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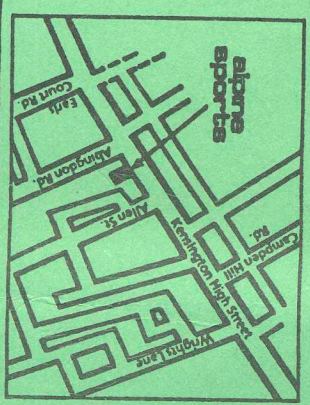
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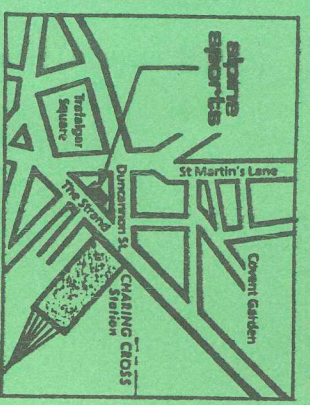
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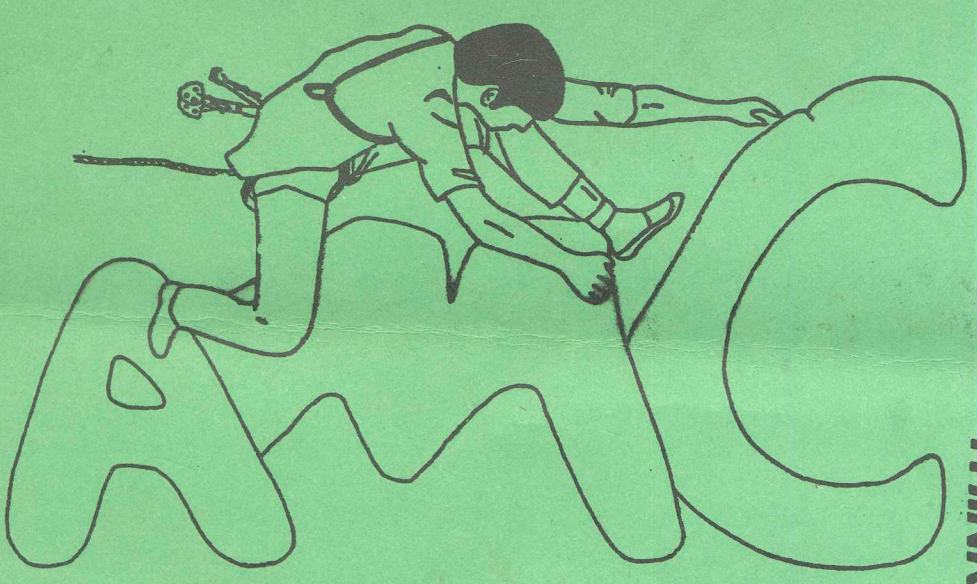
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# DRINGO

or THINK DRINK



The Irregular Journal of  
Aberystwyth University Mountaineering Club



## EDITORIAL

The last Aber M.C. mag appeared just before Christmas 1981, 5 long years ago. Ian Owen (aka Stumpy), the editor, wrote of a "new air of confidence" that an up - to - date mag could be produced by .... summer 1982!

However he did suggest giving or taking three years.

Well after four years of Aber climbing, drinking, nose - offing, festering, vomming, letching and drinking coffee in Eric's cafe, a magazine has evolved.

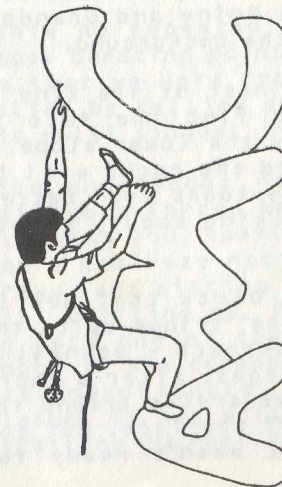
This has come about gradually during the period of no less than three presidencies, six editors and numerous cups - cajoling sessions.

Market research has shown that only about 18% of people bother to read editorials or forewords so it doesn't really matter what the hell we write here, especially as half of you who start reading this wont finish! So if your'e still reading you are a rare person who is either extremely bored or who has run out of things to read on the khazi.

The mag has cost quite a bit to produce and although advertising has brought this down we hope you appreciate the price. If you dont, then fuck off as it gave us a helluva lot of hassle getting it together.

Anyway, have a good read

Luv, the editors XXXXXXXXXX



design :  
Paul Metcalfe

*Christian*

Hi!  
*Paul*  
XX



## Nante Blanc Face of the Verte

"It's on the Verte".

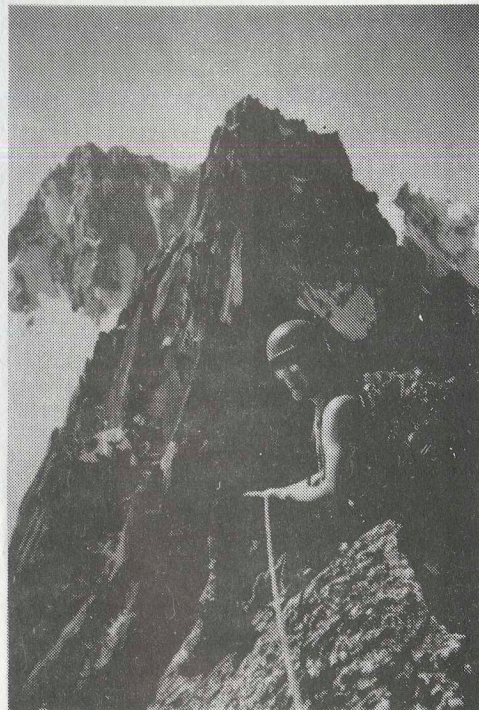
"The What?"

"Next to the Dru", explains Dave. "Some of my mates have done it and reckon it to be good. Nowadays its considered a better alternative to the north face of the Dru", which as we all know is one of the Classic 6 Nordwands.

As I walk back from the Cwps, the usual Wednesday night syndrome is upon me, a full bladder, a slightly drunken walk and a renewed enthusiasm for guidebook browsing. Alpine Guide, volume 3 - 'Aiguille Verte, 4122m. Few of the great peaks of the Alps are more difficult or offer such a variety of long and serious routes as the Verte'.

Searching through the routes; 'Nant Blanc Face Direct - An outstanding mixed route and one of the finest of its kind in the range. It is almost impossible to find the face in perfect condition: when the rocks are dry the lower slope is ice and when the slope is straightforward the rocks will be snowy or verglassed'. Sounds good, picture looks even better. Lets go for it, Dave knows what he's talking about, should be alright.

After a training route and an abseil block that nearly wiped us out, we found ourselves riding the 'frique up to the Grand Montets station. What an Alpine approach - Downhill, good or what? But it has its' disadvantages. After a short while, not long enough for psyching up, we arrive around the corner at the bivvy site at the bottom of the face. But the face..... 'kin ell. It looks steep, I wasn't ready for



Duncan Tunstal on l'Eveque, (a satellite to the Aiguille Verte), Aiguille du Moine and Grandes Jorasses in the background.

that. Both Dave and myself desperately busy ourselves in an effort to keep our eyes off the face - finding the best bivvy spot, tinkering with gear and ropes, collecting water and climbing into our pits. Oh shit it's not dark yet, we're going to have to look at it. Mumblings about too much rockfall, looks a good line though. But it's too warm, and look at those streaks of black ice through the narrows.... etc. Neither of us pass comment on the helicopter searching the base of the north face of the Dru for bodies. Doubts and fading commitment to the route are resting heavily on my stomach. We leave the descision to fate - if it freezes tonight we go for it.

12.30 a.m. - presence of two other climbers raises our morale. Its dark, we can't see the face, doesn't look so bad now, and good, its nice and cold. The worries of last night have dissappeared, to be replaced by concern as to how I'm going to secure more than my fair share of the boiled sweets.

My cricked neck bears witness to the fact that Dave is leading steeply up and out of the bergshrund. The reassuring glow of his headlamp suddenly ceases, followed by exclamations of disgust. Banging his helmeted head against the snow doesn't seem to repair the blown bulb, what a suprise! After more climbing, daylight manages to solve the problem, and we are now engrossed in the black - "why the fuck didn't I sharpen my crampons" - ice, of the narrows. After three pitches, this ice gave way to brittle shit. Pinner plating would be an understatement, it was more like a hotel kitchen sink after a banquet. It was in these narrows in the pre-dawn gloom that I met the 'suicide squad'. Shining white teeth and John Lennon glasses said to me, "do you know what country I come from?"

"Yeah, your'e a nip!" I said in the nicest possible way.

"Ah, no, we are south Korean".

This he repeated countless times, his chest bulging to almost bursting point with pride. Full of courtesy I informed him that we were from Wales. "No, not Bin Nivis. WALES". He replied by telling me that he was from south Korea. Tired of this multi lingual intercourse, I climbed on.

The unorthodox nature of the suicide squads climbing techniques forces me to digress from the main story line to enlighten you. Apart from the expected attributes of anyone from a Kamikaze nation, such as complete faith in tied off screws, and sitting in your axes, a few unusual points are still baffling me. For one, why, oh why, did the second only tie into one of the 9 mils, letting the other trail and tangle in his crampons and on protruding rocks. And then even more inexplicable, why the hell did he later on have it attached to his wrist with a neatly tied bow, this time with a trailing 20 foot loop?! My only explanation so far is that



his right arm was easily prone to dislocation, and he wanted to safeguard it in case it came off, and we all know how important right arms are! The second of this team couldn't talk on account of a huge torch held in his mouth. In spite of its size, the bulb didn't emit much light, but the parabolic effect of the bright white teeth that were holding the torch enabled the light to be thrown an incredible and very useful distance. Technicalities apart, it was their climbing style that was most outstanding. Their fitness was not in question, it was their simplistic route finding that causes me concern. At each stance the leader was seen impatiently stamping around ready to launch upwards. At the instant of being unleashed he's off, but not following the natural line, and not even vertically upwards directissima style, but simply in a head down axes flaring fury to gain height. This meant that they were nearly always off route and on horrendous ground. In fact they missed the crux pitches altogether, climbing, or rather getting up some fragile ice embellishments way off to the right.

Anyway, back to Dave and me, and we're both Brits, and as Britain invented climbing we must be doing it in the right style. After leading my three pitches through the narrows, I was relieved to hand over to Dave, who after a short while got re-established on some good mixed ground, with good belays at last. I took this opportune moment of security to drop my harness and trousers, and release an absolute whopper down the ice slope. The fully masticated and digested Ravioli / French bread compound bounded merrily down towards the burgshrund, and out of sight. Oh, isn't life just wonderful.

Superb mixed climbing alternating with sections of ice, gave me my most enjoyable Alpine action ever. By late afternoon, and after a short stop for food, we arrived at the bottom of the rock band which provides the crux, and leads to the base of the diagonal rock ridge. The rope runs out just as I reach the base of the steepening and so I accept an awkward and semi hanging stance. After 11 hours climbing, and with the altitude effects, we're feeling fatigued, lack of speech says this. Dave's crampons swinging in a sling above my head, a few tense moments, and he is above the small overhang. Reunited we discuss the line. It's a bit steep for mixed climbing but this must be it - Yes, 'course it is. Being late in the season the ice is melting thus allowing spikes and flakes to rock about, revealing their true looseness. Me perched on another awkward stance, too scared to sit back on the belays, and now Dave silently comes through and embarks on the next pitch, a real loose affair. A time not to think about the belay, and not to rush the leader. After many carefull mantleshelves and crap runners, he moves rightwards across ice, and belays on a slight rib beneath the final steepening. After that looseness I'm worried about this next pitch 'cos its quite a bit steeper, but once on it, its not so bad. The flakes only wobble as oppose to coming right out - good climbing infact. Enjoyment

rather than horror.

Ice hammer in left hand, dachsteined mitt grasping at spikes with the other. Thrusting friends inbetween flakes, gloves off to place runners, too gripped to put them back on. Puffed and grazed knuckles, bloody and messy fingers. Stepping up on crampons teetering on granite flakes, the vibrating smack as your ice hammer gets some good ice.

After 70 feet the angle eases, I let out a premature cry of delight - Yowtzer, but its runnerless and I get gripped again. I take ages finding a belay and place no less than four pegs. Dave arrives in a fraction of the time it took me, and relief arrives with the realisation that we're on the rock ridge at last, with the crux behind us. After over 14 hours action we're exhausted and its late afternoon, so we climb on searching for a bivvy. Dave finds a cracker, a ledge to sit on with a footrest to stop us slipping off, and a snowslope behind which we fashion into a backrest. Into the red bivvy tent. As its his, I end up by the door, and so get the dubious privelidge of making the brew. Looking out of the air vents we can see Chamonix with its twinkling lights, and a crimson sunset illuminating the Dru. Enough of this poetic nonsense, I'm knackered and go to sleep, glad that the crux is behind us, and that we're over of the way up.

4 a.m., a brew, and we're off, Dave leading up lovely neve, and we're moving together for the first time. Back onto rock, and pitching. Dave gets an awkward corner with pegs, and then we're out onto the final "culotte". The brightness of dawn arrives, we're belayed on screws now, but the ice is superb. Getting through the seracs isn't difficult, but I feel very exposed. Looking down the face it looks cold in the shade and I'm reminded of the two Polish climbers, who fell off the summit icefield of the Eiger.

A bit of plodding and we're on the summit. 9 a.m., nobody about, and the best view you can get in the Alps - Grande Jorasses, Brenva face of the Blanc, the Midi and all the Aiguilles, and even the Matterhorn in the distance. Fuck me I'm happy. Dave looks pretty pleased too.

Abseiling down the Whymper couloir was a nightmare of falling rocks and snow, another bivouac, a nasty bergshrund, a lost ice screw and buried stiffs, but who wants to write about that?

- by Chris Clark

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### Log Book, New Year 1983

"When will you buggers learn that climbing in the period between November and May is just not the thing to do. Winter is a time for drinking, getting fat and talking about



# PETE'S EATS

The climbers' cafe of North Wales, offering a good choice of food in generous helpings, big mugs of tea, home-cooked specials, papers and mags to read, and a fester room with an open fire in winter.

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climbing. O.K., you can do the odd weights session now and then, maybe even the occasional excursion to the castle wall or local climbing wall, but for God's sake don't entertain any ideas about serious climbing. Otherwise we'll all end up with the mentality of the Scottish who restrict climbing to this unhealthy season."

- so speaketh the president (Paul Revell, '82/'83)

## Cwm Eigiau

Our first problem was getting to the hut. Several times we lost traction on the ice along the minor road. After reversing, readjusting the path of the wheels and trying again, we found that even that technique did not work on the last hill. There we had to cut a path through the ice onto the tarmac below, and found that by placing bracken under the wheels and pushing hard we could get the transit to move a few feet at a time. This was repeated at least twenty times, from where, finally, we were able to drive to the end of the road with little problem.



Jenny Wilson plus large day sack, on Stob Dearg  
- Glen Coe February '86 meet.

Then with large packs we had to walk to the hut through the snow, ice and rain for three miles or more. Jenny's, as usual, seemed even bigger than she was!



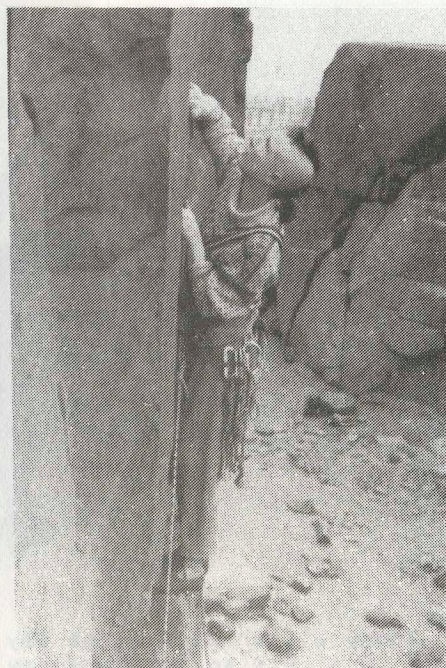
On the Saturday, three of us walked along the ridges around the valley, through snow a foot deep in some places. The other four went ice climbing. By Sunday the strong winds had blown all the snow away, but we were not totally out of luck for the valley was flooded - so we had some visitors who were camping in the valley, until the wind and the weather had decided otherwise. They left at about 2.30, we followed half an hour later, wading through a river which had materialised overnight. Then through the mud and streams along the path, all getting soaked to the skin, trying to get back to the transit. We made it by about 4.30 p.m., one of us slipping on the way back, cutting his head and finger with his ice axe as he did so.

Conclusion - fancy some fun? Well go to Cwm Eigiau for the weekend!

- by Chris Jay

#### Log book - 8th May 1983

Went home to south Wales last weekend and on a fine afternoon visited Ogmere, my local crag (sea cliff), intent on just looking at the routes. However whilst there I met a certain Mr. Littlejon, struggling on some new route, trying to force a twenty foot roof into submission. His second was some passer by he managed to cajole into the job, but on seeing me he asked if I would like a go. I didn't have any E.B.'s with me, but offered to do it in the wellies I was wearing at the time anyway. Ten minutes later, on my first attempt the roof was climbed, and I was followed, by this so called 'star', grunting on a tight rope, declaring it to be about 6c. As yet the climb is un - named but I have my



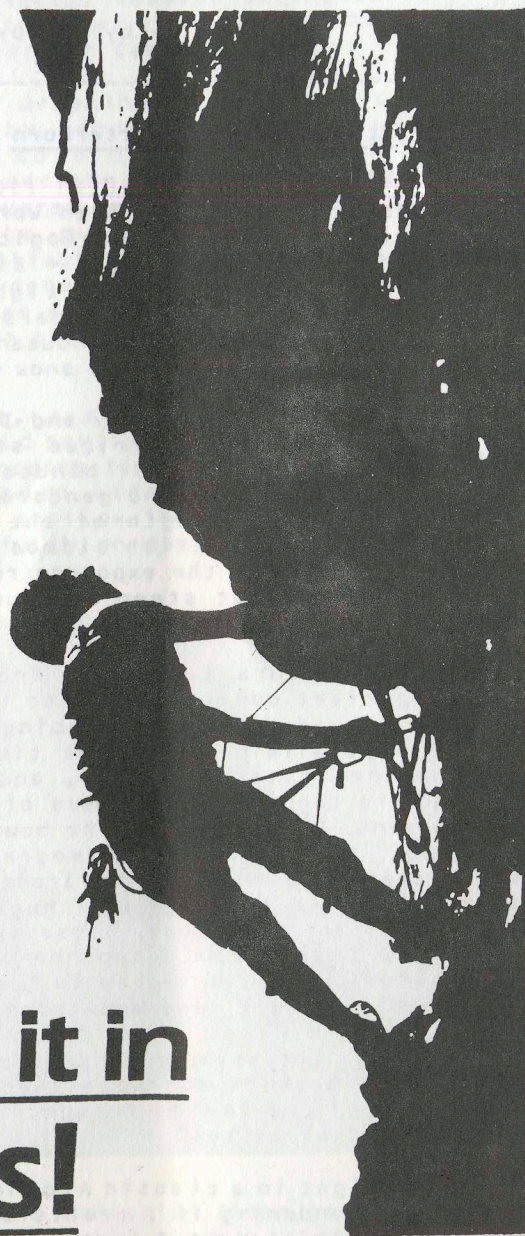
Paul Allison in Ilkley Quarry.

# joe brown

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thoughts.....

To come to the point, the motto of this story is;  
"Never let the truth get in the way of a good story"

- by Stumpy (nee Ian Owen)

### Attempt on the Matterhorn

Climbing Cervino by the Italian ridge - what a mountain, what a ridge! For weeks I had been working around the base of that great lump, collecting geological samples and data. I had watched it in all its summer - time moods; laughed with it when it reflected stark rock light against a dark blue Alpine sky; cowered under boulders of its' screes as it roared avalanches down incised thousand metre couloirs; felt sad as it moaned in a cloud clad snow storm.

And then, there we were, Cathy and I, sitting drinking beer outside the Plan Maison 'frique station, sketching the Italian ridge with a pair of binoculars. Learning every detail, every snow field and gendarme, each of us secretly trying to relate the length of the ridge to its Italian summit, to familiar Scottish climbs we'd done. Would we be fast enough, what would the exposure really be like up there, especially on the last steep one hundred metre rock step? Were we fit enough?

Twenty - four hours later the dream was becoming real, soloing up perfect compact slabs to the base of the Whympier chimney. So far we had been climbing for about 4 hours and were still well within guide book time. Climbing across The Gallery on the Testa del Leone, and into the col between Cervino and the Leone, the vastness of the mountain had first become apparent. The col marks the boundary between Italy and Switzerland, this arbitrary geographical boundary also marking a change in mountain environment from climbing of a Scottish scale, to the world of huge ice clad walls, for which the Alps are so famous. These were new experiences for me and I knew that I would soon be climbing higher than I ever had before. Cathy had been to the top of the Blanc, and I wished that I had the same knowledge of altitude effects.

Within an hour the Whympier chimney had been climbed, roped up by now. Only a short scramble then up snowy rocks to the welcome sight of the Savoia refuge, big bowls of pasta, and steaming mugs of black tea.

I spent the night in a classic Alpine half sleep, tense for the day ahead, wondering if I really would be getting out of my depth. It'll be alright I kept telling myself, just climb carefully and it'll be okay. Once in the night I went for a pee off the balcony and was reminded uncompromisingly of

where I really was. Pink lace clouds shyly veiled lower lying peaks, the lights of val' Tournanche twinkled distantly. Vertical silver mirrors, acres of ice everywhere. Back to my blankets in the hut and a brief respite from fear, watching Cathy sleep quietly. However strong our desire was to climb Cervino, I mustn't let the mountain hurt either of us. Selfish fear, and fear for Cathy too.

Seemingly still half dreaming we were soon climbing the slabs behind the hut by headtorch, an icy wind sending searching fingers of cold down the back of my scarf. Strenuous pull - ups over the overhanging fixed chain, to gain the rising snow traverse on the right flank of the Grand Tour. My memory of the guides description and of the mountains profile was reliable so far, but now I must try to remember the smaller details. Remember to keep looking backwards. I must remember what it looks like for the descent I kept thinking. A piton there, that ones' got blue tape, an awkward chimney now.....

Up the Grande Corde, a sixty foot fixed rope on the headwall of the wild wild south face, and back onto the ridge proper. But now we're loosing time. An hour behind guide book time, and we'd only been climbing three hours. Frost shattered foot - holds, shallow ice grooves, and total space below. Standing up carefully on each boot - hold, our heels



Paul Metcalfe, B.J. and Christian (Aber geologists) on the Rimpfshorn summit.



looked straight down the overhung void of the west wall, and interthreading crevasses on the glacier thousands of feet below. Four thousand metres and still no breathlessness. Thank God I'm fit enough, but were too slow.

By 10.30 a.m. we were two hundred metres from the top, and could see the faster parties at the summit cross waving and congratulating one another. We looked at each other, looked at our watches and then back at the summit. This is the best day of my life I thought, don't spoil it. We both knew that we should really be at the top by now. We could easily need all the time left today for the descent to the hut, and so with some regret, we turned round and started carefully down. A guide passing us on the way down asked us why we hadn't gone to the top, were we tired? "No", and we explained.

A day later we were descending the last snow fields and ribs of the Testa del Leone, but now in a snow storm. The mountain was sulking again. Down onto the grassy slopes by the Ducca del Abruzzi refuge and along the track, through the rain to Breuil.

Laughing and drinking beer in the pub with the Lancashire Lads we'd met on the mountain, that evening was a celebration. They had been first to the top and down again from the hut that day - moving like greased weasel shit. That's how they'd described an Italian who'd soloed the whole mountain, up and down, the afternoon before. But who needs beer? Existence is the drug, and memories live forever.

- by Christian Ellis

### Crossword

Everyone knows that being climbers we all have absolutely huge bulging forearms and incrudibly wopping great bodies to oggle at, don't they? However few people seem to appreciate what Titanic brain power is required to drive such hulks, and so just to flex our massive mental biceps, Chris -vulcan - Clark and Cathy Proctor has provided us with a training crossword.

### Across

1. Boo Boo's companion (4)
2. On a slope - going up (3)
5. Discoloration of these prior to a hard pitch (8)
6. Half a gully on the Ben (5,4)
8. Aid for accident prone climbers (5)
9. Flap jacks, chip butties and 'chain brewing' (5,4)
11. Where drinks on the rocks can be litteral (7)
13. To use assistance on a move (4)
14. A Scottish old man (3)

14. - continued on page 19.

# Tremadog Cafe

Proprietor: Eric Jones

*A few minutes from the climbs!*

Good food at a reasonable price

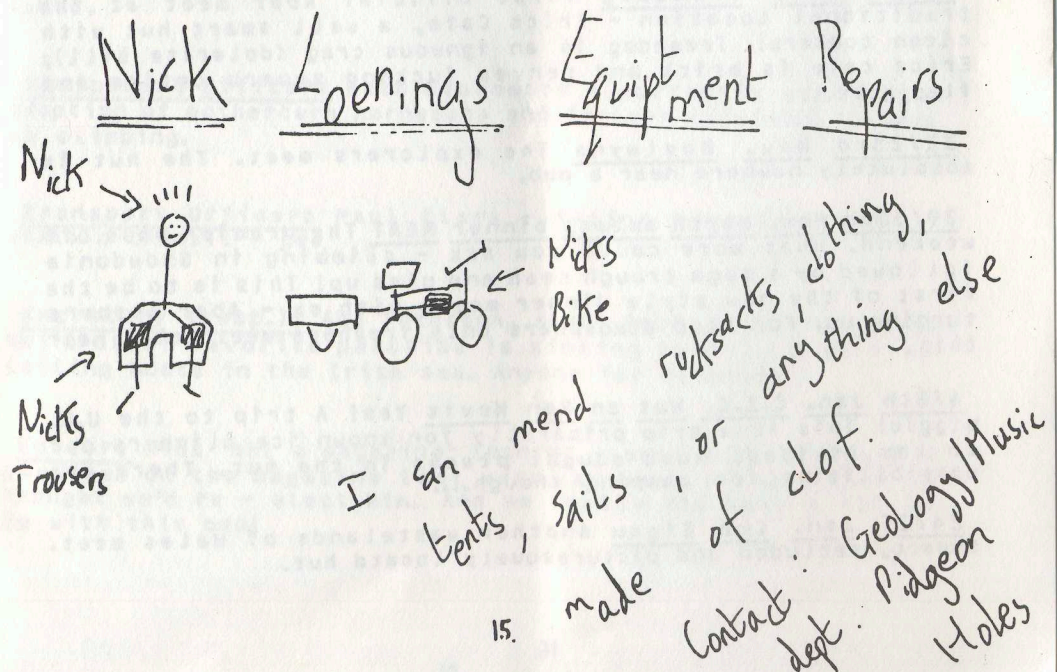
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## Meets List

11/12th Oct. Fresher's Meet The warmest meet of this year! Superb, marvellous warm rock in North Wales. 1 st day to glorious Idwal slabs ( 50'). We're talking friction rock in the glorious Costa del Idwal mountain setting - not to be missed. Day 2 is to the Llanberis pass. A wee bit steeper now, but still a good choice of routes from 60' - 100'. The Pass has vastly superior dumping locations to the more exposed Idwal - a good place to be secretly nervous!

All in all, one of the best meets for club atmosphere - come and try climbing, vomiting, nose offing and other pursuits you'd only dreamed of!

18/19th Oct. Derbyshire The Derbyshire gritstone crags have had a number of descriptive metaphors given to them, ranging from "Frozen Dinosaur Shit" (C.C.), to "the real stuff" (Nigel Hooker). The crags here range from 30' - 100' with a wealth of routes and a good littering of boulders at the bottom for festering on. The psyche - up of the week - and has to be the infamous "sloth" - a 10' overhang, 80' above the ground. Many restless nights, excuse formulating and huge turds have been the result of this notorious route. Notable feature of this meet - the pub is gobbing distance from the hut (i.e. 30')

1/2nd Nov. Pembroke This is the first "hard meet" of the term - we're talking camping! Sun baked white limestone architecture flanked by rolling sandy surfing beaches (bring the leaching binoculars!)

8/9th Nov. Tremadog First official Aber meet at the traditional location - Erics Cafe, a well smart hut with clean cookers! Tremadog is an igneous crag (dolerite sill); Erics cafe is brick and serves fucking superb coffee and flapjacks.

22/23rd Nov. Moelwyns The explorers meet. The hut is absolutely nowhere near a pub.

29/30th Nov. North Wales, Dinner MEAT The premier nose off weekend. What more could you ask - climbing in Snowdonia followed by a mega trough sesh and piss up! This is to be the first of the new style dinner meets with ex - Aber members turning up. For club atmosphere only freshers meet comes near this.

4/8th Jan. C.I.C. Hut on Ben Nevis Yes! A trip to the U.K. biggie! This is a trip primarily for known ice climbers due to the limited, much sought places in the hut. There are possibilities for camping though....

24/25 Jan. Cwm Eigau Another wastelands of Wales meet. Superb, secluded and picturesquely located hut.

12/15 Feb. Extended weekend trip due to rag day. Probably Jockland depending on conditions.

22/23 Feb. North Wales (somewhere)

7/8th March. Lake District Langdales. The place to meet Bob Langley, foreign sheep and get pissed in the Stickle barn.

14/15th March. Tremadog Erics Barn.

Summer term meets to be announced (depending on revision factors).

## Committee 1986 - '87

President Christian Ellis - given the job because of his proven lack of ability to organise anything or anyone (including himself), and therefore presenting no threat to the philosophical ideal of anarchic climbing tendencies.

Vice President: Sandy 'I'll bivvy anywhere' Davies - founder member of the Christopher Robin and Winnie the Pooh bumbling club. Carrier and spreader of the Frog berret wearing clique.

Treasurer: Jenny 'heartbreaker' Wilson - born in the upfront climbing area of Britain..... scenic Birmingham. Potential Mountain Leader and voyer of failed attempts to reach the C.I.C.

Equipment Officer: Kath Beardmore - currently working on adaption of mothercare harnesses and Farleys survival rations to climbing.

Transport Officer: Paul Clark - taking over from Mark what's a transit - Lee

Secretary (temp.): Abi Paterson. Apart from mountaineering, Abi's other favorite passtime is sinking totally beat - up sailing boats in the Irish sea. Anyone for climbing?

Editor: Nick 'oh! a magazine' Loening - well Nick did such a good job on the magazine last year, as we all know, that we thought we'd re - elect him. And he really did have a lot to do with this one!



COLLECT  
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**Ellis Brigham**

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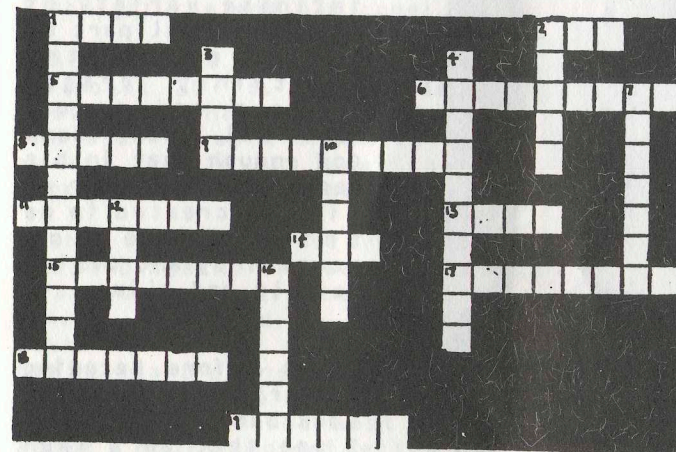
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15. The crag with the route SEX-- on it (5,3)
17. Fornication in an ice cave; and climbing protection (3,5)
18. Reason for collapsed tent in winter (7)
19. Two biblical characters giving it a go on top of which Welsh mountain? (6)

### Down

1. Biggest and best winter crag in Wales (can you spell) (8,4)
2. Waiter, there's a tepse fly in my soup (5)
3. The hottest boots (4)
4. Aber M.C.'s pub spurt (4,6)
7. One of the many birds used in climbing (7)
10. A portable belayer (6)
12. An Alpine tooth (4)
16. Hamish McPiton had something to do with this form of fear (6)



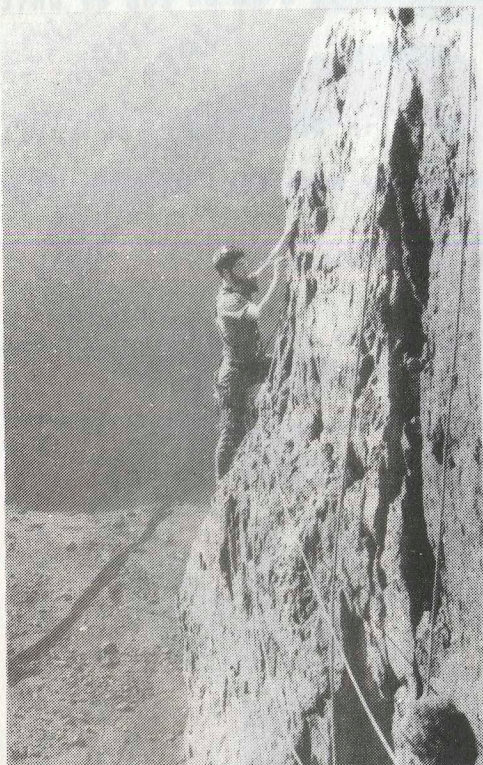
Due to a suspected cock - up,  
we ain't printing the answers,  
see Chris Clark for details!

### The spirit of mountaineering

To me the spirit of mountaineering, the desire to climb and walk and just be amongst the mountains, is a desire to temporarily escape from the egoistic, materialistic, selfish and "I'm alright Jack" mentality of the world. It is great to get away from the futile striving for the unattainable goal. Its enough to know that I'm alive, I am me, and God is with me.

It is fantastic to walk alone through the mountains on a warm, sunny summers day; to see the bright blue sky above, the green grass of the valleys below, and the grey majestic mountains standing bold between the two. On such days you can take a deep breath of fresh air, and know that in all senses you are fulfilled, not simply physically and mentally in tune, above all 'Alive to the Spirit of God'.





Nigel Hooker on 'Spiral Stairs',  
Llanberis pass.

At such times, in such places, I rejoice in the beauty of Gods creation and his closeness to my heart. My mind drifts away from this world with all its duality, and becomes one with the Divine Unity of my Lord and Saviour. I rejoice that my Lord and God is a God of love and faithfulness. Whilst walking or climbing I thank and praise God for the beauty and infinite variety of this wonderful part of his creation, the mountains, crags, gulleys and so on. Above all I cant thank God enough that in his marvellous plan for my life he created in me this love of mountains, and desire to walk and climb.

Even before becoming a Christian, when I look back in hindsight I see that as a keen walker and climber, there must have been

some in - built desire and searching within me, to experience the splendour and majesty of the natural world, only at that time my eyes and mind were closed to the fact that the only way to "totally" fulfill this desire was to come into the presence of the Living God through Lord Jesus Christ who when I believed and put my faith in him, showed me how he wanted to see the mountains I loved so much, as part of his creation.

It is certainly true what it says in the Bible: Delight yourself in the Lord, and he will give you the desires of your heart

-by Ian Medcalf

## Icelandic Ventures

It was a beautiful sunny morning when we got up at about 7.30 a.m. After a quick breakfast of porridge - yuk! - and tea - bearable - , we packed our rucksacks ready for the summit, which was another 3000 ft higher than our base camp on the snow line. We were going to leave the tents here to save weight, and snow hole on the top for two nights - this will certainly be a new experience!

By the time I had climbed up the ridge to the snow about 10 minutes away, I was boiling hot, so I stripped off - dont get too excited - down to my shorts. What a sight! We had a long slow tramp then up the snow slope towards the Oraefajokulln Plateau. It was quite cold even though it was really sunny - my trousers soon went back on, much to everyones relief. This meant it was fairly safe crossing the crevasses on the snow bridges, but once or twice a leg dissappeared down a hole and I thought the end had come!

After a few hours the cloud came in and visibilty was down to about 20 ft. We decided to put Dominic in charge of navigation once we reached the plateau - BIG mistake. Most of the time we were in white out conditions and we must have done a fig 16 all over the place following Dom before we finally found the base of the summit.

Then just as we started to dig our snow holes the cloud cleared again, and we had a fabulous view of the summit of Hvannadalshnukur about 200 ft above us. It was about 5.30 p.m. by now, and we thought it would take us about three hours to dig our snowholes - it took over nine hours. It was really hard going as it was more like ice than snow, as the snow had been up here for years. There was one compensation though, we had the most fabulous sunset which lasted for about 3 hours and reflected off the snow and ice around us so that everything was glowing pink and purple.

Finally, about 3 a.m. in the morning, we crawled into bed after a brew. Sue then decided she wanted a pee, but she wasn't going outside. Sean tried offering some advice - "Piece of piss with your leg each side of the cold air channel !" She decided to wait till morning. I managed to wake up in the night, after I rolled onto the cooker and spilled the melted snow, which was ready for breakfast. After some choice words we finally got back to sleep again.

Dave went out first next morning to see what the weather was like - awful. It was a good excuse to stay in bed all morning. Finally, at about 1.00 p.m., we thought we'd better show some enthusiasm and go outside. It wasn't too bad, just patchy mist, so we tried to look enthusiastic about getting our kit out to climb to the summit. From our snowholes it looked like a horrific knife - edge of snow and ice to the top, but once we were on it , it wasn't that bad. Then at



about 6 p.m. we finally sat on the top of Iceland - I hoped this was an extinct volcano! I tried to take some photos when the cloud cleared briefly - about one minute every half hour - but my camera froze, and no amount of swearing and sticking it under my jumper would persuade it to work again. Wait till I see the man in the shop.

Then we sat on top in the freezing cold for about 2 hours because we had been out of radio contact for a week, as our base camp was the other side of the mountain to everyone else. No one would talk to us though, so we finally decided to go back, feeling decidedly pissed off. I'd only gone about 10 ft below the summit when I managed to trip over my crampons- sods - but I was still on a wide snow slope, thank goodness.

We all decided to go to bed after dinner as the weather was awful again. It was raining now and snow bridges were starting to thaw. I discovered this fact next morning while reversing out of the snow hotel (this should read hole not hotel, I am listening to hotel California!). I tried to stand up before I reached the end and the roof collapsed on me. The others found this highly amusing, still, a snowball down their backs should cure them!

As we set off across the plateau again back to base camp, the summit was completely clear - still, its a good excuse to come back and see the view. Dom was in charge of navigation again, we decided he needed the practice, but he couldn't really go wrong in this weather, I hoped. To those of you who haven't tried it, snow - holing is out of this world, so get out there and do it!

"Piece of piss with your leg each side"

-by Jenny Wilson

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### Frigging the Frendo

The doors of the teleferique parted and spewed out a throng of gaudily - clad jabbering Frogs preceded by an aromatic bow wave of Christian d'Or. Finally, two shabby climbers shouldered their sacks and emerged, leaving behind them a slightly offensive smell to mingle with the aftershave. They were unmistakably British.

Once outside Paul and I glanced back up to the spire that is the Aiguille du Midi; our gaze followed the elegant buttress down the gleaming ice arete to the sturdy rock pillar that marks the line of the Frendo Spur. A valuable experience had been gained, an ambition fulfilled, and some vivid memories accumulated on this compulsive sliver of

Chamonix granite. (Wow, that was a bit of Gaston Rubberfart ).

Most Alpine climbs begin with a grinding approach march followed by an uncomfortable bivouac and an inexcusably early morning start, usually accompanied by indigestion and a dose of flatulence. All that our departure had in common was the flatulence.

After leaving the 'frique at the Plan d' Aiguille we impressed the tourists with our purposeful stride and monstrous sacks, as we struck out towards the glacier. This illusion was soon shattered as we retraced our steps sheepishly, having gone the wrong way.

Crossing the glacier at noon, with the slushy snow becoming more unstable at every step was a nerve - wracking experience, but judging from the fibre - glass debris on the snow, the teleferique might prove to be the crux.

Finally, established at the toe of our objective, we soloed across a steep, wet snow - field and made contact with the rock. There followed several pitches of easy climbing, bearing only a passing resemblance to the guidebook description (this therefore is an international trait not just restricted to British guidebooks).

As he lead through I noticed that Paul was sporting some of the latest climbing hardware - specifically, the long handled feather duster which was discretely racked between a No. 2 friend and a tricam. I didn't show my ignorance by enquiring as to how one placed it.

Things were looking more difficult as we climbed a selection of granite blocks welded in a chimney by our imagination, compounded by the fact that we were now well off course and darkness was closing in. However, before the light finally went, Paul located a custom made bivi ledge resplendent with a bottomless crack at the back, down which to lose stoves, boots and ice tools. Paul fussed about dusting off the ledge with his newly acquired Troll feather duster whilst I took photos for the forthcoming Troll catalogue. Well belayed we settled down to an evening of endless brews and swapped tales of legendary Chamonix crumpet. At last we dropped off to sleep. This had been anticipated, so after climbing back onto the ledge, shorter delays were tied and sleep came quickly.

By dawn my pit was humming quite badly, so agonising though the decision was I decided it was time for a dump. After checking that the coast was clear I fired away; hearing a twanging sound I looked up to see about sixty pairs of eyes gazing out of a nearby cable car, so with typical British self control I just sat there and admired the view.



After a few hours climbing we reached the col that we had thought we were at the night before, but obviously weren't.

The rock now became more solid and compact with steep jamming cracks, slabs and airy traverses that provided demanding but enjoyable climbing. An easy rhythm was established until we broke out onto the knife-edged ice arete that is so distinctive from the valley.

Tottering up this steep blade of ice we were extremely conscious of the umbilical joining us, only too aware that if

one slipped, the other would necessarily follow. With the angle and exposure increasing we were relieved to reach the final rognon. Time was once again getting on and we desperately wanted to catch the last 'frique down so I lead up a slab in crampons preferring the relative security of rock to ice, tensioning off friends and hooking with axes to add spice. The route was now indistinct. Tattered slings hung in various impossible positions from the vertical wall above us. Indecision and weariness fogged our judgement. Finally, we decided on a crack system which involved a cramponless balancing act across an ice patch with a desperate lunge for the crack. The latter led to a superb ledge with a wonderful view, but no apparent way upwards.

Some ludicrous bits of string dangled way above our heads and an overhanging crack pointed to them. Unthinkingly, I launched onto this aid pitch completely unprepared for aid climbing. From my perch above Paul's upturned visage I found my immediate goal in a peg sitting nonchalantly in a crack 20



Paul Metcalfe on the Frendo Spur

feet across a blank wall. Blindly stuffing friends into the crack I hung in slings and swung tentatively out onto the wall. Having only three friends, I had to evolve a process of sliding them along the crack with much grunting and scraping until, well blooded, I reached the peg and an icy niche. The abandoned slings now hung above me and I couldn't help thinking as I tugged, that they appeared more akin to a badly worn pair of shoe laces than anchors by which to suspend oneself over a two thousand foot drop. However they seemed firm. Swinging wildly in space I reached for the next sling but its securing peg fell out in my hand. Desperately I stuffed it back in and gently applied my weight. It held.

Having taken the friends out as I went, Paul had nothing on which to aid, so with a wild yell he pendulumed across the wall and crashed neatly into the niche. Dusk was once again falling as I clumsily traversed an airy crack and pulled over the edge. I turned and yelled back to Paul with relief: "snow!"

A few breathless steps and we reached the col and slumped down in the snow. After a few minutes Paul asked, "was that technically an aided or frigged ascent?"

"Who cares?"

"Nige will."

- by Paul Metcalfe

#### Log Book 3rd November 1984

U.C.W. Aberystwyth M.C. is proud to announce that its literary editor, Rastus, is shortly to publish a major book, "How To Have It Away, Away From It All - Tremadoc For Lovers". Paul's work sponsored jointly by Cicerone press and Playboy International will be of great interest and comfort to those of us who are concerned with the neglect, in recent meets, of the more vital, albeit peripheral aspects of our sport and the unhealthy emphasis on rock contact. This also helps to explain Paul's recent absence from the rock face - were those really white chalk stains. (The book, 4.95, "Hard On" contains chapters on 'making it' whilst hang gliding, scuba diving and free-fall parachuting.) The introductory chapter, "Favourite moves at Tremadoc" will be of interest to those who thought lay-backing, finger jamming and a big droop were anything to do with climbing.

- Book review by Ivan (Sec. '84/'85)

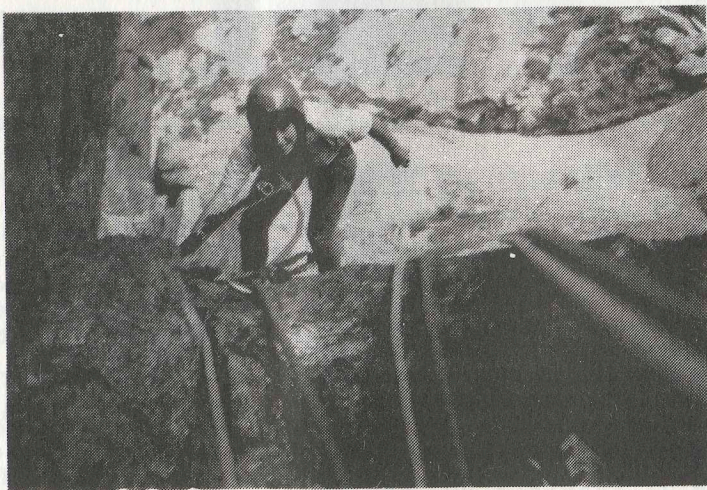


Log Book 20th November 1983

You say that on Merlin  
I didn't climb it right  
'cos I used the wrong holds  
At the top, (what a fright)  
But yours was a worse way  
You surely agree:  
To lock off on a crinkle,  
Throw up an E.B.  
And heel hook a shelf  
About 8 feet away  
Then lurch on a side pull  
Roll over, and pray.

If I seemed pretty vexed  
Well dont look so perplexed  
'cos you ought to know me -  
I can't do that you see!

- by Cathy Proctor



Cathy Proctor using 'alternative techniques' on El Sergeant  
Val d'Orco

Log Book 11th November 1984

At Long last, after a long period of girl guide - ishness and politeness, and worst of all a distinct lack of drunken and animal behaviour, the club is back into it's true form. I am of course refering to the events of the 'Fleece' back bar and Oberon slab on the night of Saturday. The evening started with us sharing the back bar with Preston Poly M.C., this latter club priding themselves with being noisier than us. However, the Aber plan of action was germinated, and the assault began. First of all club members were primed by verbal crudities (mainly from Ivan), whilst we drank the brown liquid and kept our other orafices firmly pressed against the seats (poofdas were present!). Preston Poly still had the upper hand in boisterousness and decibels, however this was soon to change.... Ivan, in recounting his favourite sperm bank joke, accidentally ejaculated a small quantity of spittle onto the puss - ridden nose of Chris - this was from his mouth you understand, please don't misinterpret me. Fermenting yeast having siezed the brain (?) of and gained control of his body, caused a response which consisted of blowing a beer rich raspberry all over Ivans face. Bedlam had thus begun..... oral exchanges of beer were performed by many members of the club. The decibel level at our end of the bar was now fully rivaling that of Preston Poly M.C., but more was to come.... After a brief ballistic exchange of Sue's training shoes, Chris stood up and challenged Rastus to the newly invented sport of NOSE OFFING. This ritual is performed, by both members stripping off to the waist and then standing firm and square facing each other, with noses touching, their mouths having previously been filled with beer. Simultaneously the beer is then squirted out with as much force as is humanly possible, a fine cloud of spray followed by a deluge of spittle would the engulf any near - by spectators. This initiation of the ritual of NOSE - OFFING, put Aber M.C. well into the lead, as confirmed by Chris's regular and liberal spurts of beer directed accross the pool table and into the laps of the Preston poofda's. Minor retaliation, in the form of an irate Preston girl trying to pour the contents of her glass over the already beer sodden head of Chris, was prevented by the fastly thought out and brave move made by Hypo. With an overhand swing of his right hand the glass was intercepted and sent flying into the lap of the Preston Poly defence. Aber M.C. who had now most definately won the festivities, made a tactical retreat from the 'Fleece' on account of an irate landlord who was on the point of bursting into uncontrollable violence.

Lets hope NOSE OFFING will thrive on future meets, and the bad etiquette of actually throwing beer from a glass will be wiped out forever.

MAY YOUR ORAFICES SPURT

- by Chris Clark

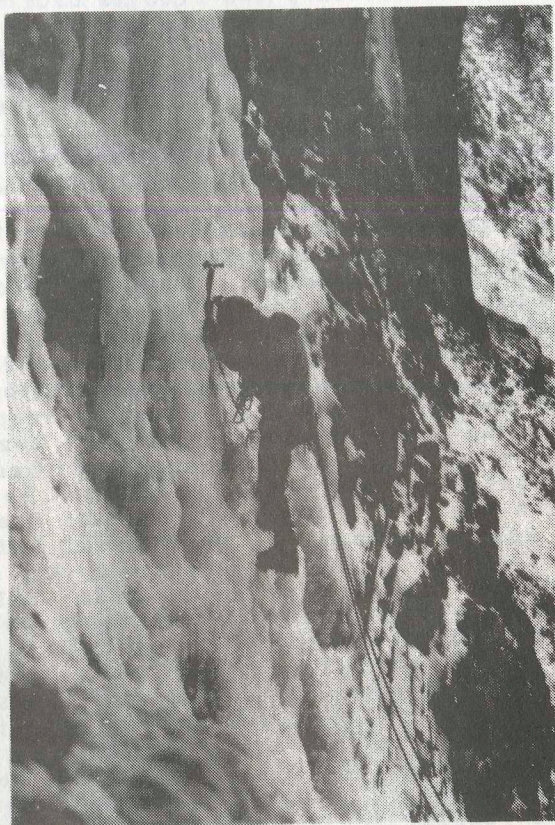


South Gully -  
'Some good  
Dallas type  
deals were made  
today'

We arrived at  
the first  
stance, below  
the main pitch,  
to be greeted by  
a pair of  
incompetents,  
(they took ages,  
4 ice screws and  
one peg to  
conquer the  
first pitch).  
Anyway, this  
Plymouth pair  
had been freaked  
out by the pitch  
above them, so  
we made a deal -  
we borrow your  
ice screws (we  
didn't have  
enough) and then  
we will take a  
rope up for you,  
so that you can  
top rope it.  
Mental hand  
shakes and  
exchange of ice  
screws and then  
Dave leads the  
first ice pitch.  
I start off  
seconding with  
their rope end dangling from my bum. With great relish I  
manage to drop it when we get out of earshot, and we're free  
- the poor suckers.....

(There is an explanation for these somewhat dishonest  
tactics, but that's far too boring to expand upon.)

- by Chris Clark



Dave Robbins leading a pitch of South  
Gully, Cwm Idwal

Friday 23rd August; Hard to describe the weather in words of  
more than one syllable - WET (very)

Morning spent pumping out on Plazzy wall, lunch at Petes.

Epic afternoon, Stumpy got his car stuck next to hut. Too  
muddy and had to be helped out. Got back to hut to find Helen  
walking up track.

Saturday 24th; Helen was up and out walking before I got  
up (which wasn't really worth the effort), and has returned  
with tales of glacier formation over the Carneddus.

What I did in my hols;

Got up.  
Had a piss.  
Back to bed.  
Got up again.  
Had another piss.  
Had a brew.  
Had some squirrel shit.  
Read log.  
Read a book.  
Chopped some wood.  
Looked out of door at  
rain and decided to have a  
shit.  
Chopped more wood.  
Had another piss.  
Finished chopping wood.  
Did six pull - ups  
Went to Capel.  
Spent last 50p on milk  
and chocolate  
Went to Plassy wall.  
Back to hut.  
Looked at river.  
Watched rain.  
Had another piss.  
Made some, and ate some  
soup.  
Read another book,  
started Tom Sharpe's "The  
Throwback"  
Chopped more wood.  
Looked outside to see  
sunshine change to rain.  
Finished all chopping.  
Swept up mess caused by  
chopping  
Had a drink of water,  
(shit, nothing comes out  
of tap, water supply).  
Had a brew.  
Had yet another piss.

Sat down and wrote some  
crap in log book whilst  
watching rain through  
window.  
Watched Helen eat some  
biscuits.  
Read some more.  
Helen's sister arrives.  
Had another brew.  
Read.  
Helen and sister go for  
walk.  
Pinched Helen's  
biscuits, some, not all.  
Had yet another piss.  
Read even more.  
Geoff arrives.  
Yet another brew.  
And another.

God I'm bored.

Go outside to watch  
rain, it's still there.  
Read again.  
Talked to Geoff,  
continued during next 10 /  
11 lines.  
Another brew.  
Another piss.  
Read.  
Helen and sister arrive  
back at hut - wet.  
Brews.  
Read, finished Tom  
Sharpe's "The Throwback".  
Piss. etc...etc...  
Beers in Tynny.  
Final Piss.  
Final Brew.  
zzzz.....



P.S. Wish you were here.

Sunday 25th; What I did in my hols, part two.  
Much the same as yesterday, except:

- i) more rain
- ii) Plazzy wall closed
- iii) didn't nick Helens biscuits
- iv) nearly went with Geoff to Craig Arfur
- v) didn't go to Tynny
- vi) didn't have a shit
- vii) descided to go to Aber to see Spadge and do some climbing on south Wales limestone instead.

C U soon  
Luv 'n' farts Stumpy

#### Acknowledgements

##### Thank You

- to all contributors of the mag, either knowingly or to those who's log book entries we stole (any compaints to British copyright offices, 220 Oxford St., London WC 12)

-to the advertisers, helping to reduce the price of this literary masterpiece

-to those who foolishly loaned us photos.

##### Piss Off

-to all those who have stolen, borrowed or found a mag or are currently reding someone else's or leaning over their shoulder - AND - to show how pissed off we are with you, here's a little piccy:

To show our appreciation, here's an old Whympers quote

*Climb if you will, but remember that courage and strength are naught without prudence, and that a momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime. Do nothing in haste; look well to each step; and from the beginning think what may be the end.*

Edward Whympers—Scrambles  
Amongst The Alps—1871



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