the far end on some stepping stones.



Camp by Chukurak lake

From here the route was surrounded by higher mountains, so was cooler and also cloudier, with cold evenings and nights. We went over another pass at 3180m, down to a wide valley with several lakes. The lunch stop by the lake had very limited places that were sheltered from the wind but another, even smaller, shop in a tent. Our camp for the night was higher up the next valley at 3000m in a dramatic setting under a glacier, by a river, with no other people in sight.



Camp under the glacier

After a cold morning start, the day warmed up again as we ascended the Alaudin pass at 3785m, but warm clothes were



needed on the descent when the wind came up. Our next camp was near the Alaudin Lake which is a popular spot with trekkers and mountaineers. Although our camp was away from the main lake, it was close to a main route to the higher mountains so we saw several other people passing nearby. A short distance away there was a small lake fed by a mountain stream, where I was able to have my first swim of the holiday. It was extremely cold so about one minute was enough, but it left me with a satisfying glow. Later I walked around the main lake, which had a small shop in a tent at the far end and a campsite with several small tents of people travelling independently.

Morning reflections at Alaudin Lake

The next day was only a few hours walk up to our 'high camp' at Lake Mutnoe (3560m). The trail became gradually more rocky and sparse of vegetation as it ascended, although there were still some wild garlic and blue flowering plants near the top. The available camping places were quite small and a number of other groups were there, so our crew had to wait for spaces to become vacant. It was nice to have lunch in the dining tent, out of the wind, with just about enough sun to warm it for an hour or so. In the afternoon some of us walked around the high lake, under a glacier and contemplated the Mazalat pass we had to ascend in the morning. At that stage, the state of the snowfield was unknown so we were unsure whether it would be possible to get there. Down jackets and hats were definitely needed all afternoon and evening, as well as extra guy ropes on the tents.



Ascent to Mazalat Pass

Despite several attempts to keep the toilet tents upright they both collapsed in the wind and could not be resurrected. A proper wash that evening was not really feasible so wipes had to suffice. Dinner that night was quite a chilly affair, with wind howling under the tent and rain during and after the meal. Several people said they would not go up to the pass tomorrow if it was raining.

However, the morning was dry with some clouds, though still cold and windy, so all except one of us set off at the normal time of 7.30. It was my birthday, so at breakfast they had given me a card and a very special Tajik hat. It was only about 700m of ascent to the pass and we took it slowly, even though we were fairly well acclimatised by now.



As the snow field was soft enough for step cutting but not soft enough to sink into, we made good progress and were up there by 10 o'clock then went up further to a small summit at around 4200m, which had a spectacular viewpoint.

Judy on summit above the Mazalat Pass



Some time was spent taking photos, then we made a careful descent back to the place where we had hidden the lunch.



Group members on summit above the Mazalat Pass

Rest stop on descent from Mazalat Pass



It was an easy return route to the Alaudin Lake, where I managed a very quick swim and wash before the sun went below the hill. That evening I felt I should wear my Tajik hat for the special dinner and cake (made from biscuits stuck together with jam). They also gave me a lovely bouquet of mountain flowers, which I carried on my rucksack the next day.

Our final day of trekking took us over yet another pass at 3440m. Although the path was easy, going gradually up over an open grassy hillside, one member of the party was feeling very unwell so we waited for long periods while he struggled with tiredness. For a while he took a ride on the spare donkey, which had been brought along for that reason.

While we waited we saw eagles above the ridge and explored a few scrambling opportunities just above the pass. The lunch stop was down the other side near a river and a shepherd's tent, where Nazarradin was entertained by the shepherd for a lunch of yogurt. We continued down the river valley to our last camp at only 2450m, where there was a jeep track. I had hoped that it would be warm here at the lower altitude but it was actually colder and froze overnight. That evening we said farewell to our main guide and crew and presented them with their tips, with short speeches from all of us.



The following day we travelled by minibus to the border with Uzbekistan, left our interpreter there and were met by our Uzbek guide for a few days of sightseeing in Samarkand. There we were staying in a hotel right next to the gigantic Bibi Khanum mosque, reputed to be the largest in Asia. I was so excited about having a bathroom and shower that I had to take photos of it (though it was tiled beautifully in the local style) and washed my rucksack and kit bag as well as myself.

In the next couple of days we visited the main mosque, built by Timur, the great leader of Uzbekistan in the 15th century.



We also saw his grandson's tomb, another huge necropolis and an observatory from the same era that had added considerably to our knowledge of the universe. In addition I managed to catch part of an international festival of music and dance in the Registan Square in the cool of the evening. Samarkand was well organised for tourists, of whom there were many, though the majority were from Uzbekistan. Nevertheless, it was strange to encounter British people again. We took a train to Tashkent and visited some more sites there before most of us returned to the UK the following day.

Bibi Khanum mosque from our hotel

Tajikistan was a very interesting country to visit, where tourists are still relatively rare. It has lovely scenery and mountains and very hospitable people. I would definitely recommend it, though very little English is spoken, and knowledge of Russian would probably be more helpful. Uzbekistan is more visited than Tajikistan and tourism forms an important part of their economy.

A Trip to the Antarctic Peninsula via the Falkland Islands, South Georgia and the South Shetland Islands – *By Jack Whitaker*

This was to be my trip of a lifetime - something I'd wanted to do from childhood. Well, I didn't make it to the South Pole but it seemed to me to be a good idea to include the Falkland Islands and South Georgia while I was heading for the Antarctic Peninsula and this amounted to a 3 week cruise operated by Quark Expeditions, an American company based in Seattle. In order to get to the starting point in Ushuaia, I needed to travel via Buenos Aires so I had a few days there sightseeing and sampling the Argentinean steaks which were as good as their reputation (for a carnivore, at any rate). I didn't manage to get to a tango demonstration though so I have a good excuse to revisit BA!

The ship, the Ocean Diamond, was relatively small, carrying 186 passengers, which is an advantage because there are places which larger ships are unable to access. There is also a maximum limit of 100 people allowed to land at any one time in the Antarctic Peninsula (Graham Land). The passengers were allocated to the Zodiac boats in 4 groups and on days that we were able to land 2 groups would go for a cruise in the Zodiacs while the other 2 groups would land. On the next outing the groups would go in a different order so everyone had an opportunity to be the first to land and so on.

On days when we were at sea members of the expedition staff made presentations about the wildlife that we would be seeing - birds, including penguins of various sorts and whales and seals. We were able to watch films about the Falklands conflict and the Shackleton story. The first day was spent at sea on the way to the Falkland Islands. The weather was beautiful and we saw several fin and humpback whales as well as a lot of albatrosses and petrels. The next day we were able to land on West Point Island in the west part of the Falkland Islands and view hundreds of nesting black-browed albatrosses and rockhopper penguins with their chicks, again in beautiful weather. In the afternoon we moved to Saunders Island to see more Black-browed albatrosses together with Gentoo, king and magellanic penguins. The following day was spent visiting Stanley on the east coast, with a short bus trip and then walk to Gypsy Cove. I was pleased to be able to have a pint of Falklands Brewery Iron Lady draught pale ale in the Globe Tavern in Stanley.

The following two days were spent at sea on the way to South Georgia and the weather was dull and grey but we weren't worried about that! We were briefed about South Georgia and the biosecurity measures which had to be followed in order to protect the large habitat restoration projects which have been undertaken in recent years to eradicate rodents and other non-native species from the islands and to prevent them from returning. This involved making absolutely sure that all our outer clothing, boots, backpacks and any photo equipment such as tripods were 100% clean to avoid any risk of contamination of the islands. All our gear was inspected and we were obliged to sign a IAATO Biosecurity declaration. Whenever we left the ship throughout the trip we had to step in a tray full of disinfectant and on return we had to have our boots power sprayed clean and then go through the disinfectant tray again.

The next day was the first Christmas Day in my life where I have not been with my family although we did just about manage a couple of Face Time calls to the family in UK and New Zealand. We had got up extra early for a Zodiac cruise in Elsehul Bay but it was very windy and it was decided that it was too rough for the Zodiacs so the ship continued on to Right Whale Bay which was our planned destination for the afternoon. Our first day in South Georgia was the only day of the whole trip when we were unable to do the activities as planned - and this is something that one has to be prepared for and to accept due to weather and other unpredictable causes.



We spent three more days visiting six different parts of South Georgia and the weather was lovely for all of them. First was Grytviken which was the hub of the whaling industry for over 60 years. We had a short presentation about the conservation works which had been done by the South Georgia Heritage Trust. Ernest Shackleton is buried in the whalers' cemetery. Grytviken was a fascinating place with lots of southern elephant seals, fur seals and king and Gentoo penguins and, of course, the remains of the whaling industry in the shape of storage tanks, blubber processing equipment and a few ancient ships. There was also a museum, a church and a post office shop.

Grytviken, South Georgia

The next stop was at Fortuna Bay where we were able to land and enjoy some lovely panoramic views of the jagged mountains and the Konig Glacier at the head of the bay and see the largest colony of king penguins on South Georgia.



A lot of them were juniors still sporting their brown fluff which has to moult to form feathers before they can swim. There were some quite comical sights of them with partially discarded fluff! This bay was where Shackleton, having landed on the south side of the island at Pegotty Bluff in King Haakon Bay, had crossed the island and descended into Fortuna Bay over Breakwind Ridge, crossed over Whistle Cove and then on, over another ridge, to Stromness where he was able, eventually, to arrange rescue for his men, 3 of whom had been left in Pegotty Bluff, and the 22 who had been left at Point Wild on Elephant Island, which we were subsequently able to visit.

Konig Glacier, Fortuna Bay, South Georgia



The following day was a very early start for my group - we were in the Zodiacs by 6.30am to land on Salisbury Plain to see an estimated 250,000 king penguins, many of which were moulting, and plenty of fur seals and their cute looking pups. We were back on the ship by 9am for breakfast while the other Zodiac groups had their visit.

The weather had been a bit dull and grey but it had become lovely again by the afternoon when we visited Stromness Harbour, another whaling station which was Shackleton's final destination in his search for help.



Fur seals in Stromness Harbour



Waterfall in Shackleton Valley



We had a pleasant walk along a river to the waterfall where he and his men descended having crossed over the ridge from Fortuna Bay. Once again there were plenty of penguins, seals and southern giant petrels who were keen to eat the odd seal pup or penguin who had not survived.

Then we went cruising in the Zodiacs to allow the other groups to land and saw lots of blue eyed shags.

Gold Harbour and Betrab Glacier

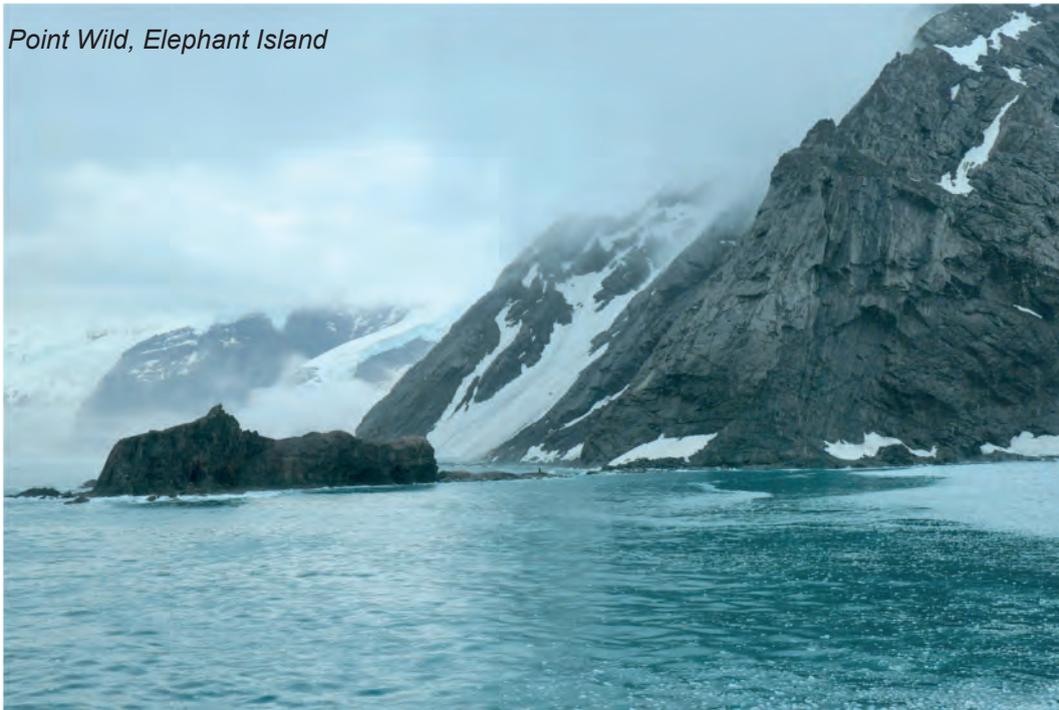


The next day was another good weather day for our visit to the far eastern part of South Georgia starting with Gold Harbour. It was another very early start but not for my group so we were able to have breakfast before it was our turn to get in the Zodiacs at about 9am. There were thousands of king penguins, some Gentoos and some very large elephant seals. The huge Bertrab Glacier hung over vertical cliffs at the head of the bay. In the afternoon we were Zodiac cruising in Cooper Bay where we saw macaroni and chinstrap penguins and some interesting rock scenery. To finish off an excellent day we cruised to the Risting Glacier at the head of Drygalski Fiord before heading out to sea for the South Shetland Islands and the Antarctic Peninsula. We saw plenty of very large icebergs with arches and interesting shapes.



After two fairly rough and dull days at sea we reached Point Wild on Elephant Island, the first landfall for Shackleton and his men after leaving their ruined ship in the Weddell Sea.

Point Wild, Elephant Island



We were told that we were very lucky that the conditions were just about good enough for us to be able to Zodiac cruise in the bay though there was a lot of sea ice and it was very dull. It was very hard to imagine what it must have been like

for the 22 men who spent over 4 months there in winter before they were rescued. As we continued on to our next port of call in the South Shetland Islands we had a treat in seeing large numbers of Orcas which are the largest species of dolphin and not actually whales, although they are called killer whales.



The weather had been very dull and gloomy for our visit to Elephant Island and this continued in the morning of the next day - our final visit to the South Shetland Islands, when we landed on the very stony beach of Yankee Harbour on Greenwich Island in the morning and then went Zodiac cruising. It was quite an experience to see humpback whales swimming not far from the Zodiacs and that must have been even more of an experience for those who had elected to go kayaking.



In the afternoon the weather brightened up beautifully for our visit to Half Moon Island, a small crescent shaped island in a bay of Livingston Island, and home to breeding pairs of chinstrap penguins and a variety of terns, gulls, skuas, storm petrels and blue eyed shags. It was quite rocky and I was amused to see that the penguins had as much difficulty sometimes as humans when traversing the rough ground - and sometimes they fell over! The afternoon was finished with Zodiac cruising around the island when we had the chance to examine closely some icebergs which sometimes had amazingly deep blue colours and fantastic shapes.

Chinstrap penguin and chick



Half Moon Island with Livingston Island behind, South Shetland Islands

The next day was pretty gloomy and we had the only snow fall of the whole trip. This was a fabulous whale day - close up in the morning while we were Zodiac cruising around Enterprise Island (and even closer for the kayakers) and, in the afternoon, large numbers of humpbacks and Orcas seen from the ship. Unfortunately the camera I was using accidentally got its settings misadjusted so I only have a limited number of decent shots of our best sighting of Orcas – very frustrating!



The following day was again very grey but it was a big day starting with crossing the Antarctic circle ($66^{\circ}33'S$) just after 9am, which achievement was then celebrated with a glass of fizz. We got as far as Detaille Island ($66^{\circ}51'S$) where we went Zodiac cruising and saw some really exotic looking icebergs, often carrying cargoes of penguins and seals. After that some 64 brave passengers and expedition staff undertook the Polar Plunge into water that was reported to be $0.8^{\circ}C$! Most went in and came straight out but several went for a short swim! Being a sensible chap I decided not to take advantage of such an opportunity!

During the night we had sailed back north of the Circle and again it was a dull day with occasional glimpses of the sun. We started with a visit to Vernadsky, a Ukrainian station researching ozone, geomagnetism, meteorology and glaciology, continuing the research started by the British. It was quite a cosy place and they even had a football pitch marked out in the snow - plus a bar and a souvenir shop which they reckoned, almost certainly correctly, was the most southerly in the world! Some Zodiac cruising followed that and we were lucky to see a lonely emperor penguin who was a long way from home nearer the South Pole and having to wait while it moulted. The kayakers were able to get out in the afternoon and the rest of us were cruising in the Zodiacs in Pléneau Bay, nicknamed "Iceberg Graveyard", and we certainly saw a great variety of icebergs of all sorts of shapes and sizes, together with their cargo of penguins and crabeater seals



Icy water in Pléneau Bay

(who don't actually eat crabs!). The day was finished with a barbecue on deck and while we were dining the ship sailed through the Lemaire Channel which was quite narrow but clear though the access had, earlier on, looked to me as though it would be difficult.

So now we were down to our last two days before we headed back to Ushuaia across the Drake Passage. The first of these remained very overcast though not quite as bad as the day before – the cloud did enable us to see the tops of some of the mountains and the sun made a few rare appearances.



Icebergs near the entrance to the Lemaire Channel



Our Zodiac group started the morning by cruising around Danco Island seeing lots of whales, penguins and eventually it was our turn to land and climb to the top of the island on rather mucky wet snow. We were not allowed to walk on the penguin tracks and it was always their right of way if their path crossed ours. It was surprising how high up the slope the penguins bred and there were quite a few breeding on the top of the island which was about 600 feet high - about the maximum elevation achieved on this trip!

Gentoos on their highway on Danco

After lunch came another highlight of the trip - we set foot on the actual continent of Antarctica at Neko Harbour near the head of Andvord Bay, off the Gerlache Strait. Here there were more Gentoos breeding and we had another hill to climb to see perhaps the most impressive glacier of the whole trip. It was serrated by massive cracks which looked



as though they would break off at any minute. Unfortunately none did though we did see a small bit break off a nearby glacier. After that the rest of the afternoon was spent Zodiac cruising and then it was back to the ship so that those 60 hardy souls who had volunteered to spend the night camping out could have an early dinner and then go and camp on a nearby island - they didn't have tents - just a sleeping bag, but fortunately it didn't snow during the night though I doubt that they got much sleep - apart from anything else it hardly got dark during the night!

Serrated glacier on Antarctic Peninsula at Neko Harbour



Our last day of exploration started out overcast but brightened up by midday and we had a beautiful afternoon for our final expedition. Having retrieved the happy campers the morning was spent Zodiac cruising around Paradise Harbour, which is a deep and glaciated bay with a spectacular landscape, where calving often occurs. In fact we were warned not to go near some areas because of the risk of calving which could be very dangerous if a Zodiac was too close when a large chunk of ice decides to become an iceberg! We had a fantastic wildlife morning with lots of seals and penguins swimming about and a real close up experience with a Minke whale which seemed to be as interested in us as we were in it. It swam between and under the Zodiacs and came up to have a look - it was within touching distance!

In the afternoon we visited Cuverville Island which was very attractive scenically and had some lovely views across to the mountains and contained a large colony of Gentoo penguins with their chicks. There were also a lot of shapely icebergs and the afternoon was finished off with about a dozen penguins playing from one very small iceberg (or growler). They were diving from the growler and then jumping back up, not always successfully and not always with the agreement of other penguins who were standing on the growler! Lots of photos were taken and it was hard to drag ourselves away to go back to the ship for a farewell toast to Antarctica proposed by the expedition leader.

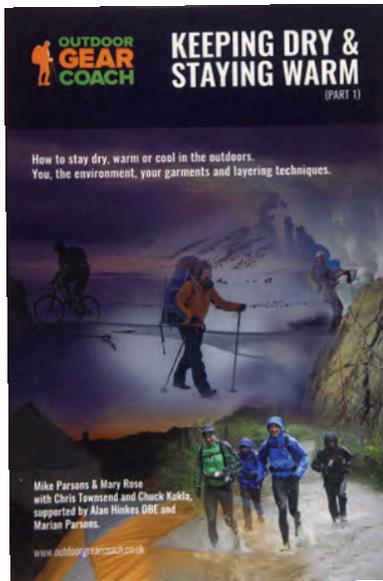
Two more days followed as we crossed the Drake Passage without the desperately rough seas that I certainly had been lead to expect by everything I had ever read about the crossing! These were filled with more presentations by the expedition staff, a photo contest, disembarkation procedures, details of other polar cruises organised by Quark, an auction to raise money for "Penguin Watch" and farewell cocktails with the Captain (who happened to be an Englishman) followed by a farewell dinner with a voyage slide show to finish off our last evening.



Disembarkation followed the next morning and we were transferred to Ushuaia airport for homeward flights generally via Buenos Aires and I was lucky enough to have company to spend our last evening reminiscing about the wonders of our trip before heading to the airport for home in the morning.

The story of how our book 'Keeping Dry and Staying Warm' came about through a remarkable 20-year collaboration between myself and an academic Mary Rose.

By Mike Parsons.

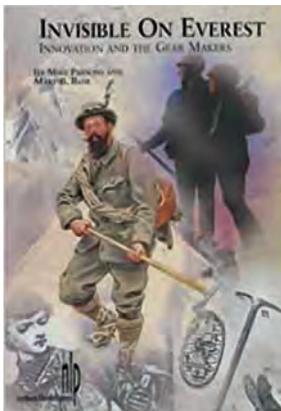


It is remarkable that 'Keeping Dry and Staying Warm' was published in January 2020, exactly 20 years to the day since Mary Rose and I began exchanging emails about the history of outdoor clothing. Later in 2000, we met for the very first time when Mary visited us in Patterdale. There followed a long conversation about how garments functioned, their relationship to each other, their relationship to their users and to their outdoor activities. Twenty years on, that conversation and many others led to a book explaining how garments worked - Keeping Dry and Staying Warm Part 1. (KD&SW). Here is the story of that journey and the book contents and why.

Who could have thought that these early emails and conversations would lead to so much activity and lead me into a quasi-academic and publishing career in parallel to my second manufacturing business, OMM (Original Mountain Marathon), which focused on lightweight gear.

In Mary's initial email to me, she quoted George Bernard Shaw saying that "the 1920s Everesters were dressed as though for a picnic in Connemara and surprised by a snowstorm." My reply was what intrigued and surprised Mary because I said I didn't think this was correct and that there were some extremely good textiles in that period. Little did we imagine that within a few years we would undertake the research and replication of George Leigh Mallory's layers from the pieces retrieved from Everest in

1998. After 3 months of exchanging emails, Mary invited me to be the co-author of the book, which we eventually called '*Invisible on Everest, Innovation and the Gear Makers*'. This book was launched in May 2003, close to the 50th Anniversary of the first ascent of Everest. Our book launch was held at Rheged, the location at the time of the National Mountaineering Exhibition set up by Mountain Heritage Trust and the BMC. We initially assumed we would have an audience of 30 people but eventually and to our surprise had 120 people. On the same day, Mary was officially awarded her 'personal chair' becoming Professor of Entrepreneurship at Lancaster University Management School.



The '*Invisible on Everest*' story begins in the 1830s and covers not only garments but the origins of all climbing hardware and the methodologies that survive today. Additionally, Polar travel and exploration, skis and even ski waxes are also covered. Throughout my manufacturing career, the origins of all kinds of outdoor equipment always intrigued me but I never had the time and certainly not the research know-how and techniques to find the information. Our book pioneered the history of mountaineering clothing and equipment and our book still remains unique. A few copies are still available on Amazon today. In this period there was very little on the internet and an understanding of, and relationship with, all the key libraries in the UK, Europe and USA, including of course that of the Alpine Club was essential. I had an excellent tutor in Mary, a very experienced researcher as author and editor of 9 previous books. She gained her doctorate researching textile history, the Greg family and their vast cotton empire, with Quarry Bank Mill, Styal, near Manchester Airport, at its heart. Mary worked for a short time at the mill, helping set up the first museum exhibitions. In December 2004, *Invisible on Everest* was the runner up for the Wadsworth Prize for best book in business

history in 2003, for its innovative approach. This was followed by the award in February 2006 of the 2005 Design History Society Scholarship award.

During 2001, we supported the research for the setting up the Rheged based National Mountaineering Exhibition. This gave us a deeper understanding of the innovative methods and technologies which led to success on the 1953 Everest expedition. The exhibition was opened by Tony Blair, PM, in July 2001, and the Mallory artefacts (a polite word for a pile of fabric fragments which had been exposed to the elements since 1924) were on display for the very first time. These provided the inspiration to research and replicate his layers if possible. We applied to the Heritage Lottery Fund on behalf of Mountain Heritage Trust, and in April 2003 we secured £30,000 to replicate the Mallory garment layers and test their efficacy.



This project eventually involved Lancaster University, The Textile Conservation Centre (then part of the University of Southampton), the University of Leeds and the University of Derby, and even the factory that supplied fabric to Burberry and was much more successful than we dared to hope. The unveiling of the Mallory layers by Alan Hinkes took place on September 28th 2005 as part of what became a series of conferences which we called *Clothing for Extremes* and received sponsorship from Pasold Research Fund and Pertex and the Outdoor Industries Association during different periods. The BBC breakfast news covered the launch and we held the headline news slot from 6.30 am until 1 pm.



In April 2006 Graham Hoyland field-tested the Mallory Replicas to 21,000 feet on Everest and felt confident with their performance as being good enough to summit in reasonable weather, confirming the lab tests by Professor George Havenith at Loughborough University.



Finally, the whole project and conclusions were written up by us in a booklet published by MHT.

The Innovation for Extremes conference was born out of this and became an annual event based at Lancaster University, supported variously by OIA (Outdoor Industries Association) The Textile Institute and Pertex.

In 2002 I was working hard on setting up OMM when Mary made the surprising proposal, to jointly set up an innovation course at Lancaster University Management School. This was to be for final year undergraduates, with a parallel course as part of a one-year full course in e-business. I did the research over a 12 month period, again tutored by Mary, really enjoying exploring the origins of many different processes from 1800 to 1914 and looking at modern innovation theories. All courses have to be formally approved and Mary did the amazing job of gaining agreement for the rather boldly innovative approach we proposed. This paid off in June 2005 when we were awarded a University teaching award – for 'teaching innovation through innovative teaching on a research-led course' which we co-designed and co-delivered. The prize was presented by Chris Bonington who was the Chancellor of the University.



These courses were delivered over a 10 week period from October to December each year. We continued to make improvements every single year, even developing innovative approaches to the design and use of the Virtual Learning Environment (VLE)

Additionally, we ran several business events, run as workshops, for the Lancaster University Management School, on subjects ranging from the use of social media in business (relatively new at that time) and bringing back off-shore business to the UK, the process of reshoring. In 2010 I was made Innovator in Residence in the Institute for Entrepreneurship and Enterprise Development, a title I held for three years.

Mary retired in June 2013 and that could have been the end of our long collaboration. However, Mary expressed an interest to continue working and writing together, though we were unclear the form that would take. Having identified our skills and knowledge background, we could see that outdoor products were becoming increasingly complex at the same time as a decrease in an understanding of textiles among the population at large. This is further compounded by 70% of people living in cities. They travel, work and live in an air-conditioned environment and kids no longer play out to the same extent, meaning that people were losing their understanding of garments, especially layering skills. Layering skills, long considered to be easy to learn as one was growing up and being in the outdoors, are being lost, compounded by the increasing complexity of products which are difficult to judge. All this led us to believe that there was a need for an independent training programme.

In early January 2014, we agreed on the name of our operation 'Outdoor Gear Coach' and had the first meeting with Chris Townsend and Tom Richardson. We asked why they wanted to be involved, they said they saw the importance

of the need for an independent source of information. Tom later pulled out of direct involvement but we were joined by Chuck Kukla, USA based, who had been one of our speakers at the Innovation for Extremes conference. We were also joined by my wife Marian (a very experienced mountaineer, ABMSAC, AC and CC club membership) and Alan Hinkes OBE the only British mountaineer to climb all fourteen 8,000m peaks. This turned into a quite amazing team each adding valuable in-depth experiences and know-how to our collaborative online writing. Chris Townsend has tested hundreds of garments over his long tenure since 1991 as the gear editor for TGO magazine and shared freely all his past test articles. He is a prolific long-distance trail backpacker and has written 25 books. He is currently a Trustee of the John Muir Trust and previously served as President of the Mountaineering Council of Scotland. Chuck Kukla, east coast USA resident gives us a steady flow of examples of issues of training given to retail staff by brands, and experiences of serving customers in the outdoor shop where he is staff trainer. However, that's Chuck's fun job whilst his background is that of a former DEC project engineer with a degree from MIT. I recall one day he commented on my piece about heat losses saying, "by the way Mike, did I tell you my PhD was in this area?" At this point, I knew that I was in good safe hands in the science area!

Early on we explored how we could ensure that our book copyrights and training system could be organised for long term continuity. We set up Outdoor Gear Coach as a not-for-profit CIC (Community Interest Company), serving 6 distinct outdoor communities, and establishing strong links with Mountain Training, a part of the BMC. This will hopefully help ensure its long term integration into outdoor community teaching and know-how.

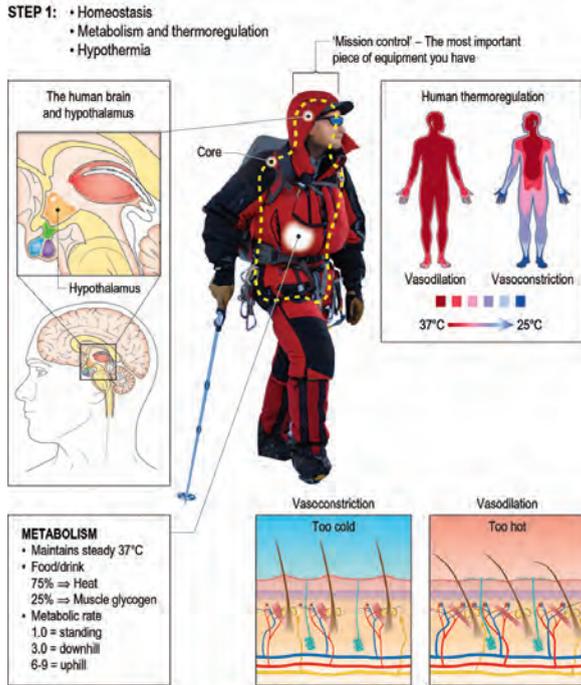
We recognised that we would have to publish in three parts because of the great diversity of the technologies involved. Garments should be thought of as our 'mobile environment' and so in order to get the best out of their layers, users need to understand a little more of their personal physiology including metabolism and nutrition.

We considered it critical that we remain independent of direct commercial interests, advertising and brands, whilst recognising that we needed to call on them for further additional knowledge. This resulted in having a dialogue with about 15 manufacturers, physiologists and other areas of specialist expertise. Having had a lifetime of experience dialoguing with suppliers Layering skills began to emerge and be recognised as a complex process and not something as simple as grabbing a few garments together. We decided to involve a number of professional outdoor instructors, leaders, guides and asked for comments which were often embraced into the text as practical pearls of wisdom. Then came the point where we really needed to try out our ideas on groups of varying levels of experience and expertise, from individuals making their first start in the outdoors to experienced professionals and also retailers. Over a two-year period, we gave around 10 talks at different levels which enabled us to learn what people didn't know or misunderstood. We made significant changes to the 3 part series sequence because of this.



The length of these talks varied from a one-day session which was treated as CPD by AMI. IML, British mountain guides to short evening talks. The CPD day session was well received and written up in 'Professional Mountaineer'. One of these talks was an evening in London for the ABMSAC and AAC. So thanks to the 28 who attended. Your reactions and questions were embraced within the final context of the book.

LAYERING: THE BIG PICTURE



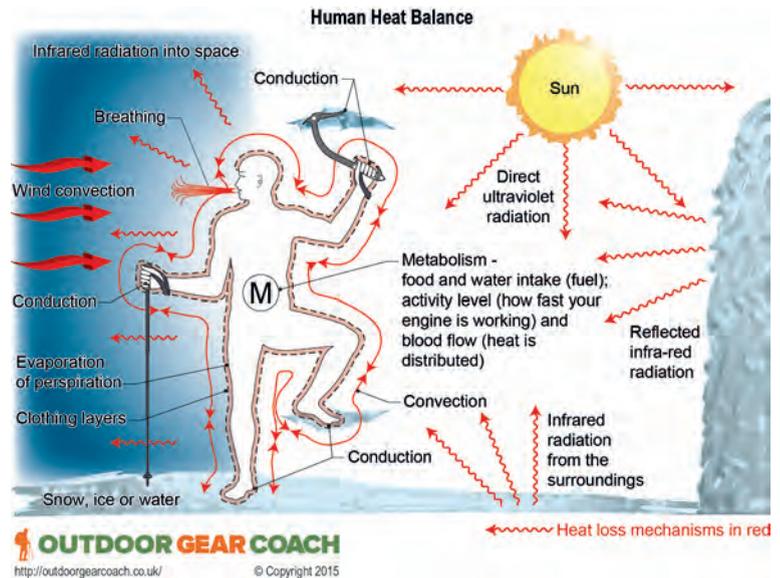
OUTDOOR GEAR COACH
<http://outdoorgearcoach.co.uk/> © Copyright 2017

It's available as an e-version at £9.95 or printed at £15.95 via Amazon. NB the e-version doesn't work with a Kindle because of the many graphics and you should use the free Kindle app for PC/Mac/pad or tablet.

We specially commissioned around 30 different diagrams to explain technical functions or construction or physiology. Here are some examples which explain moisture management in terms of capillary flow, (usually known as wicking), vasoconstriction and the broader aspects of layering.

At a relatively late stage, we realised how specialised the language of garments is and identified 50 words that were in common use in catalogues, websites and outdoor literature generally. But when we researched amongst friends, a high proportion was not understood. So we set about creating a glossary with the words grouped in concept related areas to increase the readers understanding. On publication, early reactions to this were that this certainly was a learning objective of itself. Our next phase is not only to complete parts 2 and 3 but additionally set up a tutoring and coaching program which can be used as a base program for brands and retailers. Mountain leaders, instructors and guides can benefit greatly by not only being able to give enhanced practical advice to clients but also broaden their own work opportunities across boundaries into retail and brand management.

Why read this book? What would you as an ABMSAC member and a keen, experienced outdoor person get from reading our book? We believe it enables you to get better performance from your existing garment layers and helps ensure that you make the most suitable (and compatible with existing layers) choice for your next purchase.



Obituaries

Colin Armstrong



Colin was born on 25th April 1932 in Annfield Plain, Co. Durham. He was the only son of Edward and Alice Armstrong. Colin was a very interesting and well read individual, a raconteur who could keep you entertained for hours talking about his life and his interests in a wide and varied range of subjects.

Colin excelled at school, Stanley Grammar School, and at Sheffield University, where he gained a Bachelor of Science Degree in 1953.

While at University, he was aware that when he graduated, he would have to do National Service. However, after a medical, he received a letter to say he was excused due to being deaf in one ear, a fact he was unaware of until then. On the day he received that letter, he bought a Newcastle newspaper and applied for the first job he saw advertised. He started the job, 2 weeks later.

He worked for the British Oxygen Company and then for British Steel at Consett where he collaborated with other engineers in producing a new methodology for steelmaking on which an engineering paper was published. When the Steelworks closed down he moved to Consett College lecturing on mathematics up until his retirement.

Colin joined the 2nd Annfield Plain cubs and scouts at an early age, and this resulted in his life-long love of the outdoors. In April 1950 he attained "King Scout", and was presented with a bronze statue of a scout with a plaque written by the 2nd Annfield Plain Scouts to commemorate this achievement. It took pride of place on the dresser in his lounge.

He loved walking, was a great climber, and loved camping and pot holing. He was on call for the police as an expert caver to assist in cave rescue.

Scouting has been a big part of Colin's life and he has held many positions within the Scouting Association. He visited the International Scout camps held in Kandersteg Switzerland on several occasions, and had many life-long friends made through Scouting and the shared love of the outdoors.

It was while he was a Rover Scout that he met Marion, at her 21st Birthday party, she was also involved with the scout movement. They were together for over 60 years and were inseparable long-time companions. They were great travellers, visiting Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy Greece and their beloved Crete, (visited 48 times as recorded

in his Dairies). Colin by this time had taught himself the Greek language and was able to converse with the locals during his many visits.

They also loved Switzerland and Colin was a member of the Swiss Alpine Club and a veteran of the ABMSAC. As with Scouting, Colin made many friends through this organisation, and it was with great sadness that through ill health he had to stop attending the Annual Dinner in Glenridding in the Lake District where he met up with his many friends.

Colin was an accomplished musician with a talent for playing a range of instruments, especially the piano accordion and the French button accordion. He played accordion at Country Dancing venues in his local area and both he and Marion enjoyed dancing. He also played Northumbrian pipes, guitar and bouzouki (amongst others) which he loved to play in his later years. He had a wide collection of Greek music, collected on his many trips to Greece and the islands.

Colin meticulously recorded details of all the ABMSAC club meets he attended and other holiday trips, over the years. His diaries from 1987 to 2016 were passed to me by the family, and make excellent reading bringing back many happy and treasured memories of times spent together on the hills and visits to his home in Shotley Bridge. Colin passed away suddenly and peacefully and will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Jim Strachan



Dr Philip Draper (1936 - 2019)

Philip Draper was born in Woodford and educated at Chigwell School. Following National Service in the Navy he went to Magdalen College Oxford to read biochemistry. Having completed a doctorate he went to work first at University College London and then for the General Medical Council, where he remained for the rest of his working life. One of his achievements there was the design of a vaccine for leprosy which is now undergoing worldwide trials.

Away from work two of his interests were mountaineering and cross-country ski-ing. I met him through the Oxford University Mountaineering Club, and in 1966 he organised what was my first trip to the Alps, to Neustift in the Stubai. It was a very successful trip, although we did accidentally manage to climb the Wilder Pfaff twice, having missed the route to the Zuckerhut in the mist. He used to lead walking holidays for the Ramblers in the Alps and the Pyrenees and cross country ski-ing trips for Waymark in the Alps and Norway. He went on several treks in Nepal, including the circuit of Dhaulagiri and the Upper Dolpo valley which involves 5 passes of over 5000m.

For many years he and I used to go to Scotland for a week in the spring. Although slightly disparaging of Munro collectors he must have

accumulated a respectable score. He also came on several of our winter meets in the Alps, On these trips he got to know several ABMSAC members and joined the Club in 2009.

He had wide interests besides mountaineering, including geology (in which he acquired a degree at the Open University at the age of 80) music, theatre, gardening, cooking and the history of London Underground. Dinner with him was always an interesting occasion with enterprising cooking combined with wide ranging conversation.

His last few years were marred by mobility problems following an accident in his garden in which he broke a leg. He addressed these problems with great determination and in February this year he was able to join a group of us at Moso in Italy. Although unable to ski he clearly enjoyed walking in the snow covered mountains.

Above all he was always friendly, generous and considerate. He was an excellent companion in the hills and I shall miss him.

John Dempster

We have been informed that Norman Thompson, a Life Member since 1950, passed away this year.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MEMBERS OF THE SWISS ALPINE CLUB

Minutes of the meeting held at the Glenridding Hotel Saturday 1st February 2020

The president James Baldwin was in the Chair, approximately 38 members were in attendance plus Tony Westcott, AC Chairman of GSHL board of directors.

1 Apologies for absence: P Harris, P Hammond, J Hammond, S Bowes, P Stock, M Eddowes.

2 Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Saturday 2nd February 2019

These had been circulated as part of the November newsletter. The minutes of the previous AGM were approved. Proposed by J Freemantle, Seconded E Bramley.

3 Matters Arising: None that are not covered by the remaining agenda.

4 Election of Officers and Committee

Pamela Harris has decided to stand down after serving on the committee for several years.

Following a request for anyone to stand on the committee to replace Pamela, Roger James volunteered and was duly elected with the remainder of the committee.

The committee officers and members are as follows:

President – James Baldwin
Vice President – Heather Eddowes
Treasurer – Andy Burton
Membership secretary – Ed Bramley
Secretary – Dick Murton
Meets secretary – Paul Stock
Editor – Mike Goodyer
Elected member – Julie Freemantle
Elected Member: – Ian Mateer

5 Hon Treasurer's report

The Treasurer's report was circulated as part of the November 2019 newsletter and is presented at the end of the minutes. The following comments were made –

The club finances are healthy. Donations have been made to Patterdale Mountain Rescue Team for a casualty bag, to Mend Our Mountains and The Glacier Stove Project.

Two grants have been awarded to members to help pay for relevant skills training.

The membership fees for 2019 – 2020 have been increased by £3 to partially compensate for the £6 increase charged by the BMC. The fees next year will be raised by a further £3, meaning the club is no longer paying for part of the large step increase by the BMC.

Proposed: Heather Eddowes Seconded: Don Hodge. Approved unanimously.

6 President's report

Thank you for coming to the AGM this is your opportunity to question the committee about running the club. The committee has met formally three times all during club meets plus discussions and email contact throughout the year.

Development and Training funding. Your committee introduced a Development and Training package and I am pleased to report that two members took up the opportunity to enhance their skills at the club's expense. We look forward to receiving further applications in 2020.

The donations to the Patterdale Mountain Rescue Team and the BMC mend our mountains fund were well received. Meets. Meets were well attended, the highlights being the 110th. AGM in February and the Hotel based Alpine meet in Klosters.

May I thank, on your behalf, all meet organisers for their due diligence and enthusiasm especially Pam with Alasdair and latterly Alan who organised Hotel based meets in the Alps over many years and who have decided that 2020 will be her last. Belinda and I hosted our final Beer meet this year, it has been a delight to greet so many members over the years and introduce them to the wilds of Dartmoor and the hills and coast of East Devon.

Having reported on the last of two traditional meets, Paul and the team have already taken up the challenge with a B&B based meet in the Pecos and a roving meet to replace the Beer meet that will be held this year in Swanage. Do please look on line for reports on each of the meets.

May I also thank Julie for sorting out this weekend, it was a challenge as we found that the previous venue was unavailable. Membership. Membership is steady at 217 with 48 full members and 169 Affiliates. Ed has introduced a new membership system to replace his own bespoke Access programme. The direct payment part of the system will be introduced for 2021 renewals. Thanks Ed.

Your committee plans to review membership rates especially as Journal postage is in some cases higher than the cost of membership.

Journal. The Journal was even better than the previous year with superb pictures and articles. The minor problem of loose pages was acknowledged by the printer who produced an additional batch to replace those that had failed. Thanks Mike.

You will remember that before Mike Pinney died, he had arranged the digitising of past Journals going back to 1974, the cost being covered by a legacy from Alasdair Andrews. After some discussion and a review of the remaining Journals held in safe storage at the Alpine Club your committee agreed to digitise the remaining journals going back to 1909. The Journals have been collected and are currently being digitised. Mike will be uploading them onto the website as they become available but do have a look. They are a fascinating history of the Association.

Treasurers Handover. As Andy has mentioned the handover of accounts went to schedule but it has taken a very long time to update nominees on investments, mainly due to Money Laundering legislation but all is now complete. Thanks Andy.

The committee felt that the Glacier Trust Stove Project was worthwhile and provided cash to purchased one stove. Thanks, Tony Westcott, for bringing the project to our attention.

It is sad that three of our members died this year. Norman Thompson who joined in 1950, Colin Armstrong who joined in 1959 and Phil Draper a more recent member. Colin was a stalwart of the Scottish Meets and a regular attendee on the hotel-based meets in the Alps.

Finally, I would like to thank my Committee for their support, enthusiasm, keeping me busy, and trying to improve my physical fitness!

7 Revision to the Rules

You have been circulated with a revision to the Rules of the Association but it has been pointed out that there is a degree of duplication and that some clauses added from the BMC template are inconsistent with the current rules. The committee has decided therefore to withdrawn, all but clause 8d that refers to tax liability of nominees, and set up a full review of the rules. Please let Dick or I know if you would like to be involved with this review.

May I have your approval for the addition of clause 8d referring to Tax liability.

Proposed: The committee. Approved unanimously.

8 George Starkey Hut Ltd

As the AGM of George Starkey Hut Ltd. follows this meeting and all members of the ABMSAC are invited to attend, I have asked Tony Westcott the current Chair of the Board of Directors to give one report to all of us during the Company AGM.

Before getting into a report on the George Starkey Hut may I remind you of the relationship between the Club and the Company.

Members of the club committee are appointed at the AGM of the club and there are rules as to how long they should serve on that committee (Rule 7)

The Heads of Agreement between the ABMSAC and the AC (Section 5) "Representation on Committees" notes that each club appoints three directors and that the directors select three HMC members from each club.

The ABMSAC committee select the three directors, and in an unwritten rule, at least one director will be on the club committee. Directors serve for three years with an opportunity to serve for a further three years, but would not normally be reappointed.

Membership of the Company is covered in the Articles and Arrangements and limits membership to 100 from each club.

The directors will normally make decisions but if a vote is required it can be on the basis of a show of hands or a formal vote of all members of the company, either in person, or by Proxy. This is covered in the arrangements section 14 onwards.

Moving on, I would like to report on the considerable amount of work that has been done by directors, hut management committee and consultants to review and prepare draft proposals, costings and time scales for upgrade. A brief summary was sent out with November Newsletter with a note that more would be available at this AGM.

Members of the Company have received a copy of the Strategic Report and Survey and it is planned to send this information to all remaining ABMSAC and AC members shortly, do please look at the proposals and complete the survey. Tony will explain the consultation process shortly.

There are a number of vacancies to join George Starkey Hut Ltd. There are no upfront costs cost but a maximum liability of £10 in the event of the Company folding. Application forms are available from the Company Secretary or the GSHL website.

May I thank Mike Parsons and Derek Buckley who are ABMSAC appointed directors, Marian who is the Hut Warden, and the Hut Management Committee members Heather Eddowes, Ian Mateer and Don Hodge, and finally, Judy Renshaw who assists Derek with the day to day accounts.

9 Any other business:

Stuart Bear congratulated Mike Goodyer, Editor, for a superb Journal with exceptional pictures and reports. This sentiment was echoed by members in a round of applause.

Mike Parsons gave an overview of how the current proposals for possible refurbishment / development of the GS Hut were developed.

10 Date of next meeting:

Confirmed date of next year's AGM – Saturday 6th February 2021. Venue to be confirmed.

Dick Murton, Secretary, May 2020

Treasurer's Report 2018 – 2019

I propose that the subscription bands for 2019 - 2020 be increased to allow for the BMC full increase of £6 (£7 for under 18's) as follows:

- Single Membership £26 - £32
- 2nd. member at same address £18 - £23
- Junior Membership £12 - £16

The membership fees for 2019 – 2020 as agreed at last years AGM will only increase by £3, with the ABM paying the additional £3 increase to the BMC for this year **only**:

- Single Member £26.50
- 2nd. member at same address £18.50
- Student £23
- Junior Member £12.35

There were small losses on meets this year amounting to £249.30

Investment value was maintained despite volatility in the market especially at the end of September. It must be noted that this a snapshot at the end of September 2019.

The club has a very healthy balance sheet, as evidenced by the fact that despite four additional expenditures totalling over £2000, comprising of two donations, one to the Patterdale Mountain Rescue Team, one to the Mend the Mountains Appeal, the 110th Anniversary celebrations, and the first two successfully implemented training grants, the deficit was only £658.03.

James and I have finally managed to complete the change of nominees for all the Clubs investments.

Andy Burton

Hon. Treasurer November 2019

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT for the year ended 30 September 2019

	Notes	2019	2018
Income			
Subscriptions	1	4593.25	4336.40
Dividends/Bank Interest	4	3390.82	3464.23
Sale of ABMSAC books held in AC library			10657.00
Total income		7984.07	18457.63
Expenditure			
British Mountaineering Council		-2661.25	-2894.91
Journal		-1771.83	-1769.20
Newsletters		-94.56	-35.83
Administration		-793.97	-452.75
Tax on interest and dividends		-172.90	-158.33
110th. Anniversary		-424.09	-798.00
London Lectures		-167.30	-72.60
Meets		-249.30	-198.50
Annual Dinner		-478.90	-346.00
Training Grants		-363.00	
Donation to Patterdale Mountain Rescue Team		-450.00	
Donation to Mend the Mountains		-1000.00	
Loss/Profit on SAC Transfer	2	-15.00	21.34
Total expenditure		-8642.10	-6704.78
Deficit/Surplus		-658.03	1 1752.85
BALANCE SHEET as at 30th. September 2019			
Fixed Assets			
Investments at cost	3	19151.00	19151.00
Assets sold in period			
Current Assets			
Stocks		0.00	0.00
Debtors and Prepayments	5	325.50	0.00
Cash on deposit		63317.21	63677.39
Total Current Assets		63642.71	63677.39
Current Liabilities			
Creditors	6	-550.00	0.00
Subscriptions in advance		-1165.65	-1093.30
Total Current Liabilities		-1716.65	-1093.30
Net Current Assets		81077.06	8 1735.09
General Fund			
Brought forward at 1st. October 2018		81735.09	69982.24
(Deficit)/Surplus from I&E A/C		658.03	11752.85
Donations and Bequests			
Carried forward at 30th. September 2019		81077.06	81735.09

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS for the year to 30th. September 2019

	2019	2018
1. MEMBERSHIP		
Category		
Full	48	44
Affiliate and Life members	169	177
Total	217	221
Value		
Amount Paid	4666.60	4373.20
add Subscriptions from previous year	1093.30	1056.50
less Subscriptions paid for next year	-1166.65	-1093.30
Net	4593.25	4336.40
2. Profit/Loss on SAC Transfer is derived from:		
Total subscriptions (ABM & SAC) from members	7195.12	7247.89
less ABM subscriptions	-4666.60	-4373.20
less subscriptions remitted to SAC	-2528.52	-2838.35
less Bank Transfer charges	-15.00	-15.00
(Loss)/Profit	15.00	21.34
3. Investments		
These are as follows:		
4320 Brunner Investment Trust Limited Ordinary Shares of 25p each		
6360 Invesco Income Growth Trust plc Ordinary Shares of 25p each		
1665 Murray International Trust plc Ordinary Shares of 25p each		
7782.1 units Standard Life		
12825 units Witan Investment Trust plc Ordinary Shares of 5p each		
4652.3 units Architas Multi - Manager Investments Accum.		
10637.02 units Lloyds Gilt Fund Ltd. Reinvested shares		
Cost of these holdings £19,151		
Aggregate market value at 30th. September 2019	£153,967	
at 30th. September 2018	£145,704	
4. Dividends and interest on fixed rate bond for 2018/2019	3390.82	3464.23
5. Prepaid deposits for Picos Meet and 2020 Dinner Speaker	325.50	
6. Brecons Meet 2018/2019 attendance monies	-550.00	

A. Burton
Honorary Treasurer 19 /11/2019

In my view the financial statements are in accordance with the Associations accounting records as at 30th September 2019 and disclose a deficit for the twelve month period then ended.
No work of an audit nature has been carried out.

Stewart Crisp 19/11/2019
Accountant

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
 2013-2019 A Burton
 2019 - P Stock

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 Sperry
 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 Jeudwine
 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
 2018 - A Burton

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 Ledebøer
 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 Jeudwine
 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 Ledebøer
 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

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 booking system

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 2020

Committee

OFFICE	HOLDER	ELECTED
President	J Baldwin	2018
Vice President	H Eddowes	2018
Hon. Treasurer	A Burton	2019
Hon. Secretary	R W Murton	2010
Hon. Membership Secretary	E A Bramley	2014
Hon. Meets Secretary	P Stock	2019
Hon. Editor	M J Goodyer	2009
Hon. Hut Warden	M P Parsons	2014
Co opted Committee Member	Julie Freemantle	2017
Co opted Committee Member	Ian Mateer	2017
Co opted Committee Member	Roger James	2020

George Starkey Hut Ltd Directors

Chairman	T Westcott
Company Secretary	J Baldwin
Treasurer	D Buckley