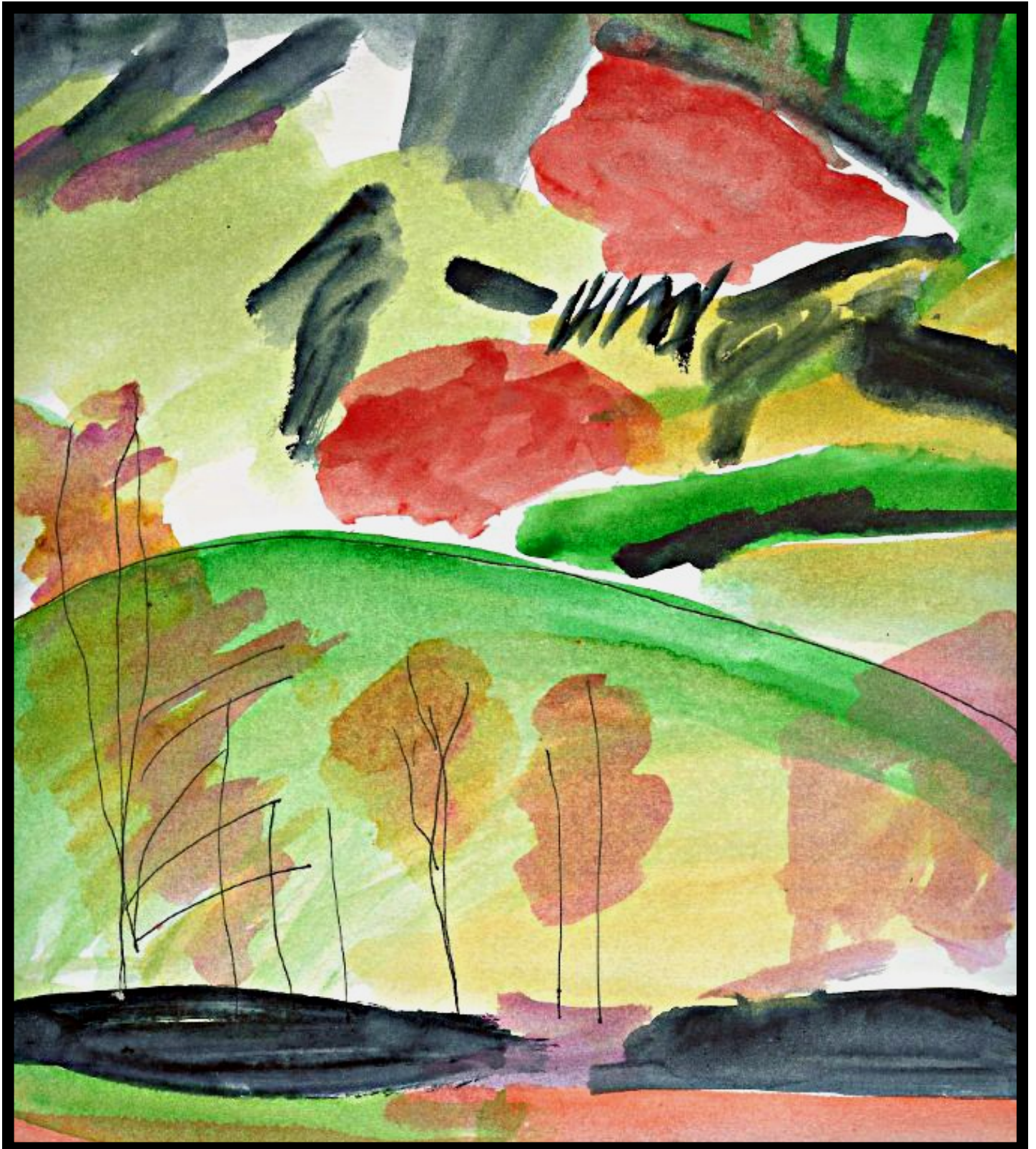


...I bought my paints so that on days when the walks were too long or too fast I could spend the day admiring the view or painting. One day we walked to Coniston from Little Langdale passing a spectacular disused slate quarry that was near the hut. Silver birches innocently softened the landscape. Priceless giant slate rocks were scattered everywhere. The sun was low in the sky, lighting up distant mountains. (cont. back page)





far from the madding crowd: exploring exmoor

12 mainly West Midlands Red Ropers met at Minehead Youth Hostel in early May to do a four day trek to Selworthy. Day 1 involved walking to Exford YH via Dunkery Beacon (about eleven miles). Looking back towards Minehead we could see the Arabian Nights style pinnacles of the Pontins holiday camp looking more romantic as we got further away. After we had skirted the pretty village of Wootton Courteney we reached the edge of Dunkery Beacon. On the first part of the ascent we passed through wooded areas with trickling streams but as we climbed higher we were surrounded by a harsher terrain of brown heather and bracken.

The top revealed extensive views of both the Bristol and English Channel coastlines, the Brecon Beacons and the Welsh coast from the Gower along to Cardiff and Newport. As we descended to the road we admired the grace of a herd of Exmoor deer running across the moor. We rewarded ourselves in Exford with ice-creams made with local clotted cream. I don't think I've ever enjoyed an ice cream more!

Day 2 – Exford to Dulverton (again about eleven miles). This was a river walk, initially along the Exe but soon following the Barle from Withypool. We picnicked at Tarr Steps, a mediaeval clapper bridge across the River Barle. From there we climbed through woodland so that we were looking down on the river.

The day's walk finished with a long, deceptively gentle looking ascent to the camping barn outside Dulverton, where the farmyard was complete with water mill and medieval stone buildings making an idyllic setting reminiscent of a film-set (Far from the Madding Crowd?) or a children's story book.

Day 3 – The hardier members of the group took the 16 mile walk back to Minehead. The rest of us took a more meandering route to Wheddon Cross and then a taxi to Dunster where some alighted to explore, whilst others carried on to Minehead to walk the coastal footpath.

Day 4 – We walked from Minehead over North Hill to the incredibly pretty village of Selworthy (almost too pretty but maybe I was just miffed because the tea shop was closed!). Then a walk into Allerford and home.

As a first timer on one of these breaks I was slightly apprehensive but needn't have worried. The walks were varied and just challenging enough, scenery beautiful, weather fine, company excellent and I was immensely impressed by the food (thanks to Liz). Gill planned and supervised the cooking of the superb evening meals. It was not only efficient but good natured and collaborative in true Red Rope style. Thanks to everyone for making it such a good break!

Fiona Scanlan

extreme ironing with coco in keld...

Leicester RR's weekend in Keld in beautiful Swaledale – all locals agree Yorkshire is the centre of the universe – came at the end of tropical March, 2012 (a few more of these Marches and that will be a cliché). Keld is on the coast to coast route *and* the Pennine Way.

An advance party enjoyed lounging in the balmy evening overlooking the waterfall by the bunkhouse. (Bunkhouse? It was like a blooming three-star holiday cottage). Sure, the following morning was much cooler but – apart from the occasional hailstorm – sunny enough to distract us as we picked our way across an ocean of uncharted heather, pockmarked with chasms of peat which once or twice provided a fine horizontal perspective...OK, it's easy to fall flat on your back!

On day two, clearly, a confidence-builder was necessary – a brave foray down the river to the pub opposite the teashop. On the return some of us – drunk with the scenery or whatever – lay out in the sun in a meadow by the stream... to be greeted that evening by two unexpected guests: a determined female long-distance walker and an ex-army man with feet horribly blistered from carrying a pack consisting mainly of a full-sized ironing board. For an original approach to walking for charity it took some beating.

Bemused and perhaps perturbed by this, on day three those Londoners who stayed longer embarked on a visit to the Richmond industrial estate, home of the wonderful Alt-Berg boots with their five, yes five, width fittings. (I told you Yorkshire is the centre of the universe). This was followed, as an economy gesture, by an exhaustive reconnaissance of the town's charity shops. As a child I read of Eric Shipton's pioneering reconnaissance of the Everest Ice-Fall – but I wonder how he would have coped with five or six charity shops on the trot. Still, I can't talk: one look in the mirror and I can see where most of my gear came from. Another intrepid party bagged Great Shunner Fell on the Pennine Way. Thanks to Simon for organising and not letting one ironing board get him down.

Jonathan Bridge, London RR



PC Paul 'Coco' Corcoran completed a coast to coast charity walk this Easter. Coco walked in his pyjamas with an ironing board strapped to his back and stopped at various locations to collect donations and carry out some extreme ironing. (Seen above ironing by the open door of a helicopter in flight!)





progress at beddgelert

The first of the steel roofing beams are now in place and the internal walls are now partly built. The photo shows one of the first beams being installed. In addition to the work involved with the main construction a lot of site preparation and landscaping has been done. This included provision of a temporary compound and storage site for building materials etc. and also an area intended for camping provision (to be used once the hut is up and running.) Security of the site and materials has been provided by erection of temporary security fencing.

The next stage of work will include installation of the wooden rafters for the first floor, and laying of temporary flooring to enable the final walls to be completed ready for two more steel girders. Work entailed with construction of the roof can then be undertaken. Overall, the objective to be achieved by the end of this year (2012) will be a fully sealed and water-tight building. Commencement of the internal floor is expected in 2013.

It is to be noted that progress to date has been achieved during working weekends undertaken mainly by LMC club members. Involvement of RR members has been warmly invited. The facilities at Blea Tarn and Tyndrum are all currently available, though the Tyndrum caravan will need a new site in September. The Blea Tarn hut will be improved by the addition of showers in the future.

Dave Fisher, RR LMC contact

ramblers agm: leicester 2012

Three Red Ropers attended this event: Adrian Jones, Steve Wright and myself, along with about 250 other people of whom 135 were delegates with voting-rights. Red Rope's well-stocked stall and displays received a fair amount of interest during tea, coffee and lunch breaks, and most of the RR Bulletins and leaflets were taken.

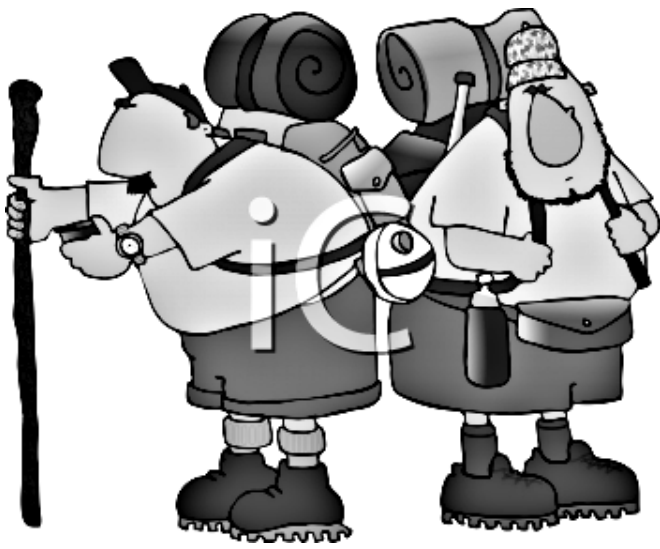
In a fairly non-controversial agenda, two motions in particular aroused heated discussion. The first was Red Rope's motion criticising the Ramblers Board's decision to enter a 'commercial partnership' with BUPA Healthcare and calling for this not to be renewed. (The Inner London Ramblers had already protested separately to the Board over this, and they seconded the motion.) Some people present expressed ethical objections to this 'partnership', while others feared that such a withdrawal could be seen as a 'political act'. Our motion was passed! Ramblers' Trustees are now having to look at their deal with BUPA again.

The second motion strongly criticised the Board's decision to replace Ramblers Worldwide Holidays as their main commercial partner with HF Holidays Ltd, and the way this change had been handled. Despite the fact that the former had donated many millions of pounds to the Ramblers over the years, they were not informed of the decision till late in the day, and at the last moment were barred from having their usual stall at the AGM. Fortunately this motion was also passed. RWH's website is www.ramblersholidays.co.uk. They now make a donation directly to the club any of their clients belong to, so consider them worth checking out!

It should be noted that both of these decisions were taken last year, since when Benedict Southworth has become C E O. He has a strong campaigning background having worked with 38 Degrees and Amnesty, so we may see more sensitive leadership and a stronger lead on campaigns from the Ramblers in future.

Don Kinniburgh, RR Ramblers rep.





bmc navigation weekend

In April a group of 6 Red Rope members attended a navigation course run by the BMC based at the Vagabonds hut in Nant Peris, Snowdonia. Course participants broke up into 2 groups of six people, each with an instructor. My group dealt with aligning and reading the map. Each of the group took a turn in interpreting features on the ground. We started at mid-day and didn't finish until 7pm.

On the Sunday we went out in the rain and sleet - not ideal! The instructor took us through the use of the compass and walking on a bearing. The weather was so bad that we finished early at 1pm.

As the course was new there were a few teething problems though these were minor. The consensus among club members was that everybody found the course helpful. The BMC should be encouraged to continue with this programme. Various courses are being repeated for the remainder of this year and next year. See www.thebmc.co.uk/club-training-courses-201213

We paid £65 per person, self-catering. The BMC first aid course in Patterdale on 5/6 October costs £75. By comparison a two day emergency first aid course at Plas y Brenin mountain training centre costs £205 — a big difference!

Dermot McKibbin, London RR

Barbara Segal and I were in the other group, led by Stuart Smith, who was entertaining, informative and encouraging. His mantra was DDTT, standing for distance, direction, time and terrain, as a way of emphasizing the basics. Ed.

bulletin@redrope.org.uk

A big thank you to everyone who has contributed to this bumper 12 page edition! I have had several enquiries about deadlines for submissions. These have now been standardised to January 31 and June 30. The 2 annual bulletins then tie in with MIS postings. Happy trails, **David Symonds**

national committee: june 2012

MIS: The cost of posting the MIS is a problem. It is proposed that in future it will be sent by email unless individuals object. Quite a few regional groups' activities are missing from the MIS simply because the MIS editor is not being told of them. Regional contacts are asked to advise the MIS of activities so they can be circulated to all members.

New Website: Work has developed to a stage when outside help is going to be needed. A grant of £350 has been awarded from the BMC to aid club promotion, and this will be used to part-fund the out-sourced work. It is hoped a new website will be available in trial form within 6 months.

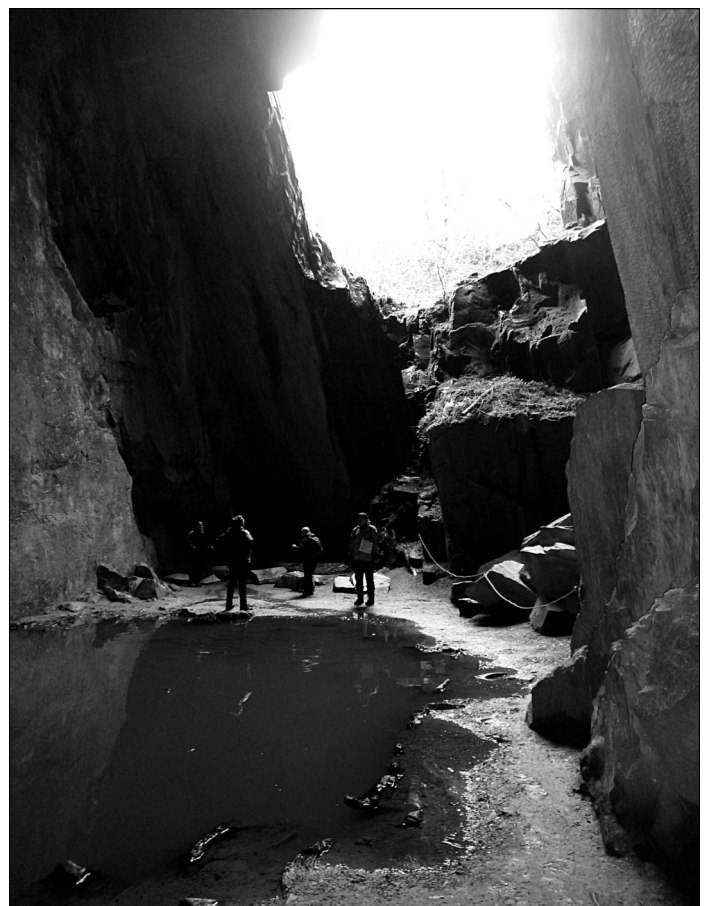
Training Officer: This important post is now vacant. Please contact me if you are interested.

Adrian Jones secretary@redrope.org.uk

Booking LMC huts : As mentioned in Bulletin 22 the Blea Tarn hut between the Langdales is in a great location (see trip report, p.10). We also have access to the Tyndrum (nr. Crianlarich) caravan. Our members can book as individuals or groups, independent of RR trip arrangements, at a nightly rate of £4 pppn. Bookings should be made to me via email and will entail a £50 deposit. Non-members can only go on advertised Red Rope trips. If you wish to book the whole hut for a weekend get in touch a.s.a.p. Let's make the most of it!

Gill Platt bednight@redrope.org.uk

Photo shows the 'cathedral' in Little Langdale (see back page).



BACK in the city the heat was cracking the flags, and on the top of Sgurr Dearg it threatened to melt the top off the Inaccessible Pinnacle (see photo) before our group of eager Red Ropers had managed to climb it. Welcome to the Red Rope Whitsun trip on sizzling Skye where the first day temperature of 31 degrees kicked off a *sunsational* week of walking, scrambling, climbing and just a little bit of sunbathing, swimming and whisky drinking.

Day 1 saw our party of 15 split into two groups with each heading for a first-day 'leg stretcher'. The first party set off at 8am to head up Sgurr Dearg. The climbers formed teams to take on the In Pin while the rest of us sat on the baking hot rocks to watch. The second party also set out straight from Glenbrittle. Their first day took in not one, but 3 Cuillin Black Munros, and they eventually arrived back at nightfall.

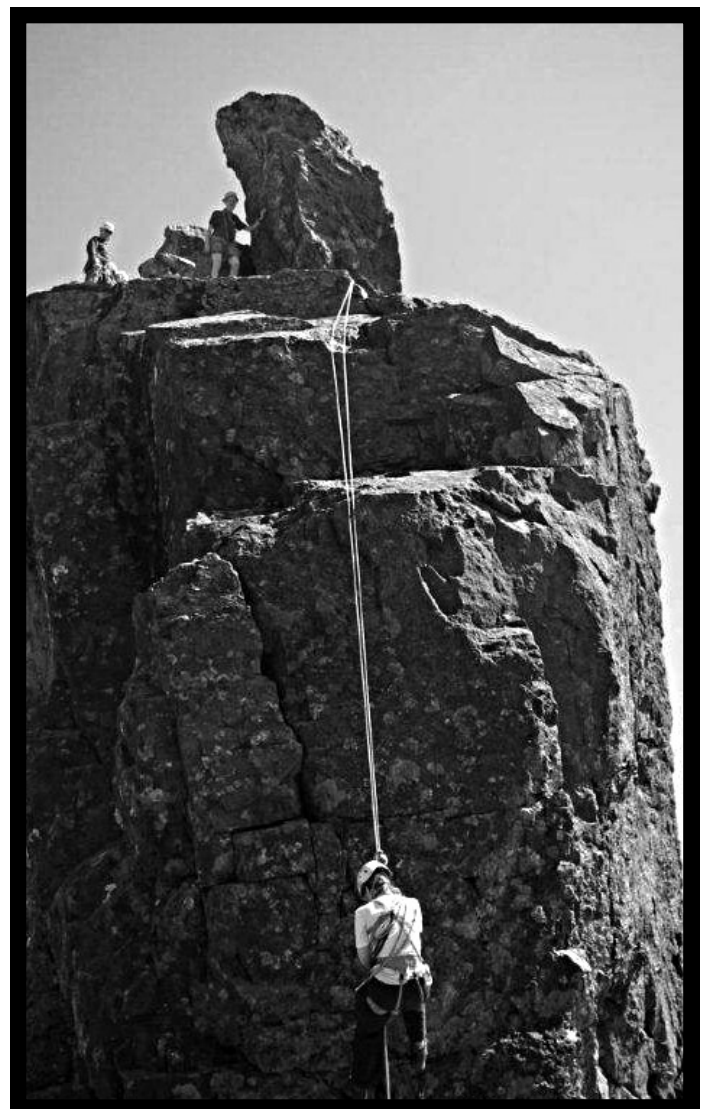
After the 'easy' first day, it came as little surprise that several Red Ropers were already looking for a rest day on Day 2, with several opting for a genuinely easy but stunning walk along on the coast. Climbers Malcolm and Chris had planned to set out on Tuesday for a two-day traverse of the Black Cuillin ridge with a bivy-out overnight. But a forecast of thunder storms for Tuesday saw them put the mission on hold. Instead Chris took Ruth, that evening's cook, for a 'quick climb', arriving back at the hut at 10.30pm. I'm not sure what Jamie Oliver would say about what Malcolm did to the recipe Ruth planned - but the hungry Red Ropers devoured it.

The ridge party set out optimistically on Wednesday morning. Malcolm decided to travel as light as possible with his climbing and safety kit and a sleeping bag liner. Chris took his sleeping bag, a bivvy bag and (we believe) a full set of thermals and waterproofs to wear over his pyjamas.

Another group set off for Bruach na Frithe. Cloud on the summit gave way to yet more sunshine as we picked our way down the neighbouring ridge of Am Basteir.

But clouds gathered overnight and those sleeping snug in the hut were woken by the pitter pat of rain and the dulcet tones of Malcolm and Chris brewing up in the kitchen having reluctantly abandoned the traverse as Skye briefly returned to being the "island of mists". The rain gave everyone an excuse for another rest day - shops, sights, coastal walks, the Talisker distillery and the local pubs.

By lunchtime on Thursday the sun had already returned. And it stayed fair for Friday - allowing the entire group to make the most of the final day. Climbers set off for a final day on warm dry rock, another group took on 'The Great Stone Chute' of Sgurr Alasdair and a small party set off for a walk up Marsco, a Red Cuillin, with a lovely ridge providing a fine view back towards the Black Cuillin Monros. An excellent week, superbly organized by Sherry, with everyone making the most of the weather and great location. With the help of the more experienced - Chris, Malcolm, Rob and Deena to mention a few - the entire party had a really exciting and satisfying trip. **CJ**



one man's lunch

The start date for our February trip to Ben Nevis was looming. Malcolm, our trip organiser, issued a diktat – "Bring your own lunches". This certainly needed thought. We would be staying in the CIC Hut for several nights in February and would have to backpack in all our climbing gear, clothes and food. Those lunches would need to be light and not bulky. So that ruled out my normal lunch of salads – too bulky and fragile.

I've climbed in the winter on Ben Nevis before so I knew that it was no place for a sit-down picnic lunch. So many things are against sitting and taking in the view – whistling winds, driving snow, lack of daylight hours being just three things to take into account. When climbing I knew that the only time I wasn't moving was when I was belaying.

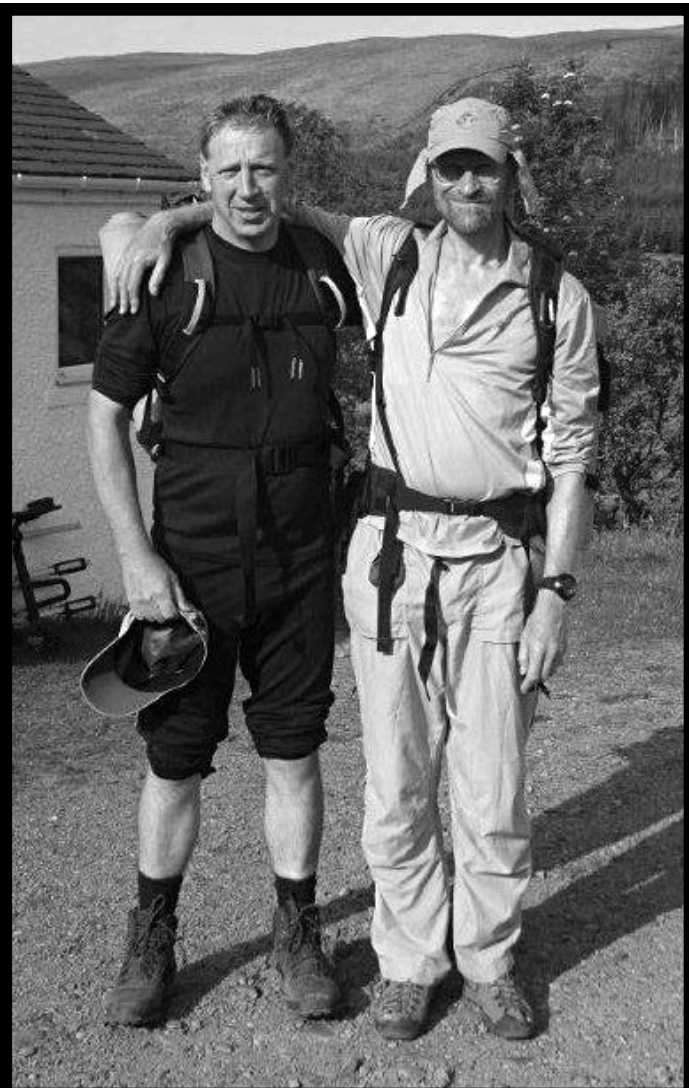
That meant lunch would have to fit in the pockets of my outside jacket, and would have to be robust enough to not fall apart when the pocket inevitably got bashed against rocks. So fruit was out, and so were packets of mixed fruit and nuts.

I wouldn't be taking off my rucksack to get my lunch pack out, so I wouldn't be taking a drink at the same time. So lunch would have to be moist – crunchy bars and the like were definitely out. On the other hand the exceptional cold – often several degrees below zero and with a chilling wind – would mean that my body would be craving high-energy foods.

I wandered round the supermarket closely reading the labels on all sorts of food. I left with three fruit loaves, a pack of butter, a roll of cling film and a large packet of butterscotch toffees. I carefully cut the loaves into 30 slices, the butter into 15 slices and wrapped each fruit-loaf-butter sandwich in cling film. The total weight was very low, each sandwich retained its moistness, and it meant I had three high-energy snacks for every day.

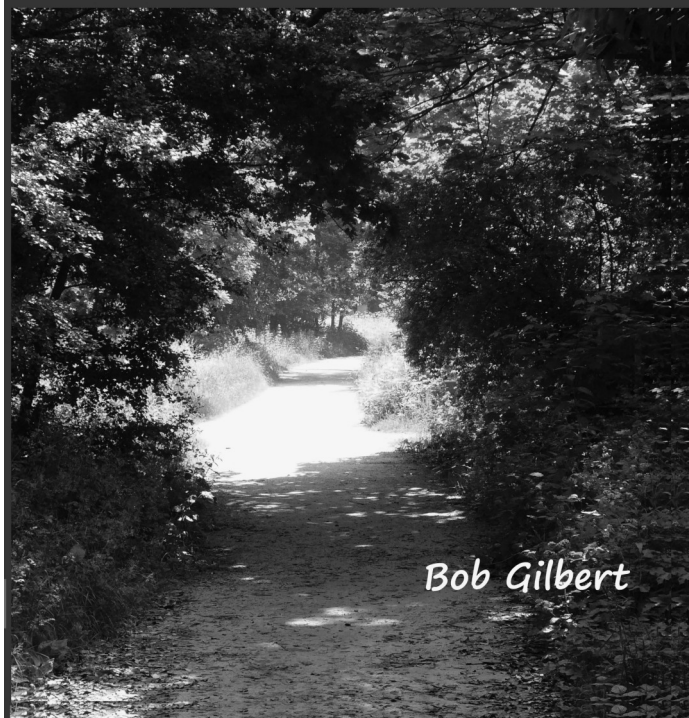
I timed my snacks at 11, 1 and 3 o'clock, filling in the gaps with the toffees, and only ever needed one hand to manage these on the belay; my partners probably never realised I was keeping my energy levels up. The butter did a great job in resisting hunger pangs and the sandwiches kept well without being refrigerated – and being soft and flexible they didn't break up when I was climbing. It wouldn't work for everyone, but it was perfect for me in that demanding environment.

Colin Knowles



THE GREEN LONDON WAY

Walking the city's history and wildlife



'More than ever now...we need the sanity and the calm informative voice of walkers like Bob Gilbert. This is more than an elegy, it's an inspiration: open your eyes, see what is there and not what you are told is there.' Iain Sinclair

The Green London Way is an alternative approach to the exploration of London. The book describes a hundred mile walk circling the capital, but, uniquely, also offers insightful histories of London's people and a commentary on its abundant local wildlife. (Publisher's quote)

another london

Bob Gilbert's route around the London suburbs is one of three circular walks around the capital, the other (more official) ones being the Capital Ring and the London Loop, the latter taking a more distant orbit. All three were conceived around 1990 so with the fast pace of change in the city a reworking of Bob's first edition is probably due.

Bob uses his route around London's middle-distance suburbs as a way of doing what he clearly does best, taking us on a descriptive tour of some of the capital's diverse landscapes peppered with anecdotes about people and places. In this context it's a guide book at the opposite end of the spectrum to those which are little more than a rather tedious list of route instructions. His route descriptions are simple and placed in bullet point format at the start of each section; in general they are adequate if brief.

He speaks warmly of the unsung men and women who shaped the history of London and beyond, such as Will Thorne, the dogged early union leader and later Labour MP for West Ham, or largely forgotten Annie Besant down in Upper Norwood.

I enjoyed his frequent reminders about the campaigners from all classes who did so much to save the extensive commons and heaths around London from being developed by speculators, often having to resort to direct action. Those on the left will also appreciate his personal take on the changes and the socio-political geography as we go: he doesn't spare the rod when it comes to bad and the ugly as well as the good - Brent Cross, Docklands, and of course the Olympics site, the latest in a list of corporate takeovers of public space, all get a hammering.

If one of the tests of a good book of this kind is that it introduces you to new places in what you thought was a familiar landscape then it succeeds: I have already discovered little gems like the Rookery on Streatham Common and Dulwich Upper Wood, a fragment of the Great North Wood which once covered a wide tract of South London and which gave it name to Norwood. This little oasis nestles under the plateau occupied by the Crystal Palace Parade.

The book reads easily, and equally well for the armchair walker, with the important exception that I found the black and white sketch maps disappointing both in scale and detail. I would recommend taking along, in addition, a detailed Ordnance Survey map to place yourself in the wider geographical context.

I have to add that having enjoyed the tone and flow of Bob's style I was surprised that he hasn't applied the same gusto to checking his facts in some places: Beddington power station was in fact in Croydon but in any event it was decommissioned and demolished over 20 years ago! All that's left are the two chimneys which IKEA retained when they opened their store on the site in 1992!! Also he really ought to have ironed out errors like confusing 'peninsula' and 'peninsular', feet for metres in describing the height of Crystal Palace, or being thirty years too late in his reference to the Wandle (whose tanneries shut decades earlier than the 1970s!) as an official 'open sewer'.

Overall, despite this, Bob's book is an engaging read which will appeal to London members in particular, although some illustrations would have been a welcome addition to this second edition.

Rob Steel, London RR

'The Green London Way'
pub. Lawrence and Wishart, 2012 @ £12.99.

I was captivated. Wade Davis has penned an exceptional book on an extraordinary generation... from the pathos of the trenches to the inevitable tragedies high on Everest this is a book deserving of awards. Monumental in its scope and conception it nevertheless remains hypnotically fascinating... A wonderful story tinged with sadness. Joe Simpson

into the silence

'INTO THE SILENCE - The Great War, Mallory and The Conquest of Everest' by Wade Davis, pub. Bodley Head, 2011, £25/£13 (Oct.)

This book was written over ten years and, as you might expect, is extremely thorough. When I began reading it I thought it might have suited me more if he had just spent a mere five years preparing it, but I was won over! He used two types of research to create this authoritative tome. He has found, and sifted through, swathes of material relating to the lives of the participants in the first three British expeditions to Everest in 1921, '22 and '24, when Mallory died. As such he places their climbing exploits in an historical and cultural context, high-lighting their military experiences. (He comments that it seems incredible that the British Army could fight a war when so much attention was being paid to record keeping.)

Other remarkable sources were messages between members of expeditions and letters to and from England, which could reach Darjeeling in northern India by ship and rail but were then carried by chains of local runners, often through extremely difficult terrain - a very physical precursor to the internet!

His research was also practical. Wade Davis, who could have been the template for Indiana Jones as academic and adventurer, followed the same route taken by the expeditions, right up to the North Col. He describes the difficulties he experienced caused by cold, wind and altitude sickness and makes a comparison with how the early pioneers, who knew very little of the problems of life at extreme altitudes, might have fared. Their gear and clothing, which has been greatly romanticised, would have been clearly inferior to today's. The Alpine Club of Great Britain selected the climbers and their leaders. Their approach was very conservative, generally relying on established figures spiced up with some younger Oxbridge chaps. George Finch was a brilliant young climber they could not ignore. He used supplementary oxygen in 1922 to set an altitude record: he was not invited on the 1924 expedition. The Alpine Club did not approve of what the porters called 'English air'.

Senior members of the expeditions were top brass, as suggested by the titles of their memoirs, e.g. 'The Assault on Mt. Everest'. However, 'Mount Everest: The Reconnaissance', whilst having military overtones, does accurately suggest the main purpose of the first trip which was to complete a survey of the region. Even on that occasion an altitude record was set. All three expeditions involved a preliminary trek of 400 miles through Sikkim and Tibet. The 'sahibs' would ride whilst native porters took charge of the mules and oxen which were carrying clothing, tents, food, scientific equipment and money - Tibetan currency only comprised of coins.

The British emissary, Charles Bell, spoke fluent Tibetan and had a great regard for the culture - some natives believed that he was a reincarnated Tibetan. It was his influence which led the Dalai Lama to give permission for the British expeditions; Tibet had been out of bounds to foreigners for centuries. He may well have regretted his decision.

Tibetans believed that the area around Everest, and the route leading to the great mountain, was sacred ground where nothing should be disturbed. Any municipal museum will show that British scientists were not averse to grabbing yak loads of specimens at every opportunity. This was a cause of great tension between the two countries, which was serious for Britain because of Tibet's strategic importance. The climbers paid formal visits to heads of monasteries but there does not seem to have been any real meeting of minds.

Did the Great War give the climbers a particular attitude to hardship, danger and death? Davis uses his research to suggest that it did, along with their firm belief in the values of Empire. Perhaps the modern notion of "survivors' guilt" played a role. However, there is also enough evidence to suggest that when Mallory and Irvine died their judgement may not have only been affected by those factors - and sheer determination - but also by the confusion created by great exertion in very thin air, with only a third of the oxygen present at sea-level.

The graphic description of life in the trenches and of a newly discovered Tibet of extreme poverty and beauty all add to the powerful impression created by this terrific book.

David Symonds

George and Ruth Mallory



bendy jane and the cereal packet game...



This report concerns a combined trip with Sheffield, Nottingham, Manchester and London members spending 5 nights at Blea Tarn, then 3 at the George Starkey hut in Patterdale, joined by a group from Leicester last autumn. The Blea Tarn contingent managed with just one car, the indispensable Berlingo, which brought the food (mountains of it) plus four members, and was available to pick up weary walkers when required.

Blea Tarn boasts one room containing double bunks for 12 up the back wall, kitchen area and large dining table, and a small "family room" with bunks for 4 and a hand washbasin. No shower. Ability to share and a sense of humour are therefore essential, plus decent weather... fortunately all criteria were met on this trip: weather OK, group bonded really well, lots of laughs. Numbers were such that only one bunk had to be shared. The inevitable midnight lav excursion was the trickiest bit: exit sleeping bag, awkward traverse to vertical wooden ladder, descend without stepping on anyone's face, tip-toe across floor, down fire escape and grope your way round the corner of the building in the dark (no moon that week – consult lunar tables before booking again) to locate the door. And, ultimately, the seat.

On the other hand Blea Tarn has a great location. You can do really good routes straight from the hut. And at the end of the day the excellent Old Dungeon Ghyll pub is not far away if you can manage a steep uphill walk on the way back (or manage the climb into the Berlingo). Kos and Rob led some superb scrambles, including hoisting 2 complete novices up the crags above ODG. Pauline and family followed Dave on a marathon walk over Pike o'Blisco, Crinkle Crags and Bow Fell. Some of us were very chuffed to get up the Pike and leave it at that... Bob went all the way to Harter Fell and back one day, if I remember rightly.

A solution to lack of washing facilities was found by filling an NHS transport box with hot water and sharing it as illustrated. Superb meals were enjoyed by all including Bob's excellent Moroccan Tagine; only the Swiss Roll and Custard failed to meet with universal approbation. Once it was revealed that no-one in the group was actually vegetarian, the Berlingo was despatched urgently to Ambleside for bacon. Not paid for out of trip funds, I hasten to add.

At Patterdale the showers were people's first port of call. Unfortunately for the Leicester contingent, the weather turned ugly and Saturday was one of those edge-to-edge pouring wet Lakeland days. For those who arrived in time for Friday, the high fells were blotted out but it was possible to go up to Grizedale Tarn and admire the creepy effect of mist blowing across it. I remember Simon with his red hair billowing in a damp wind, while Nigel checked the durability of his wet-weather gear. Saturday was a dead loss. However Sunday dawned brilliantly clear and everyone raced out of the hut to attack the fells; some went scrambling on Raven Crag, some headed for Helvellyn and two hardy souls went up to swim in Angle Tarn. Once in, the water was lovely.

Mention must be made of Saturday night's entertainment: let it not be said that people don't make their own any more. Kos's suggestion of a cabaret met initially with sceptical resistance, but his Polish charm won through and we had a brilliant evening, most ably MC'd by Richard from Manchester. We had poetry, song, dance, memorable stand-up comedy by Nigel and much more. Possibly most fun was a team effort of crossing the room in opposite directions on a row of chairs without falling off. Or maybe the Cereal Packet game: you bend down hands behind back and pick it up in your teeth; after each round an inch is torn off it. First prize went to Bendy Jane from Lancashire who amazed everyone. Final pic has to be the beautiful arrangement Rob van B made with the jacket potatoes. Isn't it splendid? I'd go another such trip any time!

Lynne Newark, Sheffield RR

The Blea Tarn hut was featured in the last bulletin. See Gill Platt's note on page 5. There are plans to install showers! Ed.



red rope agm 2012

Friday 28 — Sunday 30 September

Thorpe Farm Bunkhouses, Hathersage,
Hope Valley, Derbyshire. S32 1BQ

SAT NAV: S32 1EG We have sole use of
the Old Shippon and The Byre (**SK223824**).

(The observant will notice this page is very similar to last year's AGM advert. It *is* the same venue!) Thorpe Farm is a mile northwest of Hathersage, on a family-run farm which makes its own ice cream, 2 miles west of Stanage Edge. Many walks start from the door; Castleton and Eyam are also handy. This area is a very popular with climbers.

Each bunkhouse has heating, drying facilities, showers, toilets, and ample provision for cooking. The Byre is on one level with disabled facilities. Bring your own sleeping bag. OS map OL1 shows Hathersage and the north, OL24 is also useful.

There will be outdoor activities all day Saturday, which will include orienteering and possibly caving. The evening will start with dinner, followed by a quiz and the **Sock Exchange** - bring unwanted clothing to be sold for a small contribution to club funds; hosted by ace auctioneer Kos this event **should not be missed !** Musicians are v welcome.

The meeting will start at 10 a.m. on Sunday so people can leave afterwards if it suits them. Please bring your membership card. Booking forms are on the web-site and should be returned to Sherry a.s.a.p. As you can see from the photos last year's event went well. Don't miss out!





Bristol RR Easter Weekend trip: *(cont. from front cover)*

On another day Bernie and I left the others to charge up a mountain while we ambled to Ambleside. In the afternoon I took my paints up the hill. Back at the hut we rejoined our band of weary travellers. Good company and many stories and lives to share. I look forward to another adventure.

Mollie Meager www.molliemeager.co.uk

Thanks to Mollie for the use of her paintings on the front and back covers. Her specialism is in painting on glass and her very impressive work can be seen on her website. Mollie and Andrew made an outstanding, largely home grown, Saturday night meal. The mountain referred to was Sca Fell, which was the only 3000 ft. top in Britain that Humphrey had not ascended. Walkers in two cars made the journey over the Wrynose and Hard Knott passes to the start of the walk in Eskdale, which was an adventure in its own right. The weather for most of the weekend was quite good but some of us who stayed on Easter Monday were rewarded with persistent rain, which also made travelling difficult for those who were returning to Bristol - Colin reported that his group had taken nine hours! *Ed.*