

THE GWYDYR No13 (DEC 2010)

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE GWYDYR MOUNTAIN CLUB

Happy New Year Everyone !



The Cottage and Chapel 18th December 2010

Well what a start to the New Year it has been with much going on at the Chapel and elsewhere. The snow fell heavily in Snowdonia on the weekend of the 18th and 19th December 2010 with over fourteen inches falling in less than twenty four hours !

Cars could not be driven past the Tyn Y Coed on the A5 and the lane leading to the Chapel was also impassable. Over the Christmas / New Year period at the Chapel many members

got out onto the hills, often despite illnesses, and though much of the snow had disappeared the hills themselves were still glorious. New Years Eve saw most members leave the relative 'security' of Capel Curig for a memorable night out in the Royal Oak in Betws Y Coed of which more later.

Well, I must crave the members forgiveness for the somewhat erratic presentation for this month's newsletter as I've had some problems with my PC and at this time of year life is kind of hectic but here goes.

Mal Bonner (a well respected and liked Ex-Member) had a trip last year to Chile when an earthquake struck him while camping in the wilds. He wrote the following article for the Austrian Alpine Club and has kindly allowed me to re-produce it here. Those who know Mal will appreciate his perceived understatement 😊

I was high in the mountains of Maipo valley, Volcan San Jose area of Chile, asleep in my tent when the earthquake occurred at about 3am. I have never exited a tent so fast. I slipped on my boots and in shirt and shorts ran down across the rocks to the river, where the ground flattened out, hoping that the boulders would stop before reaching me. Rocks big enough to kill me were hitting the ground as I left the tent, producing tremendous sparks.

I had not had time to pick up helmet or jacket and I was beginning to feel cold. After walking around for a while the rock falls diminished and I was confident enough to return to the tent. It had been hit and the main pole was poking out horizontally. I went back to bed (fully dressed this time).

I was in this solo situation after being excluded from an expedition only a month before its start and months after booking my flight so I was determined to make the trip regardless. Chile was a safe country and South America was not a new continent for me although my Spanish was poor.

The Brazilian Airline's flight arrived at Sao Paulo and after a boring few hours wait continued to Santiago. There I did some research, visiting headquarters of Chilean climbing clubs, tourist information centres, libraries and the Internet. While Santiago is an interesting capital, I was somewhat frustrated, even considering a commercial trip to Aconcagua until a cost of \$5000 US was mentioned.

The Maipo valley seemed a good introduction so I threw out surplus clothing, adding food for about a week on the basis that there would be few shops. The bus did not go as far as the Lo Valdes Refugio which I was aiming for. Chile is quite bureaucratic in some ways and the bus driver dropped me off near the command post at San Gabriel where I was officially required to report. Volcan San Jose, 5856m is close to the border with Argentina and registration provided some measure of security for climbers in difficulties.

Completing the A4 sheet of required details was time consuming. The three officers were obviously bored. Their English was poorer than my Spanish and when I pulled out a dictionary one took great interest in it and was jokingly labelled 'the intellectual'. This was to my advantage though, as they found an excuse to drive me up to the Refugio.

There I met Andy, the English manager, and his Chilean wife Bernie. They sold me a map of the area and on production of my AAC(UK) card gave me a discount on accommodation.

Feeling ambitious I attempted Volcan San Jose going first to Refugio Plantat, but I aborted my attempt because I had insufficient fuel and food. Returning to Lo Valdes I went south towards Corre Retumbadero on an 'easy' route but took the wrong path and ended up soloing steep stretches of friable cliff, stripping away many kilos of rock with my ice axe trying to find anything stable. There was no escape and at sunset I had to make a narrow platform in scree above a bush to sleep on. My flattened tent went on this with the sleeping bag inside. Amazingly I did not move much in the night.

There was nowhere stable for a stove and as I only had a litre of water it was cheese sandwiches that night and muesli in the morning. Next day I reached a spot height on the map, 2821m and a plateau. I walked to 3037m where I could hear a stream, camped and ate well. Contouring south I found a safe route to the Quebrada Valdes River. This was my last camp, an attempt being made on the Corre Retumbadero Alto, 3964m next morning but navigation was difficult and I was tiring. Shadows were falling in the valley and it would be dark in two hours, so it was back to the tent and return the next day to Lo Valdes.

Hitching to San Jose de Maipo to replenish my fuel and food stocks I returned to an empty Refugio Plantat until Claudio arrived in the evening and we joined forces for San Jose next morning. He was a good walker and we got to Camp 2 in reasonable time despite losing the path frequently. His knowledge of English matched my Spanish and reading his Internet description of climbing San Jose, my map and compass appeared better.

Next day we had the usual navigation problems. The snow and ice were minimal (Andy had told me the glaciers were receding). We

separated and then met up again. Claudio was tired, could not see the way on and was going back. I found Camp 3 and had a comfortable night at about 4000m.

The stream froze overnight, but I had enough water in the tent. I set off for the summit but it was overcast making it difficult to discern the top. It was hard going over the boulders and after reaching around 5500m I had to accept that once again I could not summit and get back safely to the tent. Following another night at Camp 3, I descended to Lo Valdes and after recuperating visited the Glacier del Morado where I experienced the earthquake.

Returning to the Refugio Lo Valdes there was another tremor while I was breakfasting next morning - the building shook. We left for Santiago around midday. I decided against going to Patagonia through the devastated regions around Concepcion and instead headed north in a bus for 24 hours to the Atacama Desert and then East to North West Argentina. Here the landscape was spectacular and a local bus ride could be hairy. The climate, transport and access were different, so I found myself travelling with the friendly younger Argentinean tourists.

Eventually I had to make the dash back to Santiago for my return flight.

(Note : Apologies for the small print, I'm rather incompetent with copy & paste !)

Also Mike and Linda Gavin have recently returned from a prolonged sojourn to the Southern Hemisphere and have contributed the following to the newsletter :-

Linda and Mikes Antipodean Travels

To write about everywhere that we visited would take pages and pages of boring print so we have decided to include only some highlights.

While in Darwin, we visited the Litchfield National Park and did some walking to the various rivers and waterfalls. We swam in many of these and enjoyed idyllic views.



Buley Rock Holes Litchfield N.P.



Florence Falls Litchfield N.P.

In Alice Springs we organized to go on a three day, two night camping trip to Ayres Rock. We were picked up at 0730 am, along with some 10 others and drove for about four hours along a deserted highway seeing only several other vehicles doing trips similar to ours. That afternoon we stopped at Kings Canyon to do a three hour walk through some very interesting country, passing rock formations, an almost hidden valley with springs, a lagoon and a waterfall (called the Garden of Eden). With the walk finished we set off towards our camp a few miles down the road, on the way stopping to collect firewood as all our meals were to be cooked on an open fire (by our driver and tour leader, Josh).

On arriving at the camp, we were given our SWAGS, like a bivvy bag with a mattress and pillow, very comfortable. We slept in a circle around our fire and enjoyed seeing all the stars, no light pollution there.

Josh was very good and pointed out several of the main constellations including Orion, the twins, the Seven Sisters, the Southern Cross, the two markers and explaining how to find south.

The toilet was rather unusual and made the old toilets at the hut seem rather magnificent. You needed to be able to whistle (see picture). Room with a view or what?



The tortoise and the hare, Kings Canyon.



The toilet at our camp near Kings Canyon. (Dunny)

The next day we pressed on to Ayres Rock and did the Base Walk, the climb to the top was closed due to high winds, or so they said. This walk was a little disappointing to us as the formed track seemed rather sterile. Our second camp was at Ularu (near Ayres Rock) and as the time approached sunset, we all gathered on top of a small hill with glasses of sparkling wine in hand, to enjoy the views over Ayres Rock and The Olgas. This was pretty good and very enjoyable, the sort of thing the GMC might have done.

On our third day we were up well before sunrise to be on our hill again, with a cup of hot tea or coffee, to enjoy the freezing cold temperatures before the magnificent sunrise, yes it was worth it! A little later we set off to do a walk through the Valley of the Winds in the Olgas. We then left the group and flew off to Cairns.



Linda in her Swag.



Ayres Rock.

Our next bit of excitement came when we were camping at a site called Bendeela only a couple of hours outside Sydney. Bendeela is a massive FREE camp site in the rainwater collection area for one of Sydney's reservoirs. While there we saw lots of kangaroos and our first wombat. We were in bed on the first night there and the van started to shake. Our first reaction was oh no, some nutter from

the GMC has found us, but no. Getting out of our little campervan we saw a wombat ambling off. After retiring for the second time the van started to shake again. The next morning, one of our Australian neighbours asked if we had visitors during the night and explained that the wombats like to scratch their backs on the steps or the bottom of the vans, thus explaining why the earth moved for us that night.



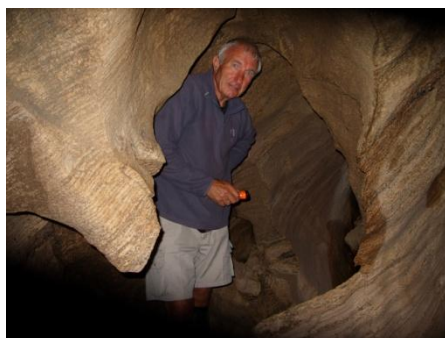
Kangaroo and joey.



Wombat, don't they look cuddly?

On arriving in New Zealand, we spent two nights in Auckland at the City Garden Lodge (backpackers hostel), in a double room for NZ\$ 80 (£40) per night, excellent value. We then picked up another Spaceship called Anakin, yes they all have names.

We drove north and visited a series of three caves just outside of Whangarei- Abbey Road Caves. They are well worth a visit but it does help if you have the correct equipment. We set off in our shorts, with our 2 for £1 torches from B&Q, our fleeces and that very valuable piece of kit the camera. Organ cave we found to be the deepest and we entered and after a good few metres we lost the daylight and saw lots and lots of glowworms on the ceiling and walls. We eventually came to a spot where the water came up to your "bits" for about 10 metres or so. I decided to call it a day here, but someone else decided to carry on for a further 30 minutes or so to see if she could find a waterfall that is mentioned in the Lonely Planet Guidebook. While she was away, I sat in the dark to conserve the batteries in my torch and enjoyed the light from the glowworms. After a bit, I turned on my torch and saw a great big eel, about two feet long and quite fat. When Linda came back and I told her about it, I had the impression that if she had seen that she would not have gone off paddling in sandals and shorts.



Organ Cave.



The Spaceship Anakin.

Further into our trip, we reached the centre of the North Island, south of Rotorua and Lake Taupo, to enable me to do the Tongariro Alpine Crossing. This is classed in a brochure as a challenging 18.5 km, 7-8 hour hike. The route crosses some of the most scenic and supposedly active volcanic areas in the National Park. I managed to complete the route in just over 6 hours even with the addition of the summit of Mount Tongariro (1967 metres -supposedly an extra 1hour 30 mins). The route was very easy to follow with signposts at all the important points. Even being their springtime, there was still a good bit of snow on the higher points, but not enough to require specialist equipment. In some places the path crossed lots of volcanic ash that had been ground down to a fine light sandy consistency and it was a bit like walking on sand. The views from some of the old craters were fantastic and their size was unbelievably large. The walk off, the last third, was rather boring and took a good 2 to 3 hours with almost the same view.

Linda was very good to me and she dropped me off at the start, the south end and picked me up at the finish.

We crossed over on the ferry to the South Island enjoying the magnificent views as we left Wellington and arrived at Picton. The Abel Tasman National Park had been recommended to us and we headed there. We wanted to do some sea kayaking and arranged to do a 4 hour session on our first full day, only to be met with cold stormy weather. We accepted the challenge and set off out into the bay encountering some largish waves, I thought they were big anyway. After about 20 minutes our confidence grew and we explored to our northern and southern limits as set by the kayaking company. We wanted to explore some of the secluded beaches and landing on one, the waves knocked me over as I got out of the kayak, making me feel rather cold. We managed to relaunch off the beach in the swell aided and abetted by a German couple who had asked for our help and continued on our way, canoeing around islands, looking into caves and missing all the submerged rocks. We went ashore for lunch but soon we felt freezing cold, even though we had wet suits and life jackets and needed to get moving again.

The next day we decided to do a good walk in the Abel Tasman NP. We set off along the coastal path that was very busy and then took the inland path that climbed to a fair height giving fantastic coastal views. We rejoined the busy coastal path, about 3 hours later, having not seen another person on the inland track and enjoyed the rest of the walk back to our camp at the Barn in Marahau. We had walked over 20 km. in about 6 hours. While having our second lunch, we sat watching some seabirds sitting on their nests, feeding chicks. The weather that day was warm, sunny and to add insult to injury, the sea was flat, a fantastic day for canoeing, 'se la vie'.



The summit of Mt.Tongariro.



Looking down at the coast, Abel Tasman N.P.

Our next excursion into the mountains was at Franz Joseph Glacier. We both walked up to the snout of the glacier and enjoyed the views, only a shortish walk. It was decided that I would sign up for the 8 hour trip to walk on the glacier when we got back to base.

The next morning I reported to the store at 9.00 am and checked in and was given boots, crampons, socks, over trousers, cagoule, hat and gloves. I did think about wearing some of my kit but then, why get mine wet or ripped? When everyone was ready, 3 groups of 12, we trooped out and were taken by bus to the glacier car park. We walked to the right of the main path and up towards the ice. There we had instruction on how to wear your crampons and we were on the ice. Following an arranged route, we walked along some gullies, navigated some precut steps, crawled through some small caverns and generally had some good fun. I am pleased that I decided to do it.



Ready for the ice.



Walking through a crevasse.

Wanaka was our next stop and we could have been in Scotland, we did the Rob Roy Valley Walk. This entailed driving on an unsealed or gravel road for some 35 km, taking over an hour and all the time wondering if we should have taken out the extra insurance for the tyres. Fortunately we were ok, no punctures in the whole 5 weeks that we had the Spaceship. A number of walks started at the same point and one went off into the real wilderness and the 'Liverpool Hut'. Ours followed a raging torrent up through a forested gorge. Everywhere we went the views were fantastic. When we reached the tree line and could look up at the glaciers and snow topped mountains, it was quite magical. This was a very popular walk and a good number of people were having a snack at the top while some local birds, Keas looked on. If you turned your back they would try to steal a sandwich. In fact one American got rather irate as one kea took his whole packet of sandwiches, plastic bag and all. For some reason he thought we could have stopped it happening!! We were out walking for a good 3 hours and did a fair ascent.



The start of Rob Roy Walk (Liverpool Hut)



The highest point of our walk.

Later we visited Dunedin and headed out to the Otago Peninsular camping in Portobello. We were looking for some walking tracks but could not see any advertised until we started to drive off and came across one going up a hill called Harbour Cone. We quickly parked the van and headed to its summit and were greeted with fantastic views of the peninsular, with the Harbour Bay on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other with lot of inlets. While on this walk, we met a group of locals, an over 60's walking group, not the GMC, and they informed us that there are lots of good walking tracks around.



Harbour Cone



Lovers Leap

This is a very shortened version of our trip and we have only included some places that other members might like to visit if they get the chance to visit this part of the world. We found the Lonely Planet Guide to be invaluable in both countries, giving lot of suggestions for places to stay and things to do. Both Linda and I would be pleased to discuss any of this further with anyone planning a trip like the one we have just completed. We spent 7 weeks in Australia and 5 weeks in New Zealand and feel we have only scratched the surface of these 2 countries. Linda feels a second visit coming on!!

Thanks for that Mike and Linda, if only other members could be so helpful when they go away but I'm sure time will prove me wrong and I will no doubt be inundated with articles for future newsletters 😊 When I was a small child my mum and dad apparently considered emigrating to New Zealand (Pegasus Bay) and seeing your pictures I'm wishing they had – certainly more attractive than Liverpool !

The Christmas meal on the 11th December was a great success at the Peerless Brewery in Birkenhead. There was an interesting tour of the brewery, good food and great beer together with a really nice atmosphere helped to ensure a good night for all. A total of forty three members attended and a great thanks to Bryan Gilbert for organising all this.

Dave Gray had a cracking Saturday walk prior to all this at Bryn Alyn with a good nine mile walk even though the higher hills were shrouded in cloud. There were also three prospective members in attendance, Andrea, Graham and John and an added highlight was a torchlight descent of an old mine. Dave also advised that a 'wildlife' moment occurred when they saw a family of three buzzards flying overhead.

Carol Boothroyd and John Driver (Prospective member) were staying at the Chapel and managed a nice walk in the Carneddau on the Saturday with no real views due to low clouds though on the Sunday a low level walk afforded better views with less effort – maybe there is a lesson there – stay in the cafe and look out of the window ☺

Chris and Janet Harris went in a walk in the Berwyns where one understand that there were good views but it was too cold for the camera to work ☹

Katie Harris, Neil Metcalfe and I decided to have an early start on Friday morning to the Chapel on the 17th December and all went well till we arrived at Llandudno Junction where once we threw a left to head down the Conwy Valley the snow began to fall. Once we hit Betws Y Coed there were a couple of inches of snow on the ground and on the long pull up to Swallow Falls the odd car began to falter and it was a brave Ford Mondeo that finally made it to the car park at the Tyn Y Coed. A horrid trudge from there saw three bedraggled members arrive at the chapel in the freezing cold and heavily falling snow. There seemed only one option open to us after sorting our gear out and that was to endure the long trudge back to the Tyn Y Coed for some beer.



View from Pont Cyfnyg Bridge



Katie Harris



Tyn Y Coed, how snowy is the A5 !!



The Lane – this is the road over the bridge



A monochrome image - save for the street light !!



Yep, that's the picnic bench outside the Chapel !

When in the Tyn Y Coed we got chatting to a lovely South African couple who had become stranded at the pub as they were unable to make their way to Llanberis due to the road becoming blocked with the heavy snow. They were paying the Tyn Y Coed a fortune for staying and so we offered them the cottage for the following (Sat) night and they were more than glad to accept. More beer followed in front of a roaring fire and we arranged to meet for a walk the next morning, walking back (about 9.00pm) in heavy snow we were mightily relieved to reach warmth and food.



Wading through knee deep snow above Capel Curig



Katie, Neil and I suffering in the Tyn Y Coed !



Katie, Neil, Brett & Zelia



Katie, Neil and Zelia

The following morning we met up with Brett and Zeta (the South Africans) outside the Tyn Y Coed and after they had dropped their supplies at the cottage we went for a walk on the path leading up to Llyn Crafnant from Capel Curig. Such was the depth of snow and our desire to throw snowballs at each other and at trees in the hope of dousing our 'friends' with snow from the branches we followed the vague path and tracks through the forest back to the Army Camp. Halfway through the walk I needed to carry out my 'necessaries' yet such was my very real fear of being bombarded with snowballs that I had to put on a bit of a spurt to get ahead of my 'friends' .

After the walk had ended we had no mean difficulty in extracting our car from the Tyn Y Coed car park. The A5 was now clear but snow was piled as high as the side retaining walls and further snow falls threatened to usurp our efforts. With the aid of a shovel, some towels and a fair bit of muscle saw us freed though it took us an hour and with falling temperatures we sped down to Betws before the roads became too icy.

NEW YEAR AT THE CHAPEL

Much of the snow had disappeared by the 29th December though the forecast promised falling temperatures again as well as some more of the good old white stuff.

Andy Odger and I arrived at the Chapel about midday to find Ronnie Davis, Dave Cole, Kevin McEvoy and Mark Cashman huddled in the kitchen around various electric heaters as we were low on gas. Thankfully a further delivery had been sorted by yours truly and so we took a chance and started to use the fire and showers again.

I suggested a walk and despite the lateness of the day Andy, Ronnie, Kev McEvoy, Mark Cashman and I went up Pen Yr Helgi Du and Pen Llithrig Y Wrach. We slogged up the Dam(n) road before cutting across the soggy moorland with the pale grasses flattened by the now disappeared snow to reach the summits before descending down to the Leat and back to the road and our car.



Andy, Kev, Mark, Ronnie and I before the walk !



Kev, Ronnie, Andy and Ion Pen Yr Helgi Du

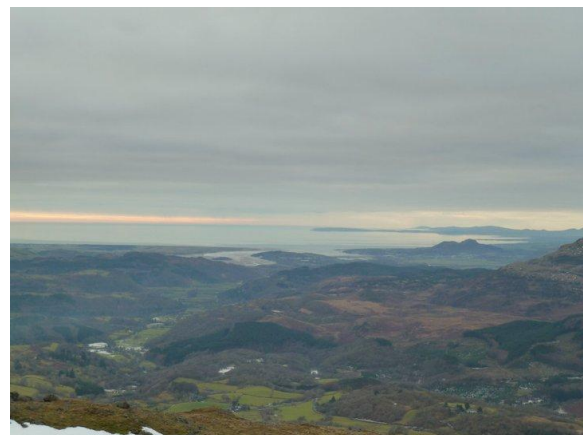
A quick beer in Cobdens rounded a nice short day out though we declined the £4.00 bowl of chips.

Andy Chapman was also out at the Chapel making the most of the marginal conditions to climb some snowy scrambles and Hidden Gully with the enthusiastic Mark Cashman. Apparently the gully was not that well hidden and they found it ok 😊

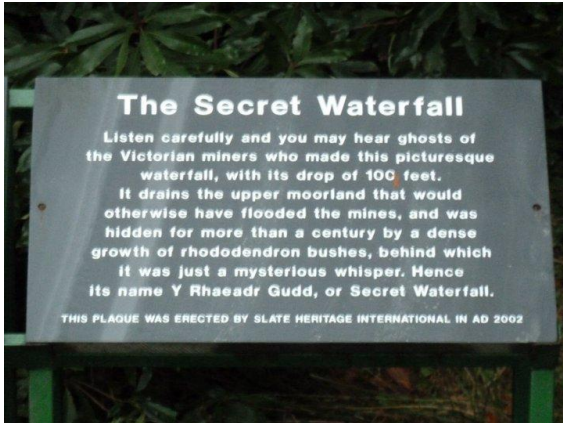
The following day, after the arrival of a much needed delivery of bottled gas, Ronnie, Dave Cole, Andy Odger, Phil Earl and I went for a cracking walk from the top of the Crimea Pass over Moel Penamnen and then through the old quarry workings to Manod Mawr. It proved to be a longer and harder day than expected due to the soft, rough ground though the views from Manod Mawr were ample reward for our efforts. A keen wind blew but it was possible to find shelter and I only wished I had a tent with me as a wild camp would have been a delight. The walk back was hard work and it was a relieved group that arrived at the Llechwedd Caverns, our relief however was short lived as we had a further twenty minutes hard going uphill to get back to the cars.



The old quarry workings near Manod Mawr



View to the Lleyn Peninsula from Manod Mawr



You'll have to enlarge this !



The Secret Waterfall – so pretty



Phil Earl, Ronnie Davis, Andy Odger and Dave Cole on the summit of Manod Mawr

We eventually made our way to The Royal Oak in Betws for an off the hill beer and more affordable bowls of chips 😊

Back at the Chapel we were joined by Neil Metcalfe, Helen Avison and Hugh Nettleton and a pleasant evening was spent drinking and eating all our left over Christmas goodies.

New Year's Eve is usually an opportunity for a short and easy walk as a prelude to the evening's festivities. Therefore a party of six headed over to Mynydd Mawr, the delightfully rounded peak overlooking the Nantlle Valley and a quick ascent saw us all at the summit with lovely views of the Nantlle and Moel Elio Ridges. In the far distance one could see the shapely Rivals on the Lleyn Peninsula and I reminded myself, once again, that I must go there sometime.

The descent passed even quicker and a lovely, though expensive, beer in the Cwellyn Arms (incredible toilets !) saw us all back at the Chapel ready to shower and prepare for the evening's fun. Sadly Andy Odger had to leave us as duty called back in Liverpool.



Andy, Neil, Mark and I on Mynydd Mawr



Standard gauge choo-choo train

Now, New Year at the Chapel can be something of a mixed affair and there is always an air of inevitability about going to the Tyn Y Coed however Mark Cashman and I thought it would be nice to have a pint elsewhere first and so at half seven we wound our way down the A5 into Betws Y Coed and the Royal Oak.

What followed proved to be a cracking night out and credit must go to Mark for taking over the Karaoke machine with a certain Claire et al to providing some laughs and food for thought as to why we had not been here before for New Year. Geoff Brierley turned up with Tracey and it was a real wrench to leave at 11.45pm to catch the Tyn Y Coed fireworks.

Much drinking, dancing and fun took place in those few hours and there is little that can be said to dissuade is from doing the same next year. It would be fun to get greater numbers out next year.



Mark and Claire doing their stuff – apologies for poor photo quality ☺

After the fireworks we played pool and darts in the back room of the Tyn Y Coed till 2.00am when we thought it prudent to head back to the Chapel and get some sleep.

New Year's Day passed in a hung-over daze though we did manage to visit Pete's Eats and some shops in Llanberis and Betws with a recuperative beer in the Royal Oak helping to revive flagging spirits ☺ We were joined in the evening by Carol Boothroyd, Dave Gray and David Lane-Joynt who added to the evening's entertainment. Melinda Kinsman also came out, keen as ever to get things done in Snowdonia.

Another very late night in the Chapel, drinking, eating and watching DVD's on Mark's laptop saw a very 'relaxed' start to Sunday with most of us heading to Llanberis to climb Moel Elio and onwards to Snowdon (for Mark) while the rest of us went as far as Telegraph Alley or Moel Cynghorion. Carol went along the river to Betws to carry out an urgent need to window shop and have fish, chips & peas mushy in the local chippy.

Monday was to be, for most of us, our last day and a great walk was had from Dolwydellan up past Carreg Alltrem onto Moel Penamnen and back down to Dolwydellan. The ground was by now well frozen which made for easier going underfoot than was endured a few days previously when I was last up there.



Carol & Dave Gray nearing the summit



Mark & Neil on summit of Moel Penamnen



All of us on the summit of Moel 'P'



Moel Siabod

The views were stunning with Moel Siabod standing proud and looking very 'wintry' indeed, Snowdon was also visible though the Glyders were largely shrouded in mist.

All in all a superb few days with some great walks in great company.

Forthcoming Meets :-

MEETS PROGRAMME	
JANUARY 2011	
08	Sat Walk - Velvet Hill (Dave Gray)
21-22	HUT – Burns Night (Chris/Jan Harris)
FEBRUARY 2011	
05	Sat Walk: Bleaklow (Dave Gray)

12	Sat Walk: Creigiau Gleision (Keith Colwell)
25-26	HUT -Weekend

The walk up Velvet Hill organised by Dave Gray went very well and I will go into more detail in the next newsletter however if people could email me some pictures, especially the group shots, it would be much appreciated.

The Burns Night meet is almost upon us and this popular event is now, I think, fully booked though if you wish to attend please contact the organiser, Chris Harris, to double check.

Dave Gray's walk up Bleaklow in the Peak District should be a cracker, I'm not sure which way he is going up but the way from Glossop up the Doctor's Gate (Roman Road) is well worth doing. The advantage of leaving from Glossop is that there is a Costa Coffee shop at the start and we all know how much Dave loves his cafe's ☺

Keith Colwell's walk the following weekend is also a good one over quite rough terrain and has a real remote feel to it. One hopes the weather holds good eh !

And finally

The club AGM will be upon us soon and there will be a number of items to discuss including constitutional amendments with regard to Trustees etc and election of a new committee. The present committee will be happy to stand again though we are looking for a new Secretary as Mike Dunn wishes to stand down.

All members are eligible to put themselves forward for the committee and if you are unable to attend the AGM you can still vote by email.

More details will be found in the next newsletter.

Well, that's all and let's hope 2011 proves to be as exciting as 2010.

Happy New Year ☺