

THE LONDON MOUNTAINEER

THE JOURNAL OF THE LONDON MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
SUMMER 2020



MOUNTAIN RUNNING

WEST HIGHLANDS

CAIRNGORMS

THE BLACK FOREST

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EDITOR'S NOTES

I guess one day someone from the club will pull out this issue of the London Mountaineer and find the historical aspect of it intriguing. One of the Lockdown editions – an interesting piece of history.

Our new hut warden Chris Watt has been busy digitally collating many of our back issues with the intention of ensuring that no aspect of the club's history is lost. It is this kind of effort, care and respect for its heritage that makes this club so special.

One of my favourite things about the club hut is the logbooks detailing club

members' previous escapades. It's a fascinating read and adding to it is a real pleasure. I am looking forward to one day returning to the hut and using it as a launch base for adventures once more.

In the mean time, I've been running up and down my local hill in South East London 30+ times a week to maintain some form of hill fitness. I was relieved to find that it was not wasted effort on recent visits to the Lakes and the Highlands. If you're back out there in the hills and mountains, send your stories and photos over to editor@londonmountaineeringclub.com

Alex Langfield



PRESIDENT'S REMARKS

The last six months were probably the most challenging but equally innovative times for the climbing community. The lockdown forced us to look closely at every part of our houses and search for climbing problems – and if there wasn't one, create one! Our gardens flourished and some of us learned to harvest. Staying healthy, fit and sane has been the running theme over these months and I hope you have all found ways to maintain some form of normalcy.

With the lockdown restrictions relaxing we are all keen to get out and spend time in the mountains. The committee has been reviewing ever changing government guidance and has worked closely with BMC to put together plans for re-opening of the hut and kick starting meets programme.

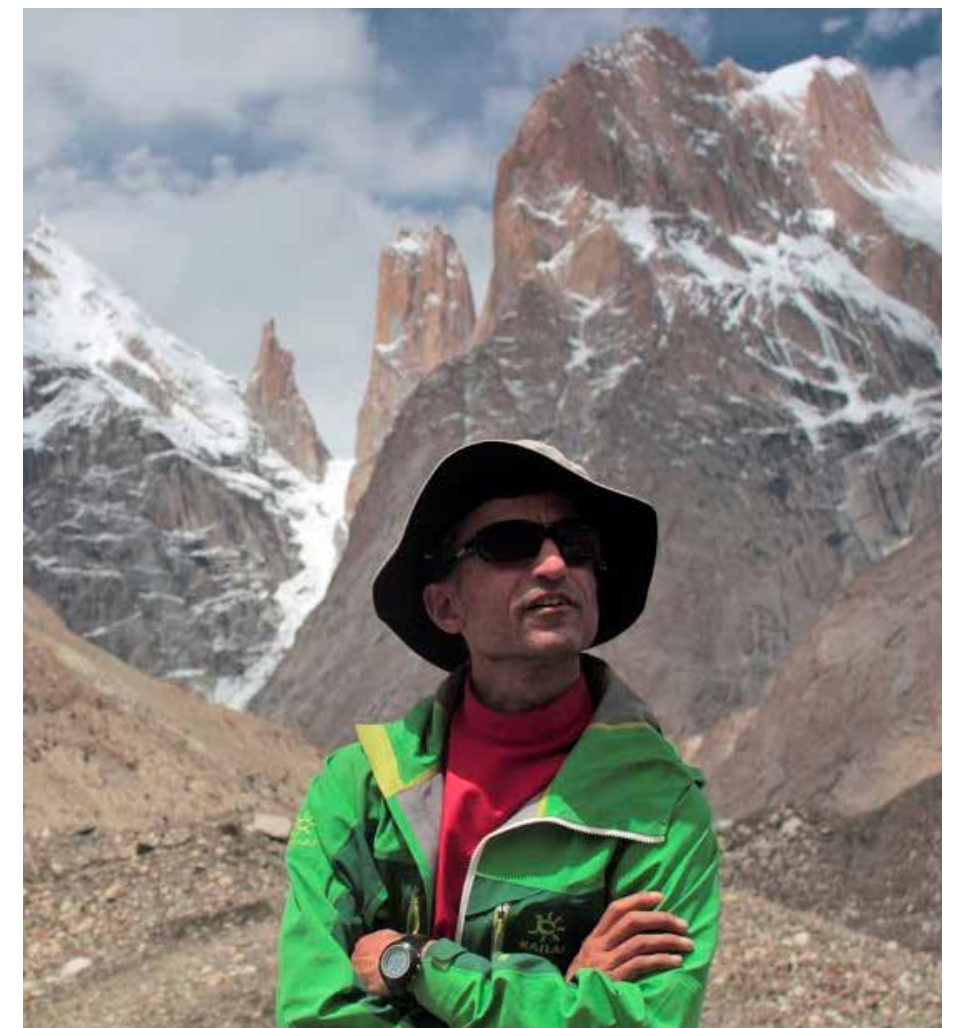
Needless to say that the pandemic has considerably changed the way we used to run meets and stayed in the hut. As mountaineers we are well placed to deal with risks and Covid-19 is an additional risk factor that will continue to affect our life and activities. A new hut booking procedure is in place and the committee has prepared a number of recommendations for its membership including risk assessments for both the meet stewards and meet participants.

I would encourage everyone to read through the documents available on the website and take on board the advice before planning their trips. I feel that it is our civic duty to do our part in reducing the spread of disease and we also carry a duty of care to our fellow mountaineers and mountain communities.

This issue of The London Mountaineer will refresh your memories of the good times we had before the pandemic and inspire you to go out and enjoy the outdoors responsibly.

Zaheer Durrani

‘As mountaineers we are well placed to deal with risks and Covid-19 is an additional risk factor that will continue to affect our life and activities.’



Cover image: Sadie Gray topping out on Hidden Chimney (III) on Coire an t'Sneachda, Cairngorms



BMC
AFFILIATED CLUB

CLUB NEWS

NEW GUIDANCE POST LOCKDOWN

MEETS UP AND RUNNING AND FRONWYDYR OPEN WITH NEW GUIDANCE REGARDING COVID-19

UPDATED MEETS GUIDANCE

With travel restrictions now eased and much of the country back open, the club is eager to get its meets calendar back up and running. To that end, the committee has approved two new advice documents in the light of government regulations and health guidance regarding Covid-19. The two documents, LMC Covid-19 Advice to Meet Stewards and LMC Covid-19 Advice to Meet Participants, provide stewards and meet participants with some simple guidance on planning, running and attending meets.

In brief, the advice to stewards is to consider aspects such as group size, meet location, accommodation and transportation. Group sizes will need to be a maximum of 30 people in England and Wales, and no more than 15 in Scotland. Social distancing will need to be maintained between individual family units or "bubbles" within those groups. Stewards should also take care in selecting accommodation and ensure that accommodation providers are taking all reasonable steps to mitigate the risks of viral transmission.

If you are itching to get back to the hills and crags, and ready to steward a meet, please contact the Meets Secretary, Nick Irons. For meet participants the advice focuses on considering individual risk factors. Participants are requested to a) consider how likely it

is that they will have come into contact with the virus, and pose a risk of passing it on to others on the meet; and b) consider the health risks to themselves, their friends, and family should they contract Covid-19 whilst on a meet. The document includes some straightforward tables to help assess an individual's risk level. It goes without saying that if anyone is showing symptoms of Covid-19 (persistent cough, temperature, loss of taste or smell) they should not attend a meet.

The advice documents will be revised should government health advice change.

LMC INSTAGRAM

The LMC now has an Instagram account. Chosen members of the committee have access and the ability to upload photos. To feature, tag the LMC with @londonmountaineeringclub or #londonmountaineeringclub. We hope that the account will inspire aspirant members to join up and get involved with the club and to provide an extra platform for communications. If you haven't already, give us a follow!



FRONWYDYR GUIDANCE

The club has a duty of care to our members concerning how the hut is managed. We are obliged to follow the government advice that applies to multiple occupancy accommodation to reduce the risks of spreading the virus as much as possible. These current changes below are seen as a practical way to do so. Changes may also be made in response to occupants' experiences at the hut.

When Fronwydyr re-opens on Friday August 28th you will find a lot of changes at the hut itself, with a very different booking system in operation. All the changes follow BMC guidance and advice available at the time. This is being reviewed constantly and changes may be made to the procedures below at any time, if the club considers changes are necessary to safeguard members.

Changes at the Hut

The loft has now been closed off and is being used to store excess items. It will remain closed for the duration of these changes. There are now four mattresses, i.e. four bed spaces in each of the two downstairs rooms. The Drying Room remains available for use. The hut itself has been de-cluttered, some items reduced in number and all unnecessary items put into storage.

The following items have been put into storage: all pillows, pillowcases, tea towels, curtains, all books, maps, games, log book and signing-in book, all the food storage boxes

The following items have been reduced: mattresses; now eight mattresses available pots and pans, crockery, cutlery, glasses and mugs

The following items have been provided: wall mounted hand sanitisers, appropriate cleaning materials, a new fridge has been installed, signage advising of good practice for shared occupancy

You will need to bring your own pillows, pillowcases, and tea towels.

Changes to Booking Procedures

The number of people staying at Fronwydyr during any one weekend will vary according to who books. There will be a maximum of 8 people at any one time. As of July 31st, BMC guidance is that only one family unit or "bubble" is allowed to book into the hut at any one time. Two family Units will only be permitted in the hut when guidance changes to permit two groups to share kitchen facilities.

Occupants are responsible for organising how they use the kitchen, showers and food storage areas.

If LMC members are found using/staying at the hut without following the new, temporary booking procedure, they risk expulsion from the club.

How to Book Bed Spaces at Fronwydyr

Compulsory advance booking will involve full name, address, contact details, etc. for each individual and

Following on from the AMG, we have three new members of the LMC committee. Mario Spiro Tabry is taking the socials coordinator role, whilst Saskia Scharnowski and Xian Stannard join as ordinary members. Dinara Zapparova, Chris Watt and Liz Holley were also all officially confirmed in their posts, having taken up their roles prior to the rescheduled AGM. Meanwhile, Nick Irons has taken over from Paul Clarkson as Meets Sec.

The work that goes into the committee is voluntary. I am sure you will join all of us in thanking Paul Clarkson, Kat Sizer and Christina Allen.

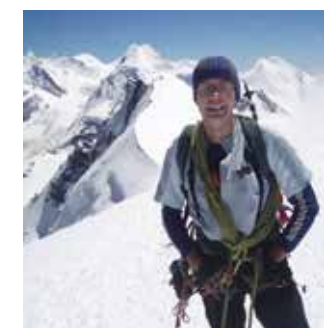
THE COMMITTEE



President
Zaheer Durrani



Secretary
Dinara Zapparova



Membership
Chris Bailey



Meets
Nick Irons



Socials
Mario Spiro Tabry



Website
Guy Molyneux



Editor
Alex Langfield



Treasurer
Oleksandra Lobach



Hut Bookings
Helen Coopland



Hut Warden
Chris Watt



Communications
Liz Holley



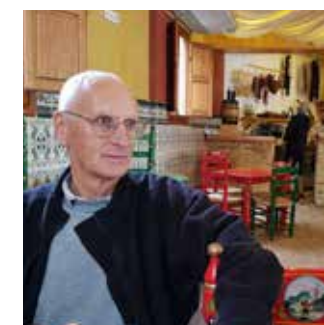
Ordinary Member
Richard Bradford



Ordinary Member
Saskia Scharnowski



Ordinary Member
Xian Stannard



Ordinary Member
Tony Williams



Leo Kessner climbing in Morocco



Alex Langfield on the descent from Sgurr Nan Gilleann on Skye

SOCIALS IN LOCKDOWN

A REPORT ON LMC'S VIRTUAL SOCIALS AND THE WAY AHEAD



Zaheer's Quetta talk



Zooming members



On Sight Coaching talk

The start of the LMC 'summer' climbing season usually kicks off in style with members old and new descending on the deepest farthest Cornish coast, for some sea cliff climbing and beer guzzling in the metropolis of St Just. In 2020, it wasn't to be. With lockdown we observed a halt to all club activity, including meets, indoor wall climbing, the AGM and our monthly socials.

The club therefore turned to Zoom to keep in touch, kicking off with an emergency committee meeting. It was agreed that a lockdown socials programme was needed and this soon got thrown together with a host of themes and speakers to keep us entertained.

We kicked off with a BANFF film selection movie night, which was a bit of an experiment to see how pub chat would translate through a small screen. It worked well and gave confidence that we might just be able to support club gatherings digitally for a while.

Next came our chief, Zaheer, who kindly gave us a live stream talk about his trip climbing in Quetta, Pakistan. 50+ attendees from several continents tuned in to hear tales of some real adventure climbing. With stunning photos and awesome discoveries, this was an absolute treat.

A week later we welcomed an external speaker, who provided a webinar on 'How to stay climbing fit in lockdown'. Jonathon Redshaw from On Sight Coaching inspired us all to do some exercise at home and work on our grip strength. Several of us enjoyed a beer and catch up afterwards, where some members gave a virtual tour of their home gym rigging systems and several tips were given on how best to hang a beastmaker.

Of course, we couldn't continue the virtual social programme without an online quiz. With thanks to Chris Bailey and Nick Irons, a fully rounded quiz was formed. We saw rounds on symbols, quotes, catch phrases and of course, mountain heights. Congratulations go to Paul, Christina and dog Oboe for taking the top prize.

We took a short hiatus for May to come up with some more ideas and help prepare for the club AGM that had been cancelled in March. After a Successful virtual AGM in June, we were blessed with the tuition of Stephen Clark who kindly put on a fantastic navigation webinar. This was a superb interactive lesson on all things maps. Again, several members stayed on afterwards to share stories of times getting lost or benighted with rookie Nav errors. For a moment, it started to feel almost like being in the Vaynol Arms or the Dev. Perhaps it was just the beers I had self-served throughout the talk that brought it on.

Finally, for our last virtual session we were treated with an epic adventure story from Simon James, a mountaineer who has climbed several high-altitude peaks. An excellent and inspiring talk ensued about a failed ascent of Manaslu, Nepal. Simon

is a great speaker and his attitude towards mountaineering was a pleasure to observe, he has already offered to speak to us again when we're back at the pub, I can't wait.

So what next?

For now, we have no further virtual socials planned. The turn out to our zoom events during the lockdown period ranged from 20 to 50, but numbers did reduce in July. Although we are not in a position to resume our normal social events just yet, we are working hard to create some more social activities. Whilst the sun is still with us, we will be meeting up in a selected outdoor space for drinks and park games in August.

As soon as we can meet in a pub as a group we would like to celebrate the return with a multimedia night. This will be a showcase event of short talks (15-20 mins) from club members sharing their activities. Even though there won't be many tales from 2020, we still need to digest 2019. If you have a trip, story or mountaineering experience that you would like to share then please get in touch with the social secretary at socials@londonmountaineeringclub.com. The exact date is to be confirmed, but we are keeping September or October in mind. please continue to consult the LMC socials page for up to date information as details are often changing by the week.

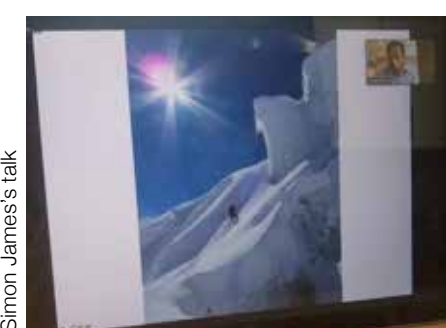
Thank you for all of your support with keeping spirits up during the lockdown period. It has been a fab year as social sec, but I am handing over the baton to Mario Spiro Tabry. Hope to see you all soon.

Kat Sizer

"Please continue to consult the LMC socials page for up to date information as details are often changing by the week."



Navigation webinar



Simon James's talk



Tales from Manaslu

BEAUTIFULLY BRUTAL

Mirek Stiles guides us through the ups and downs, thrills and spills, sometimes beautiful and the sometimes-brutal pursuit of mountain running.

Striding Edge is one of those classic English routes with a reputation for being both exiting and accessible, I'm half way along the famous ridge moving quite quickly and all I can think about is giving up. I'm not walking and I'm not quite running, something in between that resembles a frantic wobble. I'm trying to be polite and respectable to the countless other outdoor enthusiasts on the ridge, I want to avoid coming across as a pushy, rude and possibly dangerous. The fact I have a number pinned to my crotch seems to invoke looks of bemusement and sympathy from my fellow mountaineers. As I scramble up the final steep accent onto the summit of Helvellyn I rip my newly purchased state of the art running backpack off, sit down and start munching on a squashed sausage roll. A few other bewildered folks with numbers pinned to various parts of their bodies wobble past me at varying degrees of speed, I don't care anymore, I could just lie here in the burning sun and call it a day. I finish my questionable snack and start gulping down some water from an

equally questionable source. I feel grateful I bothered to stop and collect water from the best-looking trickle of a desperate bunch. Will this make me ill? Who cares, it's hydrating me and that's my current priority. By this stage I have embarked on 15k of extremely "hilly" trail running via 4 scrambles and have another 12k to go via a shockingly steep grass slope onto the final grade 3 scramble of the day. How did I end up in this outrageously silly situation? It's called the Pinnacle Ridge Extreme Sky Race.

I have loved the mountains since I was introduced to Snowdonia National park via the Venture Scouts aged 15. I was inducted into the discipline of running via my school cross country running team from the age of 13, but both the mountaineering and running stopped due to letting my career in the music industry completely take over my life, with all the associated bad habits, that put physical exercise on a back burner for a few years.

I only started running again as a feeble attempt to get fit for a (eventually successful) Mt Blanc attempt in my late twenties. The mountaineering stopped again but the running continued, then in my late 30s for some bizarre reason I thought it might be fun to combine the two. I can't quite remember how and why I thought this might be a good idea, but once thing was for sure - I was missing the mountains.

After some research I discovered a mountain running course called Run Snowdonia – sounded perfect! It's owner and lead instructor Sarah Ridgeway provides an intro to running in the hills that covers everything from navigation to technique. I chose to do this course in



Taking stock before a run up Cnicht in Snowdonia

October 2018 and it was probably one of the wettest Welsh weekends known to humanity. Storm Callum had brought the worst flooding in 30 years to parts of Wales. From the Friday afternoon till the Sunday morning it didn't stop raining, not just normal rain but that horrid sideways rain stuff that can really ruin your day on the hills.

It was in many ways the perfect conditions for learn the ropes (and slopes) of Welsh style running pursuits. I originally planned on camping the weekend. After pulling up to the Llanberis campsite car park in the pouring rain it became blatantly obvious there wasn't a single tent to be seen anywhere, and with good reason. Common sense kicked in and I opted for a bed in the local pub instead, a very wise decision.

The next morning I was keen as mustard to get the show on the road. I experienced my first hard lesson sitting in the teaching room above Pete's' Eats going over navigation basics whilst sipping on my oversized mug of tea and realising how rusty my primitive knowledge of map reading skills had become. It reminded me of a speed awareness course I attended to avoid penalty points and suddenly realising how much of the highway code I had forgotten since I passed my driving test at the age of 17. A little brushing up was obviously needed, and this was provided by the bucket load.

Sarah dedicated the entire morning to emphasise the importance of good map skills for both navigation on the hills but also planning a safe, sane and enjoyable route in the first place. I picked up some excellent tips including breaking the route into sections via obvious features and marking them on the map, scribbling down a direction of travel arrow with a bearing for each section as a quick reference and that dark art of thumbing along the map whilst running and mentally ticking off features. There was also a comical moment when we were

"I must admit I did received a little kick from the look of horror on walkers' faces as I raced down the track, trying my best not to slip face first and lose my teeth – or worse."

asked to empty to contents of our running packs for a show and tell. Why we had each item and what it was for. Sarah seemed skilled at jettisoning half our belongings – how useful is a full paper OS map whilst running in the rain? Is a packet of Monster Much really the most efficient method of calorie intake on the hills? Are you sure you need that giant burn sooth packet in the first aid kit? It reminded me of being in the Alps with my huge "every case scenario" back pack whilst admiring our European alpine friends, overtaking at speed with tiny rucksacks carrying the minimum essentials.

The course was structured around planning and running a route up the grade 1 scramble on Moel Siabod, picking a non-idiotic route and getting back down in one piece whilst still maintaining a love for your newly discovered hobby. It was a lot of fun and I highly recommend the Run Snowdonia course for an inspiring introduction to the sport. Sarah bakes some fabulous flapjacks and with the club hut just around the corner you have nothing to lose.

After the relentless downpour over the weekend, Monday was looking like a clear blue-sky day, so I couldn't resist staying on, getting up super early and heading out for a cheeky run up to Crib Goch with my new found (perhaps ill due) confidence. I was a little apprehensive of running full pelt over the ridge itself, so I managed a brisk walk over the airy classic and then ran down the Pyg Track. It felt quite liberating doing this – like I had acquired a new skill and sense of freedom. I must admit I did received a little kick from the look of horror on walkers' faces as I raced down the track, trying my best not to slip face first and lose my teeth – or worse.

Throughout 2019 the bug had well and truly settled in. I was out hitting the trails every weekend with my cunningly printed, laminated and selectively folded map whilst running and navigating over questionable terrain. Funnily enough a full OS Explorers map in a bulky map case doesn't quite cut the mustard whilst running through a muddy forest. I highly recommend just printing the section you need from the OS website and folding it into some sort of lightweight A4 protective sheath.

That same year I joined the LMC and was delighted to find a mountain running and scrambling meet in March hosted by Eoin Brady. I won't go into the details as an article was written in a previous LMC magazine. It was a fun weekend and great to meet like-minded people,

The legendary Sarah Ridgeway leading the way on Moel Siabod



Hikers pose on Crib Goch during Mirek's first solo skyrun



Kimberley Hallam and Kat Sizer enjoying some light jogging on the Pinnacle Ridge Extreme



up for doing a sport that some would consider untoward. Having said that, by Monday morning my legs had never been so sore – I was literally hobbling around for the next week like someone on crutches. Stairs had suddenly become a challenge.

I joined trail running groups on Facebook and Meet Up and, before I knew it, signed up for a summer of fun including the excellent Love Trails Festival on the Gower Peninsula and the quite frankly crazy Medoc Marathon in Bordeaux, which has little to do with mountains but is so bonkers I thought it worth mentioning – think marathon, oyster, steak, cheese and 23 wine stops. I also found myself coerced into another questionable adventure outing by the LMC Head of Socials, Kat Sizer – the madness in question being the aforementioned Pinnacle Ridge Extreme Skyrace.

In retrospect, the fact the race master questioned my application and experience in a game of email tennis really should have enlightened me to the brutality in store. The vetting was quite strict, so trying to increase my chances of being accepted I sent a video by Alex “Rambles” Langfield (yes, the very editor of this fine magazine) of our running LMC weekend – it didn’t seem to help. I bumped into the race master at Love Trails festival purely by chance. We got chatting and was informed I hadn’t yet been accepted onto the race because I looked “a little unsteady on my feet” in the video and he was a tad concerned. I was finally accepted onto the race after convincing and reassuring the race master of my questionable abilities. I blame Alex’s dodgy video editing for raising the concerns in the first place – but to be fair, on a second viewing of the video I did look a tad rubbish.

After finally being accepted onto the race I have to say I became a little nervous and didn’t really get much sleep the night before in the hostel. I think I had built it up in my head that it was going to be a little on the extreme side (funny as it’s in the title). What if I break my legs or worse? Unsurprisingly it was outrageously tough, in fact the toughest thing I have ever done without a shadow of a doubt – it kicked my ass. Mt Blanc or the Medoc Marathon was peanuts by comparison. I finish 21st out of 36 with a time of 06:43:33 (the winner did it in 03:57:02 – insane!).

Just before the final Pinnacle Ridge scramble there was a soul-destroying slog up a mind numbingly steep grass slope to reach the base of the scramble, I was pretty much on my hands and knees going up the “slope of hell” and it suddenly dawned on me I hadn’t actually seen Kat since the start of the race, so I looked

Mirek on the Crib Y Ddysgl ridge with Crib Goch behind



Mirek on the way up Moel Siabod

back down the hill and saw a blue hat moving at pace over the valley to the start of the grass slog – it was Kat looking annoyingly fresh on her feet, as I was literally on my knees slightly dreading the imminent grade 3 scramble. It was awesome Kat had caught up with me and we could tackle this classic mountain route together – go team LMC! The scramble has a technical move just below the main pinnacles, I guess this could be considered the crux. This was the section I was most nervous about, especially after having run 25k by this point. I must admit it was a relief to see a safety rope had been fixed over this notorious vertical wall of rock up the main Pinnacle Ridge – yes I used the rope and no I didn’t care, I’d lost all sense of grace and pride way back over at Striding Edge.

With the main technical challenge out the way, it was only a couple of kilometres down to the finish line. In my feeble and shell-shocked state I managed to trip over my own feet and almost fall off the side of the final grade 1 down scramble, much to the horror of fellow runner Kimberly Hallem. It was almost in slow motion and I still don’t quite know how I managed to stop myself from falling 20m – that would have been a rubbish way to finish the race. Looking back, it was probably the most dangerous time of the event. I thought the main difficulty was over and I was so tired that I just half switched off, I guess that’s when a lot of accidents happen in the mountains. It reminded me of my driving lessons as a 17 year old and the instructor saying most accidents happen near a driver’s home, they just switch off as they get

“Completing the Pinnacle Ridge Extreme felt like more than just a race finish line had been crossed, it also felt like a psychological line had been crossed.”



A well-earned cider - the taste of victory (and exhaustion)

Mirek and Kat moments before the start of the Pinnacle Ridge race



to the end of their journey. I have no idea if this is true fact, but the analogy rings true.

Having said all this, it has to be pointed out the best thing about the Pinnacle Ridge Extreme Sky Race isn't the breath taking scenery, the adrenaline inducing scrambles or the sense of massive accomplishment, no, the most beautiful memory I have is a much welcomed bottle of cold cider being placed into my hand as I crossed the finishing line – a nice touch I thought.

Completing the Pinnacle Ridge Extreme felt like more than just a race finish line had been crossed, it also felt like a psychological line had been crossed. I can do this I thought (well just about anyway) and what does that mean for me now, what will I do next? There are so many amazing sky and fell races out there it difficult to prioritise. A nice thing about this age of social media is you can gain countless mountain running adventure inspiration from athletes on Instagram like Alice McGushin, Johanna Astrom, Yngvild Kaspersen, Judith Wyder, Vlad Ixel, Killan Jornet, Billy White or Jonathan Albon to name just a few.

My plan so far is to sign up for the Tromso (Norway) and Ring of Steall (Scotland) Sky races. Both are considered classics and I'm sure will be very tough – hell, I might even enjoy them. I have already signed up to a Box Hill fell race to ease myself into the new year and a half marathon at the legendary Atjan Festival in the Farore Islands later in September. Like I said, the bug has settled in rather nicely. I'm looking forward to 2020 with excitement and wonder, mixed with the odd thought of "what have I started here".

The thrill and freedom of linking scrambles with runs is not comparable to any other mountain sport I have done. It's also a nice little activity to have in your back pocket. During a visit to Chamonix last summer, a drizzly day was well used by jumping on the cable car and running some sections of the Tour Du Mont Blanc – marvellous fun! If you fancy giving this fruity activity a go, I can highly recommend the Run Snowdonia Course in Llanberis. Mountain Run UK also offer superb guidance in the Lakes. If you want to start with more traditional trail runs closer to home you can follow the Wild Trail Runners on both Instagram and Facebook and The Outdoor Adventure Club on Meet Up. Also keep an eye out on the LMC website for future running meets.

I hope this article has provided some inspiration, and not put you off entirely.

Happy Running!



Mirek running a section of the Tour du Mont Blanc above Chamonix

SKYRUNNING KIT

Running back pack: I really like the Montane Dragon 20 – you want some thing with pockets and pouches on the front for stuffing snacks, water and map/compass.

Waterproof top and trousers: The trousers are more for emergencies, as running in waterproof trousers is a rubbish experience. If you do need to run in waterproof trousers make sure they have drawstring – I tried a pair of Inov8 trousers and they kept falling down as I ran, they didn't have a draw string.

Trail running shoes: Having slagged off their waterproof trousers, I do like Inov8 trainers. Salomon also have a great range. Warning – I seem to be burning through 2 pairs a year, the treads wear out quite quickly.

An emergency/post run small down jacket is always a good idea to have in your pack. I like the Rab Microlight.

Small first aid kit: Nothing too excessive, enough for minor patching up/pain Taking ibuprofen (or any NSAID's/Anti Inflammatory) before or during is not recommended in the running community – it was effectively banned from first aid kit list during the Pinnacle Ridge Extreme race. I will let you look up the reasons for yourself.

Map: Try printing out just the section you need from OSmaps.com and placing in a plastic cover that can easily fold.

Compass.

Head torch.

Whistle: Sarah told me a story of a dude that needed one and didn't, the story had a bad ending.

Hat and gloves.

Water: those soft 500ml containers are great as they squish down to nothing once your done. I carry two on longer runs

Snacks: think Cliff bars or something similar you can quickly munch on whilst moving. For more enduring events I like to have stash of Haribo sweets for no nonsense sugar hit (both physical and phycological). On a side note, make sure you keep your hyradration and sugar levels up during your run, as that's when you can start making silly navigational (or worse) errors. It's an easy trap to fall into

I like running in decent medium thick walking socks, although there is a huge range of "proper" running socks out there.

Phone and a small portable battery charger, in a small plastic sealable bag.

Small survival bag.

Your actual running outfit will help too – unless you plan to run el natural.

MOUNTAINS OF THE WORLD

Every issue The London Mountaineer features an iconic peak.

THE MATTERHORN

Country: Switzerland
Range: Alps
Height: 4478m

First Ascent: 14th July 1865 by Edward Whymper, Charles Hudson, Francis Douglas, Douglas Robert Hadow, Michel Croz, Peter Taugwalder (snr), Peter Taugwalder (jnr)

Mountains don't come much more recognisable than The Matterhorn. An icon of the Alps, it towers majestically over the town of Zermatt. Its tragic first ascent marked the end of The Golden Age of Alpinism, with only Whymper and the Taugwalders surviving to tell the tale.



UNPRONOUNCABLE PEAKS IN CLEMENT WEATHER

Various club members tell the tale of the 2019 Winter Munro Meet

Escaping London and Christmas shopping in early December for a long weekend ticking off Munros has long been a feature of the LMC meets calendar. The weather in Scotland is entirely unpredictable at this time of year – we’ve had everything on past meets, warm and wet, foot-deep snow and whiteouts. But this year the weather gods smiled on us. Three days of calm wall-to-wall sunshine shining on frosty snow-capped hills, amazingly long views through clear skies across frosty landscapes, we were in luck. Big thanks to those who cooked communal meals for the group, which we enjoyed in the now extended and well-equipped kitchen of the Ochils MC hut in Crianlarich. The dorm may have been a bit crowded – ten people on alpine bunks in a fairly small room – but new showers and a big kitchen/dining area was great. It was a great trip with a fun group and plenty of Munros ticked off (and Corbetts by those who have already completed all the Munros). Crampons and ice axes were duly carried around and in some cases actually saw some use.

Rachel Shaw



Alex on the ascent of Ben Vorlich above Loch Lomond

Binnein Mor's summit ridge with Ben Nevis, Carn Mor Dearg and Aonach Beag in the background

After meeting the rest of the group on Thursday evening, I felt quite out of place. It was only my second time in Scottish Highlands, while many of the others have been climbing Munros for many years, in all seasons, and had already completed more than a 100 of them. I hoped there would be a party that would not mind my lack of experience, and was fortunate to join Ruth, Stephen and Eric in their Friday hike up Bidean nam Bian and Stob Coire Sgreamhach. We ascended via Stob Coire nan Lochan, visited the two peaks and descended through Coire Gabhail, romantically refered to as The Lost Valley. All in lovely weather, with no technical difficulties, and in good time to reach the car before it got dark.

On the following day I joined Stephen in an attempt to climb three easternmost peaks of Mamores: Sgùrr Eilde Mòr, Binnein Beag and Binnein Mòr. It was a long route, so involved an early start from Kinlochleven, and a long trek to the lake under Sgùrr Eilde

Mòr. Weather was even better than on Friday, with a cloudless sky and very light winds. We did, however, find ourselves a challenge in the ascent of Binnein Mòr via the north-eastern spur, Sròn a' Gharbh-Choire. The frozen, steep turf mixed with rock prompted us to put on the crampons and take out ice axes. If I was on my own, I would have likely turned back at this point, but with Stephen's confident leadership we soon saw the sun refracting on the ice crystals of the ridge. That climb was without a doubt a highlight of the meet! We were back in Kinlochleven well after dark, but very satisfied with the route.

What else to add? The excellent communal dinners at the hut. A nice, short walk to Ben Vorlich (near Loch Lomond) on Sunday, and an altogether kind, friendly and encouraging company. If given a chance, I'd love to go again next year.

Maciek Makowski



A giant of Loachaber, looking towards the summit of Bidean Nam Bian

As it got closer to the time of the LMC meet in Crianlarach, I started watching the weather more closely, as something strange was happening. Not only was met office showing little suns on all 3 meet days but the normally doom-laden MWIS was indicating 80-90% cloud free summits. Accordingly, we met on Thursday night at the climbing hut and planned early starts and longish routes.

Stephen Clarke had a plan to go to Glencoe and we decided on Bidean Nam Bian and Stop Coire Sgreamhach. Stephen also devised a stretch target of Stobh Dubh which would involve dropping to 400m and coming back up again which to be honest I think I had no intention of attempting, I'm too slow. But if Stephen wanted to do something mad later it was completely fine as there were plenty of bail-out options along the route.

So, we set off, also with Maciek and Eric who I hadn't met before. I think my favourite walks are like that, with a mix of people who you know and trust on the mountains and then some people to have new conversations with. The walk was fabulous. Interesting route, 100% perfect visibility, dramatic vistas and some steep cliffs quite

close to the path, just enough to make you concentrate a bit. Eric and Maciek were more than capable on the hills. Infact, I got the impression Eric could easily have done the whole thing twice and was just politely slowing down for the old people. We didn't attempt the stretch target and we got back to the car just at dusk.

Next day was Beinn Achaladair and Beinn a Creachain with Sue, Rachel and Nicholas. Another perfect weather day with huge views and an interesting circular route (although we definitely benefited from having frozen bog rather than warmer weather boggy bog). It was one of those days where you just find yourself constantly stopping to take photos as each part seems even more beautiful than the last.

Last day, after much negotiation, we all did Ben Vorlich, which was good if a bit steep and sloppy on the way up the ridge and a motorway on the walk out, but a nice kind of tradition to do the last walk everyone together. Great meet, great company, great weather, really couldn't have hoped for anything better.

Ruth Taylor



Buachaille Etive Mor at sunset

Sron na Creise, last ascended some eighteen years earlier in deep snow conditions and nil visibility, which resulted in careful navigation to find the connecting bealach to neighbouring Meall a Bhuirdh. Today was easier. The sun shone, the approach bogs were frozen, there was even dry cold rock as we scrambled up. We sometimes pitched short, tricky sections, before a picnic lunch in the sun with unlimited views across the icy Highlands. The remainder was straightforward, an enjoyable, sociable day.

Buachaille Etive Mor. Oh the Buachaille. An old favourite that is so near the road but surprisingly complex. Parking was full as we left at first light. Icy rocks made for careful approaches. We somehow missed Curved Ridge and instead realised we were at base of Crowberry Ridge. Our Southern Highlands Scrambles guidebook described it as difficult. We followed the line described and the polish. The second pitch was rather steep and sparse, both in terms of holds and gear. A different guidebook later described this as a 3* severe!

It was chilly all day in the shade, even with gloves on whilst scrambling in boots. We moved together, belays with pitons, old tat. Using Italian hitches reminded my companion of his summer Alpine guided trip. No time for lunch, a quick hello to the raven that lives on the summit before a rapid descent. We reached the car just after dark. Another good day out.

Jason Shuttleworth



Ben Lui on the approach down the Cononish Glen

I arrived stylishly late to the meet, having been transported from the Friday night hustle and bustle of London Euston to a frost bitten Crianlarich by the wonderfully renovated Caledonian Sleeper train. Sleep deprived but excited, I set out for the both literal and metaphorical gold of the Cononish Glen alongside John (who had kindly waited at the hut for my arrival).

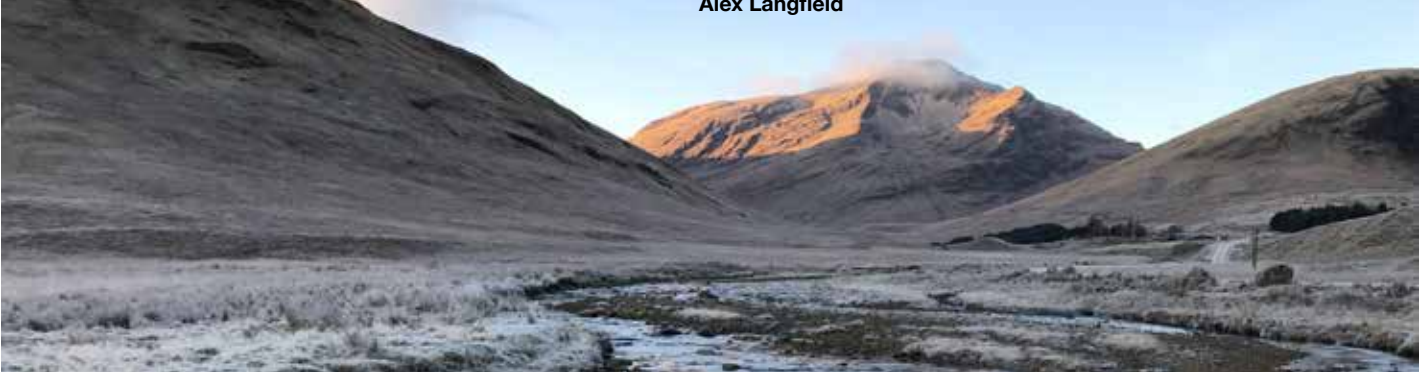
John was off up the Corbett Beinn Chuirm and I had my sights set on Ben Lui. We parted ways and I fuffed about taking photos and videos on the wonderfully scenic approach. Ben Lui's east facing Coire Gaothach grows with each step to dominate the way ahead. When banked with snow, the central face makes for some excellent winter climbing (or so I'm told). Today I was content to make for the north eastern ridge.

With no views to be had on the summit due to a frustraing layer of mist, I hastily descended towards the bealach on the way to Ben Oss.

On the way I ran into a fellow Cumbrian called Chris and his Romanian partner Andra. We chatted all things Scotland as we made our way to Ben Oss' summit. This was where the magic happened. The late afternoon winter sun hung low and fiercely golden, just above a dynamic layer of cloud doing its best to make the Southern Highlands look suitably dramatic. Ben Lui looked huge across the void and the view south to Lomond (both Ben and Loch) was superb. At this point we made another friend, Wojciech from Poland. We finished the day as a four over Beinn Dubhchraig and descended in darkness.

Finally catching up with the rest of the LMC crew was great. We had a gorgeous risotto, beaten only by the evening banter. Next day was just as terrific up Ben Vorlich with the team. Bring on next year!

Alex Langfield



Nicholas



Jason and Alex



Rachel and Sue



Maciek and Eric



John and Ruth



Stephen



Unpronounceable+ Peaks and Inclement Weather? A sonnet by Stephen Clark

Unpronounceable peaks in inclement weather
Is the long standing title of this meet.
Over snowy tracks, peat, stone and heather,
Through boisterous wind, mist and swirling sleet.
Two days we scatter from Crianlarich;
Parties striking to Bidean and Creise+.
But on Sunday all head to Ben Vorlich,
The chattering clan rests three hours from base.
Frosts had drawn moisture from the atmosphere.
The wind just whispers, the sky's clear blue.
Arran, the Clyde and Ailsa Craig are all clear,
From lunch in comfort an eighty-mile view.
John's last munro on Mull is sighted too.
He's onto Corbetts now. More Monros for you?

- + Creise is pronounced KRAYSH-
- + Bidean is pronounced BIT-yan-nam

"It was one of those days
where you just find yourself
constantly stopping to
take photos, as each part
seems even more beautiful
than the last."

Meet Details

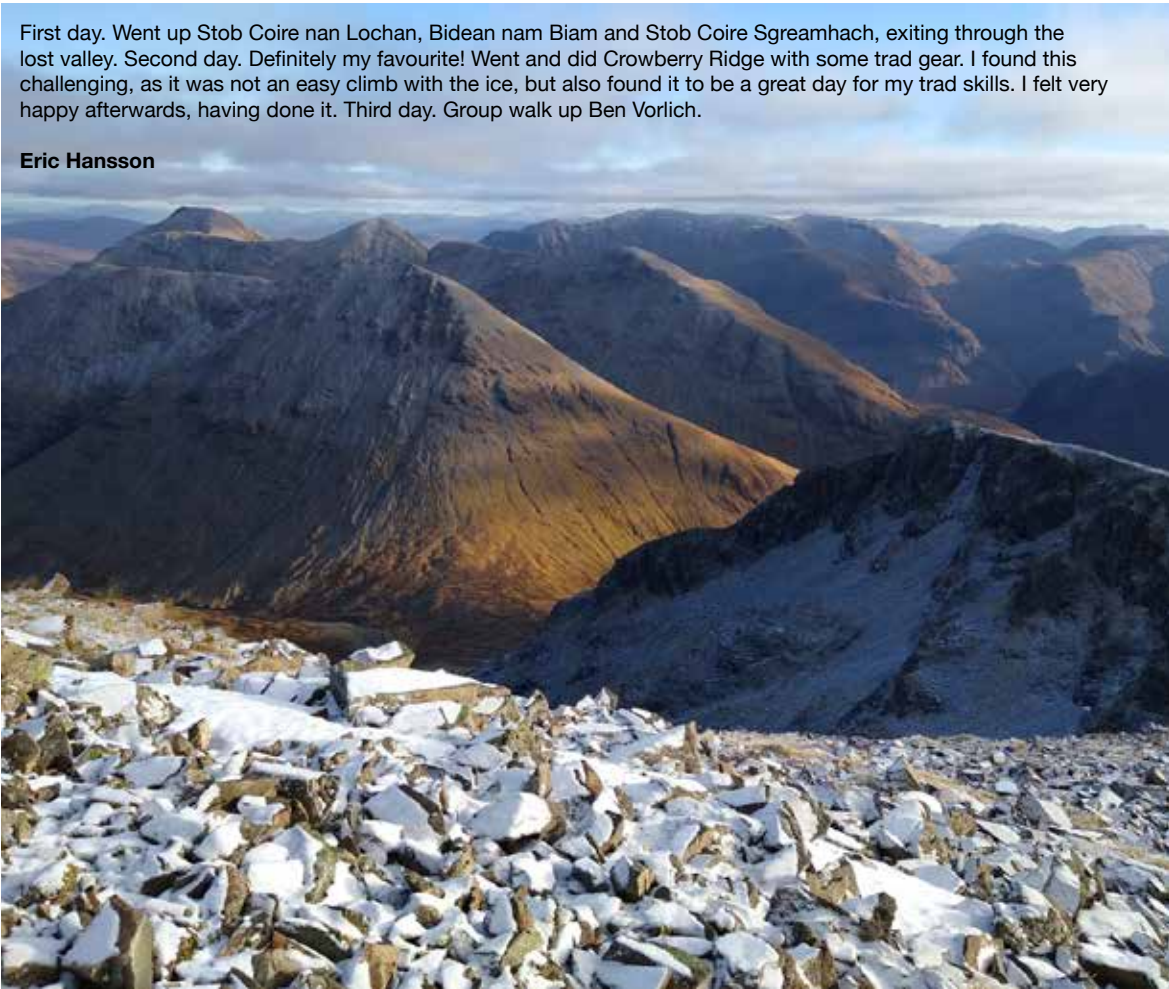
Winter Munro Meet, Crianlarich - 28 - 30
November 2019

Attendees: Rachel Shaw (steward),
Stephen Clark, Ruth Taylor, Jason
Shuttleworth, John Evans, Sue
Rowlands, Maciek Makowski, Eric
Hansson, Nicholas Kjaersgaard, Alex
Langfield



John summits Ben Vorlich with the Arrochar Alps beyond

The Buachailles from the Bidean massif



First day. Went up Stob Coire nan Lochan, Bidean nam Biam and Stob Coire Sgreamhach, exiting through the lost valley. Second day. Definitely my favourite! Went and did Crowberry Ridge with some trad gear. I found this challenging, as it was not an easy climb with the ice, but also found it to be a great day for my trad skills. I felt very happy afterwards, having done it. Third day. Group walk up Ben Vorlich.

Eric Hansson

The unmistakable Stob Dearg on the Buachaille Etive Mor



Arriving on the summit of Ben Oss, with distant Ben Lomond breaking through the clouds



Binnein Mor, arguably the greatest of the Mamores



INSPIRATION

Your essential hit of the finest armchair mountaineering options



Book

The White Spider - Heinrich Harrer

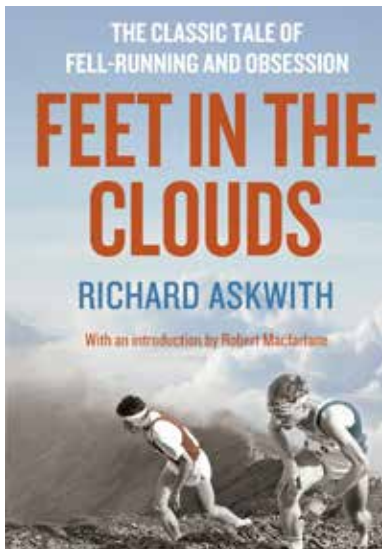
As part of the first ascent team, Heinrich Harrer is well placed to document the early history of climbing attempts on the legendary and infamous North Face of the Eiger. There's everything here, from staggering acts of heroism and humanity to gut-wrenching tragedies and international scandal. What shines through are two facets. One, Harrer's immense respect for the beauty and the seriousness of the face. Two, his recognition for, and reverence to, many of the courageous souls who've attempted the climb and mountaineers in general. It is a painstakingly detailed account of the early attempts and a uniquely illuminating read into what was for so long the sharp end of alpine mountaineering. An essential read.



Film (Prime Video)

Dragon's Back Race

A documentary following the second Dragon's Back Race across the mountainous spine of Wales. The infamous test of endurance first took place in 1992 but was not run again until 2012, by which point and aura of legend had surrounded all to do with it. Starting at Conwy, the race traverses the Carneddau, Glyderau and Snowdon massif on day 1 alone, before the Moelwynion, the Rhinogydd, Cadair Idris and Plynlimon are conquered in the gruelling days that follow. Day five finishes after summiting Fan Brycheiniog in the Brecon Beacons. As it follows ordinary people achieving extraordinary things, it is the human experience and its spirit that shines through in this excellent film. After all isn't this what mountaineering is all about.



Book

Feet in the Clouds - Richard Askwith

Feet in the Clouds documents the little known history of fell running in Cumbria and the heroes whose achievements are nothing short of super human. Legends like Joss Naylor, who once ran all 214 Wainwright fells in a single week, or Kenny Stuart who still holds the records for speed ascents of Ben Nevis, Snowdon and Skiddaw over thirty years since setting them. The author also takes us on his personal quest to complete the Bob Graham Round: a 70 mile run over 42 Lakeland peaks in less than 24 hours. Intertwined with his own account, he tells of the history of the Round and its heroes: such as former record holder Billy Bland, who completed the circuit in less than fourteen hours in 1982. One of the quintessential books on the subject of mountain running.

COLD CLIMBING IN THE CAIRNGORM CORRIES

Cairngorms Climbing March 2020

An account of a week of winter climbing and
mountaineering in the Cairngorms, Scottish Highlands

March 2020

by Paul Fearnside

We punctuated the incredibly long drive from South East London to Aviemore with discussions of global warming, big melts, wind-scouring and what to do when the snow in the corries is just awful. We had to manage our expectations somehow, without dwelling too much on LMC's 2019 Winter Meet (or 'rain fest', as the photos revealed).

Sunday 01/03 Bynack More

Today was supposed to ease us into the rigours of mountaineering, so we chose Bynack More summit as our objective. The weather forecast for the day promised snow, ice, heavy cloud and winds of 40 to 60 mph. So, we didn't expect a nice day out, and we weren't disappointed.

The sweeping hill-climb up to the plateau was steady enough, but then the bad weather conditions set in. This wasn't too much trouble because we could micro-navigate using distinctive rocks poking out of the snow with catchy names like, 'bust of a man', 'the three snowman's buttons' and the fetching 'four cowpats in a row'. The infeasible westerly hoolie grew to make progress and visibility more and more challenging. So, at around 500m from the summit, we had to turn back.

Monday 02/03 Goat Track Gully

The suffering began promptly at 9am with a trudging walk-in from the ski-centre carpark to Coire an t'Sneachda on wholly out-of-condition legs (mine, at least). We picked our way into the rocky corrie basin with mounting anticipation and geared up at the confidence-boosting Emergency Rescue Box. After a testing stomp up the slopes of Fluted Buttress, we arrived at the base of Goat Track Gully. With almost no protection offered for a belay, and the snow being half neve, half fluff, I opted for a classic bucket-seat belay.

"With a sense of
trepidation, we realised
it was time to push the
climbing grade upward."

The party of four French women from Chamonix made short shrift of launching into the neighbouring Red Gully, with their incredible day-glo pink and orange half-ropes. The top of the first pitch usually involves the in-situ threaded cord protection, next to the vertical ice wall on the route. However, much of the gully sides were covered in a thick coating of recent snow, hiding such blessed treats as this protection (if it was there at all). Sadie had pressed on, climbing higher and higher up the gully, while I sat in my butt-freezing bucket seat awaiting three pulls on the rope. Use of climbing calls proved pointless as the wind whistled and buffeted noisily around our heads. Three faint tugs came through the 60m rope, signalling my call to action. I climbed past two of the belay locations that we'd used previously, to find Sadie perched about half way up the entire 120m climb. That was one outstanding, well-protected lead. We discussed the steep, lengthy run-outs between runners, and how we should fairly take it in turns – I took this to mean, 'it's rather nerve-racking, so you (Paul) really should lead tomorrow's difficult route'. I combined the remaining pitches into one, bringing Sadie up onto the Cairngorm plateau, and into a howling and bitterly, bitterly cold wind for the walk back.

Tuesday 03/03 Red Gully

An earlier start gave us Fluted Buttress almost to ourselves, along with the promise of great climbing up Red Gully. We still had the testing stomp up the slopes to the start of the steep, icy route and all the anticipation (and doubt) that goes with it. Sadie set up a rock belay and I began to climb the initial chimney, on a great deal of ice. As the French women had said, there was almost no protection for the first pitch. I pressed on and found that, as the guidebook had said, the rock protection from this point was excellent. This was especially welcome, as the snow tended to collapse under my crampons while I dug out and placed another runner.

I climbed to the full length of the rope, setting up a belay at a saddle-shaped rock. This provided a great throne-seat, but also another butt-freezer. A fellow climber called down from just beyond the top-out, describing how much of the cornice above us was heavily loaded. Sadie led the remaining pitch on long run-outs, using what little protection the gully sides offered here.

Wednesday 04/03 Bothy & Loch

The MWIS weather forecast had spelled out constant precipitation (rain and snow) from mid-morning, with gusty winds to follow. So we planned a lowland walking day with full waterproof kit, taking in Ryvoan Bothy and Loch Morlich. The day started out gloriously, as we enjoyed a pleasant walk to the bothy for brunch. Noon passed us by, and the glorious still and sunny weather continued, as we made our way around the loch.

I hadn't realised that it would have a pristine beach, possibly beating Bex Hill on the south coast to offer Britain's cleanest beach. I don't think Aviemore saw a drop of rain that day. In the pub that evening, we discussed plans for the next day. With a sense of trepidation, we realised it was time to push the climbing grade upward.



Sadie somewhere in the vicinity of Bynack More



Thursday 05/03 Hidden Chimney

An 8am start to the walk-in gave us the advantage of time to complete Hidden Chimney. This is just as well because my legs were still in 'sub-athletic' condition. As a result, I was overtaken by five people walking to the corrie. Did they not realise just how demoralizing their actions were? Also, the slower walk-in gave me time to doubt myself more time to try and talk me out of doing the climb, my first grade III winter climb. The second problem was that neither Sadie nor I had volunteered to lead the steep, icy, crux-laden chimney. I had got so confidence-boosted from the previous climbs that I had thought I would lead the chimney section. But then the day came, and we were gearing up at the snow slope, and neither of us had volunteered yet. I was going to suggest flipping a coin, and then volunteered before I knew what I was doing. Damn it.

The climb starts with a steep walk up the first section of Jacob's Ladder onto the start of The Slant. This section takes in a very exposed, near-vertical shoulder of rocky buttress sitting high above a steep snow slope, peppered with boulders. This pitch was mine to traverse and I had to be belayed: this was no place to take a fall. Several climbers before and after me soloed this section. Sadie climbed through and led the second section of The Slant, setting up a belay at the imposingly lofty, main buttress wall. As I made my way over, one of the soloists passed me a second time and headed up a seemingly impossible section of buttress.

"One last run-out push and I topped out to the sound of whooping elation - and relief! I spent the next half hour grinning to myself as I belayed Sadie up the delights of the beastly chimney."

As I swung the lead, I watched the pair of climbers ahead of me make their way up the chimney. The second seemed to flounder around the crux with unlucky, flailing legs. The lead had also abseiled part-way down the right-hand gully-side near to funnel-top of the chimney. Was I supposed to do that on my lead? The guidebook made no mention of any commando tactics. I pressed on up some steep ice section, focussing on axe and crampon placements, holding by straight arms (no cramp-inducing pull-ups here, please), and managed to place reassuring gear in the gully wall, about every 10m.

The main crux presented a chaotic jumble of boulders and rocks, each one of them completely in my way. Here, I needed to work out the crampon placements, as this problem was not simple, and was certainly no step-ladder. The right hand side offered a few good, if small, edges, with little on the left side. I managed to bridge here by placing a few crampon points into a short, slim, horizontal crack in the wall. At one point I had to balance and lift most of my weight on the front points of my left crampon, which I placed onto a thin patch of ice literally no bigger than a fried egg. Toward the top of the crux, I had to use axes as grab-handles, or torqued dry-tooling to bridge, twist and heave up over this distinctly unforgiving section. I'd got past the worst of it, with 10 – 15m of steep snow field at the funnel-top of the chimney to go. One last run-out push and I topped out to the sound of whooping elation - and relief! I spent the next half hour grinning to myself as I belayed Sadie up the delights of the beastly chimney. It turned out that I had previously volunteered to lead the crux, but had somehow forgotten this detail.

Friday 06/03 The Runnel

The day started out well, and I don't think anyone overtook me on the walk-in, which was nice. The Runnel on Fluted Buttress was today's objective, a well-defined gully with the crux being a steeper, narrow chimney high up the climb. We followed kicked steps up good neve on the left hand side of the gully. The rock protection was not so good, leading to a few long run-outs on the rope between runners. We climbed past occasional protection excavation sites on the gully walls, where previous climbers had dug into the layers of snow and ice to reveal nothing usable. The middle pitch took Sadie (leading) over a large section of ice, covered in crackly snow. This was kind of fun, if you like your ice brittle and hollow, and you don't want to fix any ice-screws. The final pitch offered very little protection, and I had to keep climbing up the steepening crux on another long run-out. I skirted the vertical ribs on fluffy snow, veering left to avoid several metres of bulging cornice, and found myself imbalanced at the base of a 2m vertical top-out. This was a very special kind of fun. Heaving over the top, I may have stood upright and whooped for England. I was extremely pleased that we had decided against taking the final day off as a rest/exhaustion day. I was also glad of the fine weather conditions, the experience previously gained with LMC climbers, and a solid climbing partner that week.



Paragliders ride the thermals above the Black Forest



CAN'T SEE THE WOOD FOR THE TREES?

Chris Bailey recounts a trip to the Black Forest and reminds us to look around once in a while...

German hills fade into the distance



Glimpsed from the summit, the limitless horizon of other possibilities stretched in front of you, glimmering in your imagination. What you give no thought to, is to look behind you. So you descend with one angle of the vista captured, and most of what there is to see left unseen. No one would do that would they? Yet this is not such an unfamiliar experience as one might imagine. How often when planning an excursion is the map unfolded with London at the centre, and a circle drawn of all the possibilities that surround, unfettered by border, nationality, convention or habit?

If searching for the nearest 1100 metres summit to London (Dale, Scottish answer on a postcard only please) one may well fall upon the Schwarzwald, and in particular the 1163 metres high Hornisgrinde. Rift valleys are not the sole preserve of East Africa, one is occupied by the noble Rhine. This is evidently apparent climbing the well-defined slopes of Alsacien vineyards above Buhl (our base for this year's yomp) which are mirrored opposite across the perfectly level valley floor by the equally prominent mountains of the Vosges.

Of one outcome the hill traveller in Germany may be certain – he will go neither hungry nor thirsty. Each day ended at a convivial gasthaus in Buhl with delicious speckwaihe – bacon and cheese on a delicate pizza base.

Ascent of the Hornisgrinde afforded us at 378m, refreshment on the terrace of the Burg Windeck, adjacent to the 12-Cent Windeck Castle with commanding views over the Rhine below. At 500m, we paused to refresh in a chalet-style establishment popular with bikers. Paulaner was served in large stein. There was another rest opportunity slightly higher; however we as a team felt we could make it now and pushed on.

At the summit, the Grinde-Hütte offers further refreshment as well as wide-eyed portions of Black Forest gatau. Our descent led via the Mummelsee, a glacial corrie lake now a little too much of a tourist honeypot. Further refreshment was made available. It was a long way down to the finish at Achern, 35 km from our start. Still, there was a further pause possible at the roadside balcony of the Wilderer Stube, before we followed the course of the Gaishöhl Wasserfälle tumbling along a declivitous glade into the Rhine valley.

There are so many sub-alpine ranges within easy reach of London: Schwarzwald; Vosges; Ardennes; Sauerland; Eifel; Jura. All will reward a visit. The next occasion that a trip is planned, why not take a look all around.

Meet Details

Euro Yomp “Der Aufschub”
Black Forest
20 - 22 September 2019

Attendees: Christopher Bailey (steward), Mihai Cretu, Shahana Ali (guest), James Clarke (guest), Raquel Misis (guest), Ilaria Albanese (guest), Daniel Adams (guest), Maria Bogdanov (guest)

Team Euro Yomp



You will neither go hungry nor thirsty



Typical European waymarking



MEETS HIGHLIGHTS

Participating in meets is what the club is all about. Meets are run by members for members.

Whether it's scrambling and rambling from our North Wales Fronwydyr base or galloping over gritstone edges in the Peak, along with annual Alpine excursions, winter missions to Scotland and expeditions to far-flung Himalayan giants, the LMC meet programme has it all. The best thing is, if you can dream up a meet that you think could interest the club's members, you can make it happen.

But it's not all climbing and hardcore mountaineering, there is truly something for everyone here, from the Alfred Wainwrights

amongst us to the Reinhold Messners. Most meets offer a range of activities for all tastes and abilities. Trad climbing, sport climbing, ice climbing hiking, scrambling, winter walking, winter mountaineering and trail running are all disciplines covered by the meet schedule.

The social element of our meets are just as important as the mountains themselves, be it tales of epics gone by whilst perched in an Alpine hut or just sharing the day's escapades in the local pub. You will meet people from all walks of life, share countless stories, learn

new skills and forge friendships to last a lifetime. Meets are all about getting out there, out of your comfort zone, meeting incredible people and just doing it!

For more information or to sign up for a meet or three, head on over to the LMC website. The club thrives by having members take an active interest in the meets that are run. To volunteer to steward a meet, or to suggest a new meet, please contact our meets secretary through the website.

SUMMER BBQ MEET



14th August to 16th August 2020

Given the that hut may still be unavailable for use on this date, we are planning to organise this as a camping event.

Although we will not be able to go to he hut, we can at least have our barbecue amongst the mountains of Snowdonia.

We will be camping at the Dolgam Campsite (situated by the river between Betws-y-coed and Capel Curig. The fee will be £7 per person per night.

And finally, please consider how you will travel to this event. Even if we are now able to congregate in socially distant groups, we will still need to maintain distancing to and from meets.

Steward: Nick Irons
t: 07946 340861
e: irons.nick@gmail.com

CARDINAL WALK EAST: EPPING FOREST



15th August 2020

A day hike in the wonderful Epping Forest

Steward: Zaheer Durrani
t: 079405 93742
e: 2020zaheer@gmail.com

FRONWYDYR



4th September to 6th September 2020

Perfect antidote to those back to school blues.

This meet is reliant on Fronwydyr being back open and safe to use.

Steward: Patrick Radford
t: 07887943531
e: patrick@woodcote.free-online.co.uk

FRONWYDYR



2nd October to 4th October 2020

Autumn in the hills.

This meet is reliant on Fronwydyr being back open and safe to use.

Steward: Christina Allen
t: 07854173437
e: christinajallen@icloud.com

CARDINAL WALK WEST: SECOND EDITION



12th September to 13th September 2020

A day hike in the Wessex Downs / Southern Chilterns. Route to be decided.

Steward: Zibi Steplowski
t: 07534446601
e: zibipin@yahoo.co.uk

MOROCCO ANTI-ATLAS

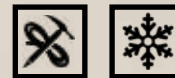


21st November to 28th November 2020

A lifetime's worth of climbing at your fingertips. Staying at the magnificent Kasbah Tizourgane.

Steward: Zaheer Durrani
t: 079405 93742
e: 2020zaheer@gmail.com

WINTER MUNRO MEET



3rd December to 7th December 2020

Long weekend in Scotland walking up hills and enjoying stunning views or being wet, cold and hardy. Sign up and take a chance!

Awaiting steward

LAKE DISTRICT MEET



16th July to 18th July 2021

Staying at the Agnes Spencer Hut in Patterdale.

There are 12 places in the hut and the cost will be £22 for accommodation for two nights.

There are further places at the nearby Patterdale YHA.

Plenty of classic walks, scrambles and climbs in close proximity.

Steward: Robert Beattie
t: 07780678437
e: robertbeattie63@gmail.com

SOCIALS

Social evenings are held on the third Thursday of each month except in December, where the Xmas calendar will dictate the socials. We meet in the upstairs room of a pub called The Devereux at 20 Devereux Court, Temple, London WC2R 3JJ (map).

Socialising starts in the pub from 7pm and the main event kicks off at about 8pm in the upstairs room.

Sometimes we have a purely social evening or a quiz night, but socials are talks and slide or movie presentations by outside speakers or talented club members on climbing and mountaineering related topics.

Due to COVID our regular monthly slots at the Devereux Pub are on hold until further notice.

SUMMER DRINKS

Thursday 20th August 2020

Somehow, somewhere we hope we can organise a club social meet up before the sun disappears. Venue to be confirmed, but hopefully Central London. Plans to remain fluid until nearer the time. Rounders in the park may be the solution.

MEMBERS MULTIMEDIA NIGHT

Thursday 17th September 2020

An annual showcase of club member's stories to inspire you before the season is out.

FILM NIGHT

Thursday 15th October 2020

After the success of last year's film night we will host again. Movie to be confirmed.

ARCHIVE MATERIAL

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meets report

New Members Meet at Fronwydyr from 18th to 20th December 1998

by Pamela Holt

Present: Cheryl Braganza, Mike Faden, Andrew Guy, John Harrison, Andrew McClean, Angela Madden, Rhiannan Price, Eileen Shovelton, Neil Scott, Jane Taylor, Angel Vila, Christopher Watt, Pamela Holt (Meet Steward)

I agreed to lead this meet before I learnt that it was to be a New Members Meet.

When I started receiving phone calls way back in November and only two had cars, I began to wonder what I had let myself in for! What could have been an organisational disaster with the hut over subscribed, only three drivers coming from London, promises of assorted culinary contributions to juggle with, turned into a gastronomical delight despite last minute cancellations.

Cilla Black's Blind Date has nothing on an LMC New Members Meet ensuring that two total strangers were left in a lay by not a million miles away from Fronwydyr exploring the potential - inside a Volkswagen Golf at two AM Friday night / Saturday morning!

Despite a damp Saturday morning with low cloud obscuring the tops, Angel soon rallied a band for another marathon mountain walk via Cwm Glas Bach, Snowdon for lunch, Clogwyn dur Arddu, Moel Cynghorion, Foel Goch and Moel Elio, descending into Llanberis. Jane and Angela wisely descended after Cloggy leaving the rest dithering as Angel declared "Is this a strike?" The Meet leader took an easier option by testing the waterproof qualities of Rhiannan's and Cheryl's boots by taking the soggy Afon Dudodyn valley up to Foel Goch then on to Y Garn where we were met by driving snow flakes before descending via Cwm Cneifio to come out of the cloud above the pass. Where the path became

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indistinct Rhiannan pronounced "Why doubt the wisdom of a thousand sheep?"

Our timing was immaculate - having set off with Eileen who explored the alternative routes through and round the Dinorwig quarries - we met up at 4 pm in Nant Peris.

Meanwhile John and Neil battled across the Glyders via Idwal and the Devil's Kitchen dropping down the bwlbh by Tryfan to pass Llyn Bochlywdd. They returned with tales of cratered faces due to the stinging hail!

The evening passed convivially - what better way to meet and get to know each other than by sitting down to a three course communal meal liberally washed down by an assortment of wines!

Sunday dawned clear, cold and sunny with a sprinkling of snow sparkling on the summits.

Angel set off to locate the tip of his ski stick lost to the bog of Saturday's walk while Rhiannan, Cheryl, Angela and Eileen explored the Miner's Path or behind the hut areas.

Climbing was mentioned by one team who settled on a ridge walk taking in Y Garn whilst Neil and myself climbed Nea (with a couple of "hotache" attacks!) on Clogwyn Y Grochan.

My thanks to all who contributed such wonderful dishes and made the whole weekend so enjoyable.

Snowdon from the Miner's Track