

Edinburgh University Hillwalking Club

2024-2025 YEARBOOK



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Address from the President

Thank you to everyone who has involved themselves in the Hillwalking Club this academic year. As far as I'm concerned, this has been a successful effort, and the club will continue into the next academic year. Certain capers and events are detailed throughout the length of this address, and this should give a sense of the character and timbre of the academic year. At certain points, the text looks forwards to the future of the club.

The club lived up to its core objectives this year, as it has in years recent and far. Many people were provided with access to the Highlands who otherwise could not or would not. Many of these people had never been to Scotland before, and the club maintains a far-flung international community, spreading the love for hillwalking to Denmark, Denmark, and Denmark. We remain a great way for second years to make friends who didn't manage it the first-time round, and the safe retreat for postgraduates scared they'll bust a hip if they go against eighteen-year-olds in rugby. It turns out the hills are also a great meadow of romance, and we can celebrate the multiple hillwalking couples who found their soulmate in the Southsider back room. Of course, most relationships are blinks in the eye when compared to the eternal self-proliferation of The Club, but that's neither here nor there.

A sort of best-of favourite-moments reel, largely personal:

1. Arrochar Alps, swimming in Loch Lomond
2. Arrochar Alps, Ellie and Hannah not summiting Ben Vorlich
3. Crianlarich, realising me and Josh lost a guy once we were already in the pub
4. Glenmore, Aurora Borealis
5. Glenmore, shoulder dislocation
6. Torridon, the cloud inversion
7. Torridon, Benji cutting his hand open on his scissors when getting me a plaster
8. Eskdale, every decision I made, and I am actually proud of the nativity, and thankful to those who took part
9. Eskdale, the pub
10. Eskdale, stepping on a dog in the pub
11. Burns, Joe Knight's polite message about the 200 WhatsApp notifications
12. Glencoe, hearing about Glencoe

13. Braemore, the whole of An Teallach, and also Joe Waters' proactive community action
14. Torrison, the pub

What about the trips I wasn't on? Reflect on them in your own time.

Because I personally had a great time. I only cried on three trips: Glenmore, Braemar, and Braemore; and Braemar was hardly a tear. I would like to single out a few walks that stuck with me and I look back on with great fondness. The first was a focused objective I led with Benji to chart the maintenance of the footpath leading into the Lairig Ghru. As the forests fell behind and we quickly rose to the high point of the pass, I was struck by the barrenness and transportive element of the terrain, the transition from Speyside to Deeside appearing to mean something out with our human implications on the landscape. Naturally, this was likely an illusion, but as Benji bathed in the Pools of Dee, the environment felt fantastical.

The second walk I'd like to discuss was a circuit of Beinn Liath Mhor and Sgorr Ruadh, to the south of Glen Torrison. Despite a confident start, I had a strong desire to turn back as we approached the first summit, as the rain became colder and the wind stronger, burying ourselves further in the fog. I was not alone in this desire. However, when, just after the first summit, the cloud rose and the rain abated, and I had the slow sense over the next half hour of rewarming, I was filled with a great sense of my body being vulnerable but also grateful to the environment.

The third walk here was also my last walk of the year, up Moruisg during our second outing to Torrison. Moruisg is a large bulk of bog and heather, with an uninterrupted and steep ascent. This was also a minibus affair, with organisers far more skilled than myself and a competent group. The rain was semi-constant, and it was cold for May. I was happier to summit this hill than many more impressive peaks. I also think it got to the core of the club, centred on the aim of summiting and sensation. When I returned to the hostel, every item of clothing sopped.

We had a great committee this year. Ellie was a great improvement on last year's Secretary and introduced a policy of answering the emails we receive. This has radically changed the way the club communicates with the outside world. Similarly, and somewhat surprisingly, Willow has been a great improvement on last year's Treasurer. The club loves personal growth. Joe Knight, despite not knowing how to

drive a car, manages the club's vehicles as if he does, and has been highly efficient as Meet Organiser. Calum can be judged on his outcomes as Safety and Training Officer, seeing that nobody died. The same applies for Hannah in welfare, actually. The social scene was great in semester one, thanks Angus and Audrey. The social media has been beautifully maintained, and Emily has always been patient with the continuous flow of corrections we send her five minutes after she uploaded the post. Benji and I had one pleasant sustainability walk. Josh saved us thirty quid on the website. Marti has maintained the gear store. Tereza organised an alumni trip.

What more could you want?

I'm not going to one-by-one the future committee but can declare I have great faith in Angus and his team to maintain the club to a respectable standard.

Thankyou once more to the club's great impact on my life, its integral community and friendship, and the underlying sense that there are no hills left untraversed.

Kind regards,

Silas Hand

BMedSci Hons (Literature and Medicine)

Note from the Editor

Thank you very much to everyone who has contributed to the EUHWC 2024-2025 Yearbook. I am so impressed with everyone's brilliant writing; it has been a pleasure to read all your humorous, thoughtful, and reflective yearbook entries. As the Publicity & Yearbook Officer for this year entrusted with creating the yearbook, I hope I have dutifully collected and arranged our treasured memories from the hillwalking year for all to enjoy. Thank you also to Joe Knight for the illustrations, and to all those who have submitted photos.

I echo Silas' thanks to everyone who has been a part of the club this year, helped run club trips and organise walks, and carried on the beloved community that is the Edinburgh University Hillwalking Club. It was a fantastic year with much to commemorate. Without further a-do, I present the EUHWC 2024-2025 Yearbook!

Yours truly,
Emily Topness



2024-2025 EUHWC Committee

President | **Silas Hand**



Secretary | **Ellie Bestington**



Treasurer | **Willow Rolls**



Wellbeing Officer | **Hannah Collier**



Meet Secretary | **Joe Knight**



Social Secretary | **Audrey Sisel**



Social Secretary | **Angus Chandler**



Alumni Officer | **Tereza Vesela**



Gear Secretary | **Marti Herrera**



Webmaster | **Josh Newham**



Training and Safety Officer | **Calum Duffus-Hodson**



Publicity and Yearbook Officer | **Emily Topness**



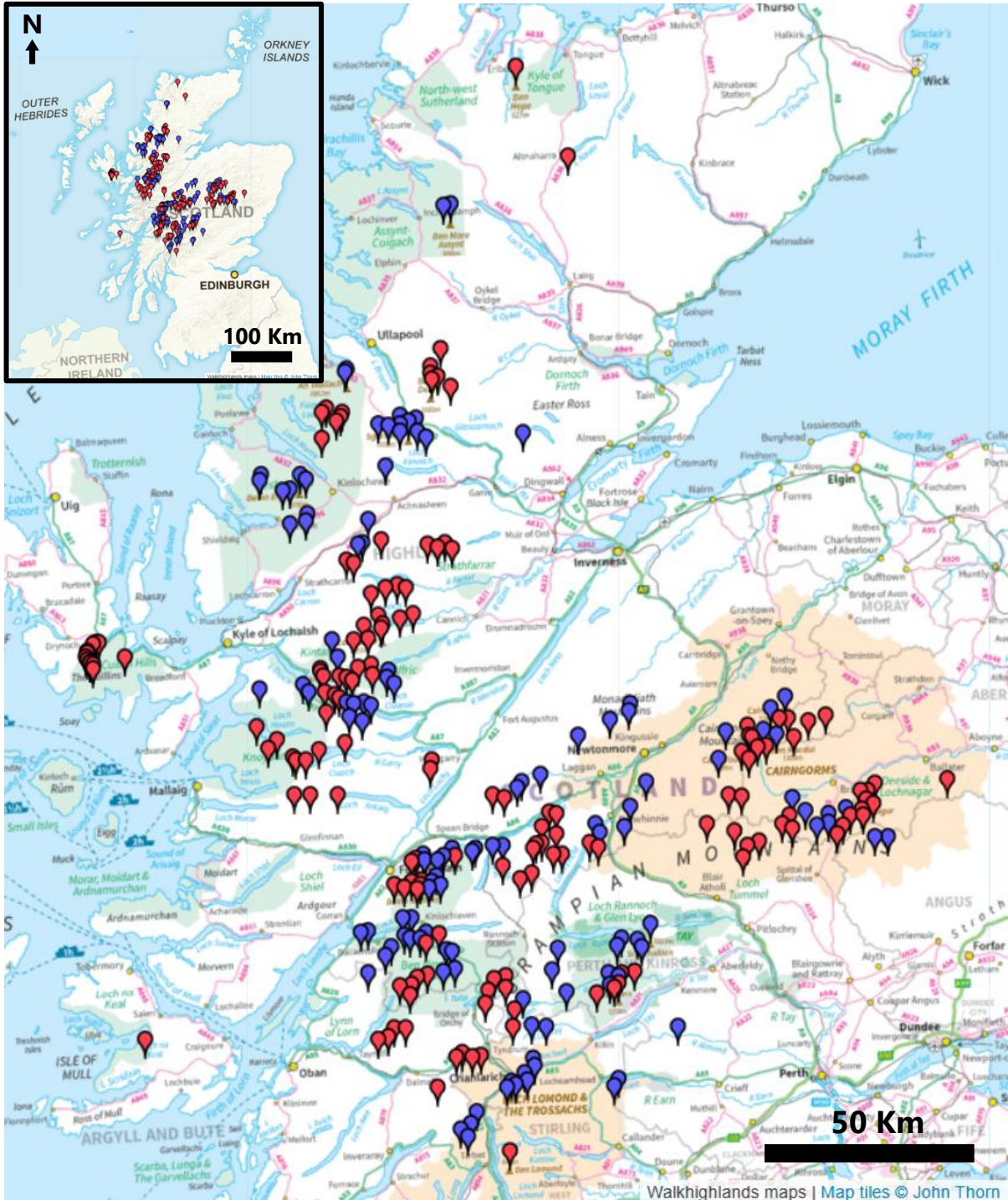
Sustainability Officer | **Benji Edmondson**



Munro Map

2024-2025 Stats:

123 Munros, 12 Corbetts, and 4 Fionas bagged!



With extra special thanks to Benji and Silas for maintaining and updating our club Munro count for 2024-2025!

Trip Entries

Arrochar Day Trips (21 & 22 Sept) by Hannah

The Arrochar Alps was EUHWC's first location in the 2024/25 academic year. Ellie and I led a keen group of freshers up Ben Vorlich. The committee later reminisced on how enthusiastic and capable the new cohort is, so congrats if that is you!

Ben Vorlich is a considerably steep hill, so the start of the hike involved little chat and potentially lots of regret from the newcomers. But worry not! Me and Ellie are massive yappers, so this did not last long. We made our way up the hill, looking at the gorgeous Loch Lomond scenery, right until we entered the clouds. After a few hours, we reached a huge cairn situated next to a trig point and celebrated our conquering of Ben Vorlich! To many of our group, this was their first Munro!

On the way down Ellie and I convinced everyone to film a TikTok, a plan we had formulated on the coach at 6am:

Ellie: "I hope they play HOT TO GO!"

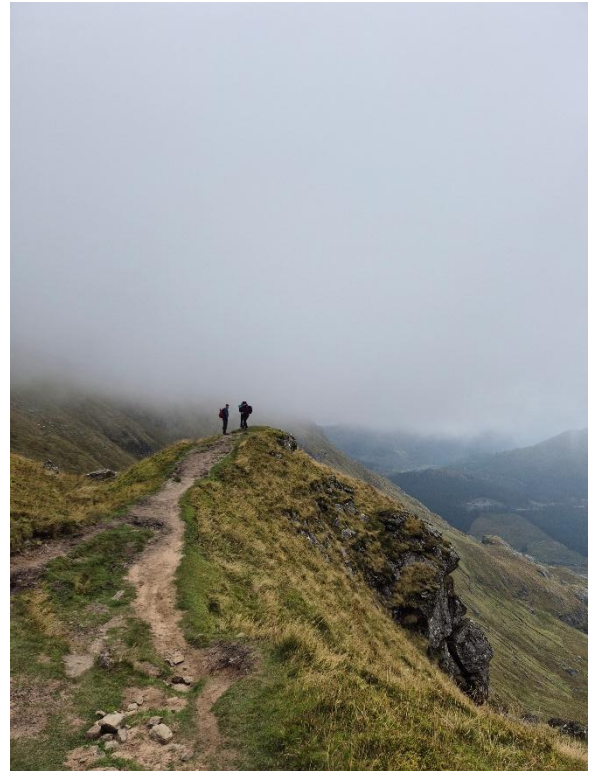
Hannah: "Ellie, this is the Arrochar day trip!"

Cut to everyone doing the H-O-T-T-O-G-O dance.

It was fantastic! A true fresher bonding moment and the start of Ellie's unofficial role as EUHWC TikTok influencer.



We trekked through Glen Loin, a section of the hike potentially longer than the actual planned hike up Ben Vorlich, to reach the pub. We had a few drinks and got the coach home. What a fantastic day!



That night Silas, for some reason, zoomed into our Strava route and discovered that we did not in fact summit Ben Vorlich but turned around 200 meters from the summit. Much to his amusement, he then informed me, Ellie, and lots of other members of the club. Turns out that the gigantic cairn and trig point did not signify the summit, but some random part of the hill before the summit. Unfortunately for me and Ellie, this blunder was not quickly forgotten and is constantly referenced – including in Silas’ nativity play.

I for one am not ashamed to admit my mistakes! However, I am too scared to tell the freshers’ who think that this was their first Munro. This is potentially how they find out (I’m so sorry).

— by *Hannah Collier*

Crianlarich (11-13 Oct) by Calum

There's a buzz in the air, Lidl's sweet shelves are bare, and people are descending on the Pleasance car park in their 10s. What on earth must be happening? It's the EUHWC's first trip of the year of course, and Crianlarich is the destination!

My Crianlarich trip started quite early, at 06:00 when Joe W picked me, Ewen, Benji and Felicia up from our flat with the intent of doing something, but without a proper plan. On the drive up we decided that Joe would do the southern two black mount Munros, after dropping the rest of us off at the Glencoe Ski Centre car park to do all 4 and meet him either on the hill or at the southern car park. We headed up under the chairlift, discovered the UK's highest frisbee golf course and headed up into some of the first snow of the academic year! Spirits were high upon reaching the summit of Meall a'Bhuiridh, but just after heading off towards Creise we decided the weather was "a bit pish" and decided to turn around and relax in the warmth of the ski centre cafe. Once Joe finished his Munros and headed back to pick us up we then started the trip proper by being the first to arrive at the Crianlarich Youth hostel, signed ourselves into rooms and got about properly relaxing and waiting for everyone else to arrive.

The hours passed and slowly the common room got busier and louder as more and more familiar and soon to become familiar faces made their way into the youth hostel. Unfortunately, one of the joys of being a trip organiser is working out a satisfying way for walk organisers and drivers to do walks they want to do, and which also provides a good range for everyone on the trip to go for. Luckily, I had Willow co-organising with me who thrives in such situations, and within a reasonable amount of time we had a plan and started the first walk signups of the year, which definitely went incredibly smoothly and everyone definitely got on the walk that they wanted to do the most.

Once walk signups were over, the hillwalking classic of table traversing commenced! Honestly it was one of the strongest performances I've seen on a club trip, many people successfully traversed the width of the table and even a couple of people, I think Peter and Ethan, managed to do the length as well! Once such festivities were over, everyone slowly trickled to bed, eager for the walks that would be happening the next day.

Saturday morning came and groups slowly trickled out on their walks, some more eventful than others. My walk came to a slightly unfortunate end, just after being dropped off in the car park for Ben Lui, I decided that we should all pre-

emptively put on our waterproof trousers only to find out that one of my group members didn't have any. Based on the forecast and what the hill looked like we had a quick change of plans where we explored the Caledonian forest at the base of the hill for a while and then followed the West Highland Way back to the hostel. Manas and Peter headed up Ben Vorlich, where Peter started his incredibly impressive trend of only wearing his rainbow crocs as footwear on the hill. The other walks that happened was Benji, Felicia and Finlay traversing some bog (and also doing a Munro or two), Silas and Josh did Beinn Chabhair, Joe K did An Caisteal, Emily and Shona went Corbett bagging, Marti and Lucy did Stob Ghabhar, Tereza and Anisha explored the world renowned shark toilets and Joe and Willow went up Meall Ghaordaidh, where their summit photo was described as looking like a "last known photo from some Arctic expedition". And of course, possibly the most important event of the year happened: Lucien tragically fell into a bog while attempting to jump across. Naturally that has now been immortalised in being the image every hillwalker sees when opening the EUHWC WhatsApp group for this year.

On getting back, I proceeded to direct people in helping to cook the dinner I had planned. Thank you very much to every person who helped out with vegetable chopping duties, especially in lieu of the consistently blunt hostel knives. In the



process of cooking off the spices of the dahl, we brought out every chef's best friend, ski goggles! And provided much excitement to first time hillwalkers when we came out of the pungent kitchen, still in full PPE. Once it was cooked and everyone was served, I received possibly the greatest comment I think I have ever and will ever receive, as Joe W said it was the best dinner he's ever had on a hillwalking trip. A low bar but still incredibly appreciated. As a reward for his compliment, I sent him to supervise the making of the apple crumble.

Whilst the crumble was crumbling, me and Willow, but mostly Willow, were running around trying to sort out what walks were happening on Sunday. Much to our stress, many people wanted to climb the curved ridge, an (easy) grade 3 scrambling route to the summit of Buachaille Etive Mor. We ended up with a simple and effective solution, no one would be allowed to do the route. Also, whilst all this was

happening, something else was being cooked up, slightly out of sight. In the “staff only” kitchen, some really good rum punch was being prepared by the expert mixologists of the club: Lucy, Marti, Tereza and Josh. However, because walk signup is like herding cats at the best of times, me and Willow made the executive decision that the punch was off limits until everyone was on a walk. Eventually the crumble was served, walk signups were done with absolutely no issues whatsoever, and the rum punch was drunk!

To end the evening with a bang, Josh wheeled out his stonking massive karaoke machine which Karel, Josh, McKenna, Lucien and a few others immediately jumped on incredibly loudly, and wouldn't stop until multiple shouts of “SHUT THE FUCK UP” after the watershed of 23:00 for it to reach a decent volume (i.e. not being heard at the other end of the hostel). We then found out that the St Andrews mountaineers were in town, so Joe W and a few others headed off to Crianlarich village hall to “inspect” their vehicles.



Sunday morning I woke up early and bleary eyed and made myself some breakfast alongside the other early risers, before getting the karaoke machine and blasting Mr Blue Sky through the hostel to get everyone woken in time to have breakfast and clean the hostel before setting off on their walks. We had a large number of walks happening, Anisha took the minibus to the Ben Lawers area where they did Meall Corranaich and An Stuc respectively. Alastair took Archie (I've realised I forgot to say that the club mascot Archie the dog was on this trip!) up Meall Ghaordaidh for his last Munro with the club due to his age. Willow and Shona did An Caisteal, Silas and Karel traversed the Glen Lyon 4, Joe W did the Loch an Daimh Munros and I did Cruach Ardrain. Benji, Felicia and Finlay being a

group beset by injury and onset concussion continued their boggy trend and that's about all I know about their walk. We also had Willow and Shona heading up An Caisteal; Emily, Joe K and Josh did Stob a'Choire Odhair; and Marti, Lucy and Peter (still croc-ed up) summited Ben More.

Everyone then made their ways back to Edinburgh, be it straight back or via such a magical place as Callander Tesco's, either having had their first or millionth experience in the Scottish Highlands but all satisfied in a good trip and having made new friends and looking forward to the club's next trip out of Edinburgh.

— by *Calum Duffus-Hodson*



Cairngorms (25-27 Oct) by Willow

Shifted to be the Halloween trip this year, instead of being the Fresher's trip like my two previous years in the club, there was hope we would avoid the Fresher's trip blizzard curse. (Note: Crianlarich did have blizzardy moments this year).

My Cairngorms trip started earlier with a lovely walk on the way up with Silas, Audrey and our Dutch friends – Thomas and Amanda, tackling Càrn na Caim and A'Bhuidheanach Bheag. The cloudy damp air benefited us, saving us from having to see the A9 for our walk up. Also, without clouds, you cannot get to experience a cloud inversion, which is what we were gifted with at the plateau.



On Saturday groups set out for our adventures in the Cairngorms, the weather was sunny, what more can you ask for in late October! Joe Waters and Marti tackled Ben Macdui and Derry Cairngorm. With Tereza, Finlay and Karel leading a group of 12 over the Monadhliath 3. Angus and co took on Sgor Gaoith. Anna and Shona enjoyed Meall Buchaille. Silas and Benji, with Benji taking his Sustainability Officer role seriously, walked the Lairig Ghru, carefully surveying the path quality and erosion.

Leaving Audrey and I to guide our group up Bynack More. We had previously attempted this hill a year prior and due to high winds had to make the sensible walk organiser decision to turn back. If any of you know Audrey and I well, you know that we are stubborn and did not want to be defeated by this hill again (well, unless for safety reasons, in which case we would've been sensible and turned back). We wanted a smaller group, to increase our chances of success, but ended up with a group of 10. However, this was one of the best groups I have walked with, as a full women hike (many of us not *super tall*) we set out at a steady pace, enjoying walking past Lochan Uaine (the green loch) (can confirm it looks somewhat green) and the Cairngorm expanse. Then, we reached the point where we had to turn back last time.

The wind had picked up, though was substantially less than last year at this point, the group keen, so we continued – onwards and upwards! As we climbed, the wind certainly picked up, reaching a point after about 10-20 more minutes of walking, where Audrey and I were glad we had turned back last year if this attempt was less windy. Fighting against the wind, we continued, sharing our poles with our newer friends for balance and support to stay upright, switching bags to help weigh down a smaller walker with Audrey’s heavy bag (well prepared and well stocked), until it happened – we reached the summit. It had taken a year, but we had returned and won, despite the wind.

Saturday evening was full of Halloween festivities in the hostel. Some people had gotten the memo and decided to dress up:



After a delicious dinner of Sausage and Mash with homemade gravy, cooked by Silas and an army of helpers, the post-dinner hillwalking traditions began. The dining room was re-arranged to create the centre stage for the highly anticipated table traversing and sock wrestling. Table traversing unfortunately claimed it's unlucky victim with a with a shoulder dislocation (keen commitment to the table traversing sport). Luckily many of us in the club have first aid knowledge, so the situation was under control. (Silas administering help in drag was a certain sight). The rest of the evening was a much calmer affair, with a group of us heading down to Loch Morlich to watch the stars, even being able to see some shooting stars and the Northern lights.

Before we knew it, Sunday had rolled around, and more hills awaited us to tackle them. With Archie getting dropped off to enjoy a day in house of Bruar (there's worse places to wait for a group). Ellie and Angus wandered up Mullach Clach a' Blair (Audrey's favourite Munro 😊). Karel and Hannah tackling Chno Dearg and Stob Coire Sgriodain. Benji and Finlay enjoyed Sgor Gaoith and its many tops. Ondreji and Silas strolled up Meall Chuaich, while Audrey and Shona enjoyed some Drumochter hills.

Joe Waters and I decided to hike the Monadhliath 3. Despite the warnings of it being one of the boggiest walks in Scotland from the group the day before, we took our chances. Poor Sofia realised her boots were no longer waterproof about 30 minutes into the 7-hour hike. My summary for this walk is that it is a very weird boggy plateau which, to quote 'looks like the trenches'. (We won't mention the stream crossing at the end in the dark where I got a bit wet, or the bog that I got stuck in). (Note for future walkers: remember when the clocks go back, it gets dark an hour earlier, so make sure everyone has headtorches in advance).



The Cairngorms trip came to an end. The weather was surprisingly lovely, many hills were summited, plateaus navigated, new friends were met and made and hostel shenanigans experienced.

Thanks Silas and Benji for organising this trip!

— *by Willow Rolls*



Torridon Autumn (8-10 Nov) by Silas

TORRIDONDONDONDONDONDONDONE

Speeding down the A9, my Suzuki Swift has been going for hours now. Its hum is gentle and constant, not unlike the threat of death. I turn to Joe Knight. He is calm and resolute. He knows the way. I have been trying to frighten Joe Knight for over a year now, but nothing works.

Drummochter Munros and the shadows of the Monadhliath envelop us. We talk of skeletons awakening from the earth and finding new life. We talk of the union these skeletons can never achieve. I will eventually write a short story for Joe Knight on the subject, but this will not scare him either. The speedometer



creeps up. He notices, but he does not care. He is stoic and flexible. The hills around us continue to erode. Many miles south of where we sit now there is a land of flat bog, reclaimed from the sea, and though it may seem, due north, we are trying to escape, the soil in our pockets begs to differ. We are ambassadors for the fens.

Torridon is a large, flashy hostel that pretends to have views of the loch. I arrive to disquiet. Four drivers want to do Beinn Eighe. I don't know of any hill by that name around here. They are clearly drunk. They need putting to bed.

Rearrangements are made. We have a large scaled down small model of the area and toy cars to place on it, and little green soldier men who represent the walkers. We bunker down. With the cabinet assembled, we arrange the troops. Leading is largely logistical. Eventually a compromise is sought: the four drivers can all do Beinn Eighe. They cheer. The coalition is maintained. I halt all future elections.

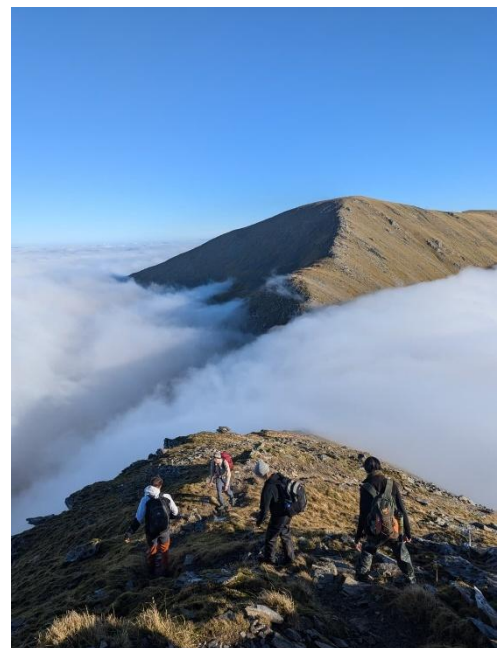
The sun rises on Beinn Alligin. This translates from an unknown and now lost language as the jewelled mountain. It is coated in mist and fog (redundant) and cloud (redundant). Callum and Ewn sit down on a lumpy piece of stone. Ewn looks to Callum, and he is concerned. Ewn does not express this clearly, but they live together and know each other well and enough is said without words. Callum understands. It is thought Callum says "I'm fine" at this time, but this is also lost. What is known is he leans over and wretches, his hair pinned back from his face. His breakfast makes its way along the hillside. Before long, it moves no more and will now wait for the

rain to come and move it further. Ewn reminds Callum of the mantra by which we live our lives: "Thou shalt leave no trace."

Liathach is a real hill in the Torridon area. Each year, the mountaineers of Glasgow make a pilgrimage to its summit and across its ridge. It is unknown how long this tradition has lasted (two months?) but it is integral to the health of the club. Should they not get thirty freshers up and over, the weather will turn shoddy on their trips, and the bog will burst and the peat will dry. Unaware of this tradition, I arrive at the car park in shock. Luckily, Peter Marsh has a pair of binoculars, for he is a keen ornithologist (this is a lie), and we see them on their march. Their behaviour appears confusing to our ignorant selves. Naturally, as is so often the case, the sacred nature of this procession is lost on us. We will all learn something by the end of the day.

Ellie is leading a group up a Corbett. A Corbett is a hill between two thousand five hundred feet and three thousand feet, and a prominence of five hundred and two feet. The day is easy under her feet, and the navigation is readily available. Her group is competent; half of them have already completed a round of the Munros and their eyes are only set on the cruel dream of the Corbetts. The walk lasts two and a half hours and they are back at the loch. The rest of the day will be spent.

Where is Joe Knight now? He stands on a rising ridge. His altitude increases, one foot in front of the other. He is in the constant phase of making progress. He has a PhD well underway. He has succeeded in developing a romantic relationship. He has seen the vast and beautiful wonders of the Highlands and yet he desires further progress. What is he reaching for? What does enlightenment mean to him? These thoughts are not his own. It is becoming clearer. The fog is drawing back, receding down the hillside – or is he still rising? What is the end goal? What sits before him now: the peak. The ridge. The journey. The cloud all sits below him, puny and confusing for those left behind but for Joe Knight he has a vista, of mountain peaks creeping out and showing The Way. Either side of The Way is a steep drop, but he is brave and fearless when faced with his own destiny. There is only one route available to him. He continues towards the second Munro.



Willow stands on the edge of a cliff. She is also making progress towards her PhD. The cloud is coming and going for her, this is true. Glimpses of clarity and then obfuscation. What exists beyond this sharp edge? What exists within the unknown, and how will she ever know? She has been in this club for three years, and she will be in it for more to come. She is from Oxfordshire, it is said. Her mother always taught her; all flesh is grass. What does that even mean? A woman of confidence emerges from the hillside. She is running towards Willow. Willow is afraid: this woman looks as if to push her off. One shove and down Willow will fall. But this does not happen, the woman passes right through her, and it is the woman who falls off the cliff, into the unknown. The clouds part for her descent, and Willow looks on in fear at the thought of what she is witnessing. But the woman is no longer falling. No, the air is caught beneath her feet, and it rushes through her hair, and in a distortion of what is known, this woman is flying. Higher and higher away from the coire and into the sky as it exists now and then. The cloud all but vanishes and Willow is treated to her own vista, and she now knows what is beyond the edge. We eat men like air.

Anyone who is anyone is on Beinn Alligin now. True and accurate numbers are unclear. The fog was too thick to count.

Drones patrol the high peaks of Liathach. They are owned by the other camp. They photograph us. They track our footprints. One of us has been foolish. The trace of Peter Marsh's crocs is followed easily by this weaponry. He heads up the hill in his crocs, he scrambles from summit to pinnacle, and he comes down again with his crocs



whole. This ruins the whole operation. Our motives are betrayed to the enemy camp. Little does he know this sets off a plan for vengeance. The crocs will not survive into the new year.

A minibus hurtles down the road in the dying light of the evening. Bodies rattle around on its floor, knocked about till bruised and blue. Eventually, the minibus pulls up by a bridge that crosses a broad and fast flowing river. The bodies are taken out, and it is unclear if they are dead or unconscious. In silence, they are thrown into the river one by one.

It is nighttime in Torrion but not everyone is asleep. We're going on a walk to a church on a limb of some land out on the loch. The path is unclear, and it is very dark, but we cannot see the stars. Eventually, the church is reached. It's not like a

normal church. It's in the open air. It's made of heavy stone and natural arrangements on a hunk of rock on this land out on the loch. We don't know any services, but we tell stories nonetheless. There is a figure looming in the background who can be ignored for the time being.

Nobody wants to sing with me. I try and I try but nobody wants to sing with me.

While we sleep, a glacier is moving down the A896. It not only moves through, passively, but shapes the valley too. Naturally, it is slow. The softer rock erodes away, and is gone, revealing hard sandstone terraces. Each night, the hills change shape as thus. They cannot be mapped, and new ascents are found each morning and forgotten each evening. By the end of the night, the hostel will be coated in ice.

Angus and Silas (?) are leading a walk with a cohort of Denmark's finest hikers and also Willow and Benji are here. The Danish know mountains well. Within their own kingdom, a distant land reachable only by land and sea, the mountains rise much higher than Scotland. Today's hills are sand dunes compared to them. I speak to Thomas, and he talks of his home village, Copenhagen, which sits on a precipice, with great stairs connecting one layer of houses to the next. The king lives in the highest house on the highest hill, and he surveys his land from a mighty viewpoint. Thomas laughs at our need to count and tick off the Munros. Another man relieves himself into the peat: his urine is matched perfectly to the pH of this bog, and nothing ever changes.

Tereza sets her eyes on the summit (the summit is called Fionn Bheinn). Little does Tereza know, she will never reach it.

There is a minibus by Ben Wyvis. Josh Newham has driven there with care. His gears changes have been smooth. He has spent the weekend thinking only for others, ensuring that no walker does not enjoy their time in Torrion, and this has only left him so much time to consider his own affairs. Now, as the walk is about to start, a realisation dawns upon him: he has forgotten his boots. Gosh. Whatever will Josh Newham do? So, he sends his group packing up the hill, and he's now back in the minibus and he's driving to find his boots.

Are they in the car park at Beinn Alligin? No, they can't be found there.

Are they by the swim spot next to the bridge? No, they can't be found there.

Are they left in his flat in Newington? No, they can't be found there.

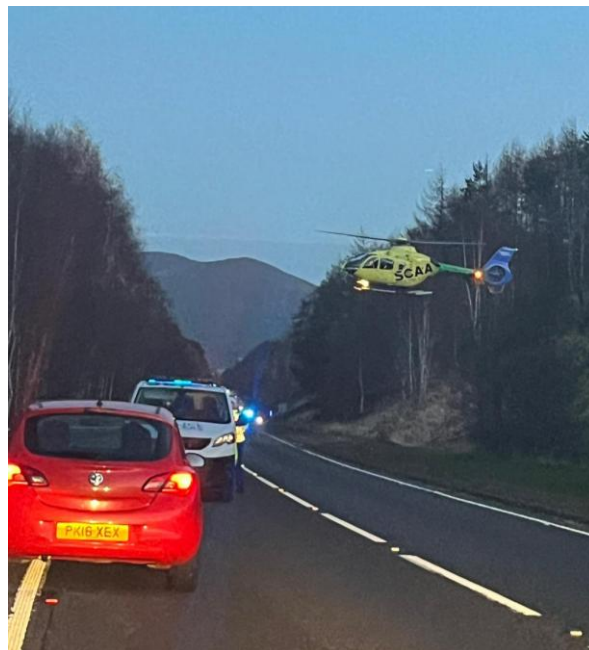
What's this? Josh is looking in the youth hostel drying room. Yes, he sees them now! Two fine walking boots. They can be found here!



As well as there being a minibus by Ben Wyvis, there is a railway carriage running over Alistair's head. It is quieter than he expected. A rattling hum, not a loud thump. Alistair wishes to be president of the automobile society and will likely succeed. The wilderness is tamed.

We all leave Torridon just in time. Helicopters land on the A9 and those in need are seen to. All is clear when the Suzuki Swift leaves Aviemore.

— by *Silas Hand*



Ballachulish (22-24 Nov) by Josh

As the Friday crept closer, the realisation that our first Village Hall trip of the year might be marred by 80-100mph winds and snow dawned on the Marti-Audrey power couple. Still, this did not dampen the dynamic duo's spirits and led to a weekend of debauchery, exposés and, most importantly, faffing. New records were set for the shortest faff and least hillwalking that will be remembered for generations to come.

The drive up on the Friday was mostly uneventful, with only a minibus-deer near-miss to report, but a fun evening of shenanigans followed. Chris VDM, Joe W and yours truly wasted no time in pilfering the loft – Hello Kitty and Mickey Mouse costumes (Figure 1) were soon acquired and decorations for a 60th birthday were spread around the hall. Benji rustled up a unique mix of blackcurrant squash, milk and wine that would affectionately become known as 'squilk'. Many hours of merriment, chair jousting and dodgeball ensued. All the while, ambitious plans were formed for the next day at the boffins' table...



Figure 1. Hello Kitty

We awoke to less than ideal weather conditions on Saturday morning. The forecast was mostly right and, while the snow wasn't too bad, the winds were most unpleasant. An optimistic group headed by Calum and Joe W attempted the heady heights of Beinn Fhionnlaidh but, after at least 10 minutes and 100 metres of hard graft, they valiantly admitted defeat and returned for a long day at the Clachaig. Next back was Audrey and Josh's jaunt through the Lost Valley, which was markedly more successful, with all participants completing the strenuous 4km and gaining a **deep**

appreciation for Scottish tribal history. Much to everyone's concern, Marti and Chris attempted a day "drytooling"? I'll spare you the details on that one. Then, came the most difficult walk of the day, one to truly put the participants through their paces, Angus and Finlay's expedition suitably named "outside then not outside".

This was set to be a meticulously planned walk along Glen Duror, sheltered from the wind, with any leftover breeze blowing at the backs of these keen walkers. It was off to a bad start as Angus parked 2km from the correct start point. Cue Chris in the minibus: "I swear the turn off was back there" – cheers for the heads-up, buddy. Everyone got drenched on icy concrete paths as they went to the actual start of the walk, leaving them seriously doubting if they'd rather be on this fine walk or in the pub like everyone else. Along the way, there were a few navigational blunders – a special mention goes out to the friendly local who pointed out a cycle path to avoid his garden. Fortunately, the forest sheltered them from the elements. They warmed up in a bothy, had snowball fights, and enjoyed an all-round good time. They then went to not-outside (the pub).

Despite a taxing day, morale was exceptionally high in the evening. After putting in a shift at the Clachaig, a group of dedicated members returned to save their wallets and watch the rugby at the Village Hall while prepping dinner. After being asked to peel the potatoes, a preposterous order, this ragtag bunch formed the first ever Choppers' Union to fight back against the man and demand better working conditions. This went well and the potatoes remained suitably unpeeled. However, unionisation was tricky, and power quickly went to a few member's heads, resulting in some gatekeeping and a flurry of internal allegations.

Biblical quantities of beans and cheese were consumed in authentic "South American" tacos and dessert was served in the form of a rum punch from an aristocratic tea pot (Figure 2). Spirits remained high and we continued the fun and games. New this year was the introduction of the "Winds Have Changed", where everyone sits in a circle, a statement is read out and you switch chairs if it is true. The last person to sit down spills the beans. This proved to be a great success, and we continued to expose secrets into the early hours of the morning, to the dismay of those with an early start. Our attempts to lock Finlay in the toilet at 2am didn't help either.

The Sunday was much more fruitful with some actual, honest-to-goodness hillwalks taking place. By some miracle, Chris VDM got some of the keenest members up a very windy Schoolhouse Ridge. Chris W and I championed a lovely day out with the minibus on Ben Chonzie, only slightly tainted by the 50mph winds and getting

completely drenched. Oh, and the sign at Perth Spoons (Figure 3) was out of order so we struggled getting back.



Figure 2. Very tasty looking rum punch



Figure 3. Perth Spoons sign

What came next was truly astounding, possibly the biggest faff ever attempted in club history – the Oban distillery tour. Whilst we had been walking on Saturday, the first group at the Clachaig came up with a cunning plan to top their 100-metre Munro – a genius faff in Oban involving whisky, a trip up McCaig’s Tower, the only walking they’d do that day, and allegedly “stumbling upon” some haggis tasting. Competing with this was Angus and Audrey’s slightly more serious faff to a dungeon, attempting to replicate the success of last year’s bone caves, and Finlay/Tereza’s bouldering trip to Fort William. I think we all have to agree that the Oban distillery tour takes the cake – a 50-minute detour for a day in a self-proclaimed “resort town”, though the Spoons is quite nice.

— Josh Newham, CMO (Chief Minibus Officer)

Eskdale (6-8 Dec) by Ellie

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Nope, it's Silas and he's been scheming again. The 2024 Christmas trip to Eskdale brought with it the much anticipated and first EVER EUHWC Nativity, written, directed and starring our very own president. Despite his so called "medicine degree", the man had time to write a full 6-part hillwalkers nativity from scratch. Taking full advantage of Willow's printer privileges, scripts were made and characters cast, and we were off to Eskdale for a great weekend of hiking in the English countryside...or so we thought.

The weather was once again not on our side, and with yellow and orange weather warnings of wind and rain, I'm surprised everyone actually made it to the hostel in one piece. Four of us in Silas' car (myself, Silas, Chris W and Rosie), made the sensible decision to do a hike on the way down as the weather was better, the only proper hiking I think actually got done that weekend. Blencathra via Sharp Ridge was our goal, and it was a fantastic day out scrambling. Views were stunning, so much so Silas asked me to take a picture of him looking out across the Lake District with his trousers pulled down – a photo that will never grace the eyes of anybody except those on that walk. We got to the hostel and waited anxiously for the rest of the group – I say anxiously mainly as a worry for anybody in Joe Carstairs' minibus. The last time this man drove a minibus in Eskdale he got it stuck in a ditch and spent his Sunday tracking down a farmer to help pull it out. But everyone did arrive, along with the ASDA delivery driver who made the treacherous journey to the hostel to deliver our food for Saturday's Christmas dinner, poor bloke.



With the weather look abysmal, we opted for a hillwalking first... a lie in! It was a very relaxed day, with big brunches being cooked, a fire on, puzzles, poetry and general relaxation (oh and for those with exams, a chance to revise). But as hillwalkers we couldn't be couped up inside all day, so at lunch time we all got wrapped up and ventured out. Some opted for a waterfall hike with a non-existent swim, others attempted to make it to a tarn at 250m but turning back due to the bracing winds. But there was one thing each walk had in common, ending at the pub. Much of the afternoon was spent at The Boot Inn, where the kind waitresses were happy to accommodate a bunch of wet (probably smelly) student hikers.



I returned early along with Shona and Willow to start on the Christmas dinner feast for 35: toad in the hole, roast potatoes, roasted carrots and parsnips, stuffing and gravy. We slaved away in the kitchen whilst Silas and Joe W were trying to have 6 by 6. Safe to say upon their return, Silas did not have the capacity to keep up with Joe, resulting in him having to have a lie down in bed after dinner.

Eagerly anticipating the Hillwalker's Nativity, Silas eventually recovered enough to perform. It was a hit. If you wish to watch this masterpiece, ask our videographer Eilidh, whose editing skills were simply perfect. After a difficult game of trivial pursuit (pretty sure it was made in the 80s), we retired to bed... or so we thought. The weather caused a power cut. Luckily emergency lights allowed us to see but we were particularly worried about the lack of clean drinking water and electricity

needed to refill the toilets. So, those of us who were still awake, scrambled together to fill up pans with water and put them beside the toilets for people to refill if needed overnight. We then retired to bed...well most of us.

Silas and Chris W decided it would be a fantastic idea to try to scare each other in the pitch-black outside, until they were actually scared when a figure appeared from the darkness! Turns out it was just Benji, who was star gazing...on his own? Best not to question it.

Dawn brought the return of power and a comparatively early start for us hillwalkers. Unlike yesterday, walks were actually planned with some sticking to the Lake District whilst others ventured back to the homeland of Scotland and bag some hills in the Southern Uplands.

A trip of many firsts the end 2024. I hope future presidents will continue the tradition of writing hillwalking Nativity plays....

— by Ellie Bestington



Braemar (24-26 Jan) by Angus

Yellow. Orange. Red. No – not the progression of urine colour on a Burn's night taken too far, but rather the progression of weather warnings leading up to this year's Burns trip to Braemar. Either way, red is bad news.

"Whatever will we do?" asked Audrey and Angus. A red weather warning most certainly meant a Friday drive was off the cards – at least for most of us.

The pair sat in 40 GS café and devised a plan, but even the best-laid plans of mice and men often go awry. All hillwalkers would meet 6am sharp Saturday morning at Pleasance, day-trip style, and join a walk. They would then join already-there-Hamish at the hostel for the traditional Burns shenanigans, walk on Sunday and return to Edinburgh unscathed. That was just about what happened but not without some drama along the way.

On Thursday night, while some hillwalkers snored off the excess of Sports Ball food, drink, and pyrotechnics, another spritely group of four danced their way into one bed. It seems they were unable to settle in such a snug arrangement, for when they woke up on Friday morning, they were in Dundee. God – what a place to wake up.



The rest of us were hunkered down in stormy Edinburgh, waiting to whisk away come Saturday morning. Despite a last-minute car cancellation, with some suave reshuffling and squeezing into middle seats, everyone did eventually set off from Edinburgh in predetermined cars at some time or other, destined for whatever walk their

driver had their heart set on. There were trail runs, railway tunnels, Balmoral cairns, and the best hill of the weekend – Morrone.

On the day of my 21st birthday I squeezed in with the other four hillwalkers in Silas' Suzuki Swift, bright eyed and bushy tailed at 6am, ready for a magnificent long day out at Mount Keen, the most Easterly Munro. We slipped and skidded out of Edinburgh across the bridge, up towards Aberdeen on the A90, and very nearly off the road as we sped round the minor roads towards Glensaugh's Clattering Bridge, where our plan was to meet its sad, sad end. We discovered, much too late, that there were snow gates at this noisy bridge. Snow gates which close every time there's any ice on the road, which there certainly was. At this point Ainslie played us a

morose tune on the world's smallest violin (it may have been a viola?), and we headed back along the way we had come, this time at a much more reasonable speed. By this point, too much of the day had passed for our Mount Keen walk, and so we arrived in Braemar at about 11.30am, 5 and a half hours after our departure. Fortunately, a tea-break with Braemar-based grandparents and a clear top on Morrone managed to save the day's walking for this group.

Elsewhere, the minibus managed to do two walks in one day, though the resulting delay in the potato delivery threatened to derail Burns supper. Tense.

And what of the Dundee crew? Whatever happened to them...?

'A German, Hungarian, and two Scottish men wake up in Dundee. They buy a glut of neeps and whisky in the local Lidl.

A committee group-chat storm rages about whether Finlay can drive up on Friday evening. He will do as he wishes anyway. There are complaints of "Johnson-esque Governance by WhatsApp".

The Dundee crew arrive in Braemar late on Friday evening. They are unscathed. They enjoy (?) a walk up Carn Bhac on Saturday.'

Summary of "Navigating Through the Storm: Éowyn, the EUHWC committee group-chat, and Burns 2025"

At last, on Saturday evening everyone was together for the traditional Burn's supper, toasts, and a ceilidh. The potatoes did arrive and were cooked all in good time, thanks to the hard work of Audrey and her team of chefs.

Hamish, on his final EUHWC trip, gave an excellent Address to a Haggis, before driving an ice axe through the haggis, through the plate on which it sat, and then flung the haggis to the floor. What drama.

*Now was the time for the toasts,
A throng of wit, and haunting ghosts.
From nights out past, with too much wine.
A little teasing, the laddies' crime.*



*Silas' verse did delight.
His words a sparrow in twinkling flight.
A complex rhyme scheme and jokes in batch,
The lassie's verse could be no match.*

*It was a shame to end this lyrical class,
a first-rate lecture in verse and sass.
For twenty minutes Silas had poked at
hearts.
Bad news, the next toast was due to start.*

*"Sit upright, your disinterest is showing,
in this straightforward, rather boring poem",
Whispered Silas to Josh,
"AA BB rhyme scheme, how original, my
Gosh!"*

- Anonymous



40 minutes later the toasts were over, the club still about intact, and certainly ready for a more active evening activity. We had the pleasure of a top rate ceilidh band made up of the perfect Peter Marsh on accordion, international guest of honour Felicia on recorder, and the delightful Stephanie and Ainslie on their respective string instruments (I really don't know what they were). Joy and merry, merry and joy. A late night for many a hillwalker.

Not just a late night for some, but an early start too. Reeling from the previous' days chillaxed walks, most had at least one Munro in their sights. An ambitious bunch. One group had a particularly ambitious day planned, 29km in snow to Beinn Bhreac and Beinn a' Chaorain. This plan appealed greatly to me. To show mother nature, that despite her efforts, I could still get a long hill day done on this fateful weekend. That *something* could go to plan. While I am no longer the same child who would ask, "Mummy? What's for tea tomorrow?" every night before bed and have even stretched myself to somebody who is quite relaxed (through rarely spontaneous), this weekend's constantly adapting plans had wearied me slightly. With that considered and a teeny spot of foresight, such an ambitious plan was nothing short of foolish. I could also still taste last night's wine.

Once again I found myself jammed into Silas' Suzuki Swift, though this time the squeeze felt less charming and more nauseatingly claustrophobic. If we were slipping and sliding around the Edinburgh roads, then what occurred on the ungritted road to the Linn of Dee can only be described as a near full loss of control. Silas' confidence in his summer tyres and 1 litre engine were at an all time low. I, however, was determined we would make it. What's in a bit of sliding? That's what the steering wheel is for. It wasn't until we were headed down an especially steep bit of the road that Silas realised he was unable to stop. When we reached the bottom of this hill, Silas was quite certain "we are not continuing". I understood. He was right, the driving conditions were just not safe. I also understood, however, that if we could not stop coming down the hill, it was also unlikely we would be able to get up it. By we, I mean the Suzuki. I was right.

"DON'T GO UP LINN OF DEE" texted Silas. "Terrible terrible terrible".

When Silas had put his foot to the floor the car travelled less than 3 metres before the tires just spun and collected snow. Even with a push he didn't seem to be going anywhere. Silas was distraught. What a disaster. Perhaps he would die here. And he had to spend it with me. Who was... delighted. It was like a crystal maze episode. How do we get out?

First up, Ewen and I would go and search for some grit in Inverey, a small settlement with just a few houses. We were not entirely unsuccessful, shoving kilograms of a gravel-esque dirt into backpacks and bags for life. Meanwhile, Silas called up the troops still at the hostel, requesting back-up with grit from the garage. Joe Waters bravely volunteered and was instructed to drive to the top of the hill, and we would meet him there on foot. He and his noble, more powerful steed (4-wheel drive mini), instead drove to the bottom of the hill on which we were stuck, chucked the grit at us, and easily drove back up the hill. How humiliating for the poor Suzuki. Not complaining though because now we could start gritting the road and getting out. We managed this stage by stage. Grit. Push car up until the wheels spin again. Grit. Progress. Grit. Progress.

We had made it about 40 metres up the hill when a great roar was heard from above. 300 elephants seemed to be stampeding towards the Linn of Dee. The Suzuki was sat limp and driverless in the middle of the road, defenceless against the 20 tonne gritter that was barrelling towards it. I flung myself the edge of the road, sheltering my head from the imminent ferocity of red Suzuki shrapnel. The gritter came to a halt; crisis averted.

So now we had grit, gravel, and a freshly gritted road. Safe to say, we were out. While Silas' car had escaped unscathed, my enthusiasm and sense of adventure had not. The middle seat of the car had never seemed smaller; the hungover headache and nausea had come to stay. In a move of cowardice and kindness I gave up on the day. Like any good hillwalker I had an escape route planned. Only four would continue in the Swift that day. What happened after I stepped out at the bottom of Chapel Brae, I do not know. I do know however, that they did not complete their planned Glenshee walk, and I had made the right choice.

Elsewhere, Peter planned a swim, most of the club seemed to go up An Socach, and any more ambitious plan did not quite go to plan. It was clearly not a weekend for walking.

By all accounts, Braemar 2025 was certainly memorable. The frivolity of Burn's had not been spoiled. The troubles of the weekend were short of traumatising. When everything (or, nearly everything) had gone wrong, we still had a good trip, and that is cause for celebration.



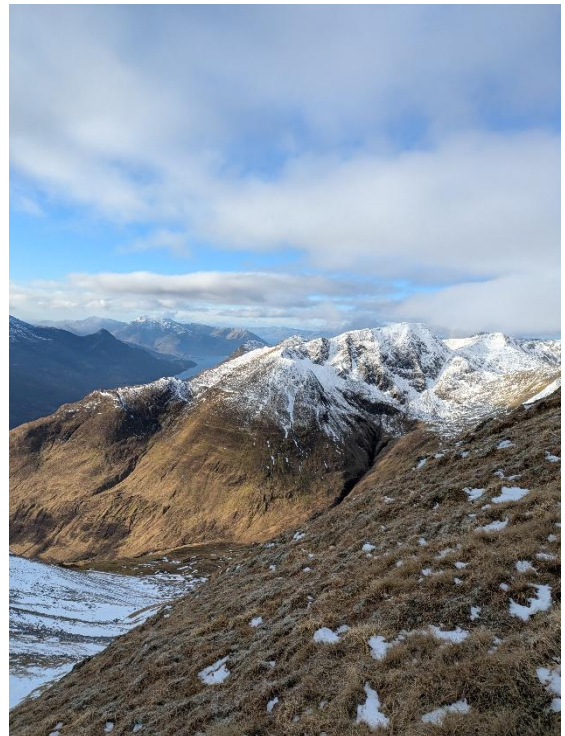
Braemar really might be the perfect place for a Burns trip, the 2-hour driving time is great for a Sunday hangover. Needing to cross over the highest road in the UK is a minor block but that's a gamble we took. It's also a gamble we will be taking next year. I hope it pays off this time.

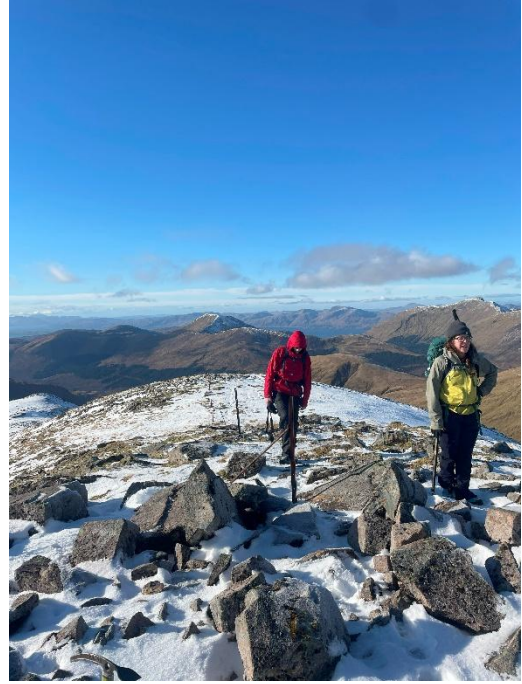
— by Angus Chandler



Glencoe (7-9 Feb) in Photos

We'll let this trip stay in the memories of those who were there... (and nobody wanted to write the yearbook entry).





Ratagan (21-23 Feb) by Manas

The Scottish vernacular contains many delightful words for bad weather – “dreich”, “pissing”, “claggy” – all wonderful and descriptive. There was only one word, however, that would be suitable for describing the weather on the weekend of the 21st-23rd of February, 2025: “shite”.

Driving down the A87 in the fading light on Friday night, I couldn't help but marvel at the sheer volume of water cascading down into Glen Moriston, curtains of cloud and rain flitting in and out of the spurs of the Sisters of Kintail, the sky a uniform dull blue-grey. Finlay M., Tereza V., McKenna E. and I were discussing the probability of getting up any hills at all over the weekend (consensus being rather low). Despite the uncooperative weather forecast though, maps and guidebooks covered the tables in the Ratagan Youth Hostel common room and there was an air of cautious optimism that the weather might not be as bad as initially thought. *Bratagan*, as declared by Ellie and Hannah, was in full swing and Charli xcx, Chappell Roan, and Sabrina Carpenter were coming through the speakers and rattling the windows (although that might just have been the wind).

Minibuses and cars trickled in as the evening continued (as did reports of incidents involving the consequences of Chris'... vigorous driving). Plans were formed, and route cards were pencilled in. Milly M. and Hannah C., wanting to catch a sports game which I can no longer recall, planned on going up a Corbett. Chris V.D.M reasoned that the rain “might be better” near the coast and made plans to head down to Arnisdale and up Beinn Sgritheall (spoiler alert: the rain was not better near the coast). Finlay and Tereza optimistically planned to get up the Forcan Ridge, Ewen W. headed up Beinn Fhada (with much emphasis on pronouncing it “Attow”). Other teams headed up the Brothers and Sisters, and Reuben Ashworth and I planned a grand traverse of the South Glen Shiel Ridge. Had the weather been better, I would have liked to do all 7 Munros on the ridge, one of the finest in the country. Alas, we had to contend with planning just 4 of them, with bail options at various points.

Ground squelching underfoot as we exited the minibus, Ethan F., Stephanie N., Rosie J., Gabriel, Reuben and I ascended towards the steep spur on the eastern end of the ridge. As we gained altitude, however, what was an innocuous drizzle down low morphed into squalls of hail showers and gusts that threatened to send us off the path into the boggy flanks of the mountain.

Between squalls, however, the River Loyne glittered in the early morning winter sunlight. Spidean Mialach, Glenouraich and the distant tops of the Rough

Bounds of Knoydart revealed themselves coyly through the cloud to our left, while the Brothers and Sisters of Kintail formed a rather damp-looking family to our right. With the hood of my shell done up against the rain and wind, I could've been mistaken for a medieval knight except in bright red Gore-Tex instead of metal plate. Abruptly, the path flattened out underfoot and a cairn materialised out the cloud. We had topped out on the first Munro of the day, Creag a'Mhàim.

In better conditions, the ridgewalk to the second Munro would have been delightful, with a fine, shapely arete narrowing toward the summit, path weaving along the right and left of the crest. These very geographical features, however, resulted in a fierce updraft which accelerated the hail to painful speeds, slamming into us from below.

Just off the summit of the second Munro, Druim Shionnach, Reuben unfolded the emergency shelter, and we crowded into it for a short lunch break. It was mildly comedic to be squeezed into the shelter with our limbs splayed out at awkward angles, and a most delightful scent of damp sock quickly filled the air. I'd say that it was completely worth it for the ten minutes that we escaped the wind and hail though.

Inside the shelter we were cheery enough, with a unanimous consensus that while conditions were 'shite', they weren't *quite* bad enough to call it quits, and we emerged from our bright orange nylon cocoon to a break in the clouds and continued along the ridge to a Top and our third Munro, Aonach Air Chrith.

The ridge changed character slightly here, broadening out for a bit which was all well and good because it was around here that the wind decided to show off by attempting to send us over the north face of the ridge. Being the highest point on the ridge at 1021m, Aonach Air Chrith provided us a guidebook-esque view of the entire ridge in all its gently curving and undulating beauty. The subsequent section of the ridge involved a gentle downscramble which was traversed without incident, and a squall of sudden rain that passed with significant incident when it forced water into my phone and fried its screen. An agonizingly long ascent beyond a small bealach led our windswept, sodden party to the summit of Maol Chinn-dearg, Munro #4 and our final one of the day.

A chorus of commentary on the game greeted us as we reached the hostel, the common room transformed into a theatre with a projector in the middle broadcasting the game. Two concentric arcs of sofas had formed, an inner one commenting on the game, and an outer one commenting on the people commenting on the game. The hostel was warm, the alcohol flowing liberally and a dedicated cadre of stirrers were hard at work stirring pots of beans in the kitchen.

As evening turned to night and dinners were digested over cans of Tennent's, this pot-stirring gradually took on a more figurative flavour. Reuben amused us all with even more absurd conversation than usual, Angus questioned the group on how far they'd go for love in the face of a lover's affinity for...fluids, and I found a nice



book in the corner of the common room on Scottish bothies. We knew that the following day was going to be just as, if not more, dreich as the current one. The common room buzzed late into the night with the energy of a crowd cognizant of the implications of such a bad forecast as Sunday's. Faffing was to be the order of the day, with half the trip planning on walking 6km into the Hadden-Woodburn Memorial Hut (owned by and referred to as 'The Bothy' by the Edinburgh University Mountaineering Club), in Glen Licht and the other half driving to the town of Plockton for a walk in a forest and the vague hope of a chippy (as promised by Joe Waters).

A peek out the window the next morning was enough to convince the group going to The Bothy to abandon their plans. It was for this reason that the entirety of *Bratagan* descended upon the tiny town of Plockton (the 'Jewel of the Highlands' as the sign on the road helpfully informed us), just across from the Applecross peninsula.

A complete and utter faff then ensued as 30 damp hillwalkers walked along the edge of Loch Carron on a lovely walk through Atlantic rainforest towards Duncraig Castle. After sufficiently bothering the mansion's residents, and with a healthy dose of anti-capitalist sentiment in tow, the expedition returned to the woods and crossed the tracks of the Kyle of Lochalsh line.

A small number of us found the idea of an at-request train stop highly amusing and walked out to the nearby train station, fleeing the station when someone pressed the information button by accident. Faced with the prospect of communicating with the real human on the other side of the speakerphone, we chose to leave the shelter and go back out to the rain, returning to Plockton nice and wet. We did find out that the much-hyped chippy was shut for the season, as was the chocolate factory in Glen Shiel.

Looking at pictures of Winter Ratagan 2024, with fresh snow on the ridges and cobalt blue skies, one might be forgiven for thinking that the following year might

have been similar too. Ah well. Such is the way of the Highlands – Scottish winter giveth, Scottish winter taketh away. Yet my memories of the weekend are not of the cold and wind, nor of the large hole in my pocket from having to send my phone for repair, but instead of the warm conversation, shared laughter and mild absurdity of it all. But, dear reader, you’d best believe that I have unfinished business with the South Glen Shiel ridge. I’ll be back.

— *by Manas Rayadurg*



Kinlochleven (Alumni Trip) (7-9 Mar) by George

*I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er glens and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host hunting for thrills;
 Beside the loch, beneath the trees,
 Bantering and shenaniganing in the breeze.
 Continuous as the goons that whine
 And complain of their doom,
 They stretched in poorly organised line
 Along the margin of a common room:
 About 20 saw I at a glance,
 conquering their cans in swift advance.*

The alumni had made it to Kinlochleven!

Friday started well with me bullying Calum and John into joining me on the delightful hill that is Buachille Etive small one in order to inspect the snow conditions in the area. Sadly for Joe and his hopes of falling off a cornice that weekend, our vantage point showed a complete lack of snow in any direction due to the ravages of global warming. Shaking my head at such a state of affairs, we jumped back into my diesel Ford Fiesta and revved our way to the Clachaig to inspect the beer conditions in the hopes that they would prove to be more favourable. After a few swift halves, a pool game where Calum's play was so safe he needed a belayer and John finding out that the Kinlochleven Chinese does not in fact serve Pad Thai, we rocked up to the lovely and spacious ~~Blackwater Hostel~~ very cosy West Highland Lodge and waited for the hordes of alumni to rock up.

Unfortunately, due to a grievous clerical error, when the other vehicles arrived it turned out some current club numbers had slipped into the ranks of employed old farts. Not to be deterred, we set about colonising all of the comfortable seating (important to look after your back at this age) and got down to pre-signing as many walks as possible to save the organisers the trouble of having to actually run a walk sign up. After this the rest of the evening is a haze of catchups, Arnaud's chocolate, witty conversation and liberal quantities of vitamin T, finally drawing to a close whenever everyone decided to wander off to the various former barrack rooms that comprised the sleeping arrangements.

Saturday dawned grey and slightly overcast as is often the way in Kinlochleven, but this did not deter us. Various vehicles sped out heading to numerous walks in multiple locations. Summarised below are the highlights of the walks arranged in how much detail I have about them with some key stats thrown in.

Grey corries

Alumni – 10

Current club members – 0

People who have attended more alumni weekends than club trips – 1

Munros – One less than the group from Dundee who stormed past us on the first summit then disappeared into the fog, probably more than anyone else on our trip

Weather conditions – Grey

Maps/mapping apps/directional aids consulted during day - 0



Match notes

- Dr Isla celebrated International Women's Day by being the token lass in a walk otherwise consisting of 10 men
- Professional tree feller and proud alumnus Mikey met us at the car park and refused to even consider coming back to the hostel to meet others. Apparently Roybridge has a thriving social calendar that cannot be missed for even one night
- Conal got so bored of our chat that he called 999 for an emergency rescue, unfortunately they had blocked his number
- My car did not get destroyed on the gravel track to the start despite all visual and audio evidence to the contrary
- Some tactical sledging down a rather large snow slope nearly sent Sammi straight onto a patch of quite large boulders

- Some tactical route finding sent the entire team down a very steep wooded slope depositing us at the top of a very large and uncrossable dam resulting in even more vertical navigation before reaching a forestry track
- A very nervous whippet was sighted doing some not unimpressive scrambling

The Aonachs

Alumni – Unsure

Current club members – Unsure

Arnaud – Arnaud

Match notes

- Arnaud got two new Munros done
- Or maybe they weren't new, he just hadn't recorded them the first time
- They're definitely done now

Alexes' walk

Alumni – at least 3

Current members – some

Match notes

- Frogs were shagging
- Ed bumped into even more alumni who had decided to not join the trip but were in the area

All other walks

Information missing

Finally, after long and probably fulfilling days, everyone staggered back to the hostel and the question of cooking dinner came up. Unfortunately, all the alumni were in a collective period of mourning for our dear friend Ms King. Having been unable to join us the previous night due to an urgent piece of flat pack furniture, everyone's favourite Gaelic primary school teacher had attempted the long and

treacherous drive to Kinlochleven during Saturday only to be struck with a case of exploded car meaning she would have to spend yet another weekend in the Ard. This loss weighed heavy on our hearts, so heavy in fact that none of us could help with the food prep so we quickly press ganged the freshers into whipping up a hearty meal while we drank several toasts to those who hadn't made it on the trip. Being tired out from the effort of cooking three times the required amount of rice, the freshers all departed to bed by half nine resulting in a slightly quieter evening than previous years. Despite this a good time was had by all, and we slowly drifted off to sleep to the gentle sounds of Alex and Ed discussing the Leith cycle lanes until the wee hours.

Sunday dawned hot, hazy and with perfect walking conditions, so a variety of routes were attempted. Once again, I have varying levels of information on each expedition, so the key points are bullet pointed below.

- Having completed everything in the vicinity Arnaud, Joe and I set off to tackle a nearby Corbett, mostly due to my enjoyment of being able to point out of a window during walk signup and say "I'm doing that one"
- Tiernan's team tackled the Three Sisters and had a great time despite the presence of a small amount of snow at the top of Lost Valley. They swiftly kicked the odd step and were soon sauntering down by the burn on the way back to the cars.
- Alexes' association tackled Three Sisters and had a terrible time due to the presence of a small amount of snow at the top of Lost Valley. They retreated at this fearsome foe and were quite rightly shamed on ground conditions in UK mountain areas that very eve
- Karel's klastch attempted the ski centre Munros and really took their time savouring those most interesting of Glencoe hills
- Conal's crew attempted the ski centre Munros and due to an excess of disposable income decided to take the ski lift up and down. While Munro purists may debate the validity of such an approach, when questioned, our dear former president pointed out that he doesn't care and walks up hills for a living. A powerful argument indeed, especially when it is considered that they got back to the café several hours before Karel's kommittee.
- Joe Knight's junta went over Aonach Eagach and I presume didn't lose anyone

Overall, it was an excellent trip and a great chance to see the other alumni, some of whom I hadn't seen in at least two weeks.

Peace out

George (EUWHC – 2021-2024)

— *by George Peat*



BraeMORE Village Hall (4-6 April) by Marti

The most longed-for trip for the right-wing branch of the Hillwalking Club had finally arrived: Braemore Village Hall. This is not any old village hall, our meet secretary, Joe K, worked his magic by sending a hand-written letter requesting our stay. So not only had Joe arranged a weekend near some of the best hills the north has to offer, but it was THE weekend to be there. The forecast: 100% cloud free Munros. Since the weather was so perfect, something else just had to go wrong. And so, as Joe W's mini pulled up into the car park (after a long day and a flat tire), I was met with a stressed Benji who told me that there were no pots and pans in the hall. "Ullapool has a good chippy," someone suggested rather unconstructively. We messaged Linda, the hall manager, who very kindly brought us two pots from her home.



You could feel the excitement as 34 hillwalkers crammed into a very cozy village hall covered in sleeping bags and mats and of course a huge inflatable mattress in the middle which Sophie and Anna were very proud of. Arguably the main disadvantage of a village hall (and I say this as a big village hall advocate) is that if some psycho decides to set their alarm for 4:30 am to do 9 Fannichs, unless you are a very heavy sleeper, a good night's sleep is out of the question. And so, while the rest of us were trying to fall back asleep, Felicia, Calum, Gabe, Ethan and Ewen summited the first of the Fannichs. Their efforts were rewarded with a cloud inversion at the top. Later in the day, Joe Waters decided to ignore the bypass on An Teallach and soloed some mod. Karel drove the minibus to Assynt where Benji and I organised a walk to Quinag, three Corbetts providing for a rather short day, leaving us with no choice but to follow a yapping Benji to a loch and a waterfall, while we waited for Karel, Manas and their group to get down from Ben More Assynt.

As soon as we returned to the hall, I was met with the smell of burnt rice and a rather overwhelmed Joe Waters pacing round the kitchen. The pots Linda had so kindly brought us were not exactly great. Basically, anything you put in them burnt which meant you had to continuously stir the pot, but everyone knows if you stir rice too much you get sloppy gross stuff. So somehow our rice was burnt, undercooked

and had the texture of rice pudding to which someone suggested "Ullapool has a good chippy." Once again, I found it a rather unconstructive comment. Determined to not spend 10 pounds on a chippy and also feed the very, very, very hungry Fannich-walkers ASAP, I ever so politely asked Alistair to go get some microwave rice from Ullapool out of the kindness of his heart. "Only if I get to do An Teallach," he responded. I rolled my eyes but had no choice but to agree (sorry Silas). While we



waited for the rice, the usual sock wrestling took place but there was something rather unusual about it as the contestants were suspended mid-air by a rope system Chris had set up. Felicia and Finlay belayed for what seemed like an eternity until Benji and Alistair finally appeared (I'm convinced they went to the chippy). We finally served dinner and finished with ice cream to compensate for the wait.

Walk sign up was a lot of An Teallach (thanks Alistair) except for Karel's group who did 4 Fannichs, Joe Watersssss who did Stac Pollaidh (best hill ever) and Benji and I who did Suilven. The next day when walking up Suilven we noticed the air was rather smoky. Our suspicions of a wildfire were confirmed when Joe W sent us a picture of Stac Pollaidh on fire. The fire brigade had arrived, but the damage was extensive. On a less depressing note, Alistair with his Garfield stuffed animal (don't ask me about the story behind it), made the second summit of An Teallach, Sgùrr Fiòna, his 100th Munro. Suilven was stunning, making the 8 ish km flat walk in worth it. Some of our group did the traverse while others went for a refreshing swim at a nearby loch. The walk out consisted of everyone trying to keep up with Sonia while dreaming of the Ullapool chippy where we inevitably ended up before we drove back to Edinburgh. We dropped Benji and Felicia off with Joe Waters who extended their trip, completing the Fisherfields with an absolutely stunning summit camp. Calum and I did our best to keep Ewen awake for the huge drive back (shout out Ewen for driving so far) but eventually descended into delirious nonsense until we finally arrived at Pleasance.

— by *Marti Herrera*

Caringorms Milehouse Hut (18-21 April) by Joe K

Joseph M. Knight¹ 

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The penultimate trip of the year always has a unique feel; the first of the three-day trips and with many undergrads home post-semester, the small trip size gives a distinctly cosy feel. Friday morning brought the regrettable news that Silas would no longer be able to join us, having been afflicted with a bout of flu. With some rejigging of transport spaces, everyone was on their way up the A9 come evening time. The minibus stopped off at



Pitlochry in search of pound coins for the hut's electricity meter, the start of a continuous weekend-long search. We arrived a couple of hours later, with Ellie successfully reversing the minibus into the hut's drive with only *minor* damage to the grass verge. With the exclusive member's room reserved exclusively for drivers, Tereza, Willow, Emily and I shunned the alpine bunks in favour of camping outside.

Saturday's forecast was rather disappointing, with low cloud and on-off drizzle. Finlay, Archie and myself drove up to the Ski Centre to venture out onto the plateau. Racing up from the carpark, we then proceeded to spend most of the day in white-out conditions and knee-high snow to summit Ben Macdui. The day's highlight (*besides bagging Finlay's Munro Tops of course*) was the almost surreal moment on our way down passing two blokes walking their leashed cat up the ski-slope path. Also setting off from the ski-centre, Alistair diligently took on minibus duty to lead a group up Cairngorm, at a speed later described in his Strava as a '*test of [his] patience*'. Closer to the hut, Emily and Willow tackled Sgòr Gaoith whilst, after a study morning, Ellie and Arnaud summited the Corbett behind Glenmore before promptly heading to the pub. Finally, Karel and Tereza took a brave group around the Creag Meagaidh circuit for a day of white-out.

Back at the hut, Emily and I spearheaded efforts to quickly rustle up the club trademark curry. We were very grateful for Emóke's brave efforts in holding a lit match to the back of the gas oven for ignition. Following dinner, and an unsuccessful collective attempt to bully Finlay into finding his hidden Easter egg, everyone crowded into the living room for a game of fishbowl charades.



Sunday

After the wintry weather the day before, Sunday brought pleasant sunshine and warmth. Alistair had a better time than Saturday, joining Finlay for a Bynack More foray. Also in the area, Arnaud took an eager exchange student up Cairn Gorm & Beinn Mheadhoin. The keen member set off running ahead but, alas, this energy was apparently short-lived, with a somewhat concerning message coming through a few hours later that Arnaud was now pulling the student along.



Willow valiantly took on faff duties, taking a group up Meall Chuaich and putting up with a late running car pickup after finishing with the group going to sleep by the A9 roadside.



The day brought a rather unconventional 'walk' for myself, Emily, Ellie, Karel and Tereza. The previous evening, Tereza had spotted that the Loch Insh activity centre offered bike rentals. After some enthusiastic route planning, and an increasing level of interest, we had planned a 60 km mountain-biking route. We walked down from the hut and arrived promptly for the rental opening, quickly getting kitted out and saddled up. The ride was excellent; we stopped for coffee at the Glenmore visitor centre and looped around the back of Meall a'Bhuachaille. Massive credit to Ellie who, having not ridden a bike in years, smashed her distance record. We

rewarded our efforts upon return with drinks on the activity centre veranda, with Karel dispatched to pick up Willow et al.

Back at the hut, we set about preparing dinner of sausages, cous cous and roast veg (which Arnaud, apparently allergic to any form of Vitamin C, snubbed). After dinner, Emily and I, in our role as the Grandparents of Hillwalking, set up an Easter Egg Hunt in the garden amongst the daffodils. Socialising likely continued into the evening, the details however are unknown to me as Emily and I retired to our tent.



Monday

Monday morning brought a return to the cloudy and altogether more wintry weather. Archie and I took a group around Creag Meagaidh, enjoying unexpected breaks in the cloud and making very rapid time. Having dropped us off from the minibus, Tereza, Alistair and Willow took on the Easains. Karel took on Càrn na Caim and A'Bhuidheanach Bheag whilst Emily and Finlay lead the '*I just want to get back to Edinburgh*' walk up the A9 Geal Charn. Overall, an excellent trip and a pleasure to organise with Emily, who seems like a really nice person that I ought to get to know better.

— by Joe Knight



Torridon Summer (23-26 May) by Alistair

I'm getting a feeling of *deja vu*, have we been to this hostel recently? Torridon would be the scene of the annual end-of-year trip, where we'd enjoy more of the favourable weather that we'd experienced this semester so far, right? Wrong. Nevertheless, that would not stop 40ish of the finest hillwalkers from making the long journey up North.

Joe W and Milly left early and were on shopping duty, with the two minibuses leaving at 4pm and 5pm, along with Silas and Angus' cars. With one minibus leaving an hour after the other, you wouldn't expect them to come across each other, but just after Blair Atholl on the A9, the 4pm minibus piloted by Ewen came into view of the chasing 5pm minibus piloted by yours truly. Ewen put up a valiant defence effort, blocking off an overtake by moving once to the right, and once to the left, but could not keep the lead for long. Ewen will claim that his minibus was slower, but he was in fact in the wrong gear to get the most power out of his minibus. The van driver behind was enjoying the action so much he was flashing his lights in approval (it couldn't possibly be for any other reason).

The minibus shenanigans would continue, with a new speed record achieved in Glen Docherty (current and future minibus drivers take note) and the Kinlochewe to Torridon single track road in the dark turned out to be a fantastic rally stage (all minibus passengers would agree). Angus sensibly pulled into a passing place to let the world's fastest minibus through. Gianni had strategically been placed in Angus' car for his well-being, having been assigned to the minibus originally. Sports Union, if you are reading this, of course all of this is exaggerated, in this club we would definitely, absolutely not partake in activities such as these or similar, such as trying to achieve the highest speed possible in the minibus. Silas would be the last to arrive to the hostel, having initially sped past Angus out of Edinburgh, and he looked a little rosy after the committee handover trip on the Isle of Arran the week before.



Unfortunately, Silas had left the good weather back in Arran, and as Saturday was forecast to be the least crap weather of the trip, proper walks were planned. Angus and Joe W were hurried up Beinn Aligin by swarms of midges, and down the

other side by miserable rain and diabolical visibility. I'm sure Beinn Alligin looked nice, but I still haven't seen it despite doing both Munros.

Calum and Manas lured a group up Beinn Eighe with the promise of seeing the wreckage of a Lancaster Bomber. They did not see any wreckage and got very wet instead. Emily and Joe led the goon walk, a Diabaig coastal geology appreciation walk with scenic views of Loch Torridon and a café visit. Ellie, Karel and Anna Hill took on Beinn Liath Mhor and Sgorr Ruaidh from the less trodden North side. No one signed up to Finlay, Milly and Benji's walk, 22km for a singular Corbett. I don't blame them.



Felicia, Tereza and Ewen led a group up the soggy slope of Moruisg and its neighbouring Corbett, but in the opposite direction to what was planned due to a navigational blunder. On the way down, Silas and Ewen hurried off to see a train pass by on the Inverness - Kyle of Lochalsh line, abandoning the rest of the group. When reunited, they along with Ellie's minibus, took the scenic route back to the hostel via Loch Carron. That evening, the hostel drying room was packed to the brim and likely contained more water than Upper Loch Torridon. But with everyone dried off, the now regular meal of chickpea curry was appreciated.

Sunday's weather was looking better than it had in the days prior to walk organising. However, with a small risk of isolated lightning in the afternoon, any walks of any meaningful altitude would need to be descending before lunchtime. Put

off by the early start required to do hills, most walk organisers decided to faff instead (club's gone soft). Two proper walks were presented, but only myself, Karel and Tereza ended up doing a hill, A'Ghlas-bheinn, over Ratagan way. A large group did the Diabaig loop, experiencing alternating periods of sun, rain and hail. They also visited the deer museum, the open-air church, and most importantly, the pub. A bunch went trail running, but as that's not hillwalking, no one cares about that. Calum took a group nav training, but the lack of maps for the area was a slight oversight. The maps that did exist came back wet and modular.



Ewen and co took the minibus on tour, heading North to Victoria Falls at Loch Maree with Loch Maree Islands by Peat and Diesel playing full blast. They then adventured round via Gairloch, Poolewe, Inverewe Gardens and then the Corrieshallich Gorge Reserve. Near Breamore they visited Lael Gardens, where Manas had a great time finding the redwoods and sequoia trees. Ewen had to do all the driving as Ellie didn't want to drive the last bit up the driveway to the hostel, due to the embarrassment she had experienced the day before, stalling and requiring Anna Hill to remind her how to do a hill start.



Meanwhile, on the only proper hill walk of the day, weather was mixed on the walk up to Bealach an Sgàirne, where we were greeted by hail and rain after a tricky river crossing over Allt Coire an Sgàirne, which was in spate. We were under Silas' orders to not continue to the summit after 11:00 under any circumstances if we hadn't done so already, due to the risk of getting struck by lightning. The clouds on top disappeared in time for us to summit at 11:51, providing great views to the East and North. As the weather was so nice, we made the walk a loop, with an extension down to the Falls of Glamoch, which were more impressive than expected. On the long path out, we came across what we thought was a dead deer calf curled up next to the path. But after further inspection, it was discovered that Bambi was still alive. We found a rope swing down in the glen, and on the drive back we saw most of the Torridon hills, cloud free and looking fine.

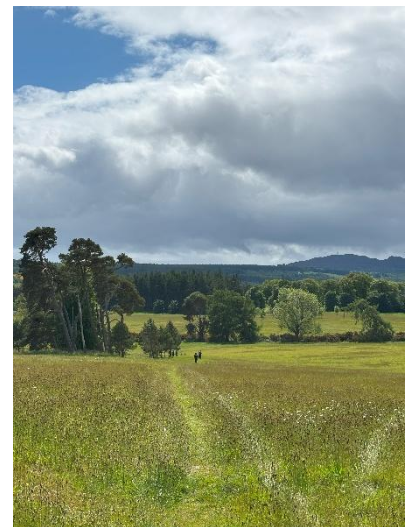


Most groups got back early for a relaxed afternoon, reading, playing Scrabble and Uno, doing jigsaw puzzles and disturbing the peace playing Jenga. A large group went for a swim in Upper Loch Torridon. The evening meal was sausages, couscous and roast vegetables by Willow, before a serving of apple crumble and custard for dessert. The group faffing at the pub would get back late as no one could be bothered going to pick them up and would get fewer sausages than everyone else. You snooze you lose, I guess.



Lighting was again forecast for Monday, this time for all regions on the way back to Edinburgh, which meant no hills full stop, not even any Grahams. This meant three walks of varying levels of faff were organised. In recent years, it seemingly has become a tradition for the outgoing president to faff on the final day of the final trip of the year, so Silas, along with Seamus carried on this tradition with an Inverness faff. They first went to the museum to discover it is closed on Mondays, so faffed about in Waterstones instead, arriving back in Edinburgh for 2:30pm.

On the medium level faff walk was the cars of Milly, Angus and Finlay, along with Ellie and Karel's minibus, headed to the North end of Loch Ness for a 10km walk starting at Dores beach, heading around Tor Point and then past Aldourie Castle. Milly's route through Darroch Wood turned out to be impassable as the track was overgrown with spikey gorse, and they had to turn back. At least the weather looked nice for them in the photos.



The weather on the Glen Affric loop walk was less nice, with the other minibus and Joe W's car, Glen Affric wasn't quite living up to its reputation as Scotland's most beautiful glen. The almost continuous drizzle did its best to hamper spirits, but we successfully tackled a river crossing and passed by Strawberry Cottage. From there, entertainment was provided by Benji and Felicia trying to push each other into puddles, before a long trek back to the minibus along the Affric-Kintail Way. That was pretty much all that happened apart from getting wet. The road in was nice to drive, although we did get stuck behind a French campervan for a bit.



Overall, despite the weather, a worthy trip to round off another great year as we say goodbye to some departing members, including all our favourite Master's and exchange students who have managed to put up with us for the year. A big thanks goes to Emily and Willow for organising the trip. See you next year, but no prizes for guessing which hostel it will be. We might be getting more *deja vu*...



— by *Alistair Murison*

Burns Speeches

Toast to the Lassies

Intro

Scotland, Scotland, land of beauty and verse.
 A culture so refined and so tasteful:
 Why, oh why, do we put you through the curse
 Of our poetry and presence. It's wasteful
 When Rabbin Burns wrote smooth glimmering gold
 And Scott caught a nation from beginning
 Why should Finlay, Benji, Joe be so bold
 Of wasting words on these wasted women.
 May I welcome the lassies to Burn's night.
 You lovely ladies, set yourself at ease;
 Gone are the insults, so childish and trite,
 We love you too much, we're on our knees.
 The boys came together, the left and right,
 Yes, the kind and the mean, boring and fun:
 We gathered, in Marchmont, on Monday night
 We came, bipartisan, and got the job done.
 We massed, as men, to craft fine word play;
 What ever happened then?
 Well the best-laid plans of mice and men
 Seem oft to gang astray.



Ellie

Let's begin with a portrait of a girl:
 She likes to put us to the testington
 But as this kind rhyme will let us unfurl
 There's no one quite like Ellie Bestington
 You know the name? You're not the firstington.
 See the RGS conference guest listington.
 Pub newbies are getting the worstington:
 "I'm chatting them up" she insists upon.
 Don't think I don't see you with the freshers;
 It's quite funny how the Besty heart floats.

What do they really have that you treasure?
We get it: votes for drinks and drinks for votes.
But when you're not with a baby born fresh
An older gentleman can be good fun.
Is it the aged wrinkles of their flesh,
Or the career options found up their bum?
I'm surprised to see you here in Braemar,
When your degree's so incredibly hard
From your coursework you cannot travel far
Unless there's a QMD on the card.
Walking home behind Marti and Chris
But hidden behind lampposts for the thrills;
You survey their state of romantic bliss
And hopefully you pick up some nav skills.
Cause you can't tell a crack from a crevice
Turning back on Ben Vorlich you muppet.
Your aims are as sky high as Ben Nevis;
You'll know if you ever can get up it.
Is it your turn? Have you checked the rota?
Or is it Joe's turn to summit something?
What we all need is a Munro quota:
For you, there's a first time for everything.
Of course, I know what's on your agenda:
Get Suzuki Swifts out the middle lane;
Ban the booze; teach the masculine gender
A lesson for being such a damn pain.
Course this is all in jest, no need to sob,
But forget it Besty, hands off my job!

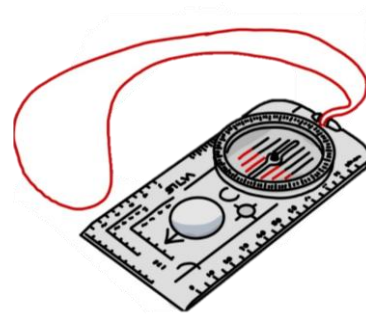
Hannah

Now our trolley fighter, Miss Collier!
Can't believe you lost; can we see the scar?
Shame you can't get through drivers' cochleas:
A right-wing walk signup may be too far.
When was the last time you did a big hill?
Welfare's taken up too much of your time.
Not enough faff walks is what's on your bill;

The same old chime: too much fun, too much climb.
 You're tucked away in the posh end of Leeds,
 You journey by bus through the estates.
 You know what last Christmas break truly needs?
 A night out in that God forsaken place.
 But we don't even get through the bus ride
 When events begin getting out of whack:
 A row below deck, has someone died?
 "Call 999: This bus is under attack!"
 That's enough, time for the real McCoy
 This girl here is clearly just daddy's toy
 He stood there in your doorway, me open-mouth
 When he told me, yes Silas, I spent a year in Louth.
 I said, surely not, timid like a mouse
 He said: that's enough. Get outta my house.

Eilidh

Let's delve to the depths of the dark Bone Caves
 Where me and Hannah found two new faves
 Forget Logan, move on, he Burslemed and burnt
 But Eilidh is here: it's about to get turnt!
 Get your head out the river, you Aussie lass
 Of Scottish descent? We'll give you a pass.
 Where's your flatmates gone? We liked them more.
 Bring them to pub, leave yourself at the door.



Willow

Oh, I was talking to a girl in the pub
 She's absolutely rock and roll
 So when I say Willow rocks
 You say - "Willow Rolls!"
 And thank Jesus I met her in the club,
 As should you text, you'll only get a snub,
 Three to thirteen business days will be faffed
 Before fuel is paid, I'm in overdraft.
 Willow, I'm starving, I'm begging I plead
 Just a mere twenty quid is all I need.

But wait? What's this? Have you got some new boots?
 A gold ring I see, you cannot refute.
 Oh, Willow, my Willow, what can you say,
 You can't give our funds to Reform UK.

Erin

Now we arrive at dear Erin from Kent,
 On Crianlarich, she liked a big sing song
 Up so late, that in the end, she was sent
 To bed. It went on for so very long.
 Finally, the hostel could go to sleep
 Until we were woken to boom box beats.

Milly

You wanna know who's been a bit silly?
 Look no further than two-timing Milly.
 That's a bit harsh, but do you remember
 A Christmas night in the bleak November?
 The green mistle toe had green mistle grown
 Baby Cupid with his arrow had flown
 And shot our Milly in her gentle heart
 A courting process with Angus did start.
 He approached, or she approached, whatever
 And they began a dance move endeavour.
 They would go: one foot forwards, one step back,
 Milly eyed up his prominent six pack.
 But it was never just Angus's looks
 Placing the boy within Milly's good books.
 It was also the six sherries she'd drank
 And that all the other boys are just mank.
 Yes! It was love if I ever did see,
 Which I didn't – I forgot my ID.
 Two young students, Monteiro and Chandler,
 I cannot say who's horse and who's handler.
 But what will happen before end of day?
 He's getting tired, she's lost in the fray,
 Angus goes to leave her – she says, no stay,



Maybe this could still end a different way?
Lips were moving but with nothing to say.
Angus leans in, his tongue a sunlit ray:
Milly's epiphany: "Wait no. You're gay."
"No, I'm not," he said. "It's not an issue,"
She replied. "And now, I only wish'ou
The best of luck in your future love life."
And Milly walked away, a twisted knife.
Well, Angus was a tiny bit perplexed.
But forget him, where will Milly walk next?
To Josh Newham, of course, he's so geek chic,
She put a date in his books for next week.
So a week goes by, he's at the table
Of an expensive restaurant in Naples.
What's this, Milly's nowhere and can't be seen?
She's forgotten him, what does this all mean?
We've come together and had a long think.
Maybe next time, Milly, hold off the drink.

The next set of subjects are all USA
Had enough of it all, from Boston to LA
I feel bad for you, sitting through that election.
But don't worry, she lost. No more lies and deception!

McKenna

McKenna, you travelled from McVegas
To come over to Scotland and plague us.
One bed in your flat must be quite cosy,
So your flatmate must love a slight nosey.
But of course, we're not being quite fair,
Because your flatmate's never truly there.
Falling off Fiacaill ridge must've been ropey,
You must have been feeling fairly dopey.
Clearly, dearest Audrey has taught you well,
You've been shown how to put us all through hell.

Audrey

And where is Audrey, now you mention it?
 Is she in the room? Does she stand or sit?
 I'm looking but it couldn't be harder!
 If only we'd invested in SARDA.
 Except when you did look in our pockets,
 It seems all our wallets were forgotten.
 Yes, it's funny but none of us had cash
 To splash on doggies who dive and dash
 And I'm sure, as they search, they hunt and thrive
 If only they could find a person alive.
 I feel good to know, if I break a leg
 On the hillside, I can sit and will beg
 For rescuers to get me out of that place
 Instead, I'll die as a dog licks my face.
 But when walk sign up comes and we've all had enough
 This voice rings out - "CAN Y'ALL PLEASE SHUT UP"

Emily

Couples have a giver and a taker,
 But with Jemily, it's a walker and waiter.
 Emily's pace is a source of despair,
 Poor Joe she slows down, it's just not fair.
 Hillwalking? Oh no, she's changed her tune—
 The cycling club's where she's heading soon.
 At Willow's, the pipes faced utter defeat,
 Emily's handiwork? A bathroom retreat.
 But worse than that—a lasting disgrace,
 She peed on Arran's war memorial space!

**Marti**

But honestly, what could make me happier?
 You and Joe sit in hostel, so loving, so homely.
 Oh, hey Marti. You look lonely.
 Where's your boyfriend? Well, he couldn't be here today
 You're not his only hobby and they've torn him away.
 But before he left, he cleared his throat,

And asked if I'd pass on this little love note:

Marti Marti, my queen from Ecuador,
A climber so graceful, tis a shame you snore.
Zig zagging up nan Lochan in Glencoe;
Gliding up Integrity; special, I know.
Together a team we have climbed a lot -
You remember dry tooling? Talent? Perhaps not.
I still can't believe you made that decision:
Climbing on a meet, it will never be forgiven.
Daughter of a certified mountain guide;
Seeing your nav skills, you clearly lied.
Winter climbing on Dorsal lead to tears:
Your pace is so slow, move up the gears.
Dear Marti, I pray I have not been cruel,
Even though your cooking is like gruel,
You are the ruler of the gear store:
"Chris, no sex in there." Don't be such a bore.
We adore you Marti, and aim to impress,
I hope these words have not left you a mess.

Felicia

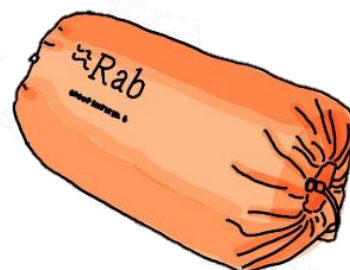
Now, can we all welcome back Felicia,
Don't think for a moment that we missed ya.
A 16-hour train to save the planet,
Just to put your hands on some granite.
Got concussion and whiplash on a boulder
If only you were taller, wiser and older.
Your head was spinning and you weren't even drinking,
but turning round on Chonzie what were you thinking?
'Lectures are so important' you proclaim,
Why then is attending them not your aim?
Back for another year getting maturer,
Everyone put their hands together and hail the furthest member who's made it
today.

Anna

Time for my fifth favourite type of hill
 After Munros, Corbetts, Grahams, Donalds, Marilyn's, Humps, Tumps, Majors, Simms,
 Wainwrights, and Hewitts
 It's Anna. Hey Anna!
 Not to throw a spanner
 In the works, but I heard you've been a planning
 A walk up a Munro. Well, this is a sore bit
 But we need you to do another Corbett.

Lucy

Not far from the end, it's getting juicy.
 Please all make a scream for our Lucy!
 You are the law, and the law is not mocked
 Unless you're parking in Yr Wyddfa, you fuck.
 Watch some Top Gear, read the Highway code,
 Get a grip and look at the bleeding road.
 But why look at the road when you have a trad lover?
 Treat him kindly - just like a mother.
 I mean that's how we feel in the club
 And bathtime is coming - scrub a dub dub.
 You spend your days working for the Man!
 From seven to seven, is this the five-year plan?
 The 6AM run is an all-time low
 All to catch a shitty train to shitty Glasgow!
 But it's good honest work, so I'm told,
 Protecting the NHS from the old.
 When those deadbeats all vote Tory:
 Get your dentures in, spit it to the jury.
 Until you get promoted next time.
 Rise up to the lemon and the lime.
 An office to call your own
 A ltd company with a small loan
 And you'll be queen of Scottish law
 Till the high court, where you'll soar
 And when the poor and impoverished come to beg
 You'll give them an aga and break their other leg.



The bullet is loaded; the gun is cocked:
You are the law, and the law is not mocked.

Tereza

Now the final lucky lady to feature in this ditty,
Tereza returned like Lazarus to committee.
With experience, wisdom, a talent to match,
Back in the driving seat - tis but a scratch.
Halloween came up; there's a bear in town:
Marmalade and vodka caused a lie-down.
"Wakey wakey!" oh they scream and they shout,
She mumbles right back, "Shut up, that's bang out."
Musical Georges are not your strong suit,
Giving your vintage music taste the boot.
But enough silly jokes, let's leave that there.
How can I go on with love in the air?
I've not looked over the alumni brief
Carstair's interpretation is all I've known
And times should change, but Tereza, good grief:
I can't recall Joe taking freshers home.
Yes! Call Lucy! We have a predator!
Enough of the jokes, enough metaphor.
He's younger than Benji and Benji's half-baked,
He's straight out the womb, his ID is faked.
Yet you're desperate to drive his car around,
Let's just hope you can keep it on the ground.
The SU were hurt,
Which caused them to blurt.
"This is slightly disappointing to hear,
As the club also had damage to a vehicle last year."

Outro

Now we near the end. I wish I could say
That we lived happily ever after
But alas, the clock booms, it's judgement day
From the completionist to the faffer.
Honestly, we beg for your forgiveness,

Dear God, why did we say the things we said?
We wash ourselves of that awful business
Yes, the laddies have risen from the dead.
Have we said what we want? Does it clean us?
Can we sing and dance in the acid rain?
Or do we leave for Mars, then for Venus
We will never break the chain.

To you the listener,
Be you fatty or goon,
If you enjoyed these lyrics
Then give us FIVE BIG BOOMS.



Toast to the Laddies

Intro

Are you all aware that it is 2025,
 So how the hell does your sexism survive?
 Maybe that's why so many of you are single
 Your inability to listen prevents any attempt to mingle.
 You blokes' ego is without equal,
 matched only by your unfulfilled libido.
 Well boys after those lacklustre chats,
 Clearly most of you are utter twats.
 We hope our quick wit won't leave you scrambling,
 And now we'll skip past your senseless rambling.
 But it is about what we've reckoned,
 Let's be honest, we're used to coming second.
 At least this time you somewhat delivered,
 After nights with you, women find that they've reconsidered.
 After this year, we look forward to taking you to task
 For our ire for you we cannot mask.
 Now the curtain's lifted, it is time to begin,
 So, gentlemen settle in.



Josh

Ey up Josh – our true Northern fella,
 Do you think you're sexy dressed up as a block of cheddar,
 We heard a rumour you got with a posh Surrey lass,
 But her nautical ways couldn't make you last,
 The only Southern girl at the Northern Soc pub crawl,
 It's kind of like Romeo and Juliet, if he was really fucking tall,
 Every Tuesday at Southsider you're there with your Tennent's beer,
 Though you'd much rather be on a romantic date with a deer,
 For a hiker, you seem to have a lot of trouble tying your shoes,
 And we're here to help, shall we give you some clues?
 Put your boots on the right feet when you're in Rum,
 And then don't leave them in the drying room in Torridon,
 Maybe don't hike with just Matalan and Aldi bags,
 And when you're forming a cooking union, don't just stick to the lads
 And when the British Empire is talked about,

Perhaps don't let us know "we're quite good at pulling out".

Calum

Calum, on Torridon you wanted a mega Walk
But it turned out to be all talk,
We know the mountains were a bunch,
But you didn't need to lose your lunch.
Are these nerves why you couldn't abide
Hanging around the mountaineering side?
As training and safety, what have you done?
Two avalanche safety talks? Just for fun??
For nav training you set a date,
But hanging out with Chris was your only fate.
But no seriously, what's the plan with that?
Because right now ideas just get mentioned in the group chat.
Well, if you need some advice, you know where to go,
You're looking at her right now, the ML without the ego.
This is your final year, we will miss you so,
Even when you throw up, halfway up a Munro.

Ewen

Ewen aims for peaks grand and tall,
with Calum alongside he thinks he can conquer all
but wind, sick and snow made such a palaver,
they always finish up with a pathetic looking Strava.
Never goes on a trip without his best bud,
The only thing you're useful for is driving for the club.
But even then, your driving is not that great,
And your fashion sense is certainly up for debate.
Your style on the hill is straight out of an 80s porno,
Pink shorts over leggings is what you wore, NO!!
But if there's one thing you Scots know about style,
Is that we can always spot your thinning hair from a mile.

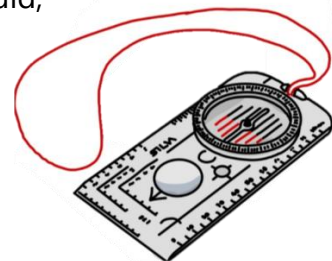
Finlay

Finlay, a great winter climber
to those poor freshers, you really could be kinder

For your presidency, you should work on your campaign
 Or all that chat about being president can't remain
 The window in Ballachulish was no match for your skills
 You come on club trips because Willow pays your bills
 You skipped a safety talk to go swimming
 Be careful with chlorine, your hair is thinning
 All those broken ribs, are you made out of silk
 Or is it because Benji has stolen all your milk?
 Your doctor prescribed you calcium tablets
 So, you resort to your vodka, milk and marmalade habits
 People think you're most likely to do class A drugs
 But the only crime you do is stealing Glenmore mugs
 You drive all the way to Glasgow to pick up your car
 Finlay, for the hillwalking club you do go far
 You treat driving like a competitive sport
 But at least you don't drop freshers off at the airport
 Unless you're Thomas.

Lucien

Lucien, did the bog call?
 When you took your massive fall?
 Your sloppy Joe breakfast stunk up the kitchen
 To Swamplesque's revenue you certainly pitched in
 We'll certainly miss you and your friendly chatter,
 But your skills at karaoke, that's another matter
 We're sure bog ecologists appreciate your contribution
 But canned ratatouille? That upsets our constitution.
 How do you fund monthly rent at 1600 (sixteen hundred) quid,
 When you sold your shit bike, you've had since a kid.
 Across an ocean you are flying
 Won't your Cairngorm bosses find that trying?
 That being said, we will be quite sad
 When you move home to be a New York lad
 With your departure the club's cocktail consumption will be lighter
 But because you always make the room brighter,
 We'll miss you on our Southsider nights out
 So don't you forget to give us a shout.



Joe Knight

Joe Knight what can we say,
 that smile you always wear will still give you away.
 You apparently bully Lucien relentlessly
 Does your courage die when you don't have Emily?
 No seriously, you guys are always together,
 You haven't spent a night apart in like forever.
 Though you fail to bring trousers, your girlfriend can help you, relax.
 Just like you seem to when it comes to paying your tax.
 You used to do long walks but now only on short ones we find ya
 You sure gave me a spook when I found you in your Lycra.
 He's moved into my flat and there's not 1 bike but four,
 Two of them are Emily's, and two behind the garage door.
 But in all honesty I love having you as a flatmate,
 Although I have invested in earplugs, because of the racket as of late.

Manas

Never ask Manas to build you a tent
 Unless a nice German man has one to rent
 For climbing you bought an expensive rope
 but your skills are anything but dope
 You spent two years in the military service
 but your anchors make Felicia nervous
 Robbie Philips told you off for the mistakes you were making
 no wonder your climbing skills go no further than rope flaking
 the simplest climbing mistake, back clipping
 oh Manas, your skills are really slipping



Seamus

It would be a SHAME for us not to bring up our Aussie friend,
 Whose love for pubs has no end.
 His first walk organised was to a distillery,
 And he shoved an old woman to get a pint more quickly.
 Getting him to explain his PhD is a trial,
 Especially to someone who has done humanities for a while.
 Is it something about women existin'
 That makes him not want to explain waterproofin'?

From saying women aren't allowed to wear kilts,
 For his misogyny he feels no guilt.
 A sexist but also a snob,
 Shoving expensive cheese down his gob.
 Who makes a quiche using gruyere,
 When his PhD stipend leaves no penny to spare?

Archie (Aussie)

Is it a bird? Is it a plane?
 Oh no! It's Archie! And he's dislocated his shoulder again!

Chris Walls

Chris Walls, you're a creep, you're a weirdo!
 We gotta admit, you're quite good on the trampoline though,
 For the love of god, stay off our trips!
 Whenever you come the weather turns to shits!
 It's all jokes Chris, we miss you so,
 Who else would sing Avril Lavigne, we truly don't know.

Joe Waters

Joe Waters, the man of extensive gear store
 technical equipment you seem to need more
 purchased by some mysterious funder
 it's a shame his belay skills are going under
 I bet you wish you'd done a humanities degree
 Is that why you are so grumpy
 Your mood only improves with a pint or nine
 if your coffee isn't woke, you'll have a good wine
 Would your St Andrews pals be proud
 of you hanging out with the climbing crowd?
 I wonder why you have so much time to climb
 Is it because your unemployment status is on the line



Karel

Close your eyes, and imagine this scene
 the wind is howling and freshers scream
 You say you're quite happy to continue on
 even if everyone's will to live is gone

Wonder who this could possibly be?
 We all know he's the inferior Vesel-EE
 Alas it is Karel
 Supplying the conversation skills of a barrel
 How old are you? 27, 28
 without a calculator, you couldn't get it straight
 The breakdown man called you a liability
 being in Karel's car, what a calamity!
 be careful if you have dietary needs
 a lactose-free meal plan never succeeds
 In the kitchen, you stand munching your Pringles
 It is a shame with your kitchen helpers you failed to mingle



Ondrej

Ondrej, the careers advisor of the hillwalking club
 We really could use some advice at the pub
 At your brother's wedding you rizzed up a bridesmaid
 We're all wondering if you got laid
 A wise hillwalker rehearsing the nativity
 Practising in front of your cats, bro is that your only night-time activity
 Using Strava for skiing and golfing,
 your physical skills could be evolving.
 What are you doing hanging around with us who are young,
 No sorry we need you as a driver, I'll bite my tongue.

Hamish

Hey Hamish, heard you're fucking off to Australia,
 Bon voyage, guess Waitrose just couldn't save ya
 We heard you got fired for a hit and run incident,
 You're timely departure's surely not a coincidence
 In the minibus you left your bag, wallet and shoes,
 You left in just a t-shirt, us ladies are not amused
 And if you ever come back, and we see you on Burns,
 Just know Gordon will be happy, The Dark Knight Returns
 Though can you please stop pushing your shitty old flat
 To the poor freshers who've just joined the group chat

Peter

Peter our club's resident hippy,
 Your tricked out van is quite trippy,
 Challenging Liathach in your rainbow cross
 Paired only with your water-soaked socks
 Tho' you cannot repeat that feat,
 May that single sole rest in peace.
 It was sacrificed to the Coruisk stream
 But with your gleam you kept their spirits high in that fever dream
 Playing the accordion suits your vibe,
 Your lilting hill songs is a haunting diatribe

Ainslie

Ainslie's been in the club for a year or two now,
 But he never shows up, to that we disavow.
 He's okay at taking photos, and even solving a riddle,
 But we see him sneak away to have a fiddle...
 On the violin of course I what I meant to say,
 After this, we are excited to hear you play.

**Dylan**

Dylan's our new guy who's mad about ecology,
 And because of that, he really owes us all an apology.
 Stopping every minute to fangirl over moss,
 Hikes take twice as long! That really makes us cross.
 And despite what photographic proof may deliver
 It was you who first stuck your head in that river
 Then you took your hiking boots off to stay dry
 Yet stepped in in your socks, we just want to know why?
 But Dylan, we hope you stick around in the club,
 We value your talents. See you at the pub!

Reuben

Next there is Reuben a Welsh boy,
 Your love of hillwalking seems to a ploy
 When you complained about not driving to the trail head,
 Why not just drive straight up the Munro instead.

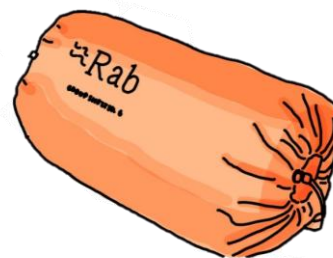
Rambling about the Brecon beacons
 But unlike your sardines, that has reasons.
 On Skye you refused to go into the cave
 But considering the legality you chose to behave

Alistair

Alistair, the club's most cheerful member
 Your enthusiasm on Rum was something to remember.
 Marching them through rough terrain for a silly shipwreck
 what a shame you've still not bagged Ben Klibreck
 They would never go again; you'll have to go on your own
 even Archie wishes you would leave him alone
 you told us Crianlarich would be Archie's last days
 we planned the funeral, yet Archie remains.
 When the motorsports club was in peril you asked for a favour
 but no hillwalker bothered to be your saviour.
 Speaking of motorsports congrats by the way,
 For most improved club but I could write an essay,
 On the many reasons it has gone downhill since,
 You became vice president, oh how we wince.
 Trying to recruit hillwalkers for you rally races,
 Because you know deep down, you actually just hate new faces.
 Good luck at your AGM as you try for president,
 But of course, if you do win, we know it will be by accident.

Chris VDM

Chris Van der Merwe, where do we begin?
 You think you're so cheeky with that fucking grin.
 And now you have that ML you're oh so cocky,
 Your attitude on Ballachulish was very rocky.
 Chris VDM ML
 A lie to Tereza you once did tell
 You take people up with one piece of gear
 While your belayer shits enjoying a beer
 Last week I heard your father was in town,
 Because your medical degree is going down.
 Poor man, he thought his son would be a medical pioneer,



But all he got was a lazy mountaineer.
For the mountaineers, you did the mini-bus test
But with Willow, you put in the money request
Being a mountaineer has made you a brat,
Rather than a leader you're a heuristic prat.
And don't you dare mess with our gal Marti,
Or we'll dance on your grave and have a big party.

Benji

And now onto the biggest milk fan,
Endless stories about Donalds you began.
Excited about your straight-line walk,
But in the end, you were all talk,
Because no one wanted to join.
On Eskdale you were fascinated by Lucien's groin,
Watching him peeing out in the woods,
Should have known you'd be up to no good.
Benji our favourite man-slut of the club,
Kissing last year's president, only to get snubbed.
It doesn't surprise us to hear of your stop-motion skill
At ten years old, you found it a thrill,
To make the short film about the Greek financial crisis
You have never yet failed to surprise us.
[hard pause] What the fuck, Benji?! [pause]
Now onto your close friendship with Finley.
We look at this bromance with some confusion,
But far more at your vodka-milk infusion.
Dear, dear Benji, you are so youthful,
Learning to listen to women could be useful.
Do not be influenced by the other guys,
As you have a good, sweet spirit inside.

Angus

In an orange costume and questionable dancing,
Your Vector embodiment was truly entrancing.
Halloween caused a bit of a trouble
Your long nap caused no end of struggle.

Delayed the SMART weekend group due to your hangover,
 Delayed even further because you're a big faffer.
 Walk organiser yet you got lost in Hunter's Square,
 Asking everyone where's Marchmont and how to get there?
 Speaking of losing, Angus, where's your wallet?
 I've lost track of how many times you've forgot it.
 Thank God you have a car,
 Or in the committee you wouldn't have gotten far.
 A social sec sends out a message on a 60-person group chat,
 But couldn't get a single reply back.
 Co-creator of the goon-fatty scale.
 This attempt at humour was a massive fail.



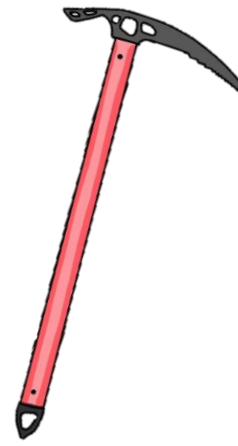
Silas

To bring an end to the show and make you all laugh,
 Of course, it's our president who loves a faff.
 You talk of the peaks and the paths that you'll roam,
 But your idea of "hiking" is a stroll to your home.
 On the Cairngorms trip, in the Pine Martin's glow,
 A debate arose, and you stole the show.
 Male versus female wetness, you said with a grin
 Silas, my friend, where do we even begin?
 And let's not forget that Halloween night,
 In drag, you were truly a glamorous sight.
 Administering first aid to Archie in style,
 The prettiest nurse we'd seen in quite a while.
 Silas, my friend, your novella's quite the ride,
 But your priorities, they surely have died.
 36% on your test for your degree,
 You're not Wordsworth, surely you can see.
 Your book's full of sex, in ways strange and bold,
 Are you compensating for something untold?
 The hills may be phallic, maternal, and muddy,
 But you might want to focus on the degree you study.
 But no, seriously we are full of concern,
 You asked Chris Walls for sex tips and in turn
 Talked about shaving your ball on a hike,

Who are you trying to be, Magic Mike?
Speaking of Eskdake, what do you remember?
That cold windy day, at the beginning of December.
In the Boot inn with Joe you tried to hold your drink,
But too many pints left you on the brink.
You managed to recover for the nativity show,
But your grandad tendencies are making you slow.
Faff walks, early nights and your slippers by the fire,
As a president we think it's time to retire.

Outro

When all is said and done,
We hope you know it was mostly in good fun.
So, raise a glass,
to stories of long hikes and faffs.
To old friends and new
To warm whiskies and cold brews.
To wild swims
and random whims
To memories of pubs
and good days with the club.
As we conclude, we hope our little speech doesn't have you sleeping with the fishes,
But gentlemen, this is what it looks like when a woman finishes.



Socials & Events Timeline

Freshers Week (Pentlands Walks) 14 & 15 Sept



Autumn Ceilidh 18 Oct



Trip Info and Safety Talk 1 Oct

SARDA Talk 8 Oct



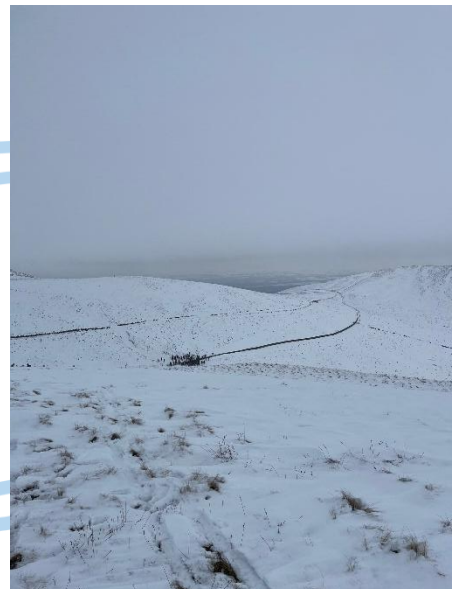
Halloween Pub Quiz 28 Oct

Christmas Dinner 12 Nov



Avalanche and Winter Safety Talks 19 Nov & 21 Jan

Semester 2 Refreshers Week (Pentlands Walks) 12 Jan



Galentine's Day Potluck Brunch 15 Feb

Classroom Navigation Training 28 Jan

Walk Organiser Training 4 Feb

AGM 11 Feb



Spoons Crawl 25 Feb

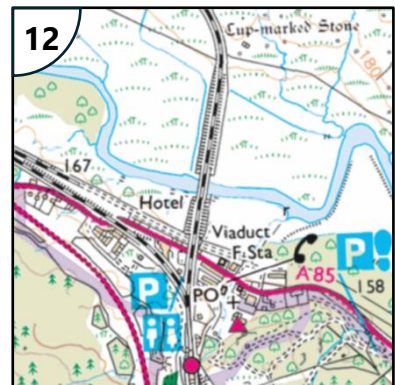
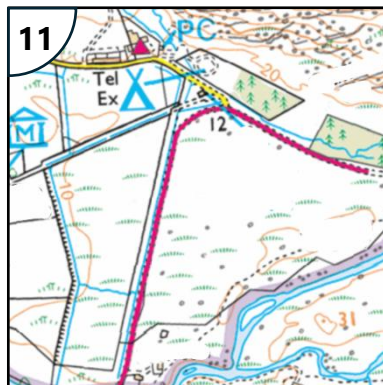
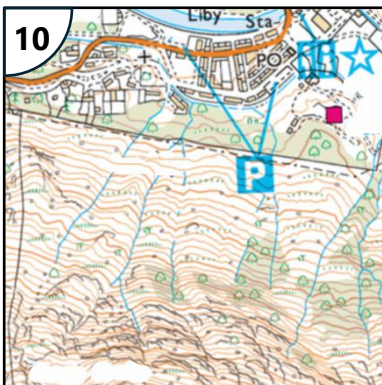
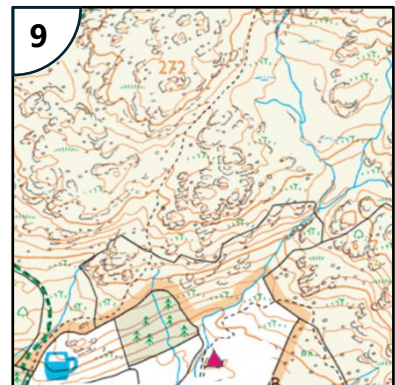
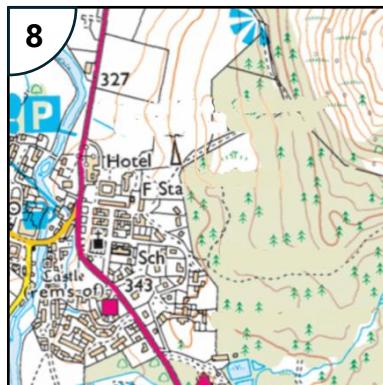
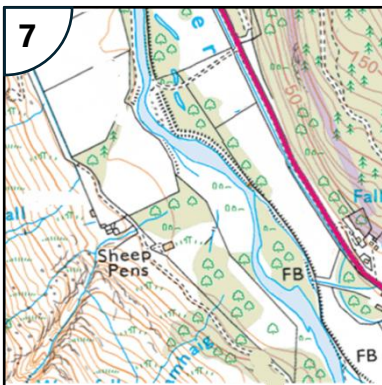
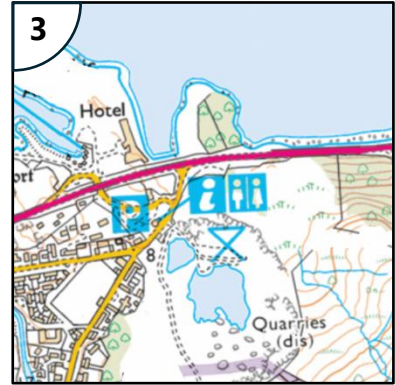
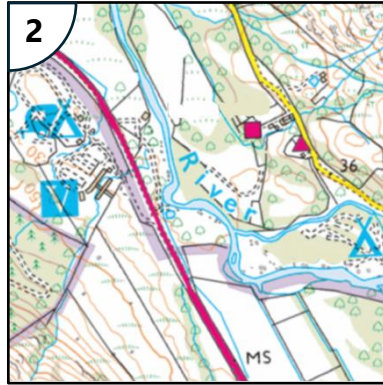
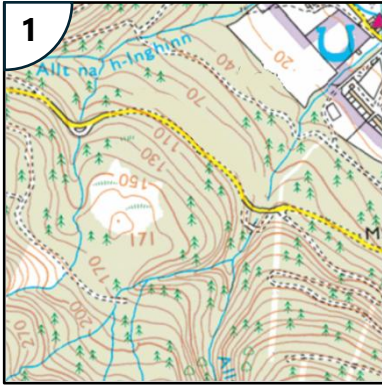
EUHWC Flat Crawl 13 Mar

Spring Ceilidh 21 Mar

Meet Secretary's Location Quiz

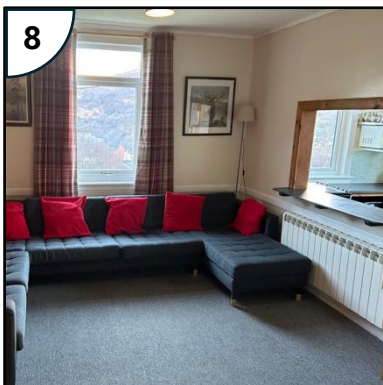
Each inset is the 1km² 1:25,000 Ordnance Survey map square enclosing one of the hostel or village halls visited during this year of club trips and one bonus day trip location. Naturally, all obvious text has been removed. How many can you successfully identify?

For those unaware, hostels are marked with a red triangle (▲) on Ordnance Survey maps.



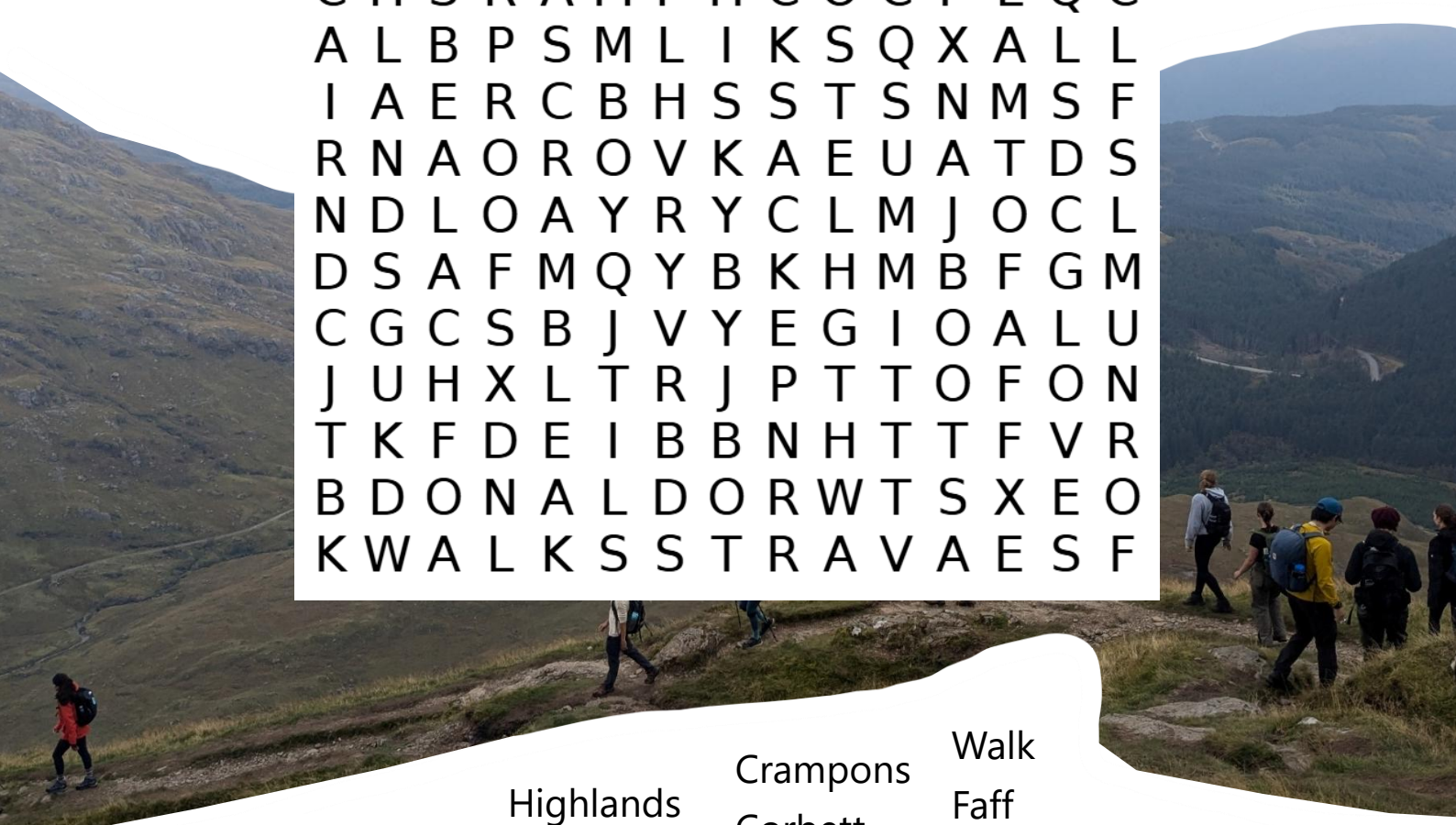
Meet Secretary's Location Quiz (Pt. 2)

Each inset here is an interior photo from a visited hostel/hall from this year. Can you identify them all?



EUHCW Word Search


Y G O W I A F C R A M P O N S
 X H G A D W T A C S U G H D S
 U I D T C F M T R O R Y T D X
 V G X E N C A W U H M P A N N
 C H S R A M P H C O C P L Q C
 A L B P S M L I K S Q X A L L
 I A E R C B H S S T S N M S F
 R N A O R O V K A E U A T D S
 N D L O A Y R Y C L M J O C L
 D S A F M Q Y B K H M B F G M
 C G C S B J V Y E G I O A L U
 J U H X L T R J P T T O F O N
 T K F D E I B B N H T T F V R
 B D O N A L D O R W T S X E O
 K W A L K S S T R A V A E S F



- | | | | |
|-------------|-----------|----------|------|
| Waterproofs | Highlands | Crampons | Walk |
| Rucksack | Scramble | Corbett | Faff |
| Strava | Compass | Donald | Map |
| Whisky | Gloves | Hostel | |
| Summit | Munro | Bealach | |
| Boots | Cairn | | |

And finally, introducing... Hillwalking Transport Top Trumps


The Minibus



The heavy-hitter, transporting the masses to the faggiest of faff walks. Hop in and hope you're not left with the cramped backseat!

SPEED	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
COMFORT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
CHAT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
STYLE	■	■	■	■	■	■	■


Finlay's Škoda



Off to do a remote Corbett? Ignore the interference on the music... and the driver's grumpy mood.

SPEED	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
COMFORT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
CHAT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
STYLE	■	■	■	■	■	■	■


Silas' Suzuki



A four-hour trek up the A9? Watch the hours fly by (less so the distance) as you discuss niche literary topics and Lana del Ray.

SPEED	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
COMFORT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
CHAT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
STYLE	■	■	■	■	■	■	■


Joe's Mini



Unlike Silas' Suzuki, icy roads are no problem for Joe's Mini. A dependably reliable ride to your highland adventure.

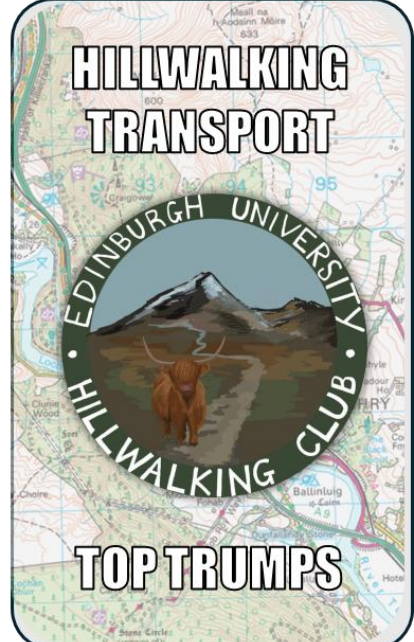
SPEED	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
COMFORT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
CHAT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
STYLE	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Karel's Ford



A quiet, smooth experience, and that's just the driver. Hillwalking's best car (?), a silent chauffeur to the hills.

SPEED	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
COMFORT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
CHAT	■	■	■	■	■	■	■
STYLE	■	■	■	■	■	■	■



By Joe K

THE END





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