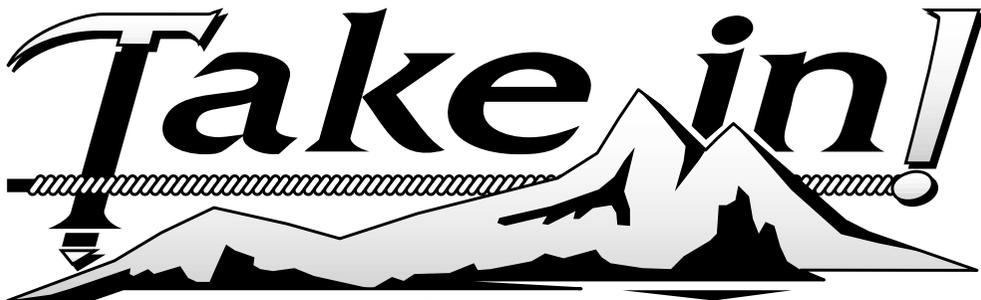


Take in!



PETERBOROUGH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

SEPTEMBER 1999

In this issue:

Bog Trotting in Wales

ADVENTURES IN THE SNOW

**WE'RE HARD
WE ARE**

**Triumph Over
L'Elephant**



YOUR WALL
NEEDS YOU



CONTACT POINTS



President: Clive Osborne
Telephone: 01733 560303

Chairman: Paul Gallagher
Telephone: 01733 470282

Treasurer: Tim Brook
Telephone: 01572 813104
E-mail: tbrook@angliawater.co.uk

General

Secretary: Matt Green
Telephone: 0410 410505

New Members

Secretary: Simon Gough-Brown
Telephone: 01733 236823
E-mail: simon@home30.demon.co.uk

Events

Coordinator: David Bolton-Knight
Telephone: 0976 740437

Newsletter Kevin Groves
Editors: Tracey Rushton-Thorpe
Telephone/Fax: 01733 320992
E-mail: grovesk.railtrack@ems.rail.co.uk

Newsletter

Production: Paul Fulstow
Telephone: 01733 890447

Web Site

Editors: Tim Armes
Telephone: 01223 770470
E-mail: tmal@symbionics.co.uk

Sara Christie
Telephone: 0797 4426212
E-mail: schristie@rnib.org.uk

Cottage

Bookings: Robin Phillips
Telephone: 01248 811203

EDITORS LETTER

Welcome to the silly season, the season when the July issue of a magazine becomes July ish - sorry, and all the crap jokes are out in force. It did however mean that the recent epidemic of writers bloc which hit PMC members earlier this year appears to thankfully have subsided. We were positively swamped with features for this issue (which may have something to do with the new competition), so many apologies to anyone who sent things which haven't appeared, they will be in the next issue.

Speaking of competitions I know you are all anxiously awaiting the results, after a very difficult decision (due to the aforementioned number of features) an overwhelming win went to Rod Benham with his excellent piece on his trip to Greenland, congratulations to Rod who wins £20 in vouchers for Outdoor Adventure. For those who didn't win this time, the prize will be awarded in next issue as well so keep up the good work.

And finally to our survey, it's there in black and white so please let us know what you think by filling it in.

Have a good read, we'll try not to leave it so long next time.

The Editor

FUN, FROLICS AND MUD UP YOUR NOSE!

*The February
Meet, as told*

by Oonagh Pilkington doesn't appear to be your usual meet story - read on to find out what happened and why they abandoned their planned route.

What can I say - a day off work! Yippee!

The fab four Penny G-B, Simon G-B (honorary woman), Sue Knights and me (Oonagh) set off for a day which started with a debate, should we get out of bed or not? We did and headed off to the Rhinogs for a walk. By the time we arrived, which was late morning due to the map readers talking to much (yes. OK me and, I hasten to add, Simon - not just my fault this time.) we hadn't directed the driver properly, oh yes! and of course the obligatory stop at a coffee shop for CAKE hee! hee!

We arrived in the pouring rain after a minor car accident with a stone wall. As we stepped out three other parties climbed back into their cars and left (wimps). Anyway, I had to try out my shiny, new, super dooper (I'm not looking at my bank account) Goretex. We all looked, once appropriately dressed, as if we could explore the Arctic nether regions - but that's another story.

We were off up the Roman Steps. It was slippery. Whoops! first down Penny - well actually, if she sees mud she'll jump in or that's my thoughts on the matter. Only a little further and wallop! Down goes Sue. By now I'm getting a little nervous as anyone near me is falling over (often in spectacular fashions. Wheeee! Bang! Down goes Simon. Yes, you guessed it, I was right behind him (Oonagh makes a speedy exit).

We decide to stop for lunch and after looking at the clock, our position on the map and remembering our late departure - our planned route was abandoned. Never mind it's far more fun making it up. By now the weather was better and the sun was

breaking through on a wintry sky line. The hills were cast in a deep shadow by the soft winter sun. Sorry I went off into my

poetic mode then.

The detour was great. Climbing up a water fall, scrambling across the lake side (the path was under water). But the weather was becoming glorious and we finished our walk with the sun lighting our way. (and I'd not even fallen over once! A miracle).

The car had sunk! Now this part of the story could be told in two ways, Simon's way or Penny and my way. And as it's my story, I'm right. Sue went to open the gate (er, not sure if maybe she knew something in retrospect) and Simon got into the car. The car didn't seem to be moving so being the sweet-natured pair that we are, Penny and I decided to help by pushing. My nice new, fully water proof, Goretex; which was so clean and bright it could be picked up on radar and Penny in her new, red jacket were suddenly covered head to foot in MUD!

The day had been wonderful - (honestly) the Rhinogs definitely deserve more exploration - just don't park in the mud!

Saturday the rabble (yes you lot out there) arrived, so we went off to do a walk with two so called "bumps" on the Carneds. In my opinion it was a bump I'm not going to repeat for a while! With no path and the most uneven ground with huge clumps of grass which I personally thought were alive with hands to grab and pull you over (please don't worry I've just changed my medication).

We slogged our way up and when we reached the top, we were blown off our feet. Then we went down and up the next bump (is this what we all enjoy? Who else wants some of my medication). Mind you the second bump, was not so bad as Sue decided to entertain Tim Armes and myself - with her notion of a lonely hearts column for this very publication.

It's actually an excuse for her to delve into everyone's inner secrets and make money. She decided she would have to take a finders fee for the right match. She also

came up with a plan where you would have to answer a certain questionnaire before you are matched. These questions ... well what can I say ... you could probably hear Tim and I laughing in Peterborough. If you wish to know you'll have to ask her yourself, as I'd be arrested for putting them into black and white (Sue you do surprise me constantly).

We reached the top (again) and Malcolm, Sara and Kay decided to go down and up something else (Carneddau Llewellyn). Myself, Kevin, Penny, Tim and Sue decided to go down and up to the coffee shop and have Bakewell Tart (well what do you expect? A whole day with no cake?).

Now my next experience on the Feb Meet was one of pure enjoyment! Please put yourself in my shoes (I have small feet so some of you will have to use your imagination to its full extent). I'm up Ben Nevis in a snow storm. I can't see more than ten feet in front of me. I'm scared, hungry (I've run out of Joosters). Then out of the dark unknowing distance a booming voice (Simon G-B) shouts "Oonagh leap frog". Simon was teaching Kevin, Sue, Tim and I navigation. The thing was I wasn't up Ben Nevis I was in a field in the full view of passers by opposite the Capel Curig Coffee shop.

Pacing my way to a telegraph pole, triangulating my position to my map which I'd left on the other side of the hill. My biggest problem with this navigation lark is I'll have to carry a calculator, paper and pencil around - and I'd have to stop talking, as every time I said anything or started laughing I lost count of my paces - And up Ben Nevis I'd have been over the edge before I could have shouted "leap frog".

Actually having taken the absolute mickey out of Simon throughout this period he actually made sense - well done Mr G-B, he even got Sue, who could count and pace, to walk in a straight line - a miracle!

Saturday night. I have to tell you all now - the heater in the barn was not working and the heater in the kitchen only worked occasionally - it thought about it, then had a rest and stopped. Despite the cold the usual

amount was eaten, drunk and the conversation was funny, engaging and stimulating (what! - what am I taking about stimulating ... it's you lot.)

We found out everyone had done well that day. A few climbed and others walked - such as Clive and Miles who had a little walk through the woods together (but you'll have to ask them about that as I'm to shy and innocent to write about it).

Anyway mid-way through the evening I needed the loo, (don't panic I'm not taking you through that experience). I left the mayhem and on my way back I decided I'd check my stuff in the drying room (this room sort of works, as long as you don't put too much wet stuff in - which to me doesn't make sense). Anyway it was warm I sat down to check and ... zzz... I was asleep. 3/4 of an hour later the search party was sent out, the valiant, heroic member of the PMC Mountain & Cave Rescue Team, Sara, found me (slightly worrying what prompted her to look in the drying room). Now for the next three hours, the drying room became the hub, the headquarters for all secret information and negotiation for ... Sorry I can't divulge it or I would have to kill you. You'll just have to visit this new meeting place and join in - just remember not all at once its quite small you know.

Sunday - another jolly walk! In the MUD. This time even if I say so myself it was great! and this was why. The walk started, within 10 minutes - Penny G-B flew into a superb double-back twisting somersault with a triple twist. Even before she landed I'd given her a 10. Then ... SPLAT GLUG six inches of mud - bottom first. Utter brilliance! Did I laugh? I cried laughing. I must add at this junction that everyone else was laughing too.

Then it happened, the follow up of follow ups. A backward flip that encompassed the splits mid air and GLUP! again six inches deep, bottom first. Kevin was down and out. By now I was needing hospitalisation - I couldn't see for crying with laughter, I was finding it hard to breathe and was stuck in a bent double posture.

John Wayne would have been proud of

these two when they began to walk - did they moan as their little botties grew colder and stiffer in the two inches of mud clinging to their backsides!

We walked on. You guessed it. We found a tea room. Now, from sources I can't disclose, this was where the plot began!! I'm still not quite sure who was fully involved in the next part!

From the tea rooms we left to look at the waterfalls and walked past the fairy glade (not that we saw any) and then started back in the direction of the car which happened to be up and up and up a huge hill. A friendly chatting group - all being nice and sociable. But unbeknownst to me, two had dropped back!

Now here I must say they have taken a step into a realm that they may not really have wanted to. But I'm sure this will be another story - watch this space.

SPLAT! not only splat, but also rubbed in. I was now standing completely shocked, with a face full of mud. The mud was creating a very artistic, attractive pattern across both cheeks - up my nose, across my forehead

and as droplets hanging off my eyebrows.

Two human beings known as Penny G-B and Kevin T were either side of me with the evidence dripping off their hands and huge grins on their faces. Be afraid, be very afraid, the rest of the walk was with nervous laughter from both of them.

We finished the walk just in time as the heavens opened - but that was OK as, guess what? We'd found a pub.

So the February meet for me was full of the usual fun frolics, great company and good walks. I hope that you'll all be at the next meet and that I've not put any of you off. Mind you this story is long enough to have taken a whole meet weekend to read it - but you've got to have something to wile away the rain filled days!

A little note anyone who wishes to join forces with me in the return match, to you know what! Please make yourselves known to me (but not to Penny and Kevin).

From a person who has survived with mud still intact up her nose. See you soon -

Oonagh.

Bog Trotting in Wales

Our new Chairman Paul Gallagher fills us in on his latest two trips to Wales.

MAY MEET

A last minute decisions to try to tie up with the rest of the group going to the Alps at the end of May saw me heading for Bethesda for a 10 a.m. rendezvous with my first group as a trainee mountain walking leader (summer).

For those who are interested in the ML scheme I will elaborate. The purpose of the scheme is to promote the safe enjoyment of the hills by encouraging people to partake in formal training and assessment leading to a recognised qualification. It starts with a one week training course where you build on your present knowledge and skills on the

following subjects:-

- Group management and the responsibilities of the leader.
- Navigation.
- Access and conservation.
- Walking skills.
- Personnel equipment.
- Camp craft.
- Security on steep ground.
- Mountainous hazards and emergency procedures.
- Weather.

At the end of the course you are debriefed and given advise on areas which could be improved upon. You are then sent off into the mist, log book in hand and told to "get more experience". Once you feel you have logged sufficient walks / camps, on a variety

of terrain's and conditions, both as group member and leader, you apply for assessment. Your log book is checked by the MLTB and if they think you are ready you book on a one week assessment course, hopefully leading to the award.

For more information contact:-

Manchester Office
(Registration Information)
MLTB/BMC
177 - 179
West Didsbury
Manchester
M20 2BB

Tel: 01614454747 Fax : 01614454500
Email: register@thebmc.co.uk

For those who qualify for the 50% training grant this is probably just the sort of course the club would support.

At my debrief I was told I needed more experience leading groups, so there I was on an unusually sunny day in Wales feeling a bit nervous at meeting my first group. I need not have worried as Oonagh was there to greet me in her usual exuberant manner.

Due to other commitments only 4 of the group going to the Alps were able to make it Penny, Oonagh, Peter (with his dog Basher), and myself. The rest of the group included Andy (a new member), Steve nursing a climbing injury (or at least that is why he told us he was there), Sue (with the latest fashion in head gear) and Kelvin with his current girlfriend Emma. We quickly sorted out our gear and headed off for the Carnedd Horseshoe before the sun disappeared.

For those not familiar with the Horseshoe it is an excellent walk containing steep grassy banks, magnificent ridge walks, some fancy foot work across boulder fields and if brave or foolish enough a fantastic bog trot. After checking foot wear I realised a quick bit of adjustment to the route was needed to avoid going through a bog and 2 streams at the beginning of the walk leaving that

dubious pleasure to the end of the day.

We experienced varied conditions even getting the compass out when the clouds rolled in, with a good day being had by all (well almost all) I hope Emma (who climbed her first mountain that day) is still talking to Kelvin (who forgot their food and water) and Penny has recovered from the verbal abuse she received when leading the group off on a detour to Yr Elen "to admire the view" just as the clouds rolled up the mountain. Peter has now got two weeks to get over his blisters before the Alps trip and Oonagh's knees were looking decidedly dodgy.

The highlight of the day had to be the bog trot and stream crossings which severely tested the Gortex lined boots and almost the swimming ability of one or two of us.

I learnt a lot of lessons about leading groups, not least of all the importance of proper briefings so everyone knows what to expect and what they need to bring with them on the day. (Self assessment comment - must try harder, now where have I read that before?)

JUNE WALK

A weather forecast for "strong winds and rain later" saw our small band of intrepid walkers (Eileen, Sue, Rachel and myself) heading off for Marchlyn Mawn reservoir at 8.45 am. Our intention was to drop down to Llanberis pass before heading up to the Y'Garn ridge and back to the cottage. We reached the ridge above the reservoir via a steep but interesting scramble just as the mist lifted, revealing the route along the top towards Y'Garn. The wind was blowing hard from the west so we made a quick decision to stay high and follow the ridge whilst the tops were out of the clouds and descend down later to the Ogwen valley to seek shelter from the increasingly strengthening wind.

Ten minutes later and the wind was now funnelling up the Llanberis valley increasing in strength as it was compressed by the



From left to right, Sue, Rachel and Eileen.

surrounding mountains. We did not have to resort to crawling on all fours but it became very close at times.

Y'Garn was ticked off and we were glad to descend to Llyn y Cwn tarn to find some shelter for a well earned lunch stop. On the way down we met Mark and Marina on their way to Llanberis via Y'Garn for Marina's first introduction to hill walking, she was still smiling so hopefully we have another convert.

On the way down to Idwal we traversed left to take a look into the Devils Kitchen, I made a mental note to find out if it is a graded scramble or climb. (Perhaps a route for the more adventurous walkers with the assistance of some climbers in the future).

A welcome pit stop at the kiosk for a cup of fresh tea saw us refreshed and ready for a delightful walk back up the valley along the Ogwen river and up through the working slate quarry. I did not exactly get lost in the quarry but had one or two detours before Eileen's natural homing device lead us over a slate spill and back to Gefnan just before the rain set in (Well how can I navigate if they keep changing the contours).

We were out for 8.5 hours and every one was smiling so I think a good day was again had by all. Bearing in mind the last time

Rachel had been on a mountain was 14 years ago and I managed to get her trainers soaked at the start of the day by going through a bog, she did exceptionally well. However if her knees are going to last the rest of her life she is going to have to do something about her technique of descending, as skipping / jumping down the hill (like she probably did 14 years ago) is not recommended.

Budding walkers who have a taste for a little adventure, watch this space as I intend to organise some more walks to coincide with the hut meets (possibly an amble along the Welsh coast and an introduction to wild camping in the Rhinogs). I will post briefing details at the town wall and hut notice boards for anyone wishing to come along.

SURVEY

After several furtive phone calls to British Telecom and Royal Mail I have discovered three things. 1, our fax machine does work, 2, our phone line is still connected and 3, the post man hasn't stopped delivering our letters. I can't then understand what has happened to all the surveys which people completed and returned to me. Many thanks to the few people who did, and to the rest of you - where are they. We want to know what you think, what you like, what you don't and what we can do to improve it. As my Crystal ball is not what it used to be, here is the survey again. Please take a little time to complete it and return to me by fax or post, another copy is enclosed at the back of this issue and will not interfere with any other articles.

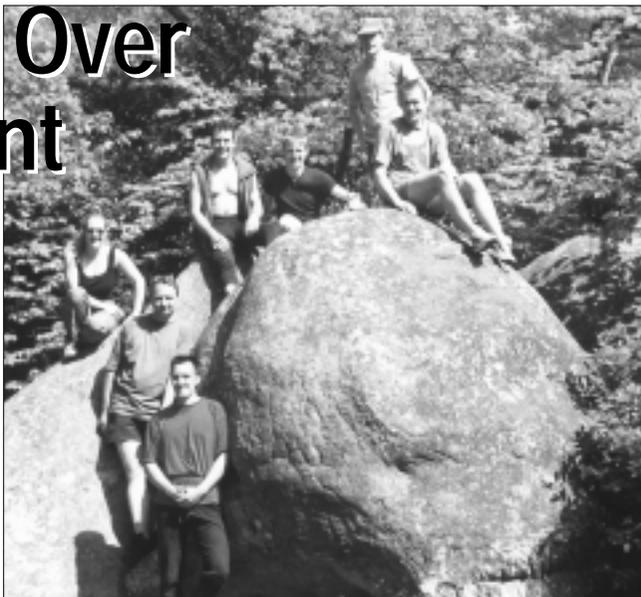
Kevin Groves
7 Derwood Grove, Werrington,
Peterborough, PE4 5DD
Fax/Tel: 01733 320992

Triumph Over L'Elephant

Following a recent trip to 'Font', Sara Christie gives an in depth view into the escapades of some serious outdoor types from the club, their search for a goddess and their overused guide book.

Blink, Blink, Yawn... {stretch}.. Yawn, blink, blink - Another Saturday morning waking up to find myself on a club trip. I could tell this by the way that I could hear the resonating voices of Steve Trewella, Dave Bolton-Knight and Tim Armes floating down the corridor of the Formula 1 we were staying in!!! They had arrived the previous day and had therefore had more sleep and a day's climbing advantage on our carload consisting of Colin Edwards, Tim Brook, Steve Banham, and myself. It was apparent that there was no chance of a lie in as the three proceeded to knock loudly on the room doors. I guess some folk just have no sense of decency! Before I knew it we were on our way to feast on a traditional French breakfast of croissants, pain de chocolate and coffee, sitting outside in gorgeous sunshine, and then onto the boulders of Elephant, Fontainebleau.

This was my first experience of "Font", and I was determined to try get to grips with the peculiar art of bouldering. Elephant is renowned as one of the most popular spots for both visitors and locals, however there seemed to be more English voices around than French. We played around on various problems with Tim B taking a rather spectacular fall from the top of one boulder. He landed on the bouldering mat, which was



protecting him from another boulder, with such a smack that the climbers next to us thought that he'd bashed his head. It was here that Tim A first saw and fell in love with a "rock goddess" from Sheffield, whilst Steve T managed to meet two people he knew from his distant murky past. To end the morning Steve T, Dave and Colin joined forces with a couple of lads from Steve's old university to muster an attack on the 6a up L'Elephant. Steve was the first of the three to conquer the route, however he had forgotten that what goes up must come down; stuck at the top he waited for Colin to complete the climb and help him back down again! Feeling satisfied that we had triumphed over L'Elephant, we went to the local bar for lunch and moved on to find somewhere 'less English'.

The afternoon was spent at the more tranquil setting of Franchard Cuisiniere; everybody was on top form, we were attempting anything that looked nice, and the guidebook was thrown away. We found a mantle shelf that Colin couldn't do and a crack that only I was stupid enough to follow him up!! Three nameless individuals

managed to bear a little cheek (or should that be three pairs!?) and we had a fair attempt at climbing Karma (Font 8a!). Steve B who had consumed a large amount of beer was climbing particularly well, successfully proving what a little Dutch courage can do for your ability.

The plan for the evening was to head back, shower and try and find some nice restaurant to relax from a fulfilling days climbing, however Tim B's car had a very bald tyre which required changing, and then we took a slight 'detour' on the way back to the hotel. The result was we arrived back incredibly late and had to choose between a karaoke night or a grill house.. it was a close call but in the end the grill house won!

Food, beer, laughter, sleep and then 'twas Sunday and we woke up to yet more gorgeous sunshine.

A trip into Fontainebleau provided us with breakfast and sunscreen and a quick trip round the local market provided us with lunch. We decided to go to Bas Cuvier for the day and with remarkable similarity to the previous day Steve T got stuck up a boulder - font5 this time - and Tim's rock goddess showed up again, resulting in him wandering around all day trying to work out if he could marry her for her climbing ability!! The guidebook was thrown away again and we were attempting anything that looked do-able. Colin put me back in my place by following me up a route in his trainers, Pahl, and Dave invented the fascinating sport of running up rocks. The highpoint of my day (literally!) was when I got rescued by an English gentleman (?!?!), not one of our party anyway, after getting to a point of no return on a boulder with a rather smoother, sloping top than I had accounted for... my turn to be stuck on top of a boulder - oops. The end of the day seemed to bring out the top climbers from around the globe. There were Americans, Australians, French and British climbers attempting problems that gave us all something to aim for... maybe next year? In the evening we returned on time, we ate

lots, drank lots, laughed and generally glowed from the sun and a hard day's bouldering.

On Monday we went to Rocher Canon. Tim A, Steve T and Dave had climbed here on their first day but there are probably enough problems there to last years so repetition wasn't an issue! We camped out on an ants' nest, making lunch an interesting experience; The ants were particularly fond of Tim A's boots and much to his distress moved in whilst we were off bouldering. Plagued by injuries due to excessive hard work, - Steve B had gone over his ankle, Steve T had damaged his elbow, and Tim A had over used his wrist... we took it easy. It was Tim A's turn to get stuck on a boulder, probably as there was no "rock goddess" nearby to distract him, and I discovered that reaching the first hold is substantially easier if you find something, or someone, to stand on. Thanks Steve! We had the forest almost to ourselves for the day and it seemed a shame to have to leave early. However the trip home was a long one and there was always next time.

Personally I have made a life changing discovery - this bouldering game's fun.. ropes - who needs them? Guidebooks - who needs them? Bouldering anyone? Bring a mat and don't forget to find the easy way back down first!



The Beauty of Your Rack

You can't fail to have heard the recent chart topping 'Sunscreen Song', here Colin Edwards treats us to his very own version. We're not sure it will be such a hit so as they say - 'don't give up your day job just yet!'

Climb

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, climbing would be it. The long-term benefits of climbing have been constantly misunderstood by scientists, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own cragging experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your rack.

Oh never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your rack until it's stolen. But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself bouldering at Stanage and recall in a way you can't grasp, how well you climbed and how fabulous you really were. You are not as good as you imagine. Don't worry about where the next problem is coming from. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to do an 8a route at Font. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your scared addled mind, like the unexpected lob of left wall on some idle Tuesday. Do one route every day that scares you.

Chalk!

Be reckless when buying other people drinks.

Don't put up with people who are reckless when buying yours.

Wobble

Don't waste time on Gaia. Sometimes you're ahead; sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end, it's only to the wall. Make up compliments you received. Return the insults. If you don't succeed in doing this train harder now. Keep your old rock boots. Throw away your old ropes.

Dyno.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know where you might climb for the rest of your life. The most interesting people I know, didn't know at 22 when they would climb E5. Some of the most interesting 40 year olds I know still haven't. Get plenty of leads in. Don't be too kind to your belayer when there's slack rope. You'll hardly miss him when he's gone. Maybe you'll crimp. Maybe you won't. Maybe you'll slap for the hold, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll be trashed at 40, maybe you'll climb idwell slabs at your 75th Hut meet. Whatever you do, congratulate yourself far too much and sandbag others. Flash someone else's problem. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or what Johnny Dawes might think of it. It's probably the only route you'll ever flash.

Dance

Even if you have nowhere to do it but on the street or at the top of Froggatt.

Ignore the classics, don't ever climb them.
Do not read walking magazines, they will just make you boring.

Get to know your parents. You never know when you'll have to tap them for some new gear.

Be nice to your belayer. They're your best link to the rope and the person most likely to stop falling and hit the deck.

When climbing in the future.

Understand that favourite belayers come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on.

Work hard to bridge the gaps in strength and balance, because the older you get, the harder it will be to mantle like when you were young.

Live in Llanberis once, but leave before it makes you a Rock God.

Live in Hathersage once, but leave before everything you own gets stolen.



Smear

Accept certain inalienable truths:

Gear prices will rise. We all get benighted.

You too will get a rescue top rope.

And when you do, you'll fantasise that when you were young, severes were easy, walk ins were short, and the weather was never as bad as this.

Respect Seb Grieve.

Don't expect anyone else to buy you breakfast at Pete's.

Maybe you'll have a huge Quadcam. Maybe you'll have a Hex 11.

But you never know when either one might stop you falling.

Don't mess too much with Tattoos or by the time you're 25 you will look like Matt Green.

Be careful whose cheap rope you buy, but be patient with those who supply it.

Cheap rope is a form of rip-off. Dispensing it is a way of buying more, and knowing that it hasn't taken 50 falls.

But trust me on climbing.

YOUR WALL NEEDS YOU

The climbing wall is in need of more duty supervisors. Please give some thought to volunteering to do a duty. The responsibilities include accounting for the money on the night, and more importantly; ensuring a safe environment and safe practices are being followed (eg correct belay technique; loose holds are tightened immediately etc).

The duty comes round about once every six weeks, and in return for your time you get to climb for free, and we take you out for a free dinner.

Consider doing your bit for your club, contact:

Tracey Parker (rota organiser)
07970 392191

Clive Osborne (at the wall)

AN EXPEDITION OF A LIFETIME

PMC member Rod Benham replied to an advert which said 'Expedition to Greenland - Join Sir Robin Knox-Johnston and Sir Chris Bonnington for an adventure of a lifetime'. Here he shares his story with us.

That's what the advert said, so I did! I joined Leg 2 of a 4 Leg sailing and mountaineering expedition to the most southern tip of Greenland - "Cap Farvel" for the three weeks 24th June, 1998 to 13th July, 1998. Plan A was to fly to Narsarsuaq, in Greenland, and join Antiope Clipper, a 60 ft Ocean Racing Yacht. However, because of severe ice conditions the yacht and its partner - Ariel Clipper, were both trapped by ice up a fjord some 60 miles away at a small InnuIt settlement called Augpilagtoq. No problem to Robin who had chartered a helicopter to fly the Leg 1 crews out to Narsarsuaq and to bring the Leg 2 crews to the yachts. Having never flown in a helicopter before, for me the adventure had really begun. We flew along fjords holding varying numbers of "icebergs" - "flows" - "growlers" and between mountains, many of them unclimbed and which made the Skye Ridge look like the Pinnacles at Capel Curig.

We eventually flew up the fjord to Augpilagtoq where 70% of the surface was covered in ice. The yachts had entered the harbour when the fjord was clear, then the wind and tide changed and the ice appeared with bits of berg and light brash, tennis court sized slabs 7m thick and fortress sized bergs aground in 60m of water.

We transferred to the yachts in the small harbour between the settlement and a 960m granite peak which rose straight out of the fjord. The whole area was a maze of ice, water and mountains. The crew of Antiope - 10 people, none of whom had previously met, settled down to

live in a 12ft x 14ft x 6ft space.

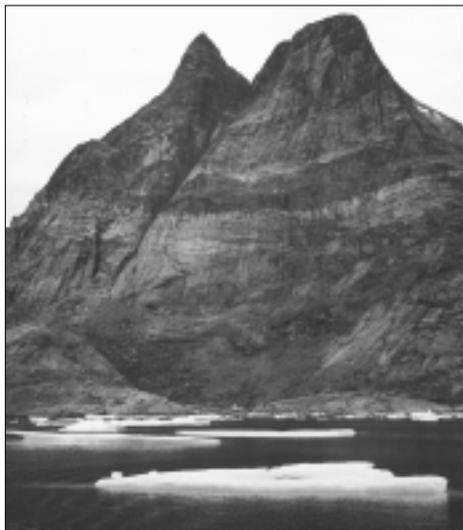
The pure sailors in the party were upset by the prospect of being "trapped" in the harbour for the next three days, but the mountaineers were beginning to plan tomorrow's route up that adjacent peak.

Maps of the area were very lacking in detail, so finding a route tended to be "lets try it and see" basis. Next morning Chris Bonnington and his climbing partner set off with the appropriate kit to explore unclimbed rock and virgin summits. A mixed group of about 10 of us set off to see what was "around the corner". Several miles later we were stopped between a granite cliff and the fjord (water temperature was 2°C), the only way up ahead was over granite slabs and bilberry. It was a good scramble. Arriving at the col, four of us decided to explore Chris's peak, just pure granite with no vegetation at all and diff - V diff climbing all the way to the top. The view was stunning with 360° of rock and ice, the latter being of different sizes and colours from pure white to deep blue. There was a small cairn so it was not a first!

We were having lunch when Bonnington's mate appeared over the vertical face. "What the F___ are you lot doing here?" Chris

On the way up 960m peak.





Main face of 960m peak.

thinks this is going to be a first!" It looked as if we were in for a mad Knight! He joined us for lunch.

Early every morning one of the pure sailors would "climb" the local 7m "Spy Rock" in order to see if the ice had cleared. After four days it had, so both yachts prepared to leave and head off for a totally remote anchorage where we could enjoy more walking, climbing and camping. It wasn't very long before we came across an ice barrier. Robin prepared Ariel to find the leads through the ice by sending a lookout half way up the mast. On Antiope, our skipper organised a lookout in the pulpit, two strong crew with long poles either side of the fore deck to "fend off flows", two others amidships with plastic fenders to drop between the ice and the hull and likewise two at the aft. We then gingerly threaded our way through flows the size of cars and buses but far stronger than our fibreglass hull! The sea temperature was about 3°C. After about a mile we broke out into clear waters. Our first preferred anchorage was full of ice and bergs so we had to move on. When we passed the branch fjord which lead to the open sea, the ice threat had lifted. It was just as well as the

wind strength was now beginning to rise. As we headed up the fjord towards the Greenland ice cap, the wind was suddenly gale force with huge gusts of freezing air falling like avalanches off the ice cap. The head of the fjord held six or seven huge grounded bergs so we eventually anchored about 200m from shore.

Due to possible "ice threat", our skipper set up an anchor watch. I was on from 2am to 4am. The latitude was such that it never really went dark and the wind had dropped so all was calm except for the resident bergs which cracked, groaned and shed lumps of ice as the tide slowly shifted their grounded positions and the numerous hanging glaciers on either side of the fjord which dropped ice and rock down into the sea at regular intervals. It was exciting.

A large glacial river entered the head of the fjord and the local Inuits had it netted to catch trout which they readily traded for cans of lager etc., We enjoyed three days of wilderness and exploration in this truly remote area, and then it was back to Augpilagtoq to the harbour before being once more entrapped by ice.

The next day, a group of 11 from both boats, set about preparing a plan for crossing the fjord in order to climb a 1242m summit. Four of the party were 50+ years and had

Looking for leads.



Summit view from 960m peak.



alpine experience, three who were 30+ had a little mountaineering experience and the remaining four who had no climbing experience were 20 yrs +. A deal was struck whereby experience would lead and teach and the youth of the party would carry the kit! At about 0500hrs the next day, Matt the mountain leader of the trip, looked out to find that there was heavy fog about and the harbour entrance was again blocked by ice. So it was back to our bunks. However by 0900hrs the weather and ice had cleared so we all loaded into the dinghies to weave our way across the 2 mile wide fjord which had about 50% ice coverage. Loading and carrying rucksacks, ice axes and crampons into and in inflatables is very scary. Making our way through ice flows, we were soon dragging the dinghies ashore and securing them to await our return trip.

The scene was spectacular - 3 metres above sea level and very much like 3000m in the French Alps. The glacier snout being about 2 miles away and 300m above sea level. I had forgotten just how difficult it was to walk over un-trodden terrain and especially how irritating "mozzies" could be in spite of us wearing our full head nets!

At the glacier snout we set up three ropes, donned crampons and picked our way between some minor crevasses. Glacier climbing and no lack of oxygen - it was great!

When the glacier levelled out, four of the party decided they had gone far enough, so a bivouac was set up and a "brew" prepared. From

nowhere the cloud rolled in and torrential rain now reduced conditions to those of the occasional Welsh meet! The summit party crossed what was now a snow field, crevasse free, eventually finding a snow gully which would lead up to the ridge. After about an hour the base of the summit tower was reached. Conditions were now appalling, pure rock climbing was not on, and sadly we had to retreat back to the dinghies and yacht where we arrived at 11.30 p.m.

The final excitement was threading our way down the fjord between vertical 700m rock faces and out to the open sea, which was awesome with patches of open water, huge rafts and barriers of ice flows, bergs and those "growlers", all being lifted and dropped by a 3m swell. The noise was unbelievable - "nature's cocktail shaker". Once clear of the ice it was hoist the sails and head off on the 600 miles journey to Reykjavik.

On arrival in Reykjavik five days later it was wonderful to soak in the hot spring baths and even the beer at £5-00 a pint was really good. The trip proved to be an adventure of a lifetime for me with the difficult conditions, very spartan lifestyle and remoteness to contend with, counterbalanced by nature's spectacular surprises. I believe that there maybe further expeditions to Greenland planned for next year. Call Clipper Ventures on 01234 711550 for details.

As H.W.Tilman quotes:- "strenuousness is the mortal path and sloth the way of death".

DAVE'S DARE

Sunday July 11th was the date, Curbar Edge in the Peak District the place, for David Bolton-Knight's first ever E1 lead climb.

Amid much anticipation and enthusiasm Dave, and almost a dozen others from Peterborough Climbing Wall, set off for a day of climbing in the Peak District looking forward to celebrating Dave's twenty something (it's not nice to remind people of Dave's advancing years!) birthday by seeing history being made - hopefully!

Dave had decided that he would mark his birthday by leading an Extreme 1 - E1 - climb. Many e-mails passed over PCs across the country during the proceeding week making suggestions as to where and what climb. After great debate, Bear Hunter, an 11 metre gritstone climb graded E1 5b on Curbar Edge, was the final choice.

The day proved to be one full of sunshine and extreme heat. Not a fern stirred at the base of the climb which proved to be very sheltered and very sweaty! Dave decided to have a bit of a warm up on another climb and was a bit startled to find 'his' lead climb already being 'prepared' for him by an eager Colin Edwards.

"Just checking it out for you Dave", Colin was heard to explain to Dave.

The time had come and in usual Dave fashion he attacked the climb with skill and confidence (don't get too big headed Dave!). Nervous minutes passed while Dave contemplated, chalked up, contemplated, chalked up, contemplated, chalked up and contemplated once more before attempting a tricky crux about three quarters of the way up. That done it was plain sailing to the top. A cheer arose from the watching masses as Dave hauled himself to the top and punched the air in triumph and much grinning and back patting ensued.



Not content with one E1 lead under his belt we decided to test Dave a bit more and moved along the edge to Froggatt to give Dave (bully him really) the opportunity to take on a gritstone classic - Three Pebble Wall (E1 5a - 12m).

Once again Dave attacked this one with much gusto. The large pocket about half way up which the guidebook describes as 'happily swallows small nuts and large friends but just as happily spits them out on falling off' gave Dave pause. To his credit he found some excellent spots right at the very back of the pocket that on close inspection seemed almost 'bomb proof' - but who knows as Dave didn't need to test out the guide book warning or his ability in gear placement.

The crux of the climb was completed in the most unique fashion that anyone watching had ever seen. A hard pull up and massive rock-over to the right was completed without using any of the usual footholds at all! Everyone agreed that Dave's 'variation' probably pushed the technical grade to a 6a.

Not so much hand clapping and cheers resulted from this second E1 lead - you've done it once then that's it I suppose.

A good day was had by all and it a brill to be there and see history being made (a bit corny I know but hell....he deserves it!)

ADVENTURES IN THE SNOW



Stuart with Mont Blanc is in the background.

Stuart Hill recently did a bit of the Tour de Mont Blanc. Here he shares his experiences with us, with some tips on how to handle a conductor.

Our trip to the Alps was the latest development in the ten years of climbing and walking trips Richard and I have made together. If your hobby is mountains then I suppose the Alps is an inevitability. As usual, the idea had been his and I had, to some extent, tried to resist. It was easy to think of obstacles: "The expense!" was easily countered: "EasyJet do flights for 18 quid". What could I say? I put the phone down and looked up to see my wife staring at me. "EasyJet do flights for 18 quid" I said. I booked it on the Internet.

This was supposed to be just a recce trip: take in some of the Tour de Mont Blanc before coming back another year to tackle some "proper" peaks. The Tour (or "TMB" as it is known) is a walking route which circumnavigates the Mont Blanc Massif, reaching heights of around 2500 metres. It is a traditional summer backpacking route for the mountain walker, with accommodation available in "refuges", which are often staffed and more civilised than they sound.

We only had three complete days, and accordingly we were going to tackle just the

last three sections of the TMB, starting at la Forclaz and ending at Les Houches.

Accommodation would be in the mountain refuges and we would carry everything in our packs throughout. Soon after our arrival we came to understand that our plans had to change - there was no public transport to le Forclaz. Never mind we would simply vary the first day and take the train to Trelechamp and follow the suggested detour that goes with stage 9 - a trip up the Albert Premier refuge.

This remote mountain hut was supposed to be worth seeing, as it is situated right beside the impressive Glacier du Tour. As soon as we stepped off the train and our knees buckled under the weight of our packs there was an unspoken moment of realisation between Richard and I. Why on earth were we carrying everything on our backs? Why not stay in Chamonix and use the excellent public transport to get to the start of our routes (la Forclaz bus notwithstanding)?

The debate raged on and on for five seconds. Then we still had the day to deal with. I could feel my skeleton compressing under the weight of the big pack as we trudged up past the ski lifts and took the path towards the Albert Premier.

The refuge is at about 2500 metres and it didn't take long before we hit our first snow. The excessive snowfalls of earlier that year had left a legacy of drifts and patches across even the relatively low-level paths. Indeed, it was this region that had endured the fatal avalanches that had run right onto the resorts themselves.

At first the snow was a novelty. The last few winters have seen us on abortive winter trips to Scotland, laden with ice-axes and crampons, to find nothing but the merest dandruff dusting of the white stuff. Now here it was plentiful. But it was starting to get just a teeny-weeny bit worrying. The path pushed us upwards at an insistent pace, winding across the front of the hills. This meant that when a patch of snow spread down across the path, it had to be crossed at a steep angle. Fine, when you have the requisite hardware, but soles without

spikes can be unreliable, and a descent without an axe becomes unstoppable.

While we paused for lunch and studied the impressive leading edge of the glacier, something ran out in the foreground of our view - a pair of Chamonix. No sooner had they shot away than a round grey head peered around a nearby rock. A beaver face stared at us, then bobbed back down out of site. "Ah" I said knowledgeably, "I know what that is, that's a martinet that is". Richard looked puzzled. "Are you sure?", he asked, "isn't a martinet something to do with the army?". I persevered with this zoological identification for a while, but then doubt began to sink in. "Now you come to mention it", I said, "maybe a martinet is some kind of wind instrument." I resorted to the guidebook. "Yes, I was right, they're marmots".

Sadly, although we came in sight of our objective, we never made it that day. The dangerous conditions forced us back, ill-clad as we were.

Back in Chamonix Tourist Information verified themselves to be as useful as an ashtray on a motorbike. Following our request for a hotel room, the woman said sternly "Right, I am going to give you a map and a list of Chamonix hotels and then you will leave." "You could be replaced with a rack of pamphlets you know..." I shouted as Richard dragged me out.

Next morning we took our trusty mountain railway up to the Trelechamps and then walked through the botanic gardens to the col des Montets, where we could pick up the TMB again. This is stage ten of the route and it winds its way up the valley side, opposite the Mont Blanc massif. The guidebook indicates that this section of the TMB offers some of the best views, and it's not wrong. Below you, Chamonix is sprinkled out across the valley floor, and across on the other side of the valley are mountains that read like a who's-who of international peak stardom: Les Drus, the Grande Jorasses, Mont Blanc itself. Not to mention the glaciers punctuating the ranges, notably the Glacier des Bossons, possibly the lowest and only growing glacier in the French Alps.



Richard, heading to La Flegere.

At the end of the day we made the lower Le Brevent cable car station with precisely one minute to spare. The ticket man kept saying "Oui, retour". "No", Richard kept telling him "We don't need a return". But he'd sell us nothing else, so in the end we gave in.

Of course, next morning (after a considerably late night) we had a bright idea: "We have a return ticket on the cable car. Let's go back up, rejoin the path and climb Le Brevent". Back at the cable car ground station the conductor became apoplectic at the site of our ticket. Richard kept insisting "But it's a return". The conductor called his companion over to witness the audacity of the les cheating ros boeufs. Eventually we had to retire to the ticket office. Turned out that "retour" means "back" or in this context "down". So we had been at the top asking for a ticket, but refusing a down one, even when it was impossible for us to go up. And then next morning tried to use a down ticket to go up. Lucky we all saw the funny side and parted best of friends with the conductor. Not.

A sign at the upper cable car station warned hikers that the paths were still covered in snow, and therefore dangerous, and sure enough almost immediately we hit a steep patch across our route. We waited amid a growing bottleneck as an entire family came across, on the downward journey. Discouragingly, even the children were equipped with ice axes. As the father arrived I asked him how the summit was. We received the famous gallic shrug, "pfff, c'est facile". OK, so onward and upward we went, through more and more snow, rapidly overtaken by a young Japanese couple. Soon we reached a curving ridge which for a short spell lifted us out of the now almost continuous snow.

At our position we were close to our first objective - the col de Brevent, and in front of us a narrow line of footprints disappeared up over a small cornice and then vanished out of site. In the background the imposing summit with its precarious cable car station loomed. Richard, against my judgement, as ever, forced me on. Now we were completely surrounded by snow.

As we crossed the col a couple complete with axes and crampons confidently bit their way smartly past us in the opposite direction. Shortly after this point the normally reliable TMB waymarkings vanished, presumably under snow. Now we were faced with a bewildering

array of tracks and trails across the snow. It seemed as though the most popular route took in a reasonably large cornice, and we opted for that direction. As I panted nervously behind Richard, daggering my now completely telescoped pole into the snow I looked down. Right by my feet was a gaping hole - this cornice was actually part of an elaborate snow bridge. Before I could indicate my concerns, Richard stuck his leg right through it. Lucky for him his other foot was on the top of the slope and he could step up. I had no choice but to follow him by using the back edge of the hole he had just made as a launch pad to safe ground.

And here was a simple snow plod to the summit, past a pair of dashing rock climbers (not quite so dashing when all the bolts came into view). Once on the summit a superb view of the Bossons glacier, a quick lunch, and then onward, down the other side. By this time snow confidence was fully restored and I managed a standing glissade using the pole as a rudder, down to the edge of the snowline.

Even after we reached the lower level section of the TMB and it was time to descend to Chamonix, we still had the full height of Ben Nevis to follow down to our hotel. Such is the scale of things here. We will be back, no more backpacking, but bigger mountains for sure.

NEWSBEAT

As well as keeping you up to date on the latest from the PMC, here's some interesting news from the 'UK Mountain Sports - Online'

There are a number of discussion forums for you to get involved in, covering a range of topics including climbing, walking, ski touring and outdoor gear. They can be found at <http://www.mtn.co.uk/forums>

The latest mountain news can be found at the following sites:

New Peak routes information - <http://www.mtn.co.uk/news/newroutes.htm>

The future of climbing guides - <http://www.mtn.co.uk/news/guidebooks.htm>

If you have any gear to buy or sell, or are looking for a climbing partner, travel share etc.

Try the free classifieds: <http://www.mtn.co.uk/cgi-bin/classifieds.cgi>

Ever wondered what photo equipment you should take into the hills? Top mountain photographer Ian Evans explains the do's and don'ts in the second of his series:

<http://www.mtn.co.uk/features/bolivia1.htm>

WE'RE HARD WE ARE



In September last year Richard Insall and Simon Gregory went climbing at Namur, Belgium and had one hell of a time if the story related below is to be believed!

We crossed the channel by Stena Line ferry from Dover to Calais. Obviously Dunkirk is closer to Belgium, but Calais seems to be cheaper. The ferry arrived at about one thirty local time and after lashing along the E42 straight to Namur we reached the campsite just after four. Just in time to pitch the tent, brew up (well we're English after all) and get two hours climbing in before abbing off in the dark.

Camping is on the other side of the river from the crags and a bit down stream. It cost us 40OF (Belgian) which I reckon is about six quid, for two nights. Cheap anyway. You wake up and look out of the tent at sun soaked crags rising above the river and unfortunately also the railway line. Still, a beautiful view and the sun's been out each time I've stayed there. I'd taken an inflatable mattress and after some difficulty blowing it up conventionally I hit on the idea of attaching it to the exhaust of the car. Brilliant! Inflated in seconds and with the advantage that when I had lost the morning farting contest for the second day running, I was able to pull the plug out and leave the tent quickly while Simon coughed and choked inside. I doubt whether he's learned his lesson though.

In the unlikely event of bad weather, just up the road from the campsite there is alternative sporting activity for the male climber with time (and money) on his hands;

a bar where the young ladies of Namur recline in the window illuminated by fluorescent lights. Ideal after a long days climbing when the battery of your torch is running down and you just have to get out of the tent for a while. Ahh, where was I?

The crags are run by Le Club Alpine Belge and sometimes there is a Group Four Security guards waiting in the ideally positioned parking area to check for membership cards. BMC and in my case PMC cards are accepted. Good thing we're BMC affiliated. The checks were initiated to stop free use by the Dutch who have two alpine clubs and no crags. There have been plenty of Dutch climbers there during my visits, in fact there are usually huge numbers of cars parked by midday but the crags are never crowded, such is the scale of the place. If it were ever to become crowded, there is always Dave (Pronounced daav) a few miles away, which offers equally high quality climbing, but mostly in the E grades. Dave was less busy still on the occasion when I climbed there. Or tried to.

There is a guide book or guide encyclopaedia more like, but I haven't managed to track one down yet. The area is covered in Selected Rock Climbs In Belgium & Luxembourg by Chris Crags published by Cicerone Press, but it's easier to arrange to be there on a weekend when Tony Payne is there. He's climbed loads of the available routes and is still discovering more. Routes range from the easiest imaginable to serious E grades of one, two and three pitches and of course, all bolted and maintained in superb condition. The fact that Tony and Ulla travel there regularly from Germany shows how good the climbing is. The place constantly reminds me of an extremely high tech outside climbing wall. Each route seems to have just the right holds in the right places. Every time you run out, the next is simply hiding and waiting to be discovered. There are more pockets than in a shoplifters

underwear and when the sun shines, as it has each time I've been to Beez, lizards scuttle in one hole and out of the next, patrolling their territory. The foot of the crag is in trees and the rock looks as if it has bubbled out of the ground and set immediately with small fossils caught on the surface.

We must have climbed twenty or twenty five routes on the first day, that's the big advantage of bolting. One French/Belgian lady leading alongside me heard my English and asked whether I climbed in England. "Yes" I replied, slightly surprised. She went on. "But you have no bolts there. It must be very frightening". I just shrugged it off. We're hard we are! Next day Simon made the same route his first ever lead, HVS 5a we reckon and then buoyed up by his success went on to lead a highly polished HVS 5b/c that I'd decided against. It was like ice at the bottom which is strange as no other routes I've climbed there have been noticeably polished at all. This one must be a three star route! Anyway, I put Simon's madness down to a rush of carbon monoxide to the brain and retired with my pride in tatters. It was a nice second though.

The real point of this report is to try to encourage a PMC outing to Namur some time. We left home at eight on Friday morning and got back before midnight on Sunday night having climbed Friday night, all day Saturday and Sunday until half past four, so the travelling is no problem. The ferry was on offer so it cost about sixty pounds each all in for travelling and camping. How much you spend on top of that is up to you and your conscience.

I'll be going back sometime this year, Simon's moved to London and probably won't. I have had interest from some climbing wall regulars including Matt Green, although it's unclear whether it's the climbing he's interested in or the other activities. Whatever, it would be good to get a crowd of us over there.

NEWS REVIEWS

What you think about the club and this newsletter is really important. There was a good show at this year's AGM but the PMC feel they need to know your views in a little more detail.

The following 'survey' will help the committee and 'the editors' to make your club better and to improve the communications and services you receive.

Please spend a little time completing it, remove the pages (or photocopy - sorry we can't be more sophisticated) and send them to me by fax, post or drop them off at the wall.

Kevin Groves

7 Derwood Grove, Werrington, Peterborough PE4 5DD Fax: (01733) 320992

Do you think the frequency of this newsletter is OK (bi-monthly)?

Yes No Suggestions:.....
.....

Do you think the content of the newsletter is about right?

Yes No Suggestions:.....
.....

Do you think there is a need for some other written form of communication?
(a one sided A4 - quick news - in between the newsletter for instance)

Yes No Suggestions:.....
.....

What would you like to know more about?

Comments.....
.....

Do you think the new membership fees for the club voted in at the recent AGM represent value for money (£45 - family, £30 - single)?

Yes No Suggestions:.....
.....

Would you like to see the club offering other facilities, services or events?

Yes No Suggestions:.....
.....

Do you have any ideas on how the club could improve itself?

Comments.....
.....

Any other comments on any other topics?.....
.....

ABOUT THE PETERBOROUGH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

PMC is a friendly, successful club with nearly 200 members of all ages. We hold regular trips to the Peak District, Wales, the Lake District and the Scottish Highlands to walk and climb. Each year we organise many club events including trips to the Alps, sunny Spain, southern France plus training sessions, courses, socials, master classes, etc etc etc ... (you get the picture!)

The club owns a luxurious hut in Snowdonia (hot showers / fitted kitchen / drying room) and the climbing wall in Peterborough. The wall is open 7pm - 10pm weekdays, 10am - 10pm weekends and is at the Sports Club (and bar) beside Edith Cavell Hospital (CLUB NIGHT TUESDAYS).

Non members are very welcome to join us at most events and you are welcome to use the climbing wall at any time. We offer the following benefits of membership:

- 25% discount every time you climb (£3 vs £4 for non-members);
- 30% discount on hut fees at the Snowdonia cottage;
- Membership of the club bar and use of changing rooms at the climbing wall;
- 10% discount at climbing shops across the UK;
- Training and expedition grants to subsidise your personal development;
- 3rd party BMC mountaineering insurance;
- An active social life (training courses, events, competitions, dinners, BBQs, etc);
- A frequent club newsletter;
- A source of walking and climbing partners;
- Meeting like minded, adventurous people.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Please complete the details below legibly, sign, enclose your remittance (made payable to "Peterborough Mountaineering Club") and return to: Simon Gough-Brown, 50 Rosyth Avenue, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 6SL. Individual membership = £28.00, Family = £35.50.

I wish to apply for membership of the Peterborough Mountaineering Club. I

understand that the Club's rules state: "Members and guests participating in club activities do so entirely at their own risk. Neither the Club, nor its Officers, nor its Committees will accept any responsibility for any injury, loss or damage to persons or property". I understand that the committee has the right to revoke any membership at their discretion. I am over 18 years of age.

Full Name: (BMC Insurance included)

Address:

Post Code: Telephone:

Second family member: (BMC Insurance included)

Note: Extra BMC insurance is available at £4.50 per 3rd and subsequent person(s).
I agree to abide by the PMCs rules and constitution if I am elected a member of the club.

Signature of applicant: Date: / /19

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

September 3 - 5	A weekend in the Peaks – (The Roaches) Meet leader: <i>Dave Bolton-knight</i> Tel: 0976 740437
September 3	Wall supervisors meal at Pierre Victoire Meet leader: <i>Clive Osborne</i> Tel: (01733) 560303
September 5	Climbing Wall paint and decorate Meet leader: <i>Clive Osborne</i> Tel: (01733) 560303
September 17 - 19	Wales hut meet - climbing, hiking, scrambling and biking Meet leader: <i>Tim Armez</i> Tel: (01223) 770470
October 3	Big wall climbing at Birmingham's Rock Face Meet leader: <i>Dave Bolton-knight</i> Tel: 0976 740437
October 15 - 17	Lake District hut meet Meet leader: <i>Clive Osborne</i> Tel: (01733) 560303
October 31	Halloween BBQ – at Southorpe Bridge Meet leader: <i>Marr Green</i> Tel: 0410 410505
November 7	A day in the Peaks Meet leader: <i>Collin Edwards</i> Tel: (01733) 340419
November 18	Navigation training seminar – Thursday evening Meet leader: <i>Dave Fleet</i> Tel: (01733) 898172
November 19 - 21	Wales hut meet - Curry bash Meet leader: <i>Clive Osborne</i> Tel: (01733) 560303
December 5	World climbing championships – Climb 99 Meet leader: <i>Dave Bolton-knight</i> Tel: 0976 740437
December 12	Slide show and photo competition – Sunday evening Meet leader: <i>Kevin Trickey</i> Tel: (01733) 361650
December 17-19	Wales hut meet - pre-christmas Meet leader: <i>Simon Gough Brown</i> Tel: (01733) 236823
January 14 -16	Wales hut meet - climbing, hiking, scrambling and biking Meet leader: <i>Marr Green</i> Tel: 0410 410505
January 30	Training for climbing (and belaying) Meet leader: <i>Dave Fleet</i> Tel: (01733) 898172

Note: Non-members are welcome and encouraged to join us on these events. It is the best time to meet us!

Lifts are normally arranged at the wall on the Tuesday evening before the event.

Occasionally an event may change, for conformation on future events, contact David Bolton-Knight on 0976 740 437.

"Thank you to all the members who took the time to write articles for this issue if your piece has not appeared in this issue it will certainly appear in the next."

Remember PMC web site:

www.oaktree.co.uk/pmc