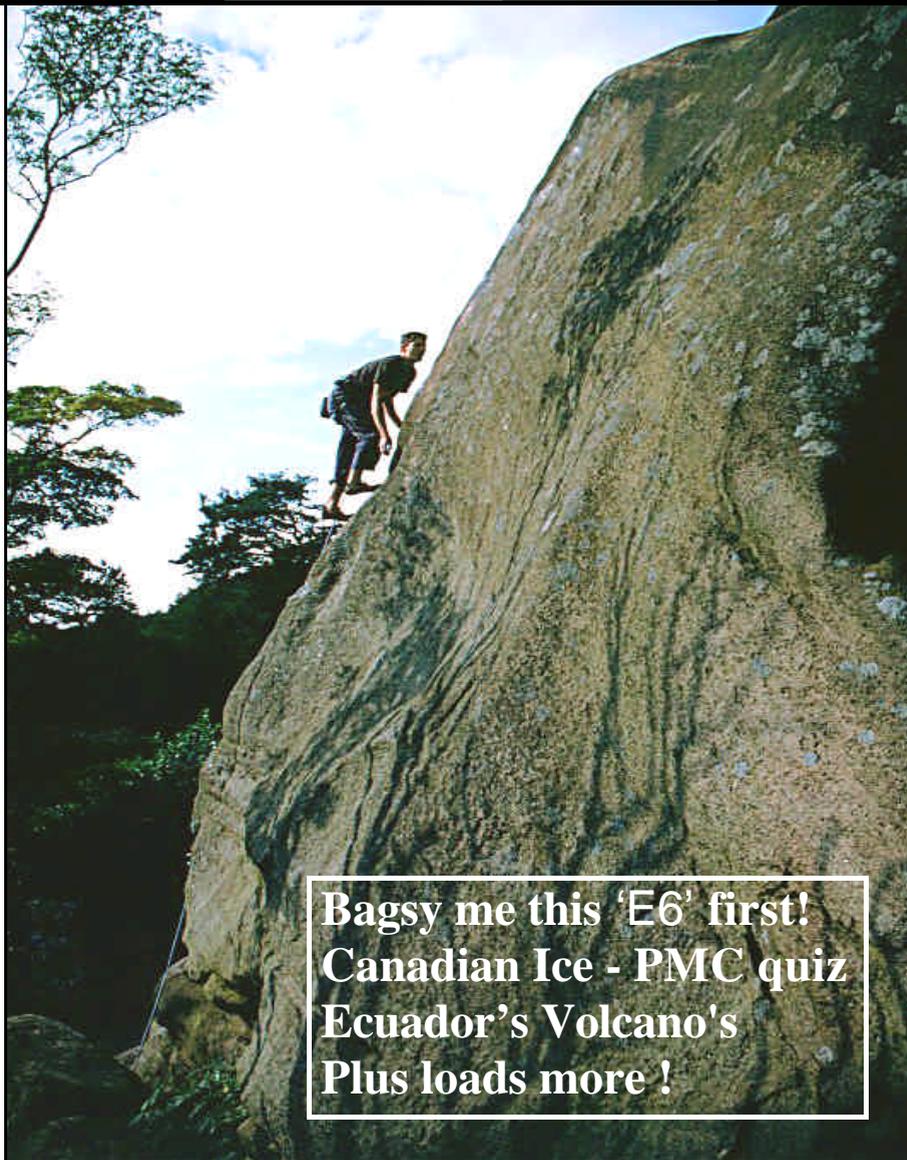


# Take in!



PETERBOROUGH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB AUTUMN 2001



**Baggy me this 'E6' first!  
Canadian Ice - PMC quiz  
Ecuador's Volcano's  
Plus loads more !**

# CONTACT POINTS



**President:** *Clive Osborne*  
Telephone: 01733 560303

**Chairman:** *Paul Eveleigh*  
Telephone: 01487 822202

**Treasurer:** *Dave Peck*  
Telephone: 01733 770244

## **General**

**Secretary:** *Richard Ford*  
Telephone: 01778 342113

## **New Members**

**Secretary:** *Kevin Trickey*  
Telephone: 01733 361650

## **Events**

**Coordinator:** *Rob Pontefract*  
Telephone: 01780 764333  
Mobile: 07711 090999

*Martina Harrison* Tel:01733 349446

## **Newsletter**

**Editor:** *Kaye Burling*  
Telephone: 01780 481232

*Paul Rowlands* Tel: 01733 757324  
E-mail: pkr@bun.com

## **Cottage**

**Bookings:** *Robin Phillips*  
Telephone: 01248 811203

# EDITORS LETTER

There's no chance of denial now.....it really is that leaf crunching, ice-scraping time of year again. The sunscreen's been shelved and winter boots and skis are making a welcome return to shop shelves. Great timing then for the autumn 'Take In' to appear, giving you something new to read in the expanding hours of darkness. We've had a great time putting the fantastic stories and photos for this edition together, and hope that you'll enjoy sharing them as well.

There has been a lot happening in the world since 'Take In' last appeared. And while the rubble settles it's even more refreshing to know there is still the joy of the mountains for us to escape into.

Many of the activities featured in this edition have benefited from PMC Grant funds. If you are not already aware of the opportunities available to all active members through this funding, we've also included details of the revised conditions for eligibility.

Once again we owe many thanks to everyone contributing articles and photos (and also apologies for a touch of over-editing of a certain Montserrat article in the last edition. The challenge to everyone now is to figure out where). Please remember that anything you want to appear in the winter edition must be received by 18 January.

All the best to everyone for a fab season of winter mountaineering. We'll see you on the flip side of Christmas...have a good one!

The Editors.

# Canadian Ice

Just before Christmas I had a call from Miles Goff, asking me if I fancied going ice climbing in Canada. I knew Miles was thinking about going and had been talking to Simon Wright about the idea for sometime. Miles and Simon were keen to do some hard ice following their success on Point Five in 1999. Doug Lowes was also keen to go and Miles thought a team of four would be ideal. I told Miles I would think about it and ring him back in few days. On the 1999 club winter trip to Scotland I had been climbing with Miles in Coire an t-Sneachda, at the beginning of the trip, and teamed up with Doug to do Gardyloo gully while Miles and Simon did Point Five. This had worked well so without having even seen a guide book, I gave Miles a call to say I would go.

The tickets were booked soon after Christmas, and the trip was fast approaching. Fortunately the January club meet gave us a bit of an opportunity to get on the ice. Doug, myself, several other members of the PMC went up the frozen waterfall to the left of Cynr Las, and then on to Parsley Fern left hand. This at least gave us some practise soling on grade II ice, but Canada would be more serious.

16 February 2001, and were off to Canada. We were flying to Calgary via Chicago. The flight was experience in itself. We eventually arrive at Calgary at about 0100hrs, to a temperature of -20C. Calgary is 7 hours behind us, and it nearly 24 hours since we left Peterborough. During the flight I get a chance to read the guidebook. Miles described the climbing has having a good range of climbing from grade II to VI. This is not strictly accurate, and how does their grading system compare? After arriving at Calgary we pick up our hire

car, and quickly find a Motel for the night. In the morning we drive to Canmore where we have booked four nights accommodation in the Canadian Alpine Club lodge. Simon is keen to get on the ice. So after getting food and accommodation sorted out we head for Canmore Junkyard. As the name suggests it is not the most picturesque place, but ideal for our first outing, as there is good range of short routes here, and it is easily accessible. The ice is very hard due to extremely low temperature, so tools do not place as easily as we would like. Old blunt ice screws brought from the UK are almost impossible to place. The modern sharp ice screws that Doug and Simon have recently bought place much more easily.

Monday is our first full day on the ice. We plan to go to Grotto Canyon. According to the guide there are two 12m grade 4s called "His" & "Hers", and 55m grade 3 called Grotto falls, which looks fairly easy angle in the guidebook picture. The walk in is only about 40 minutes. The last part of the walk in is on a frozen stream through a deep canyon. We arrive at "His" & "Hers" first. "His" is not fully formed. "Hers" is however fully formed. It is a steep pillar of ice against a steep rock face. At the top of the climb is a belay/abseil chain. We decide to go on to Grotto falls first, which is about a 100m away. We climb it in 2 pairs. Although the guide suggests it is 55m, in practise it is only a single pitch 50 m climb. Doug and Miles lead, and Doug gets his first real taste of placing ice screws. The climb is relatively easy angled, and a similar difficulty to a Scottish grade3, so the gives us some confidence. We then return to "Hers". Simon does a very impressive lead, on this route which has an awkward final move to reach the belay. We all manage to top rope the route, with varying degrees of style. To the left of this route is a summer sports route, which then which then joins the ice pillar to give

a mixed grade route of M6. Simon tries to drytool to the first bolts without too much success. Doug then has a go and to his surprise does very well. So we throw him a handful of quickies. He keeps on going until he reaches the ice. We then throw him some ice screws, and he then leads on to the top. We are all extremely impressed with Doug's efforts, as only Simon can manage to follow him.

The next day we drive up to Haffner Creek. Which is located along the Banff-Radium highway. It has been snowing over night and is still snowing as we walk in the deep fresh snow. The guidebook suggests there are over 20 routes grade 3-4+. When we arrive there are really only two main ice flows, and these are both very steep so there is little to do in the easier grades as we had expected. Miles decides to lead the slightly easier looking of the two ice flows. The ice is steep, and has numerous holes made by other climbers. This can make placing the ice tools easier, as they just hooked into the existing holes, but also has its disadvantages, as we are soon to learn. Miles is about ten feet above me, and decides it is about time to place his first ice screw. He has one ice tool hooked into hole in the steep ice. The other tool is hanging free on his wrist, as he selects and starts to place an ice screw. As he starts to place the ice, his movement causes his ice tool to become displaced from the ice, and he flies through the air and lands on his feet beside me. Feeling a little stunned we decide to rest and watch Doug and Simon. Although there are two very hard ice route to attempt this is not hard enough for Simon, and he has started to lead a mixed route which starts on a summer sports route, to gain access to the steep ice above. The first part of the route requires dry tooling techniques, clipping bolts enroute.

This is very impressive and strenuous lead, and none of us are able to follow him. We then head further into the canyon in search of easier ground. There are a few shorter easier angled sections of ice here which we practise our technique on. We later return to the main climbing area which is now very busy. Several of the more experienced locals have climbed the route Miles attempted earlier today. We use their ropes to pull our rope through the belay anchor. We then all enjoyed climbing this very steep route on the safety of a top rope.

That evening we decide our next route will be Cascade Waterfall on Cascade Mountain. The guidebook describes it as 300m, 3star grade 3 route, but also warns of the danger from avalanches, and falling rocks and ice. To counteract this danger we agree to make what we think is an early start the next morning. We arrive at the start car park just after 7 am. The temperature is still very low, but the sun is starting to rise. There is a short walk and then we are at the bottom on the route. Although the guidebook describes this as a 300m route. In practise it is really only the top 100m that are at all steep. The bottom 200m is very easy angled, and only occasionally needs the use of ice tools. As we approach the main part of the climb the temperature begins to rise quickly, as the sun rises. Miles and myself turn back as we can see the snow and ice conditions deteriorating rapidly. Simon and Doug press on but after starting the first main pitch come to the same conclusion and turn back also.

When we are all back at the car park we discuss what to do next. Simon is keen to get climbing again. The rest of us are tired and a bit jet-lagged. We drop Simon off at a place called Johnson Canyon, and drive into Lake Louise, and later on to Banff. We then return to the car park where we had dropped Simon off.

Miles and Doug grab their gear and set off to find Simon. I am still feeling a bit jet-lagged so kip in the car for a while, and then follow them. The walk in is about 2.5km along a pathway which I am sure would be very popular in summer. In winter it is covered with ice, and snow so less popular, but still a very beautiful walk along a stream. The falls at the end of the path has some good climbing. The main area is has some fairly easy climbing. There is also a steep pillar of ice called Prism Falls, which can be top roped once the top as been reached by the easier routes. As it was getting quite late when I left I did not bring my gear. The others try a variety off lines till it is nearly dark.

We have only booked four days accommodation, so we have to move the next day. The trip was planned like this to give is the flexibility of moving elsewhere, but we decide Canmore is a good location. Unfortunately due to filming and various other reasons accommodation in the area is in short supply.

Eventually we find somewhere suitable in Canmore, but by then most of the day has gone so we don't get any climbing done. In the evening after a lengthy discussion we decide to go to a place called Kicking Horse Canyon the next day. Kicking Horse Canyon is about one and a half hours drive from Canmore on the Trans-Canada highway. The walk to the climb is fairly short, but unusual in that most of it is along a railway something that would never be allowed in the UK.

The first climb we try is called Riverview. It is a 100m 2star route graded 3/4+ according to the guidebook. This in practise means that it is very wide icefall with a variety of lines at different angles. Doug and Simon climb on the left and myself and Miles climb a right hand line.

I lead the first pitch, and Miles leads the second. The new ice screws place easily in the hard ice. The icefall is south facing and as the sun gets up it becomes quite hot. This is quite different to a many of the climbs, which are in deep shaded gorges. The descent from the route is by a series of abseils off trees.

We then change climbing partners and climb lines further to the left. I then climbed with Simon who goes for the steepest line possible. I only just manage to follow him, and removing the ice screws proves to be very strenuous on the steep ice. Fortunately Simon use a quick-draw with just one karabiner, and the ice screw thorough the loop at the other end. This means they can just be unscrewed without unclipping from the rope. This avoids dropping the ice screw and you can delay clipping to your rack if the ice is very steep. We continue to the top and the angle eases. Miles and Simon take a slightly easier line to the left but the routes converge at the top.

Simon and myself start to abseil. The first abseil takes us to a tree we had used on the previous route. We decide to share ropes to speed the decent. I sit on the small tree while Simon does the next abseil. Doug and Miles soon join me. As there is no more room on the tree they stay on the snow. Doug places his ice axe and clips to it. Miles ever cautious places an ice screw to protect them.

Suddenly there are shouts of "Rock", and a rock the size of a football hurtles down the ice towards Doug and Miles. The rock hits Doug on the top of his helmet and bounces onto Miles back. Doug is very dazed but surprisingly still conscious. Had he not been wearing a helmet his injuries would have been much more serious.

Miles's back is painful but he realises the need to get Doug down quickly. I quickly set up the ropes to lower Doug. Miles joins me on the tree in case of further rock fall. I gently lower Doug down, but soon lose communication with him. We are not sure if he has passed out or is just out of earshot. Miles then abseils down to Doug. He is still conscious, so Miles lowers him then next rope length to the ground where he is met by Simon. Simon guides Doug back to the car. Myself and Miles then abseil down and collect up the gear, and walk back along the railway line as the sun sets. Fortunately there are no trains coming.

Doug has a large cut on his head and is suffering from severe concussion. We need to get him to a hospital quickly. Banff is the nearest but it's still about an hour's drive.

Doug stays conscious throughout the drive, and vomits from the car window as we drive along. We eventually arrive at Banff hospital casualty department.

There is no one else there, and Doug is seen immediately. He is put on a drip, X-rayed, and six stitches are put in his head wound.

We think initially they will keep Doug in overnight, but after a few hours they release him.

Not surprisingly we don't go climbing the next day. Doug has recovered well, but will not be able to do any more climbing on this trip. Miles has a bit of a back ache. Miles and Simon are keen to do Professor Falls which is the classic multi-pitch grade four in the area. It is not really suitable for a party of three. So as snow is falling and more forecast overnight I arrange to go skiing for our last full day in Canada. Miles's back and leg stiffen up overnight, so the plans have to be re-arranged. Miles ends up belaying Simon in Haffner Creek.

All that remains of the trip now is the long journey home. Canadian ice is very different to anything I have done in the Alps or Scotland. If you are looking for steep hard ice then this is the place. If you are looking for something slightly easier than Canada has that too but you have to be careful about the routes you select. Particularly as many of the easier routes are prone to stonefall and avalanche. The weather and ice conditions are much more reliable than in Scotland. You would probably have to make several visits to Scotland before you got enough luck to get this much climbing done.

# The National Mountaineering Exhibition at Rheged Penrith, Cumbria

BMC and Helly Hanson have teamed up to present the history of British climbing in an exhibition inside the new Cumbrian centre at Rheged. They have used multi-media plus genuine artefacts for the displays. To lend an 'air' of authenticity the public sit on camp chairs inside flapping tents (but indoors) blown by 'real' fanned wind and with wind sound effects.

Many photos from the Abraham brothers' collection have been used to show the origins of climbing in the Lake District. The rest is mostly about Brits progress in the Alps, with the story of Whymper featuring strongly. Then onto the Himalayas and the various Everest expeditions culminating in the success of '53 (*Ed's note: er...wasn't that a Kiwi success?!*). The video interview with George Band (who was on that successful expedition) is an excellent piece of historical recording straight from "the horse's mouth", warts and all. John Peel cast as 'the reluctant mountaineer' voices all of the commentary. The purpose of this seems to be to allow him to ask simple and banal questions. I suppose this is aimed at educating the uninformed tourist, but I'm not sure that this should be one of the objectives of a National historical record.

Chris Bonnington appears frequently on video, but where was Doug Scott? Where was Dougal Haston? The first Brits to climb Everest in 1975 were noticeable by their absence, yet Doug Scott is alive and kicking just 'round the corner in Hesket Newmarket. Not having a video interview with him is a missed opportunity.

Where were the women mountaineers? Much video footage is shown of Airlie Anderson (sponsored by Helly Hanson), but where was Rebecca Stephens (the first female Brit up Everest? Only one photograph of Alison Hargreaves hardly does her achievements justice.

Joe Brown and Don Willams are given proper credit for their boundary pushing exploits, but other more modern climbers like Ron Fawcett, Pete Livessey, Johnny Dawes, and John Redhead et al. get no mention at all.

And what happened to Scotland? The men-in-skirts must be an embarrassment.

Yes it is worth going to see, on a wet day in The Lakes. Much of it is excellent quality, and the various artefacts taken from George Mallory's body and tastefully displayed, captivated me. I think one should view this exhibition as a first attempt however, because I think that it will be refined and a few changes made in the light of public comment.

Clive Osborne.

## GOOD TURN-OUT OF MEMBERS FROM BOTH CLUBS AT THE NML WORK-MEET

Paul Eveleigh gives us an update of the activities of the meet in September

"One man went to mow" came to mind on Saturday as the grass had become very overgrown. It took 4 of us most of the day to tame the meadow! Next year we are going to employ a contract gardener to keep things in hand. As expected, the windows in the showers virtually fell out and have now been replaced now by clean white UPVC that should see us through the next 30 years.

The path between the cottage and the barn has been re-laid in preparation for those wet Autumn meets. But most importantly of all, the toaster has been fixed!

Many thanks for all those who took part. Your help at the next work meet in April or May 2002 would be much appreciated. Remember travel costs are reimbursed!

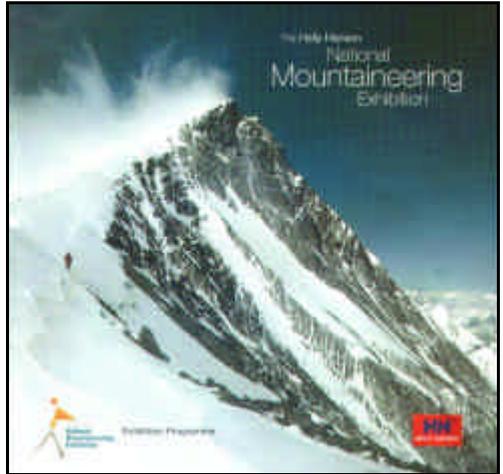
## Guess the route ?

Here's this months teaser!

The first route of its type on gritstone, well ahead of its time; 6b moves in a position where a fall could be catastrophic. The blunt arête on the right is ascended to a finish on the right.

If you haven't already worked it out you'll have to wait for the next issue.

Last issues teaser: Crackstone Rib on Carreg Wasted Llanberis Pass.



## National Mountaineering Exhibition

For more information see Clive Osborne's review on this major new attraction in the Lake District.



Carreg Wasted. Llanberis Pass.

Last Issues 'Name the route' was 'Chequers Buttress' at Froggat.

# And so to the final chapter in Sara's not so secret diary

**Part V 16 December 2000**

**Full Message Title: Chilly in China**

Hi from YangZhou (Guillin), 1 or 2 days drive from Hong Kong and our last stop on the trip in China...UG!

We left Huan Shan and drove to Huang Shang. The places were not only similar in name but in topology too but we had been promised a rise in temperature as we were moving South. Hoorah! The drive has become known as the KFC drive as we stopped at KFC for dinner two nights running and there was also a lunch-stop with KFC option. I can hear you all sigh and give me disapproving looks but I can tell you that I was so bored of greasy soggy noodles or egg fried rice that even I LOVED the Zinger burgers, Fries and WOW WOW WOW SWEETCORN!!!! Anyway it made the driving more bearable; for even with a rise in temperature driving along increases the wind chill significantly. It was Dr Franks Birthday on the second nights drive and after our Birthday party at KFC Ding Ding, Heather C, Vic, Mark and I joined him in a search for Karaoke.. and we found the cheesiest dive ever!!! Grrreat :O)

We sat in a booth with a Karaoke machine, and had a total ball singing away until we'd pretty much exhausted their selection of English songs. Ding Ding is doing a very special advent calendar: She is being quiet for the number of hours as the date. It starts at midnight every night so, for example, today she is being quiet until 4pm (Peace, blissful peace!). We gave her special dispensation for Franks Birthday though and a great night was had by all.

Unfortunately I spent most of the time at Huang Shang between the bed and the loo - thank goodness bush camping is out in China! So I didn't get to see any of the supposedly amazing scenery. However the mist was so bad and it rained two of the three days anyway that those who did go up the hill said that I didn't miss much. Phew! On the plus side the group did spot some great climbing. Much better and much more accessible than at Huang Shan - but what with the bad weather and cold temperatures on top (Aine and Mel got snowed on when they camped out) no one actually achieved any routes.

Thus it was a pretty down lot at Huang Shan 4 days ago. We've been in China over a month and spent most of it on the truck, a lot of it in hotels and only a few days on the hill. The strange thing is though that I am in no doubt that I love the country, I just want to see it at a more welcoming time of year.

We are also struggling with the strange rules and regs, which have been laid down for us - such as which roads we can drive on.. needless to say it is increasing our travelling time 2 fold. Ah well C'est la Vie!

It was a unanimous agreement to skip Wyi Valley (nine bends river) and come straight here to Guillin. The rain is scheduled to stay another few days so it was pointless holing up in another hotel doing nothing. Thankfully there is lots to do here apart from Climbing. There are set routes for any breaks in the weather and we are much further South so the rain is warmer. Not to mention being closer to Hong Kong for our last drive.

The last few days' drive is definitely worth a mention though - for sheer surreal value if nothing else! The first day on the road was great. It snowed, drizzled, rained and visibility was an impressive foot if that. Sitting in the back of the truck were a bunch of shivering climbers in sleeping

bags inside bivvy bags/survival bags wondering what or why on earth we were doing it. Still we covered a reasonable distance – or at least hit the town we were aiming for - and stopped in good time. (Good because I was on cook duty). I just have this memory of turning to Ding and commenting my next postcard would read:

"Dear Mum, in China, having a great time. Have just spent three days on the loo and am now sitting on a topless truck in a snowstorm. Wish you were here. Love Sara". You've got to laugh about these things though – don't you?

The next day passed fairly uneventfully but the morning after started off not too well at all. Our last ever cook duty and Beccy, Alex and I were up trying to make scrambled eggs for everyone - only to discover

that all the eggs we'd bought were filled with a gel like substance that looked horribly like embryos. I'm sure it's a delicacy and all that - but really it's no use for scrambled eggs!!!! We hashed together an alternative at short notice but it didn't make the day start well.

Then we learnt that we couldn't use the perfectly good highway to Guillin and would have to use the back-roads - scenic but.... anyway the day was saved at lunchtime when we climbed the road up this big hill and popped out of the cloud into sunshine and an amazing view of peaks and a sea of cloud. We stopped there and cooked a big lunch on an open fire and everyone's spirits cheered loads. It was a well-needed break from life on the road in one of the most scenic places we've been to. Fabby!

Another late night stop as we were trying to make up SOME of the distance. We'd only gone 250km or 150 as the crow flies in an entire day. How disheartening? But never to fear because Hot Rock is here and yesterday made up for everything.

We'd been driving around 60km (if that) when we hit the duck... oops. We then stood haggling, debating and arguing whilst the locals threatened to smash the front window in. Finally we bought the duck and then had to break its neck and find a home for it in the truck so we could try and sell it. (This is what you're supposed to do our guide says. I reckon it's a big scam. They tie the duck to the road - you can't help but hit it and then they rip you off!!!!) The vegetarians on the truck were horrified, the locals in hysterics (you've never seen such a fuss about breaking some poor birds neck), and generally it was carnage.

The excitement dealt with, we drove on and had gone maybe 10 clicks when we encountered an overturned stall and had to wait for the owner to turn it the right way around again.. Definitely a conspiracy to stop us getting here! So again we proceed to find that the road disappears and turns into a roller coaster. Grrreat.

We travelled the rest of the morning on 'roads' only just wide enough for a truck as they were being built and then only for the first half; 'roads' which hadn't got that far and were just dirt and sand tracks; 'roads' which suddenly stopped and somehow started - "over there". It was definitely a conspiracy and we were just waiting for the next duck to run over.

Somehow though we got to Guillin last night. We were going to stay there and travel the last couple of hours here to Yangzhou today but we had a bit of trouble with "no room at the inn" and prices at those that did.. well what would you expect after a day like we'd had? So we just decided to get here and be done with it.. And thank goodness for now we need not get on the truck again for at least 7 or 8 days HOORAH!!!!

HAPPY XMAS and a MERRY NEW YEAR to you all.  
I hope you have a great one and save a bit of pudding for me :O)  
Big Hugs  
Saz  
xxx

## **Part VI      17 January 2001**

Full Message Title: It's my Birthday and I can party if I want to!!!

Hi all.

I am having a ball and today has been Fabby. I spent this morning sunning myself and swimming in the sea after a breakfast by the beach (a hard life!) and then went climbing with Steve, a medical physicist from Birmingham this afternoon. PERFECT!

Now I'm down on TonSai Beach having a few cocktails to round the day off and can honestly say it's been a really special day. Huge thanks due to all the people here too! What more could you ask for? Oh yeah well some guy from Goa is organising a huge beach party here tomorrow night so that's pretty much covered too <grin>

Thailand as you can tell is not agreeing with me at all and I don't think Ill be staying for very long. Hmm...

Loads of Love and hugs.  
Cheers  
Saz  
xxx

## **Part VII      1 February 2001**

Hi folks,

A quick update to let you know where to steer clear from, now I'm back in the UK! I landed in Heathrow, London after a pretty gruesomely long flight and after a reviving coffee and sticky bun made my way North to Glasgow.

I had a fab time at Celtic Connections and took much delight in surprising my Dad. Slightly unfair I suppose to turn up unannounced right in the middle of a concert where he can't shout at me :O) The crew at 'Celtic' were fantastic and let me resume my usual stewarding spot without anything less than begging (I'll fall for any old trick to make me feel wanted!).

It was really  
good to see  
everyone and  
the best way  
to come back  
into the coun-

**For a 'slightly different' view on what went on, Don't miss  
Mat Greens article! HOT ROCK 2000 (Coming soon!)**

## Alpine Climbing with Plas y Brenin

Most men at the age of 40 get a Harley Davidson or a mistress. To keep me away from either of these temptations my wife agreed that I could fulfil a long-held ambition to become an Alpine mountaineer. I decided an appropriate course would speed up the process, eventually opting for the PYB course on the basis of the PMC's previous experience of PYB instructors and apparent value for money.

So it was that last October I paid the deposit, and a week later, confirmation of my place arrived along with a long list of instructions. Comparing the recommended gear list with my existing collection it soon became apparent that there were glaring omissions. A wish list as long as your arm was soon amassed. I explained to Maxine how essential this would be for my well-being - I think she understood explicitly.

Also repeated several times on the form in bold letters was the warning **"you must be very fit"**. A program of weekly runs, cycling and climbing was developed and put into practice to produce a rippling hunk of a man - in my dreams! In reality something resembling a reasonable level of fitness was achieved. (Comments from Dave Peck to everyone he could warn-off after joining me for one my training walks, "Eveleigh's a mad bastard, most people start from Pen y Pass to do Snowdon not the bloody club hut").

My enthusiasm for the course over the intervening 9 months definitely rubbed off on other members (and also started to get on Maxine's nerves). Rob Pontefract also managed to pick up a last minute booking after someone dropped out in May.

The Course began with an introductory weekend in June, which was our first chance to meet the other course attendees. All seemed reasonably sane, including the usual sprinkling of Antipodeans (are they secretly taking over? *(Ed's comment: too right we are!)*). Most course members seemed to be 20-something, apart from the old buggers that included Rob, an A&E doctor from Newcastle, and myself. We would give them a run for their money with our Zimmer frames!

Day 1 of the intro weekend consisted of lectures on gear, guidebooks, maps, crevasse rescue and moving together. It was clear that although substantial amounts of money had already been spent on gear, there was plenty of scope for further expenditure. We concluded the instructors were either getting a bung from Outside and Cotswold, or if not they were certainly major shareholders. Ron Hills came in for vehement criticism. In fact how could we have ever found such things vaguely useful in the hills? What you really need are "Guide Pants" that will enable you to seamlessly blend in with the continentals like a seasoned alpinist. Needless to say we heeded this advice and began the search for the Guide Pant, a rare commodity in the UK where Ron Hill rules.

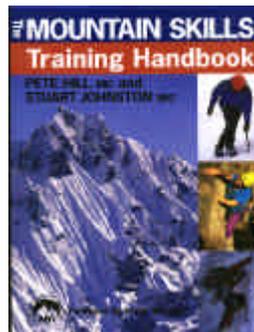
Day 2 of the intro saw us heading for Idwal Slabs moving together on a grade 2 scramble. On the terrace half way up the slabs we pretended that some big rocks were crevasses and finished by pitching the first part of Kniefon Arête. It all seemed to make good sense, we just couldn't do it with the urgency and speed that the instructors insisted we needed. The weekend finished with the usual PYB tea and cakes and a pledge to meet again a month later in Arolla in the Swiss Alps.

**Don't miss what happened in Switzerland! See the next issue**

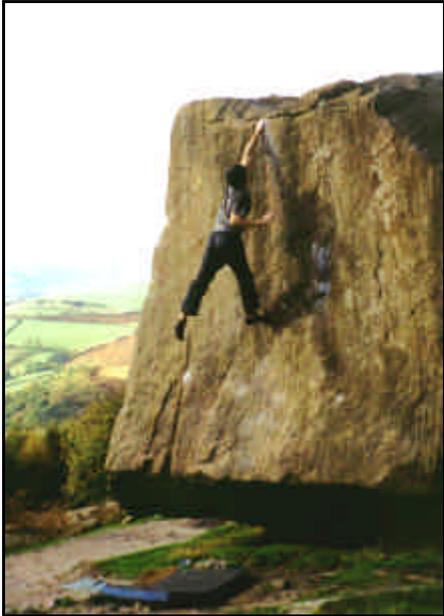
### **The Mountain Skills training Handbook**

By Pete Hill MIC and Stuart Johnston MIC

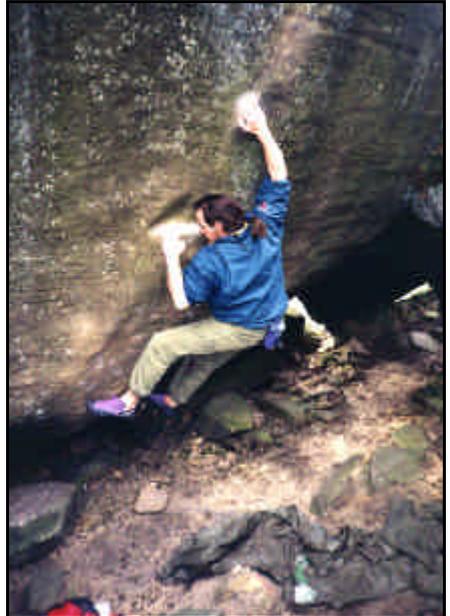
This is a really useful handbook which is small enough to take with you on climbing trips, and has a plastic weatherproof cover. Co-author Stuart Johnston has guided me on several climbing holidays and has taught me most of my climbing. The book includes a lot of his own sound ideas and safe climbing techniques. It is beautifully illustrated with photographs and diagrams. It covers mountain leadership skills, technical skills for summer and winter climbing, avalanche awareness and snow craft skills. It costs £18.99 and to my mind is well worth it. Gill T.



# THE GALLERY



*"Gotcha" Jack on 'Deliverance'*



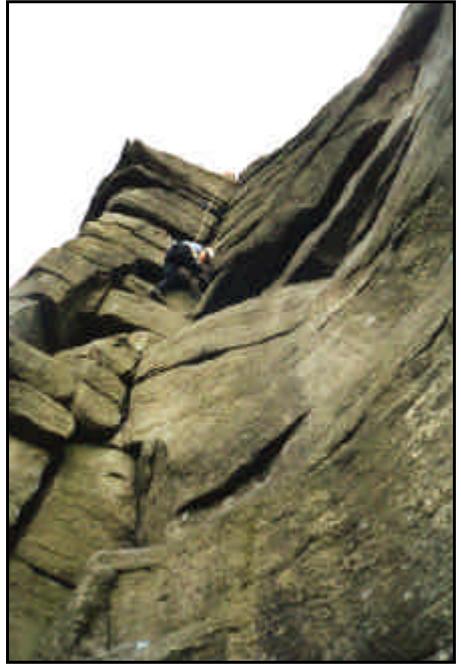
*Mat on 'Brad Pit'*



*Glen on 'The Ace'*



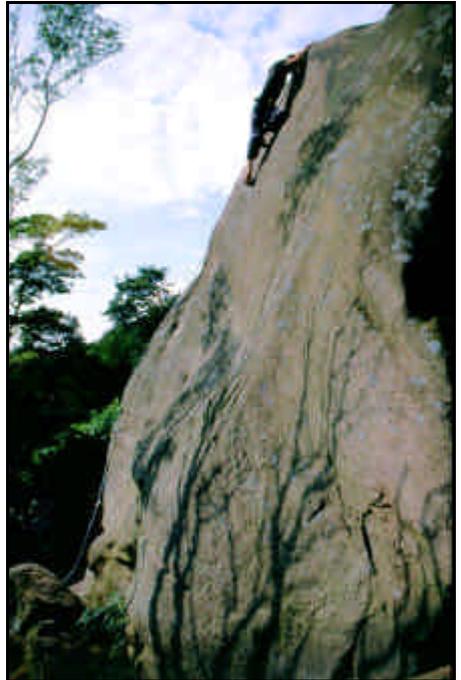
Intrepid Climbers



Lyn on 'April Crack' Stange



On the crux 'Peace of mind' E6 6b



Second time lucky 'Peace of mind'



Thomas Pontefract at 'The Roaches'



Matt Andrews and Beccy Gibson at 'The Roaches'



Jack on 'The Master's Edge' E7 6c Millstone Edge



Jack soloing 'Heartless Hare' E5 6a Froggatt

# ECUADOR'S



Descent from Chimborazo



Walking in to Cotopaxi

# VOLCANO'S



On the summit of Cotopaxi

# THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF ECUADOR OR THE MOST EXPENSIVE TOOTHBRUSH IN THE WORLD

*The Story so far: Ron and Ken Rogers are in Ecuador to attempt to climb the countries three highest volcanoes: Cayambe 5790m, Cotopaxi 5897m and Chimborazo 6310m.*

Ecuador's capital, Quito, lies between several mountains at a height of 2,800 metres. And for a traveller arriving from the peaty depths of the Fens, this increase in altitude quickly makes itself apparent. We both found that any sudden exertion, such as quickly walking up a flight of stairs, would result in breathlessness and a rapid quickening of the pulse. This was very disconcerting considering that we were at a fraction of the height that we were hoping to climb to.

However an experienced member of the party, John Gluckman, assured us that we would quickly adapt to the increase in altitude... providing we drank plenty of fluids and took things slowly at first. John had already climbed Everest, but his major goal on this trip was the summit of Chimborazo, as he felt that as he had stood on the highest point on Earth, he would now like to stand on the point furthest away from the centre of it. John had also climbed all seven continental summits.

Urine production became an accepted after dinner subject for conversation, colour and quantity being eagerly discussed. Copious and Clear were our passwords for days.

As part of our acclimatisation programme we spent two days in Quito and this gave us a chance to see the Old Colonial Town, which is now a UNESCO World Heritage site, and to also visit the Equator Monument situated just outside the capital. At the end of these two days we were able to tackle some of the very steep hills on which Quito is built with little trouble and felt more confident in being able to handle the altitude.

On day three we continued our acclimatisation with an ascent of the volcano Paschocha (4200m). This is a straightforward climb through pinewoods and up grass covered, but steeply angled slopes. The summit was a rocky pinnacle that gave magnificent views across the surrounding countryside and down into the caldera of this extinct volcano. It was here that we were extremely lucky to see a Condor gliding past the mountain. It is estimated that there are only one hundred of these huge birds left in the Ecuadorian Andes.

Contrary to our concerns about our ability to acclimatise we were both going strongly and had reached the summit with no problems. However another member of our party, Mark was suffering from the inevitable stomach troubles and, despite a valiant effort, failed to reach the summit. It quickly became apparent that a dose of Cotopaxi's revenge and altitude did not mix and was extremely debilitating.

The weather for the first three days of the trip had been fine with long periods of sunshine, we had been assured that July was the dry season in Ecuador, but unknown to us things were about to change. On day four we planned to climb Volcan Guagua Pichincha (4787m). Guagua Pichincha is an active volcano that is both feared and respected by the inhabitants of Quito, as it towers menacingly over the city. It has been possible in the past to ascend into the crater of this volcano to watch

the fumaroles and to see superheated steam and water rising from the vents. But recently the volcano has been the scene of several intermittent bouts of spewing and venting. And as this had led to a rain of ash and dust frequently landing on nearby Quito, it was decided to give this hole in the earth's crust a very wide berth.

The day dawned grey and cold and Ken awoke with the dreaded gurgling stomach. Six stumbling runs to the loo in a less than two hours, signalled the start of an attack by a particularly virulent stomach bug which eventually worked its way (please excuse the pun) through the entire party. As you can imagine this did not bode well for the rest of Ken's day. But after a hairy ride along narrow mountain roads (these frequent minibus rides were in themselves an adventure) we were deposited on the side of the mountain.

The climb started with a steep path, which wound up through the high paramo, the name given to the high altitude plateaus of Ecuador. The angle of the climb was steep and relentless and with a strong chilling wind also beginning to blow Ken was soon struggling to keep in touch with the main party. At 4400m Ken, who was fast losing the will to live, and could no longer keep his buttocks clenched together, decided to descend. For him this was the most arduous part of the trip, the solitary descent being long, lonely and exhausting. Just putting one foot in front of the other became an effort and the climb down seemed to go on forever.

Ron, in the meantime had reached the summit of Gaugua Pichincha. The hoped for view into the active crater however was totally obscured by thick grey cloud, and the wind, now at gale force, drove heavy snow and sleet flurries howling around the crater rim. This had the effect of immediately reducing the summit temperature to well below freezing which sent everyone diving into rucksacks for warmer clothing. The chill factor was so great that Ron's fingers of his left hand turned numb within minutes, despite wearing a well-known brand of windproof gloves. This, although we did not know it at the time, was our first lesson in how the weather would play a major part in our expedition.

The next day was deemed a rest day and we used it to travel to our first major climb, Cayambe, which at 5790 metres is the third highest mountain in Ecuador. Because of its easterly position and close proximity to the Amazon basin, Cayambe receives heavy precipitation, is heavily glaciated, and has an impressive ice cap. We spent two days at the excellent hut on Cayambe (indoor flush toilets) at 4600m, and used the time to refresh our snow and ice climbing techniques and improve our proficiency in roped glacier travel.

The foot of the glacier was only a couple of hundred metres from the hut and it was quite an experience to go trekking across snow bridges, crossing crevasses of unknown depths and widths, especially when accompanied by the rumble of avalanches from further up the mountain. We soon became reasonably adept at recognising the tell tale signs of a crevasse which lay just hidden under the snow, but all the same we were glad to have our two local guides with us to point out the really dangerous areas, as not all crevasses advertised their position so readily.

These two days also provided essential acclimatisation. By now Ron was also doing the South American shuffle and had struggled to make the hut. On his arrival he made straight for the bunks and disappeared into his sleeping bag clutching a packet of Imodium for company. On the second day at the hut, after two hours of practising crevasse rescue, we prepared our gear for a midnight start and were all in bed by 4pm.

At 10.30 pm the alarm sounded and we began to dress for our attempt on Cayambe.

Following a quick bite to eat and making sure our water bottles were full, we stepped out into the cold frosty air. Overhead the night sky was crystal clear and the stars appeared to be close enough to touch, with The Milky Way stretching out across the sky like a great celestial motorway. The first two hundred meters were up steep, but frozen scree slopes, which we climbed at a nice easy pace. At approximately four thousand nine hundred metres we moved on to well consolidated snow and put on our crampons. Despite using step-ins, the act of putting them on required a considerable effort, which left us gasping for breath.

We split into two ropes of four and one of two. The night remained clear as we started to zigzag up the glacier, crossing and re-crossing crevasses. It was amazing (and at times terrifying) to look down into small holes and cracks in the snow and watch the light from our head torches illuminate huge caverns of blue and green ice only inches below our feet. Cayambe, with its myriad of crevasses was potentially the most dangerous of our three objectives and we treated each split, crack and furrow in the snow with the greatest respect. Cayambe is considered to be extinct but the smell of sulphur wafting across the ice as we made our way through the crevasse fields indicated that it definitely was in need of some reclassification.

At 4am we had reached 5400m and we stopped for a break. The sky was still clear but a strong wind had blown up, dropping the temperature significantly, so we all took this opportunity to put on additional warm clothing. We continued on, and, with all of us feeling strong and fit, were confident of reaching the summit. As we progressed higher the wind speed increased and we were enveloped in dense cloud. And as the visibility reduced so did the light coming from our head torches. Almost insidiously a film of ice had started to build up on our clothing and equipment. Because of the high chill factor and the coating of ice, any short stop in our upward progress caused the fingers and toes to go numb. This resulted in much stamping of feet and swinging of arms in order to restore the circulation.

At 5600m we reached a huge bergschrund barring the way to the upper slopes of the mountain. (A large crevasse created at the point where the angle of the glacier changed and steepened as it flowed down hill). It had now started to snow heavily, and despite an intensive search we could find no obvious or easy route across the bergschrund. Given the deteriorating weather our guides made the decision to retreat. Everyone was bitterly disappointed but agreed that it was the only decision to make considering our situation.

The descent took a little over four hours, which was fairly quick given the increasingly poor visibility and fresh soft snow now covering crevasses and obscuring the route. Completing our descent to the hut we hastily packed the rest of our gear, collected those who had wisely remained in their sleeping bags and continued on down the mountain to our transport and the comforts of the valley. We had just left the only place on earth where you can experience zero degrees centigrade at zero degrees latitude.

Our next objective was Cotopaxi. This is the second highest peak in Ecuador. We had seen Cotopaxi in the distance from the Cayambe hut. It looked a beautiful mountain, a perfect snow capped volcanic cone outlined against a clear blue sky. Unfortunately for us this was the best view we were ever going to have of Cotopaxi.

The drive to the Cotopaxi region was classed as a rest day and we were due to arrive at the hut the following afternoon. The inclement weather had followed us down from Cayambe and dark clouds totally obscured the volcano and also many of the surrounding lower hills. Our programme had set aside two days for our attempt on Cotopaxi and we used one of these days waiting for the weather

to change. However, on day twelve the weather still had not improved, so following a group discussion it was decided that we must press on up to the Cotopaxi refuge so as to be in a position to take advantage of any change in the weather should it occur.

Because of un-seasonal heavy falls, the snow line was well down the mountain and we were left with 500m to climb to the Jose Ribas Refugio. This we did carrying full packs with two days provisions. This hike up through soft fresh snow really punished the heart and lungs and the sound of thin air being sucked in and blown out (sometimes from every orifice) quickly became the norm. Cloud and snow whipped about us as we climbed the steep track to the hut at 4800m.

Cotopaxi is the most popular climb in Ecuador and the hut was bursting at the seams. Many of the climbers had been there a number of days waiting for the weather to change. Because of our tight timetable we did not have time to spare, so after a quick, but filling meal of cheese and potato soup we retired to our sleeping bags to get what rest we could before our 11pm wake-up call. Sleep was fitful at best, and impossible at worst, and time just seemed to drag, but eventually the light from head torches and the clatter of people dressing told us that it was time to get ready.

A quick assessment of the conditions by the assembled guides and it was decided we would go for it. So after a hasty breakfast of tea, bread, jam and cake we left the hut at midnight. The sky was overcast and a few snowflakes floated down as we made our way up a steep snow covered talus slope. After a while this gave way to some snow plastered rock outcrops, which, in the dark, led to the development of some very interesting scrambling.

Soon after gaining the crown of the rocks we reached the glacier, put on our crampons and roped up. There were three ropes of four climbers, with approximately six metres between each person on a rope. We quickly crossed our first crevasse and wound our way up the face seeking out the best avenue of ascent. The recent poor weather had left 40-60cm of snow on the route and we switched leads frequently in order to take turns breaking new ground.

At 5600m a number of our party who were suffering from the altitude decided to descend, including Ron, who had become extremely tired and very, very cold despite wearing a proven layering system that had worked for him in the past. This left two ropes of four to continue. Some time later our group leader, Rosie, began to feel desperately ill and tired and also made the decision to descend.

We continued on past ice cliffs and over numerous crevasses. And as we climbed past the huge bulk of a rock face we came to the steepest part of the climb. Normally a zigzag path is followed in this section but because of the risk of avalanche we made a direct ascent. Making progress though the un-consolidated snow was hard work and it was a case of one step forward and two back as your boot broke through the crust and you slipped back to your original position. In the end we resorted to driving ice axes and heavily gloved hands deep into the snow to gain some purchase.

By now the day had dawned but the sky remained dark and overcast.

Finally and with little ceremony we arrived at the summit. The promise of wonderful views of the crater and other surrounding volcanoes did not materialise. In almost whiteout conditions we congratulated each other and posed for group photographs. Of 70 people who left the hut for the summit that night only 14 reached it and 7 were from our group. Of the ones who did turn back, Rosie, Ron and two others achieved a higher altitude on the mountain than all the rest. Despite the calm conditions the temperature was -10, so after a brief rest we started our descent. As a kind of a summit bonus the sun decided to make a rare appearance and gave us magnificent views of the ice cliffs we had only seen as looming shapes in the dark. In three and a half hours we were back at the hut.

The next two days were rest days, spent at Banos (1800m). A small, but popular tourist resort, Banos is the gateway town into the Amazon jungle and there is an abundance of tour guides offering both mountaineering and jungle trips. The area is popular with Ecuadorians because of the hot medicinal baths and spas located in the town. These are fed by thermal springs from the base of the nearby active volcano Tungurahua (5023m). One evening we climbed a hill on the flank of Tungurahua in order to watch the sun set over Banos and promptly used up a roll of film each, as Tungurahua rumbling and growling, vented a mushroom cloud of ash every five minutes as if following some weird deep breathing exercise. Black snow is a common sight on the summit slopes of Tungurahua, and the locals say it's not unusual for the volcano to throw out an occasional burst of magma for good measure. It is generally agreed by all that one day this particular volcano is going to do a lot of damage to Banos and the surrounding countryside.

Following this short break we made our way across country to Chimborazo, our final objective. The weather hadn't improved and our first glimpse of the summit of this volcanic monster was through a break in the cloud that shrouded its flanks. Chimborazo certainly was a huge mountain and rightly deserved the title of highest in Ecuador.

The lower Carrel hut offered good accommodation but was situated too low to make a realistic summit bid from. So we decided to make the long pull up to the Whymper hut at 5000m, again carrying food for two days. The weather was still dismal and there was a lot of fresh snow. The temperature at the hut was well below freezing, (drinking water is collected from snow thawing on the roof, and although there are toilets they are outside and flushed by pouring a bucket of water down them....have you ever tried to flush a loo with a block of ice? the locals just seemed to wait till everything froze solid, dug it out with a walking pole or ice axe and kicked it, slithering, over an adjacent cliff, the block of ice that is) so after the ubiquitous meal of cheese and potato soup we headed for our sleeping bags.

At 11 the sky was still overcast but the heavy clouds of the morning had disappeared. We left the hut before 12 and followed a well-defined path up through the scree. On reaching the glacial shelf the angle of ascent became acute and we found ourselves front pointing up very steep frozen snow banks. We passed through the infamous 'Corridor', a narrow, but acutely inclined snow ramp between two massive ice cliffs and on towards El Castillo, a huge rock outcrop. This area is considered to be extremely dangerous due to the high incidence of rock and icefall. Helmets were considered mandatory when passing through the Corridor.

We passed the Castle and picked our way up heavily crevassed slopes, which led to a long steep ridge. The sharply inclined sides of the ridge slipped away into darkness as we tried to pick out features in the beam of our head torches. Suddenly a vicious pull came on the rope and everyone drove their axes deep into the snow and ice. Ron had slipped on a steep section and had gone tumbling down the ice slope.

As he tried to carryout self-arrest his axe slipped through the snow but barely penetrated the hard ice below, fortunately however, this had slowed him down enough and he was held on the rope by the diminutive frame of Rosie, our team leader. (Later Ron was to say he wasn't in the slightest bit worried, as he knew Rosie was going to hold him, as she had seen him fall, because at that very moment she had turned round to talk to him, so essentially it was all her fault anyway for breaking his concentration). (Rosie's only comment was that watching Ron slide off into the darkness had had almost the same effect on her as the stomach bug she was suffering from, and thanked God for the stopping power of industrial strength Imodium).

Thankfully Ron was unhurt and after a brief rest he was able to front point his way back up the slope.

We stopped for a quick snack and then continued our upward journey. At approximately 5800m, our pace had slowed considerably and one of our colleagues started to feel sick and complain of headaches and lower back pain, it was obvious she was suffering badly from altitude sickness and was at the end of her physical capabilities. Following a discussion with everyone on the rope, it was agreed that we had run out of time to reach the summit as we had already been out for six hours and at the pace we were moving the summit was still at least two, possibly three hours away. For the sake of safety it was considered better to retreat from the mountain and get our German colleague Marlies down as soon as possible.

Our descent was slowed considerably by the angle of the steep hard ice, and Marlies condition, and each footstep required careful placement before committing to it. Lower down, deep snow also hampered our progress, but it was the descent down the volcanic ash and glass like talus that caused us the most problems, everyone fell over at least once here, for it was almost like walking on ball bearings, the smooth particles now being freed from the icy grip in which they had been held during the hours of darkness. We finally arrived back at the hut at 10am.

Two of our party reached the main Whymper summit (6310m) and two others reached the subsidiary Veintimila summit (6260m), which is an excellent effort considering the snow and ice conditions. As far as we know only two other climbers made an attempt on the summit this night. No others left the refuge. Sadly John wasn't among the summiteers as he had descended early with the rest of us. It appears that altitude and stomach upsets are no respecters of strength or experience.

Once our successful colleagues had returned to the refuge, we collected our gear together and descended rapidly to our waiting transport and the long trip back to the capital.

After a final boozy night in Quito we made an early departure for the airport and what eventually turned out to be a twenty seven hour journey back to the UK, but that as they say, is another story.

Oh! And about that toothbrush. Ron's luggage went missing on the outward trip for four days. (a regular occurrence as far as he is concerned). Some kind individual, who shall remain nameless, bought him a (pink) plastic toothbrush for \$8, about £6.50 in real money, probably the most expensive in the world.

And finally, considering all the illness and hardship we suffered (both altitude and stomach related) do you think we would go back? You bet your life we would. We had a great time, met some great people and have some very special memories to look back on. It's a great country with plenty of great mountains, go and have a look for yourself.

Ken & Ron Rogers

P.S. Our grateful thanks to the PMC for supporting us in this venture. While it did have its lows as well as its highs it was still an incredible mountaineering adventure.

**WANTED** Your photographs, to go into future editions of Take in magazine. If you have any pics of the great outdoors that your pleased with, then why not share them with us. Please ring Paul on 01733 757324. All photo's will be returned.

# Your Ticket to Train.....or explore

If you've been inspired by Ken and Ron's Ecuadorian exploits and would like to challenge yourself, you too may qualify for some PMC funding to help you along the way.

PMC Training or Expedition Grants are available to help active club members develop mountaineering / climbing / walking skills for the benefit of all PMC members. Anyone who has been a PMC member for at least 2 years and has contributed to club activities in some way is eligible to apply for funding to cover 50% of eligible expenses up to a maximum of £250.

Although it's not difficult to qualify for a grant, this isn't money for nothing. We want you to share your experience or newfound knowledge with other members in two ways.

1. Write an article for "Take In"
2. Any other means that captures a wide audience – the choice is yours of how to go about it

Any course that will increase your skills in a mountain environment and is run by a recognised centre, or an expedition that sets out to achieve a specific and challenging objective for those participating is eligible.

Applications are considered by the committee on a case-by-case basis, and are posted on the notice board for one week to invite comments from other club members. Full details of the conditions are on the notice board at the wall, or contact the Secretary, Richard Ford to discuss your idea.

**Where are we ?**

Did you all manage to work out where we were in last issues teaser? Answer: The Nantlle Ridge. Try this one out below?



# The Roaches



*Kevin Trickey, shares with us the ups and downs, of this summers Roaches meet.*

I arrive early on the Friday during something approaching monsoon conditions. 45 minutes of sitting in the car waiting for the rain to ease is finally rewarded and I manage to scamper up to the Don Whillans hut to dump my gear. Unfortunately everything is still gopping wet so it's a lounge around time until Tom Hyde plus 2 friends Ian & Nikki from the Wrekin MC turn up. The weather's cleared considerably so we get a few routes in, culminating with Ian leading the Sloth, followed by Nikki and Tom. I know my place and it sure as hell ain't on the Sloth. Then we went to the pub.

A long evening is spent as the others all arrive, the last being Gill Tuck & Lin Marsh not long after 11. The final list of hut incumbents, in addition to myself, Gill & Lin are Mat Andrews, Kelvin Dawson plus 2 young lads who I confess I've forgotten the names of...Sorry!

Saturday – Pete Lane arrives early in the morning and everyone heads off to do their own thing. I team up with Gill and do Right Route & Pedestal Route before a short break, which becomes a much longer break when someone takes a nasty ground fall from near the top of the first pitch of Crack & Corner. Gill's the first qualified person on the scene and stays with the casualty until he's loaded into the air ambulance and whisked away to Stoke. Although he'd broken a leg and probably fractured his skull, Gill was pretty confident he'd be OK – let's hope he was.

Gill decides she wants to lead Maud's Garden, which she does quite easily but half way up the slab my knee starts to play up. By the time I reach the big ledge it's really quite painful and it's pelting with rain. A bit of a thrutch gets me up (why is it that when you've hurt something, the rest of the route always needs you to use the bit that hurts more than normal). We evacuate to the cottage. The rain does stop eventually but everything is now thoroughly wet and it doesn't look like it will dry out any time soon. So we walk to the pub.

We spend a long evening in the pub with Matt & Kelvin undisputed pool champions until Gill & myself show them how it should be done. Our numbers are swollen by Rob Pontefract & his son Thomas, who somehow managed to guess we would be in the pub rather than the cottage.

Sunday is a photography day for me and my dodgy knee. First of the day party to arrive is Dave Jacques with his friend's son James, who he's teaching to climb. They arrive just in time for another short deluge. Shortly after, the Peterborough day party arrive – Paul & Jack Rowlands, Morgan Hjort, Colin Edwards & Bec Gibson. Sara Christie arrives from her new house in Stone shortly after.

Rob and Thomas decide to do battle with a horrible grotty looking chimney, which proves to be as horrible & grotty as I thought it looked. Jack deigns to do a couple of easy things with his dad before going for a walk – up Sauls Crack (HVS 5b) – an overhanging jamming crack which is supposed to have something of an (unpleasant) reputation. Mat & Bec are doing some good looking routes in the VS/HVS category and I have no idea where most of the others are – although I found out later that Lin has made her first lead on a route called, I believe, Rooster. 'Well done'.

I eventually take a wander down to the lower tier to find Gill & Lin preparing to leave but raving about how impressive Jack looks top-roping 'Piece of Mind'. Turns out I missed the fun because he's psyching up to lead it and things are getting serious.

For those that don't know, 'Piece of Mind' is E6 6b and is featured early on in 'Hard Grit'. From just about any angle it looks like there's maybe one hold on it (near the top). When seen from above it's a rather disappointing hold. Jack has been climbing for just over 2 years and, at the time of this meet, is still 3 weeks from his 16<sup>th</sup> birthday.

He's found some gear but it doesn't look good and is ridiculously low, once the arête has been stepped round there's not much point in it being there. I don't think there's anything Paul could do as belayer to prevent a ground fall.

Finally Jack's ready, he ties on and his dad puts him on belay. Why Paul hasn't run away to hide until it's all over I'm not sure. I'm on camera duty. I've never photographed (or watched) an E6 lead before and I'm not entirely sure I want to start now – but it's clear he's ready for it and I can't believe he *won't* succeed.

He's careful and precise all the way up. The step round the arête, the share on the less than confidence inspiring handhold near the top and the smears are all fine. Then he goes for the top and gets it wrong – rather than getting the crap sloper he gets an even crapper near vertical piece of wall. He drops his knees and goes again, getting the hold he expected second time. Then he's up and we can all stop shaking. He admits later that when he missed the hold first time he thought he was going to fall off but managed to pull it out of the bag. Paul was inspecting the ground behind him to see where he could run/jump, in an effort to take in enough slack for the gear to make a difference..

And that's it – we all went home shortly after that. Apologies if I've missed anybody's tales of daring-do but I didn't see them and you haven't told me about them!

NB: Since this meet, Jack has turned 16 and in late September soloed Hairless Heart (E5 6a) and Heartless Hair (E5 5c) – the former after just one top-rope practice the second without prior practice. He also came very close to completing a ground up ascent of Strapadictomy (E5 6a). This will almost certainly fall to him next attempt – won't it Jack?

# S eptembers Wales Hut meet

Was **REALLY GOOD**. The weather forecast though was not so good. A smallish turnout made for a cosy feel in the hut, with 13 people making the effort.

As usual the Welsh weather tried it's best to put us all off. *But we're hard we are!* and I was looking forward to giving my new Triplepoint a real good testing.

After a pleasant evening of lively, topical, informative and very interesting conversation, Tom, Kevin and myself stopped listening in on other peoples chit chat and left the pub.

The following morning we awoke to - yes lots of cloud, but hey, no rain. Too wet to climb, so an all out assault on Tryfans north Ridge with a quick shimmy up Bristly ridge was the order of the day. Tom however was really hard and planned to walk over the tops back to the hut.

As we set off our timing couldn't have been any worse, I think it must have been the ramblers association's annual convention, or just another Saturday morning on this wonderful hill.

Two and a half hours later we were all perched safely on the top like a flock of migrating birds. Anyway, after a quick pit stop Tim, Nic and me trudged of down the other side and up towards Bristly ridge while the others (whimps) had had enough and headed back down in search of tea rooms and gear shops. By this time the wind was beginning to get just a tad strong which made the ridge just that bit more interesting.

If you've never done it I can highly recommend it. Bristly ridge that is. Another quick sandwich break and we set of in search of the 'cantilever' out there somewhere amongst the cloud. One of the things on Nic's tick list I think. By now the wind was up to about force 10 and standing up was proving to be a bit of a problem. Plus it was now raining pretty damn hard. And yes the new waterproof worked well. We eventually made our way over to the top of the Y Gribbin ridge and picked our way down via Lyn Bochlyd

where a quick phone call would assure us of a lift back to the hut. Bigger! No signal, despite receiving 2 calls from Rob asking "Where are you". Ah well! Continue on over to Idwall cottage and use the phone there.

Back at the hut Miles and Malcolm had showed up after having just done Cadair Idris. Tom showed up about 20 minutes after we arrived, having walked back over the tops all the way to the hut and looked just as fit as when he started out.

Charles and his son Felix, had spent the day in glorious sunshine climbing at Tremadog. And then Rob Pontefract finally turned up looking for some climbing action.

Sunday morning came after the usual Saturday night in the hut. (Miles giving everyone abuse to as only Miles can.) With no one really knowing what to do. Eventually, Charles and Felix went off and did Tryfan and Bristly ridge, Miles and Malcolm went and walked around an obscure group of hills I'd never heard of. (Sorry chaps) and Tom did the Snowden horseshoe.

The rest of us, Penny, Penny's friend Tracey, Simon, Kev Trickey, Nic, Tim, Rob and me drove out to Holyhead. Rob and Simon spent the day Climbing on Holyhead Mountain, while the rest of us walked around the cliff tops of Gogarth bay and watched a group on 'Dream of white horses' Awesome stuff!

The day ended with a superb plate of egg and chips followed by the long drive home.



Dreaming of white horses.

Paul Rowlands

# WIN a years membership to the PMC

Well folks here it is at last. The first half of the long awaited PMC quiz. We'll print the next 50 questions in the next issue along with full details of how to enter. So, get your thinking heads on.

1. Who is Spike?
2. Name all 14, 8000m Peaks
3. Which PMC member fell off the Old Man of Hoy?
4. At which crag was Dave Bolton-Knight's first E1?
5. Which 2 PMC members joined the Hot rock Expedition along the Silk Route?
6. Who is the Stone Monkey?
7. Name the 7 continental summits (highest on each continent)?
8. Who wrote 'Touching the Void'?
9. Name the Scottish climbing Doctor who died in 1970
10. Who said 'Because it's there'?
11. When asked which route he was climbing which former PMC secretary replied 'I don't know, I'm on the wrong crag'?
12. What year was the cottage bought?
13. How much did it cost?
14. Where are Adam and Eve, (OS.Grid ref please)?
15. When warned from above 'Avalanche' who in the PMC replied 'Ok I'll have a nice ham and pickle sandwich!'
16. What was filmed in the UK for the first BBC live outside broadcast?
17. Who opened the climbing wall?
18. Who were Batman and Robin?
19. What is a Big Bro?
20. Which company made the first climbing boots to use sticky rubber?
21. What grade is Nicki's Leap?
22. Who wrote the book 'Let's go Climbing'?
23. Who won the UIAA World indoor climbing champs in 1999?
24. At what crag is there a route named PMC?
25. Who was the first man to climb Everest without supplementary oxygen?
26. Who was the first woman to climb Everest?
27. Who was the first Britain to climb K2?
28. Who is the Baron?
29. Where would you find the Cantilever?
30. What makes navigation on Skye difficult?
31. What is a Brokenspectre?
32. In what year was the first successful ascent of north the face of the Eiger?
33. Would a fresh cup of tea be colder at the top of Mt Blanc or Denali?
34. Who drew 'Climbers in Conflict' on the Indian Face?
35. When would you use Compeed?
36. Why is sweating not as effective in the jungle?
37. What are HACE & HAPE?
38. What is the most common use for the antlers in the Barn kitchen?
39. How many members does the PMC currently have? Up to 50, 51-100, 101-150, 150-200, 201+
40. Who invented 'Friends'?
41. What is the only Munro that involves a graded rock climb?
42. Which year did Chamonix first host the winter Olympics?
43. In which year was the cable car from Chamonix to the Aiguille du Midi completed?
44. What does 'CIC' stand for?
45. Who made the first ascent of Euston station in winter conditions?
46. Name the peaks that are climbed in the 3 peaks challenge?
47. Who wrote the famous series of walking guides for the Lake District?
48. What would you do with Pecks, rurps and Angles?
49. What is the biggest Mountain in South Wales?
50. Which Mountaineer was attacked by a killer chapatti?

# Gear News

## FOR SALE

### Sprayway Gore-Tex Jacket. £50.00

Size M. Red, wired hood, Velcro cuffs, draw cords, large pockets etc. Keeps you dry when it's wet.

### Pur 'Scout' Water Purifier. £50.00

Level 1 with additional catalytic carbon filter and standard carbon filter. Ideal for expeditions or extended back packing. Removes sediment, bacteria, viruses, pesticides and other little nasties.

### MSR 'Rapidfire' Gas Stove £30.00

MSR's lightest back packing / expedition gas stove. Boils water in minutes, lightweight, low center of gravity, large pan seat area and easy to care for. Comes with maintenance kit, stuff sac and loads of gas.

### MSR 'Whisperlite 600' Stove - £50.00

Lightweight self-cleaning (shaker jet), back packing, liquid fuel stove. Burns Paraffin, White Gas, Aviation Fuel and Petrol. Comes with three fuel bottles, stuff sac and maintenance kit.

### MSR 'Dragonfly' Stove - £80.00

Similar to the Whisperlite but a thousand times better. Brand new, never been used.

Contact Mat Green on 01487 830357 (eve)  
0774 8545623 (mob) Mat.green@talk21.com

## LOST!

Women's Black Diamond Bra.  
Size 34B . 2 ample gear loops.  
Fully adjustable harness. Well padded. Left at the hut.

Contact; Nic on 07887 507248

## Misplaced!

A pair of men's black Ron Hill Tracksters. Size M. From the September Wales hut meet. Contact; Paul on 01733 757324.

## FOR SALE

**DMM Zeus** Harness. Size X-small.  
5 gear loops  
Good condition. £30.00 o.n.o.  
Tel: Jack on 01733 757324

If you want to advertise anything in Take-In Magazine. Please send details to Kaye Burling on: 01780 481232



Essential Alpine skills? Rob Pontefract looks on, rather puzzled.

a  
**QUICK GUIDE**  
to  
**FUTURE EVENTS**

**Notes on future events**

Gradually the upcoming events are being organised with the input of the committee. The schedule should be to many members' liking. We have ideas for new venues in the New Year and new meet leader volunteers too. If you also have thoughts of where to hold meetings or would like to become involved as a meet leader please let me know.  
Rob Pontefract. (01780 764333/ Veteye@yahoo.co.uk).

***The Chilli Bash.***

**Nov 16<sup>th</sup> - 18<sup>th</sup>**

Enjoy a hot steaming chilli prepared by Rachel after you have been on this amazing walk: - **The Rivals.**

First you will see a deserted Welsh village, Nant Gwrtheyrn, where you can walk in and out of the houses and then you can try one of the longest scrambles in Wales. 1300ft of scrambling straight up from the bwlch to the ancient hill fort summit of Yr Eifl Fach. A short drop down to the bwlch and then back up to Yr Eifl Fawr. Back to the cars and a race back to the cottage for that warming Chilli.

***Slide show and Photo competition***

**Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> Dec 8pm in the bar.**

Simon GB's expedition piccies plus Alps, climbing home & abroad.

**THE PHOTO COMP RULES – OPEN TO EVERYONE (young and old!)**

- 1 No bigger than A4 in size,
- 2 The image must be of mountaineering in any of its forms.
- 3 It must be of this years activities.

**AND THE PRIZE YOU ASK?!?!?** To be rewarded with the everlasting honour and glory of having your picture published in the magazine..... Oh **and** a superb quality 'The Roof' T-shirt.

***BMC Festival of Climbing***

**December 7-9th. National Indoor Arena Birmingham.**

UIAA-ICC Climbing Championships	Film and lecture series
UIAA-ICC World Bouldering Cup	Retail and trade show
UIAA-ICC European Youth Cup	Skills seminars
International Masters Leading Event	Travel workshops
Public dyno competition	Photography showcase

## ***Pre-Christmas hut meet Dec14-16***

As the end of the year approaches so does our regular Christmas meet at the club cottage in Snowdonia. During the day you can enjoy superb countryside, whilst in the evening you will be treated to a delicious three-course Christmas dinner, which will not disappoint you. The brave ones can even take part in the various games... A payment of £10 is required for the dinner prior to this event. For more details please ring Paul Eveleigh on 01487-822202.



## ***January hut meet 19-20***

Hopefully there will be plenty of Ice and snow. Don't forget your tools. Meet leader: Mat Green. 01487 830357

## ***Training for climbing Sunday 27th January***

4 x 2 hour sessions - (4 people per session) To be ran by Dave Fleet and Clive Osborne. More information will be posted on the notice board at the Wall closer to the date.

## ***February hut meet 16-17 (Winter skills)***

Following the cancellation of the last course, last March. We have by popular demand, decided to re-run the course over the February meet (16th/17th ) This 2-day course is aimed at the beginner and is designed to give knowledge of basic snow and ice techniques, suitable equipment selection, use of boots, ice axe and crampons, navigation in poor visibility, and incident avoidance. Basically, how to set out safely at this time of the year. The professional instructors from Plas y Brenin will run it over the weekend. PMC have agreed to meet half the costs of the course and we have negotiated a special instructor day rate, so we are able to offer it to members only, at the rate of £30. Including the hire of the boots, ice axe and crampons. If you booked this course yourself it would cost you £150 for the weekend. We have booked 6 places. Available on a first come first serve basis. Contact Paul Eveleigh (meet leader) on 01487 822202 or email [paul@peveleigh.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:paul@peveleigh.freeserve.co.uk)

## ***Bouldering Comp Sunday March 3rd***

This annual event is becoming evermore popular. Come on down and join in. Lots of fabulous prizes to be won. Contact Clive Osborne on 01733 560303

## ***March hut meet 16-17***

Walk, Climb, Bike. Just do what you like. Ben Robotham will be your meet leader for this one. Ben can be contacted on 01733 263531

## ***Fontainebleau March (Easter Hols) T.B.A***

This is one of the *classic* events of the year. 4 – 5 days spent bouldering in the fabulous forest of Fontainebleau in France. There is something for everyone here. Last years trip was an enormous success. More details will be available closer to the date.

***NOT TO BE MISSED!***

# ABOUT THE PETERBOROUGH MOUNTAIN-

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 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 NIGHTS 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, BBQ`s, etc);
- Quarterly 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 Kevin Trickey, 23 Glencoe Way, Orton Southgate, Peterborough, PE2 6SJ. Individual membership = £30. Family = £45.

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)

# DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

<b>November 16-18</b>	<b>Hut meet Wales – chilli bash</b> Meet leader: Clive Osborne	Tel: 01733 560303
<b>December 2nd</b> (Sun Evening)	<b>Slide show/Photo competition</b> Meet leader: Paul Rowlands	Tel: 01733 757324
<b>December 7-9</b>	<b>BMC Festival of Climbing</b> National Indoor Arena	Tel: 0870 9094144
<b>December 14 - 16</b>	<b>Pre - Christmas hut meet</b> Meet leader: Paul Eveleigh	Tel: 01487 822202
<b>January 19 - 20</b>	<b>Hut Meet Wales</b> Meet Leader: Mat Green.	Tel: 01487 830357
<b>January 27th</b>	<b>Training for Climbing</b> Dave Fleet/Clive Osborne	Tel: 01733 560303
<b>February 16 - 17</b>	<b>Wales Hut meet &amp; Winter Skills</b> (Plas y Brenin) Meet Leader: Paul Eveleigh	Tel: 01487 822202
<b>March 3rd</b> (Sunday Evening)	<b>PCW Bouldering Comp</b> Meet Leader: Clive Osborne	Tel: 01733 560303
<b>March 16 - 17</b>	<b>Wales Hut meet</b> Meet Leader: Ben Robotham	Tel: 01733 263531
<b>March</b> (Easter Hols) <b>TBA</b>	<b>Fontainebleau</b> Bouldering	<b>T.B.A</b>

**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**

“ Thank you to all the members who took the time to write articles for this issue”. Please remember