



**Letters From the Editor**

<i>Dear Anon</i> Nobody ever writes me any letters. <b>Ed</b>	<i>Dear Ed</i> Get a life. <b>Anon</b>	<i>Dear Meet Leaders</i> A few more meet reports (pretty) please, even if only short... <b>Ed</b>
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**AGM Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> January 2004**

This took place but Ed was not present and only realised too late she is not in possession of a system copy of the minutes, and can't find her hard copy so forget copy typing them up, so cannot include them in this newsletter. I think you all have them anyway but, if not and you want a copy, please contact any member of the committee.

**Ed**

PS lots of beer and crisps will have been consumed.

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**A THING BY DAVE HUGHES (A narrative? It's not a short story is it?): 'Where are you now?'**

- Where are you now? You're scared. I can feel it.
- At the foot of Jack's Rake. I don't think I can do it.*
- Keep in control. I'll talk you through it.
- Thanks – I know I can rely on you. I just feel so stupid. I've been up it loads of times before.*
- But not since your accident – it's been fantastic to see you get this far. I know you can do it.
- I wish you were here.*
- I am there – with you all the way, all the time. It's what you wanted, what we agreed. Tomorrow's summit will be that little bit harder. You said you wanted to do Jack's rake yourself – do something familiar. Kill the ghosts of the past. That way you'll be prepared for tomorrow.
- Trust you to save a hill like that for your last one!*
- I know, but that's how it's worked out.
- And you? Where are you? You're not quite as relaxed as you were half an hour ago. I can feel it.*
- Still driving. Almost there. Cloud's down. Looks like rain. Bet it'll be snow on the tops. It's not a good hill to navigate on.
- You'll be fine.*
- Wish I had your confidence when it comes to navigating.
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- What's wrong? You're panicking. Which bit of the scramble are you up to? Talk to me!
- My legs are shaking. My throat's dry. I feel dizzy. I can't go up. I can't reverse what I've just done. Oh God I'm stuck.*
- Carry on talking to me.
- The rock's really wet and greasy. I think I can remember this bit. It looks really awkward.*
- Describe what you see. I'll help you through it.
- I'm at the end of a short level section. Almost a path. Just scrambled up a groove – could avoid any exposure so that was OK. It goes up into a groove again, but you have to move across a gap. There doesn't appear to be a decent hand hold and the bulge of the rock is throwing you outwards all the time.*
- That's the hard part. But there is a brilliant hand hold – remember the first time we did Jack's Rake together? You showed me where it was!
- Before you became a climber!*
- I've never considered myself as a climber and you know it!
- OK you're right. But you know what I mean.*
- This is no time for an argument! Anyway, the hand-hold isn't obvious from where you are, but if you step across and reach up at the same time your right hand will automatically go onto it. It pulls you back in.
- I need to get my head round this.*
- Stay calm. Focus. It's just one move.
- Wow! You're right. That just felt so positive. The rest is straightforward, isn't it?*
- I knew you could do it! But keep your concentration up, you're not at the top yet.
- I know, I know. But I'm glad I've got through the worst part. Thanks.*
- No problem. That's what I'm here for.
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- You're feeling relaxed now aren't you? I can tell. Wish I felt the same.
- Yes I am, as a matter of fact. Just on the top of Pike of Stickle. Lovely views. Nice and warm out of the wind. Have you started yet?*
- Nearly an hour ago. Into the cloud now. Must be another 400 metres before the summit plateau. That's when it's going to get dodgy. I'm OK at the moment.
- What's the weather like? There's the tell tale signs of frontal clouds here, but it's not going to rain for hours yet by the look of the sky. The weather forecast said it was going to be a weak affair anyway*
- The rain's already here. It started almost as I left the car. A bit sleety now, but there's not much of it. But the clag is really thick.
- Let me know if you need help*

-I certainly will. As I said it's OK at the moment, but I'm apprehensive about the plateau in the thick cloud and wet snow.

-*I'll be here.*

-I know. Thanks.

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-God, this is really eerie.

-*You OK?*

-I think so. But everything just feels so odd. There's barely any wind and there's the odd snowflake fluttering to the ground. I was hoping for some rock or fenceposts or something. But it's just heather slopes covered in wet snow. Things are levelling off now. Here comes the difficult bit.

-*Have confidence in your ability to navigate.*

-Hmmm. Two subsidiary tops before the summit. God it's so featureless. I feel like I'm detached from reality, like I'm in a different universe. And it's so quiet. Almost a deafening silence.

-*Trust the compass. Trust your timings and paces.*

-OK

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-Bloody peat hags. That's all I bloody well need. Bearings and paces going completely to cock now.

-*Don't rush it. It's not a race.*

-I know. But I want to get it over with. Want to get out of here. This mist is really claustrophobic. I'm losing all sense of direction.

-*Your compass is your only indicator. Ignore everything else. It's just misinformation.*

-Yeah, but I can't walk in a \*\*\*\*ing straight line in this stuff.

-*You know how to compensate for difficult ground. It just increases your error, that's all.*

-Errors! Don't talk to me about \*\*\*\*ing errors! At this rate I'll miss the summit by miles.

-*We're arguing again. It's not getting you anywhere.*

-I know, I know. OK, I'm not going to die. I just don't like this closed in feeling. Makes me panic.

-*Where do you think you are?*

-In the dip between the two subsidiary tops.

-*The peat hags are a bit of a give away.*

-Hey, I wouldn't be too sure of that. There's peat hags every-\*\*\*\*ing-where.

-*You're losing it again!*

-OK. Sorry. No more swearing. Promise.

-*Trust the compass.*

-I believe you've already said that.

-*I know. But that's all you can do.*

-I know..... Oh, hang on ..... this looks promising!

-*I take it from that exclamation that you're going uphill again.*

-Certainly am! Thank god for that!

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-I can't find the damn summit anywhere!! I must have gone wrong. I'm sure it's to the right somewhere – the ground seems to be higher over there. I'm not sure. Oh I give up. This is stupid.

-*What does the compass say?*

-Straight on.

-*And paces and timing?*

-Overshot by 50 metres.

-*And the ground?*

-Flat, flat, flat – oh, and there's another flat bit over there.

-*Very droll. If I didn't know you better I'd think you were enjoying yourself.*

-Ah, but you do know me and I'm panicking like there's no tomorrow.

-*You'll have to do an expanding spiral search.*

-I was afraid you might say something like that. You know I've never done one of those before.

-*But you know how to.*

-OK I've read about it. I know how to do it in theory.

-*Time for a bit of practice. Mark each turn in the snow as you go.*

-OK, here goes. This had better work, otherwise I'll kill you!

-*You'll have to get off the mountain first!*

-Hmmm. Good point.

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-*You've gone quiet. Is there a problem?*

-No, just trying to concentrate. Must get this right otherwise I'll ..... I don't believe it!!

-*You sound like Victor Meldrew!*

-Victor who? ..... I've seen it!

-*The bloke off 'One foot in the' ... oh, forget it. You've found the summit?*

-I most certainly have. Excuse me whilst I hug the cairn.

-*You're mad!*

-Just relieved that I've got here. One more to do tomorrow and then I've finished them! Are you still up for it?



Les paid and we all set off. The path was an easy walk and in the centre of the horseshoe the wind was not as strong as it had been. We all enjoyed a chat as we marched along passing other teams going somewhere else. I slowed as the path steepened, I always do, and now I come to think of it I even slow going downhill; I just slow I suppose.

As the path rose so did the wind and it whipped across the lake bringing spray that burst upon Ken as the rest of us waited for him, then he swore as his foot slipped into the water. We rested for a moment and Ken set off abruptly left as the rest of us went right. Looking up at Ken we waited, Ken had the book. Ken just went on up but we chose the path and Les and I spied an abandoned tent bag and investigated. For the rest of the day I carried a few tent poles, a tent bag, a mallet and a tent peg. I thought I looked quite good as one pole would not disengage so it looked as if I had a radio mast coming out of my rucksack.

As we neared a crest the wind that had only been 'rather strong' became ferocious and we all struggled to stay on our feet. I must say that John who I have heard is used to being unsteady on his feet fared best with Ann being the lightest having the most difficulty. We were still on the path at this point so we began to wonder about the technicalities of scrambling when we could not even stand on flat ground.

Looking behind me I saw Ken conversing with someone sheltering behind a rock, it turned out that there were two of them and they had started the scramble earlier but had given it up.

I am nothing if not stupid and had no intention of stopping, luckily the rest of the party were being as stupid as I was and we all carried on. The scramble was an easy one and the wind in fact made it more interesting though rather cold on the fingers. When I had left Leeds I had envisaged a warm balmy weekend with some drizzle, possibly a bit on the warm side for the time of year. What I got was snow and high winds which made me regret leaving all my gloves in the drawer at home. Here Les stepped in; rustling to the bottom of his rucksack he fished out a new pair of 'magic gloves' the sort that look as if they were made for your doll but stretch to fit all. They would need to stretch to fit Les's hands!

'Here', he said 'these are new I got them in the Lakes for a pound they will keep your hands warm'. I must say it is really good having a 'Jeeves' as a member of the party. I was just considering asking for a pot of tea next but they all set off so I had to follow.

The wind battered us as we moved up the rocks trying to keep on the leeward side but not always managing it, occasionally a shot of snow scoured across our faces making it impossible to look that way. Sometime vertical, sometimes horizontal we made our way upward, Ann always in the lead.

Ken tried a false line but he and Les and John, who had followed, had to return finding the way barred by a blank slab. Anne disappeared over a lip of rock it was sheltered where I stood so I moved up following her line. One move followed another until my hand reached the lip, pulling up my head, for that is all that I allowed into the wind tunnel, was blasted in a ferocious wind. I could not look up and remembering that the chaps were a little distance below decided to stay where I was. Three minutes later when the wind stopped for a second I managed to look up; Ann was just three feet away sheltering in the lee of a large rock, her feet nearly touching my head.

"I was shouting" Ann shouted again as I sat beside her, "You just stayed still!". The others followed and the ground eased off but not the wind. The shoulder of Snowdon beckoned and so did our lunch.

Wind is a playful thing, no sooner have you scoured an area and found a sheltered spot and even stood there for a minute or two to check, sat down and opened the lunch box, than the wind comes out of hiding blowing even stronger than you ever felt it before. Well that was what happened to us anyway as we tucked into our sandwiches and cups of tea. I now had cold hands again, the scramble had taken its toll on Les's new gloves and fingers came through in several places. Jeeves to the rescue again! Les rustling to the bottom of his rucksack pulled out a pair of Dachsteins, I passed the new but now worn gloves to Ken who only had a pair of worn inner gloves himself and he put them on over the top of the others. Can I recommend to everyone that they walk with Les in future he obviously had a big social conscience and is prepared for most deficiencies in others and is always ready to assist.

Thus we all set off with warm or warmer hands, I was wondering if Les also had some socks and maybe a spare tie on offer. Breaking into my thoughts Ken indicated that he wanted to turn back. We had just started up the track to the summit of Snowdon, well the scramble bit seemed a bit over the top now as the wind had become more ill-tempered than before, and Ken was saying that his eyes were stinging and that he thought he would return along Lliwedd. Les gave him a key for the car and Les, Ann and I decided that the top was worth the effort so we left John and Ken discussing their plan. No sooner had I stopped to put on my overtrousers but Ken appeared, he and John had decided to come along anyway.

The snow that I had not even given a thought to got deeper and deeper as we staggered higher, at first we had the path then without warning it left and we were on a rocky slope, knee deep in loose snow.







In 1999 Paul Deegan led a party to the area and climbed a number of sub-5000m peaks around the outflow of the Kurumdy glacier. This was followed in 2000 by EWP, a commercial firm, and a team led by Tom Avery. Both expeditions climbed peaks south of the main ridge at heights between 4200 and 5400. In 2003 a team from Welbeck college went with EWP to the eastern 'Nura Glacier' area.

There are maps of the area which is unusual for such trips and, even worse than that, we have one!

So you will now be wondering who is going, well here they are; The members of this trip are a cunning combination of experience and new enthusiasm;

**Ian Arnold** is now 47 and has been about quite a bit. Recently it was a trip up Aconcagua, a couple of years ago it was Kanchenjunga via NW face where he and the team reached 7000m before their time ran out and the weather drove them back for the last time. Ian has been on 7 small expeditions to Karakoram and Nepal to interestingly out-of-the-way places, exploring small glacier areas, and it was on one of those he was unfortunate enough to bump into Paul Hudson and Ken Findlay. In Africa he has made ascents of Diamond Couloir and Ice Window routes on Mt. Kenya. As well as 15 seasons in the European Alps and 30 years worldwide rock climbing and British Ice he has been sailing for 35 years, not non-stop though. Setting out for bread at the corner shop one day he did not stop until he had completed a solo cycling tour across the USA and later Australia. There is more to tell but as he outshines the rest of the team already we will leave it there.

**Ken Findlay**, who is looking sharper I note these days, is a young 46 and has been on 9 previous expeditions to the greater ranges including Pakistan, Bolivia, Tien Shan, Peru, Greenland, Argentina and Mongolia. He says that on these expeditions he has made some First ascents and First British ascents but we never got the names of the girls. He also has 18 Alpine seasons visiting many health spa resorts and snow holes on route. He is limiting his underpants quota these days and has been known to bring a pair back from a trip recently. He is now one of the longest serving members of the Leeds Mountaineering Club.

**Paul Hudson** is well over 50 and is trying to organise the trip; well as he cannot climb he has to be given something to do. Taking Ken on holiday seems to have become habit; the tails ('tails'? ...Ed thinks Paul means 'tales'? ) of Paul and Ken's holidays can be found at ([www.therockface.co.uk](http://www.therockface.co.uk)).

**Susan Jensen**, a lively 36, came to the UK from America in 1998 and took up climbing in 2000. Starting in the south of England she progressed north and passed through Leeds about two years ago. Living in Edinburgh now she has access to the Scottish hills and as a result she has shot through the grades and is now to be seen every weekend on rock or ice, Point Five and Last Post are her latest conquests.

**Paul Lyons** is 30ish and has seen the Alps three times on the TV. He then went off to make ascents of Tour Ronde, Castor, Pollux and Weissmies. He will not be allowed to take his playstation as otherwise it is likely he will never emerge from the tent

**Will Parsons** is nearly the youngest at 28, though Ken is nearly the smallest. Visiting Alphubel, Weissmies and Aig du Tour on his bicycle he is practising walking again to cope with this trip. He did want to take his cycle on this trip but has only been allowed to take the pump or one pedal and is receiving therapy about this prior to the trip.

'**Shaun the Sheep**' at about 5 will be the 'baby' of the group and may not even know he is going yet. Do toys have cognisance - discuss. You can sponsor Shaun for the number of peaks he attains or for a fixed amount in aid of a charity called "Alpine Fund" which works with orphans and other disadvantaged children in Kyrgyzia. Email address <[info@alpinefund.org](mailto:info@alpinefund.org)>, Web-site [www.alpinefund.org](http://www.alpinefund.org)



The MEF/BMC application was looked at on paper 8/3/2004 by their expedition committee so we are now waiting to hear, what ever the news will be. It is always a problem for the MEF if you do not have a particular mountain or route to show them. My 'go there and see' is NOT the request that they are most interested in, well we shall see what they think next month.

So you are asking what will the team be doing? Well, we will endeavour to find, and climb, some interesting mountains and raise a bit for the 'Alpine Fund' Charity. We've already received some offers of help from a number of companies and hope to be able to repay their kindness with a few pictures and some mentions on our report. LMC members are forewarned here that Photo/Slides WILL be taken and there will be a compulsory show of them in the Autumn.

You could also buy a copy of the report if you wanted to. I am working on a map of the area that will show all the known ascents with names, along with a database of the details.







# *Leeds Mountaineering Club Summer Bash 2004*

*'High Moss' (Rucsac Mountaineering Club Hut), Duddon Valley, Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> June*

JOIN OTHER LMC MEMBERS for this year's Summer Bash in the magnificent Duddon Valley where already so many successful LMC Summer Bashes have been held, set amongst fantastic fells and with the Newfield Inn just down the road at Seathwaite ('Seathwaite, Cumbria' near Coniston Water BELOW Scafell on the map, as opposed to 'Seathwaite, Cumbria' near Buttermere ABOVE Scafell on the map) (that was one dark and lonely... and beerless... field ay Rachel x)

THE BASH WILL BE HELD on the Saturday evening at High Moss hut which is set in its own grounds with plenty of space for games and barbeques, etc, if the weather permits. There will be communal catering on the evening, whether that be indoors or outdoors! The bash will be informal. There will be games and all are welcome to bring musical instruments if they wish.

THIS YEAR'S DATE COINCIDES WITH the Duddon Valley Fell Race so Duddon will be a lively spot that weekend. Some of the LMC Band members are due to play at the Newfield Inn and other members of the club may want to join them at some point?

HUT RULES do not permit children to stay overnight but they are welcome to attend the bash.

WHAT WILL THERE BE TO DO?

- From 5pm: Music/dancing and games ('Ultimate Frisbee' and perhaps Rounders) so do NOT, repeat do NOT, 'Blow All Your Energy On A Big Day In The Hills'
- From 6:30pm: first grub on the barbies... followed by...
- Indoor games and music (bring a favourite CD and some competitive spirit for Twister) with the option of The Newfield Inn later on...
- Walking, climbing, etc, as on other meets

WHERE CAN I STAY?

- High Moss Hut - the usual booking rules apply – the LMC has booked the whole hut
- Turner Hall Campsite (Turner Hall Farm) within easy walking distance of the hut
- Will Parsons can provide details of other accommodation in the valley if you need this

WHAT SHOULD I BRING?

- Food & Drink: bring whatever you fancy as main eats for yourselves plus any nibbles to share. If you would like to provide for example salads or puddings to share then please let Will Parsons know so he can co-ordinate these
- Don't Forget Walking/Climbing Gear
- Anything to amuse and entertain your friends!!
- Will Parsons will bring a barbecue but, if you've got a decent-sized one you'd be willing to bring, please let him know.

HOW DO I BOOK?

- Will Parsons is handling the hut bookings and will co-ordinate the food and drink
- CAMPERS PLEASE MAKE YOUR OWN ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE CAMPSITE which is likely to be busy on the weekend in question because of the Fell Race (Mr & Mrs Hartley, 01229 716420, <http://mysite.freeserve.com/duddonvalley/duddonaccom/camping.html>)

HOW DO I GET THERE?

- Members going for the weekend will meet at the Newfield Inn in 'Seathwaite BELOW Scafell on the map' on the Friday evening
- If you are going just for the Saturday evening, meet at the hut from as early as 5pm (*turn at Turner Hall Farm, several hundred yards on right past pub. Go through gate on left and follow it round to High Moss Hut.*)
- If you want to share transport, please contact Will Parsons.

HOW DO I CONTACT WILL PARSONS?

- Write to him: 4 Delacy Mount, Kirkstall, Leeds LS5 3JF
- Ring him: 0113 225 9239
- Email him: 'w.parsons@leeds.ac.uk'