

November 2002

As another summer season draws to a close, remember there's plenty to keep you busy. The AGM approaches so hope to see you all down there on the 14th November.

We've got a provisional programme of events, including a Lakes meet in November; a slide show at Elvyn's in January so now's a great time to get sorting those slides; a regular crowd at the Leys Wall on Thursday evenings plus the usual social at the Railway on Thursday night.

We've had a great year for Meets (Cheers to Lee) and yet another successful President's meet (Cheers to Dave Gair for co-ordinating this, plus Lee and the Band for the entertainment). Full reports in this issue. Apologies too for the somewhat belated Newsletter, and a big thanks to all of the contributors who have helped to make this a bumper edition.

Please note the HMC AGM 2002 will take place at The Railway Hotel Thursday 14th November 2002 8.30 pm prompt Please support your club which needs at least 20 members present to commence the meeting at 8.30 pm See you there! Alison.

Chairman's Report

Hope all who attended this Year's President's Meet enjoyed themselves. It was another successful weekend. Big thanks to Lee for getting the band to entertain us once again, and congratulations to Lee for being awarded this year's President's Award. Awarded for both his continued climbing triumphs combined with the sometimes thank-less task of keeping the meets diary full and appealing. This has been a really good year on the climbing scene with more routes being climbed at a higher grade than any other year in the club's history. That's unless someone knows better! Well done to all those who participated. Climbs partly made possible by the organisation of a large number of well chosen hut meets, almost all of which were well attended. It's also been a successful year for introducing "newer" climbers to the pleasures of outdoor rock and lead climbing.

The Current Committee is pleased to report that the Club has had another successful year, with numbers recovering well after the problems associated with Foot & Mouth last year. As the nights draw in, it's time for the AGM. We need bodies at the Railway Hotel for 8.30pm prompt. Be there, your club needs you! Dave G.

President's Meet - Snowdon Ranger Oct '02

49 members past, present and potential attended this year's Annual meet, again hosted by the comfortable and hospitable YHA. There was mixed weather for the event, glorious for those out on Friday and Sunday but pretty miserable for those braving the clag and rain on Saturday.

An op for Annette and a "Training Injury" for Carolyn gave them a perfect opportunity to visit Dinorwic Power Station and have a shopping trip to Caenarfon.

President Brian, Pete L and Lee S ascended Snowdon's summit from Rhydd Ddu, whilst the Ed's (Ian, Sue and her brother Paul) traversed from the Llanberris Pass accompanied by the laden Ackie who had bivied out on Friday by Llyn Bochlwyd.

Ted, Brian and Tracy explored the clag covered peaks of the Moel Hebog ridge. Elsewhere, Richard and his apprentice Debbie made a timely traverse of the Nantle Ridge. Meanwhile, Trowie and his new apprentice, Stuart (Ali's Dad), made a more traumatic traverse of the same "taking in a few outliers" and involving a lively finger tip contouring of one section, resulting in the two being somewhat late for the first course despite the lift back from Ryhdd Ddu! Has new member, Stuart hung up his boots already?

Also, "enjoying" lively conditions on a rather damp Tryfan was a party including Tryfan first timer Dave (Mark & Pete's younger bruv) plus Tryfan/scrambling first timers Andrea, Vicky and Karen. There were some traditional combined tactics on display as the boot prints left on Ewan's shoulders, back and head will confirm! I'm not sure the girls were converted, maybe they won't be back for more of the same again... oh dear!

Other hardy souls did go in search of dryish rock at Tremadog, although it was like a different crag on Sunday. Lee and Kev when in search of steep, hard routes whilst Richard and Helen T climbed Poor Man's Peutery while Tracy W, Alison M, Pete B and Andy T explored the upper tier which offered a number of single pitch climbs (VD to HS). All enjoyed warm rock with a fabulous view!

The Saturday evening meal preceded the presentation by President Brian G of the President's Award to Lee L. Chairman, Dave G then presented the prestigious TAT awards (lovingly crafted once again by Phil N) on the theme of "How the Mighty have Fallen" and included:

- John T - explaining himself for yet another potentially "permanently affected" initiation of yet another new apprentice that very day!
- Kev T - grazing his *chin* whilst training on a treadmill
- Jim P - falling from his roof (helmetless) onto his conservatory
- Ackie - choosing to bivi out on the wettest night for weeks having paid for a perfectly dry YHA bed?
- Helen T - sustaining a fractured ankle on easy ground after a summer trip sea stack climbing in Scotland
- Sue E - bog snorkelling attempt to cross moist ground on an ascent of Moel Siabod
- Helen B - seeking the Bureau de Change for Scottish currency at the Gretna Green services
- Elvyn H - accomplished skier hitting the deck *through a chair* after a day on the piste
- Alison M - inflicting serious damage to a tent following the careless use of so called "midge repellent" citronella candles on a Torridonian campsite
- Mark H - allowing Alison to possess, light and step into the above!

A big thanks from the club members to Dave G for making the weekend such a success again.

Tan-yr-Wyddfa, Rhyd Ddu - 12 July 02

Well, I can't remember much about the weekend except that Sue E and I shared a birthday and an enormous surprise birthday cake with the others on this full hut

meet! Cheers guys! So here's what I remember with apologies for the inaccuracies and/or omissions:

Apparently, on Saturday the Edward's family traversed Snowdon, whilst Dave P, Brian G and "meet virgin" Richard S set off to walk the Nantle Ridge (come to think of it Richard's not been seen of since...). Meanwhile, Elvyn traversed the Moel Hebog skyline.

Over the weekend there were several parties sampling the climbing delights on offer in the Ogwen. Heather Terrace was a popular venue for Helen B, Tony C, Kev T, Lee L, Pete B, Andy and Neil. After careful guidebook study, I set Mark off on the first pitch of the thoroughly enjoyable Sub Cneifon Rib ('cos I didn't fancy leading the final pitch!). However, his arm popped out of its socket on the final pitch and I had to lead it anyway... best laid plans and all that...

On Sunday, Neil, Ruth and Emilie climbed Cnicht whilst Mark and I got dropped off in the Gwynant valley, from where we headed for Snowdon's summit via the Watkin path. After a quick brew from the monstrously ugly café, and a traverse of the oneway-system-summit-cairn we returned to the hut via the Rhydd Ddu path. Meanwhile, Elvyn had ascended Mynedd Mawr. Alison.

Don Whillans Hut, The Roaches 09.08.02

Despite great plans being hatched over the climbing guides before the weekend, damp stopped most of the play! Another full house at the BMC hut (Rockhall cottage) and crap weather. Pete B and Teeth rang me on the mobile from Hinckley to see what the weather was like before setting off for a day trip. Having lied to them, I quite expected to be lynched later that day.

The cliff out the back of the hut has had some notable climbers on it in the past, including Don Whillans and Joe Brown. Some other famous climbers include our very own Kev Turnip and El Wheelbarra and whilst they attempted some routes on the greenish rock, a gang of us headed off over the Roaches to Lud's Church to pray for them. Lud's Church is in fact a deep ravine, moss-covered and overhung by trees. We pressed on to Danebridge and wow, a pub appeared.

Once again, it fell to Debbie to force us lads in reluctantly. Swampy (yes - he was out walking) Trowie and Brian K wanted to stay in the pub for the afternoon, but after much negotiation, and grumbling, I managed to drag them out.

We finally arrived back at the hut, having been attacked by some marauding cows. Pete and Teeth were looking for me as well. Danger everywhere.

Kris joined us that night in the pub and when we got back to the hut, the stars came out, the wind dropped and we all sat outside drinking in candle light. Magic.

Next day, and fine weather. The climbers were a climbing, the walkers were a walking and I've no idea what any one did as I'd had to go home to do some chores. Sir Edward N Gruntfootock.

George Starkey, Patterdale - 13 Sept '02

The late September sun was an unexpected pleasure for those attending this meet. A foggy start on Saturday developed into a spectacular cloud inversion for those heading into the hills. Dave Pybus mountain biked Around Place Fell. The Edwards', accompanied by Ackie, Ewan and Carolyn made the classic traverse across the airy Striding Edge scrambled to the summit of Helvellyn (more in Ackie's report that follows). Elsewhere Tim, Alastair and Alison made a hairy ascent of Pinnacle ridge (** grade 3 scramble) to join Mark on the ridge of St Sunday Crag. They continued along the ridge, descending to Grisedale Tarn before making the steep pull up to Helvellyn. All were surprised to see large numbers of mountain bikers on the summit, but were less impressed as bikers and walkers competed for limited space on the narrow, gravelled descent path to Whiteside. Meanwhile, Trowie walked the length of Ullswater returning by the steamer (full account below).

Others enjoyed the sun and the climbing, Kev and Lee on Gimmer Crag (Kipling Groove and others), whilst Elvyn and Neil joined the crowds to climb Bowfell Buttress on Bowfell no less.

On Sunday, whilst Ackie the Autograph Hunter was packing up at the hut he had a visit from Alan Hinkes (esteemed mountaineer who is currently well underway in his quest to climb the world's 8,000'ers). Tim walked the valley Stock Ghyll (a final training before a race over the Welsh 3's on the following weekend), John visited Aria Falls and Kev, Lee, Elvyn and Neil visited Castle Rocks. There was a mass ascent of the Place Fell to return along the shores of Ullswater, via the tea and homemade cake shop was a great way to round off the weekend.

Trowie's Patterdale Meet

N.B. New members read closely, note the emerging themes and take heed! You have been warned...

I made good time up the M6, coming off Junction 39 for Shap, arriving in the village just after 10.30 am. In a brief half hour stop I looked round the shops, all three of them, and bought a pair of trainers from the New Balance factory shop (worth a visit if you're in the area).

Leaving Shap I headed for Mardale Head at the South end of Haweswater reservoir. I set off to walk a **six mile circuit** (*note, just six miles...*) of Harter Fell, Mardale III bell, High Street returning down Rough Crag Ridge. The walk was **extended** to 13 miles (*doubled it actually, John!*), ascending from the car park at Mardale Head up Gatescarth Beck, turning west for Adam's Seat and the sculptured cairns with the metal fencing on Harter Fell. It was here that I **extended** the walk (*really, John!*), **to pull in** Kentmere Pike and Shipman Knotts. Having bagged the Pike I decided against the Knotts and **return on a contouring path** below Harter Fell into the Nan Bield Pass and up to Mardale III Bell.

Onwards to **bag the summit** of High Street which had been recently "painted" in brilliant white. A **deviation east** found the start of the ridge, Long Stile and Rough Crag. This is an outstanding ridge worthy of a visit. **Descending steadily** it took me an hour and a half, **some scrambling required** (*ie not on a conventional "path"*) on the **craggy bits** (*New Boy Stuart, take note*). I got **back to the car park for 6.45pm**

with **13.5 miles under my belt**. It had been an **outstanding days mountaineering**. I arrived at the hut at 7.45 pm then headed to the White Lion for **big eats and ale**.

On Saturday I set off at 9.00 am in thick mist to walk the east side of Ullswater to Pooley Bridge. A warm sticky slog up to Boredale House, a left turn up Steel Edge. After further ascent I emerged from the mist into brilliant sunshine. A magnificent cloud inversion developed below me. With the summit of Place Fell in the bag, I pressed on passing several fell runners moving effortlessly up the hill. A steady descent via the Knight, below Mortar Crag keeping Scalehow Beck company down to Sandwick, a picturesque and rewarding walk along the edge of Ullswater followed to Howtown. As time marched on (nearly 1.00pm) I gave the hotel a miss. I took the bridleway which headed higher up the fell, giving superb views over Ullswater.

It was another hot and sticky slog to the next ford near Cockpit, the high point then off with my boots for a delightful paddle in the icy water.

Refreshed, I made a rapid descent to Pooley Bridge for a quick pint. At 4.25 pm "Raven", the steamer, sailed for Howtown and Glenridding from Pooley Bridge with me aboard. With a gin and dry martini and a dash of lemonade in hand, I ended the day with a cosy glow as the Raven chugged back down the lake.

On Sunday I rounded off the weekend with a walk to the Aira Force waterfalls. The scenery was poetic as I walked by several falls of a river in full spate in verdant woodland. I carried on to Dockray for a pint at the local before beginning the journey home. John.

(AKA The incredibly fit, deceptively grey haired but definitely not "old" gent with an insatiable appetite for walks, pints and pork pies! Remember, you have been warned!!).

Ackie's Adventures in Patterdale

After the customary drink at the local hostelery on Friday evening, I was first to claim my bed. After an early morning start, acting as deputy tea boy in Richard's absence I eventually got the troop going (to the loo at least) and motivated for the hills.

A glorious day beckoned and I planned to bivi the night out on Helvellyn. I was kitted out and ready to go just two hours before the others... "hurry up and wait" was called for! But after an early-*ish* start, accompanied by Ewan, Eddie, Sue, Andrea and Carolyn, I set off for up the Grisedale valley and on up the brow, stopping to admire the view, a breather and a change into shorts.

It was a first for me on Striding Edge, a good little scramble that takes you onto the top of Helvellyn, and up into the crowds already on the summit. We'd made far better time than I'd expected so the plan to bivi was abandoned for this trip at least. Me and Ewan had a drink and a snack while we waited for the Little People, then the party regrouped for a tab to the summit trig. It was then on Southwards over Nethermost Pike and up to Dollywagon Pike before meeting up with Mark, Alastair, Ali and Tim who we ascending this path. Tim was sweating for England, will we ever see him on a hill with Ali again??

I was getting to like this walking lark so I raced off down to Grisedale Tarn. With no sign of the Little People I thought I'd just bag St Sunday crag via Deepdale Hause before they missed me! I had a great view down to Ullswater from the ridge.

Then like a racing snake I tabbed back down hill expecting to be a lot later than the Ed's. But no? I was first back so it was another of those "hurry up and wait" moments (partly because I couldn't find the door key!). Still at least I could look back up the valley and admire what I'd just been over.

Sunday is my day of rest so I headed to the Helly Hanson National Mountaineering Exhibition based at Rheged, Penrith. On show are various bits and pieces of clothing and equipment found on and around Mallory's body on Everest. There are also exhibits from climbing trips spanning the ages, from early pioneering times to the present day. Well worth a trip if you also fancy a rest day and you're in the area. Ackie.

Pyrenees Sept 2002 - Ted & Carol

As usual I made thorough preparations for my holiday, booked the ferry two weeks beforehand and changed my car the day beforehand. Mistake, the little brake problem I had pointed out to the garage (no names no pack drill - but a local garage), turned out to need more than the little adjustment they made after I had collected it. So I spent three days in Caen, Normandy waiting for a proper Citroen garage to fix it. It was of course Le Weekend.

That done and we were on our way via the excellent French toll roads and arrived at the village of Lescun at 2886 ft. A beautiful village, surrounded by the 8000ft mountains of the Cirque de Lescun. Although the centre of a walking area the village was hardly touched by the trappings of "the tourist industry", it had a bar, a restaurant, a post office and tiny shop and most of all, an excellent camp site. The view directly in front of our tent was of the La Billare, 7600 ft and La Petite Billare which a few days later we were to fail to climb.

Our first peak was the Pic d'Anie, at 8215ft, the most westerly peak to exceed 2500 metres and situated in extraordinary lunar like limestone landscape. Unlike our friends in Snowdonia, an excellent, but narrow road took us to a (free) car park at 4592ft. And the well-marked and signposted path took us at first through woods and pastures then into a waterless limestone dessert for the final contouring ascent to the summit.

After a rainy day, we tried for the peak that overshadowed our campsite, the Pic le Billare at 7605ft. Following the guidebook we went totally off course, ending up scrambling up a cwm with loose scree and very slippery grass with an impossible ridge between our objective and us. The mist descended so we beat a retreat, traversed across the lower slopes and then found a cairned path, which would have taken us in the correct part of the ridge and the summit. Too late now to continue so we descended to the supply of grape juice at the tent. HONEST! THE GUIDEBOOK WAS WRONG. (They always are when I'm lost too!)

Our final day in Lescun saw us ascend into Spain via the Col de Petrageme 6828ft where Carol had her lunch in Spain and I had mine in France, but we shared the flask. It was here that we watched the antics of two danglers on the Petite Aiguille de

Ansabere, a least 800ft of vertical rock. After lunch we crossed into Spain to ascend the 1000ft to the summit of Pic D'Ansabere 7742ft, a bit like the final part of the Watkin Path. Although we had met a few people at the col, the summit was as crowded as a Welsh peak at the weekend (it was Saturday) particularly by the Spanish who we could now see had had a fine ridge walk from their side. Bonjour, Bonjour! The greeting on French mountains of course.

As we descended we met two very attractive girls as they toiled upwards, Bonjour they said, Bonjour I replied. As they passed one said to the other, seeing the two climbers still edging their way upwards on the Petite Aquille, "Bugger me, can you see those silly f***ers on that rock over there", I said nothing.

We left Lescun travelled to the very tourist village of Gavarnie 4510ft. We pitched the tent in a storm which continue all night, we found later that we were on the edge of a storm which flooded parts of southern France and claimed 26 lives. Here is the Cirque de Garvanie an amazing amphitheatre that rises 4500ft from the valley floor to the 9-10000ft mountains above that form the frontier with Spain. Here is also the Grand Cascade, a 1200ft waterfall (apparently Europe's biggest).

The following day was fine so we did the alternative walk to the cirque via the col at Hourquette d'Alans at 7970ft (Hourquette means "bloody steep") and then via a magnificent path partially cut into the rock down to the cirque bottom. A splendid but long day.

Final day saw us leave, but first with a fully packed car we drove to the car park at the Col de Tentes at 7242ft and took the short stroll to the Pic de Tentes 7618ft and a short ridge walk with magnificent views of the Cirque and the mountains and glaciers only a few thousand feet above.

Highlights of the hols, cheap wine, cheap beer, great food, roads and car parks in the mountains, Snowdonia take note. Apart from a couple of days of rain, the weather was sunny and warm. Downside, it's a long way away, and the delay while the car was fixed. As General Douglas MacArthur said "I will return". (Check out website for scenery photos). Ted.

Munros & Midges

.... I awoke from my doze, to see the moonlight streaming in through the mesh door of the tent. Apart from the occasional vehicle on the nearby road linking Torridon to the world, the only other sound was a strange pattering against the walls of the tent. "Typical" I thought to myself "I wake up needing the loo and it's raining". Maybe I can sleep through 'til morning, by then the rain may've stopped.

.... My sleepy mind starts to recall memories from the last fortnight. Our trip had begun as a visit to the French Alps. A family wedding, followed by slow packing whilst watching reports of downpours at the Munich Marathon then landslides in Europe squashed our Alpine enthusiasm. Internet weather forecasts gave a glimmer of hope - a sunshine symbol over the Northern tip of Scotland!? New plans began to form - the Orkney Islands? Sea stacks? Munro bagging?

.... Swinging North on the M1 we took a scenic drive on the edge of the Kielder Forest, heading north via Jedburgh, to Perth then on to Lairg. Neither Mark nor

myself had driven up the "Eastern" side of northern Scotland so we opted for the wild, lonely, single track "A" roads leading to the Northern coastline, then a steady return journey down the West coast...

..... The sun had almost set as we began to erect our tent on the tiny site at Talmine (near Tongue), adjacent to a small sandy beach and the transfixing North Sea. The increasing strength of the wind gave us quite a battle to put up the tent. The sudden "S*N*A*P" of a pole led to an abrupt, temporary cease fire! A *snapped pole* this *late at night*, this *far north*, this *far from alternative accommodation*, this *early in the trip*! Thank the midges for the hallowed tiny sleeve of metal - the elusive tent pole repair kit...

..... Despite this auspicious start, in the ensuing days we ascended a variety of peaks accompanied by awesome scenery, vibrantly toned heather, a coastline to savour, sunsets to cherish and really *wildlife* (including eagles, dolphins, grouse hunters!). Sutherland has grandiose splendour but Assynt has got to be one of the most scenic parts of the world.

....Our adventure took us on to the most northerly Munros of Ben Hope (intrepid in the fearsome summit wind) and Ben Klibreck (rather too lively with its hidden marksmen!) both rising majestically from the desolate moorland of central Sutherland. Next, we explored the shattered, tough going, rough boulder strewn white hillsides of Conival and Ben More Assynt. A fine campsite near Lochinver was a great base from which to visit the Old Man of Stoer sea stack. Sadly as spectators not climbers on this trip. We also spent a memorable day scrambling the pinnacles and towers of the small, but beautifully formed "miniature mountain", Stac Pollaidh. The ridge affords superb views of its wildly located neighbour, Suilven...

.... With an insatiable desire for scrambling we reluctantly headed further south, but en route for the dramatic ridge of An Teallach. A ridge that had eluded us earlier in the year. Mercifully, the cloud began to lift as we ascended on to the ridge in the mid afternoon. As we sat astride Lord Berkley's Seat, the clear evening sunshine complimented the majesty of the craggy, weathered sandstone towers forming the classic horseshoe circuit. Hill days don't get much better than this...

..... Our final objective was to be a traverse of Liathach, a real Torridonian classic traverse across the mountain's exhilarating rocky crest which again proved to be a sensational vantage point. The quiet campsite at the end of Glen Torridon seemed a perfect spot to spend the night...

.... As sleep had failed to return, the bladder pressure was becoming too much to bear. As I put on my glasses the stream of moonlight and gentle glow from the citronella candles in the tent porch unveiled the true source of the pattering sound. To my horror improved focus revealed a hideous, darting, heaving mass of tiny flying creatures. The infamous, the dreaded, the Scottish midges! Seriously bad news...

.... In anticipation of mass consumption (me by them) I planned my route to the loos. I carefully pulled on my trousers then slipped my socks over these. Then I tucked my midge net facemask under the collar of long sleeved top, slipping my gloves on overlapping my sleeve cuffs. It was getting rather hot inside the tent but I was dressed, covered and ready for battle! Mark stirred from his slumber as I began to unzip the inner door. Charge!

..... Holding the unzipped mesh door I stand up..... Mentally I hear "*mind the candles*" cool air and a drone of tiny wings greet me... *OUCH* ... frantically I stretch out my foot into the gloom..... *OUCH* ... "*where is that trainer?*" *OUCH* ... "*mind the candles*"..... *OUCH* ... "*dazzling moonlight*" ... *OUCH*... "*hurry, they're biting*" ... *OUCH* ... "*a trainer*"..... *OUCH* ... "*oh no, it's a right on my left*"*OUCH* ... "*oh no, its not mine!*"... *OUCH* ... "*!+@!* (drat)*" ... *OUCH* ... "*wet grass*" *OUCH* ... "*what's that light inside the tent?*".... *OUCH* ... "*losing my balance*" *OUCH* ... "*losing the inner tent*"..... *OUCH* ... "*losing the trainer*"... *OUCH* ... whilst performing my crazed war dance I hear Mark's rather agitated voice, "What's in the candle?" ... *OUCH* ... "The inner!" ... *OUCH* ..., "my trainer" ... *WHOOOPS* ... *BIG WHOOPS*....

.... So much for a cheap holiday! We now need a new tent pole, inner tent, trainers and citronella candles ... But don't get me wrong we had a great time, and "bagged" our first Century each! However, the moral of this holiday goes something like this. Wise man (and woman) say, if campsite seems empty - ask yourself why! "*OUCH*" ...!!! Alison (& Mark) Aug 2002.

Scotland - Winter Walking the Monadhliath

It was a superb October day, a uniform covering of snow with level at 600m like cake icing. No thaw, no rocks showing through at all. I had a long day on my own in the Monadhliath Mountains covering the three Munro's A'Chailleach, Carn Sgulain and Carn Dearg from Newtonmore, which involved probably 10 miles of breaking steps in the snow! Cloud descended as I approached the final summit. All that stopped white-out conditions was the white edge of the corniced ridge against the darker grey of the valley. The cornices blocked the normal way off and added a few extra miles to the trip, which then ended in darkness and negotiations by mobile phone en route to arrange a taxi to take me back to the hotel in time for tea! I rounded the trip off with a 25 mile cycle ride on Friday. Elvyn.

And Finally

There's so much coming up in the next few weeks and months. Check out the BMC website for more info and an application form for their forthcoming Conville Courses (subsidised Winter/Alpine skills courses in Scotland in Jan 2003). Deadline for applications is 15 November 2002 so you'll have to be quick. They also have run them in Chamonix in the summer so check that out too.

Or time, maybe, to sit back and listen to the old hands - for example, Walter Bonatti who is lecturing in Leeds on 09.11.02 (website www.festivalofmountaineeringliterature.co.uk) or Alan Hinkes can be seen in action at Nottingham on 25.11.02 (Tel: 0115 948 4571). If that's not your bag, then what about the Adventure Travel and Sports Show 2003 on 10th - 12th Jan '03 at Olympia (Tel: 0115 912 9231).

Better still, get those photos, slides or even Powerpoint presentations for those in the know in readiness for the next great fixture on the Social calendar (with the exception of the Pre Christmas gathering), Mary & Elvyn hosting the HMC Slide Show 2003. Following the success of the Slide Show 2002 they have kindly offered to host another on Saturday 18th January 2003 Commencing 7.30 p.m. Tickets will cost £5-00 in advance to include food and a raffle. Please bring your own drink.

Telephone Elvyn to reserve your ticket as food needs to be planned in advance. They intend to have computer and ordinary projectors available. Please support the event by bringing your slides along. It is your show! It may be possible for a few photos to be scanned by prior arrangement. Please let them know your plans well in advance.