
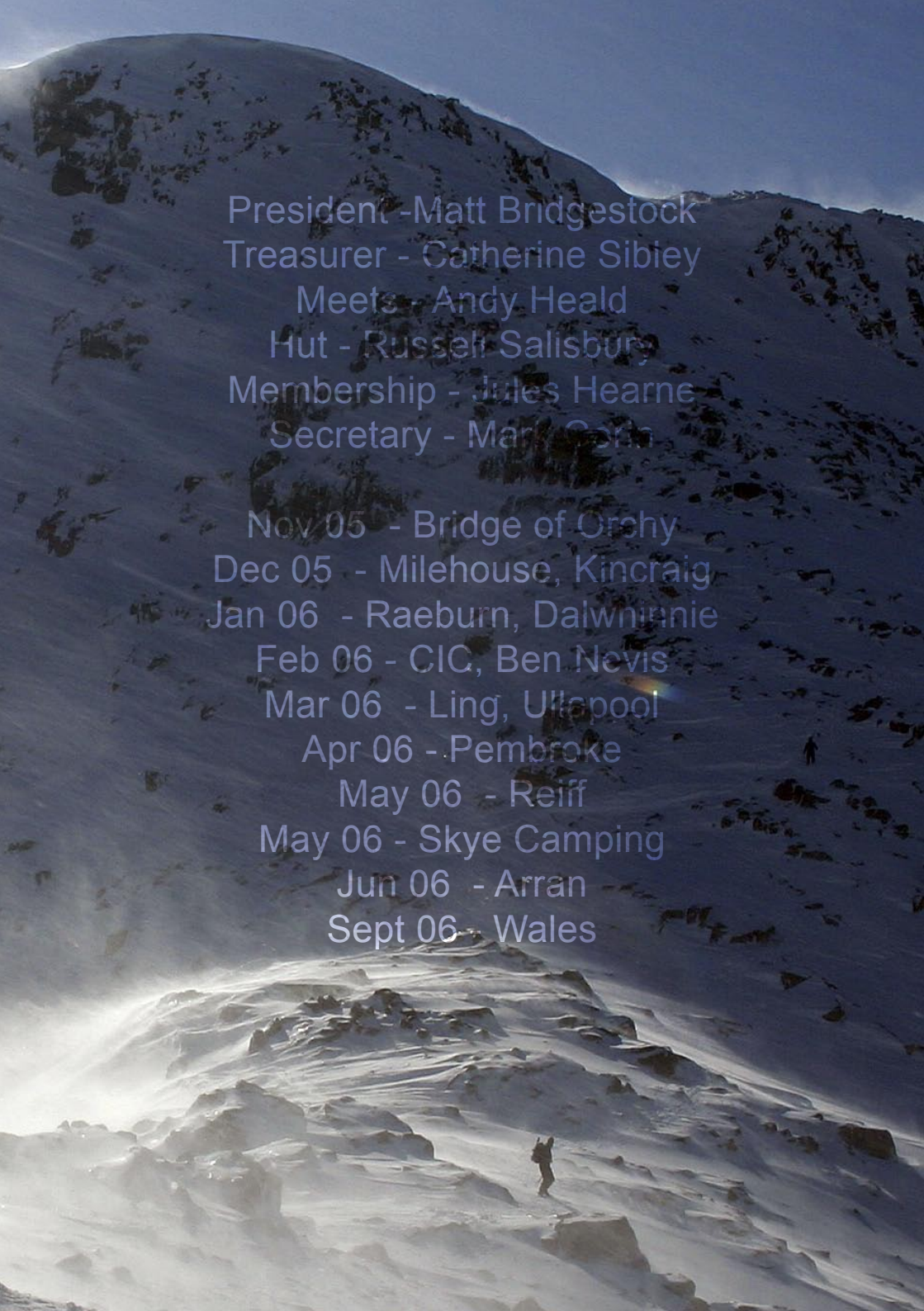


# LMC 05/06

Lomond Mountaineering Club



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Husbands/Damian Jackman/Ken Johnstone/  
Willie Johnstone/Helen Konkol/Carlos Las  
Heras/Paul Lennie/Laura Marney/Harry  
McCaffery/Lorraine McCall/Andy McCrorie/Kevin  
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Nov 05 - Bridge of Orchy  
Dec 05 - Milehouse, Kincaig  
Jan 06 - Raeburn, Dalwhinnie  
Feb 06 - CIC, Ben Nevis  
Mar 06 - Ling, Ullapool  
Apr 06 - Pembroke  
May 06 - Reiff  
May 06 - Skye Camping  
Jun 06 - Arran  
Sept 06 - Wales





Beinn Fhonnlaidh after the work meet.

## Stob Choire Claurigh and Stob Ban

We arrived at the hut on Friday night with a feeling of sadness that we may not have it for much longer – nipped into the hotel for a quick one at 21:40 to find the bar well and truly closed; oh it's such a lively place...

Saturday we made a relatively early 9am start from the hut and parked near Corriechoile Farm near Spean Bridge. We followed the Lairig Leacach track through the forest and made things hard for ourselves by climbing a steep rocky bluff in deep snow and deteriorating weather to gain the broad N ridge of Stob Corie Gaibhre. Now in whiteout and at times thigh deep snow we eventually, following some tricky route finding on the plateau, gained the summit of Stob Choire Claurigh. We didn't linger for too long on top as the wind was now a powerful gale almost requiring us to crawl at times. A southerly bearing took us over a nasty boulder field followed by a glissade and waist deep snow plod to the belach, occasional clearings gave us great views of the shapely bulk of Stob Ban looming ahead – it looked big but the top was gained surprisingly quickly.

We descended the initially very steep East Ridge – I was blown over here and hurt one of my wings...once off the ridge the descent to Lairig Leacach bothy was uneventful until I tried to cross the snow covered river, I went through – surprising considering my miniscule weight – I could have flown it but thought this unsporting as Karin cannot fly like me. It's a lovely bothy with a then resident Polish artist by the name of Voytech who offered us whiskey. Back to the car following the long wet and snowy walk over Lairig Leacach and then on to meet Catherine, Helen, Harry and Mark (Russell) in the Clachaig for food and a few pints, Lovely!

Russell



## December Days

Ah, the glories of November and December. Short days and long nights, gales and blinding rain, snow if you are lucky, but bogs a plenty. Some say a time for rest, recuperation and training for the onslaught of Christmas, I don't.

This year, the Laggan hills beckoned. A fairly easy jaunt in summer I thought, 24km, 1300m of ascent and three munros. Easy peasy. Oops, plans didn't quite go according to plan. Loch Laggan was beautiful enough to take your breath away as I approached it first thing. Unfortunately, that was the last beautiful sight that day, apart from the car at the end.

Optimism rose as we walked in on the landrover track, because we could see the hills to the north swathed in a sea of cloud. Overhead, hints of blue peaked through the gloom. In fact, they peaked most of the day, when it wasn't snowing or raining, but that was it, just peekiness. Sure enough as we followed the track south of the wee loch the gloom got thicker. An initial decision to go straight up the east face of Beinn a Chlachair went by the by as we couldn't even see it and the north-east ridge seemed a better idea. Shame it added about 3km to our day, shame its featureless and low angled, shame the cloud got even thicker. We found the summit, but only after a grid search, that meant more time lost. the trip back down was okay and uneventful, as was the ascent of Geal Charn, apart from the summit area, which was flat and featureless and required another grid search. More time lost....

A quick (and I mean quick) bearing and tear down the hill towards the col. It was only when I got there that I realised just how small the col was. Food for thought and food for energy as my companion was flagging somewhat then a blast up a (very wet and soggy) snow slope to the top of Creag Pitridh. Almost dark by this point, so another, more careful bearing and down the hill. It was definitely dark by the time we hit the path and boy did that walk out take an age.

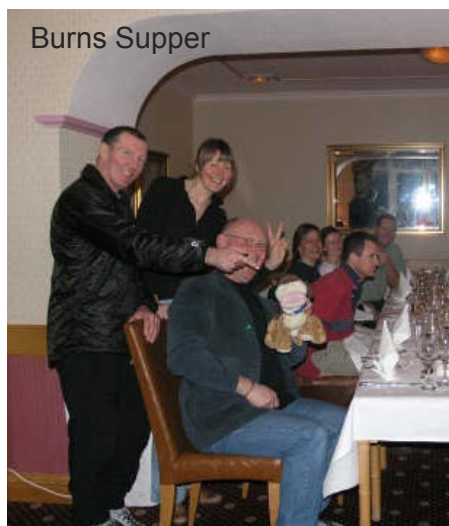
Chris

## Quasi-Milehouse Meet

Mark G, Harry, Danny C, Jules, Derek, Martin, Matt, Russell and Karin made it to to Quasi-Milehouse meet for cold climbs and Jules Christmas dinner.

Danny Jules and Derek did Crotched Gully on Sat, with Jules and Danny racing up Aladins Colouir before a cuppa in the reastaurant at the top (no ride down on the train thought) Harry, Mark and Martin got up a desperate 4/5 somewhere near the top of the Corie. Matt made a late start from Glasgow, but still managed to tap the top of Bynack More before dark. Russell and Karin made it to the hut in time for soup started, cooked cordon bleu style by Jules with the traditional pasta as the main course and a crumble for pudding. Whiskey and an open fire rounded off a good eveing.

Sunday saw a mass exodus to the northern Cories, Matt and Harry heading up Crotched Gulley with Mark and Derek heading up Aladins Colouir. The snow and rain were begining to fall as we headed to Glenmore cafe for tea, bacon rolls and to contemplate the weekend. Great weekend, and great food. Matt







## Aonach Mor - Harry's new route?

We all got to the hut on Friday night me, Mark (G) and this fat bloke first, shortly followed by Harry and Helen. After jangling bits of metal (I detected aluminium with some small amounts of chromium, copper, iron, magnesium, manganese, and quite a bit of titanium and steel with my super sensitive analytical electronic beak) and playing with colourful ropes and stuff they all went to bed and left me freezing on the table. It was a cold and lonely night. Next morning the three men all got up and left in a hurry, apparently to catch the first gondola to Aonach Mor. Helen stayed for a while and talked to me and squeezed my enormous beak but then she went to the shops and came back with a big black bag – probably a human remains pouch in my uninformed judgment.

The men got back a bit later and all had big smiles and red faces – they had ascended an unrecorded route of about grade IV on Coire an Lochain, Aonach Mor – about 100m L (looking at cliff) from Easy gully. Allegedly it went up a short gully and then up a steep bulging icefall to an easing in angle then trending left to good rock belays (50m), then direct to the plateau via easier ground (30m). The fat bloke thought it a great route and well worth recording, better than the twins he said... Harry found the line and led the hard bit. Mark had to help Grossberger put his harness on before the climb as he couldn't see the buckle... Harry was even happier than the others 'cos he got new boots dead cheap (Quack!) as well! After scoffing themselves stupid and blabbing



(another bloke called Martin (F) arrived during this transcendental period), the tubby one talked to me for a while but only because none of the others would talk to him. Then they all went to the pub. They were all in the pub for ages and came back near to midnight with even bigger smiles and nonsensical accents.

Next morning the chaps all got up early to go to Beinn a' Chaorainn but the morbidly obese one was moaning about his sore leg and didn't go, I recon he's a dweeb. Helen went to meet Carmel to climb An Caisteal – she asked the bloated one if we would like to join them but he was still whinging so he took me for a little walk to look at Beinn Udlaidh, not a lot of ice so he took me to the Tyndrum chippy instead. I had no choice but to accompany him as he was my only option for a lift home to see me mutha for a bit of respite.

Nigel

Posted by NigeltheDuckfromHell



## Raeburn Hut Lock In

Thought we landed in hut heaven. Great hut fully equipped: good drying room, showers, heaters etc. Sat went to Creag Meagaidh. An early start bad weather put most people off only 4/5 cars in car park. Game on! Mark and I trudged in to Last Post V,5 thought this the better choice as most people were going into inner corrie. First pitch 55m of great ice, next 2/3 ice pitches were a bit chossy, needing care on climbing, as feet or axes may rip. A full on winters day with endless spindrift covering us for most of the climb. Came off the plateau with Mark's navigation taking us right to the window. The window acted like a massive wind tunnel making it hard to see through the spindrift. Got up Sun to more snow only to find the snow gates locked at both ends. We were stranded! New member Alistair went for a recce with his touring skis, bumping into the farmer and only leaving after tea and local gossip. Gates finally opened at 5pm to let us home.

Harry

## Ben Udlaidh Juniors Jaunt

Plenty of snow, too much snow, with most of the routes banked out with more snow than ice. We walked in optimistically in the sunshine. Scoured the routes with the binoculars, most were heading for Quartzvien (ie 10 maybe 12 people?) first pitch was banked out the second pitch was only 2/3 ice showing and the 3rd was steep snow. This was much the same for all the routes. Juniors Jaunt looked to have the least snow on it but it also looked thin at the bottom. This was confirmed at the bottom of the pitch ,a straightforward slab, but as soon as Harry hit the ice, the horrible hollow sound echoed. The ice was thin and very poor for both axes, feet and screws. I followed wimpering. The next pitch was steep but Harry said it was ok as there were places for me to rest and the ice was much better for screws. I found the start very steep but the ice was good and the rope was tight! My technique improved after the steep start enough to tackle the next short steep steps to the top (seconding of course). A good climb if the bottom was in better condition. A good boy and girl's day out! Helen





Cogne, Italy



## Careful with that ab, Eugene

I went to Pembroke with Matt, who had never climbed on a sea-cliff before, and his friend Geoff, who has never climbed on any kind of cliff before. It could have started better. Matt and I flew to Bristol whence Geoff was to chauffeur us to St Petrox. But Geoff's pal had been chucked by his girl. Now, this piece of information may not seem relevant to hard-hearted Lomonds, but Geoff takes his counselling duties seriously and spent the day in the pub, leaving Matt and I to make various arrangements to get from the airport. Greater love hath no man than he who would lay down his friends for a pint.

Things improved on Saturday after we had obtained a belay/abseil device for Geoff. Over the 4 days, Matt & I each did a dozen or so routes on 6 or 7 different areas – Bow Shaped Slabs, Crystal Slabs, Bullslaughter Bay, The Castle, Saddle Head, Porthclais, St Non's Bay and Craig Caerfai. It was fun socially, not only Geoff's ready laughter, but we were joined by my old chums Peter Taylor & Jen Lawson and Cathy Woodhead.

Matt's most enjoyable moment was leading Bow Shaped Slab, his first Hard Severe, and his most testing was following Peter, off-route, somewhere near Blue Sky. My greatest pleasure was seconding Peter on Armorican, returning his favour of 2 years ago. My finest hour was when Cathy made me lead E Six Six b (fortunately that's only its name, and appearance, it proved to be VS). Geoff proved a model student, nothing had to be said twice. He took classes ranging from basic 'coiling the rope' on Day 1 to advanced 'looking after your mate on a traverse' on Day 3, via following a VS on his 2nd days climbing. He also caught a couple of fish on his day off.

The sun shone, the sea for once was not cruel, and we used the Easter weekend to the full, flying back to work on Tuesday morning, Geoff selflessly getting up at 5 to drive us to the bus. Andy



## Hammer, Etive Slabs

On the road by 8am in glorious sunshine , Danny Church and I made an early start on our first real rock climb of the year, if you don't count mucking about on Dumbarton Rock. Our destination: The Hammer on Etive slabs.

Although it was an HVS we assumed it would be more balancing moves than sheer brute strength, so were fairly confident of doing it no problem... but we were wrong. I led the first and second pitches with little difficulty, up to a clump of heather. The only problem I had was keeping away from the rivulets of water running down the slabs. Even though it was sunny there was so much water in the vegetation that it acted like a sponge seeping water onto the rock. Danny led the next pitch which is where the fun started. The classic scoop was not for the faint hearted, and I found it hard just seconding. Climbing up the crack really took it out of our arms and we started to realise that starting the season on an HVS was probably not the best of moves.

Anyway we were half way up now and didn't feel like abseiling down. I took the fourth 40m 5a pitch and headed too far up. I'd managed to get some gear in and also clip into an old wire, when Danny, with book in hand shouted up that I'd have to come down and traverse across 3m.





But on the decent I lost my footing and slipped to shouts of “I’ve got you.” Resting on the tension (of the rope) I redoubled my efforts and tried again. Because the protection was above where I was, I decided to use the pendulum effect and just swing out and down a bit. I know it’s cheating, but my fingers were tired and wet feet. Once on the other side, it was an easy climb up flaking rock to an overhang that was seeping with water. Luckily there were enough hand holds to stop my legs from slipping. Over a boulder and to the relative safety of a ledge belay, my three securing points were tested when Danny slid on the traverse.

Danny led the last pitch confidence to the access path where we gratefully changed out of our toe crushing boots into our walking boots. All in all a good, if somewhat harder day than expected. Jules

## **Gritstone May be God’s own Rock, but Dolerite is the Dog’s B\*ll\*\*\*s**

Way back in the past I climbed to a reasonable standard. I didn’t set the world on fire, in fact my ability and achievements would hardly set light to a bonfire. Nevertheless, I have a fund of stories and tales from that time, some tall, some true.

After a gritstone apprenticeship, I had graduated to HVS, but largely due to my cowardly nature couldn’t push on into the mythical world of E1. This finally changed when I moved to Scotland, discovered Auchinstarry quarry and one fine day climbed Gold Rush. The first of may E1s and a (very) small number of E2s. Many (mis)adventures later I fell out of love with climbing for one reason and another and stopped.

Four years ago, I emerged from retirement and tentatively began climbing again, sometimes reasonably well, more often not, but always desperate to regain those old heights. Vulcan Wall, The Needle and Unicorn (well the first pitch and a half anyway) showed me that it was possible. However, it was not until yesterday, with the able assistance of Mr Ed. Flitters that I finally lead another E1. This time it was Cambusbarron and an ascent of the Doobie Brothers. Magic. Chris

## Pillar

Isn't it funny that, with neighbouring Borrowdale and Langdale crags no doubt mobbed on a sunny Sunday in June, that there were only about 6 other people on the whole of Pillar Rock yesterday. To quote one of our very own club members 'Ooh... Pillar... bit of a big day'. Having driven through heavy rain at Beattock Summit, we were nervous of the weather and the odd spot of rain at times kept us guessing, but it was basically a fine sunny day. We cycled up the picturesque Ennerdale, followed by a short walk up into the corrie (what are they called in the Lakes?). Pillar Rock and the surrounding ridges were very impressive. In retrospect, we didn't choose the best of routes, but 'Goodbye to All That' (E1) was a direct five-pitch line on the north face of Low Man. A indifferent first pitch led to a nice thin crackline up a slab which Danny led in fine style. Then came the first 5b crux. I found this a bit tough. 'Rimed' with lichen and in an imposing position, with the holds being far from obvious, the steep corner crack eventually gave in to perseverance. At least once I started to remove gear in preparation for retreat; 'just one more look'. Not so bad once you were up. Above Danny led an exciting, albeit wandering, 5a pitch with some wild spacy moves. Good going for Danny's first route of the year! The final pitch was supposedly the bold one with the guide book talking about no gear through the crux and run out 4c above. With all the lichen low down, I was not optimistic. I fixed runners in the cave and swung out left in a pretty wild position, hanging off a flat and, as ever, lichen covered hold. Above loomed more steep, green rock, with lush moss on many of what I could only presume were holds. A quick decision was made and discretion dictated we finish off up the fine, and dare I say more logical, 4b Oppenheimer's Chimney. A steep and fitting finale. Looking back down on the true finish, yes there were good incut ledges, and there were clean dry patches, but few regrets on missing what appeared a rather contrived, uninspiring and scary pitch. Now back in the sun, we enjoyed an impressive scramble up to the top of High Man, and descended the polished Slab and Notch route. A good mountaineering finish to a challenging climb. A good and peaceful day in the hills, finished off by a speedy ride back down Ennerdale. Robin









## Midsummer (not quite) on Ben An

Four ropes, three tiers, hunners of midges - the LMC midsummer Wednesday evening expedition to Ben An. As far as I can recall, the evening went as follows:

Mark cooly lead Robin and Dave up The Edge (VS), then Dave led The Groove (HS). Scrambling on the middle tier led to Coriander (VS). Robin couldn't get off the ground until a wire was removed from the crucial finger lock, and above he crept along failing to find any convincing gear. Ian and Mat did Ash Wall (S), before Mat reputedly got spat out of Birch Tree Corner (HS).

Higher up Ian finished on The Last Eighty (HS I think). Andy and Dee lapped everyone via Ash Wall - or did they skip a tier? Anyway Dee found The Rent (VS) easier than expected. Catherine and Mark R took turns on the mean start of Preamble (S) before doing Hawthorn Rib (D), maybe more.

Mark romped up The Rent (VS) in fading light. The last members were back at the cars past 11pm and well past night fall, racing home to remove all the ticks.

A successful evening; good fun routes and convivial atmosphere.  
Robin

## The Best Mod Since Roger Daltrey

There seem to be very few good climbs in the lowly 'Moderate' grade, so I'd like to bring to your attention the much neglected Afterthought Arete on Stag Rocks in the Cairngorms. Mark & I came across it when rained off nearby Hell's Lum but it would also be a good route for those who climb infrequently looking for something more than a scramble (Hazel's first route? But not until she grows into those boots!) or for a beginner's first mountain lead. It was a cold, blustery and sometimes rainy day and I don't think either Mark or I fancied dispensing with the rope, so it must be harder than Clach Glas, the Dubhs Ridge, the In Pin or Pinnacle Ridge of Gillean, though without the abseil jiggerypokery of the last three. It seemed as hard as the Great Ridge of Garbh Bheinn (not including the horrendous approach to that) or the harder parts of Tower Ridge, so it is probably Diff. It is much shorter than most of those but nevertheless it is 150m long and though Mark & I did it in 4 long pitches, you could split it more often to look after your beginner. We were not certain which ridge to take. It's the leftmost one, look for the crystal hunters' cave cut into the foot of the next buttress to the right. We tried to find the most sporting way up the ill-defined lower part. Don't worry too much about that, the compulsory knife edge of the middle & upper parts is the best bit. It protects pretty well. There are a few places where sizeable blocks have departed the scene and at times you have to trust that the lump you are standing on will not choose that moment to join them but it seems mostly solid. It is quite exposed in places and of course the situation above Loch Avon makes this a superb place to go climbing. Here, just an hour from the ski slopes and funicular, you are in a place of rough rock and wild lakes, of ravens and ptarmigan - ...Ain't got no distractions, can't hear no buzzers and bells, can't see no lights a-flashing, plays by sense of smell...

Andy

## Helen does Squareface in cold pants

Robin and Mark think they got it tough! Catherine and I went for a bit of classic rock 'Squareface' on Beinn A' Bhuid. Being at the end of an 11 mile walk in carrying camping gear was not going to be easy. We stayed at the Braemar Lodge Bunkhouse on the Fri where all surplus weight was discarded but I can't discard my bum! Set off on a very sunny Sat, with just one minor deviation (we took the wrong track) we reached the 'Sneck' a tor lined col. This col is a wind funnel and it was funnelling! Time to change out of the shorts and put on my warm trousers, only didn't have them. Catherine gave me her waterproofs which being a size 10, that took care of one leg but what about the other!

Later found that I must have left my trousers by the side of the road when we took the map out at the wrong turning. Never mind Catherine was better at finding things and easily found the start of Squareface even though it is hidden from view. The first pitch was not so nice and I didn't realise that you have to go up the arete for a few metres and my ropes did not like that, and they kept trying to drag themselves back down. The rope drag was tremendous.

Catherine got the second pitch the airy traverse with no gear for the first bit just as the wind got up. But she shouted that the pitch was fine. A good crack in the middle and then another traverse to an airy belay on the edge of the arete. The third pitch has a Severe finish, a large fissure so I tried that. I tried once, twice and I think a few more times. Eventually finding an undercut hold that helped me past a tricky move. The fissure was hard to protect as it is really wide.

We pitched the tent further down the col out of the wind had dinner and settled just before dark when the rain came as predicted. We woke to overcast sky and occasionally drizzle. But on the walk out the sun came out and shone all the long way back to the car park.

Helen





## Cairngorm women's meet

Helen, Karin, Louise, Petra, prospective member Cate and sister Eleanor had a stunning day on Saturday in the Cairngorms. We did Fiacail Ridge, proceeded to Cairngorm, dropped down to the Saddle. Helen and Eleanor went via Srath Nethy (boggy), Petra and Louise took the route between Bynack Beg and Bynack More (easy) whereas Karin and Cate climbed up Bynack More. We all walked out via Bynack Stable (not there anymore) and straight to the youth hostel. The evening meal was splendid. Karin and Helen stayed on for the Sunday - report to follow. Great weekend apart from the snoring woman in the hostel. Petra

## January Jigsaw, Rannoch Wall

Jules, Harry and I went up on the Buachaille and climbed January Jigsaw. I lead the first pitch, Harry didn't so much lead the next two (ran last two pitches together) as solo them while carrying the ropes up for us. First time climbing in Glencoe for me, cracking day out. Steve

## Glen Nevis

Went to hut fri no lomonders about rode up to glen nevis done pinetree wall S thenoerto styx B climbed resurrection VS and a great wee slab for beginners called right wall . VD moved over to cavalry crag and climbed first two pitches of heatwave and the crux .and last pitch of vampire HS making a more enjoyable climb also talking to a party of 3 on storm the leader was terry sullivan now aged 66 his friends also in their 60/s are to feature in a doc..... about the glen a great day out harry no friends. Helen





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