

Tours Reports 2011/12



Contents

Contents	2
Introduction	3
Financial Breakdown	5
Tour Reports	8
Winter	9
Spring	72
Summer	153

Cover image: Caving Club mountain bivouac above Migovec in Slovenia, August 2012.

During the tour the club confirmed the cave system as being the longest in Slovenia, with 25.5km of passage extending to a depth of 975m.

Introduction

For the 2011/12 academic year the IC Trust generously awarded Imperial College Union (ICU) £27,000 to distribute between Clubs & Societies running tours. The money was used to subsidise trips taken to further the aims and objectives of these groups in a way that extended the range of their ordinary activities. The distribution of the funds is governed by policy passed by the Union's Clubs & Societies Board (CSB).

At ICU a tour is defined as:

“a period of at least two residential nights spent by members of a Club or Society away from the geographical locality of their mainstream Club & Society activities, supplementary to their normal practices and which furthers the aims and objectives of the Club or Society, supporting their activities beyond which can be achieved through usual day-to-day, week-to-week operations.”

Clubs & Societies are required to submit a report detailing the activities undertaken whilst on the tour. These documents form the basis of this report and the members are able to see how its money has been used to support student activity throughout last year. The money is primarily used for subsidising up to 40% of the transport costs per student.



Henry Whittaker
Deputy President (Clubs & Societies)
E: dpcs@imperial.ac.uk
T: 020 7594 1763, extension: 41763

Applications are considered against the definition of a tour and their eligibility for funding, by the Clubs & Societies Board (CSB) of the Union. This is done in accordance with the Tours Policy and by a majority vote of the Board in each case.

Proposals are assessed three times a year for each of three tour periods. At the first CSB meeting of the year the available funding is split into proportions deemed prudent for periods that year. For the year 2011/12 this split was 20%, 35%, 45% for the winter, spring and summer tour periods respectively.

Introduction cont...

The allocations by Club/Society are given in the Financial Breakdown section. The funding provided by the IC Trust is designated between sporting activities and non-sporting activities. Sporting activities are determined by the HMRC, information is given as to which activities fall in which category in the Financial Breakdown section.

Only Clubs & Societies may apply for tour funding, other student groups such as student led projects, parts of the ICU volunteer management structure and academic representatives may not. Only Imperial students receive a proportion of the funding the IC Trust provides. The quality of the activities ICU provides mean they are increasingly popular to students of other universities, though these individuals receive no subsidy to participate.

Despite our best efforts sadly not all tours go ahead for various reasons. If a Club or Society does not go on tour the IC Trust funding which they have been allocated is returned to the IC Trust. Furthermore, if a group does not use their allocated funding the unspent money is returned to the IC Trust. The total allocations in the Financial Breakdown section total to very slightly

more than the £27,000 award from the IC Trust, this difference has been absorbed internally at ICU.

ICU also contributed funding towards tours during 2011/12, funding is allocated in a parallel process and any unspent funding is likewise recovered.

The range of activities supported by this funding is a credit to Imperial College, as can be seen from the reports included in the subsequent pages.

Imperial College Union would like to take this opportunity to thank the IC Trust for the opportunities it continues to facilitate through the funding it provides via this route. The activities it allows the Union to pursue are the envy of many other universities and a great contributor to the student experience at the College.

Financial Breakdown

For each of the tour periods the allocation of money is shown below.

Winter

This covers December 2011 - February 2012

Club/Society	Destinatiaon	Sport/Non-Sport	Funding
String Ensemble	Glastonbury	Non-Sport	£67.09
Badminton	Birmingham	Sport	£117.30
Dance	Blackpool	Sport	£519.28
Civil Engineering	Croatia	Non-Sport	£1,677.14
Lacrosse	Durham	Sport	£134.17
Japanese	Bournemouth	Non-Sport	£47.92
Canoe	Ireland	Sport	£264.23
Caving	Yorkshire	Sport	£112.95
Dance Company	Newcastle	Sport	£223.62
Exploration	Norway	Sport	£1,207.81
Fellwanderers	Hadrian's Wall	Sport	£126.04
Mountaineering	Scotland	Sport	£205.25
Outdoor Club	Scotland	Sport	£377.76
Jewish Society	Lithuania	Non-Sport	£319.44
Total			£5,400.00

Financial Breakdown cont...

Spring

This covers the period March 2012 - June 2012

Club/Society	Destination	Sport/Non-Sport	Funding
ArtSoc	Prague	Non-Sport	£463.50
Basketball	Toulouse	Sport	£340.60
Fellwanderers/ Caledonian Society	Scotland	Sport	£51741
Canoe	Pyrenees	Sport	£302.82
Caving	Mallorca	Sport	£747.65
Chamber Choir	Yorkshire	Non-Sport	£216.00
Cypriot	Berlin	Non-Sport	£600.00
Exploration	Chamonix	Sport	£620.16
Gliding	Hampshire	Sport	£131.76
Juggling*	Essex	Non-Sport	£72.00
LeoSoc	Madrid	Non-Sport	£360.00
Mountaineering	Croatia	Sport	£594.38
Outdoor	Sardinia	Sport	£1,241.47
Poker*	Birmingham	Non-Sport	£42.00
Pole Dancing*	Brighton	Non-Sport	£36.30
Polish Society*	Warwick	Non-Sport	£36.00
Spanish	Seville	Non-Sport	£864.45
Synchro Swimming	France	Sport	£270.93
ICSM Tennis	Barcelona	Sport	£711.00
Underwater	Cornwall	Sport	£374.40
Wakeboarding	Sheffield	Sport	£63.82
Total			£8,606.65

* This tour did not take place.

Financial Breakdown cont...

Summer

This covers the period July 2012 - December 2012

Club/Society	Destination	Sport/Non-Sport	Funding
A Cappella	East Coast USA	Non-Sport	£703.40
Choir	Rome	Non-Sport	£258.55
Jazz Big Band	Turkey	Non-Sport	£479.80
Orchestra	Italy	Non-Sport	£1,429.09
Sinfonietta	Czech Republic	Non-Sport	£945.57
String Ensemble	Speldhurst	Non-Sport	£472.8
Cross Country	Valencia	Sport	£206.84
Football	Prague	Sport	£358.60
Hockey	Portugal	Sport	£740.79
Rugby	East Coast USA	Sport	£2,966.71
Ultimate	Italy	Sport	£310.26
Women's Rugby*	Southampton	Sport	£61.76
RSM Rugby	Spain	Sport	£152.40
ICSM Music	Lithuania	Non-Sport	£1,367.30
Photosoc*	Iceland	Non-Sport	£738.72
Canoe	Alps	Sport	£333.39
Caving	Slovenia	Sport	£423.42
Fellwanderers	Montenegro	Sport	£254.12
Mountaineering	Greece	Sport	£989.89
Underwater	Mediterranean	Sport	£292.53
	Total		£13,060.42

* This tour did not take place.

Tour Reports

The tour reports are arranged by tour period, whilst we require some content it is a way for the students who went on the tour to express themselves and explain to the outside world what they were doing. The reports vary considerably in content and style. Many of these reports formed the foundation for an article in the student newspaper, Felix, and most were circulated around the Club or Society in question.

We hope that you enjoy them all and find them informative regarding the range of student activities the IC Trust supported last year.

Winter 2011-12

ACC Badminton Winter Tour Report

ACC Badminton Club is a large sports club with over 180 members, and due to the limited number of places on our BUCS teams, most members do not play competitively. Thus we arranged a tour to Birmingham between Friday 19th March and Sunday 21st March and offered 18 club members the opportunity to play in a friendly tournament against Aston University Badminton Club. Over 3 nights, we participated in singles and doubles matches.

Upon arriving in Birmingham on Friday night, we began our 3-night tournament with singles. The matches were closely contested with the final match reaching 5 deuces. Unfortunately the luck fell on the side of Aston and we lost the singles part of the tournament 8-10. We were more successful with our men's doubles on Saturday night with our 6 men's pairs overcoming competition 5-1. We finished our tour on Sunday night with 3 ladies doubles matches and 6 mixed doubles matches. No doubt the success of the men's doubles the previous night spurred on the ladies who won all 3 of their matches. Aston made a comeback and we drew 3-3 in the mixed doubles matches. After 3 nights of exciting but tiring badminton, we enjoyed some Chinese food and drinks with Aston to replenish our supplies.

In addition to the evening matches, we also went to the National Indoor Arena on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to watch the Yonex All England Badminton Championships featuring the world's top badminton players. This perhaps inspired our members and contributed to their wins on Saturday and Sunday nights.



Aston University Gem Sports Hal



Warming up for men's doubles.



Mixed doubles match.

Imperial College Canoe Club



Winter Tour 2011 – Kerry, Ireland

Dates

28th December 2011 – 4th January 2012

Attendees (7)

Adam "skinny dipping" Holland	(Associate member)
Alby "rock the boat" Roseveare	(Full member)
Ally "arctic swimmer" Cott	(Full member)
Joe "you're a wizard Harry!" Bibby	(Life member)
Rob "get that mulled" Macrae	(Life member)
Rory "wide eyed otter" Fyffe	(Life member)
Stefan "goodbye UCD!" Zeeman	(Full member)

Accompanied by (already in Ireland)...

Paraic "fafftastic" Scanlon	(Associate member)
Pete "Barbara Streisand" Cervi	(Ex-member)

Finances

As far as paddling tours go this was slightly more expensive largely due to the high costs of the ferry and the increased living costs in Ireland. The grant provided by IC Union significantly reduced the costs however. Below is a summary of the total expenditure of the trip:

Transport	£1205
Accommodation	£518
Food	£353
IC Union grant	£350
Total cost per person	£240

Trip Report

As the season to be jolly approached quickly and the stories of just how much fun a kayakers' new year's could be in Kerry, not to mention the fantastic paddling (promised Pete and Paraic the Irish contingent of the club) we made the decision to break with tradition and head to the South West coast of Ireland for the Canoe Club Winter Tour leaving our usual destination of Fort William, Scotland behind.

The original plan had been to fit in a couple of days boating in South Wales on the way/way back from Ireland however awkward ferry crossing times and work commitments meant that unfortunately this was not possible.

Wednesday 28 December

Having done the shopping the night before, 6 of us met at the Union at a sleepy 06.00 to pack the bus and load boats. A quick trip to Paddington stores and very little traffic (hardly surprising) meant we were on our way to pick up Rob on the M4 by 07.30. An efficient rendezvous allowed us to set off on our 5 hour drive to Pembroke in good time, with enough time to spare for a quick trip to nearby Tenby for fish and chips (and a mocking of the seagulls) before boarding the Ferry for Rosslare at 14.45.

"Storm and gale force winds, high swell and a rough sea" (laughed the captain over the tanoy) meant the ferry crossing was less than enjoyable, with piles of sick bags strewn across the tables waiting to be plucked up by the unseaworthy – Ally took a technical chunder out of politeness. With our stomachs in our mouths we drove off the ferry at 19.00 and after an uneventful and dark drive across Ireland arrived at our destination in Glenbeigh at midnight, only to find the precariously placed house keys left for us had fallen through the letter box and were lying on the floor in the corridor! After 1.5 hours of trying to fish them out through the letter box in driving rain (using magnets, duct tape, sticks, coat hangers and wire) eventually Rob's magic "divining rod" technique did the trick and we settled down for our first night's kip in Kerry. What luxury! Bed linen and towels!

Thursday 29 December

An eager rise at 09.00 for breakfast was followed by a visit from Paraic, Pete and a bunch of other Irish paddlers staying in the area. It turns out that any self respecting Irish student paddler makes the annual pilgrimage to Kerry at this time of year which meant that we were surrounded by an army of University College Dublin, Trinity College Dublin and some of Galway's finest.

We headed across country, past beautiful Loughs (lakes) and rolling mountains to the Upper Caragh (grade III/IV) for our first taste of Irish whitewater, getting onto the water by midday. A long grade II/III bumble (with a comedy flat water swim from Rory breaking a dry 18 months) brought us to the first feature to speak of which most of the group cruised down without difficulty. Joe was unlucky enough to capsize midway down and head butt an unwary rock – needless to say Joe came off worse and a swift rescue got him and all his kit to the bank quickly. Joe's nic to the forehead was cleaned up by first aid whiz Stefan at the riverside after which Pete walked him to the bus to get changed. The rest of the group paddled on to find 2 more rapids of interest, with a cheeky back loop at the bottom of one which took Alby by surprise, and met the other 2 at the bottom. A good grade

III river at the level we paddled it but certainly not 'the best grade IV run in Ireland' as suggested by the guidebook! A fun day boating nonetheless.



Ally (left) styling the rapid which caught Joe out (right) on the Upper Caragh

Alby, Ally and Stefan accompanied Joe to the doctors in nearby Kilorglin to get the wound seen to (7 stitches...hello Harry Potter!) whilst Rory and Adam got to work on a tasty cottage pie which was devoured on our return. Pre drinks over a few games of cards were followed by our first night at the Ross Inn (the local pub in nearby Rossbeigh) where we met most of the other Irish paddlers and a couple of paddlers from Kent (Alex and Shaun) and enjoyed a Guinness fuelled evening of fun.

Friday 30 December

The realisation that the Irish paddlers were going to outshine us on New Year's Eve hit home as we woke at 10.00 for a much needed bacon sandwich. After much waiting for fafftastic Paraic to arrive we set off for the Clydagh (Upper Flesk) near Kilarney (minus Joe who stayed at the house for a rest day). We got on in 2 groups at 13.00, with a few Irish paddlers for company in each, and enjoyed a good grade III paddle down to the main event – an 8/9m high slide (grade IV+) – where a huge number of paddlers convened for at least an hour to set up safety whilst the most daring ran the drop. A few nice lines and some nail biting swims were taken by a handful of the TCD and UCD crowd whilst the majority (including all of ICCC except Paraic) portaged. A fast section of grade III water followed this and an unlucky swim from Stefan on a corner drop lead to a long chase boating session. After re-grouping we hopped back on and got out just above the Middle Flesk section (grade IV, definitely one to consider next time).

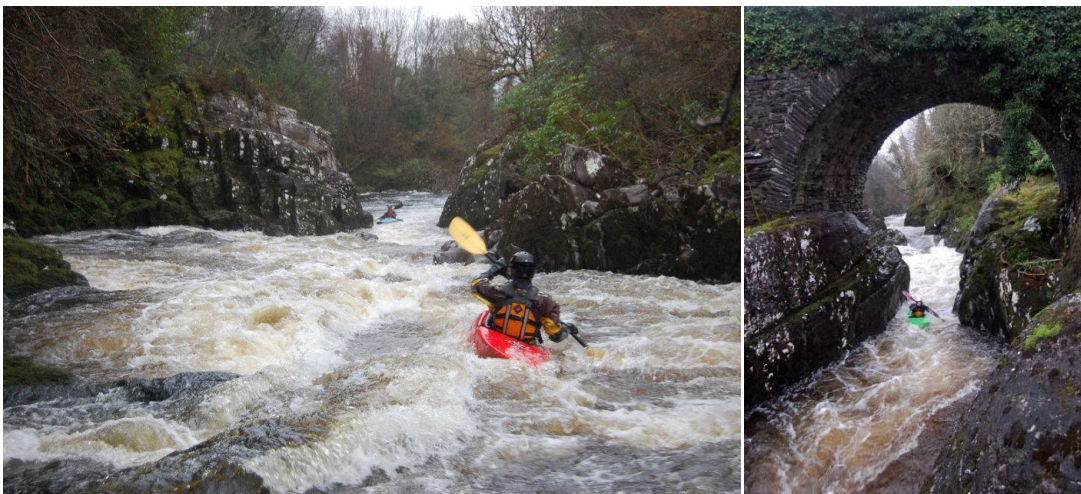


Paraic running the main event on the Clydagh

We arrived back at the house and Joe cooked a solid bangers and roasted potatoes for dinner with some posh honey roasted carrots...yum. Another evening of cards and a review of the day's photos lead to a late decision to head to the Ross Inn at midnight, avoiding the 'drunk drivers' on the walk down with our head torches and high-vis jackets. Another good night at the pub sharing stories with the Irish crowd with an introduction to a UCD fresher who performed a top class 'chunder dragon' on cue being the night's highlight.

New Year's Eve

On recommendation from the night before we decided to paddle the Middle Roughty with Alex and Shaun which was a 1.5 hour drive from Glenbeigh. Whilst getting changed we had a quick chat with a couple of locals about the water levels and they mentioned the best lines were 'tight right' on the main drops as Joe stifled a giggle (very funny in a thick Irish accent). In a country where the word for waterfall is 'ass' this certainly lived up to being a truly bad 'ass' river. The run started with a nice grade III gorge at a good level which we eddy hopped down before presenting us with the first feature to speak of, a grade III+ drop. Ally and Adam paddled down, followed by Joe who took a mid rapid swim (see photos) and his boat which was catapulted completely out of the water. Having seen this Stefan decided to portage leaving Alby to paddle down and join the other 3 at the bottom. This rapid claimed a cheeky swim from Rob on the way down in the other group too.



Stefan (left) and Alby (right) in the gorge at the start of the Roughty

The river continued in a pool-drop style with some nice grade III rapids. The first of the 2 constrictions (grade IV) was paddled by most however we all walked around the second (grade IV/V) due to a nasty looking undercut (big 'ass' portage). A few more nice drops followed before the darkness started to set in and we made the decision to walk off at a bridge marking the halfway point (according to the guidebook we had paddled most of the nicest drops anyway). Alby and Alex hitched the shuttle and made it back in record time before packing the bus and heading back to the house. Decidedly the best river of the trip – certainly one to return for to finish!



Joe (left) on a chunky grade III+ drop and Rory (right) running the first grade IV constriction with bank safety

We arrived back in Glenbeigh at 19.00 or 20.00 and all set about to cooking the glorious new year's eve roast dinner – an epic pork feast with gammon, pork stuffing, pigs in blankets, carrots, broccoli, spuds, parsnips, sprouts and lashings of gravy with a tasty mulled cider provided by the highly experienced club muller, Rob. Ally kindly gave us (and a couple of UCD/TCD hitch hikers along the way) a lift to the pub in time for a cheesy New Year's countdown followed by many hugs and kisses. Adam, Rory, Stefan, Joe and Alby all stepped up to the mark and saw the New Year in with a bracing, if slightly homo erotic, water based adventure as is the Kerry tradition. Our friendly UCD chunder dragon from the night before managed to lose all his clothes on the beach providing us with many laughs once again. The night ended in the wee hours after much dancing to cheesy music provided by Pete and Paraic with classics such as 'Rock the Boat' which went on to become the tour anthem. What a brilliant song.

New Year's Day

A late morning with a few sore heads and a significant lack of water lead to less than ideal paddling conditions. Instead, we continued the pork feast from the night before with an epic New Year's day fry-up in true canoe club style. On suitably full bellies we drove up to the Dingle peninsular in the afternoon to see some of the county's most spectacular glacial scenery on the coast. Paraic, Ronny and a collection of the other Irish paddlers lead us up to a freezing corrie lake where we stripped off to swim shorts and jumped in. Ally, who holds an arctic swimming certificate from Svalbard, confirmed the water was the coldest he had experienced (!).

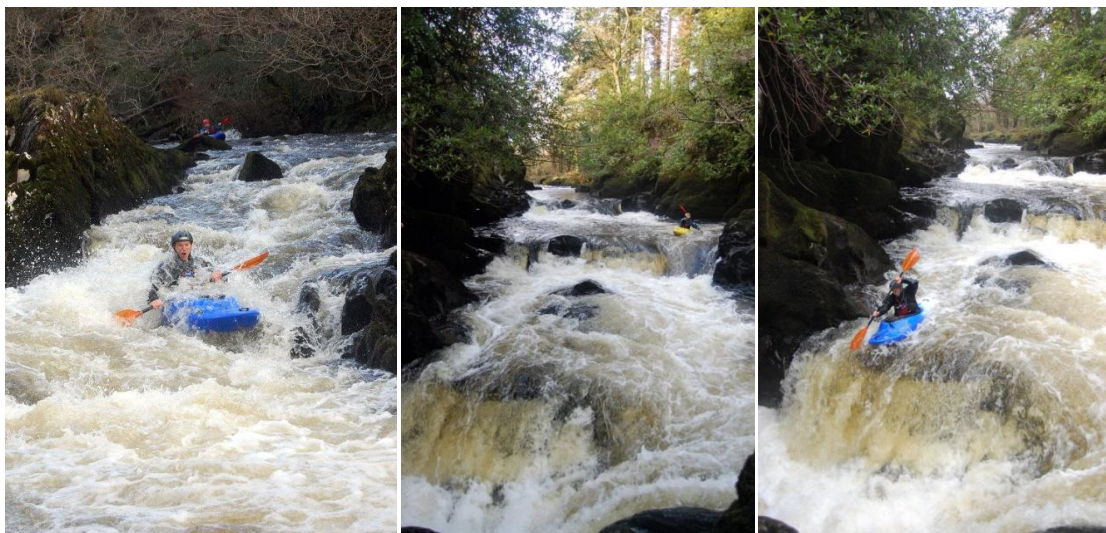
We continued on to the town of Dingle for chowder and Guinness in a good Irish pub before intimately bidding farewell to the UCD/TCD guys who would be leaving on the 2nd. Apparently we lived up to our reputation...good right? Back to the house in Glenbeigh for a spicy pasta and a game of contract wist in which Adam stole the show, AGAIN. Where all his luck comes from nobody will know!

Monday 2 January

A two river day! Huraah!

Paraic and Ronny had told us that the Clare Glens (near Limerick) was one of Ireland's best grade IV runs and Ronny had agreed to let us know if the level was right by 09.30 (it is very flashy and difficult to catch at the right level).

On hearing nothing from Ronny we left the house by 10.00 in order to get on to the Kerry Blackwater before midday. On the way drove through more pretty scenery and Snowdonia-esc mountain gaps. Most of the Blackwater turned out to be a grade II/III bimble (having read about large grade III wave trains reminiscent of the Arkaig we were keen to try it but perhaps they weren't around today...or maybe we missed them?!) until the 3 drops above the bridge at the get out. The first (grade III) was no problem and we all eddied out above the second to inspect and set up safety. An easy 1m drop running on either side of the channel was followed by a narrowing of the river which flowed over a river wide slab forming a clean, higher drop with a pool below (grade IV). A bit of speed and a boof was all that was needed to ensure clearing the hole at the bottom. Whilst Alby and Adam set up safety and photography Ally and Rob ran the drop with no problem. Rory was next up and after catching an edge on a rock after the first drop was flipped over. Quickly followed was an amazing face plant/hand roll/high brace manoeuvre which saw him over the bottom drop upright and, after abit of a paddle battle, out of the hole at the bottom like a paddling machine. Alby was the last man down whilst Stefan and Joe shouldered their boats and walked it.



Rob (left) running a grade III rapid and Adam (middle) and Rob (right) running the main drop on the Kerry Blackwater

A good spot for a 2m seal launch was found and fun was had by all before half the group hopped off the river and the other half paddled out of the mouth and into the sea for a spot of surfing. A late text from Ronny confirmed that the Glens was too low for it to be worth running (or the 2 hour drive!) anyway.

Since there was no shuttle car Alby ran a cycle shuttle to the top to collect the bus, after which we piled in and headed back to the Upper Caragh to paddle the Owenroe, one of its tributaries. Alby, Adam, Rob and Rory got on for the short but sweet 1km stretch of grade III and met the bus at the

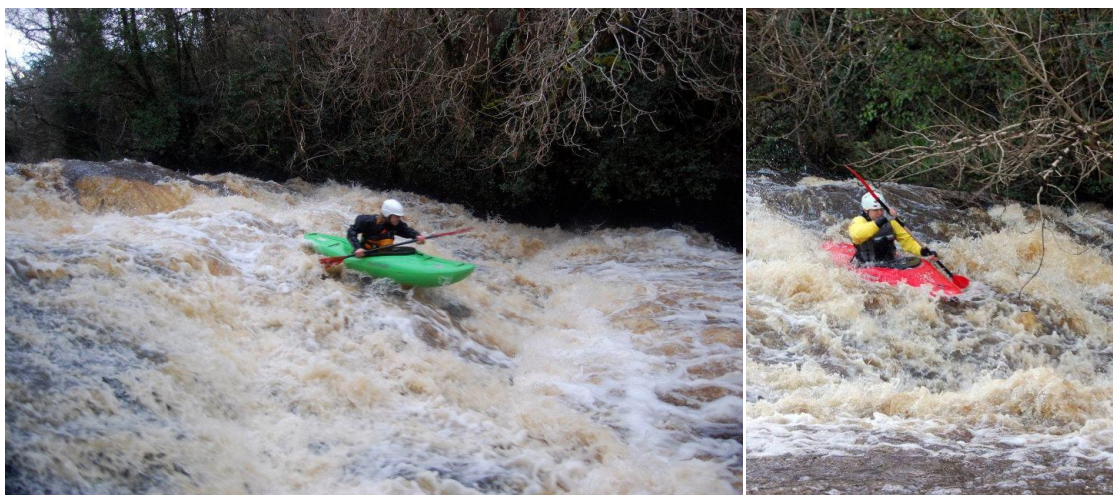
bottom as dusk was setting in. Both rivers would have been better in higher levels but provided a good amount of amusement for the day nonetheless.

We all headed back to the house for huge quantities of spag bol and a quiet evening of cards, uninterrupted by boozy Irishmen for the first time.

Tuesday 3 January

Our final day of paddling began with a monster 2 hour drive up to Limerick to have a look at the Glens. Heavy rain the night before meant that the level was bound to have come up and it had. At a runnable 0.6 on the gauge (the upper end of our limit really) the river turned out to be quite pushy continuous grade IV and less pool-droppy in nature than we had expected. Few eddies and a fast flow meant rescue would be difficult and after walking up the bank to have a look at a handful of (lovely) drops, we decided it best to leave it for next time. We toyed with the idea of sessioning a few of the drops at the top however all preferred to finish the trip with a full run of a new river.

With a decision made we headed west across the top of the peninsular to Loughill, the get out for the White River (to drop the bike) and continued up to the get on. After a faff free change we all got on at 14.00 and enjoyed a relaxed grade II/III paddle with Joe and Stefan doing a spot of leading until the first rapid. The grade III double drop claimed a swim from Ally (for the first time in 18 months) who found a sticky hole half way down and decided to pull his deck just as he floated into the eddy – unfortunately no photographic evidence can back up this claim, it will remain but a legend...however eye witnesses will testify that he self rescued like a boss. The rest of the group made it down and carried on for zoom before the next blind bend which concealed a nice 2/3m high slide. Everyone got out to have a look and all but Stefan and Joe ran the drop.



Alby (left) and Joe (right) running slides on the White River

More grade II paddling with many trees strewn across the river lead us to the final rapid – a clean slot drop followed by a grade III rapid which everyone enjoyed. A paddle to the mouth of the river was all that was needed to conclude our day as the sun began to set in Loughill. Joe volunteered to cycle back up to the minibus whilst the rest of the group huddled frozen around a picnic bench under a group shelter.

After the 1.5 hour drive back to Glenbeigh we enjoyed a wonderful ~~ch~~ toad-in-the-hole prepared by Adam and some delectable whiskey Angel Delight – who thought it could work?!

Wednesday 4 January

A quick clean of the house after dinner and a repack of the bus meant we were able to leave Glenbeigh by 01.00 in the morning for the long drive back through the night to Rosslare.

We arrived at the ferry terminal at 06.00 and had a couple of uncomfortable hours sleep in the bus before getting on the ferry and heading back across the sea, this time with less wind and swell. We got into Pembroke on time just after midday and after dropping Adam at a service station on the M4 for a spot *more* boating with Tom and co. we continued home to London.

Overall a fantastic exploratory trip enjoyed by all. We found some great whitewater (and left a few demons along the way...Roughy and Clare Glens...we will be back!) and enjoyed meeting a huge number of Irish paddlers who we will keep in touch with. Kerry would definitely be a good choice for future winter tours...this tour *Rocked the Boat!*



Written by Alby with added humour provided by Adam and Stefan.

12/1/2011

IMPERIAL
COLLEGE
CAVING CLUB

WINTER TOUR REPORT



Compiled by Clare Tan

Introduction

Caving's winter tour was to Yorkshire, from 16-23rd December 2011. It was attended by 14 members of the club. It was hugely successful, with the weather permitting a large amount of caving to be completed. A significant proportion of the attendees were either first or second year cavers, and the tour was especially useful in improving their rope technique and teaching them how to rig.

What follows is a collection of personal reports by various members who came on the tour.

Tour diary

Friday, 16th Dec

Arrival

After ferrying the essential stuff into the hut we had time for some tea and a beer, maybe toast...no, Saber had other ideas and set about cooking us all pasta at 2.30am, which turned out to be delicious and I declare it should a be traditional thing for Saber to do from now...

Jan Evetts

Saturday, 17th Dec

Notts Pot



From Leck Fell the views across to the Lake District and down to Morecambe Bay were nice, it was already 2pm and the sun was low, but it picked out the river Wennington winding down to the sea as a trail of bright puddles of light.

At the entrance Clare passed the time playing her harmonica (rather well), as all the eleven of us one by one went down the first pitch grateful to be getting into the relative warmth of the cave. Tetley led an advance party

down the Central route and onward to rig the Lower Streamway, Jarv rigged the Left-hand route and Dave the Adamson's route.

As you enter the Main Chamber the Adamson's route is up a climb on your right, then there's the Central route dropping over a lip and the Left-hand route disappears down a rift. 70m lower down where the three ropes drop in within 5m of each other, the Adamson's rope is the middle, the Central route rope is on your left and the Left-hand route rope is on the right!

Oliver and I were in the Adamson's team and when we reached the Lower Streamway everyone else was well ahead of us, so we set off down the impressive canyon, traversing along with the water thundering below, and dropping further away all the time, I was in front and it was feeling more and more exposed, then the stream disappeared! And I thought Jesus this is a bit hairy, if this was already rigged I expect to see rope by now! So we backed up and sure enough were happy to see a lovely bit of red rope dangling down 3m, going up to the start of the traverse in the very top of the rift.

We all met up at the bottom. Tetley, Jonny and Sam were starting to head out again, so I let them come up the short pitch from the sump and asked Jonny if it was worth going down? Yes, there's a little side passage you can swing into that's really cosy and friendly. I somewhat disbelievably ab'ed down by the thundering water, then Oliver grabbed me and hauled me into the side passage: Rhys, Clare, Jarv and Saber were all there and I have to say Jonny was right, it was surprisingly warm.

'So who's de-rigging...?'

A while later I emerged up the Left-hand route with the biggest tackle bag I've ever cursed. But it was good see Tetley and Jarv, and we made our way out. As I de-rigged the second pitch something fell out of the ceiling by my head and for a split second I thought it was a plastic bag bizarrely, I looked up and saw it was a bat just as it fluttered round a corner out the cave. There was something quite cool about being buzzed by a bat.

Back on top, Tetley and I gathered up the last bits of rigging and I finished off a flask of coffee, then we trudged back through snow covered heather, it was very cold and clear, without a cloud in the sky and the stars were as bright as I've ever seen.

Jan Evetts

Sunday, 18th Dec

Alum Pot

Sunday was a really nice sunny day and the main shaft of Alum pot was well lit up even by low winter sun. Dave and I decided to form a crack team and do a quick decent via Lower Long Churn.

As it turned out we stopped to natter a fair bit, so wasn't so swift, but really nice still. Having not been to Alum for a while I'd forgotten how spectacular the rock bridge is, wedged halfway down the shaft and covered in greenery, and the p-bolts on the underside give an exposed position, and you can't miss the size of it all as it's lit up by daylight!

At the bottom we met the water pouring down the Diccan route straight into the sump, very noisy and fearsome.

On the way back to the NPC we passed the Hill Inn, and I heard a few



new stories, of that once centre of cavers debauchery.

Jan Evetts

Back to London

I decided to walk from the NPC to Clapham to catch the 1840 for Leeds, I arrived 20mins early and the train was 35mins late... Luckily there were a couple of walkers to chat with to pass the time, as we stood there getting cold. After about 40mins I picked up the station phone and some guy said down a crackly line, the train was delayed by sheep on the track and signal failure! When the train finally limped into the station the back carriage had no lights and was freezing cold, the guard said it was broken down and didn't have any heating, so we moved to the front carriage, but as we trundled along the front carriage got colder and colder, until my breath was condensing in the air, I sat huddled in my goretex hat and duvet jacket, imagining what fun train journeys must have been 100 years ago.

Jan Evetts

Easegill: Cow to County



Having apparently impressed Tetley by leaving Saber and Clare behind as I exited Notts I he asked me to join him and Jonny going from Cow to County in the Easegill system. I was interested in caving with the infamous Tetley so I said yes. For Jonny it was also quite interesting because he was going to attempt rigging for the first time. This was the reason for a frantic knot tying session the night before to ensure he could actually secure the rope correctly (which, of course, inspired me with confidence).

Getting to the cave was easy enough, just a 15 minute walk from Bullpot Farm (another caving hut), and so was the entrance pitch which Jonny rigged fairly quickly. It wasn't long before we arrived at the next section in need of rigging and so again Jonny was dispatched. When it came time for me to cross the now rigged section it became apparent why

Jonny looked so uncomfortable. The rope was skirting a massive hole in the floor which was scary enough to cross with all the ropes attached to the wall, never mind whilst hanging off your descender rigging it.

Once across the hole it became apparent that we were going to descend into it. Tetley asked Jonny if he was confident enough to do the free hanging y-hang the next section required. Jonny admitted he had forgotten how to do the knot and so Tetley spent a few minutes going over a new knot with him before sending him down. Tetley's mischievous smile did little to comfort Jonny as he descended but it wasn't long before he shouted `rope free'. A small adjustment by Tetley (to ensure groups travelling up the rope could actually get over the rebelays) and a few "tightened" maillons ensured that the pitch was completely safe.

Traversing the cave was extremely enjoyable and fast from that point on. We walked through many boulder strewn caverns and stormed up some excellent stream ways. A particularly memorable part was navigating through a boulder choke that had recently(?) collapsed and blocked the normal route. It was really fun exploring each nook and crevice for a way on. It was shortly after that where we met Jarv's group who were heading the opposite direction to us. A short rest and a few exchanged directional tips later we were on our way again.

We then travelled around a small loop which included the spectacular Easter Grotto, with its hundreds of stalagmites and stalactites, and the interestingly named Perfection Passage, a minute or so of flat out crawl that emerges in a new cavern about 1.5m above the floor (which makes not landing on your head an interesting challenge), before heading out through County Pot.

Once back at the van we took our stuff and changed in Bullpot farm (in the warm) before having a cup of tea and a beer whilst waiting for the other group. They appeared 20 minutes later and soon we were going back to the NPC. Overall it was a very good day.

Rhys Tyers

Monday, 19th Dec

Lost John's Cave



Up at the Leck Fell parking area the weather was distinctly unpleasant. It was drizzling steadily and it felt damn cold. Those changing completely from their own clothes to their kit did so at speed and

the rest of us already-furry-clad cavers stepped into our over suits, serenaded by that classic, 'The Lady is a Tramp'.

The entrance to Lost John's is really close to the road so those of us descending via Dome (Dave, Rhys, Saber, me, Jarv) ran to the cave get out of the cold and the rain. A noisy stream leads to the entrance, where Saber realised he had no batteries in his helmet! He ran back to the van to fetch some and I entered the streamway. For a few minutes the world seemed very dark and lonely, Rhys and Dave having stormed on ahead.

Jarv and Saber caught up soon and we proceeded down the rushing streamway, taking the vital right-hand passage when required. Saber overtook and later we caught to him about to clamber down what looked like a waterfall with a significant drop! We'd missed the obvious start of the traverse which leads to the Dome and Centipede routes, and clambered up into it at a more awkward but by no means impossible path.

We abbed down the first pitch, making jokes about monsters in the puddle at the bottom. Following Dave, who rigs like no one's business, we abseiled down Vestry, Cathedral and to the head of Dome pitch. The way on for us was to swing into a window in the rock about halfway down Dome pitch, passing a deviation on the way. A couple of short pitches (Dome Junction) lead to the top of the Candle and Shistol pitches, where the rope was quite tight and water was cascading down the lower pitch heads. In slow succession we travelled down the pitches.

I met up with Rhys at the bottom, chilling out by himself in the passage. It was smoker's corner up ahead of me, he said: Tetley and Dave were both having a cigarette as the group waited for Jonny to rig Battle-axe Traverse. Here, desiring a short-ish trip and willing to prepare roast chicken for the others, Tetley, Dave and I turned around to exit via the routes we hadn't descended by. Everyone else would continue on via Battle-axe, onto Valhalla and then perhaps the final pitch if it wasn't too wet. At the bottom of Candle and Shistol we waited for Clare and co to finish their descent. The dulcet tones of Clare's harmonica echoed down the pitches as Sam joined us and Tetley posed the question: do you wish to be part of Team Chicken or Team Valhalla? Sam chose to head out with us.

The four of us ascended the wet Candle and Shistol and split into pairs. Dave and I would ascend Centipede while Sam and Tetley would head up Dome. We would meet at the top of the hole that leads to the Dome route, in the entrance. Not that we were racing but Tetley proclaimed whichever pair was last would be fisting the chicken! At the bottom of Centipede I took some hints from Dave, who had been teaching me the art of efficient prussicking on Saturday in Notts I as well, and then set off up the pitch.

The Centipede shaft is magnificent to ascend, a great free hang with plenty for the eye to feast on. It was tiring but a lot of fun bouncing around on 9mm for 30 metres, kicking away from the damp wall and a nice easy pitch head to step off on. Calling "rope free" to Dave, smoking at the bottom of Centipede, I went on to look at the next pitch Mud which isn't far ahead. When I came back after a minute or two I was shocked and mightily impressed to find Dave had almost reached the head of Centipede. He was breathing hard when he stepped off the rope but who wouldn't be! It seemed almost as if he had flown up the rope on mystical wings.

Fiona Hartley

Tuesday, 20th Dec

Rescue Practice

After three straight days of decent caving, everyone felt a bit of a rest was in order. Nonetheless, it wasn't a completely unproductive day. Dave capably marshalled a force of freshers to inventory, re-measure and re-label our stock of rope. Mike led a shopping excursion to Booths to restock our larder for the remainder of the tour. Clare, Jarv and Pete spent a useful few hours with Tony on the training tower at Ingleborough Hall, refreshing our rescue skills.

Clare Tan

Wednesday, 21st Dec

Rowten Pot

We split into two groups for transportation purposes. Dave rigged the cave with Saber, Chris and Pete and Clare derigged with Rhys and I as baggage train. Our group came in the minibus and stopped next to where Dave had parked his car, leaving a rather poorly Jarv tucked up in the minibus.

Rowten is only a short uphill walk from the road but the rather poor weather that day made me look forward to getting underground all the more. On reaching the entrance pitch, we saw Pete's stylish red and blue form peeking out at us while he helped Chris get on his way. Clare took the opportunity to make a Slovenia sales pitch to us keen freshers. Before long I was on my way down.



The entrance to Rowten is basically a big hole in the ground. On the way down there's a rebelay or two to spice things up. At the bottom, the cavern opens up and you join the stream that the majority of the route runs by. The first pitch leaves you on a large ledge next to it. How anyone originally discovered the route we took onwards is beyond me. Abseiling down, towards

the stream, a rift in the wall appears that before was completely invisible. This rift is of that most convenient size; open enough to move easily, tight enough to wedge yourself into. After following this for about 10M the rift widens enough to descend through.

Once you're free of the rift, this descent is very leisurely. This pitch is probably the closest you get to this stream in the cave, where it falls down beside you. At the bottom is a fairly spacious but noisy cavern. The next pitch must have required some real gymnastics to rig. It is L shaped, and is partially comprised of that odd sort of abseiling where you are moving more horizontally than vertically.

Next comes a fairly spacious passage, followed by a short pitch leading into the final chamber. I spent most of my time here telling Dave how much I liked the cave while Rhys attempted to take some photos and Saber slept on a comfy rock. As soon as we had all accumulated here those down first started filing off. Rhys and I flipped a chocolate bar to decide who would take the first bag up. He lost, so I set off while he waited with Clare. Rowten is one of those caves that is a lot more fun coming in than going out, but despite this it remains one of my favourite trips so far.

Of all the places that trees could grow, I find very strange how often they grow beside huge holes in the ground like the entrance to Rowten and nowhere else in sight. Why this happens I don't know, but this time I appreciated the handholds the roots gave, particularly as I had a nice heavy bag to pull up. Rhys and I didn't shiver in the cold for long, within about five minutes Clare had finished derigging and we were heading back to the minibus. Just as before, the other team were just leaving, but somehow Jarv was still asleep in the bus.

Oliver Myerscough

Thursday, 22nd Dec

Brown Hill

I've only been down Brown Hill once before, but I really enjoyed the trip. I wasn't feeling entirely better, but the call of East Kingsdale was strong, and I was powerless to resist. Rhys and Oliver were clearly begging for an experience down a tight entrance series.



The cloud was low so while we fuffed at the hut and stared at rope lengths, I grabbed the GPS coords for Brown Hill and entered them into the GPS. A quick skip to Kingsdale, and an efficient change and we were fording the stream and clambering our way up to the rusty old entrance drum. In actual fact the cloud seemed constantly about 10m above our heads, so we didn't need the magic of GPS.

The rope lengths called for in NFTFH seem rather long. From Floyd's, the combined 1+2 pitches don't need the full 40m called for, perhaps a 30. Ian Plant is similarly over subscribed for, we had a 42 which got to the 2nd y-hang no problem, and a 37 of which we can't have used more than 30.

The entrance series was really quite wet, spigots of water were appearing in random locations, a little stream ran along the floor. This actually made the progress rather more easy, as it lubricated the shoulder that I seemed to be constantly sliding along! The tight rift was amicably conquered by Rhys and Oliver, rather more easily by Rhys due to dimensionality. SRT kits were wriggled into on the changing corner, and I thrutched forwards to rig the pitch. The first drop is a protected climb, and I must admit for speed I choose to just use the in situ 8mm from the divers, and rigged the hang off

our tasty 9mm. Drop down into the chamber, and rigged the Y-hang and deviation continuation. Waited at the bottom, and the buoys soon arrived. We stashed the first used up bag, I liberated the rather portly 'Gandalf' (the white) tacklesack, and we headed off.

The inlet waterfall was really quite impressive. Went too high going out the chamber (missed the climb down to the stream) and soon realised we were in a layer above the intended when we got to a pitch without any bolts. Back tracked and rethreaded our way to the 'ramp' where the main routes to Ian Plant diversify. The roughly horizontal route was found, and the tackle was moved through with care. It's really quite nice, a sort of horizontal crawl traverse, with a not-too-spacious rift in the floor to keep you awake, and a mix of different types of shelves to push off, slither over and clamber round. Soon reached the little chamber with the p-bolts. The pitch was really very noisy, and I wasn't massively too hopeful that we'd get down.

Dangling off the string round the corner rigging the y-hang, and it actually looked fine. The water only enters Ian Plant on the bottom 1/3rd of the first hang, so was a long way away from the rope. Abseiled down, belayed the rope to the start of the traverse, and blew my whistle. Rhys arrived by the time I was tying the next Y-hang. Again, the deviation kept it well clear of the water.

Bottom of the pitch was a bit godforsaken, spray flying in all the different directions. I belayed the rope to a flake with an unused sling to give the 1st years something to pull in on. I scampered up along the rift and waited for a few minutes in the rather more warm chamber. Rhys arrived and we called down Oliver. He got a bit strung up, and was dangling next to the deviation for quite a while. Had a bit of a pingu-esque conversation with Rhys while waiting, both of us with our neck warmers tucked up to our eyeballs, wandering just what he'd done (we feared he'd abseiled onto the deviation with his cows-tails, which is rather difficult to sort). Eventually he arrived at the bottom, and it sounded like he'd been a bit confused about the various ropes (the permanent 8mm went through the same deviation).

Dropped by SRT bag and we set off down the main passage. The two inlets were roaring like anything, you had to dash through a 2m wall of water to get into the crawl above the streamway. The route's really good fun caving, and all too soon we arrived at the cascades that turn into the final pitch. The rig here was rather worse, the permanent ropes being slammed by the water. We had never intended to drop this pitch, but it was interesting to see. Tony's red tackle sac of Christmas treasure was liberated from its perch, and we struck off for the surface.

Arriving at the climb up back into the warm rift, I was surprised to see that my exposed middle finger (my glove had lost a finger a long long time ago) was bleeding. It was actually a pretty nasty gash, must have slipped on one of the many 'pull up' climbs in the rift and sliced right across the finger pad. Oliver was dispatched with Tony's sac, while I rinsed off my finger in the stream. Brown Hill is absolutely crawling with shrimp, I wonder if you can use them as Doctor Fish to clean your wounds? Certainly Tony must have spent a lot of time down here training them, though perhaps the presence of a stove and mess tin in his bag of Christmas presents indicates his Crustacea predilection.

I was well pleased that I got to use my 1st aid kit, having, as ever, dragged the blessed thing around me for the whole week getting no utility of it. The ZnO tape was its usual excellent self, even in the sodden environment, and my finger soon had the bleeding stopped and knuckle bound up so I could cave out with the minimum of fuss.

Rhys followed Oliver up, and I shivered while meditating on the nature of prussicing while waiting. Soon I was off though, no Pantin for once (not much point in East Kingsdale...), which was a bit of a strange experience! I had sent Rhys + Oliver off as a two-some with Tony's treasure sac, so I took my time finishing off the derigging, beating the bag into submission and then meandering my way along the rift. Oliver and Rhys were waiting at the foot of the entrance pitch as agreed, and seemed to have really enjoyed finding their way through the different levels in the rift.

Bags rotated (we would each have one on the way out) and we made steady progress to the exit. Oliver & I both stripped our SRT kits and packed them away in bags for the entrance rift. I'm not sure what Rhys did, he sounded a long way away and like he was enlarging the cave by beating it with his fists! Rhys hauled tackle up the entrance oil drums (incidentally, they're ever more tetanus tastic, rather sharp and rusty). On the surface in the fog (it had properly come in now), just 5 hrs after leaving it, three bags of tackle and presents! Not bad.

Quick elope back to the happy red minibus, got changed with the stereo on (it was now strangely mild at the end of the week), and zoomed back to the NPC to arrive in time for the last minute roast dinner preparations and then a serious self stuffing.

Jarvist Frost

Easegill: County to Lancaster

We left the NPC early in the morning to get a long trip down in Easegill. Once we had driven to where the road ran out, we were accosted by trail bikers, who called us “suicidal”. We got out and walked the remaining distance on foot, with Dave cleverly remembering to put a rope down Lancaster so that we could get out. We then walked for what seemed like hours and finally reached the entrance to county. Our plan was to pull the rope through, while keeping a watchful eye out for piranhas and other cave-dwelling nasties. However, at the top of one of the pitches the rope got stuck, so Dave had to climb up and get it back. Just as he was reaching the top, we heard a terrifying roar, which sounded like a dragon, even though we knew it was probably just a polar bear stuck in a tight rift. We then trudged for hours through increasingly slippery mud and boulders, before finally stopping for a rest. Clare showed Saber and Chris an interesting passage, before teleporting out and leaving them to find a tiny rabbit-sized hole in the floor, which they failed to do.



This was followed by more hours of boulder-hopping before we finally escaped through Lancaster. The walk back seemed twice as long as before, but we finally made it back to the car and got home. This is all I can remember about this trip.

Saber King

Accounts Summary

Expenditure

Item	Amount
Minibus hire	£370.00
Fuel	£170.36
Food	£294.12
Accommodation	£274.00
TOTAL	£1,108.48

Income

Item	Amount
Union grant	£150.60
Members contributions	£957.88
TOTAL	£1,108.48

Exploration Society Winter Tour 2012 Report

Dates: 18-26th February 2012

Destination: Rjukan, Norway

Attendees, Full members:

Boris Korzh
Gemma Milman
Sara Arbos Torrent
Murray Cutforth
Tom Wheeler
Gonzalo Tobaruela Arnedo
Arnaud Sors

Additional Attendees:

Samuel Thompson (Life Member of the Union)
Nicolas Dieu

Aims of the Tour

The tour was undertaken to fulfill point 2b of the Exploration Society's constitution, allowing members to obtain hands on experience of the necessary skills to operate in difficult environment. By attending this tour the participants were able to further their ice and mixed climbing skills at an intermediate and advanced level, thus enabling them to have the necessary skills to go on and organise expeditions in the greater ranges. Members from different clubs and societies were able to meet for the first time and climb together, thus establishing contacts for future expedition participants. Less experienced members were able to learn new skills from the older members.

Tour Activities

Arrival – Saturday 18th

The group had a very early start with an Easybus to catch at 6am. As expected at least one person had a bit of a late night before and managed to sleep through the alarm. Luckily the buses run every 20 minutes so the party in question, Arnaud, was able to catch the next one and make it onto the flight with no major dramas. Reunited at Stansted airport, the tour jetted off to Norway on a full Ryanair flight, which as usual was taken with a pinch of salt. Unfortunately the "On Time" airline was not able to deliver on their promise, even with the aid of adding extra time onto the actual flight time as they are well known to do. This was not entirely their fault to be fair, as the weather did not cooperate and make it impossible to land in Oslo Torp airport, even after three heart stopping attempts by the pilot. Instead the flight concluded in Oslo International airport. The relative speed of flying could soon be appreciated with the coach transfer back to the correct airport taking over two

hours versus the fifteen minutes it took the pilot to redirect the flight. Luckily collecting the cars was not too much of an issue even though we were 5 hours late overall.

The journey to Rjukan from Oslo Torp Airport took us approximately 4 hours as we had to make a slight detour to pick up Sam from Drammen, since he flew into the International Airport slightly later on. This was also our first shopping opportunity and we stocked up sufficiently since the shops wouldn't be open the following day. We finally reached the site of Rjukan Hytte, not long after 10pm and were instantly impressed with the log cabin that would be our home for the next week. The particular cabin that we opted for was the Loftstogo, which had two floors with 8 beds upstairs and the kitchen and living area downstairs. A simple dinner consisting of fried eggs and tuna on toast was soon devoured, marking the end of an eventful day.

Sunday 19th

Today the climbing kicked off with the whole group going to the Vermok Bridge area. Boris and Sam climbed two routes at WI4 and WI5. Sara and Arnaud completed Deuterium and Host whilst Murray and Gemma did Vermokbrufoss Ost, Deuterium, Host. Finally Nick, Tom and Gonzalo climbed Deuterium, Sir Psyko, Vermokbruckfoss Ost.

Monday 20th

Sam, Tom, Gemma and Gonzalo headed to Krokan area and completed 7 routes in total.

Two teams headed to complete the enormous Gausta Marathon Icefall (about 500m long), consisting of Sara and Arnaud / Boris, Murray and Nic. Boris' team also carried on to



complete the Gaustatoppen peak, totaling the climbing to 1000m.





*Tuesday
21th*

The whole team apart from Boris went to the impressive Upper Gorge. Sara, Arnaud and Gemma completed the 3 pitch Trappfossen. Tom, Gonzalo and Murray also climbed Trappfossen and Nedre Svingfossen. Sam and Nic completed two routes, the classic Sabatorfossen (WI5) and Blindtarven.

*Wednesday
22th*

Once

again the whole group was attracted to the Upper Gorge. Boris and Arnaud climbed the especially fat WI6, Der Graue, followed by Vermokbrufoss Ost and Nye Vermokfoss. Sam and Murray also climbed the same routes. Gemma and Gonzalo completed the WI3 on the less steep side of the gorge.

Thursday 23th

Today Sam and Boris completed the imposing 3 pitch WI6, Juvsoyla, whilst Gemma took pictures from the road. The others went to Krokan, the 1 pitch icefall area. Sara and Arnaud climbed Eryotikka, Bullen and an unknown WI2. Nic and Murray completed Jomfrua, Bullen, Gaustaspokelse, Kjokkentrappa and Topp. Afterwards the whole group and some fun trying to top rope the M10 Fission.



Friday 24th

For a slight change, Sara and Gonzalo went for some Nordic Skiing in the nearby ski resort. In the meantime the rest visited the Upper Gorge once more. Nic and Murray completed the classic Rjukanfossen and Svingfoss, whilst Sam and Boris were occupied with the steep Verdens Ende. Everyone was inspired by seeing the WI7 Lipton, which had seen an attempt by a team that day, although they did not complete it.

Saturday 25th

This was the last day of climbing and the whole group mixed up the teams once more. Boris, Murray and Gonzalo visited the Bolgen area and climbed a very enjoyable and long WI4. Sam and Sara completed a couple of routes in Vermok Bridge and Upper Gorge. Nick and Arnaud climbed Vermokbrufoss Vest and also Verdens Ende.

Departure- Sunday 26th

On the final day, there was no more time for climbing so the whole group cleaned the cabin and drove back to Oslo. They were no more dramas and the flights were caught on time.

Finances

Expenditure Description	Amount
Flights and transfers	£635.73
2 Hire Cars, fuel, toll roads, excess insurance	£871.20
Accommodation	£906.29
Food	£455.23
Other	£ 129.80

The tour received £1207.81 from the IC Trust and £402.60 from the Union Grant. The club charged each member of the tour £160, which means the club broke even on the tour cost. Other expenses included purchase of lost equipment after the tour.

Tour Conclusion

The tour proved to be a great success with climbing made possible on each day and all of the participants enjoying the entire time incredibly. All of the initial aims of the tour were fulfilled, with all of the members learning new skills and experiencing ice climbing in a great environment. All of the participants were left infused about ice and mixed climbing and now possess the knowledge and desire to take part in and organise climbing expeditions in the greater ranges.

Winter Walk 2011-2012: What do you get when you add 13 Fellwanderers to Hadrian's Wall? A lot of penguin jokes (and that's snow lie) – Tour was a success

Abstract: Because sometimes even five sentences is too much to read

The winter Fellwanderer's trip for 2011-2012 was the national trail that follows Hadrian's Wall, a distance of 84 miles. We camped out in village halls along the way and had several altruistic drivers who carted our gear between the halls while the rest of us hiked. It was an excellent trip that involved much Roman-related cultural enrichment, a survey of pubs across England, and a sampling of British weather (mainly of the wet variety). I had a lovely time and look forward to many Fellwanderer trips in the future.

Day 1: Departure

Debating about whether spending a week walking across England with a largely unknown group of people was a wise choice for my winter vacation, I approached the student union with a bit of apprehension. A flock of Fellwanderers mingled outside helping to load the minibus and I was pleased to spot a few familiar faces from my sole previous trip. After a bit of waiting (read one hour) for the final party member to arrive, we departed from London, a crew of nine instead of ten. Cruising towards the North with the best of British artists flowing out of the speakers, the minibus managed to reach a whopping 62 mph. Fortunately, my awkwardly erect suitcase doubled as a spoiler and no lift-off occurred. We stopped in Darlington, where Heather's family kindly welcomed us with tea, sausage rolls, and best of all, cakes! Four members left for a quick trip to Morrisons while the rest of us stayed at Heather's house and were entertained by her sister Libby. This budding cinematographer had constructed several videos, the best of which featured a surfer being engulfed by a large wave. The final scene involved blood and death. 5 weeks and 23 hours later, the boys returned from the store, griping about the difficulty in locating car parks and in interpreting the Gavin number. The Gavin is a dimensionless number used to describe the amount of food necessary to feed a group of hikers for a week. For example, instead of indicating that you need 4 pints of milk and 500 g raisins, you could simply write "milk: 15000, raisins: 1.4". Our bus now loaded with provisions and our party two members stronger, we forged ahead to Carlisle. In Carlisle we made the requisite fish and chips stop and also picked up the final members of our crew, one of whom was a gremlin. Several miles and epic puddles later we arrived in Port Carlisle. Navigating through the narrow roads we eventually managed to locate the village hall where we would be staying. With the proximity of a pub enticing us to work quickly, the van was soon unloaded and we headed off to experience nightlife in bustling Port Carlisle. At the pub, we postulated about the best way to calculate the number of electrons in the minibus (assuming that it was in a vacuum) then headed back for a good night's sleep before our 7:30 am wake-up call.

Day 2: Experiencing Flatness

Intermittent rain and a patchy sky greeted us as we headed to the start of Hadrian's Wall. Our boots stuck in the mud as we walked along the raised ridge of grass that had once sported the wall. Port Carlisle becomes an island during high tide, so we walked quickly to circumvent our walk becoming a swim. While we were taking measures to ensure that water didn't flood us from below, the clouds were preparing to flood us from above. After an increasingly damp lunch, we sought refuge in a nearby pub. Heading out again we passed through quaint Grinsdale-- their grocery store consisted of a locked minifridge in a cache-- before arriving at our final destination: Carlisle. Feeling a bit of déjà vu we headed past the fish and chip shop we had visited the night before as we hunted for a pub. Our Hadrian's Wall hike had effectively turned into a Hadrian's Wall pub-crawl.

Day 3: No Biscuit Break Necessary

Within minutes of starting our journey on day three, several members had already managed to transverse the entirety of Hadrian's Wall. True, it was a model wall in a park, but we'll just leave that little detail out when we inform Guinness of their feat. The weather worsened as we continued. Rain streaked down, but we trudged onwards, eventually making it to a pub. After a cheeky pint or two we headed onward towards Walton where we got the full small-town experience. We wanted to go to a pub, but weren't sure if it was open. As we evaluated the situation, the pub door opened and a man informed us (in an amazing accent) that the pub was closed and had been for two years. Asking us if we were hiking the wall, he pointed us in the direction we needed to be headed to continue on our way. Learning that we were actually done for the day and staying in Walton for the night he became a bit surprised. This

surprise soon gave way to incredulity as he learned that not only were we staying in Walton, but we were staying at the village hall of all places. As we turned to head towards the hall a car pulled over to see if everything was all right. Asking us where we were staying, we received a similar confused reaction about our village hall accommodation. Moderately sketched out, we ate second lunch/ reenacted the nativity scene at a bus stop adjacent to the hall as we waited for the hall manager to come and unlock it. Soon yet another car pulled over and the driver informed us that he hoped we weren't waiting for a bus, because no buses came to this bus stop any more. Feeling more and more like we were in the opening scenes of a horror film, we were glad to find that the hall was perfectly fine, and even contained a dartboard, pool table, and décor fit for a rager. After a tasty curry prepared from interestingly smelling chicken we completed out our meal with some post-holiday mince pies and a ridiculous amount of custard.

Day 4: Marshmallows would be Nice

A bit of sun managed to make it through the clouds on New Year's eve, creating a beautiful sunrise behind a most unprepossessing church. We had a long hike to do this day, and rumor had it involved ascents even greater than the 80 m one of the day before. An hour or so into our walk we had our first glimpse of the wall part of Hadrian's Wall. True, it was reconstructed, but it was still exciting to finally walk/sit on a real(ish) bit of wall. Slightly farther down the road we encountered our first mile castle. A mile castle was built every Roman mile along Hadrian's wall (I know it's tricky, but stay with me). Equivalent to 1.48 kilometers, we quickly concluded that Roman miles were a brilliant form of measurement, as it made the distances we travelled sound longer and the conversion to kilometers was easier than with standard miles. In addition to the mile castles, two turrets were also built every Roman mile along Hadrian's Wall. Being good students, we paused to read placards and investigate every mile castle, turret, and cool chunk of wall we passed. After a first lunch break in a tearoom (the pub was closed) we realized that that our zest for cultural enrichment had resulted in a significantly decreased walking speed and we ought to pick up the pace. (This conclusion did not impede us from hunting for a phallic keystone rumored to be located near the tearoom.) Rolling mist morphed into blowing rain as we approached the foothills of the Pennines. The coupling of varying elevation, boggy ground, and encroaching dusk made the chance of a muddy wipeout a near certainty. Sensing a deficit in both head torches and enthusiasm, our wise leader Heather decided it would probably be best to stop a few miles early. Our lodging that night was a cushy establishment that featured bunks, a shower, Northerners camping on the lawn, and a Fellwanderer (cough Simon cough) locked in toilet. After a scrumptious stew sans meat we headed to Allendale, population 2120 (Wiki), to celebrate New Year's Eve in style. Shoving our way into the bustling pubs we grabbed a few pints (beer for the mundane, snakebites for the classy) while we waited for the infamous Allendale parade to start. As midnight neared, we joined the throngs of people gathered around a massive pile of brush in the town square. Cheers rose as a highly courageous/crazy contingent of Allendale citizens entered the square. Sporting full fancy dress and carrying flaming tar barrels on their heads, how these folks manage to avoid self-ignition remains a mystery. Accompanied by a raucous marching band, they circled the bush pile, throwing their burning payload into it as the clock struck midnight. A wall of heat slammed us and our night vision was wiped away by the sudden fiery blaze. Chords of Auld Lang Syne rippled from the band and the crowd did their best to sing along. The main attraction of Allendale over, we headed back to our hut.

Day 5: Meat and Sunshine

The next day was our rest day, so everyone could enjoy a lie in. Slowly people aggregated in the kitchen where we pursued the transcript from the previous night as well as literary classics like the Hound magazine. In addition to a wide range of products for the avid huntsmen, such as 200 pound climate controlled boots, it contained the story "A Women's Passage: Part II". The piece involved a young woman, horses, and a most handsome gentleman. I had never before encountered a piece with such blatant sexual innuendo. Taa befriended the hut owners and managed to hook us up with fresh eggs, sausage, and a massive chunk of bacon that caused Jack to be "literally exploding inside". Capitalizing on it being rest day, we drove the approximately 200 m to the pub where we enjoyed a lovely Sunday roast before heading out to explore the Roman fort Vindolanda. While some of us poked around a museum and reenacted war scenes in forts, another group opted to go on a circular hike that was actually linear. That evening I was introduced to the game articulate. If you'd answer the prompts "People often do this in tents", "She wrote Harry Potter", and "Cobwebby man" with "camping", "Martha Radcliffe", and

“Spiderman”, then I want you on my team.

Day 6: Snowbows and Robin Hood

Sunshine greeted us the next morning and we headed out refreshed and recharged to conquer Hadrian’s wall. Hiking through the Pennines we were treated to fantastic views of sweeping hills and massive rainbows. Personally, I found the highlight of the day to be the snow-ish chunks of frozen precipitation that sporadically blew towards us. We had a quick first lunch break, and Jack added “dining in places with crazy amounts of wind” to his list of ways to reduce faff. Throughout the day a purple clothespin of mysterious origin was attached to the rucksacks or clothing of oblivious Fellwanderers. The term “peg paranoia” was coined to describe the compulsive feeling to search oneself when uncertain of the location of the peg. We rounded out our day with further debate on whether a top is a necessary component of a pie (it’s not) and our favorite blood-drawing-finger-jamming-people-screwing card games.

Day 7: Capturing Blowing Bags

We awoke to the howling of crazy wind and for the thousandth time were grateful that Heather had decided for us to hike from West to East instead of East to West. Rain eventually returned, but so did the rainbows. In response to the long amount of time it generally took a person to realize they’d been pegged, certain members decided to spice up the peg game by also shoving sticks and other bits of brush into people’s gear. Though finding you’d been walking along with a purple peg attached to yourself was the ultimate fail, finding that you’d been walking along with a two foot stick protruding from your backpack was also pretty bad. Sticks alone not being enough, Fellwanderers eventually turned to slipping rocks in bags, switching water bottles, and swiping hats. Oh, the spiral of delinquency. We spent second lunch huddled in a bird-viewing hut where we watched the wind make crazy waves on a pond and discussed the best way to impersonate an electron. Though there had been much skepticism about the meal that night- due to there being no planning in advance for what the meal would be- it ended up being a delightful conglomeration of spaghetti, mince, and eggs, with plenty left for seconds. Seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, etc. were also possible for pudding, which consisted of approximately 56 (give or take 50) cans of custard- because some deals at Morrison’s are too good to pass.

Day 8: Completion

Our final day began with a bit of faffing as we sorted (and de-rocked) our bags and determined which bits were going where. Nathaniel demonstrated his knot-tying prowess as he roped our belongings to the minibus roof. As we drew nearer the city of Newcastle, we developed plans in case we encountered any angry gangs of people. Our best plan involved informing our attackers that James was from Manchester (a Manchester vs. Newcastle football match was slated for that evening) and then sprinting away. Our back-up plan involved pegging. We made our way through Newcastle, pausing to appreciate the beauty of the “Butterfly Paradise” and walking past a sampling of bridges and modern art. We stopped at a Wetherspoons for a final pint and scoped out their award winning loos. Several hours of walking later we reached a pile of brown bricks. Insignificant to most passerby, to us it signaled the end of our epic cross-country journey. From Port-Carlisle to Newcastle, we had trekked the entire length of Hadrian’s Wall. Pausing for some quick high fives, we made out way back to the minibus and soon were waving bye to the Angel of the North as we zipped along to Darlington. We stopped to pick up some fish and chips and silently snickered to see that James still had the peg on his shirttail where Sally had surreptitiously stuck it several hours earlier. Once again the Jones’s welcomed us to their home and Taa surprised us all by providing pudding, because no meal is complete without dessert. 250 miles or so later and we were pulling up in front of the union. Though outwardly grimy and disheveled from a week’s worth of walking, internally I couldn’t be happier as I recollected the incredible adventures I’d just had. Contently I headed towards the tube- though there was one concern lingering in my mind. Somewhere between Darlington and London the peg had disappeared and only time would tell when and where it would next appear.

Fellwanderers Winter Tour Finance Report

General

Overall the tour performed better than budgeted and made £74.60 more than expected. This increase was caused by less money being spent on the food. The profit from the winter tour will help provide extra subsidy to the summer tour. This will allow the last tour, which is typically very expensive, to be more accessible to club members.

Attendance

It was expected that 15 people would like to join the tour, but only 14 people signed up and each paid £120 before the tour. Also, one person paid for the trip but did not turn up for departure. This person's contribution has been included in the income, but could be returned.

Accounts

Income

Description	Budgeted Amount	Actual Amount	Variance	Notes
Tour Allocation from CSB	£168.00	£168.05	£0.05 (F)	See Note 1
Travel Contribution (Online)	£1,800.00	£1,680.00	-£120.00 (A)	See Note 2
	£1,968.00	£1,848.05	-£119.95 (A)	

Expenditure

Description	Budgeted Amount	Actual Amount	Variance	Notes
Minibus Hire	£460.00	£460.00	£0.00	
Minibus Fuel	£237.00	£271.58	£34.58 (A)	See Note 3
Bowness-on-Solway (Night 1)	£150.00	£130.00	-£20.00 (F)	See Note 4
Kirkbampton Village Hall (Night 2)	£100.00	£100.00	£0.00	
Walton Village Hall (Night 3)	£25.00	£25.00	£0.00	
Winshields (Night 4 & 5)	£300.00	£260.00	-£40.00 (F)	See Note 4
Humshaugh Village Hall (Night 6)	£100.00	£100.00	£0.00	
Heddon-on-the-Wall Village Hall (Night 7)	£45.00	£41.00	-£4.00 (F)	See Note 4
Food	£360.00	£194.87	-£165.13 (F)	See Note 5
	£1,968.00	£1,848.05	-£119.95 (F)	

Trip Income less Expenditure

Description	Budgeted Amount	Actual Amount	Variance	Notes
Minibus Hire	£191.00	£265.60	£74.60 (F)	

Key

(F) = Favourable variance

(A) = Adverse variance

Notes

Note 1

The extra £0.05 was rounded down in the budget.

Note 2

The variance of £120 was caused by having one less person signing up for the tour.

Note 3

During the tour the winds were exceptionally high and the roof of the minibus was loaded with personal and group equipment. Both these factors resulted in higher drag and lower fuel efficiencies.

Note 4

Money was saved on the accommodation that was charged per person and not at a fixed fee.

Note 5

Even by taking into account two less people, the food cost was a lot lower than expected at £14.99 per person. Normally food for trips is purchased in London, but for this tour all the food was bought from supermarkets in the north of England. Food in the north of England was a lot cheaper than expected. If the food is purchased in the north of England, then the budgeted amount for this category can be reduced.

IC Dance Company at Newcastle

Friday 24th November, 24 members of IC Dance Company journeyed the 4-hour trip up North to compete in Newcastle University's Dance Competition 2012. Arriving late on the Friday night, it was straight to the hostel for an early night in preparation for the day ahead.



Despite the early start, after a quick caffeine fix at Starbucks, all members of the team were ready and raring to see what the competition had in store for us. On arriving it was clear to see that the competition was popular with over 400 entrants competing from 13 universities including Manchester, York, Leeds and Durham. This led both to excitement and nervousness within the team and eagerness grew to build on the success we achieved at the Essex University Competition.



The first category to compete was beginner's ballet; the Imperial team gave an excellent performance and with the competition in full swing it was evident that there was a high standard of dancing throughout the universities. With lots of quick costume changes and last minute rehearsing, we then competed in advanced ballet, beginners and advanced tap, contemporary and advanced jazz. Everyone gave amazing performances and it was great to see our hard work in rehearsals since November had paid off. With our categories over, the team relaxed and enjoyed watching the street dance and solo categories while we waited for the judges to come to a decision.



The results were in; the other universities had given us tough competition so nerves began to rise as we apprehensively waited for who'd placed to be announced. Success, second in the beginner's ballet category! With this we all began to relax slightly and were thrilled when it was read out that we achieved second in the beginners tap section. Unfortunately, we did not place in any of the other categories but we were happy knowing we'd given it our all and the other universities had given great performances.



Results over, it was on to the night ahead, where the only injury of the weekend occurred. Despite making it through the whole dance competition period without a single injury, Jen Norris gave us the first injury of the year when taking on the Sam Jack's rodeo bull. Unfortunately, Jen was no match for the fierce bull and after a good effort was flung to the floor taking her knee to the face on impact. Luckily, there was no permanent damage and the trooper that she is, Jen still carried on out with the rest of the team to have a great night at Newcastle University Student Union where we treated to a once in a lifetime performance of DJ Talent, yes, I know you're all jealous!



Newcastle was our final competition of the year and by far had been the best. We had a great weekend and are already looking forward to next year's competition when we will return to once again take on the North!

IC Japanese Society – Winter Tour 2012 (Gasshuku) Report

Accompanied by IC members in years above the main aim of the tour was to allocate time for the first years to practise the annual Japanese Society Pantomime (which is usually performed as part of the International Night organised by the Overseas committee) and a separate Japanese Performance Night. A large house was rented for the 17 members in Bournemouth, providing excellent accommodation and facilities to practise the performance. The 67 GBP grant was used towards the ground hiring costs. As hoped, the weekend provided a time slot in which most of the first years were available and could concentrate on creating the unique pantomime as well as filming trailers for promotion purposes for the London Japanese community. While first year students practised during the day along with two experienced fourth year directors, the remaining support group of students prepared food planned and managed the background proceedings of the event.

In Japanese, the word 'Gasshuku' is used to describe a university society tour which is dedicated to a sole purpose (in this case International Night practise). The concept of a Gasshuku is a very traditional one within Japan; they are conducted by most clubs and societies at universities in Japan. The IC Japanese Society organised such a tour for the first in its club's history. In line with the IC Japanese society's constitution, the tour promotes Japanese culture twofold: firstly in form of its existence and secondly in its critical role in aiding the preparation for the Japanese Society's annual performances. Problems that arose this year were high costs for students and several last minute cancelations of members which increased the average price per attendee. Apart from that the tour can be judged a complete success in terms of the advances made on par with the Japanese Society's constitution. It is hoped that this one off tour will become an annual success from now on.

Maximilian Vollmar

President of the Japanese Society 2011-2012

ICMC Winter Tour 2011

Cairngorms National Park – Scotland

Objectives:

The main objective was to have fun and everyone agreed that we'd met this goal.

An important secondary objective of the tour was to introduce younger members of the club to winter climbing with the hope that the skills they acquired would stay in the club for years to come. As no-one sold their boots afterwards I would consider this achieved! The main difficulties of winter climbing for the club are the long drive, variable conditions and the high cost of entry. It is hoped that with the recent purchase of boots (joint with outdoor club) will remove one of the most expensive purchases that aspiring mountaineers have to make (boots are ~£300) and will increase participation in this sport.

Attendees:

- Jonathan Hazell
- Ruth Lawson
- James Lawson
- Joe Weston
- Ben Coope
- Tom Wheeler
- Hamzah

Tour Diary

Day one:

Getting an early start for the 14 hour bus journey to Scotland we packed up the bus in record time and set off at 10am. Our excitement reached unprecedented levels when the first flakes of snow were spotted on the M6. Unfortunately this caused a traffic jam, but we managed to avoid it with a scenic tour of Staffordshire.

The trip almost ended for two of the tour's members when they decided to save some money by buying some bread and chicken from a M&S at a service station. All was going well, until a comment from Ben about how the chicken was a little squishy led to the discovery of cooking instructions, Tom had already wolfed the whole packet... Fortunately all was well, and much fun was had in Glasgow's Tesco's buying food before arriving at our palace for the week.

Day two:

First day of climbing for the more experienced members and the first day of winter skills course for the novices. The guide Kevin came to the palace to talk us through what we would be doing, he changed his plan from a two day winter skills course to a one day winter skills course and a day climbing an easy route.

The first day we got used to walking around in the snow, wearing crampons, using iceaxes, self belays and self arrests. The day was tiring but great fun. Kevin took the novices back to the palace and we got started on food. Roast pork with potatoes and veg. Parsons and friends arrived late in the evening.

Day Three:

Again the older members went to do some climbing of their own before having to supervise the novices. Kevin and the novices set off up a grade I climb, with Tom, Ben, Hamzah and Ruth getting their first winter climb! This was very valuable as Kevin was able to solo around the leaders (something that we would not be able to do as a club) showing them how to find gear placements in the snow and demonstrating winter specific belay techniques.

The novices got down early again and got on with food, Roast lamb shoulder (reduced from Tesco) with rice, mash and veg. Parsons' crew were impressed with our culinary skills...perhaps we could increase them with a cooking course?



Day Four:

Joe took Tom and Ben up the Slant (grade II) splitting it into three pitches to give the two novices a good chance of leading. Joe's team topped out first due to alpine efficiency and got off the mountain in good time. James took Hamzah up the same route as Joe's team with James leading the whole route in the recommended two pitches. Jonathan took Ruth up a slightly harder route with Jonathan leading both pitches, first route climbed with overhanging steps! (variation of Hidden Chimney) At the top the two separate parties bumped into each other and agreed to navigate off together. Conditions were sub-optimal with strong winds(gusting up to 50mph), minimal visibility and heavy snow. However, good navigational skills from Jonathan in challenging conditions got us safely off and back to the bus where Joe's party were ready and waiting for us. Dinner was cooked by Parsons' group chilli and there was gateaux.

Day Five:

Joe, Tom and Ben wanted to try the route Jonathan and Ruth did the day before so set off early for a day on the hill whilst everyone else took a well earned rest day. Bourbons with whipped cream were eaten in abundance in the command palace. Dinner was cheesy-eggy-pasta with sausages and veg.



Day Six:

“Raining at all altitudes” - were not the words we wanted to hear and looking out the window the previously picturesque white landscape had transformed to a patchy white, green and mostly brown view. For the group who had a rest day on day five this was very disappointing, but unavoidable. So we took a trip to Avimore, but didn't have time for a trip to a distillery. The evening was spent playing hide and seek, with more obscure and precarious places found as the night progressed. Dinner was curry.

Day seven:

The long drive home, with a slightly detoured route to drop Joe, James, Ruth and Ben at various locations on route. We were also able to pick up some winter boots jointly bought by ICMC and Outdoor Club.

Financial Breakdown:

Income:

Members contributions: £150 each (£1050)

IC Trust and CSB contribution: £273.67

Total: 1323.67

Expenditure:

Minibus: £414.00

Fuel: 325.80

Accommodation: £426.00

Food:137.80

Total: £1303.60

Tour Report

Imperial College Jewish Society
Lithuania - February 2012

1. Attendance

- 16 Full members of Imperial College Jewish Society
- 3 Non-members

2. Financial Status

Income:

Sponsorship from individuals: £300
Sponsorship from UJS and Tribe: £570
Union funding: £425.94
Student fee: £1108.33 (after VAT)

Expenditure:

Flights: £1198.22
Coach: £528.63
Tour guide and museum fees: £192.80
Food costs (from UK): £104.63
Food costs (in Lithuania): £9.40

TOTAL: £370.59

3. The Trip

The action began on the afternoon of Thursday 2nd February when nineteen valorous Jewish students met at London Gatwick airport to embark on a surreal trip to Kaunas, Lithuania – the second largest Lithuanian city after Vilnius. It would be a trip to a centre of European Jewry and Rabbinic learning in the 18th to 20th centuries, renowned as the birthplace of the nineteenth century Mussar (“moral conduct”) movement and the home of many prominent rabbis including the Vilna Gaon. For many of us, it would also be a trip of rediscovery of our eastern European roots and of return to the very place our ancestors once fled from. It would, however, be a trip about life and not death, as an Imperial JSoc weekend away would undoubtedly be expected to be.

It wasn't long until we had arrived in glacial temperatures of around -25°C and everyone had become unrecognizable under balaclavas, scarves and innumerable layers of clothing. We were greeted by Eddie, one of many Israeli students of medicine in



Kaunas and co-founder of the Kaunas Jewish Student Centre. The cherry on the cake, subsequent to a very much appreciated warm meal at the Student Centre along with a



warm welcome by supervisor Rabbi Akiva, was speed-socialising. Ten minutes of talking to a person a minute made sure no doubt remained of who was who!

Friday morning was an early wake-up, when we met our legendary tour guide, Chaim. He was born in Kaunas, son to a survivor of the Vilna ghetto and was an expert of all things Jewish in Lithuania. In fact he had helped to investigate and elucidate the story of escape from Fort 9, one of the Nazi

concentration camps which we would visit later on in the trip. We set off to Vilnius, with a noteworthy stop at the shtetl (Yiddish for “small village”) of Zezmer (Žiezmariai),

where there had once been a Jewish community and where there still remains the shell of a wooden synagogue. Looking up at the high ceiling and the carved arched windows of the empty synagogue helped to echo what the lives of our ancestors may once have been like, before they were brutally taken away by the Nazis. Yet 67 years later we were back, treading the same floors, keeping Jewish life in the shtetl alive, which back then may have seemed inconceivable.



We visited the largest Jewish cemetery in Lithuania in the outskirts of Vilnius, where we said psalms by the mausoleum of the Vilna Gaon after an enlightening talk about his ethos by a direct descendant of his among us. Once in Vilna, a noteworthy visit was to the site where the first copies of the Vilna Talmud were printed, which is used throughout the Jewish world as the authoritative, traditional edition of the Talmud and its commentaries. Indeed, Vilnius was known as the “Jerusalem of Lithuania” and a widespread saying at the time stated that “if one wants to do business, one has to go to Lodz - which had the second largest Jewish community in Europe, after Warsaw, but if one wants to gain wisdom - one goes to Vilnius”, given the vast number of yeshivas (centres of Rabbinic learning) and distinguished Torah scholars in the city.

We came together in the evening for yet another superb JSoc Shabbat of beautiful tunes, dinner with the Israeli students. On walking around the Kaunas city centre it became clear we were the only ones imprudent enough to be outside in such cold, snow-lined streets – there wasn’t a soul to be seen. An ideal opportunity to roll down hills covered by snow in the island formed at the confluence of the two rivers – the Nemunas and the Neris.

Furthermore, remarkable visits made on our last day, included the now abandoned synagogue in the Kaunas shtetl of Alexandrot, where Rabbi Israel Salanter, head of the Mussar movement, had been rabbi. We walked the streets of the Slobodka neighbourhood where the Slobodka Yeshiva was once located and stood before breath-taking views of Kaunas, on a hill where the first novel written in Hebrew – Ahavat Zion – is thought to have been written, by the rivers which were once the border between Russia and former Prussia.



Most notable perhaps, was listening to Chaim narrate to us the story of escape of the last group of Jewish prisoners of Fort 9, a Nazi concentration camp. Standing in the dark silence of the tunnels in the fort in the biting cold was a powerful means of helping us understand what was experienced by our forerunners. But this was a trip about life. We had just seen words carved into the walls of the prison chambers by the prisoners, including the word “Jerusalem”. As expressed by Ruben, a student on the trip, the most touching moment came when in a moment of deep silence in the frost, as everyone gazed at the snow covering what had once been mass graves where over 30, 000 Jews had been massacred, an Israeli medical student suggested that “the people who died here would be proud to know that we returned home; let’s sing the Hatikvah” (Israel’s national anthem). We stood together and sang the Hatikvah.

4. Acknowledgments

In essence, we are very thankful to everyone who made this trip possible, including Imperial College Union and the enthusiastic organizers of the trip within Imperial Jsoc, Noah Nathan first and foremost, not to mention Gabriella Lebrecht and Yoni Weiner. We must also thank the Student Centre in Kaunas and Mr. William Stern who helped host our trip in Kaunas.

Not only was it a cool off -25°C cool off – from a long week at university, but a unique experience we won’t forget.

5. Appendix – Location

The Tour was based in the Lithuanian cities of Kovno (Kaunas) and Vilna (Vilnius) - see below, as well as the outskirts of both. Accommodation was the centrally located Park Inn, Kaunas.



Lacrosse Tour to Durham

In February of last year the Ladies 1st Lacrosse Team headed up north for National Lacrosse University Championships held in Durham. We had two teams involved one in the plate and one in the cup competition.

The standard of play was unsurprisingly high from all teams across the board, but both teams put forward from Imperial held their own against some of the strongest teams in the country. There were a few memorable matches such as an excellent match against Edinburgh which we managed to secure ourselves a win! Despite of the bitterly cold Northern weather every one of the girls played their best and had an enjoyable weekend.

The club is looking forward to taking an even bigger team up this year, for another weekend of top class lacrosse!

Outdoor Club Winter Tour Report

This year the Outdoor Club winter tour went up to the Cairngorms in Scotland for our winter tour. The main purpose of this tour was winter climbing, however, many other activities such as walking, hiking and mountain biking were done on this trip too. Scottish Winter climbing is a distinct form of climbing which involves the ascent of routes comprised of snow, ice, consolidated neve, rock (often covered with a layer of verglas) and frozen turf. In addition, the discipline involves assessment of weather and snow conditions and often difficult navigation.

The tour left London on Sunday 1st January, and returned on Sunday 9th January.

Sunday 1st January – Leaving London

We all met in Beit at midday, most of us still hungover from the previous nights' excursions. But, none the less, we are all rearing to get going (almost). It took a while to pack the bus, there was a lot of gear to get on the roof rack and in the back! However, we left the union at around 2pm, ready for the long drive up to Scotland. And a long drive it was! We stopped for dinner in Lancaster at about 7 o'clock, then it was on to the night shift drivers.

We hit snow when we were around 50 miles from Aviemore, which slowed down our journey dramatically. Eventually, at around 2am on Monday morning, we arrived in Aviemore! The plan was to now get a few hours sleep in a Tesco car park, ready for a long first day in the morning.

Monday 2nd January – Our first day of climbing

We woke up at around 7am, all of us feeling pretty tired from the little sleep that we did get. But, we were all rearing to get going to do some winter climbing. So, we drove up to the Cairngorm car park, but there was a lot of snow on the road up to the car park. We got stuck at one point, but luckily, with the minibus having 12 man power and a heavy load to help with traction, we managed to get up, leaving other cars in our dirt.

In the car park, we split up and set all of the novice climbers away with Boris, our hero. He took them out to learn some essential winter climbing skills such as crampon technique and ice axe arrest. The remaining people went off for their first day in Coire an T-Sneachda. It was a good day, however, conditions weren't perfect, there was a lot of powder snow, which made climbing pretty hard going. All of us made it back to the car park at about 4 o'clock, all in one piece. Our first night was spent in a hostel in Grantown on Spey, where we made our traditional Outdoor Club Chillie, and it went down a treat.



Figure 1: The walk in on the first day



Figure 2: Gemma having a spot of lunch

Tuesday 3rd January - Weather warnings and storms

We checked the weather forecast on Tuesday morning and saw that extremely high winds (130 mph!!!) were forecast on the summits. So, we decided that it would have been a treacherous decision to attempt to climb that day. We split into several teams, a running team, a walking team and a lazy team. All teams set off from Grantown, making their way to Badaguish (our next and main hut for the week), the running team made good time, the walking team wasn't far behind, but the lazy team won and made sure they got the pick of the best beds for the week. That night, we tucked into curry.

Wednesday 4th January - Snow chain day

Everybody was keen for a 5:30 am wake up on Wednesday because of the lack of climbing the day before. Despite our best efforts to get an early start, we were thwarted by snow on the ski road. It took 11 engineers and 1.5 hours to work out we didn't know how to put snow chains on. Back to man hauling the bus up the road.

We still got to the Cairngorm car park fairly early though, so all of us split up into our climbing groups and made our way to our respective crags. It ended up being our most successful day, with many notable ascents such as The Seam, Andromeda and The Runnel. It was a long day, with fierce winds making the descent back very testing. Despite this, most teams made it back down efficiently, and were pretty angered by the slow team who took 1.5 hours more and had the bus keys with them (hang your head in shame Dan Wong). Grudges were dropped during our spectacular dinner; a pork shoulder joint roast.

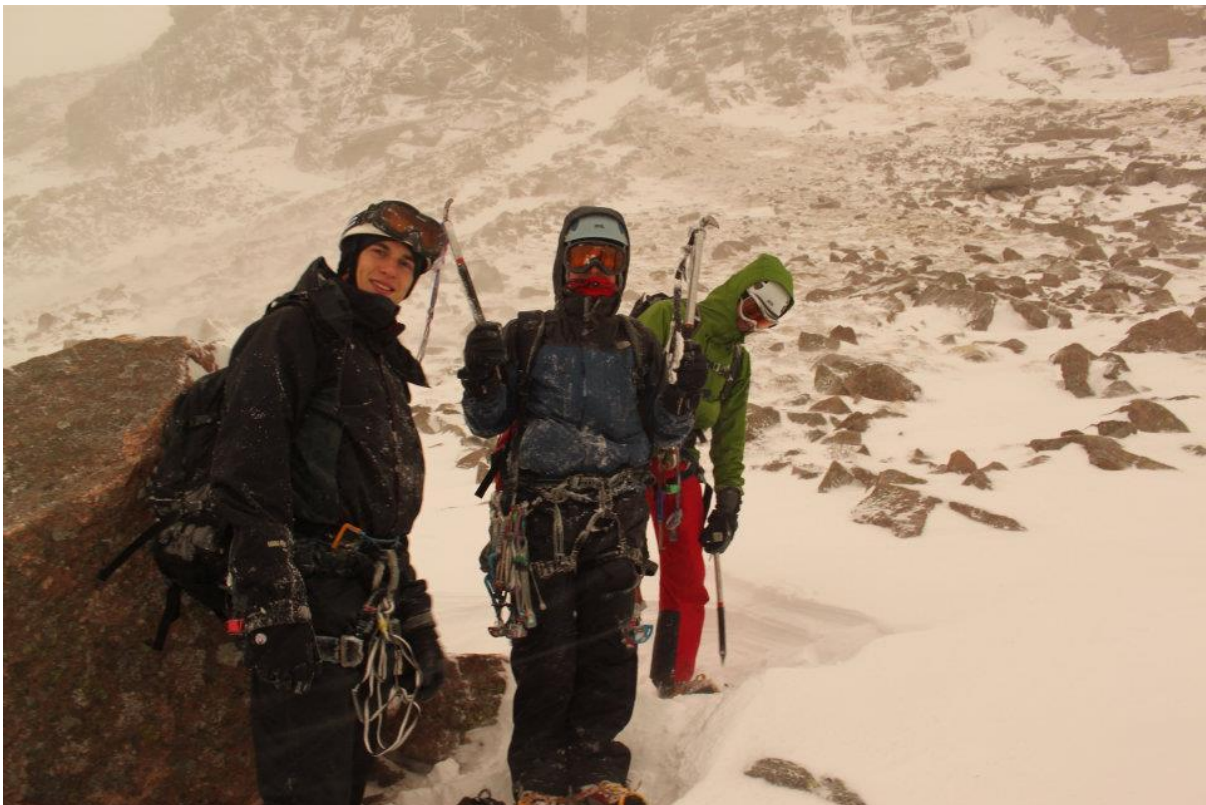


Figure 3: Gearing up for a climb



Figure 4: An icy belay

Thursday 5th January – Extreme Cold

Due to the long day on Wednesday, a lot of people had a rest day on Thursday. The people that had a rest day visited a brewery in Aviemore; they brought back a couple of kegs of Aviemore's finest ale. Meanwhile, up in the mountain there had been a lot of fresh snow the night before, and it was still snowing when we first arrived at the Cairngorm car park. This made the walk into the crags pretty grim. This day was probably the coldest that we had, with temperatures averaging about -4 on the summits. Many of us actually backed off the routes that we had planned to do because of the conditions; due to the fresh snow, many of the routes were just not in condition, we were sinking in too much powder snow. Time to tuck into Haggis and Scottish ale, embracing the local culture for the first time.



Figure 5: Ice climbing

Friday 6th January – Sunshine Central

Best day ever! The ski slopes had finally filled up with snow, the crags were starting to consolidate and there was sunshine in the valley. The resting team took out some bikes and hit the trail. Others went skiing and some went climbing, pretty standard Outdoor affair. Spirits were high in the hut that night, we all sat down and watched a film (i Robot). After the film, we all prepared for our final day by splitting up into teams, and no one went with Ed, because no one likes him.



Figure 6: Mountain biking around Loch Morlich

Saturday 7th January – Our final day

We were all keen to get a good day in on Saturday, so most of us headed out to get a long day in. However, again, like the rest of the week, conditions weren't great (it was very windy on the ridges). So again, a few teams didn't finish the routes that they had planned to do, but for the others, it was another successful day, with many routes being done such as Oesophagus and The Savage Slit. That night, our final meal was the not so epic pasta pesto, which was actually a bit of a let down...

Sunday 8th January – Drive back to London

We woke up early on the Sunday, and started the long drive back down to London. With some of us getting the train down. Like the drive up, the drive back was long and arduous, but we arrived back in London at around 9pm, ready for lectures and for a few of us exams the next morning.



Figure 7: All of us outside our lodge

Finances

Outdoor Club winter tour is a costly undertaking for the club; however, we try to minimise this by taking the minibus and maximising on shared accommodation (This means some people have to sleep on the floor/sofa). Unfortunately, weight is an issue for the minibus and to avoid overloading the vehicle some members have to take the train which can be a bit expensive. This years trip, was successful and all costs were met by contributions from the members and the travel grant. For a breakdown of costs please look at Figures 8 and 9.

Outdoor Winter Tour Expenditure

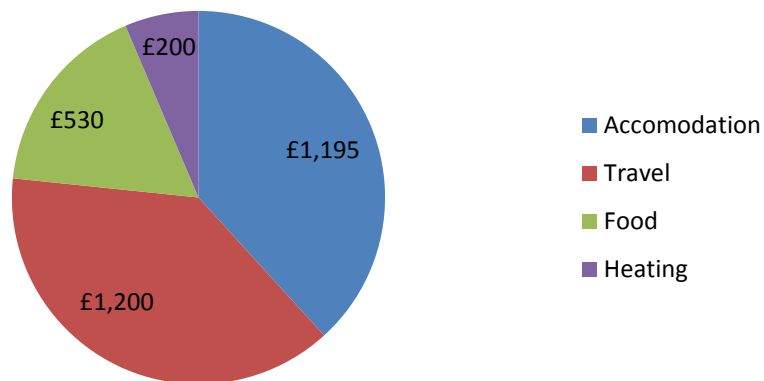


Figure 8: The total expenditure of the Outdoor Club Winter Tour was £3125. The chart about details how these costs were spent.

Outdoor Club Winter Tour Income

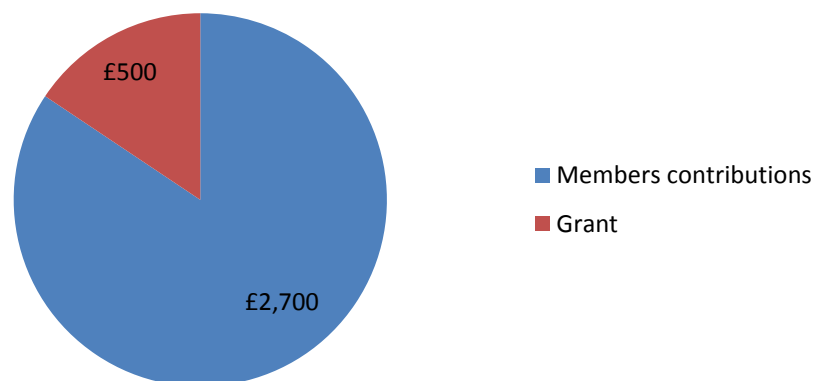


Figure 9: The total income of the Outdoor Club Winter Tour came from member contributions and from the grant. The income totalled at £3200, making a £75 profit which will go into the equipment fund.

Imperial College
String Ensemble



Tour Report



Glastonbury

20th - 22nd January

1. Attendance

15 members: 10 violinists, 3 violists & 2 cellists, plus conductor.

2. Financial status

Tour budget

Estimated attendance: 15 members

Variable income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Ticket income	Student ticket	£50.00	15	£750.00
Fixed income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Union subsidy	Subsidy	£89.45	1	£89.45
				£839.45
Variable expenditure	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Consumables	Food	£6.00	15	£90.00
Fixed expenditure	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Travel expenditure	Minibus hire	£230.00	1	£230.00
Travel expenditure	Minibus petrol	£80.00	1	£66.67
Ground hire	Accommodation @ Paddington Farm Trust	£325.00	1	£325.00
Instructors	Conductor's expenses	£50.00	1	£50.00
				£761.67

Balance @ 15 attendees: £77.78

Tour finance actuals (estimated from Union Finance pages)

Attendance: 15 members

Variable income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Ticket income	Student ticket	£50.00	11	£550.00
Fixed income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Union subsidy	Subsidy	£89.45	1	£89.45
				£639.45
Variable expenditure	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Consumables	Food	£10.58	15	£158.70
Fixed expenditure	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Travel expenditure	Minibus hire	£230.00	1	£230.00
Travel expenditure	Minibus petrol	£76.57	1	£63.81
Ground hire	Accommodation @ Paddington Farm Trust	£390.00	1	£390.00
Instructors	Conductor's expenses	£100.00	1	£100.00
				£942.51

Balance @ 11 attendees paid: - £303.06

Balance @ 15 attendees paid: - £103.06

3. Aims & Objectives

How we satisfied our aims:

- **Rehearsals:** With 45 minutes of new material to learn in two days, we rehearsed intensively on location at the farm. On the concert day, a full morning's rehearsal was dedicated to final concert preparations at the church.
- **Cultural experience:** When not rehearsing, we spent much of our time exploring the cultural offerings available in Glastonbury, with ensemble members delivering guided tours of Glastonbury Tor, Glastonbury Abbey and The Chalice Well.
- **Concerts:** We performed our concert for free, which was also professionally recorded and broadcast several times on Glastonbury FM radio, at St. Benedict's Church on the Sunday. We performed Mendelssohn's *Sinfonia No. 9 in C Major*, Delius' *Air and Dance*, and Karl Jenkins' *Palladio*.
- **Bringing together the community:** As was remarked to us by a member of the audience, our concert provided a unique opportunity to bring together a wide

cross-section of the community, from the younger music-loving festival crowd to the town's older more conventional lovers of classical music. Indeed, in the church verger's own words: "Everybody's an oddball, in a delightful way!"

- **Broadcast on local & internet radio:** The concert recording by GFM resulted in a one hour long radio programme being broadcast three times between 10th - 13th February. It features the full concert recording, plus interviews with the conductor, and members of both the audience & the ensemble about the Weekend Away itself. The concert recording can be heard by visiting our website.
- **Charity fundraising:** Although entry to the concert was free, donations were encouraged to support the Paddington Farm Trust, a charitable arm of the farm we were staying on. This Trust provides free educational & recreational activities for children & families from disadvantaged areas; and offers work experience & vocational training opportunities for young people from Glastonbury & surrounding areas. As the message from the Trust below states, we ended up raising almost **£400 for charity!**



Paddington Farm Trust

Enjoy this recording of charity concert by Imperial College String Ensemble with interviews, to raise funds for Paddington Farm Trust. Thanks to ICSE and our audience we raised £382.07 - broadcast on Glastonbury FM 107.1.

Like · Comment · 2 1 · 10 February at 18:45 ·

4. Day by day account of activities

Friday 20th January		
6:00pm	Meet outside entrance to Beit Hall	Beit Hall entrance
9:00pm	Arrive at Paddington Farm, Glastonbury	Paddington Farm
~9:30pm	Eat dinner	
~10:15pm	TEAM pub quiz	
~11:00pm	TEAM Articulate	
~11:30pm	Relax / sleep etc	

Saturday 21st January (timings subject to change)		
8:30am	Cooked breakfast is served	Paddington Farm
10:00am	Tour of the Tor with <i>Sophie the Soothsayer</i>	Glastonbury Tor
11:00am	Rehearsal in the church	St Benedict's Church
1.00pm	Lunch + Glastonbury Abbey tour with <i>Jimmy the Monk</i> + Chalice Well tour with <i>Helena the Hermit</i>	Glastonbury Abbey / Chalice Spring
3.00pm	Rehearse	St Benedict's Church
5.15pm	Finish rehearsing; free time	Glastonbury
7.00pm	Dinner	Paddington Farm
8.00pm	Pub	<i>George & Pilgrim</i> or <i>King Arthur</i>

Sunday 22nd January		
9:00am	Cooked breakfast is served	Paddington Farm
10:30am	Sectionals in & around the farmhouse	
12:00pm	Rehearsal	St Benedict's Church
1:00pm	Concert	
2:00pm	Three course pub lunch (£10 / person)	<i>King Arthur</i> pub
After lunch	Free time to explore Glastonbury (e.g. go shopping, find a tea room etc)	Glastonbury town centre
5:00pm	Leave Glastonbury	
~8:00pm	Arrive back in London	Beit Hall entrance

5. Major issues

The only issues with this tour relate to some financial planning errors & oversights.

Income (£200 missing): Looking at the Union finance pages, it seems that 4 people have not yet paid for this tour.

ACTION: *We know who these 4 people are, and will follow up immediately.*

Accommodation cost (~£65 lost): When we wrote & submitted the original tour budget, the cost for accommodation at Paddington Farm Trust was listed as £325. When it came to booking, this cost had increased to £390. This therefore wasn't reflected in the original budget.

ACTION: *Beware accommodation price increases, and leave "wiggle room" in the profit margin to account for unexpected costs.*

Conductor's fee (~£50 lost): We originally estimated the conductor's fee as £50, when it was in fact £50 / day.

ACTION: *Be sure of all fees, such as the conductor's fee, in advance of the tour and (preferably) before tour payments have been made.*

6. Did the tour achieve its aims & objectives?

In short, the tour exceeded the aims & objectives listed in the tour application: we rehearsed intensively on location, performed a concert of brand new repertoire which was received very enthusiastically, and a great time was had by all.

However, the most exciting thing about this tour was Imperial College String Ensemble's debut into broadcast media and an astonishing **£382** raised for local charity! This is an achievement that we would love to repeat in future tours.

Overall, the tour was enjoyed not just by those who went, but by those we met, those we performed to, and those who will undoubtedly benefit from the charitable donations. Imperial College String Ensemble will benefit greatly from the increased cohesion both musically & socially, and from the GFM radio broadcast can now add another string to its bow of achievements.

6. Photos



Imperial College String Ensemble preparing to perform our concert at St Benedict's Church



*Above: Descending Glastonbury Tor
Right: Newborn piglets at the farm*



Imperial College
String Ensemble



Lunchtime Charity Concert

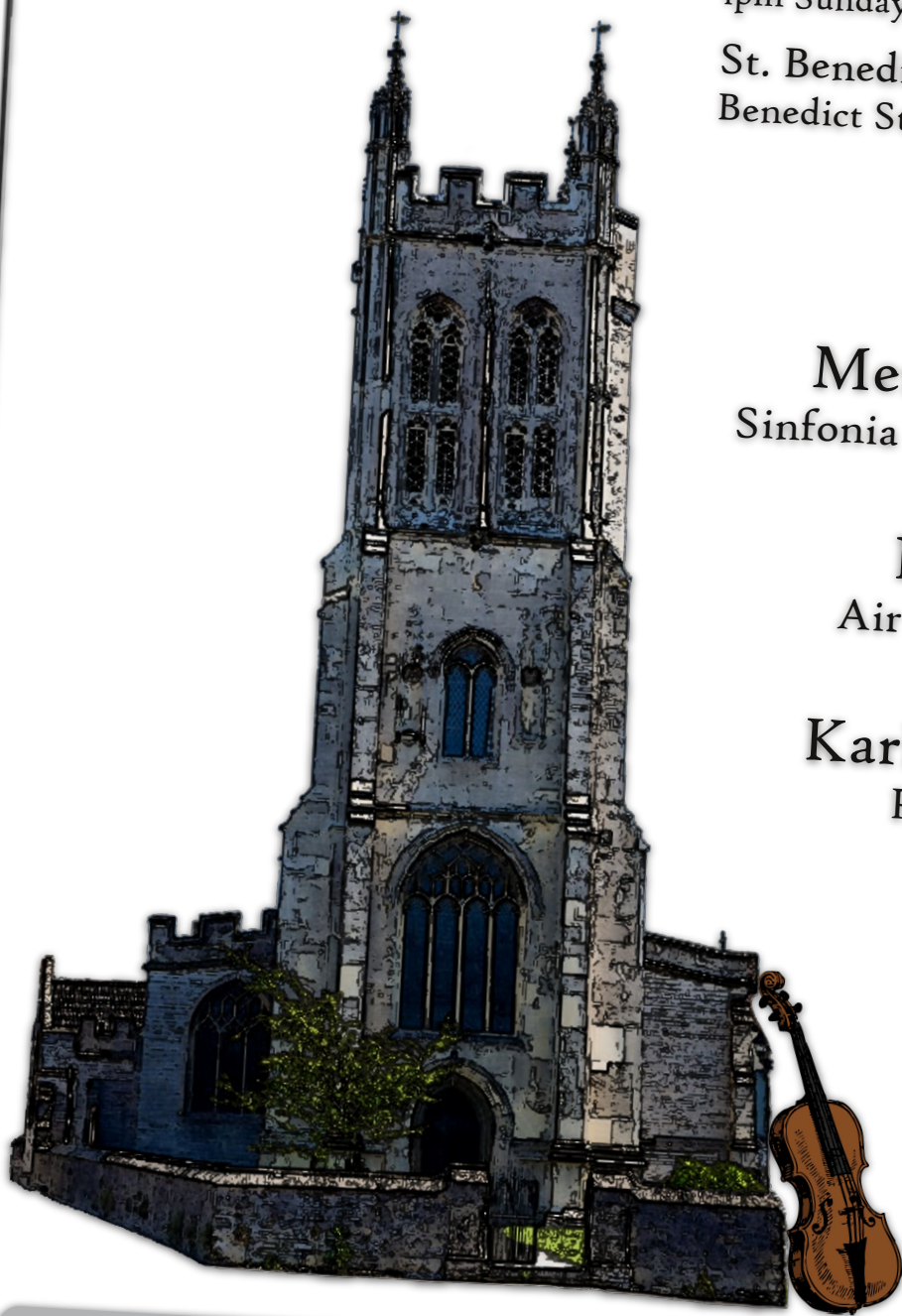
1pm Sunday 22nd January

St. Benedict's Church
Benedict Street, Glastonbury

Mendelssohn
Sinfonia No. 9 in C Major

Delius
Air and Dance

Karl Jenkins
Palladio



Paddington Farm Trust is a small local charity based on an organic farm providing educational and recreational holidays for children and families from disadvantaged urban areas. They also offer work experience and vocational training opportunities for young people from Glastonbury and the surrounding areas.

www.paddingtonfarm.co.uk

Thank you for giving generously.

Spring 2011-12

ArtSoc Spring Tour

The aim of the overseas trip to Prague was to enhance the cultural experience and breadth of ArtSoc members. Members were given the chance to experience a greater diversity of artistic events such as operas and world class ballet performances. Students from different years and courses were also allowed to mingle and bond, sharing their views on the arts along the way.

The 3 days 2 nights trip to Prague was very successful on the whole and our objectives were achieved. 15 enthusiastic members turned up for the trip; they toured the city and had a well-subsidised meal together. The members had a great time, returning back to London with a deeper understanding of the culture and arts in Prague as well as valuable friendships that would last a lifetime.

13/5/2012

IMPERIAL
COLLEGE
CAVING CLUB

SPRING TOUR REPORT



Compiled by Clare Tan

Introduction

Caving's spring tour was to Mallorca, from 1st-8th April 2012. It was attended by 13 members of the club. The main objectives of the tour were to expose members to new experiences and types of caves not commonly found in the UK, and to continue the training of new members in skills such as rigging and derigging. In these respects the tour was highly successful; the caves we visited were varied and highly decorated with massive chambers, new members bottomed a stunning 100m pitch (their deepest yet!), and we even had a chance to try out canyoning in the spectacular Sa Fosca gorge.



Great fun was had by all, regardless of experience and ability.

Tour diary

The following reports are extracts from the tour logbook.

1st April – Arrival

Arrival

1:15am. We've arrived! It's an amazing villa, the swimming pool has lights, and stuff... After landing in Palma... our so far excellent organisation fell apart as the OK-rent-a-car team get driven halfway to Palma to collect their cars, leaving Tetley (Team Berlingo) at the airport without a map.

Eventually we all gathered at Alex Bet's, paid lots of Euros, and drove in convoy through the night to our palace! La Casetaaaa

Jan Evetts

2nd April - Sa Compana (caving), Cala Magraner (climbing)

Sa Compana: Tetley, Clare, Maver, Rhys, Sam

Our group of cavers headed out to what is probably - or at least what sounds like - the best cave to do in Majorca. Despite being tired from the day of travelling before, I was keen to go caving... and my enthusiasm was only slightly dampened by the long drive; long walk/scramble to the cave entrance etc. It was pretty late when we got to the entrance and so very hot. The first troubles arose quite soon after arrival when Tetley realised he had left behind his harness and chest harness and whatever else but he seemed unfazed as usual.



The cave itself was very cool, with really big chambers and lots of beautiful formations. The first couple of pitches were pretty friendly, because it was possible to casually walk down them and walk back up them again. Of course my technique being what it is I ended up spending most of the time shuffling along the rockface. After the end of the third pitch -- past the 'OK zone' labelled on the survey -- it became a little more involved; only because now the next pitch was longer and tighter with more rebelays etc. At one point I became a little tangled up but was happy that I was able to resolve the situation, along with help from Rhys.

From then on, we headed out. It was suggested that Rhys could derig, and he did so.

When we got out it was already dark. By this point, I was very tired and not best pleased to have the long walk back. Happily, there was beer waiting for us. Once undressing, I found that my t-shirt and trousers were drenched in sweat - something which I beared in mind (although the next day the problem wasn't repeated, suggesting Fra Rafel was a lot easier going).

Heading home, everything seemed perfect. There were no other cars on the road (only sheep), the album we were listening to finished just as we parked the car, and food was waiting on the table. A great first day!

Sam Page

Cala Magraner: Izi, Jana, Kate, Jonny, Jan, Fiona, Oliver, Clement

First morning, predictable faffage at the breakfast table, what are we going to do? The forecast suggested go climbing while the weather was good. Deep water soloing on the S. coast or a good

crag near the villa? Then inspiration! From the Rockfax climbing book, a cove with a beach and two grade 3+4 top 50 climbs... perfectto!

Jan Evetts

Great climbing! Nice rock, fairly high routes and a great day. Sharp limestone = sore fingers. Headed back via Malancor/Manacor/whatever to get coal and MORE WINE!

Awaiting food, smells good, and the arrival of the Sa Compana group. Life's good in Mallorcaa...

P.S. Caving tomorrow? Caving tomorrow!!

Jonny Hardman

Everyone climbed 'El vigilant de la platja' at Cala Magraner after swimming in the sea/sitting around watching the greats of Jonny, Jan, Izi and Jana running up the cliff face. Sea as cold but great for splashing around in -- loved it, although all the fish were quick to swim away if you got too close. We spent yonks 'Janning around' on the way home in Manacor - a new descriptive term for whatever Jan does! Hopefully some good caving to come tomorrow as Tetley & co. (Clare Rhys, Sam, Maver) described Sa Compana to be bloody good. Fantastic day!

Fiona Hartley

3rd April - Sa Fosca (canyoning), Fra Rafel (caving), Penya Rotja (caving)

Sa Fosca: Tetley, Clare, Rhys, Oliver

This was the trip I was most apprehensive about. We'd read CUCC trip reports about it being a canyon for the very experienced, the equivalent of a Grade 5, and Andy's ominous words of warning were running through my head: "This is a very serious undertaking - kind of like Quaking.... It's not something you can do as a caver on a day off - you need planning and proper equipment really...."

The others also seemed suspiciously agreeable for us to be the guinea pigs.

After a morning of running around packing and navigating our way through the sea of cyclists on the drive there, we finally parked at our parking spot (opposite the Sa Colabra turn off) and got changed slowly. Tetley gave Rhys and Oliver a final chance to back out, warning them not to think that he knew what he was doing..

"Don't worry Tetley, I've never trusted you to know what you're doing", replied Rhys.

And so we set off. The first hour or so of the gorge was pretty dry, then the pitches and pools started coming in quick succession. A quick lesson to Rhys and Oliver on which ropes to abseil off (this was before we learned that double roping is much better!) and away we went. It was pretty sociable really, with two tackle bags of rope we kept up a rotation of sorts, with the ropes exchanging leads



and everyone taking turns rigging. Spirits were high; the Indiana Jones theme was hummed by all, lots of bad singing by me, and better singing by Tetley... life was good.

In truth the canyoning itself was pretty benign -- easy pitch heads, good bolts, calm water to swim in. The greatest danger is perhaps the length of it, which makes the trip pretty committing, and how you're constantly in and out of 2 degree celsius water. I was shivering for hours in my 3mm wetsuit; the less stupid wore up to 2 wetsuits and I was assured they had a much more pleasant experience.

Finally after hours of

1. abseiling into water
2. packing rope while treading water
3. swimming while muttering 'fucking hell, it's cold' under your breath
4. clambering out at the next pitch
5. greeted by a "good to go?", before you're off rigging the next pitch
6. repeat

we made it to the bit of the canyon that's in an actual cave. This was really really cool. Instantly we all felt a bit more at home, and we knew we weren't far from the end. By this point the swimming in cold water had lost a bit of its novelty! It wasn't long before we were out of the cave, exhilarated and relieved at having completed the trip safely.

Next came a 4 hour walk out of the gorge back to the car, in which we were so desperate for water we picked up a bottle of unknown origin off the ground and drained it! Finally got back at the villa around 1:30am, where we found the others had had a barbecue earlier in the night, leaving us with... a frankfurter each (to be fair they did run out of charcoal prematurely)! We fried up some eggs and enjoyed a well earned sandwich.

Clare Tan

Fra Rafel: Jan, Kate, Jonny, Sam



We went to Falafel/Fra Rafel. Bit of easy route finding to get to the cave. Trespassed through some land, bit dodgy.

Cave entrance = massive tree covered hole, cool. Tried to rig first pitch, couldn't find way on. Jan went down the pitch and found the way on. Amazing cave, massive stals, really open + easy going. Second pitch -- a 60 degree slope down for 15m or so. Rigged off of a stalagmite natural. No rebelayes. Third pitch - 140m?! The most obvious way on is to continue up to a large drop. Spent ~30/40 minutes faffing with Jan to no avail. Sam and Kate checked out a nice side passage.

We started to head back but after rooting around a small climb through some boulders we came across the proper

way. Wasn't possible to continue down the pitch (no obvious rigging) so myself and Jan threw rocks down it and waiting for the sound of them dropping. It would be fantastic to go down to the bottom but the rigging was slightly disconcerting.

We bimbled out of the cave playing stal drums and derigging. Out for sunset + beer!

Jonny Hardman

Penya Rotja: Fiona, Clement, Izi, Jana, Maver

Myself, Clement and the Slovenians set out to an Eastern peninsula to tackle Penya Rotja. Took a wrong turn at one point and ended up at a military boundary! Jana spoke with a coach driver and so we found the car park, where an interested passerby asked if we were going climbing. Caving, we replied.

Finding the cave proved difficult - ~3km along a coastal path that alternated between sloping up and down. Ultimately we climbed upwards to a unique 'turret' (as the description said) or tunnel cut through the rock. Beyond this was a stony point at which the whole Northern peninsula could be



seen before us. Here we wasted lots of time trying to find the route to the cave entrance, eventually heading down a scrambly, steep slope and tracking back to the left, heading for the area below the turret. The slope was covered in hardy grasses which were totally evil but helpful handholds. One grass ent up my nostril with some force. I cursed and proceeded to bleed everywhere. Looking like some artime patient a bandage was shoved up my nose and soon after we arrived at the cave entrance. Beautiful view, just like the entire walk!

After eating tuna and shortbread we changed into our gear and headed into the cave. Quickly we

rued the temperature -- it was so damn warm we were all dripping with sweat whenever we did anything of note.

Clement and I were swept along by a wave of Slovenian expertise and style, down down down into the depths of the cave. The first pitch was down a wall, leading to sloping chambers filled with stals and straws and all kinds of amazing formations. We fuffed around taking photos at each point. Some expo-style rigging



on the second pitch seemed a bit hairy to me but was fine in the end. Each chamber and shaft was more amazing than the last. At the bottom we found some weird spider/millipede-esque lifeform chilling on an impressive column structure and nearly lost our footing when it moved.

Striking back for the surface, slow and steady, we had a couple of minor inconveniences with route-finding but nothing could stop us -- up, up, up we went. Izi freeclimbed the first pitch. Plenty of Slovenian banter saw us out of the cave in the lull just before sunset. We ate, changed and were grateful not to be in such a hot cave still! Progress back to the car was also slow in the fading light of day and finally in the dark of night -- the up and down of the path a welcome change from the upwards scramble back from the cave. Clement seems to be getting a grasp of Slovenian! Zoomed back to the villa, here showers and food awaited. Writing this now, I am knackered but satisfied. It has been one hell of a day, and one hell of a cave.

Fiona Hartley

4th April - Cala Boquer (walking), Fermentor (climbing), Terrasa (caving)

Roman ruins/Cala Boquer: Tet, Clare, Sam, Clement, Fiona

Today was pretty much a doss day. The morning was spent reading/lounging by the pool and several of us took a quick dip.

However! The afternoon saw most enthusiastic to do something. Tetley had designs on having a look at the fabled Roman amphitheatre. So, off we drove, initially following signs for the 'Auditori' however this turned out to be the cinema. We were then following signs for 'Fundasio' until we gave up (but what does Fundasio mean?!? It sounds fun :) To great amusement, Jan had been following us even as we drove round car parks etc. He proved difficult to shake off: something to bear in mind. Perhaps.

We decided to park and have a look around the Roman town. It was quite cool to walk along the wall and then we bought ice creams and Tetley bought a fridge magnet (although it was apparently not up to his usual standards). He then headed off to buy tobacco and whatever else those filthy smokers need.



Heading off again, we found a car park leading to, supposedly, the amphitheatre. There were some various ruins, but it looked as if one site was closed. Nonetheless, we headed off across a field, climbed up onto a wall and found the amphitheatre! It was a nice site and I was glad we had found it. After a break, we headed back, only slightly concerned that we were trespassing.. but we did see another person so we were OK.

Again we headed off to Port Pollenca, where Tetley knew of a walk we could do. This turned out to be really enjoyable -- really easy going and leading to an isolated little beach. Time was spent here generally looking around etc. I was a little shocked to stumble across a dead goat.

Sam Page

Avenc del Terrasa: Jonny, Jan, Rhys, Oliver

After meeting with the climbing team at the Cap Formentor lighthouse for sunset, we headed down to the cave, a slot in rock right by the road, parked up by the cave Jonny set-off to rig while we ate Brie + bread in the car, after some time I swapped with Jonny and rigged down to the bottom, somehow avoiding any rub points, but using a dubious spit that I couldn't properly thread the bolt in. Rhys followed me and passed a sling. After derigging we enjoyed the lighthouse, moon and view of the sea before driving back. Oliver offering a good selection of Rhys is fat jokes, to which he had no comeback. We also shared some strange dreams: me Tounamis, Rhys losing teeth, Oliver brain transplants, Jonny burning people... !!

Jan Evetts

5th April - Sa Compana (caving), Penya Rotja (caving), Sa Fosca (canyoning)

Sa Compana: Jan, Jonny, Clement, Oli, Fiona

Woke up to learn that bad things had happened the night before to Sam and Rhys and that rope as being packed for Sa Compana. The drive to the cave served to embed a few songs in our heads. At the parking spot a Land Rover and another car were already in residence: Jan, in poking around, discovered a sleeping person in the back of the car.

Getting to the cave is a mission in itself -- An initial uphill scramble ripped my ankles to shreds thanks to the same lovely grasses I had met walking to Penya Rotja. This was resolved by putting wellies on but my legs feel like they have been whipped. There are several red welts on my arms also from the scrambling. The limestone is incredibly sharp. Looking into the col at the top of the hill we had fun with a great echo, and thought we could hear the canyoning team bellowing back at us. Smatterings of rain accompanied the drive and walk, culminating in it beginning to chuck it down as we were changing at the entrance. We ducked into the covered entrance to finish changing.

Unlike Large Pot, Big Cave has not been named as such as a cruel joke. Sa Compana is massive -- and massively impressive. Each chamber is bigger than the last, the formations



increasing in size to match. Having forgotten the rope for the third pitch we couldn't go all the way but that made the trip very pleasant (excluding the trek to the cave entrance and back of course). The pitches are especially nice on the way up as there is no full-on prussicking required, just walking up the wall. Jan tested the acoustics of the chambers with what sounded to me like choral pieces; Jonny made an ICCC cat out of mud in the penultimate chamber we reached, and suitable faffing over photos was done.

We returned to the surface in time to catch the fading rays of the sun, Jonny derigging. This left us to tackle the scramble in the dark though and the rocks were not kind -- Jonny sliced his knee open, a deep but clean cut that thankfully didn't fell him completely. We made it back to the car eventually and back at the villa Jana tended Jonny's wounds and it seemed to me that almost as soon as we got back people went to bed. But that's probably because I had a nice hot shower for some time.

P.S. the other cavers were from Sweden (with a Spanish guide or two?) Funnily we met them in the smallest, tightest part of the cave between the second and third pitches - the concept of actually caving after all the huge chambers had Jan and I very perturbed, but the appearance of these other cavers convinced us we were on the right track for the next chamber.

Fiona Hartley

6th April - **Penya Rotja (caving)**

Penya Rotja: Jan, Kate, Oliver

We got lost in Alcludian hinterland, but later arrived at Ermita Vittoria where we donned our light + fluffy rucsacs, apart from Oliver who was carrying a small reservoir of water in his bag. Later we set off to the cave of doom, via the path of death...

I may be exaggerating the dangerousness of both cave + path to cave. When we arrived at the cave... someone had been there before, in fact there were some people in the cave. We briefly discussed if it was beneath us to do a cave that had been done before. We spoke to the other cavers and one of them gave us a map of the cave so we felt obliged to go in. But not before Oliver and I urinated at the entrance to mark it as our territory.

We fumbled our way down based on Tetley's description.

The formations at the bottom are impressive, the sheer quantity of calcite that has oozed out of the roof to fill a chamber with a huge stal column, fluted, colourful with greenish, ochre, red colouring. We clambered around a lot trying to climb up above it. On the way back I explored another way and was confused by some stal that was all angled at 45 degrees...



We made our way out. Then after a chocolate break Olly and I went back in to explore the 'Sal de Ossos' which looked huge, sadly it was very low and a bit twatty. Before walking back Olly and I enjoyed a parting urination at the entrance.

On the way back we enjoyed the sunset from the viewpoint looking over the headland out to sea (there are two or three houses with roads connecting them, but no road is to the headland), we contemplated the view, the holiday and how cool it had been and life in general. I walked back slowly on my own in the twilight, leaving Olly to roll himself a cigarette and find his own way back. It was a beautiful walk with the bay and the silhouette of Formentor and wind in the trees, but assumed Olly could catch up. Not until I was nearly back to the car he came running out of the dark having got completely lost!

In summary: PENYA ROTJA HAS THE BEST WALK TO THE CAVE, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VIEW FROM THE ENTRANCE, ONE CHAMBER WITH TONS OF CALCITE IN COLOURS, BUT IT IS A BIT TWATTY. TRICKY ROUTE FINDING 'COS IT'S ONE BIG BEDDING PLANE AND YOU NEED KNEEPADS!

Jan Evetts

7th April - Port Pollenca (sailing), Fra Rafel (caving), Cala Sa Nav (climbing, snorkelling)

Fra Rafel: Tetley, Clare, Oliver, Fiona, Rhys

We woke up late and spent a very lazy morning eating. Somehow we got it into our heads that we were going to go caving with Clare and Tetley who had gone sailing. At two o'clock after hours of restless pacing and very nearly going to the beach they came back from their boating adventure. A surprisingly quick turnaround ensued and soon we were heading to Fra Rafel.

We found the cave without incident (unless you count a minor nosebleed from Rhys) and Tetley dove in to rig it. After abseiling from the trees and swinging into the entrance of the cave we found a large sloping chamber.

Down a light slope took us past some bats in which none else appreciated) we passed a hand line and reached our target: the 100 metre pitch. Tetley got stuck in with rigging and succeeded by using a total of two hangers and innumerable naturals. The bottom was...

Rhys Tyers & Oliver Myerscough

Cala Sa Nav: Jan, Sam

We headed to the coast near S'Horta to check out the fabled Deep Water Soloing at a place called The Virgin Area by Cala Sa Nav, supposedly it was the easiest routes! We arrived and it was spectacular! And scary! There was one other couple, one of whom was climbing a bit. We donned wetsuits and explored the entrance and exit routes. The cliff was 10m high and the water perhaps 5m deep and crystal clear, there was a slight swell washing up and into a cave beneath our feet. I clambered down the exit route, which was hairy enough, at the it was a step down into an overhang, then traverse and climb down to a ledge 2-3m above the water. I stood staring across the mouth of the cave trying to figure out the line of the climb on the other side and summon the will to jump in the sea! Eventually I went for it and then swam like mad across to the other side and clambered onto a semi-submerged slippery ledge. Standing as pretty tricky as the rock bulged out . I clung to

the rock trying to find a way to start, after numerous attempts I couldn't get beyond the first move and my forearms were super pumped! I had to concede defeat and swim back to the exit route and climb back up the liff. I was bloody cold! After that Sam went exploring and traversing around the cliff bottom, after climbing down through a cave.



Afterwards we went back to the beach and snorkelled around a bit, which was awesome, I saw a few types of fish. And there was a bar serving coffee (and beer or spirits if you wanted!). It as a really beautiful place and only a few people there. Although in August apparently it is packed.

Jan Evetts

Accounts Summary

Expenditure

Item	Amount
Travel	£2644.39
Insurance	£376.20
Food	£576.53
Accommodation	£1190.00
TOTAL	£4787.12

Income

Item	Amount
Union grant	£996.87
Members contributions	£3790.25
TOTAL	£4787.12

Imperial College Chamber Choir

Spring tour 2012 - Derbyshire

24th – 30th March

Schedule

24th Minibus to Derbyshire

25th, 26th Rehearsals and walks through the Peak district

27th Concert at University of Nottingham

28th Rehearsals and walk

29th Concert in All Saints Youlgrave

30th Return to London by minibus

Table of costs

£187.2 was received in grant from the Union to help fund the tour. This was used to cover travel costs and music hire.

minibus hire	414
minibus fuel there and back	105.40
Car fuel	87.27
Food (remember -VAT)	404
Grant	-187.2
Non members contributions	-110
Music Hire	30
Total	743.47
Members attending = 15	
Cost per person	49.564

The Tour was deemed a great success and will likely be repeated in spring 2013.

Tour report 2011-12

Details of the tour

Place: Berlin, Germany

Dates: 2nd – 4th March 2012

Attendance: 60 members, 0 non-members

Aims and objectives

After careful research we had concluded that the ideal destination for our tour was the German capital, Berlin. Primarily for two reasons, this city proved to be an ideal destination for the trip we wished to organise. Firstly, Berlin is a vibrant modern city that would provide a variety of options to our members. There are many places to see and sights to visit and there is also a widespread youth culture throughout the city that our members would be very eager to explore. So it emerged as a great opportunity for them; to visit a city that they had never visited before and through this experience have to chance to bond together even more, thus strengthening the network between all Cypriots at Imperial, which is a goal we aspire to establish and sustain as a Society. Secondly, the history of Germany, especially Berlin, is something that any Cypriot can easily relate to. Nicosia, the Cypriot capital, is the last divided capital city in Europe. Although the nature of the division in Berlin was very different, we strongly believed that the visit would provide great insight into a situation very similar to ours and how Berlin has coped with the process of reunification.

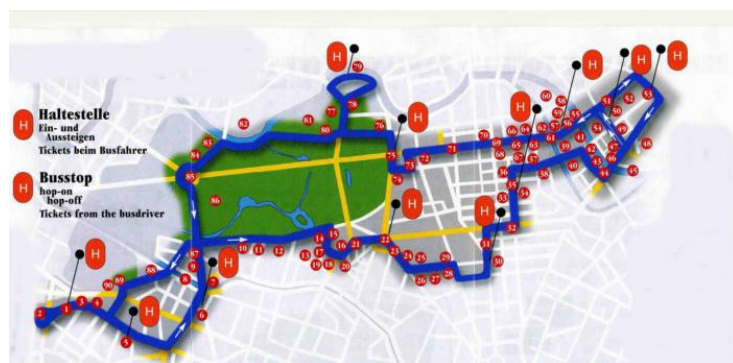
Overall, our objectives for the tour were to learn some lessons in terms of acceptance of other people, and also learn about the integration of the two sectors in Germany. Moreover, our aims included the study of mistakes in history and what happened in city during the days after the reunification. By visiting Berlin, one immediately can get exposed to these through their experiences and the visible remains of the division throughout the city. Furthermore, the Society always had as a goal to actively seek ways to promote the Cypriot Culture and the Cypriot Problem, as defined in the Constitution, specifically points 1.3.2 - 1.3.5. Another goal for us was also to promote the fact that Cyprus is holding the Presidency of the Council of the European Union during the second-half of 2012. The activities we had undertaken to promote this goal are explained in the section below.

Activities

After arriving at the Schönefeld airport, we took the German underground to a small hotel nearer to the city centre. The German transport system seemed excellent and amazed us from the very first day at Berlin. The tour had a very extensive program because of the goals, but a very packed timetable due the small duration of the trip, so we had no time to loose.



Early in the morning, we started with city tour on a hop-on hop-off bus. It gave the opportunity to all members to explore most of the places and buildings of historical and cultural value. Before the start of the tour, a brief introduction was given to the members of the Society about the history, important personalities and current affairs of Germany and especially Berlin. In addition, the bus tour offered a commentary in English for each place we were visiting. In total we passed from around 90 different places and everybody seemed to enjoyed the tour and appreciated the history and we were all amazed by the German post-war architecture and sometimes shocked by some serious incidents of World War I (WW I) and WW II. We started our tour from 'Kurfürstendamm' which is the Berlin equivalent of Champs-Élysées. We then passed a few foreign embassies and also the huge Sony Center which amazed all the Engineering students of our group.

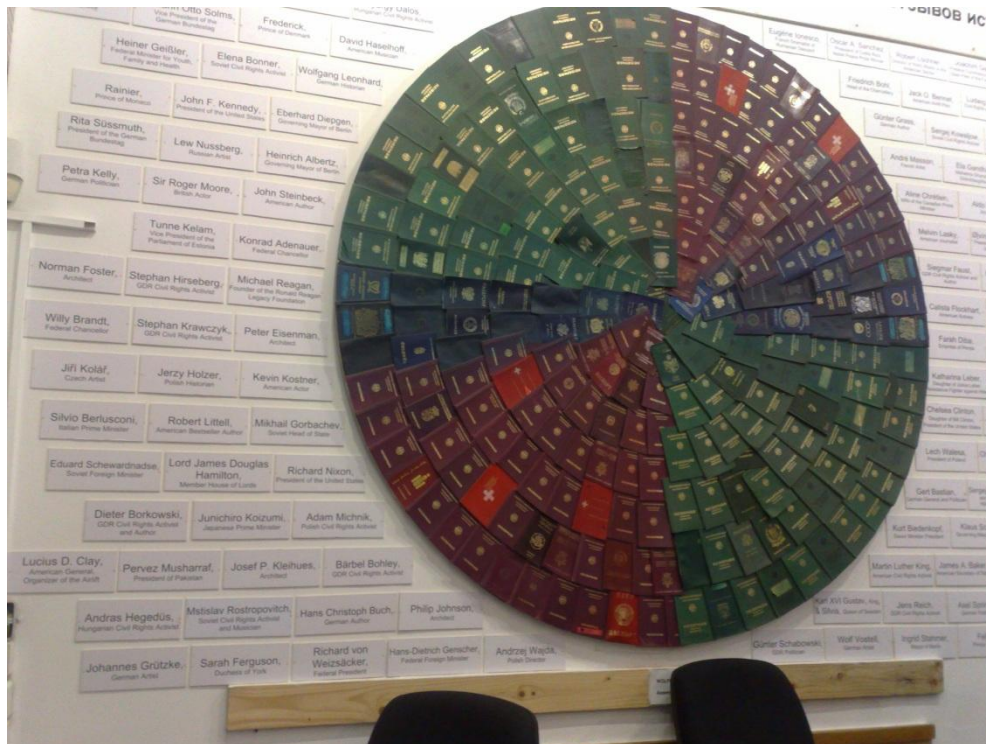


An important stop for us was at 'Potsdamer Platz', a famous public square that has been the site of major redevelopment projects after the reunification of Berlin. This, among other projects gave us an idea on how Nicosia city centre can be reconstructed after a future Cypriot reunification.

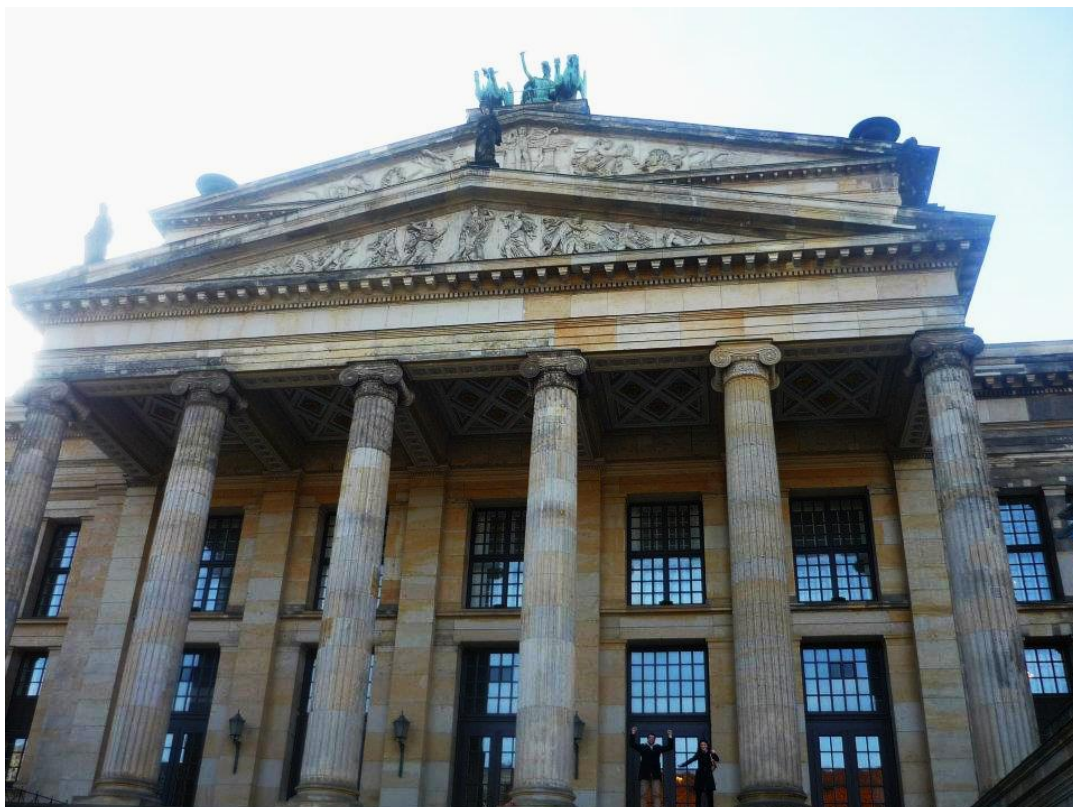
The next stop was the famous 'Checkpoint Charlie', once the symbol of division between East and West Germany, but now a tourist attraction. Very similar crossing points exist in Nicosia that remind us the division of the Turkish-occupied and government-controlled areas of the Republic of Cyprus. Though the de facto division in Cyprus has a different context and origin, the people in the island are still separated by the Green Line like Berlin was divided by the 'Mauer' (the Wall).



We also had the chance to visit the nearby museum called ‘Haus am Checkpoint’ Charlie or ‘Mauermuseum’ that was created to document the so-called “best border security system in the world” according to the East German General Heinz Hoffmann.



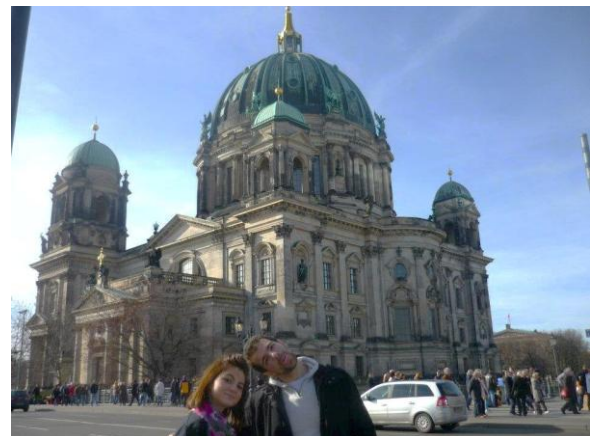
Following our bus tour, we then visited ‘Gendarmenmarkt’, the big square where the ‘Konzerthaus’ concert hall, French and German Cathedrals are situated.



What impressed us the most was the enormous square called 'Alexanderplatz', named in honour after the Russian Emperor Alexander I who visited Berlin in 1805 and the equally impressing high-rise television tower (Fernsehturm) at the background.



After having a small break in Alexanderplatz, we went on with our journey to explore 'Museumsinsel', a complex of five Berlin State Museums of international significance and also a UNESCO World Heritage Site.



A few hundreds of meters away, we come across the most well-known landmark of Berlin, the Brandenburg Gate (Brandenburger Tor). All the Society gathered together to take some group photos.



A selected team of 'Cypriot hospitality' was wearing T-shirts with logos of Imperial College Union and the 'Cypriot Society 2012'. The team was responsible for informing the public through some brochures about the Cypriot culture and the Cyprus issue.



At the Brandenburg Gate, we had the chance to talk to everybody people from Berlin and also treat them some of our local food for sampling, such as 'halloumi'. The people seemed to enjoy it and were delighted by the Cypriot hospitality. We believe we have represented both Cyprus and Imperial College very well and that we have made a very good impression to the people of Berlin.

Finally, we ended our guided bus tour at the Berlin Zoological Garden (Zoologischer Garten) with the characteristic entrance called the Elephant Gate.



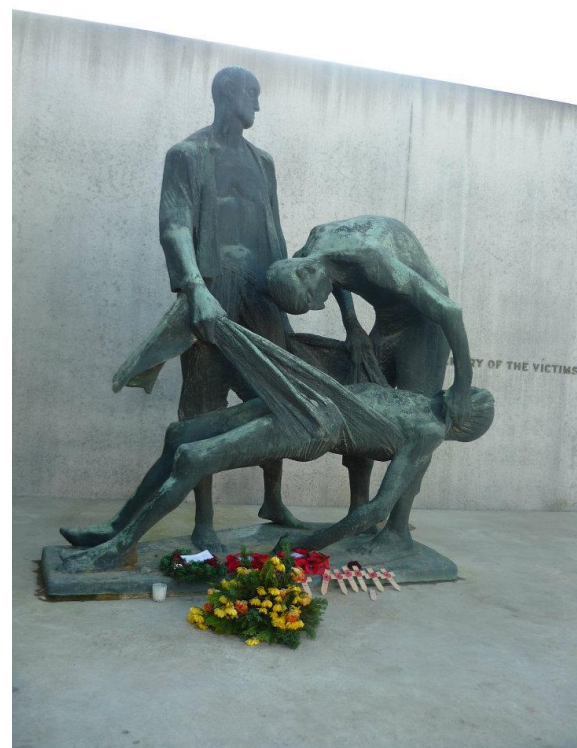
During the evening, we all needed some time to relax from our intense program and some people went for souvenir shopping and some others explored the local places near our hotel.

At night, we were still tired, so we took it easy and went out to try some traditional German dishes, such as German sausages and some German beer.

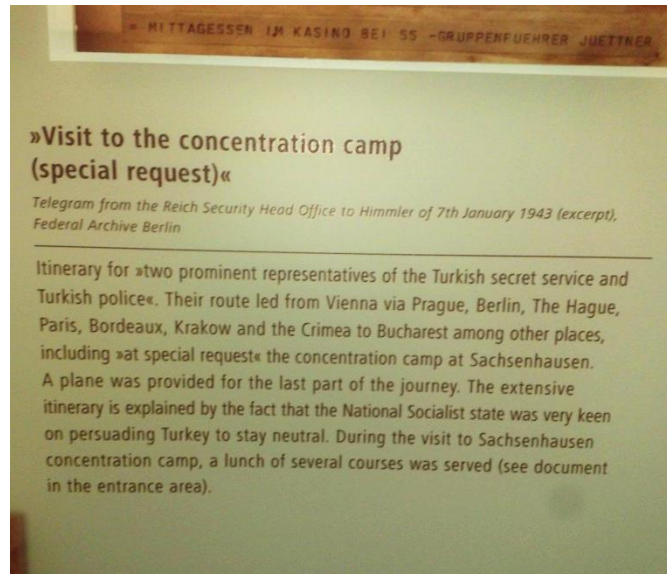


In the pub we visited we tried to engage with local people and exchange views or ideas. Berlin was truly international with people from many ethnicities, similar to London. It was unexpected, but interesting when we met an Italian waiter that was from a place in Southern Italy that people mostly speak Greek there, which is striking since most Cypriots are Greek native speakers.

The program for the next day was mainly a tribute to victims of WW II and especially people of Jewish descent. We started our day by taking the train to the 'Sachsenhausen-Oranienburg' Memorial and a Museum which used to be a concentration camp and is related to the Holocaust.



After coming back to Berlin city centre, we visited the 'Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe' which is near the Brandenburg Gate. There were multilingual brochures and the museum under the memorial included information about the Holocaust in different countries of Europe.



Although we knew most of the incidents of WW II and the Holocaust, it was very different when we actually saw the horrors of war crimes and racism. It was a life time experience and we were glad that there were so many monuments for promoting awareness of war crimes. We hope that once Cyprus is reunited again, we would see this kind of monuments about this crimes, so people will not repeat the same mistakes of the past.

Cost and Expenses

It cost around £130 for tickets and £85 for the hotel booking for each person. The Union subsidised the event with £20 and the Society with around £10 from the income of its events.

Description	Unit price (£)	Units	Gross expenditure
Food sampling	60.00	1	60.00
Brochures, Photographs	50.00	1	50.00
Hotel booking	85.00	60	5100.00
Airport tickets	130.00	60	7800.00
			13010.00

Outcome

All in all, we think our tour was a complete success, especially after the positive feedback we received from our members. Many students admitted that it was a once in a lifetime experience and were very satisfied in terms of organisation and also in terms of funding from the Society and Imperial College Union, though they expected the trip to be more subsidized from the Union grants since the income of the Society was from the events that members had paid for.

In addition, the Committee is glad that most of the goals were accomplished and we believe we got the most out of it. We were also pleased to hear that a few members who are not Cypriots had participated in our tour with their Cypriot friends and enjoyed it as much as everyone else!



Exploration Society Spring Tour 2012 Report

Dates: 26th March – 14th April 2012

Destination: Chamonix, France

Attendees, Full members:

Boris Korzh
Sara Arbos Torrent
Murray Cutforth
Arnaud Sors
Florian Studer

Additional Attendees:

Samuel Thompson (Life Member of the Union)
Melanie Windridge
Guillaume Billardon

Aims of the Tour

The tour was undertaken to fulfill point 2b of the Exploration Society's constitution, allowing members to obtain hands on experience of the necessary skills to operate in difficult environment. By attending this tour the participants were able to either learn or improve skills in alpine ski touring and alpine climbing. Both of these skills are invaluable for undertaking expeditions in the greater ranges. Chamonix is a perfect training ground for such skills thanks to the extensive infrastructure that is in place. Less experienced members were able to learn new skills from the older members.

Tour Activities

During the tour the activities were mostly carried out on touring skis, as that is the main traveling method in the Alps during winter and spring time. This period also gives the opportunity to climb some of the big North Face routes, since the conditions are cold and stable, meaning the ice is of high quality.

At the beginning of the tour, Sam and Melanie partnered up for some straight forward ski touring in the region of Bonnaville. Afterwards, Sam and Boris teamed up and their eyes were set on climbing several high quality routes. They first headed up the Aig du Midi lift and stayed at the Torino Hut for 3 nights, where they first completed a 5 pitch M5 route on Pointe Lachenal as a warm up. They aimed to complete the classic Super Couloir also, however Sam's leg got bruised on one of the descents on the approach to the route meaning the attempt had to be abandoned and instead they completed the superb 20km

Valle Blanche Descent on skis. In the meantime Sara and Murray also headed up to the Torino hut, from where they completed the regular route on La Tour Ronde, but the next day their attempt on the North Face was not successful unfortunately.



After resting in the valley and smoothing out the bruises Sam and Boris were ready to undertake what they really came for, the Swiss Route on the North Face of Les Courtes (TD), a beautiful 800m route. They headed to the Argentiere Glacier via the Grand Montets lift and bivied on the glacier below the route. The next morning, waking up at 3 am, they set off the route and moved smoothly to the top without a problem to top out at around midday. The day wasn't over by far, since the descent involved abseiling down the North East face, an affair involving 21 abseils from Abolokov threads and taking 5 hours. After returning to the bivi site, they quickly packed up and skied back to the valley for celebratory pizza and beer.

The other team consisted of Murray, Arnaud, Florian and Sara who headed for the Laschaux hut, which at the time of the year is unmanned, but is suitable to bivving. They undertook some steep couloir skiing in the area, which involved a lot of climbing with skis on the pack whilst getting to the top. All of this was done in under the magnificent view of the Grand Jorasses.

Unfortunately at the end of the tour, the weather in the high mountain had turned for the worse, making further alpine climbing unfeasible. At this point only Sam and Murray remained and they opted to team up with an ex-Explo member Guillaume in Lausanne and

go for some multi-pitch sport climbing in the sun.





Finances

Expenditure Description	Amount
Flights and trains	£689.34
Airport Transfers	£173.34
Accommodation	£414.00
Food	£360.50
Lifts	£229.00

The tour received £620.16 from the IC Trust and £206.72 from the Union Grant. All of the costs during the tour were paid individually by the members and the amounts settled amongst themselves. The club did not make a loss on the trip.

Tour Conclusion

The tour proved to be a great success even though the weather turned for the worse towards the end of the tour. All of the initial aims of the tour were fulfilled, with all of the members learning new skills and experiencing alpine climbing and ski touring. For several members this was the first experience of alpine ski touring, which left a lasting impression and they are all sure that they would like to undertake this activity once again. All of the participants were left

infused about alpine climbing and now possesses the knowledge and desire to take part in and organise climbing expeditions in the greater ranges. Very importantly, this tour provided the possibility for the entire Imperial College Alaska 2012 Expedition team to climb together and hone their skills prior to the expedition, this proved invaluable.

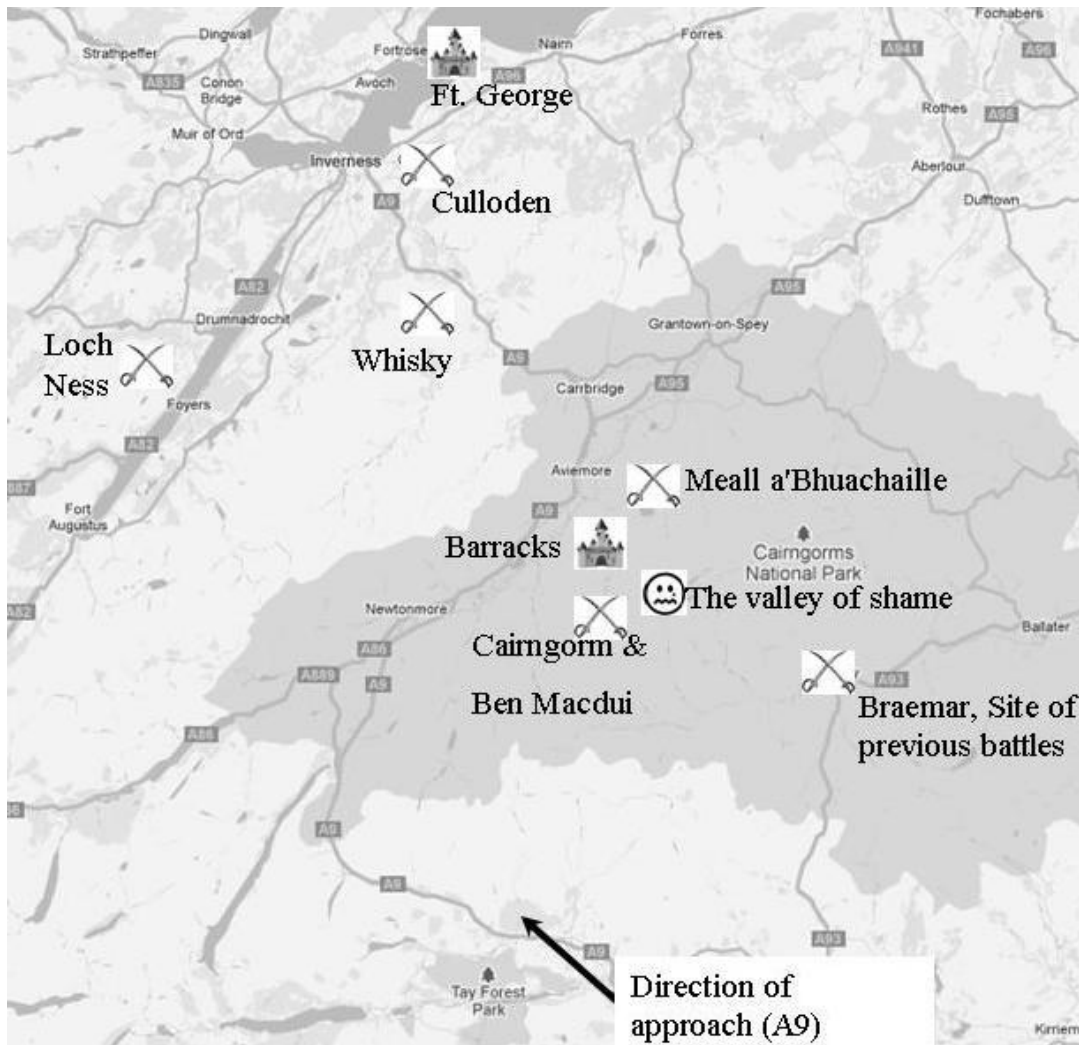
Fellwanderers 2012 Easter Tour- Cairngorms

Photos courtesy of G. MacAulay and J. Rumer

Introduction

When the Fellwanderers learned of the potential rebellion in the Imperial province of Scotland led by the ruffian Alex Salmond (which I am glad to say did not do too well in the local elections recently), it was decided that a campaign to suppress such uprisings should be waged by our great lead Field Marshal H. Jones. For this, an Alliance with Caledonian Regiment allowed a two-pronged attack upon the Eastern Highlands: on one side a championing of the countryside, especially the Munros and hills, the other an assault upon the cultural sites and cities.

The following account is the first hand experiences and reports received from other members of the task force by Lt. J. Allan. Below is shown a map of this endeavour, with many of the sites visited shown.



Monday 2nd April – The Campaign Commences

Upon awakening, sore and wounded from the battle of the 4 Inns only a day before (when victory required 40 miles of marching through Peak district hills and moors), I wearily fetched my knapsack and equipment before catching the bus to headquarters.

As ever, the great bastion of Beit quadrangle was the muster point. After speaking with the powers that be, we replaced the personnel carrier used the previous weekend, it too damaged from before for a new one, possessing cruise control and a limiter which was 3mph faster. Due to this the second convoy left at 09:33, rather than the planned 09:00, although it is believed over the vast distances covered the difference was made up.

The first convoy left at the earlier time of 07:00, their being the additional resources thanks to the Caledonians, unlike many a previous expedition north of the border attempted by the Fellwanderers. It was reported to have almost destroyed a cyclist on the new exhibition road with Lt. J. Pritchard (a veteran of the Greenland action) at the helm; perhaps the strange layout was responsible for this narrowly averted accident.

During the great and long (13h) journey, many of the turnoffs from the M1 and M6 for usual operational areas were passed; including Snowdonia, the peaks, the lakes, the dales and even distant Northumbria. This was the cause of much demoralisation in our convoy, knowing that on an ordinary trip we would be at our destination, but were forced to merely look upon the landscape from the road, looking forward only to more hours of driving.

But this was no ordinary trip and within minutes of crossing the border, the rain begun to pour, when only a week before sunshine and temperatures in double digits. Further north, the snow began, with 150mm falling upon the night of our arrival alone. It seemed as though even the Scottish weather was already attempting to sabotage our mission, but onward we forged fearlessly toward our objective.

A sighting of the “hip-hop” group JLS was made in a service station near Carlisle, wearing a tracksuit onesie described by Capt. S. Evans as “trampish”. After a little mocking, we decided that our mission to keep the union intact was too urgent for the diversion of their court martial and summary execution for their crimes against Imperial culture. Approaching our final destination, we extracted Col. J. Fairclough, the commander of the Caledonians close to Stirling and drove on into the national park.

Upon arrival at our barracks near Aviemore at approximately 22:30, we were greeted by a large number of our companions carrying the device known only as “the beast” after its shadowy manufacture. A weapon of total chocolate-based annihilation standing 300mm tall and 500mm in diameter, this was created to strike fear into the hearts of the locals. With layers containing shortbread, cereals, fruit, jaffa cakes, brownies and many other confectionaries it cost the same amount as 3 days rations to construct and was estimated to contain 120,000 kcals (or around 490,000,000 joules of energy).



The Beast in all of its chocolaty horror

Tuesday 3rd April - Whiskey and Cannons

On this first full day, I joined the Caledonians, as they needed a driver and the subsiding blisters could still be felt between my toes. Firstly an inspection of the defences established at Fort George, not too far from Inverness. Although built in the 18th century to counteract Jacobite uprisings and much of the armaments were relics of the 19th century, the fort still provides a sound defensive position. With a number of regiments stationed there loyal to the Queen, it should be able to withstand besiegement from Salmond and his SNP troops.

Following this a tour around the “Tomatin” whisky distillery, which like other single malts represents by far the most valuable and strategically important resource of this territory, a small taste of this reminded us why we were struggling in the cold land.

The walking contingent attempted to take Cairngorm, leaving from the barracks in the morning, but proving forlorn, being smitten by fog and snow; as a result the summit was not reached that day. Lt. J. Rumer described the strike as being “3 ½ km of aimless walking on the top, literally Fellwandering in a total whiteout”.



This kind of weather was typical of the tour- visibility of fewer than 100m made the use of heavy artillery difficult and navigation a major challenge

Following the days activities, the “birthing” of the beast began now that it had cooled and set it was time to remove it from its great aluminium womb. This involved former Lord General J. Carr (removed from his position on charges of madness on account of his suicidal missions against all odds and over-zealous use of the presidential pistol) and Cp. C. “the Unicorn” Penny upturning the great container and shaking vigorously with shouts of encouragement such as “push harder” and “it’s coming”. Once the beast was freed, the creators beheld its full calorific horror and did despair and shouted “what have we done”, quickly deciding it should be dismantled and to fully ensure it was safe, pass it though human digestion. Lt. Gen. Carr did set about this task by plunging a heated serrated blade deep into its heart and carving portions for everyone present, following consumption many were wounded by the sugary power and others failed to finish.

Wednesday 4th April – Sinking into the Snow

Another trek which begun from the commenced this morning, which started well through the woods, but as soon as we emerged onto the side of the ridge we were following near the hut, the snow became ankle deep. Thus began an Indian-file climb with the leading person acting like a plough to dig their way for the rest of the group to follow. After some sunshine a tough climb to the last peak, we descended, some with the use of survival bags as sleds to a nice little bothy where we took lunch. Entertainment was provided by Maj. J. Wilson, who read out the bothy toiled code, which instructed the use of a shovel or if not

available, a small trowel should be brought along in preparation. Amusement was also provided inside the bothy by Cpt. S. Evans, who attempted to put a survival bag back into its packaging, after much crushing and folding it was eventually crumpled into place.



Lower down in the glens, there was more tree cover and less snow cover, in stark contrast to the barren snowy tops of the munros

Thursday 5th April – The Loch and the Track

A small group trekked down a gravel track following a long valley up to loch Eanairch on this day, during which we saw some cyclists and Cpt. S. Evans managed to expand his stick collection. This walk in general was generally easy going, as it was a good path and flat, with good views of the valley walls either side, however the fog impeded the views somewhat.



Loch Avon

During these two days (Wednesday and Thursday), a deep infiltration force consisting of seven of our number of our most courageous or idiotic (dependant upon your point of view) went on a unsupported long trek to stay the night, a report of which is given below by Former Lord General Carr:

" The day began with snowfall and sub-zero temperatures, a sign of things to come. The goal of day was simple – to get to Corrour bothy (a mountain hut) before nightfall. The choice of route was an 18km trek along the Lairig Ghru, a famous mountain pass through some of the most remote terrain in Britain. Undaunted by the heavy snowfall or the wilderness, the small party departed and soon reached a large boulder strewn canyon, only slowed by curious reindeer which accosted them en route. The canyon proved difficult to pass through, with the boulders lining the route covered in snow, making them slippy and the gaps in between them difficult to spot.

From the top of the canyon the group entered the Lairig Ghru. Progress was slow, with waist deep snow drifts hampering walking and navigation, reducing the distance covered to a kilometre an hour. Following a long afternoon of walking/crawling/falling over in snow and a final river crossing the group reached the bothy just before darkness fell on the mountains. The cold bothy was warmed by the cooking of noodles and pasta, and spirits cheered with a bottle of gin. A year-old Christmas pudding was steamed in gin and

whisky to round off the evening, before the tired hikers laid head to pillow and entered a deep slumber.



The now legendary Bothy and the primary objective of the deep infiltration contingent

Dawn broke promisingly, the sun lighting up the valley. The party departed straight away to begin the ascent of the Devils Point, the peak behind the hut. The most direct route was chosen, up the steep flanks of the peak over boulder and grass. As the ascent got underway, the weather closed in, with the temperature dropping and snow reducing visibility to tens of meters. The conditions would stay like this for the rest of the day. The eight kilometre traverse of the ridge began once the Devils Point was summited, with three Munro's bagged along the way. Close to the top of the final Munro Braeriach the weather worsened, with visibility reduced to mere meters. Faced with such a whiteout and close to sheer cliffs, the group decided to abandon the attempt to get to the top of the Munro, taking a compass bearing down towards the road out. Bounding down the steep mountain sides the group soon reached the road and, after a long walk out, were greeted by the minibus, whose roof they leapt onto to be spirited away to the warm sanctuary of the hostel. "

Upon extraction from the Rendezvous point, at the same place as our group had left only an hour or two earlier, members of the infiltration squad decided to mount the personnel carrier upon the roof carrier rack. These members being Lt. Rumer, Cp. Penny and Capt.

J. Harris as the vehicle tore up the track through to woods, terrifying many of the locals and making them think twice about their independence plans.

Friday 6th April – Nessie and the Jacobites

A large number of the group decided to go for the cultural activities on Friday rather than walking (especially those still hurting from the long bothy trip). In the morning this group went to Loch Ness for a look around and a visit to the informative but dated Loch Ness monster experience, which described various scientific theories to explain the sightings of the infamous Nessie and the geological formation of the Loch itself. This was described by Cp. G. Coombs as “retrotastic”, thanks to its use of computers and view screens that were the height of early 90’s technology, the place also included a gift shop larger than the actual museum.

We later went on to visit the site of the battle of Culloden, appropriately only a few days before its 266th anniversary on 16th April. At the victory for government forces against the Jacobites, it is said that 50 and 1500 lost their lives on each side respectively, thus ending “bonnie Prince Charlie’s” attempt on the throne.



A Brief break in the clouds

Meanwhile, the active assault (hiking) contingent undertook a hike described by Battle-Chaplain MacAulay as “Quite nice, we walked up a couple of hills, 3 actually and then down again to the what’s-it-called gap”, MacAulay was later reported that day to have claimed his beer was good for the reason that it was 9.2%.

After reconvening at the youth hostel, a swimming trip was organised to train the members in case of accidentally falling into a loch. The hotel pool in Aviemore included a water slide, a steam room, a wave machine and the worlds coolest sauna. Although the pool did not quite prepare for the freezing cold of a loch in full drenched clothing, the trip was a welcome break to stiff muscles.

Saturday 7th April – 3 Munros and the Trudge

Before any walking commenced, the Caledonians and a number of the fellwanderers arose early this day to see a seasonal mating ritual of Black Grouse at dawn, while the rest of us were still snoring.

Planned on the final day was the greatest mission of all, knowing this was the final push planned was a 32km walk including 2 of the highest mountains in Britain. Bd. Gen. R. Marszalek drove us to the bottom of the ski slopes early in the morning, where we began walking at around 08:00. The ascent up Cairngorm was swift and the 500m upwards were eaten up by our boots before 09:00, not slowed down by the icy slopes and falling snow. It was here than many of us did suffer from “arctic crown” whereby our heads were made white by the frozen solid lengths of our hair.

Onward we marched across the great plateau, with the mist hindering vision so much that only compass bearings could guide us. Seeing a sight unfamiliar to us, we did flee in terror from the great burning disc in the sky as it broke through the clouds, for a few minutes we ran across the snowy wastes until one of us realised that this was the sun and a totally natural phenomena, calming our panic and slowing our pace back to a walk.

The light did not last long and very soon we could not see much further than grenade-throwing range. After some clever navigation to avoid walking off the plateau and of the cliff edges we reached Ben Macdui, the second highest peak in the UK. Following this we approached our third munro for the day; Derry Cairngorm, stopping at a sheltered point in the pass between the two peaks for lunch and ascending the boulder-field at the top of the Derry which made short work of brutalising ankles with many gaps in the boulders hidden by snow.

After a short 2nd lunch (like hobbits, the Fellwanderers favour as many meals during a day as they can think of names) we ventured down toward loch Avon, where a footbridge marked on the map turned out to be a couple of stones on a shallow stretch of river. We took a short break to consume our provisions of the beast, this brought about a surge of energy to all of us, double timing beside the water and sent Lt. Rumer into such a frantic flurry of action that he bounded through the snow making strange cries.

Upon reaching the saddle above loch Avon, former Ld. Gen. Carr insisted upon the assault on a 4th Munro “for glory” rather than to retreat down “the valley of shame”, but lack of light at this late hour and the relentless peppering of weather forced us into cowardice. Furious, the General marched off alone without map or compass, sure that faith and determination could guide him to the summit and back. We believe this was due

to the maddening effect of the beast upon even men of great fortitude and shortly after he too followed the valley to regroup with the rest of the party. As we hung our heads, Capt. Harris chose to wade down the river rather than use the waterlogged path beside it, he soon found that despite appearances, it was wetter than the path, but it had little effect on his soaked kit. This moment of craziness from an otherwise stable fellow is also attributed to the chocolaty Frankenstein.

After the valley was left, to avoid climbing yet another hill, we chose to contour around, following the river to a footbridge, with around 12km to decent track. This terrain was saturated moorland, where often boots became stuck in the mire and much jumping was required to avoid pools of brackish water. Fortunately singing the songs of “alestorm” such as “wenches and mead” kept our morale up while our waterlogged boots caused our feet to rub and fester.

Upon reaching the bridge leading to the track through the forest, the other members of the squad pelted me with lumps of beast to “purify me of my shame” as I charged toward them, poles held high like sabres. Many of them had already purged their shame by wading across the water, shunning the bridge in hope that the gods of the mountain would forgive us for our cowardice.



The final path

As we marched through the forest toward the hut, I slowly lost the rest of the group, leaving me alone in hostile territory. Mercifully the others had laid a trail of arrows at each intersection of the winding paths through the wood, which not only guided my way but raised my hope of reaching the final objective. When finally I did reach the hut again, urged on by death metal music as I had long lost the company of my companions, the night was drawing in and I did rejoice at its sight.

In other operations, the second claiming of cairngorm was completed by the majority of the hikers a few hours after the 1st group despite the icy slopes and adverse visibility.

As it was the last night, a grand drinking session was held, with the playing of games and even more bottled ale consumed than the other nights. During the notorious “never have I ever” some of the more illicit activities and animalistic behaviour of the club were revealed, but I shall spare the reader the gruesome details.

Sunday 8th April – Return to HQ

With our mission successful and the possibility of uprising quelled until approximately 2014, we set forth on the long journey, with the first vehicle leaving at around 06:30, following the placement of a chocolate based explosive device in the drying room. From the moment we awoke, I instantly regretted the lethal combination and quantity of red wine and gin I had consumed the previous night and reluctantly left my bunk, having had only 4 hours sleep. Despite this, I managed to complete the first shift driving, getting us across the fourth of firth to Edinburgh. There we found the “promised land” after some assistance from a panda: a refuelling depot and Tesco store which was open early on Easter Sunday, thus proving the corporations’ utter lack of religious observance or morals in the pursuit of profit.

True to the laws of universe, within 5 minutes of being back in England, the sun greeted us though the clouds that had brought rain to us only a short while earlier. Nearing Newcastle (the first line of defence should the SNP succeed), we stopped off at the great steel figure that is the Angel of the North. A little further south, a lady in a service station tried to charge me £1,180.99 for a newspaper and an ice cream, she was spared my bullets following correcting the price to under £5.

Closer to HQ, we dropped off Cp. Penney and Ld. Gen. Carr in Derby, discovering that the rumours of Mrs. Carr being a mountain goat, thus giving the disgraced general his ability to climb hills were unfounded. The rest of the journey proceeded without much event other than some average speed checks, such being the nature of the arterial M1. We approached the Fortress of Imperial at around 20:00, quickly dropping of kit in the stores and going our separate ways, satisfied our work was done.

To this day, nobody knows what happened to the last quarter of the beast, it is assumed to be still at large and seeking to induce type II diabetes upon unwitting victims.

ICGC Easter Tour Report 2012



Lasham Gliding Society, Hampshire

20th April 2012 to 29th April 2012

Attendance

Up to 10 current students (including 3 current committee members and 3 of next year's committee). Note that we allowed members to come and go. Unfortunately due to the poor weather some people chose to limit the days they attended however on flyable days we often had at least 6 people flying.

Acknowledgements

The club is most grateful for the assistance of Lasham Gliding Society in making the tour possible; in particular to Colin Watt (Lasham's Chief Flying Instructor), the Lasham office staff who provided much advice, arranged instructors and the instructors themselves for providing their skills and patience in teaching us how to fly!

Tour Report

The best word to describe our Easter tour would be wet. Unfortunately the weather was not on our side this year with showers dominating the week and affecting flying. Between showers, however, we were able to get our members into the air in conditions which proved an interesting and challenging experience.

Friday 20th

On our first day saw a good number of flights between showers which came through frequently. Members would run for cover on the launch point bus to wait out the rain. Once the rain had passed, everyone would dash back out, wipers at the ready to remove the excess water from the wings and take full advantage of the gaps in the rain. Everybody got a flight although time in the air was limited by the showers.

In the evening we stumbled into "The Swan." Initially we believed this to be just a local pub serving cheap food in the nearby village of Alton. After wandering in however, we found ourselves in a posh restaurant and felt very out of place in our muddy boots and soggy clothes. Nevertheless the food was delicious and reasonably priced. After trekking back to the airfield the members enjoyed their first night in the rather cold and not entirely stable caravan on site.



Figure 1 - 296 parked up ready for the showers to pass

Saturday 21st

The weather stayed more or less the same on the Saturday with flying beginning in late morning due to earlier showers. Mateusz arrived on his motorbike while Thilbault arrived via train. Everybody got at least 3 flights with everyone getting at least some thermalling. Thilbault got 6 flights in while Tom had a total of 90 minutes in the air.

With us making the most of a soarable day we were late putting our glider to bed and found ourselves wandering round a deserted Alton village looking for a place to eat. Eventually we found ourselves enjoying a rather nice meal in a rather empty Pizza Express.

Sunday 22nd

Sunday saw some good soaring flights in the morning with the captain, Jonathan Westoby, and treasurer, Tom Arscott both achieving flights of over 30 minutes. Vice-captain, Kenny, took advantage of Lasham's motor glider for half an hour but unfortunately by about 3 o'clock the rain had moved in and flying stopped for the rest of the day. The Imperial students were recruited into trudging in the pouring rain to return the gliders to the hangar.



Figure 2 - Kenny doing a nice landing at the end of his flight in Lasham's motorglider

That evening we went on the lookout for a nice country pub for a Sunday roast but after about 30 minutes of driving found that every pub in Hampshire had closed. Eventually we journeyed to the village of Odiham where we all sampled the delights of the local curry house, including a rather hot jalfrezi!

Monday 23rd

Unfortunately after 3 days of persevering through the inclement weather we were finally beaten and Monday was unflyable. In the morning our members spent the day in the simulator. Tom tried his hand at ridge flying while the pre-solo members practiced a couple of circuits. In the evening we travelled towards Basingstoke for a carvery dinner before going to see "Wrath of the Titans" in 3D. With a large coke and popcorn we sat down in our seats ready for the movie but before the movie could even start Kenny, our Vice-Captain, had some sort of spasm attack and proceeded to throw half the popcorn over everyone. This included a couple sat in the row in front who thankfully took it with a pinch of salt (actually it was sweet popcorn) and the man didn't deem it necessary to prove his manliness to his partner and smash Kenny's face in. After that incident, although very enjoyable, the movie seemed to pale in comparison.

Tuesday 24th

Tuesday was probably the best day of flying in the entire week. After a relatively slow start by lunchtime the thermal activity was excellent. Tom achieved a flight of over 2 hours while Jonathan narrowly missed the 2 hour mark by 5 minutes. He did achieve an unofficial silver height gain of 3000ft, being forced to level off due to airspace legalities. Unfortunately the aircraft did not have a logger on board so it could not be used to contribute towards his silver badge. Once again, everybody flew and with streets of thermals it was the first taste of soaring for many of the new members.



Figure 3 - Tom about to have an Aerotow in 296

Thursday 26th

With the forecast for Wednesday looking dire on Tuesday evening it was decided to return to London for the day and watch the forecasts for later in the week. We returned to Lasham on Thursday based on the weather forecasts and a bit of hope but unfortunately strong winds put a stop to flying. We spent the morning going over theory as a group in an effort to help Jonathan Westoby with his bronze theory test. After passing this test with flying colours (forgive the pun) the group ventured to Basingstoke. Mateusz caught a train back to London to pick up his forgotten logbook whilst the rest of us went to play a few games of ten pin bowling.

Captain, Jonathan Westoby got off to a good start with a strike and a spare but crumbled under pressure and ended up losing to a calm consistent Diego. In the second game Jonathan held the lead for longer but Diego managed to just catch up in the end and equalled his final score of 107. In the final game Egor destroyed the opposition with a comfortable 117 win. After bowling we travelled back to Lasham and had a nice three course meal in a local pub "The Royal Oak" before retiring back to the caravan.

Friday 27th

On Friday the weather got off to a poor start and flying only began in the late morning. Due to the week's rain, launches were on the short runway with landings on the longer runway. This was a new experience for most of our members and the crosswinds on the landing provided a valuable lesson for their progress in their flying. Due to morning's poor weather the airfield was practically deserted save for a few instructors and Imperial members. At one point the entire airfield, air and ground, was dominated by Imperial with our students doing every job necessary on the ground and flying all of airborne gliders. Jonathan Westoby and Tom Arscott took turns acting as launch point controller to free up Gary Pullen to instruct. Aleks Szwabowicz, a new member had his first flight. Jonathan had a few check flights with an instructor including an interesting cable break and an hour long soaring flight, returning to find Gary had demolished his pack of biscuits! Tom Arscott had a half an hour soaring flight and Jonathan Westoby had a 45 minute soaring flight at the end of the day, having to come down due to the day drawing to an end. Egor even got to have a few driving lessons in Lasham's cable retrieve truck!



Figure 4 - Aleks looking very calm considering it's his first ever flight!

In the evening we enjoyed a barbeque outside the caravan with some burgers, sausages and a few beers. Afterwards, we all kept warm around a bonfire where Jonathan managed to accidentally melt away half of the sole of his new boots much to the hilarity of the other members.



Figure 5 - Mateusz getting warm by the bonfire

Saturday 28th

On the Saturday the weather once again was too poor to fly and with forecasts looking poor for Sunday it was decided to end the tour a day early. Mateusz, who had travelled to Lasham on his vintage motorbike, kindly let the members have a ride around the airfield. Unfortunately Kenny, in a desperate attempt to redeem himself from his previous popcorn throwing antics tried to show off but failed miserably once again and careered off into a field bordering the airfield. After a few photos Mateusz managed to get his beloved bike out of the field.



Figure 6 - Kenny failing to control a motorbike

Summary

Although the weather was generally against us we made the best of it. All days that were flyable were taken advantage of with a number of students experiencing their first soaring flights. The poor weather conditions meant that Lasham was not very busy meaning that our students got a significant number of flights in each. All of the students made significant progress in their training and there are a number of first years who are well on the way to being solo. The weather provided challenging conditions for students and solo pilots alike and therefore we feel that the primary aim of the tour, to provide an environment for rapid progress in flight training, was achieved.

Improvements for the future

At the suggestion of last year's tour report and after holding a vote amongst all our members it was decided to hold our tour in the last week of the Easter break. Unfortunately a combination of bad fortunes with the weather and worry over forthcoming exams meant that a number of people who had originally planned to come had to back out. The weather is something that is out of the club's control and, in an effort to improve our chances of good weather we held the tour later.

In future years it would be suggested that holding the tour at the start of the Easter break would be better because, although the weather may be slightly worse on average, the academic pressure on students is a lot lighter and less likely to deter members. As always more instructor availability would be nice although we generally had at least one instructor available for our members at all times. Since most instructors are volunteers and have day jobs this is difficult during the week to accommodate additional instructors.

Financial state of the Tour

Students paid for their own food bills and flying fees directly. The only club expenditure therefore was for transport costs. The minibus hire was £472.00 and the fuel came to £111. Added to this was £35.50 fuel for Tom's car which was also used during the trip. The **total expenditure therefore was £618.50.**

We had planned on charging £5 per person per day, however due to fewer people than expected attending on some days due to poor weather, the final cost worked out to be slightly more. In total, we will receive £310, of which the majority has already been collected and the remainder will be shortly. We also received £175.68 in tour funding and decided to allocate an extra £135.77 of club money from IC trust to the tour. The **total tour income therefore is £621.45.** Additionally, over £250 of income was generated from flying fees for our aircraft. However it was decided beforehand that these would not be used towards the costs as it will help boost the club income. The tour has therefore generated a profit of £252.95 in SGI which will be used to help meet the ever-increasing costs of running the club. At the same time, the tour still provided good value for money for our members, being significantly cheaper than our regular weekend trips.

ICMC's Easter tour to Paklenica, Croatia.

On the 25th March to 6th April 20 members of ICMC travelled to the national park Paklenica for 2 weeks of climbing! Much fun was had by all, many climbs were climbed, many cheap Croatian pizzas were eaten and a number of local delicacies devoured.



Photo of a member of the club on top of multi pitch route in the Paklenica gorge.

Paklenica is famous for a river gorge lined with steep limestone cliffs up to 350m high which makes it ideal for big wall climbing. The climbing is protected by permanent bolts which made it accessible for even the more inexperienced members of the trip. The climbing experience of the members was highly variable therefore inexperienced members were partnered with two more experienced members to teach them the necessary skills to climb multipitch routes. All members experienced multipitch sport climbing on various routes. The other main activity in the area is single pitch climbing.

The trip ran smoothly, there was no language barrier as most locals spoke English. Nobody experienced any serious injury, all members wore helmets and had guidance on how to safely practise rope climbing. Accommodation worked out quite cheap at £10pppn and food worked out at slightly cheaper than that in the UK.

The tour subsidy was used to help members pay for their flights from London Stansted to Zadar in Croatia. The number of people attending the trip far exceeded that of any other tours in previous years, I thought it unfair to cap the number of people on the trip and allowed all members who were interested to attend. An application for subsidy unfortunately was aimed at a smaller group and therefore each member received less subsidy than planned.

Other than this the trip ran smoothly. Steps were made to keep the price to a minimum, the main expenditures included: flights, transport to and from the airport (via cheap local taxis), food and entrance fee to the Paklenica national park. Most members had their own climbing gear, those that didn't were able to borrow gear from the club's store room and many bought new gear for the trip.

Written by Michael Jones, organiser of the trip.

Imperial College Outdoor Club (120)

Spring Tour Report 2012

Cala Gonone, Sardinia

Summary

The Imperial College Outdoor Club went to Cala Gonone on the east coast of Sardinia from Sunday 25th March to Monday 2nd April. 16 people attended the trip, and overall, it was extremely successful with many useful skills passed down from experienced members to novices. Many newer members learnt the essential skills required to safely sport climb outdoors. A highlight of the trip included a day spent climbing in the picturesque cove of Cala Luna, one of the most beautiful beaches in the Mediterranean. There wasn't a drop of rain for the whole week, and everyone left with little skin left on their fingers but with spirits high!

Sunday 25th March – Our arrival

It was an early start for all of us in the Sunday morning with the 7 am flight meaning that none of us got much sleep. However, the excitement of going away managed to keep us all going! I (Dan) did a quick head count at the airport, and it appeared that we were one short, at only 15 people. I soon realised it was Ryan who wasn't there, so I tried to call him. When I finally managed to get through, it turned out that he had slept through his alarm and there was no way he would make the flight! So, we had to leave him and he made his own way to Sardinia the next day.

Upon arrival at the airport in Cagliari in the south of Sardinia, the pre-arranged transfer from the airport to Cala Gonone met us. It was a 3 hour drive from Cagliari to Cala Gonone, however, it felt like it went a lot faster as we slept for most of it! When we arrived, we met the owner of the accommodation, who spoke very little English! Luckily, we had our very own translator with us (aka Michele) who sorted out everything with the owner. We had rented 4 apartments for 4 people for the week, all within the same building. They were all very nice! Each one with 2 bedrooms, a bathroom, a kitchen/living room and a balcony.

Once we had unpacked, we all headed to the beach for some much needed relaxing (the beach was only 100 metres from our apartments!). Following this, we all went for dinner (as the supermarkets were closed, so we couldn't buy any groceries to cook with) at a pizzeria around the corner from the apartments. We all had an early night ready for an early start in the next morning.



Figure 1: Inside one of our apartments



Figure 2: Chilling out on the beach

Monday 26th March – La Poltrona

We started our first day bright and early with a quick trip to the local supermarket. Once we had done a bit of food shopping for a couple of days, we went back, had breakfast on our balconies and got ready for a day out climbing. The first day was spent at a nice and easy crag known as Poltrona. The start of the first day was mainly spent teaching the novice members of the group the basics in climbing outdoors such as re-threading the rope through an anchor, belaying when multi-pitching and abseiling using a prusik. The weather was great with not a cloud in sight; it must have been around 25 °C in the sun, and around 18 °C in the shade. It was all single pitch routes that were climbed on this day, as no one wanted to push themselves too hard on the first day!

When the day was drawing to an end, we all made our way back down to the apartments, and made a variety of dinners (most of which were pasta based). Ryan found his own way to the apartments that day, arriving at around dinner time. It pretty much took him the whole day to do the journey from the airport to Cala Gonone by public transport. Again, we all went to bed relatively early ready for another early start the next day.



Figure 3: La Poltrona

Tuesday 27th March – Biddiriscottai

It was another early start on our second climbing day. On this day, we went over to one of the closest crags, known as Biddiriscottai. This was a big cave, with easy routes on the back vertical wall, and a lot of harder routes coming out of the cave on the overhang. This was a very nice spot, as most of the climbing was out of the sun, which meant it was nice and cool. One of the notable ascents was catch you later, which was meant to be a 6a, but was more like 7a. We should have known it was like that as it went through one of the steepest sections

of the roof. In the afternoon, most of us went for a quick dip in the sea (which we did on many of the days). However, throughout the week, none of us got used to how cold it was, but we always went back for more!



Figure 4: Biddiriscottai



Figure 5: An afternoon dip in the sea

Wednesday 28th March – Cala Fuili

Wednesday was spent at one of the most picturesque gorges in Sardinia. It was a 45 minute walk from the apartments, but when we arrived at the gorge, we could see it was well worth the walk. There were climbs of all grades within the gorge. One this day, we mainly stayed on the outside of the gorge in the crags of Ferry and Amelia. There was some superb sea cliff climbing on this day too; the thrill of climbing in the sun with waves crashing on the rocks beneath you added an extra adrenalin buzz.



Figure 6: The approach to Cala Fuili

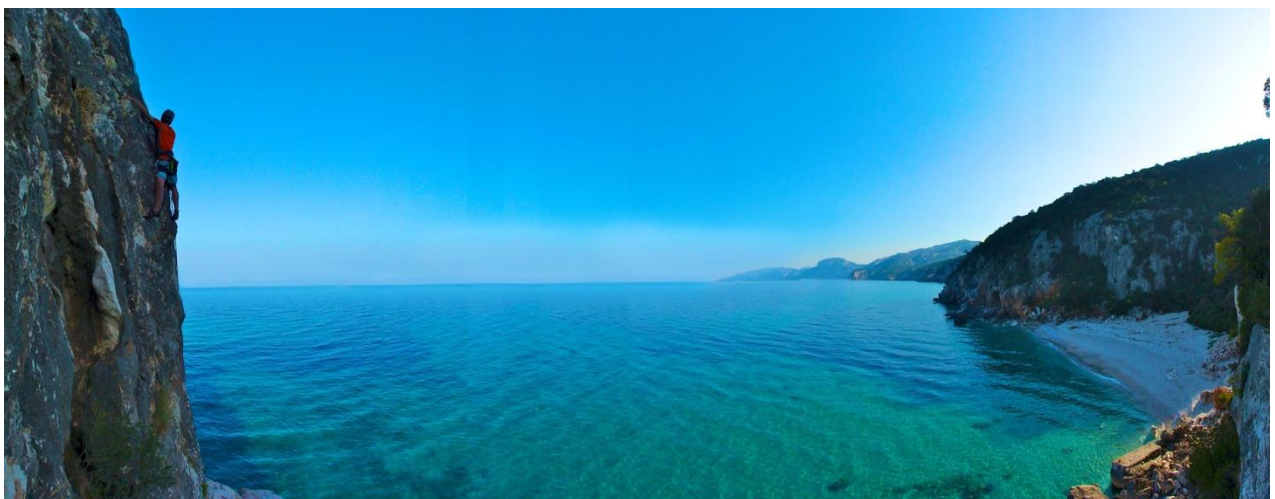


Figure 7: Cala Fuili

Thursday 29th March – Poltrona multi-pitch and the boat hire

Thursday was the only day that the group split and went to separate locations. 4 of us (including me) went back up to Poltrona to try some of the long multipath routes up the main face. While a group of 7 hired a boat for the day and went round to many of the coves and caves that were inaccessible by foot and car. The remaining 4 went back to Biddiriscottai, to try a few of the routes that they didn't do on the other day that they went there. The multi-pitch routes were superb, with all of the belays in the shade. The people that went on the boat ride seemed to have a good day too.



Figure 8: A view from the top of Poltrona



Figure 9: I'm on a boat

Friday 30th March – Cala Luna

We made an extra early start on Friday in order to try and do a 3 hour walk to the cove of Cala Luna, one of the most beautiful beaches in the whole of the Mediterranean. It really was a long gruelling walk, we had to walk past Cala Fuili on the way, and then through a forest track for another 2 hours. However, once we arrived, we realised that the walk was more than worth it. It was a beautiful sandy beach, with climbable caves lining the shore. This was one of the highlights of the trip. Many of the climbs in the caves were overhanging with big holds and big moves, all graded around 6c to 7b. Some of us did multi-pitch on this day at the other end of the beach too. It was an extremely long day, luckily, we were all prepared and had head torches ready for the walk home in the dark. It ended up being about a 12 hour day, but one of the best of the week!



Figure 10: Cala Luna

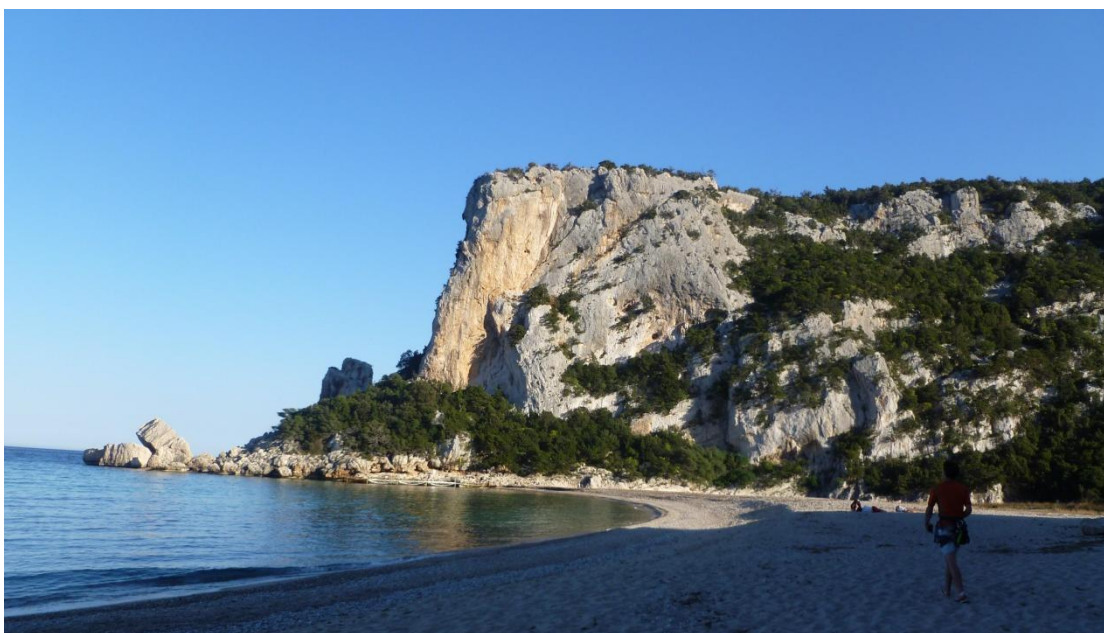


Figure 11: Cala Luna, looking the other way



Figure 12: Cala Luna Climbing

Saturday 31st March – Margheddìe

After the long day the day before, no one was prepared to make an early start on Saturday. So, we had quite a relaxing morning, setting off for the crag of Margneddìe (above the cave of Biddiriscottai) at around 11 am. It was another beautiful day, and most people spent the day doing easy routes. A lot of the novice climbers tried multi-pitching on some easy 2 pitch routes at the crag of Ninna nanna.

Most of us ended this day quite early, as we were tired from the day before. So, we headed back down to Cala Gonone to enjoy the last of the sunshine and have an ice-cream. That evening, we went out for a meal at another local pizzeria, which served fresh sea food on pizzas!



Figure 13: Multi-pitching in Margheddè



Figure 14: Enjoying ice-cream on the beach



Figure 15: The last supper (well not quite, but the last one with everyone together)

Sunday 1st April – Our last day of climbing, Cala Fuili

The final day was the only day that we woke up to clouds in the sky. The weather was still very nice, but we had not seen a cloud until this day. Anyway, everyone was keen to get a good final days climbing, and the choice of location was Cala Fuili, because everyone had such a good time there before. When we got there, the sun came out fully, and the clouds went away, perfect! It was a magnificent final day, really putting the icing on the sweet cake of the whole week.

That evening, some of us enjoyed fresh sea food that had been bought fresh the evening before, most of us finished the day early, ready for an early start the next morning to head back to the airport.



Figure 16: Me at Cala Fuili



Figure 17: Chilling on the beach on the final day



Figure 18: Sea food anyone?

Monday 2nd April – Return to England

It was an early start on the final day to catch our transfer to the airport at 7 am! We all made it, and most people slept during the journey as they were exhausted from the whole week away. The flight was delayed by half an hour, which was annoying, but didn't cause any major hassle. Finally, upon reaching Stansted, we each went our separate ways, content that it had been an amazing week!

Finance

The total expenditure for the week was just over £5000, a detailed breakdown of this can be seen below in Table 1.

Table 1: Total expenditure for the week

Item	Unit Cost (GBP)	Quantity	Total Cost (GBP)
Return Flight	103.65	16	1658.4
Transfer in England	15.00	16	240.00
Transfer in Sardinia	953.97	1	953.97
Accommodation	1255.23	1	1255.23
Food	60.00	16	960.00
		Total	£5067.60

Conclusion

It was an extremely successful trip; all those who attended enjoyed themselves and gained a wealth of experience of climbing outdoors. Novice members who had never sport climbed before will now be able to take the knowledge that they have learnt and teach other members these essential skills. Cala Gonone is a beautiful place for sport climbing, and I would strongly recommend that climbers go there!

Written by Daniel Wong

Imperial College Outdoor Club Chairman (2011-2012)

Imperial College Canoe Club vs the Pyrenees



Spring Tour Report: April 2012

Introduction

RCC Canoe were due to head to Massif Centrale this Easter for an advanced tour. Unfortunately, water levels in the region were at an all time low and so the trip destination was altered last minute to the Spanish Pyrenees which provided a similar level of difficulty white water.

Dates

30th March 2012- 10th April 2012

Attendance

Attendees (11)

Adam Holland
Alby Roseveare
Alex Robinson
Ally Cott
Derfogail Delcassian
Patrick Sterling
Rachel Fox
Sabina Delcassian
Stefan Zeeman
Tim Lamb
Tom Leeman

Honorary Members

Lord Poochington
Giselle La Fromage (Cheese Cat)
Oscar Cacoshca
Nick Roseveare
Caroline Roseveare

Finances

The total cost for this trip was £3243.33 between 11 members (approx £294 each) We also received a grant of £403.75 from the Union which reduced trip costs y approximately £35 per person.

Trip Report

30/03/2012

Nine of Imperial College Canoe Club's most committed members met at the Union on a beautiful Friday afternoon, ready for ten days of paddling at a mystery European location. Keeping the usual pre trip faff to a minimum the bus was able to set off for Dover in plenty of time so that catching the ferry would be stress free. Or so we thought. An hour away from the port Sabina discovered that she had bought the wrong passport on the trip, which had expired in 2010. After several frantic phone calls the decision was made to rely on customs not noticing, and failing that our uber blagging skills. Unfortunately the guard did manage to notice, but after several tense minutes at the border we were waved through, with the dire warning that getting back might not be so easy. We decided to worry about this when we came to it.

The original plan was to paddle in the Massif Central in France, but after a quick scan of the online gauges and some advice from the all knowing UKRGB the water levels were declared unsuitable and an alternative destination was sought. Sunshine, grade four paddling and Spanish cuisine proved the deciding factors, we were off to the Pyrenees! Decision made, the team attempted to sleep through the remainder of the ferry. Derfogail, Sabina, Rachel and Alby got very cosy under the stairs of the boat, trapping an innocent bystander in the 'room of spoon'. Poor guy.

31/03/2012

The drive through France was as long and boring as ever. Somewhere after Paris the Delcassian's established the lady nest on the back seat of the bus. A lot of driving later and we arrived in Foix, where we had arranged to meet Stefan and Tim. Entirely by accident we somehow managed to arrive at the local stade d'eau vive (slalom course). The team got down to some serious eating in the beautiful sunshine until the others arrived in their somewhat petit hire car. Some fantastic grade III paddling followed, with most people in skins. Stefan and Patrick got their first taste of French kayaking and after a winter of UK paddling, everyone was surprised at finding great water without being snowed/rained on.



Stefan enjoying his first non-UK boating.

After such a long day the executive decision was taken to eat at a pizza restaurant in Foix. Adam's attempts to speed up the meal were firmly ignored by the waitress, meaning that we didn't get back on the road again until around 9:30. The plan was to drive on to the edge of France, all the way through Andorra and then to Sort in Spain. Although our crossing into Andorra was largely uneventful, the first appearance of the trip mascot caused a certain amount of chaos on the way out. Having being flagged over by the police at the border Ally and Tim were sent to explain that we were not in fact attempting to smuggle duty free out of the country. However the policeman was more interested in the club bra, which had been attached to the back of the car sometime previously. Certain people in the bus became worried by the delay in proceedings, causing them to shout 'Drive Drive Drive' at Alistair, which he fortunately ignored. With the bra removed we were allowed to leave, and after some epic mountain roads finally arrived in Sort at about 2 am. Everyone went to bed, with Alby and Adam taking the brave decision to sleep outside.

01/04/2012

After a welcome lie in the decision was made to paddle the Rio Noguera Palleresa as our first Spanish river. This section was described in the guidebook as a classic grade III+/IV-, which conveniently ended at our campsite. We managed this without major incident, until the first team arrived at a major horizon line. Inspection showed this to be a large sloping weir, with a fairly major hole at the bottom. Derfogail bravely chose to show the group how to do it, and styled the line. By the time the rest of the group had successfully run the drop the second team had arrived. Alex assured them that there was no need to waste time inspecting the rapid, and generously offered to demonstrate the correct line. Unfortunately this ended with him becoming stuck in the surprisingly grippy stopper, and rapidly surfed into the centre of the river. Some frantic high bracing later and he was spat back out, but there was no way for the group above to know what had happened. As instructed they followed his line but luckily no one got surfed. Later inspection of the guidebook declared this to be a definite portage. Oops.

After a late lunch the super keen beans decided to go play boating on the slalom course five minutes downstream. On the way they gained an extra paddler, Oscar who was also staying on the campsite. He and Tom shared a beautiful upside down moment, captured by the large camera crew we had attracted. Adam and Alby were left to pick up the pieces, signalling the end to an amazing days kayaking.

02/04/2012

Everyone got up early, excited for the prospect of more Spanish boating. The chosen run for the day was the high Palleresa, a section nestled high up in the mountains. Unfortunately the road to the put in was little more than a forestry track, and after subjecting Tim's go-kart to a short but sustained beating we came across two 4x4's stuck in the snow. Following a brave decision to run away we decided to paddle the next section below, the Upper Palleresa. At Grade IV/V- this may well be one of the most difficult everyone runs we have ever attempted?? A lot of time was spent nervously inspecting the run from the road, including a deep gorge which according to the guidebook contained some more difficult rapids. After discovering that it was in fact illegal to drive on the road to the high Palleresa we stopped for lunch and had our first fantastic experience with pick up bars.

Three small groups got on the river and successfully ran down two kilometres of continuous rapids to the entrance to the gorge. A extremely prolonged scout then ensued with Alby, Alex, Tim and Tom electing to

run it despite being slightly unsure of the main event. Tim volunteered to run the entry rapid first, but had an OBE involving some rocks (he claims this was NOT a swim). Once this was sorted out the group found themselves above the main drop, without a clear idea of the line. After some soul searching Alby decided to man up and run it first, closely followed by Alex. However a wobble on the lead in caused him to have to back paddle hard, leaving Alex wondering what terrible thing Alby had seen as he powered towards the lip. However all made it down OK, and everyone regrouped at the bottom.



The fantastic views of the Pyrenees from the get in for the Noguera Pallaresa.

The rapids continued to come thick and fast with several kilometres of fantastic grade IV read and run paddling. At a larger horizon line Alex eddied his group out, and decided that this rapid would require a scout. He returned just seconds later, signalling that the club should flush down the middle. Tom and Adam decided to run this 'simple' rapid first, and wait for the others at the bottom. What they assumed would be a small wave train was in fact a large class V drop, with a mean pour over at the bottom. Luckily they both made it through ok, but didn't manage to get back up to time to prevent Tim also running it blind. Everyone else then sensibly got out to inspect, and with safety set Alby and Derf decided to run. Unfortunately both swam but were rescued with varying degrees of success by the bank safety. The river then claimed its first bit of kit, with Derf's paddles lost downstream. After sorting out the resulting faff everyone continued, but the long day on continuously difficult water was beginning to tell with several swims occurring. The Schlagels became the second casualty, lost when Patrick took a little dip. He then walked off leaving the last group to continue down. They then found Alby live baiting Ally's boat off a weir and decided to call it a day. The upper Pallaresa had beaten us, but we would be back.

The boys decided to cook dinner, never a good plan. The result was mashed potato at 11:30, flavoured with cumin. At least they enjoyed it...

03/04/2012



Tom warming up on some big volume grade 3.

After the previous days adventures everyone was up for taking things a little more slowly. Alex and Alby had some epic boat welding time, attempting to use all of the electricity in Spain in the process. Two groups put on from the campsite in pouring rain and found the levels to be a lot higher than before. Despite this the river was run successfully, apart from a cheeky back loop and swim from Patrick. Whilst inspecting 'the Banana' Tim made some wild claims about finding an unexploded bomb, but these were swiftly dismissed by the rest of his group. This was another great river, with an absolutely beautiful gorge to keep the interest right until the end. We returned to base with Jurassic Park blasting out of the minibus, and some epic breath holding/tunnel action.

04/04/2012

An early start led to a search over pretty much every tributary in Spain for water. After some unsuccessful inspections and pondering some bony ditches, the decision was made to head back to the Upper Palleresa to try and finish the run off. There was also the motivation of trying to reclaim our kit that the river gods had cruelly snatched. Everyone got on just above the second class five rapid, accompanied by hundreds of sheep. Things did not start well, with Rachel deciding to test Alex's chase boating within the first four seconds of the river. He tried to encourage Alby to help out but unfortunately found him deep within the mindspace and so was forced to continue alone. Martin continued downstream, and took a solo trip down the grade five but was retrieved by Tom after a few hundred metres of frantic chase down the bank. Several people manned up and ran the main event successfully, with Stefan deciding to test his surf skills in the pour over. It was then that the real fun began. Straight after the more difficult rapid which she had styled Derf took a swim and Norbert disappeared downstream. Tim and Tom gave chase, eventually hauling him out after Tom's sling became stuck on something underwater. Sadly in the heat of the moment he forgot to check that Fiona was properly attached to the bank and about five minutes later she drifted serenely off downstream to complete some solo sections. More chase boating for Tim and Tom followed, with Tom commandeering Norbert from Derf which she kindly lent him. Some epic live baiting was required to rescue his blades and eventually Timothy and Thomas ended up with three boats and three sets of blades on the wrong side of the river. Derfogail was then forced to complete a

somewhat extreme walk in and found a convenient eddy to wait for the others. However in another failure of epic proportions both missed the eddy, and Norbert continue his habit of solo runs. By this stage Derf had walked an extremely long way for not a lot of paddling. After a brief altercation with certain team members she elected to walk off, leaving Tim and Tom to carry on down.

The rest of the run was more successful, the Schlagels were recovered and the river was completed in style – what an epic river!! Sabina decided to open her swim account on an extreme section of class one, literally five metres from the lake. A group of hypothermic Irish paddlers were rescued from the middle Palleresa and Tom and Alby enjoyed a beer with Oscar the photographer/ oil rig diver/amigo.

05/04/2012

Literally nothing happened.

We packed up a very soggy campsite, accompanied by our canine mascot Lord Poochington. He was so upset about our imminent departure that he decided to come with us in the minibus, but sadly we had to leave him behind. There was not a dry eye in the van as he ran along behind us. Oh, and Tim and Stefan left for the airport, with the club bra strategically tucked into the go cart. But the person we really cared about was Lord Pooch! They also manage to take every single charger in the entire world with them. Took the minibus for a long drive in the rain and found only dry riverbeds, boulder chokes and tree infested ditches. Eventually we stumbled across the Arra valley which had both water and even more rain. In a fit of desperation the club decided to try and rent a cottage but the river gods had yet again turned against us and all were full/ very expensive. Every cloud has a silver lining though and the views from the campsite we found were just incredible. Private Jackson had received a terrible injury the day before, so Adam and Alex turned yet again to the welder. After the girls cooked a delicious meal all ventured to the bar, where much San Miguel was consumed and connect four played.

06/04/2012

Woke up to yet more rain and went straight to the bar for some very necessary Cola Cow. Drove to the gauge in Torla to check the levels on the Rio Arra and found that it was what the guidebook described as 'high'. So the decision was made to drive to the Rio Forcos, a small trip of the Arra described as having many clean bedrock drops. After struggling to find the track up the steep sided valley we eventually reached a picturesque hamlet and took a scenic walk down to the river. Half an hour later we found the river at a tidy level. Some of the local dogs decided to demonstrate this by attempting to swim down some tricky rapids – everyone was thinking of Lord Poochington.

Having decided that it was too far to carry the boats down this route we walked back to the bus and continued up a progressively worsening dirt track. After being shouted out by a local on a bike we decided to attempt to turn around with no idea of what lay in store. What looked like firm ground was in fact extremely slippery mud and the minibus promptly became stuck. What followed was two hours of extreme minibus driving from Alistair, and lots of playing in mud for everyone else. However, we refused to be beaten and eventually managed to escape back to the road. Having conquered this challenge Alby, Alex, Adam and Tom decided to have a crack at the Rio Forcos. It started to snow. Whilst the bus went back to the town for Cola Cow the chaps made their way down a winding path to the river. They found a fast mountain stream, gushing down some steep Pyrenean bedrock. The heroes paddled valiantly for about 2-300 metres of stout white water before reaching a rapid that all were too scared to run. The portage involved lots of rope work, as the river was deep inside a gorge. It was then that the weather took a turn of the worst; it started to snow hard, damn hard. Due to the epic bus faff the boys had put on late and were worried about the encroaching darkness. That and zombie attack. So the decision was made to walk off the river and boats were left by a small stone hut. The bus was recalled and we left, well and truly beaten by the Forcos.

After this ordeal no one really felt like cooking (especially Derf and Adam) so we decided to attempt to go to a restaurant. The only one that was open was really quite smart and the other diners/ staff looked slightly alarmed at our dishevelled state. Derf eyed the canapés suspiciously but the waiter assured her that they were free.

07/04/2012

Woke up find snow on the tents so did the only sensible thing and retired to the bar for espressos and Cola Cow in our PJs. A small patch of blue sky was sighted overhead which rapidly expanded to fill the whole sky. Optimistically we headed in to Torla to check levels again but on discovering that it was still 'high' we opted for two sections of the Arra which the somewhat suspect guidebook claimed as class 4/5. Unfortunately the put in was some way above the snow line, but the new found sunshine encouraged all but Alistair to put on. The river began gently with some scraping over rocks and a few tight/technical rapids. This was a very beautiful mountain stream at the head waters of the Pyrenees. Soon though siphon followed portage followed siphon. Fiona decided to maintain her excellent record at soloing rapids when Tom dropped her into the stream (Thanks Alby). Further nice rapids followed including a boof into orbit from Patrick. Eventually we came to the heinous portage from hell, involving a twenty foot drop onto a massive tree, with a rather tasty looking siphon below. Portage turned into very involved takeout where we stopped for a very late lunch. Further hours of fun were spent trying to work out whether it was worth putting back on for any of the beautiful looking slides that followed but the lack of access or any eddies at all made it a somewhat difficult proposal. At 18:04 Adam called it and everyone ran away. Returning to the campsite the snow was finally gone, but it was still seriously cold. Much dirty Sangria was consumed.

08/04/2012

The last day of paddling. Levels looked good so we set sail for the middle Arra, after celebrating the appearance of the sun with a clothes explosion and a spot of French cricket. Upon arrival we lunched and 'negotiated' with park rangers. A short gorge walk bought us to the get in for this fantastic alpine grade four section which became a group favourite, scoring highly for lack of portages (after what seemed like 2 days of nothing but)! Tight and technical rapids were broken up with short bimbles to allow everyone to admire the stunning scenery. After a sweet triple drop we came to the first and only portage, a dubious twisting slot. Adam was last chance lined to safety just above it thanks to slick work by Alby. The only other victim of the rapid were Patrick's sunglasses, which were lost during an over extravagant hair flick and Derf sensibly declined to live bait them back. Everyone shimmied down to the Torla weir, where the mandatory portage was followed by an excellent gorge. The section was finished in glorious sunshine in the local town where the team was met by the bus. Dinner was succeeded by some excellent spooning under the stars.

09/04/2012

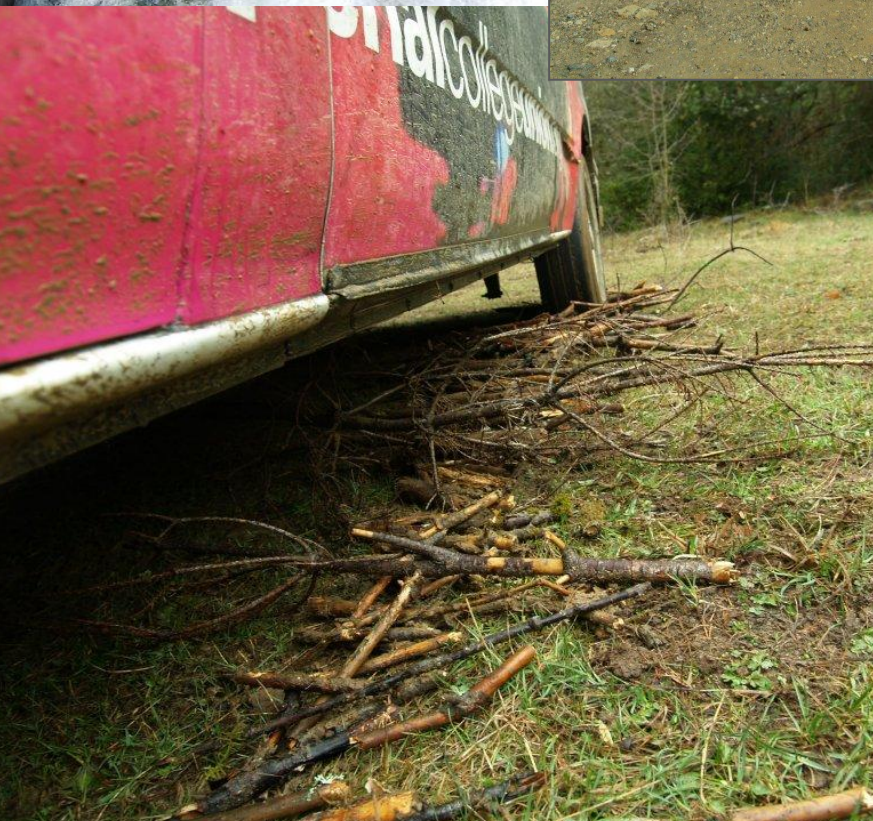
The epic drive begins. After the compulsory team Cola Cow all members packed up and shimmied to the minibus. Sadly, there was no bread for breakfast so the hungry paddlers headed to the Galleago to inspect water levels. Some intense tunnel-breath holding later we reached France, where there was absolutely no water. We stopped in Soix to attempt some paddling but lunch was the first priority. A lack of food due to les Paques forced us to resort to ten day old Tesco value bread, which had retained its fibrous quality. Sandwich time over we decided to scrap paddling and go to the beach instead. After a quick swim and several Frisbee losses it quickly became apparent that Giselle Fromage had raided the bus for tasty treats. With our cheesy gift to Alby's Dad consumed by the cat we packed up empty handed and headed to Moussac (chez Alby) for bolognaise, beer and real beds!!! Such a treat after so long spent camping/ on the minibus.

10/04/2012

Alot of driving. Largely uneventful until we reached Paris. After an interesting tour of Parisian suburbs taking in several routes more than once we realised that there was no way we were going to make the ferry. Luckily Derf used her charm and the ferry company rebooked us with no extra charge. Finally made it home to the union at about 1 am, bus was quickly unpacked and Ally played taxi driver dropping everyone off on his way home.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to Tom for the epic write up and his excellent summary of the trip- and to all the ICCC's who came along to make it such a wonderful tour.



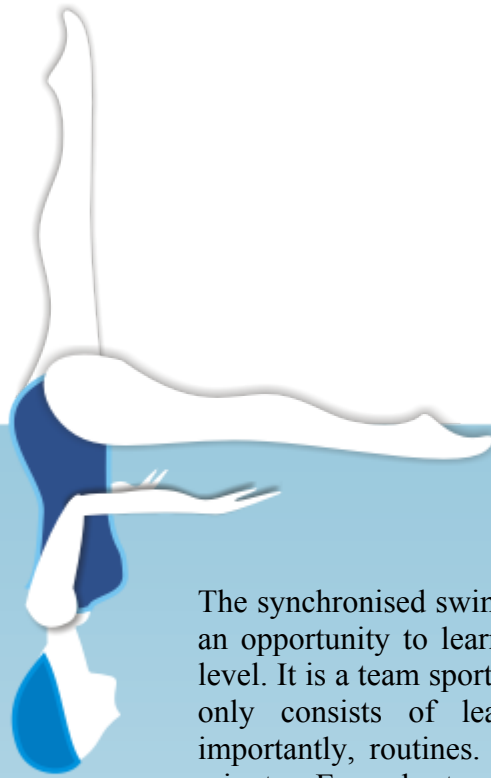
SYNCHRONISED SWIMMING



Tour Report

Spring Tour 2011/2012

ATTENDANCE TO THE FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIP
OF SYNCHRONISED SWIMMING in THIERS,
FRANCE



The synchronised swimming club aims at providing its members with an opportunity to learn a new sport and subsequently improve their level. It is a team sport in the toughest definition of the term, for it not only consists of learning individually new figures but, most importantly, routines. These are choreographies in music of 3 to 4 minutes. Even short routines necessitate many training sessions for the swimmers to master them and thus require the presence of more or less the same group of people every week for an extended period of time.

Understandably, being that committed is difficult for some students, especially postgraduate students or undergraduate students in their exam periods. This is why we felt we needed a better aim than just to learn something new, and this competition has been the perfect aim we needed for the team. In fact, not only has it allowed us to have a team of five training twice a week in the pool and once or twice a week on land; but also, it has motivated the rest of the members in their trainings to follow up on the level set by the competition team.

Because we are the only British university team and our level is not high enough to participate in the national competitions, we had to look for other university teams to compete with. Thanks to our link with some coaches and swimmers in France we were able to participate in the French university championship. This year it was taking place in Thiers, in the centre of France, on the 10th of May. The initial dates for the championship were in the middle of Easter break, which was convenient for our undergraduate members, and we were thus planning on going for three days and train with the members of Bordeaux team we are in contact with. However, the dates were changed and were then in the middle of undergraduate student exams, which means we had less members able to attend (six instead of the initial eight), but also we were not able to leave for three days as initially planned but only go there the evening before the competition and come back the day after.

We arrived in Lyon on Wednesday 9th of May, in two different groups because some of the girls had other commitments during the day.

We were participating in the Combination team category; this category has a variable number of team members, between five and ten. A routine lasts four minutes and has to have



separate parts including a solo, duet, trio and whole team sections. Our music was a mix of the Caravan Palace music “L’envol”, the Trish trash polka from Strauss and a Mario game version of the same polka. The change of the music was coinciding with the change of formation of the routine.

The competition was held at the Swimming pool of the Pontel in Thiers, a village 167km from Lyon. We left Lyon at 7am in the morning

to be in time for the registration, meal ticket collection and the morning training at 11.30am.

Timetable of the day:

9.00-11.30 Swimming competitions

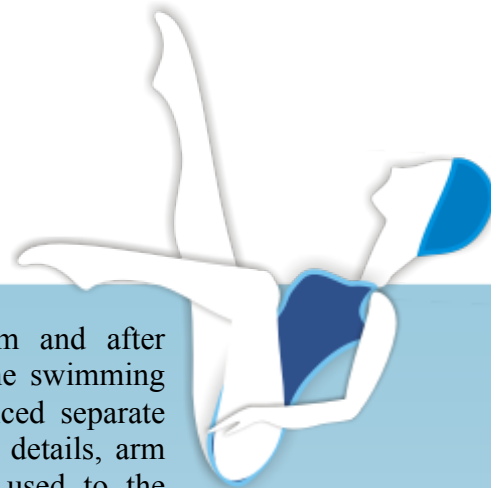
11.30-12.30 Training for synchronised swimming and sound test for solos and trios

12.30-13.30 Solos and trios competition

13.30-18.30 Swimming competitions

18.30-19.30 Training for synchronised swimming and sound test for duets and combination teams

19.30-21.00 Duets and combination teams competition along with some local team shows



We arrived at the swimming pool at 10.30am and after registering and getting changed we headed to the swimming pool for a one hour training. We mainly practiced separate figures and little passages to correct last minute details, arm alignments, patterns, leg positions, and to get used to the swimming pool and pick our landmarks in the new pool. Later, after the training and the sound test for solos, we got the chance to see the other girls performing their routines during the first part of the competition.



We had the lunch provided by the organisation in the nearby gym

Later we went for some land drilling of the routine, with the computer and music, outside in the shade – the temperature was reaching 30°C and even more inside the swimming pool and we were worried we might get sunstroke if we were not careful. The other teams were around doing the same.



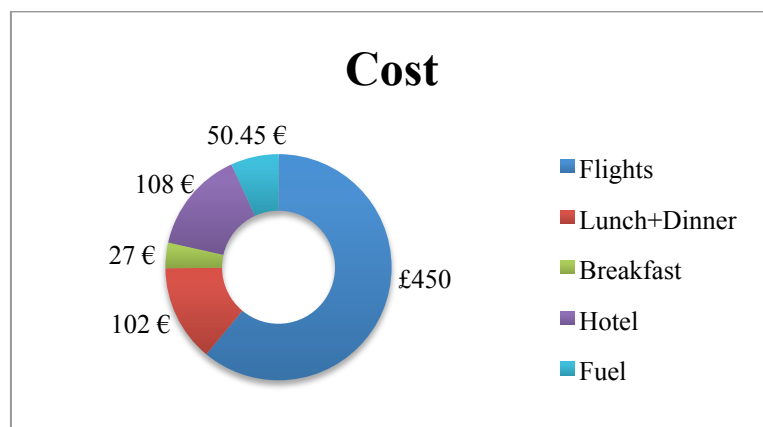
During the swimming competition we had time to arrange our hair and make up. We had to have the hair tied in a bun and with alimentary gelatine to keep it from falling in our eyes in the water – gelatine only melts with hot water, it is thus ideal to keep the hair from falling in the cool swimming pool – together with thousands of hair pins and hair grips.

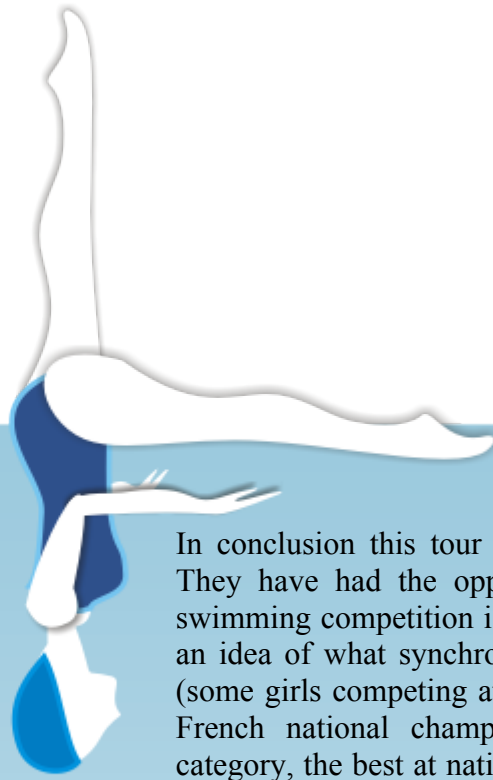
We then had a second training of one hour and were able to practice the whole routine to music one time, as it is customary in such competitions. Because the evening competition had been designed as a show, with local teams presenting their routine on top of the competition, we had a small parade around the pool with all the teams participating. We then went back to land drilling the routine while the duet competition was taking place. Once our team was called we presented our routine and then waited for the competition to end in order to get the results.

To thank us for coming all the way from London the organising committee offered us scarfs on the stage just before the results were given out. We thus just had time to leave the stage before getting back on for our third place medal! This medal was the accomplishment we need, the recognition of all our efforts and of the level achieved.

After a quick dinner also organised by the pool we went to the hotel to get rid of the make up and gelatine and finally had a few drinks in the lobby before going to sleep. The next day we had breakfast at the hotel – as it was included in the bedroom price – and then left for Lyon where we had time for a short discovery of the city in the sun before the plane to go back to London that some of the girls had to take. Others chose to stay a little longer in Lyon to visit friends or family and only came back on Monday morning.

For this tour we received a total of £361.24, £270.93 from IC trust and £90.31 from CSB, for which the club is very grateful – this tour would not have been possible without this subsidy. This funding was used to subsidise the flights of the competition members. The members paid the rest of the cost. In total, the cost of this tour was £450+287.45€ divided as follows:





In conclusion this tour has been really positive for our members. They have had the opportunity to discover what a synchronised swimming competition is like, to see what other teams do, and have an idea of what synchronised swimming looks like at a high level (some girls competing at this competition are also competing in the French national championship and some are part of the elite category, the best at national level). They also had the experience of the whole training before the competition, seeing what it is like to train as a team with a common aim and what sacrifices you sometimes have to make in order to achieve that aim.

But more than that, this tour has been a great opportunity for all of our members to have an objective to work towards, helping us speed up improvement thanks to the competition team pushing the rest to train harder. Seeing the team being rewarded with a medal encouraged everyone to work on the routine even harder and showed the members that even just a few months of synchro could be enough to reach a good level.

We hope we will be able to keep working on that new energy until next year's competition and maybe get even a better result!

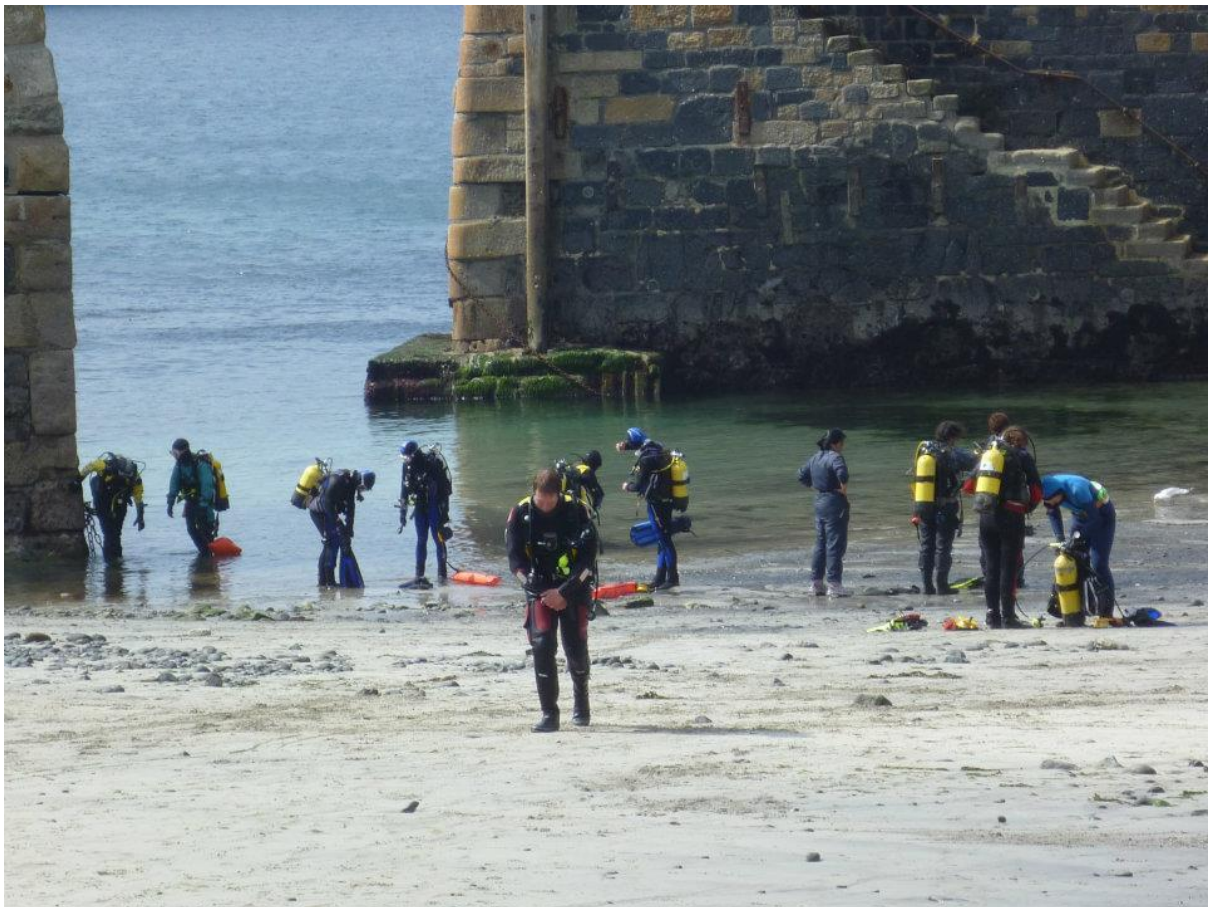


Underwater Club Spring Tour Report

From the 31st March to 7th April 2012, 31 members of ICUC travelled to the Porthkerris area of Cornwall for a full-on week of diving training. With 3 of our student instructors having gone down a day earlier to complete an additional training course it was an extremely well-staffed trip. 22 people completed qualifications - 18 to Sports Diver, 2 each to Ocean Diver and Dive Leader - possibly a record for us we think.



As well as carrying out our usual training activities in a slightly modified set of locations we were able to further explore new sites, although not as extensively as we had originally intended due to some variable weather. We were also unable to conduct a night dive as a result for safety reasons. All in all it was a really successful tour and helped to nurture our next cohort of keen divers - many of whom continued diving with us throughout the summer as a result.



In the Spring of 2012, the wakeboarding society went to Sheffield Cableski; a wakeboarding venue in the north of England. It's a good venue with new and exciting obstacles, providing members old and new with a fresh challenge and a chance to improve their technique on the water.



We spent a weekend in Sheffield. We travelled up in a rental vehicle on the Saturday morning. We arrived around lunch time, giving us plenty of opportunity to ride all afternoon.

After our riding session was finished, we got cleaned up and headed into town with a few of the guys from the cable. We got dinner at a local pub and stayed to experience some of Sheffield's finest entertainment. We then headed back to the camp-site to get some sleep, ready for another full day of wakeboarding.

In the morning, we woke fairly early, grabbed a bit more to eat and got back on the water! Again, we rode for the majority of the day before tidying up, getting dinner and heading back to London.

This was a great opportunity for a few of our beginners to really get involved with wakeboarding. They were fully immersed in it for a weekend allowing for a ton of progression and a lot of fun. Certainly, with the subsidy the club was able to provide due to funding received, it was the cheapest possible way to experience the sport.



Summer 2011-12

A Cappella Tour 2012: USA East Coast

6th – 18th September 2012

Aims and Objectives:

- ³⁵/₁₇ To meet and network with the extensive a cappella community in the USA East Coast area, gaining contacts, experience and ideas to improve our group in the future
- ³⁵/₁₇ To perform and give workshops at schools in order to generate revenue for the group to be used to subsidise the tour
- ³⁵/₁₇ To promote and sell our newly released album, Groundbreaker

Tour Activities:

A packed out itinerary involved travelling over 2000 miles and visiting 8 different states on the 13-day tour. From NYC, we headed north to New Haven to visit Yale, where we were able to experience the oldest and most established a cappella scene in the world. We sang a set outside amongst their beautiful campus buildings in the baking sun, before watching a 'singing dessert' concert from one of the 17 (!) a cappella groups there, before attending an amazing house-party thrown for us by our guests there. For more detail of all these events, see our tour blog at:

www.union.imperial.ac.uk/arts/acappella/techtonics.



Busking outside at Yale



Watching archway concerts: a part of the Brown university rush period

From Yale, we continued onwards to Providence, RI and Brown University to visit our friends the Brown Derbies. We hosted and performed with these awesome guys when they were in London as part of a European tour earlier this year, and they aptly returned the favour, providing another amazing evening of education into American culture, student life, and a cappella music.

The next day saw a change in direction as we headed back south through 6 states to Georgetown, near Washington DC. It let us experience the feel of a true American road-trip, and spirits remained amazingly high, despite hangovers, heavy traffic, and a 300-mile

diversion taken by one car whose sat-nav had an aversion to Delaware. We stayed with a lovely host family just outside the town and caught up on some sleep missed on the last three nights.

Now the tour turned to business, and the Techtonics arrived at the first of 4 schools we would visit on the tour. Our visit to Georgetown Day School saw us perform in the high school assembly before taking workshops for their music classes and a cappella groups. The reception was incredible! The British boy-band effect took over and we were mobbed for photos and autographs after every performance; a new experience for most of us. This also



Posing for photos after the workshop with the GDS kids!

gave us an excellent opportunity to sell a few copies of our debut album: 'Groundbreaker', which was released just before we left for the USA.



On the steps outside Philadelphia Museum of the Arts

Following another deep yet brief night's sleep, we were shown a whistle-stop tour of Philadelphia by Tom and Molly, our fantastic hosts. This included experiencing Philly cheese steaks and running up the Philly museum of art steps, as seen in Rocky. Sad to leave just as we'd settled the group headed back on the road and back to NYC and Princeton, where we met our host Eliana from another group called the Clefhangers. We sampled some more greasy (cheaper) local cuisine before heading onto the picturesque Princeton campus where we took part in an informal concert of a few songs each with the Clefhangers. By the end, a heft crowd had gathered, including people from the far side of the campus, who had heard the music and seen is as a good excuse to take a break from their studies. We then headed down to a (fairly) local bar, where we got to know our hosts a little better despite the



Meeting Bobby McFerrin

From Georgetown, we headed back north to Philadelphia and to the wonderful hospitality of Tom and 'Broad Street Line' from Temple University. The evening's not-so-secret 'super-secret activity' involved going to see the Pentatonix; one of the best and certainly most famous contemporary a cappella groups in the world at the moment. The gig was incredible, and afterwards a few of us even managed to get photos with the group as well as palming a copy of our album to them. Still buzzing, we headed back our host's house on the subway, and were shown yet another amazing house-party; we were so spoiled by the generosity of our hosts.



Techtonics on Broadway

extortionate drinks prices. Pleas from

some of the harder group members for a longer night out were quickly quenched, as the group had seemed to hit the proverbial wall, so we headed back to the rooms where we were staying for some well overdue sleep.

The next day's schedule gave the group a good chance to spend a proper tourist day in the Big Apple. Some group members awoke early to take one of the cars across to a free parking space (hard to find) at the school we were to sing at the next day, and also to get in line for Broadway matinee tickets. Others slept in more, before heading out to see all the sights. Between the group, we covered most of the major NYC monuments, but the real special moment of the day was for the lucky 6 of us who just happened to bump into our biggest idol, a cappella and musical legend, Bobby McFerrin. The group sang for him, which he said was "a real gift" before giving him a copy of our album. The rest of the

in,

group were devastated at missing out, and despite 8 time Tony Award winning Broadway show, 'Once' being amazing, it did not compare to meeting such a huge idol.



Concert collaboration of a song we workshopped with the kids from Leman.

The evening saw us meet our hosts for the next 2 nights, the wonderful family that is all the people at Leman School, Manhattan. We were to spend the next day giving classes, workshops, discussions on studying in the UK and finally a concert at the school. The families were the best hosts that anyone could ask for - from skyscraper penthouses, to why-would-I-want-to-keep-my-E Emmy-anywhere-other-than-my-upstairs-guest-bathroom, we had such a wonderful experience. The evening saw us hosted at a beautiful BBQ with a chance to meet some of the teachers, parents and kids for the next day.

After a night of the best rest on tour so far, we joined our respective host's children on the school run to the amazing school. Situated about 2 blocks from

Ground Zero, and with 360 degree views of the best skyline in the world, this was some school! We took 2 music classes in the morning and were received extremely well, by the students and music teacher alike. After a chance to eat their amazing school lunches, some of us took time to head to Ground Zero and Battery park (to see the Statue of Liberty) while others talked to some students interested in studying in the UK, and others prepared the amazingly set out theatre (also in the school) for the gig that evening. This was possibly one of the best gigs that the Techtonics have ever performed, and it has given us new ideas about the impact that a good and well used microphone setup can do for our performance; this is probably going to be a major project for the year ahead.

We were mobbed by kids and parents alike afterwards, and sold many a signed CD to the families. We then said our temporary goodbyes and headed for Stone St. where we joined the high rollers of NYC in some appropriately pricey drinks. We then returned to our families (via an excellent florist) and were able to relax and get to know our hosts a bit more. One more amazing night's sleep, a couple of loads of laundry, and another early morning later, we were saying some very sad goodbyes.



After the concert at Leman



Meeting fans in the lunchroom after the gig at Poly Prep

cappella groups from Syracuse. The loft, a venue which fit up to 100 people, complete with makeshift stage, bar, and pong table was up there with the best venues we had the pleasure of performing in. Also the party afterwards was incredible, and lots of new friends and contacts were made.

The next morning gave us the opportunity to see how Varsity is done properly; Syracuse, generally considered the NY state capital for college sport, was out in force to support their team, and considering that events like that occurred at every home game of the year, the difference in college spirit value was clear to see. Leaving yet another set of lovely hosts at Syracuse, we took the short (by comparison) drive to Rochester to meet our next hosts, the

Yellowjackets. Competitors on hit US show, 'The Sing Off', the Yellowjackets are both very talented and very well known. However, it was clear to see that in essence our groups were very similar, which was a good indication to us that we were somehow doing it right! After a lovely free canteen dinner, we headed with the Yellowjackets to the venue (an ex-frat house) and shared the stage at their homecoming gig. Even though we had improved so much on the tour, it was clear that there was always more room for improvement, and the Yellowjackets showed us some of the ways to do this.



The Rochester Yellowjackets

We jumped back in our cars and headed to Brooklyn and Poly Prep School, where we were to perform in two separate assemblies, for the high school and middle school. The reception was incredible once more, the kids (and especially the girls) absolutely loved it, and the sheer enthusiasm for music, a cappella and the English accent never ceased to amaze. Straight from the school, we headed north to upstate New York, where we would spend the remainder of tour. We arrived in somewhat ominous thunderclouds to Syracuse, and met our hosts in a greasy pizza place that we'd become accustomed to. The evening that followed was fantastic once again; on dropping our bags at respective hosts' houses, we then met up for an a cappella house-party with 4 of the a



Amazing atmosphere at the attic gig in Syracuse

As became a tradition on the tour, we were not only treated to an incredible gig but our hosts then threw yet another amazing social occasion for us afterwards. The following morning, we headed with the remainder of the Yellowjackets to the incredible 'Sled Dog Studios', in true (sitcom style) American suburbia. The team there was amazing; all professionals in the a cappella and music industries, they hosted us amazingly all day, with endless amazing food, conversation and enjoyment, with the added bonus \$500,000 recording studio in the basement. We spent the whole day there, with a short break to head down to the RIT campus for a casual performance with RIT 8 Beat Measure, and as with many places we experienced, it felt

like we could've spent at least the week. We then headed for our final hosts of the tour, the lovely Juli, and the local families that lived around her.



The live room at Sled Dog Studios

who sent us back to the even-less-impressed US border guards. After some relatively quick questioning, we managed to safely reunite on the US side, and those of us that did remember passports walked across to experience the best side of Niagara, leaving those that forgot to watch from the still very impressive US side.

Following this eventful morning, we headed straight back to Rochester to do an assembly performance at Rochester School of the Arts, a local public school. We were once again to perform, John Lennon bare-foot style, at a school assembly, and, becoming fairly used to the celebrity lifestyle by now, were mobbed by the high school students for photos and autographs afterwards. We then had the full school tour from one of the

The next morning saw our last proper chance for a morning off, which we thought it would be a shame to have when Niagara falls are only a short (again, relatively) drive away. Up at the crack of dawn (with a couple of slight alarm-missing incidents) all but 2 of us headed out to the falls with the plan of heading to the Canadian side (a better view, plus why not make the tour international!!). However, the mixture of an early morning and a long tour meant that not all members managed to remember to bring passports for this international border crossing. Not deterred by the thought of trying to clear Canadian Immigration (or even US Immigration on return) without said appropriate documentation, Eugene confidently drove across the bridge only to be met by less-than-impressed Canadian border guards,



Niagara Falls



Performing at Rochester School of the Arts

assistant heads, and found that despite it's slightly rough exterior and challenging situation, it was a thriving and interesting school. Once our guide remembered that we were actually prospective parents and stopped selling his school to us, the tour was completed and we headed back to Juli's house for a nice relaxing afternoon. After some sleep/skype/dinner/choral music around a piano time, we began to prepare for the final gig of our tour; an intimate performance to the locals in Juli's back garden. The setup was beautiful, and with the clear night sky above and the perfect acoustic, this was a really fitting gig to end a fantastic tour. The families were fantastic and really enjoyed our performance,

which showed by the CD's that we managed to sell afterwards. We had a really lovely evening getting to know our hosts properly and reflecting on what an amazing time we had had.

Another early morning, another very sad goodbye and we were back on the road, headed for JFK and home. Stopping only for one last artery clogging Wendy's, we made good progress, returned our two hire cars, and made it to departures. A four hour delayed flight gave us time to issue some tour awards, film a music video for one of our songs, and to reflect on the amazing 13 days we'd had as well as looking forward to the next year. Despite plans for having a load of fun on the flight, it seemed that the tour had finally caught up with us, and we all crashed only to wake up at home in Heathrow. Thus concluded an amazing tour which none of us will ever EVER forget for the right reasons.



Sad goodbyes to Juli and everyone in Rochester

Tour Party Members:

Imperial College current: Eugene Chang, Peter Scott, Mike Ronan, David Maguire, Christopher Witham, Max Hunter, James Hayward

Graduated last year: Zain Khawaja, David Verhoeven

Returning alumni (graduated > 1 year ago): Ayman Osman, Niall Smith, Ryan Dee

Financial Summary:

Description	Income	Expenditure
Union subsidy	£937.87	
Techtonics SGI contribution	£1,005.00	
Tour subscriptions from members	£5,135.00	
Concerts and workshops on tour	£2,077.00	
Accommodation		£394.32
Hospitality		£335.79
Consumables		£402.53
Refund to group members after tour		£700.00
Travel (flights to/from USA)		£4,668.78
Travel (car hire)		£896.00
Travel (fuel, tolls, parking) - conv from USD		£1168.65
Misc charges - conv from USD		£122.61
CD sales (not included in subtotal)		£500
Subtotal	£9,154.87	£8,688.68
Profit/Loss		£466.19

IC Big Band Istanbul Tour 3rd – 10th July 2012

Aims

Istanbul holds a jazz festival annually in July, and was the main reason for IC Big Band touring there this summer. The aim was to attend and possibly participate in the jazz festival in order to further immerse members in jazz music and get involved in an internationally renowned festival. Further to this, it is an aim of IC Big Band to tour every year in order to promote social intercourse between members.

Attendees *(Note people in red are not permanent members so paid for their own flights and Hotel)*

Chaz Keiderling	Patrick Stirling	Alex Summers
Chris Kelly	Matt Croydon	Zoot Warren
Hannah Green	Marc Hinken	James Burrows
Carina Carter	Chris Hopkins	Henry Drysdale
Rob Fernandes	John Prestage	Conor Nelson
Ben Ashby	Mike Prestage	Ciara Mulholland
Gabriel Eve	Julian Waton	
Claudette Faux	Simon Stephenson	

Finances

Tour Balance

Expenses		Income	
Hotel	1990.59	Members' payments	5400
Flights (197.58 pp)	3555.83	Union Tour grant	639.73
Marcus Miller gig	327.42	Total	6039.73
City Travel	147.86		
Total	6021.70		

The main income stream was the £300 fee charged to members to come on the tour. We also received a small amount of Union funding. The band in total made a small profit of £18.03.

Tour Itinerary

Tuesday [3 rd July]	Arrive Hotel 6pm
Wednesday	Istanbul Islands & Beach
Thursday	Cultural enrichment; explored Sultanamhet (old town) Marcus Miller – Istanbul Jazz Festival
Friday	Explore new city, rehearsal and night gig at Nina
Saturday	Gig at Nina
Sunday	Official Tour Dinner
Monday	Small group gig at Araf bar
Tuesday	Free time in the morning Leave for airport

Evaluation

The tour can be considered a great success for several reasons:

- The standard of the band improved greatly, benefitting from the large amount of time spent playing as a group
- The big band attended the Istanbul Jazz festival and saw a leading jazz musician.
- The band performed 3 gigs which were very well received by the club owners and by the general public.
- An enjoyable time was had by all and the band returned as a much closer social unit.

The tour could have been improved by:

- Managing to secure a gig as part of the jazz festival. Although playing in two popular jazz clubs during the festival was a great success.

Tour Report

Financial Breakdown

Our main expenses for the week were flights, accommodation and food.

Return flights from East Midlands to Valencia were booked individually at a cost of £140 each. At the time of booking, these were the cheapest flights to Valencia from the UK.

We booked a house for the week at a cost of £575. Our accommodation for the week was perfectly suited to our requirements, being close to the park and within running distance of the beach. There were also cooking facilities, enabling us to run during the cooler parts of the day and eat during the warmer parts, rather than having to fit in with hotel breakfast times etc.

We cooked and ate together most days to keep costs down, and spent an estimated £50 each on food for the week.

Account of Daily Activities

The weather was consistent throughout the week, so we were able to quickly establish a training routine with long runs in the morning and circuits/interval sessions in the evening. There were circuit stations placed at regular intervals along our route through the park which helped to facilitate this whilst allowing some variety in our evening sessions. This meant we could keep things interesting and ensured a thorough workout.

The morning runs (in temperatures between 30 and 40 degrees Celsius) provided excellent endurance training and were good preparation for the Bristol half marathon as planned.

Thanks to the knowledge of local routes from the club member who spent her Year in Europe in Valencia we were able to find some areas on the outskirts of the city suitable for hill training, rounding off a thorough and successful summer tour, which was highly advantageous to all of our summer training.

The Week

Saturday – Arrival

Sunday

- Morning: Run through the park lasting about 30 minutes.
- Afternoon: Visited Castle we spotted on the morning run.
- Evening: Made use of the workout stations in the park to do a circuits session.

Monday

- Morning: Run direction along the park in the other direction.
- Afternoon: Explored the old part of the city and the market.
- Evening: Interval session

Tuesday

- Morning: Casual run in the park
- Afternoon: Free time

- Evening: Jog to the outskirts of the city for a hill training session.

Wednesday

- Rest Day: visited the Valencia Science Park and Aquarium.

Thursday

- Morning: 5 mile tempo run.
- Afternoon: Visited Valencia Bio Parc
- Evening: Circuits

Friday

- Morning: Run
- Afternoon: Visited the seafront
- Evening: 8 mile running tour of Valencia University, football stadiums and science park. It was quite late at night so the temperature had dropped to 28 degrees.

Saturday – Departure

Attendance and Dates

The tour took place from 14th – 21st July. We had anticipated 5-10 participants, and met our target with 5.

Aims and Objectives

The weather during the week allowed us to carry out the warm weather training as planned, and all members met their targets in the Bristol half marathon (completed September 30th).

To conclude, our tour met and exceeded all expectations with things running smoothly logistically and our budgets proving realistic. Please email sr3010@imperial.ac.uk if any further details are required.



Fellwanderers' Summer Tour 2012- Montenegro

Day 1

The six of us met in Gatwick airport mid-morning. I was immediately given 5kg of food to add to my already laden bag. After checking in we still had several hours to wait for our flight, and so spent the afternoon ambling around the departure lounge. Our flight got delayed for a few hours, but we eventually found ourselves on a plane to Croatia. Upon landing we found a quiet part of the airport to bed down for the night into a frequently disturbed sleep.

Day 2

We were woken at about 4:30 by airport staff who were concerned we were about to miss our flight to Frankfurt. With more sleep now hopeless, we soon got up and walked into the already baking day to wait for our taxi across the border into Montenegro. It soon arrived, and after a smooth border crossing, we were standing in the town of Herceg Novi. We almost immediately caught a bus and so began a day of stifling heat. The buses had negligible air conditioning, and so the best way to cope with the humidity was simply to sleep all day, as our transport crept across the country. At about 7pm we finally arrived in Zabljak, completely shattered, despite our day of inactivity. We shouldered our heavy packs and walked the 3 miles to our campsite for the next two weeks. The view from our tents was spectacular, with a vista to the main massif of the national park.

Day 3

Not wanting to waste a single day we awoke at 7am to get walking. The day was calm and sunny (hot) and so, after a quick consult of the guide book, we decided to climb Meded, the most technically hard mountain of the trip, as it was advised only to try it in good weather. As Durmitor is one of the wettest places in Europe, we didn't know if the chance would come again. By 8am it was already too hot as we began to slog our way up through alpine woodland to a mountain hut at Lovice. We met the shepherds who live in their own huts at Lovice, and we immediately offered beer and cheese. We politely declined, and after a short break set off up a steep path to a pass 200m below Meded's summit. It was now about lunchtime and so we ate our day's ration of potted meat and Primula cheese, before heading for the summit. This involved a knife edge ridge with lots of exposure, before an undulating section with placed chains to help progress. After crossing a part of the ridge where the chain was missing, we sat on the summit and decided to retrace our steps and opposed to taking one of the more difficult routes of the mountain. Within an hour we were back at the pass, and it was not long until we were marching past Lovice. Thunder cracked overhead as a storm tried and failed to break. The evening was humid as we sat around playing the best card game in the world (contract whist).

Day 4

Another 7am start. More porridge. Already breakfast was getting tedious. Once more we found ourselves slogging up to Lovice, this time taking a different path in the opposite direction. The heat made walking uncomfortable, and so there were many water breaks so that we could replenish lost fluid. Up and up we walked, until we came to our first destination of the day, the Ledina Pecina. This is a great cave, in which the temperature is still below freezing in mid-summer. Therefore inside there a great many ice stalactites. It is one of the most amazing things I have seen. A couple of us climbed a little way down the snow slope into the cave to get a better look, but it was impossible to

get right down to the ice. As it was a little busy around the cave entrance, we walked a little way away for lunch. Just as we finished eating the heavens opened and the thunder began once more. We had been contemplating pushing on to the summit of Bobatov Kuk, the highest mountain in Montenegro, but now all we beat a hasty retreat back down to the campsite (this took a couple of hours), by which point it had stopped raining and spent the rest of the day relaxing.

Day 5

The storm the previous day still hadn't fully cleared the air, and it felt humid when we got up. Another high peak was on the cards for the day, and so we again set off walking early. The clouds started to build as we got on our way, and by 10am there were many potential thunderstorms hovering over the plains to the south. At 10:30am we heard the first crack of thunder, but continued upwards none the less in the hope of reaching the summit before the storm moved in completely. We had a quick break in a hut at the top of a ski lift before continuing up towards the summit. At this point I started to get quite nervous, as being exposed in a lightning storm is not something I enjoy. After a couple of minutes on the summit I noticed Heather's hair was sticking up due to the static in the air, and decided I'd had enough of tempting fate, walking down to the col 100m or so below the summit and waited for the others to descend down a little while later. As we descended down to the valley thunder cracked and rolled overhead and it finally began to rain a steady rain that cleared the humidity from the air. That evening things finally felt clear and cool. And I enjoyed a good night sleep as a result.

Day 6

We had a day off. 3 days of walking was a bit of a shock to the system and so we relaxed down by the lake for the day. Swimming in the water and reading books/dozing in the sun was the order of day; as was eating inordinate quantities of food (at least in my case). That evening we made plans for a 5am start for an attempt on Bobatov Kuk.

Day 7

5am was cold. So cold, that I didn't have enough layers to keep me warm. I was amazed at just how quickly the day warmed up after the sun rose. By 6:30 it was already too hot as we trudged back up to Lockvice for the 3rd (and not final time). From there yet another series of paths were taken as we climbed towards Bobatov Kuk. At this point we realised we'd picked up a seventh member of our group. One of the stray dogs from Zabljak had decided to follow us. As it was he followed us all the way to the summit. The path soon disappeared as we crossed snow and boulder fields before starting up a scree slope to a col. The summit was now close by, and we walked and scrambled the last few hundred meters to the top. The view was incredible, the best of the trip so far. I couldn't stop taking pictures. After several group photo's we began the long walk back the way we came. As we crossed the boulders once more, the heat was nearly unbearable as the rock reflected the sun's radiation.

Day 8

With Joe and Chris arriving that evening to join us for the following week, we opted for a slightly shorter walk (still getting up to 2300m) to a flat summit mountain to the north (I forget its name). The path was interesting as we passed through alpine pastures, with the odd cow grazing, before nipping back into the trees for a while. Soon we emerged out the trees and the path took us up a cleft in the cliff, before starting along the edge of the plateau. Low, densely packed pine trees covered the summit and the path had to dive into them at points as they crept right up to the edge

of the cliff. After fighting our way through these several times, the path started the run along right to the top of the cliff, before suddenly disappearing. We had to retreat again and slowly ambled back to camp. That evening Joe and Chris arrived to great celebration, and much wine was consumed.

Day 9/10

With Joe and Chris now with us we decided to stay for a night in a mountain hut on the far side of the park. To get there we took a taxi to a popular start point for accessing Durmitor, and so it was 10am before got underway. There we followed a well-defined path on the north of the mountains we had been climbing the previous week. More spectacular scenery was passed before we stopped for lunch by a lake. Joe and I decided to jump in. It was cold. So cold that I went numb within seconds. Luckily it was so hot out the water that we were dry within minutes. Soon we were on our way again, scrambling over a col to look down to the hut. A steep path lead down into the valley and a short walk lead us to the door. There was no-one there when we arrived, so we quickly set up our stuff before sitting outside to cook and relax in the evening sun. A dusk approached the hut guardian approached, he had evidently been to stock up on food. He charged us for our stay before everyone retreated to bed for the night.

At 4am the next day Jack, Joe and I got up to climb an extra mountain in an attempt to see the dawn. By 6am we were on the summit witnessing one of the best views I have ever set my eyes on. The Tara river canyon to the east was filled with cloud and there was a mist over all of the land around. We quickly descended as we had a gruelling pass to climb with packs that would only get worse as the day and the heat drew on. Back at the hut we quickly cooked breakfast before setting off in pursuit of the others, who had set off about 30mins before us. We pushed ourselves up to the pass, almost catching the other five near the top. We lazed around for a while, resting and eating before starting the 13km downhill section back to our campsite in Zabljak.

Day 11

This was another big day. We were aiming to walk along the length of a high wide ridge, hopefully giving new views to the land around Durmitor. After a long slog with a height gain of 1000m we reached the top of the ridge. This was probably the clearest day of the trip, and Chris and I think we could see Albania to the south. We could also probably see into Bosnia and Serbia. We followed the ridge for a few km, drinking in the views before it became impassable. There we had to turn around, and once again retrace our steps back to camp.

Day 12

Before we came out to Montenegro, it had been recommended that we go rafting down the Tara River. And so two days previously we had booked ourselves to go rafting. As there were so many of us, we got a free bus ride to the start point at the bridge of Tara, a giant soviet era engineering project. Another short jeep ride took us down the river and soon we were on our way with our Serbian guide. We stopped off at several points along the river, including a spring from which 1000l of water a second flowed. Next we passed under the Tara Bridge, before going through some rapids. Then the river slowed once more and all too soon we were hauling the boats out the water and onto jeeps before the drive back to the bridge.

Day 13

Our final day in Montenegro dawned. Most people wanted to go to the national day fair a few miles away. However Jack and I now only had 2 peaks left to summit to get all major mountains in the

National Park. Joe and Chris also wanted to climb Bobatov Kuk. We set off up to Lovice for the final time, this time with another stray dog in tow. Where Jack and I split off from the main path the dog, now christened Jim, decided to follow the two of us. Our path was far from easy, and Jim got stuck several times. We crossed a part he couldn't cross, and so for the next 15 minutes we had to endure a terrible howling that reverberated off the mountains as we scrambled up to the summit of Minin Bogaz before dropping back to where Jim had lain down. On the descent back to Lovice he got stuck several times, but we felt a responsibility for him, having not driving him away in the town, so had to help him. Back at Lokvice we managed to drive him off, before climbing up again to the col below Meded. Here we walked in the opposite direction to the summit of Terzin Bogaz. Victory photos were taken on top to celebrate our success. A fast descent took us back to the campsite where I promptly fell asleep for the rest of the afternoon.

Day 14/15

With the tour now drawing to a close we packed down the tents and packed our bags for the walk down into Zabljak to catch our bus to the coast and Herceg Novi. As we were leaving we were accosted by a man demanding we visit "North Albaaaaania!" the following year. After some fearful nodding we escaped down the road and into town. Another day of sleeping through unbearable heat ensued, and not soon enough we arrived in Herceg Novi. We had a few hours to kill before the taxi back into Croatia, and so we went and swam in the med for a while before buying some dinner. Another smooth border crossing later and we were driving towards Dubrovnik and a bed in a hostel. An evening of festivity concluded the tour, and eventually, as the sky was getting light, those of us still up crawled to bed for 3 hours sleep. The following day, in 40C heat we explored the old town of Dubrovnik, with its Venetian architecture. We avoided doing anything that cost money, but still saw most of the town. Soon we were in the airport, waiting for our (delayed) flight. Eventually we boarded the plane back to Gatwick, arriving in the small hours to conclude an amazing 2 weeks.

Imperial College Hockey Club



**Summer Tour Report
July 2012
Portugal
Jonathan Clowes
Honorary Secretary 2012-13**

Introduction

July 2012 saw a group of roughly thirty Imperial College Hockey Club members go on tour to Portugal. Following on from the great success of the last European tour to Croatia and Slovenia we were determined to make this just as memorable.

Many thanks go to our Tour Lords Guy Khosla and Jonathan Clowes who organised flights, accommodation, transport within Portugal, matches against some of the finest players Portugal had to offer, and who had to deal with the inevitable tantrums and difficulties of dealing with a large group of students. Additional special mentions must go to Ben Bell who once again designed a delightfully colourful mix of tour stash including our flowery, sleeveless playing kit that was worn with pride by all (with the tan lines to prove it). Also to Kirsty Poore whose local knowledge proved invaluable in organising games and deciphering various mysterious Portuguese customs.

This tour report summarises the antics of our journey to Portugal and back in the summer of 2012.

Attendees

Our summer tour to Portugal had at its peak 30 full members of ICHC, with some members only being able to make part of the trip and others simply popping over to visit whilst on their own European adventures.

Financial Breakdown

Imperial College Hockey Club received £987.71 from the Clubs and Societies Board.

The cost to each of our members after tour funding came to around £400 which included:

- Return flights from London to Portugal
- Accommodation
- All major transport between locations
- ICHC branded tour playing kit, t-shirts and sunglasses.

Once all expenditure claims are processed by the Union, the Tour will break even.

Tour Log

Days

1-5: Porto

Due to the early flight from Gatwick, visible signs of the night before were still present on some of the members as they arrived at Gatwick Airport. Concerns that some members may be late lead the organisers into setting an excessively early meet time; this proved useful as the last member arrived at check-in. Upon touch down at Porto International Airport, customs were easily cleared but the first hurdle of the tour presented itself. No one on the tour spoke Portuguese so contacting the coach driver that was to take us to our hostel proved tricky. Eventually through much running around and arm waving the tour found themselves on a bus into central Porto.



Despite what many members may have hoped, it is the fortified wine that takes its name from the City rather than the other way around. Through its location at the estuary of the Douro River, Porto is now the second largest city in Portugal with a plenty of culture and bustling nightlife.

We stayed at the Garden House Hostel right in the centre of Porto and unlike most tour accommodation this one really did live up to the photos shown online. As ever, huge dorms of

9 were the order of the day with everyone trying to grab the best bunk. We spent the evening and much of the night wondering the city, soaking up the sights and sounds that Porto had to offer. Those with a head for heights climbed the Tower dos Clerigos whilst others chose to keep their feet firmly planted on the floor.

First Matches

The first full day of tour saw our first two matches against scratch teams from Sport Club do Porto and The Porto Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club. This was when we found out the true meaning of Portuguese time as our opposition arrived a full 2 hours after the scheduled push back. Rather worryingly, when the opposition did arrive they proudly announced that they had several ex international players. This did not fill us with confidence as we were barely able to walk let alone run in the heat. The two games were hotly contested as the heat on the pitch rose to match that of the surroundings, with many of the Portuguese frustrated with the strictness of the umpiring and the IC players frustrated at the local's use of size advantage to try to bully IC off the ball. Eventually the games ended a 1-1 draw and a 3-1 loss with the heat eventually proving too much for IC to handle.



City and Port Lodge Tour

The Garden House Hostel proved to be worth every penny when they put us in touch with Pancho Tours who offered a free walking tour of Porto. If you ask any lecturer they will tell you that keeping 30 students entertained for an hour is hard work but our lovely guides kept us enthralled for over 3 hours as we took in all the culture we could. The tour ended up by the river where we ate the local speciality Francesinha which is sure to clog even the fittest arteries with cholesterol.

After lunch a quick pop across the river found us in the heart of Porto's famous Port district. Taylors was generally agreed to be our favourite producer and so we paid a visit to their Lodge and Wine Cellar where all sorts of intelligent questions were asked and many different ports sampled. Unfortunately no one could quite afford the Scion which came in at £2500 a bottle and we never found out the answer to the question "How many grapes does it take to make a bottle of port?"

That evening we found ourselves enjoying cocktails served in buckets by the river side. This continued into the early hours with those hardy souls still awake watching the sunrise over Porto from the bridge Dom Luis I.

Days 5-9: Lisbon

A rather sleepy 4 hour coach journey saw us arrive in the capital, Lisbon, which also heralded the return of more familiar tour accommodation with the rather less habitable Tagus Homes. Without warning and in muddled English the tour group was split into two groups with six brave souls being led off to a different building 500 yards down the road. These 6 had to put up with the creepy Maria who reminded one and all of a female Sweeney Todd and so the door to the dorm remained locked at all times. The other tour party had the main hostel booked out but with only 4 toilets between 25 the morning rush proved difficult at times.

Sintra and the Zoo



The first full day in Lisbon saw many of the group visit the UNESCO World Heritage Site, Sintra. Beautiful scenery, castles and buildings from the 8th-9th century, in addition to many buildings completed between the 15th and 19th century greeted us. A gruelling walk up to the top most castle was dodged by some as they chose to get the overpriced bus and left many wishing they had forked out.

The remaining members of the tour, including those in the other hostel as they were unable to arrive on time for the Sintra trip, decided to visit the botanical gardens and its neighbouring zoo. This resulted in the small child in each resurfacing as they ran from enclosure to enclosure to see every animal as well as witnessing an amazing dolphin show.

The Oceanário and Matches 3 and 4

Before our third match we visited the world famous aquarium in Lisbon, the Oceanário de Lisboa. Located in the Parque das Nações, which were the exhibition grounds for the Expo '98, it is the largest indoor Aquarium in Europe. After the visit some members enjoyed the scenery by the estuary on pedal go carts.

Our third game was a men's match vs the Lisbon Casuals at the Olympic park. Their name lulled us into a false sense of security before we saw their highly professional warm up and a quick investigation found that several of the opposition played for Portugal in their respective age groups. A hard fought match ensued with IC eventually going down 3-0 with a stunning defensive effort by all in the sweltering heat.

The fourth game took place the next day at the same venue against the Lisbon Casuals mixed team. When we arrived we were lucky find that the GB Paralympic 7-a-side football team were training on the pitch before us. The mixed game ended 4-4 which reflected the evenness and good spirit the match was played in.



Days 9-13: Albufeira

A final long journey deposited us in Albufeira in the heart of the Algarve. Unfortunately our match in the south was cancelled at short notice but with the temperature another 4-5 degrees hotter than in Lisbon it may have been a blessing in disguise.

Whilst in Albufeira we visited one of the many waterparks in an attempt to cool down where racing on the numerous slides became the order of the day. Some members moved so fast you could barely see them whilst others somehow managed to get stuck even on the most vertical of slides.

The highlight of Albufeira had to be the boat trip on our last full day. On board a 40 foot yacht sailing down the coast, lunch on a secluded beach and, as ever, glorious sunshine. Many felt so relaxed that they decided a spot of exercise would do them good and chose to swim back to the yacht despite the rather arctic temperature of the water due to being on the Atlantic rather than Mediterranean. Much splashing and floundering from some and sleek and smooth front crawl from others led to all but two of the group managing the 400 yard swim back with two having to jump aboard the landing boat that was keeping close tabs on "the crazy English people".

Summary

The tour achieved all the objectives laid out in the proposal. We were able to experience two very different styles of hockey compared to that which we have become accustomed in the UK. The veteran team playing very physical hockey in defence with long accurate passes in attack compared to the dribbling and close control of the younger men's team.

Secondly we were able to soak up much of the culture of Portugal experiencing the old streets and history of Porto, the bustling cosmopolitan city of Lisbon with the medieval town of Sintra on its doorstep and the modern Albufeira with its tourist based economy.

The relatively equal mix of men and ladies and the huge mix of teams present proved great for club integration which will hold us in good stead for the coming season.

**Imperial College
Hockey Club**



**Summer Tour 2012
Portugal**



Imperial College Canoe Club
Summer Tour Report
French Alps 2012

29 June – 12 July 2012

Featuring

Full members:

Stefan Zeeman
Steph Norwood
Jamie Koston
Sarah Woolley
Tom Watson
Reece Blunt
Carla Curtis-Tansley

Life members:

Joe Bibby
Will Eldred
Helen Cinnamond
Ally Cott
Rob Macrae
Ralph Evins
Joe Freeman
Andy Turner

Associate members:

Colm Hartigan
Julia Hall
Mark Wardle

After a fantastic year at ICCC, it was time for the greatly anticipated Summer tour. Unfortunately, most of the year's committee had ventured off to Peru to grow mullets and go fishing, leaving much of the organisational responsibility to Helen Cinnamond and Will Eldred. It would take the priceless knowledge and experience from the club's "wiser" members alongside the brilliant naivety of the year's freshers that would make the 2012 Summer Tour truly unforgettable.

Friday 29th June

On a drizzly Friday morning in Clapham, an extremely hung-over Will found an extremely sober Stefan to commence the preparations for the ICCC Summer tour. After raiding Asda for their cheapest tins and condiments, they progressed to the IC union to load the bus with kit, boats, and terrified freshers. Before you could say "faff", they were off...

Saturday 30th June

One long minibus ride, a Ferry, several cans of red bull, and 27 games of SAY WHAT YOU SEE later, they arrived at a campsite outside Argentiere, in the Southern French Alps. The group moved into the "Canoe Control" campsite, with various other University whitewater clubs. The banter bus crew was soon greeted by the other 9 paddlers, who had made their way across to the Alps using some form of magical flying machine. It was all very confusing.

Only the keenest of beans made it down to the Slalom course that night. Lead by Ralph and Will, several foolishly enthusiastic freshers were greeted with an excellent and pushy alpine course. Reece popped his whitewater cherry that night with a brave flourish of swims. There were worried faces all around as Reece appeared to find kayaking more interesting upside down, which was where he spent most of his time. But no amount of icy swims could move Reece from his unflustered enthusiasm to return to his kayak for another bout with the course.

The remaining lazy travellers relaxed in the shade with a few beers, discussing the imminent carnage that would inevitably ensue over the upcoming weeks. Carla and Rob had a brave float in the river running parallel to the campsite, but everyone else thought that was a silly idea, and swiftly returned to the beer.



Jamie having his first taste the alpine whitewater

Sunday 1st July

Sunday was a return to the slalom course for everyone – all of the freshers now had the challenge of beating the course. Much improvement was made over the day, mainly in everyone's front crawl. Andy elbows his way to the front of the scrum that forms when Carla asks "Is anyone good at undoing bras?" It seems there no end to the man's talents.

Joe Bibby, who managed to sublux his shoulder during a practice roll, abruptly transformed into his alter-ego "Joe Da Moaney", and was forced to drive all the happy people to first rivers of the trip for the next few days. Fortunately, during his time off he had

the opportunity to perfect his techniques and strategies for the "Nature Poo", an invaluable procedure for any loose-bowelled paddler.

Seven of the group's most energetic paddlers ventured across to the Briancon gorge for the club's first river. Andy faced his first whitewater river in 18 months, and therefore felt it would be appropriate to swim in an eddy. Rob soon followed Andy with a cheeky swim on a shallow rapid after ramming a stanchion river left. There is a double weir at the bottom; on reflection Ralph agrees the line is not river right.

After a tiring day at the slalom course, the remaining 10 thought it would be advisable to continue down the river from the slalom course for a few more kilometres of gradual whitewater. After only a few hundred metres, the tired freshers met their first small rapid. Steph had a fight with an overhanging tree. The tree won. Sarah and Reece fell to a small wave and Carla unfortunately twinged her back moving into an eddy. So the chase was on – three boats being chased by three brave paddlers. The river roared at least 7,000 cumecs, and grade 1 water never looked so terrifying. Fortunately, they managed to rescue the boats onto a rocky beach so all was not lost. They stashed the boats, and slowly jogged their way back to the beaten freshers, before calling it a day. Alps 1 - ICC 0.



Reece looking fabulous as always.

Monday 2nd July

A new week for a new start. The composed freshers were ready for more. Short flashes of excitement were observed in the camp, although they were generally enveloped by long flashes of hangover.

Lower Guil – The run was enjoyed by all and particularly by Sarah who took 3 quick swims. There were also a couple of swims at the slalom course, where Carla took a line so far right she almost missed the biggest eddy on the river and set off down to the Rab. A Group of 10 headed up the Guil valley in torrential rain but emerging into glorious sunlight to run the upper. This was Jamie's "best river ever", with the river winding through a fantastic gorge.

His enthusiasm clearly not doused by a swim on a cheeky S-bend in the gorge. Tom made it through the gorge but relaxed a bit early. Not even Tom's gnarly paddle face could keep him dry through the final bits of grade 3-.

Stefan put his lack of swims so far down to the supernatural. It was the only explanation. He noticed he had been wearing the same purple sock for the past three days, and swiftly coined it his lucky sock. Unfortunately for all others in the minibus, he stated that he would remain wearing it until he swam- they all hoped he would swim soon.

Tuesday 3rd July

The Gyronde! 10 or so paddlers run the upper section from nature reserve and meeting rest at the bottom of the old campsite. Captain faff loses rest of convoy; faff ensues, though it is hard to distinguish from usual leisurely starts. Mark jarred his ankle racing for put-in. Andy gets an unlucky pin below a rocky landslide and Stefan joins Andy in the battle of Man vs. Giant Rock. Andy and Stefan have a glorious victory, leaving Will to collect the freed boat. Tom has a swim, after his Inazone is side-surfed on first weir. The first group (comprising of Will, Stefan, Andy and Jamie) catches an unfortunate case of portage fever. The group slowly goes mad looking for the correct bridge to escape from and goes through a brief stage portage hallucinations. Fortunately, the group was found by Ralph who informed us of its actual whereabouts. The group relaxes out of the rocking foetal position beside the river and finally gets to the portage.

The rest of the group wait in the glorious sunshine and enjoy a long sunbathe who get on for the middle section. Reece was first to soak up the alpine atmosphere with his first river roll. And then his second...third...and fourth! And he still hadn't left the opening eddy. Carla's boat rams a concrete wall on the L'Argentiere section. Otherwise uneventful apart from the weir, which this year has a nasty rock lodged in the centre channel that pinned Tom. After Tom had been swiftly rescued the optimistic decided to chance it, Andy shot it far left, others portaged. Tasty couscous follows.

Wednesday 4th July – American Independence Day!

Guisanne, scenic and sunny. Sarah swims after "eddying out" into some flat water flowing into trees. The main section of the river was a long S-bend rapid, which was described as 4- in the guidebook. Everyone inspects the first half and laughs and after watching a few french paddlers complete the course with relative ease, everyone gets on. The rapid proves to be longer than most remembered and so a few of the freshers enjoy a refreshing swim down the final section of the rapid.

Four enthusiastic paddlers (Mark, Colm, Will and Ralph) run the lower section, which includes some continuous grade 3/4 for much of the section. The rest move to the bar de lac to commence the celebration of the 4th July, and the drinking games start nice and early. We introduce ourselves to our campsite neighbours, the Cambridge University Canoe Club, who join us for a few beverages. The "fun officer" Joe Bibby brandished his American flag, and quickly made himself the booze judge. Joe Bibby becomes drunk with power, and films the entire night through Joe Cam (head mounted GoPro). Antics continue to the early hours, until the bourbon finishes everyone off in true American style.

Thursday 5th July

A late and hazy start forces everyone onto the sunshine run, despite there being little sunshine. The 18 paddlers complete the river down in a single contingent, with everyone's confidence of their paddling ability visibly improving. Only Tom manages a swim before the Rab.

The Rab is the only major feature at the end of the section, and is infamous for picking off the tired and lazy paddlers. Only Ralph and Ally saw the Rab coming, and the strategically forgot to tell everyone it was coming up. Suddenly the river-wide wave was upon us. Freshers were being munched everywhere. Joe Bibby and Jamie narrowly escaped swims through good rolls.

Stefan calmly makes his way through the wave, narrowly avoiding swimmers on his way through. He returns to the top of the Rab to capture some footage of the remaining paddlers. Will was craving some surf-time, and made his way to the edge of the wave and asked "Is anyone coming?" Stefan interpreted Will's words as "Is the camera on?" Nodding in approval and completely forgetting his paddler-watching responsibilities, Stefan gestured Will onto the wave. At this point a group of freshers lead by Colm made their way to top of kayak-munching wave. It was too late to retrieve Will, and Colm nailed into the side of Will's boat, stopping him completely in the wave. Freshers piled in after him, continuing the carnage. Steph, Reece and Julia were consumed and quickly spat out. Boats and paddles everywhere – Tom was soon to follow. Remembering his words of wisdom on the critical lunge (or the "clunge") that he had received the previous night, he powered into the wave with the biggest lunge man had ever seen. It was so big he immediately capsized and swam. Insta-swim-tastic.

Reece was still hungry for more. He gallops back to above the wave, and charged to the Rab once more. Attempting to avoid the central meat of the wave, he picks a middle-right line. The Rab had different thoughts. Reece is stopped in his tracks, side-surfed to the centre where he is forced into several cartwheels before bravely (and hilariously) swimming his way out. Following Stefan's carnage inducing behaviour earlier, he is forced to pick up the pieces. They return to the campsite where Ralph creates epic Dahl using a Rob's emergency 3kg tin of lentils.



Micro Tom's clunge to oblivion

Friday 6th July

Classic day, starting with a fast and faff-free run to Upper Ubaye. Sarah learns to bend knees when picking up boats. Helen inspects a kilometer of grade 2 just after the low and tricky 3 start before realising the river is far easier than the maquis. The last kilometre winds its way through the village and doesn't really add anything to the run – ignore guidebook and use first bridge takeout next time.

Thirteen take on Ubaye race course, a bold decision brilliantly rewarded. Few swims, none awkward, and a wonderful run. The reward is a trip to les Cinq Saisons and some stunning food. Their idea of vegetarian option is trout, but their main course of bulgur wheat and aubergine is a meal in itself; with their stewed pork and carrots, a feast. Wine is refilled throughout the meal and at the end we are gifted a bottle of the tasty Genepi, which is gratefully received.

Saturday 7th July

Everyone paddles the upper Guil, which involves enough grade 3 paddling to keep everyone interested. Ralph's group finishes first, and they decide a pre-lunch run of Chateau Queyras is in order. Ralph, Andy and Stefan are the first to brave it, and only Andy has a cheeky roll in the short and fast-paced section. They find a small eddy halfway down the run, and discuss the odds of everyone in the next group making it down in their boats. Unfortunately, as predicted, a few minutes later Joe Bibby's boat floats down, soon followed by Joe Bibby. The stranded swimmer is ferried across to the eddy. After failing to look down stream where Will was waiting with Joe's boat, Joe decided to borrow a harness from some French climbers and climb out via the 'via ferrata'. The rest of the group (along with Joe's boat) finish the gorge, soon to be followed by Mark, Colm and Joe Freeman.



Colm looking calm and collected in Chateau Queyras

The three amigos (Colm, Mark and Joe Freeman) continue on to run Guardian Angel and triple step - part of Colm's mission to paddle every river in one week. The rest take a more relaxed approach, and head back to camp.

Sunday 8th July

Rest day for most, but Julia, Colm, Robert and Mark make an early break for Briancon gorge, which is distinctly lower. Three head over to Oulx for the train to Geneva, but Italian train drivers have other ideas, so a one-hour trip turns into a 5 hour scenic tour via the Frejus tunnel and Col du Galibier.

The rest head over to the bar du lac for beer, F1 and casual lake paddling. The freshers practice their ever-improving rolling techniques on the lake, and everyone enjoys some hectic canoe-frisbee.

Monday 9th July

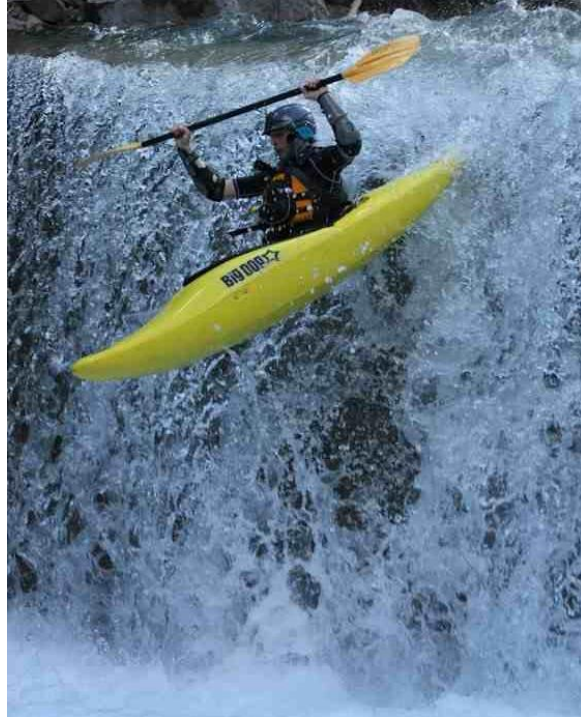
The Durance! Everyone starts at the Briancon gorge and driving down to the barrage. Ralph's car dies, but main group faff takes so long there is time to visit two garages and drop off car before bus leaves, and all can make the run. A few swims on double weir in Briancon; Helen's is due to following Will's advice to boof, and apparently annoyed she swims down to collect boat and paddles.

Mark, Rob, Will and Stefan continue to the Durance gauge, which is considered a grade 4, mainly involving picking routes through extended boulder gardens where seeing the line is usually harder than hitting it. All confidently river-scouted by Mark and run at a steady pace. Following a shameful boof, a cheeky roll from Stefan is the only slip-up in the group. However, Stefan's lucky no-swim purple sock was still doing its job, and it's remained firmly on his foot. The day's paddling is almost as good as the food – Poulet a la Moutarde along with a veggie Aubergine option. Onions, mushrooms, garlic, white wine, rosemary, herbes de provence, mustard, creme fraiche... et voila.

Tuesday 10th July

Ubaye or Onde? Debate is not really resolved until morning, when a late start suggests the Onde, as does recovering Robert's car from the put-in. Fresher's rapidly improving in this unforgiving alpine environment. A few unfortunate swims at the top of the course wakes everyone up. Reece gets pinned on a rock during one of the rapids, causing him to slowly capsize. Reece was aware of his situation, and the look on his face was a mixture of terror, confusion and acceptance as he acknowledged his inevitable watery fate. Fortunately, Reece was now a pro-roller and was back the right way up after a few seconds.

Joe, Stefan, Tom and Reece decide to wander off river left, missing the take-out, and end up hiking a couple of miles to find the rest. The Gyr is bravely run by Ralph and Will. This stretch of grade 5 provides non-stop fun for them both. As the Onde was fairly low Will and Ralph put on expecting a pleasant blast down. After dodging the massive tree, thanks to good intel from Cambridge, it quickly became apparent that the river was at a fairly chunky level. The section turned out to be a non-stop sprint with Will subbing through most of the rapids in his river runner trying to keep up with the mighty Everest. Cracking run.



Stefan showing off his air-bracing skills.

Wednesday 11th July

Ubaye Racecourse for all, except Carla whose shoulder does not really permit. Distinctly lower than previous run, most is now grade 3+ and less pushy, though both Helen and Joe swim when Will takes the "interesting" side of Salle a Manger, far right. Quick return for a Fournel blast, only two drops but incredible boof per meter.

La Fresquiere on the ubaye. This section was so over-hyped by guidebook and myth (at low water at least) that Mark was terrified into a few unfortunate rolls. I also had to arrange to pin myself to live up to the expectations but followed this with a pretty savvy self-extraction, maintaining a dry bottom! The other 3 on the run, Joe, Ralph and Will all kept their hair dry and didn't see what all fuss was about, largely thanks to Ralph taking a calm early lead.

Thursday 12th July

So our stay in Briancon was over - Andy bids Stuart a happy "retirement" in fine style, with a 3/4 bottle of Talisker that has somehow escaped our attentions. Tents take a while to dismount, but by 10.30 we are leaving the campsite for the last time; if Stuart is right on the change of management it may be rather less paddler-friendly if we return. The Romanche was run by all except Carla and Helen (who regretted the decision after suffering from hilarious full-body sunburn). Despite being a bit fuller and a good mid level it is mainly grade 3+ with features that would be innocuous if they weren't arriving at such an implacable rate. Steph's boat is chased for over a kilometer, encouraging her to roll out of all subsequent problems until the final rapid. One harder feature rapid, perhaps 100m of grade 4, is inspected and run nervously but with few real difficulties, except for a cheeky swim by Sarah right at the top of the rapid.

Stefan's boat managed to fill up completely halfway down the river when an unfortunate fracture appeared in the cockpit without him noticing. He then spent the next 500m cruising down solid grade 3+ rapids on his side in much discomfort. Fortunately his lucky sock miraculously saved him from a swim, although he was helpless to provide help for Will who was solely chaseboating Sarah's GT down much of the river. Having finally pinned the boat Will jumped out to extract it, only for it to free itself leaving Will to chase it on foot to the takeout.

Paddling over, we split up: bus to England, with 16 hours to get to Calais; Mark aiming to make the same 9am ferry but via Geneva because Ralph's car is out of action; and Ralph and Robert to pick up said car from the Peugeot garage where it has had its water pump replaced before Ralph heads for Zurich and Robert for Gorges du Verdon. Many hours of happy travelling later, everyone arrived at their respective homes carrying wet kit and warm memories of yet another fantastic ICCS summer tour.

Finances

A brief breakdown of cost per person is shown below as well as a more comprehensive breakdown of the trip expenses.

Expense	Cost per person
Transport (for 12 people) (6 provided their own transport)	£128.53
accommodation (12 nights)	£80.40
food & drink	£72.98
<i>Total spend</i>	<i>£281.90</i>

Expense	Overall cost
Transport (for 12 people)	£1,516.34
Additional driver insurance	£36.20
EU driver safety kit (breathalyser and reflective headlight stickers)	£14.99
Ferry	£89.00
Flights	£290.37
Fuel	£569.35
Toll	£230.43
Minibus Hire (minus tour grant of £563)	£286.00
Accommodation (2 people for 8 nights and 16 people for 12 nights)	£1,393.60
Food & drink (2 people for 8 nights and 16 people for 12 nights)	£1,263.25
Food & drink (breakfast, lunch, dinner and snacks)	£960.24
Camping gas	£20.18
Meal out	£282.83
<i>Total</i>	<i>£4,173.19</i>

Poem

*In June 2012, ICCC one fine day
Packed up the bus heading to francais
Amazing rivers, there'll be no shortage
Of hairy rapids were sure to portage
Paddling hard with all our might
Styling the drops, Swagger tight
Fresher's dodging the slalom pole
Getting changed, don't look at Joe's hole!
Mystery tin ensures we're all well fed
The French for dandelion is 'wet the bed'
We're heading to the Alps baby don't be nervous
No boardies
No booties
And we still get service WHAAAAT?!*

By Stefan Zeeman, Helen Cinnamond and Rob Macrae



IC Choir Tour Report: Rome 2012

Aims and Objectives

The committee felt that it was very important to undertake a successful tour this year, as planning for tour the previous year had fallen through, so for many members of the choir the concept of a tour abroad was unfamiliar. We therefore felt that to run a successful tour in 2012 would reinstate tour as an at least biennial tradition for the choir and also pave the way for future committees to continue the tradition. We chose to go to Rome as we felt the city would offer us a lot in terms of cultural activities and potential concert venues. We planned to spend three of the six nights in a campsite outside of the city centre, near the beach resort of Castelfusano, to give us a nice setting and the optimum amount of time for our rehearsing. We then planned to move into a hotel in central Rome, where we would perform 2 concerts over the following three days before heading home on the 9th. The main aim of the tour was, obviously, to prepare two successful concerts and help the choir to continue to grow musically, but it was also very important as a social experience for all attendees and to give some experience to new committee members as part of their handover.

Day to Day Breakdown

3rd July

We had arranged to meet at Luton airport for our afternoon flight to Rome, so approximately two thirds of the group travelled together by train from St Pancras while the rest took a bus. Everyone made it in time for check in, and the whole process went without incident. Our plane was not delayed and we arrived in Rome on schedule; however, the first slight spanner in the works was caused by a delay of over an hour in getting our luggage off the flight and onto the collection carousel. We hurried to catch our bus to Castelfusano and it became clear that not all of us would be able to fit on the same bus, so we split in half and the first group set off. Unbeknownst to us at the time, that bus was actually the last one of the day. Hence, half of the group arrived at the terminus only to discover there were no more buses onward to our final destination, whilst half were still stuck at the airport! Some investigation on the part of the first group told us that we could in fact get a metro train to our destination, which we duly did and luckily we also managed to run into our accompanist on the train (he had arrived separately at the other airport in Rome). We then began the long walk from the train station and, when we eventually found the campsite, were reunited with the others who had had to get taxis from the airport. Able to relax now that we were all back together, we settled down to a meal and a drink at the campsite restaurant before heading off to inspect our sleeping quarters.

4th July

Our rehearsal schedule began in earnest the following morning, with everyone meeting at 9am for our two-hour slot. At 11, ten members of the choir who had volunteered to be part of what was originally going to be an octet stayed behind to begin learning some extra repertoire, while most of the rest of us headed to the beach. We all remained there for most of the day, enjoying a picnic together and then some relaxation in the blistering heat. In the evening, we headed back up to the campsite to make the most of the cooler weather and rehearse for another hour or so before walking to nearby restaurant to eat together.

5th July

The day began with another two hour rehearsal followed by an hour for the smaller group. Then at 12 noon, most of the group set off on the metro to explore Ostia Antica, which is the site of some impressive Roman ruins. That evening we returned and came together for some more rehearsal time- by now we were feeling confident with the repertoire and looking forward to our first concert the following day. Then came the second hitch in our perfectly-laid plans- we became aware of the plans for a public transport strike across Rome the following day. This had potential to cause us a lot of problems, since we needed to get the metro into the city centre the following morning in plenty of time to check into our hotel and get to our concert venue. For a time it seemed as if our only option would be to catch a metro train at about 6am, so as to be able to get into Rome before the strike started at 8am; however, we would then have been stuck with all our luggage, unable to check into the hotel until the afternoon. Luckily, we were saved by a contact of one of our members, who managed to arrange taxis to come and pick us up at lunchtime the following day. With disaster averted, we spent the evening in quite a celebratory mood and many of us headed down to the beach for the last time after dinner.

6th July

We just about managed to get everybody checked out on time and ensure all our luggage was accounted for, before a bit of last minute rehearsal to go over some of the trickier parts of the repertoire and the solo sequences. The taxis arrived on time and got us into central Rome in plenty of time to get everyone checked in and unpacked in the hotel, before we changed into our all-black concert dress and walked en masse (due to the continuing transport strike) to the venue for our first concert, the Rome Baptist Church. The minister was very welcoming to us and gave us the use of an upstairs room to store our belongings. We had a short rehearsal to get used to the space, and then headed outside to hand out flyers to passers-by (although the church had already been advertising the concert using posters we had sent in advance). We also tried a bit of impromptu busking, but with hindsight that maybe wasn't the best idea in front of a police station! The concert itself went very well and we had a good audience- in fact, the overriding impression that I got from them when we had finished was that they wished it could have gone on longer! With the evening to ourselves, we split off into smaller groups to go and explore some of the sights of Rome such as the Spanish Steps and the Trevi Fountain- which, I think it is safe to say, looks even more impressive at night time when it is all lit up.

7th July

An early start this morning, as our concert at the Basilica of St Paul Outside the Walls was to take place after the 11am mass and we needed to travel there on the metro in plenty of time to warm up and prepare. I think it is safe to say that none of us was quite prepared for how spectacular the basilica was and many of us were quite humbled to have been invited to perform there. We had time for a look around, and it turns out the basilica is home to the remains of St Paul, as well as portraits of every Pope and some stunning mosaics and artwork. Again, the concert went well and was very well received, particularly by the cardinal himself! Our last concert done, the sightseeing could begin in earnest and a group of us took the opportunity to visit the Vatican City. Later on, it had been decided that we would rendezvous at the Spanish Steps and do a bit of busking for the tourists there, which actually turned out to be really good fun and people seemed to enjoy it...so much so that we decided to come back the next evening too!

8th July

Our last full day in Rome had been set aside as free time. One small group took the opportunity, as it was a Sunday, to attend mass at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which was an immensely

beautiful church and really close to our hotel. Everyone met back at the Spanish Steps again in the evening for more busking, before the grand finale to our tour, the traditional last-night Tour Dinner. We had booked everyone in at a restaurant in the old part of the city known as Trastevere on the opposite side of the river Tiber, and we had a lovely scenic walk across Rome to get there. The dinner itself involved the handing out of the ‘prestigious’ tour awards to those who the committee felt had made a particular contribution (ahem) to proceedings! There was an emotional speech from our then chair, and generally much laughter and wine consumption. All agreed it was an excellent end to a very enjoyable tour.

9th July

All that was left for us to do on the final day was to book everyone onto the correct airport shuttle bus- we had had to book two separate flights, so some people were leaving central Rome around lunchtime and some in the late afternoon. However, the process went without a hitch and everyone was on their requisite plane. Landing back in England, our luggage was already waiting for us (so no repeat of the first day!) and everyone was safely on their way home.

Evaluation

Overall, the tour went very well. Many of the attendees commented on how much fun it was and how nice it was to get the opportunity to get to know each other better in such a beautiful and culture-filled city. I think that one of the best decisions we made was to split the trip between the city of Rome and the campsite- this meant that we had the perfect rehearsal venue at the beginning of the trip as well as the opportunity to go to the beach which many people had requested when we were initially discussing possible tour destinations. I think the high point for many of us was the concert in the basilica, as none of us could have wished for a more beautiful venue or a more welcoming reception. Obviously, the issues with transport were unfortunate, but I don’t think there’s any way we could have predicted these beforehand and they did not mar everyone’s enjoyment of the trip to a significant degree. Next time a tour is planned, I think I can take away some important lessons, the main one of which is that you should never underestimate how early to start the preparations, as I think it is safe to say we were working to a very tight deadline in the end! Some of the issues that pushed us back time-wise were unavoidable, but some of it was down to a lack of organisation which we all recognise and will strive to work on in the future. I think the quality of the music that we produced on tour was at least up to our usual standard for our concerts throughout the academic year, and since that really is the main reason for going on tour in the first place I think we can really call Rome 2012 a success.

Attendees

UNION MEMBERS	NON-UNION MEMBERS	STAFF
Chloé Thépaut	Dustin Frazier	Stephanus Kramer
Donal Connolly	Guy Lipman	Agnieska Brandt
Louise-Amelia Tolton	Laurel Neighbour	Suzanne Wallis
Mathilde Hasquenoph	James Hendry	
Daniel Forrester	David Broad	
Douglas Addy		
Emma Cassie		
Isobel Mackay		
Jennifer Lenz		

Laura Simmons		
Patrick Wood		
Hazel Neighbour		
Sylvain Gennaro		
Aaron Pereira		
Kutwing Loo		
Iain Purves		
Nina Härtwich		
Aki MacFarlane		
Natalia Weydahl		
Helen Pratt		
Var Hansen		

ICMC Summer Tour 2012 – Kalymnos

Day 1 (4th September):

Our flights left from Stansted at 14:20, the majority of the group managed to meet up at check in around 10:30, including Luke Walley who arrived with 10kg of Hold luggage...and no hand luggage...including club gear ...for two weeks. This set the tone for trip, absolute efficiency and ruthless punctuality all masterminded by the recently inaugurated President.

After bribing several crew members (including the pilot) and an air traffic controller, the RyanAir flight landed in Kos a full thirteen minutes early. We were then rushed to the ferry port by our Greek chauffeurs, helmets were required to make this part of the journey safe. The crossing was made on a speed boat, that was easy enough hot wire. From there we were taken to the accommodation by the proprietor. With all the spare time we had accrued our arrival was in manner akin to Usain Bolt crossing the finishing line.



We celebrated by buying some pizza, beer and moussaka.

Day 2:

Woke up at 6:00 to make breakfast. At 06:30 Luke locked himself and Tristan out of there room. 06:45 Joel finds vent. 06:50 Access was gained via the vent, as ICMC goes caving



07:30 we left for the first day of climbing going to a crag named Afternoon. The name proved apt as we were able to climb late into the afternoon before the sun encroached on us and we were unable

to climb. Swiss Baby (6a) was climbed by Joel, Tristan, Murray and Ruth along with several easier things. Caroline and Luke climbed Finger Piercing (4a), which was their first outdoor lead, before moving onto some harder things.

After climbing we enjoyed swimming in the sea, which was conveniently placed 20 metres from our apartments. We ate spaghetti Carbonara for dinner and introduced ourselves to white cat.

Day 3:

Annoyingly, alarms did not go off so we woke up late. Everybody seemed to enjoy the lie in though. It also transpired that in his eagerness to pack light, Luke had forgotten to pack underwear. We then proceeded to climb at a place called Odyssey where people took advantage of the truly amazing climbing and really pushed their grades. With Caroline and Luke climbing a couple more 5c's before cracking into a 6a. Tristan, Joel, Murray and Ruth enjoyed Argo Navis where they were introduced to the phenomenon known as dickhead-lower-off, where by the crux of the route is clipping the lower-off. Kalli did her first ever lead on an outdoor 3c called On The Verge, that was put up by none other than Neil Gresham who climbed with the club last time we were in Kalymnos.

Day 4:

Finally woke up on time. Got everyone ready. Couldn't buy lunch. Shop was not open. After waiting for half an hour for bread to arrive, Ruth and Joel disappeared off to go do Massalia (6b) a four pitch route round the outside of the iconic Grande grotto. This attempt at a multi-pitch route was universally supported by the group and although there was no actual chopping, the route was failed due to the fact that seconding the first pitch is harder than leading it. So Joel and Ruth went and climbed some harder single pitch stuff including a 6b+ dog and some amazing tufa climbing on Monahiki Elia (6a+) truly amazing for the grade.

The other group went to School and Odyssey with a handful of 5s climbed at school and Tristan and Caroline trying a 6b+ called Atena at Odyssey. They also met Lisa and Ali at Odyssey as Lisa was working on her project Polifemo (7c).

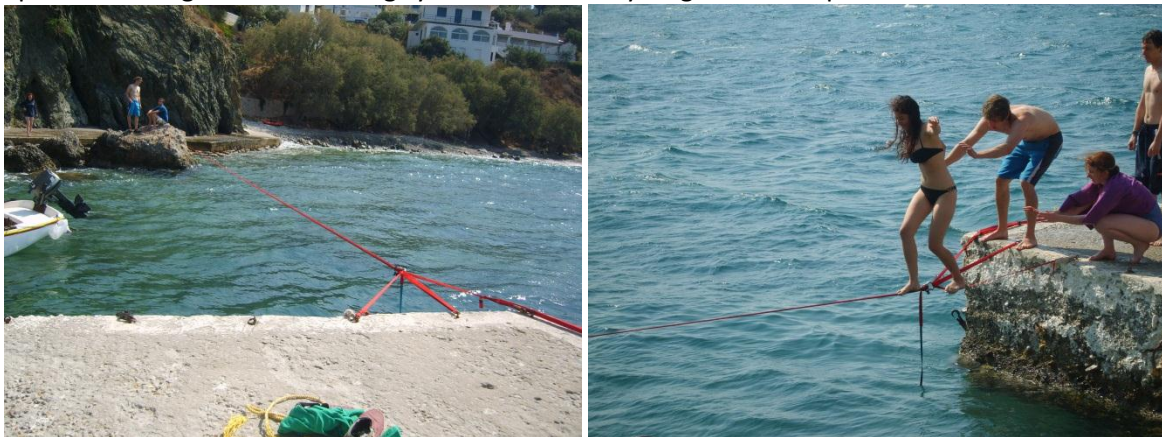
Animal related highlights: the goat got into two fights, drew with Russian slimfast, lost to two jack russels. Tristan bicep curled white cat for reps.



Day 5:

First rest day! God knows what time we woke up but we had scrambled egg for breakfast, making a change from the usual porridge. We decided to go to the Beach and on our way out of the apartments we bumped into Ali and Lisa. Ali had just completed his project Daniboy (8a) and in doing so the Brashinator 3000 gained yet another nickname. High from his land mark send, 8a-Ali and the gang headed to the beach to break more records.

On the beach we found the hallowed waterline spot and after Murray and Joel returned to the apartments to get the tensioning system that Murray forgot we set up ICMCs first waterline.



After an extensive risk assessment of water depth and clearance the line was tested by Joel. It was deemed safe and everyone had a go, this was Kalli's first slacklining experience. 8a-Ali (ICMCs hardest sport climber) graded it at 8a+. Joel got the line record with three steps. We played a card game to decide who was washing up. Ate a traditional Greek meal. Everyone packed for the next day. We watched Reel Rock Tour 2010.

Day 6:

05:00 day begins. Scrambled egg consumed and the group split once again with Ali, Lisa and Joel going to Odyssey and everyone else going to Kastelli.

Joel got his hardest onsight Atena (6b+) and dogged Feta (6c). Meanwhile at Kastelli lots of 5s and 6a's were climbed.

Back at base Joel and Ruth began packing for the adventure that was the 11 pitch, 250m route Wings for Life (6a) that they had planned for the next day. After hearing about ICMCs multi-pitch prowess and with much help and encouragement from the rest of the group they left for the island of Telendos where they bivvied overnight.



Day 7:

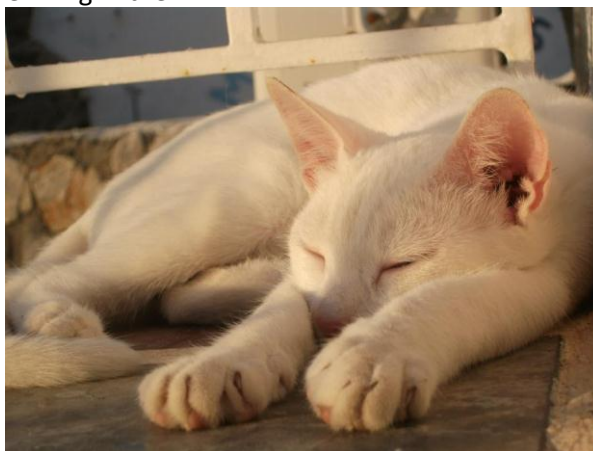
Having followed the instructions too much hilarity (confusing churches with temples) they made it to the base of the route where they slept until 04:30. Started climbing at 05:30. The route was epic, really worth doing and proof that ICMC can be successful, even now, on multi-pitch routes. After taking in some truly spectacular views the climb was topped out 10:30. The descent was cruel and punishing and took almost as long as the climb.



The other group went back to Afternoon and Grande Grotta and enjoyed Monahiki-Elia and Happy Girlfriend (5c).

Day 8:

Rest day! Even more casual than the last rest day. Slept in then went shopping in the busy town of Porthia. This is where we discovered the delights of Greek bakeries. They have doughnuts. That are ring doughnuts. That have filling in them.



Day 9:

Joel began work on his first ever Redpoint getting all the moves wired for DNA (7a). 8a-Ali, with Joel, started trying Priapos (7c) getting pretty close to onsighting it but getting confused by the fixed carabiners. Everyone else went to Iliada, this is where Tristan began trying to onsight 6c's and where Ruth and Murray got there hardest onsights at 6b.



Day 10:

The group went to Odyssey to watch Lisa on her project and have a second go at some harder routes. Tristan carried on in his search for a 6c whilst his new flame Caroline went for the 6b+ redpoint on Atena. Milkins cracked into his first 6a+. A fun day but it is clear that people are getting tired.

Day 11:

The group went to Poets' with Ali and Joel returning to the Grande Grotta and their projects. Murray, Tristan, Ruth and Caroline enjoyed some bouldering on a rope which would have given them a 6c tick but turned out to be really difficult. Milkins got some more 6a action on the lovely slabs of the Poets area. 8a-Ali called it a day on Priapos. Having only had two goes on it, he had linked it in two sections but decided a third go would be too much effort. Joel linked his project in two sections, not bad for his second ever go on a 7a.

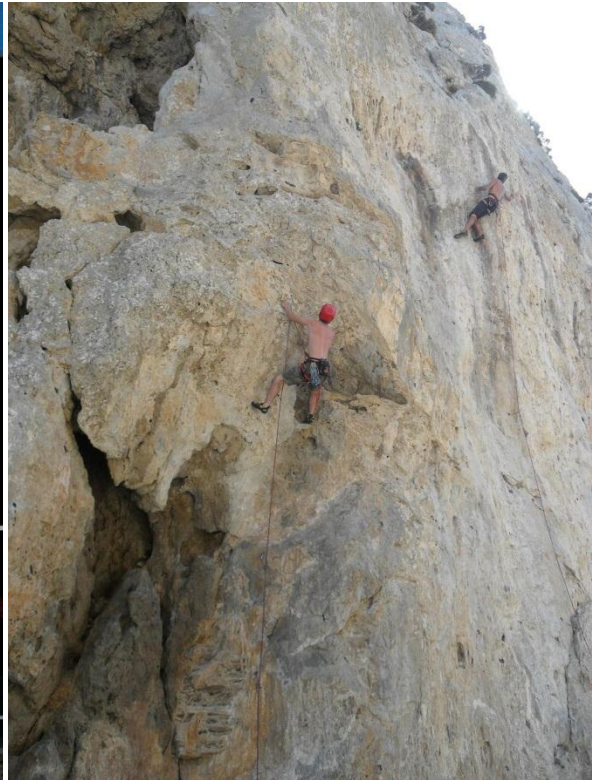
Day 12:

Final rest day! We went for a day trip to Telendos, chilled on the beach and did a bit of shopping. The group decided that the way to improve their climbing was to take up yoga, which they did in the empty swimming pool.



Day 13:

Ruth took everyone to a crag further along that provided all day shade and some very chossy climbing. This was a great day for everyone with Murray getting a 6b+ onsight, Ruth climbing an overhanging jug-haul that was graded 5b, Milkins found a crack to squirm in and Tristan got to the last bolt of a 6c onsight. Joel on a double rest day practised his rope skills, which now include prussiking. Meanwhile at Odyssey Lisa was falling off the last hold of her project, nearly there.





Day 15:

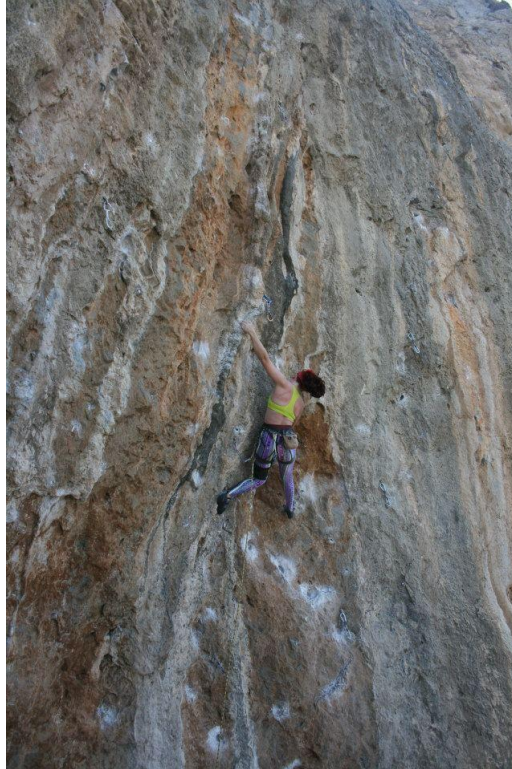
Final day before heading home, and so people decided to spend it at the Grande Grotta and Panorama. Joel was on his last day for his project and needed to get it done. After stressing out and shouting down the cave, he dropped it first go. Channelling his rage into the next attempt he succeeded sending DNA (7a) on his 4th attempt, first 7a.



Then everybody moved to Panorama, which turned out to be a bad move as it was heavily populated. Caroline and Tristan had a go at Uncle Ernie (6b), whilst Murray and Ruth tried Neptun KL (6c). 8a-Ali decided that extension pitches were the way forward and that he needed to be a stamina boss, so tried On sight Aeolia Extension (7a+) but got stuck on a tricky move getting over the lip onto the extension pitch.

Day 15:

It's Lisa's day in the last chance saloon as it's her last day to get Polifemo (7c). Not wanting to be out done by Joel, she leaves it to the second go as well.



Making last-minute-Lisa the hardest climbing female in the club, ever!

Meanwhile on Poets' the keen climbers are getting in a couple hours climbing before the journey home polishing off some more 6a's. With Ruth getting a big out door fall on a 6b.

Having packed the night before, we all make our way to the Airport in a similar fashion to how we arrived. We got to the Airport four hours before departure time.

Once we got on to the plane Murray, Milkins and Joel perfected the art of sleeping on a RyanAir plane. They realised that the three-person-sideways-lean method is not the way, as only the person leaning against the wall is experiencing true comfort. The trick is to have one person on the window seat, leaning against the wall. The second person takes the other two seats, curling up into a ball. The third person lays on the floor underneath the three seats. Alternatively, if you are a very small women you can curl up into ball on one seat as Ruth and Kalli discovered.

Thanks for reading.



Full List of Attendees:

Joel Braganza-Mendes
Murray Lees Brown (Matthew Lees)
Ruth Lawson
Milkins (Andrew Wilkins) for one week
Kalli Koulloufidou
Luke Walley
Tristan Pollitt
Caroline Clark
Lisa Alhadeff for five weeks
Alistair Brash for five weeks

Alistair Brash had graduated the year before and Lisa Alhadeff had left Imperial the year before that. Other than that everyone was a full time IC student and member of ICMC.

Financial Breakdown:

We received a grant allocation of £1346.51 for this tour. Flights were more expensive than budgeted for but this was made up for by group drop outs (8 people dropped out). The money was applied directly to the cost of travel, so that everyone paid the same amount. The Tour worked out at £340 per person including food and travel, with Milkins paying less for accommodations and food as he was only there for a week. 8a-Ali and Last-minute-Lisa obviously paid more as they went for a full month.

Difficulties and Objectives:

The only difficulties that we had were the on mass drop outs from the sign up list. This cut the number of people on this trip from 18 to 10. This created extra faff which meant cost of air travel went up but the subsidy was split between fewer people thus mitigating all the problems.

The plan was to go and climb on different rock features that don't exist in England and improve technique. Everyone experienced some no hands rests, some great tufa climbing and everybody pushed their grade. Credit going to Ali, Lisa and Joel with redpoints far above their previous bests.

Written by Joel Braganza-Mendes (President)

Imperial College
String Ensemble



Tour 2012



Speldhurst

13th - 16th September

I.

PLEASE
DO'S ON A
AND REMO
ADVANCE

1. Attendance

16 members: 10 violinists, 2 violists, 3 cellists & 1 double bass.

2. Financial status

Tour budget

Estimated attendance: 15 members

Variable income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Ticket income	Student ticket	£50.00	15	£750.00
Fixed income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Union subsidy	Subsidy	£63.04	1	£63.04
				£813.04
Variable expenditure	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Consumables	Food for 4 days @ £5 / day	£20.00	15	£300.00
Travel expenditure	Train tickets to Tonbridge	£20.00	15	£300.00
Fixed expenditure	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Ground hire	Hire of Speldhurst Village Hall	£154.00	1	£154.00
				£754.00

Balance @ 16 attendees: £59.04

Actual tour spend

Attendance: 16 members

Variable income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Ticket income	Student ticket	£50.00	16	£800.00
Fixed income	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Union subsidy	Subsidy	£63.04	1	£63.04
				£863.04

Expenditure	Description	Unit price	Units	Net
Consumables	Combined expenditure of all food purchased over weekend (£225.57 + £71 + £17.50, less £3.34 VAT deductions)	£310.73	1	£310.73
Travel expenditure	Combined expenditure of all train & taxi tickets purchased over weekend	£269.00	1	£269.00
Travel expenditure	Car petrol (£25 spent, less £8.78 VAT deduction)	£16.22	1	£16.22
Ground hire	Hire of Speldhurst Village Hall	£154.00	1	£154.00
				£749.95

Balance @ 16 attendees paid: £113.09

3. Aims & Objectives

How we satisfied our aims:

- **Rehearsals:** We rehearsed approximately one hours worth of classical music for the Saturday night concert, plus an additional evening's worth of musical entertainment for the Friday night Village Barn Dance. With such a short amount of time in which to prepare a lot of material, we rehearsed intensively on location at the Speldhurst Village Hall (~5 hours of rehearsal), at the Farmhouse (~10 hours of rehearsal) and at St Mary's Church (final preparations & rehearsal pre-concert)
- **Cultural experience:** When not rehearsing, we spent much of our time either playing for fun in small groups, or exploring the local area & going on walks
- **Concerts:** We performed our wintery-themed concert for free, with a collection in support of both St Mary's Church fund and the Tunbridge Wells Winter Shelter appeal, at St. Mary's Church on the Sunday. We performed Vivaldi's *Winter* (featuring ICSE member John Sandall as soloist), Corelli's *Concerto Grosso* ("Christmas Concerto"), a re-performance of the Imperial ArtsFest favourite *Stop Playing Your Homework And Do Your Video Games* by Gen Kim, and an arrangement of John Kander's *Cabaret* for string ensemble.
- **Branching out:** ICSE was privileged to bring the enthusiasm and spirit for barn dancing that exists amongst the music community at Imperial back to it's village origins. On Friday we split into two groups, each rehearsing a set piece of traditional folk music. This is a big departure from the normal style of music that the ensemble is used to playing, with new challenges and techniques to learn & overcome. For example, taking an arrangement of traditional tunes originally recorded by a three piece band & rearranging it for 4 violins, 3 cellos and a double bass was an entirely new experience for those involved! These pieces - *Swedish*

(originally recorded by Blazin' Fiddles) and *Jigs* (originally recorded by Last Orders) - were then performed to the public at the Village Barn Dance on Friday evening.

- **The Village Barn Dance:** The Village Barn Dance, hosted & run by ICSE as part of the tour, was designed to be a social event for it's members, an opportunity for members to experience & learn from playing in a ceilidh band, an opportunity for members to experience calling for a ceilidh (all our callers were ICSE members trained to call the dances whilst on tour), and as a fund-raising event open to the general public such that we might raise funds for our new ICSE Conducting Scholarship programme - an initiative to provide a student with free conducting lessons and conducting experience in return for free masterclasses for our members.
- **Charity fundraising:** Although entry to the concert was free, donations were encouraged to support both St Mary's Church and the Tunbridge Wells Winter Shelter, an appeal to create a shelter for people sleeping rough in Tunbridge Wells every night throughout this coming winter. Overall, we ended up raising over £70 for the new ICSE Conducting Scholarship initiative, and an additional **£150 for our charitable appeals!**

4. Day by day account of activities

Thursday 13th September		
11am	Shopping trip!	Tonbridge
Midday	People start arriving at Tonbridge	Tonbridge
Early afternoon	Set up tents, settle in	Speldhurst
4pm	Rehearsal in village hall	
5.45pm	Rehearsal finish time	
6pm	Start to cook dinner; eat dinner	
Evening	Games + pub	

Friday 14th September (timings subject to change)		
8:30am	Cooked breakfast is served	Went Farm House
10:00am	Learn folk tunes + calling workshop	Went Farm House
1.00pm	Lunch	Went Farm House
3.30pm	Rehearsal in the village hall	Village Hall

Friday 14th September (timings subject to change)

6.30pm	Finish rehearsing; prepare hall	Village Hall
7.00pm	Doors open to barn dance	Village Hall
Midnight	Barn dance finishes	Village Hall

Saturday 15th September (timings subject to change)

8:30am	Cooked breakfast is served	Went Farm House
10:00am	Sectional rehearsals	Went Farm House
1.00pm	Lunch	Went Farm House
2.00pm	Group rehearsal in garden (!)	Went Farm House
7.00pm	Concert	St Mary's Church

Sunday 16th September

9:00am	Cooked breakfast is served	Went Farm House
10.30am	Long walk	Around Speldhurst
3.00pm	Sunday lunch	George & Dragon Inn
5.00pm	Food & drink run	Tonbridge
Evening	Barbecue + finale night party	Went Farm House

5. Major issues

As yet there seem to be no major issues related to this tour. Instead we shall focus on issues from our previous two tours and what we have done to overcome these:

Income missing: We have previously had some issues concerning chasing up missing tour payments. We currently have a full list of those who haven't yet paid for the tour and do not expect to face this issue this time.

Unexpected costs: The budgeting process for this tour had a number of measures built into it to guard against unexpected costs:

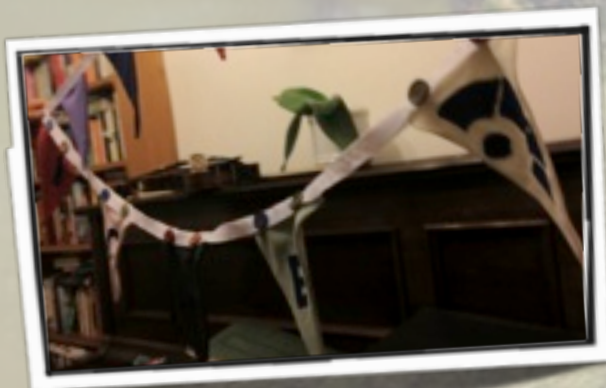
- For any budgeting categories (e.g. travel) that had any uncertainty, an additional 10% contingency was factored into our "best estimates" of actual costs; also any possible windfalls (e.g. a couple driving down, saving on both train fares) was ignored in advance, with the "worst case scenario" expected. In this case, it did not make any difference if travel had been booked in advance vs on the day, but in the event that booking early was essential, tour payments would have been collected in advance with higher tour costs for late payers.
- The food budgeting especially has improved since Glastonbury, with a replicable process now established for creating an accurate & desirable menu of food encompassing breakfast, lunch and dinner over a course of several days.

Conductor's fee: This wasn't an issue as the conductor wasn't able to join us on our tour, and we performed unconducted.

6. Did the tour achieve its aims & objectives?

In short, the tour far exceeded its aims & objectives listed in the tour application: we rehearsed intensively on location without a conductor, performed a concert featuring both new & old repertoire which was received very enthusiastically by the local audience, and our members all had a great weekend.

However, we did more than this: we raised **£150 for charity**, raised a further **£70** to fund a new ICSE Student Conducting Scholarship, put on two public events in two nights, expanded our members' musical horizons with an introduction into playing & dancing (and teaching) traditional music, and overall those who went will go on to form a string ensemble that is musically & socially more cohesive.



CONCERT IN AID OF THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS WINTER SHELTER

Come & enjoy a selection of classical string music,
including *Winter* from Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*

7PM, SATURDAY 15TH SEPTEMBER
ST MARY'S CHURCH, SPELDHURST
FREE ENTRY (DONATIONS WELCOME)

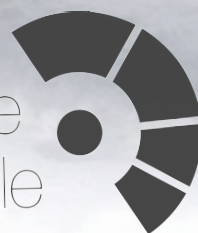
www.imperialcollegestringensemble.co.uk



arts Imperial

imperial
college
union

Imperial College
String Ensemble





SPELDHURST BARN DANCE



8PM, FRIDAY 14TH SEPTEMBER
SPELDHURST VILLAGE HALL

HOSTED BY JOHN SANDALL & IMPERIAL COLLEGE STRING ENSEMBLE

TICKETS £8 ADULTS / £4 CHILDREN

(INCLUDING PLOUGHMAN'S SUPPER, BRING YOUR OWN ALCOHOL)

RESERVE ONLINE OR BUY ON THE DOOR (FROM 7.30PM)



01892 861044

ICSE@IMPERIAL.AC.UK

@ICSTRINGS

FOR MORE INFORMATION & TICKETS VISIT

WWW.IMPERIALCOLLEGESTRINGENSEMBLE.CO.UK

imperial
college
union

Imperial College
String Ensemble



arts Imperial

ICSM Music Society Lithuania Tour 2012

After a close call with flight bookings had the heart of Tour Committee in its mouth, 46 of Music Society's finest members met outside Hammersmith Broadway one sunny Friday afternoon in July. Destination: Lithuania. We breezed through Luton's beautiful airport, and soon found ourselves hurtling through the sky towards Vilnius, the country's capital city.

It was gone midnight when we landed, so all we wanted to do was put our bags down and head out for a bar-crawl. After experiencing the Wacky Races-inspired Lithuanian highway code, we arrived at our hostel just outside Vilnius' historic Old Town. We set out into the night for our first glimpse of a country younger than us- Lithuania only declared independence from the Soviet Republic in 1990, as the Cold War wound down. Even more interestingly, the beer was delicious and cheap. Other than a strange encounter between a dead pigeon and an Oxbridge graduate, it was a peaceful evening. The perfect start to Tour!

The next morning we were given a guided tour of Vilnius, courtesy of the Mayor- we saw a selection of the city's beautiful cathedrals, state buildings and museums, and were given a sense of the nation's turbulent history. We had the afternoon free to explore for ourselves, and many of us rode the funicular up to the top of Gediminas Hill in the city centre for panoramic views of Vilnius. That evening we embarked on the cherished Doctors' and Nurses' pub crawl, which ended at a bizarre outdoor club that featured a stage nobody was allowed on and life-size model cow nobody was allowed near.

After a slow, pancake-fuelled start to Sunday, we had some more free time to explore Vilnius. Most of the day was spent trying to watch the Federer-Murray final and playing in the river. That evening, Jazz Band played a gig in a local bar, followed by the inevitable Music Society group karaoke session.

We got on a coach the next morning and travelled to Grutas Park, a forest near the town of Druskininkai that combined Soviet-era statues of Stalin, Lenin and Marx with a zoo. A grizzly bear called Bradley stole the show. A leisurely lunch was followed by an afternoon spent swimming in a lake next to the forest. We returned to Vilnius, where a meal was kindly provided by Dr Balcaitiene. Vilte uttered the immortal words "Guys, you know, I think tonight will be a quiet one", after which a group of us had the time of our lives up in the perfectly-named Mojito Palace and then a club. What happens on Tour stays on Tour, but rest assured it was not a quiet night.

The next day began- with an odd number of eyebrows- 90 minutes after the previous night had ended, so after falling into the coach once more we set off to visit Lithuania's third largest city, Klaipeda. We arrived to find our concert venue- a church- still under construction! Nevertheless, the full complement of our Orchestra, Choir, Chamber Choir and Jazz Band held the 100-strong audience in rapture. We ate dinner in downtown Klaipeda, at a restaurant overlooking the mouth of the River Dane as it met the Baltic Sea. That night was by and large a quiet night, although Ralph- a local waiter who joined us at that night's hostel for drinks- may disagree.

Wednesday morning arrived, so we said goodbye to Ralph and went on a guided tour of Klaipeda. That afternoon was spent swimming in the Baltic Sea and sunbathing on a glorious beach on the

Curonian Spit, a 98 kilometre long sand-dune that links Lithuania to Kaliningrad Oblast, a Russian exclave. We returned to Vilnius that evening, and went to a local pizzeria. Four hours later, we left, thanks to the single chef, single oven and single waiter employed by the restaurant. At least the pizza wasn't made of potato, unlike every other Lithuanian dish.

The heavens opened just before our concert the next afternoon, and a flash flood of biblical proportions swept down through the streets of Old Town towards the river. Sopping wet, we trundled into St Casimir's Church to find a sell-out crowd had come to watch us play. After terse words from a Catholic clergywoman forced a last-minute change in our programme, our soggy Orchestra, Choir and Chamber Choir brought the house down. Later that evening, Jazz Band played a set in a pub, and we spent our last big night out together at a student club.

Our final full day in Lithuania was spent at a secluded beauty spot in a forest next to a lake, a short ride away from Vilnius. The newly qualified doctors amongst us set about making a fire, whilst the medical students went swimming and prepared the food. An idyllic afternoon spent eating and drinking around the campfire was the perfect way to bring Tour to a close. Gifts were given to the individuals involved in organising and running Tour, and then we returned to Vilnius to watch Jazz Band's final gig. We arrived back in Luton early the next morning shattered, sun-burnt, grubby, broke and hungry, having had the time of our lives.

In terms of finances, we adhered to our original budget surprisingly well. The £1800 kindly given to us by the Imperial College Union Tours Board covered our costs in hiring a van from London to Lithuania, van fuel, van insurance, van Channel crossing and some of our group airfare. Therefore, this donation was instrumental in the success of our Tour. Some housekeeping; 46 full members of Imperial College School of Medicine attended Tour; Tour ran from 6th July 2012 to 14th July 2012; we achieved and surpassed the aims and objectives laid out in our Tour proposal, and no major issues arose whilst on Tour.

As well as extending our warmest thanks to the ICU Tours Board, we would also like to thank the St Mary's Association, the Development Trust of St Mary's Hospital, the The Tiltas Trust, the British-Lithuanian Society and Dr Tadas Zuromskis.

David Lester, co-Tour Manager 2011-12

Imperial College Sinfonietta
Summer Tour 2012 – Podebrady, Czech Republic

Financial Breakdown

The total cost per person was £350.

Price covered:

Flights

Accommodation

Van hire & travel costs

Insurance costs

2 x tour meals

Other minor costs (e.g. telephone charges, tour awards, train tickets for day trip to prague, visit of a local brewery and visit of a UNESCO site)

Sinfonietta additional costs:

Rehearsal & concert venue hire

Music hire

Conductor fees

Organiser fees including rehearsal venue hire

Publicity

Subsidised players

Grant received:

The group received £1260.75 in subsidy, which was split per person.

Sinfonietta subsidised their members with £5000 of SGI

Attendance

Total no: 44

Daily Activities

Saturday 25th, Sunday 26th August: Sinfonietta pre-tour rehearsals

Wednesday 29th August

- Flight to Prague Airport, group meeting at Luton at 0600
- Arrival at Prague Airport at 1020 (local time).
- Coach transfer to Pension Maj in Podebrady – Arrival time 1200.
- Tour Lunch at 1300 in a local restaurant serving traditional Czech Cuisine
- Van unloading at 1500.
- Sinfonietta Rehearsal from 1600 to 1900

Thursday 30th August

- Sinfonietta rehearsal from 1000 – 1130
- Travel to Prague by train at 1200, return independent

Friday 31st August

- Sinfonietta Rehearsal 1030 – 1330
- Guided tour of town plus official welcoming by the Mayor 1400 – 1600
- Free evening

Saturday 1st September

- Sinfonietta Rehearsal 1030 - 1330
- Visit of the Nymburk Brewery 1500 – 1600
- Free evening (possibility to go back to Prague at the member's expense)

Sunday 2nd September

- Free morning for sightseeing
- Visit of the UNESCO Site Kutna Hora 1300 – 1700
- Sinfonietta Rehearsal 1800 - 2100

Monday 3rd September

- String rehearsal 1030 - 1230
- Wind Rehearsal 1400 – 1600
- Sinfonietta Rehearsal 1700 - 2000

Tuesday 4th September

- Free morning for sightseeing
- Sinfonietta Rehearsal 1500 – 1800
- Sinfonietta CONCERT NO.1 at the Colonade in Pobebrady at 1900

Wednesday 5th September

- Free morning for sightseeing
- Sinfonietta Rehearsal 1500 – 1800
- Sinfonietta CONCERT NO.2 at the Colonade in Pobebrady at 1900
- Sinfonietta end of tour dinner at Café Oliver (followed by tour awards ceremony)

Thursday 6th September

- Coach to Prague airport at 1000

- Leaving Prague at 1405, arriving in London at 1505 (local time)

Friday 7th September

- Van arriving at IC at 1800
- Instruments collected by the players between 1800 and 1900

Aims and Objectives

Sinfonietta

This year's annual summer tour fulfilled all of its objectives. We took on the challenge of learning a completely new repertoire over the course of the tour and did so with great success. The concerts were advertised by the local media in Podebrady, giving us the opportunity to perform to 2 large audiences, who were very receptive. Our repertoire included Shostakovich violin concerto no.2 performed by a music student from the Royal Academy of Music, London; as well as one of the most appreciated pieces in Czech Republic, Dvorak's "New World Symphony. This also provided everybody in the orchestra with experience in playing very different styles of music.

Whilst we worked hard during the days, we made good use of our free time. We organised 2 day trips to popular tourist attractions (Nymburk Brewery and Kutna Hora UNESCO Heritage Site), as well as one day trip to Prague and allowed plenty of time to explore the town of Podebrady.

Our annual tour is always the highlight of the Sinfonietta year. Once again, this tour was successful in integrating our members, encouraging them to really get to know each other and integrate well. We were also joined by our new conductor who will begin work with us in the Spring term 2013, who conducted a highly successful concert during the tour. We hope that we have inspired the majority of members to return for what we hope will be another highly successful year for Sinfonietta.

Imperial College Caving Club



2012 Summer Tour
Slovenia Expedition

Contents

1. Introduction	3
1.1 Overview	3
1.2 Aims and Objectives	4
2.1 Expedition Set Up	4
3. Exploration Summary	7
3.1 Xanadu / Euphrates	7
3.2 Lower Pleasures / Yorkshire	7
3.3 Brave New World / Invictus	7
3.4 Minestrone / Atlantis	8
3.5 Watership Down	9
3.5.1 Jarvist's Geological Notes on the The New Sumps / Lakes:	11
3.5.2 Jarvist's Notes for Future Divers:	12
3.6 The Throne Room / Hot Pants / Undercover Squirrel	12
3.7 Guillotine	13
3.8 Apollo / Milky Way / Sanje Za Duso	14
4. Surface Exploration	15
4.1 Area K	15
4.2 Area N	15
5. Derig and Packing Up	16
6. Summary of Accounts	18
7. Personal Reports	19
7.1 Sam Page	19
7.2 Rhys Tyers	20

1. Introduction

1.1 Overview

Between the 13th of July and 19th of August 2012, Imperial College Caving Club held its 17th expedition to the Migovec Plateau in the Triglav National Park, Slovenia. This was attended by 26 members of the Imperial club, along with 10 cavers from the JSPDT, a local Slovene club with whom we have been cooperating since the first expedition in 1994. The expedition was named "Sledi Vetra" (which translates as "follow the wind"), referencing the practice of following draughts to find the best way on in a cave.

As in the previous two years we setup a 4-person underground camp 550m below the entrance of the cave at a location known as 'X-Ray' to facilitate the logistics of deep exploration. In total 18 ICCC cavers camped underground including three cavers who had been caving for less than a year. They were joined by six Slovenian cavers.

A major aim of the last four years of our exploration has been the connection of Vrtnarija to System Migovec. Due to the length of passage we have explored in the mountain since 1994, this would be the longest cave in Slovenia. On the final exploration trip, the two cavers eventually reached a Permanent Survey Station (a cairn of rocks and pencil written note on plastic paper) placed in 1998 in a section of System Migovec named 'Waterloo'. All together, the combined system is the longest in Slovenia at 25.5 km of passage, with a total depth of 972 m and five known entrances.

Closer to the surface, a team did a comprehensive survey of several surface caves. These were caves that had been seen previously but not fully explored. No obvious leads were returned from this but in a separate team explored a promising new cave called Kuk Pot (GPS Coordinate N9) and pushed it to a depth of 25 metres with 29 metres of cave passage. The cave is quite a distance from camp but it shows that there could be many more cave systems waiting to be found.

During the Sledi Vetra summer expedition we found and surveyed 2.666km of new cave passage. Very few leads were explored to completion, and we in fact finish the expedition with far more opportunities for exploration than we started with. One issue however is that the regions in which the cave is being actively explored are ever more disparate. All together we are looking forward to an extremely busy expedition in 2013 when we return.

The nature of the exploration, with all new cave passage found at depths greater than 500 m on multi-day camping trips represents the very highest level of achievement possible by a university caving club.

1.2 Aims and Objectives

The major aim of our expedition is to allow members to discover new cave passage and take part in deep exploratory caving. We aim to teach and refine all of the skills necessary for this such as rigging, bolting and surveying. Having our members experience underground camping and appreciating the logistics of this operation is also an important aim.

Once again our expedition was a huge success. Any caver who went looking for new cave passage found some. As a testament to the inclusivity of the club the major finds were not restricted to the experienced members of the club, three first year cavers also made significant contributions, often at extreme depth and distance from camp.

2 Expedition Diary

2.1 Expedition Set Up



Cavers carrying, Migovec in background

13th - 14th July

The crates and barrels are finally packed and were loaded onto the minibus. 24 hours later we arrived in Tolmin, Slovenia. A significant amount of pizza was eaten as a fond farewell to non-rehydrated food.

15th July

The first skilled and keen (naive and easily misled) cavers made an alpine start. The minibus was taken up the windy route to the Koblučar family's farmhouse and the generously donated adjacent barn that serves as our storeroom for the 5 week expedition. Crates and barrels were unloaded and packed carefully away.

The first carries up the mountain began, mostly of personal equipment. The heavens chose this moment to open, drenching everyone on the mountain. A brief introduction to the Bivi took place for most people before they head back down for another carry.

That night most cavers stay on the mountain with old lags beginning the indoctrination of freshers into the Bivi way of life.



Bivi at night

16th July

Some cavers carried more equipment up the mountain, others stayed on the mountain and begin cleaning and reconstructing the Bivi.

The pre-packed underground camp equipment was carried up the mountain, ready to be deployed 500 meters below the surface.

The weather improved reassuring some that a nightmarish 5 weeks of rain and snow may not happen after all.

17th July

First day of caving. Jarv begins rigging to Camp X-ray with Rhys in tow as tackle mule. They make it half way down Space Odyssey (just over half way to camp) before turning back.

18th July

Tetley rerigs a section of Pink, part of the entrance series. The new route was quite unstable but became much safer as the loose rocks were kicked down the pitch (mostly onto other cavers). He met Mike, Jonny, Nico and Oliver en route to Camp X-Ray. They set up camp and spent the first night underground of the expedition.

20th July

Caving in earnest begins, just 5 days after we arrived.



A last look at the sun.

3. Exploration Summary

20th July - 16th August

3.1 Xanadu / Euphrates

The area was a dig conveniently located just 5 minutes from camp so it is surprising that Xanadu was not pushed earlier. Tetley and Rhys were the first to push it, finding a rather pretty, deep, tight rift with a stream at the bottom that at one end lead to a waterfall and at the other to a sump. A bit of snooping allowed them to find a muddy crawl, possibly a sump bypass, but they were stopped by a puddle which proved to be too much of a psychological barrier.

Clare and Kate later brave the muddy puddle and quickly come across a pitch which they left undescended and attempt to survey out. Surveying through that puddle inspired them to name the section Euphrates. Due to Kate becoming very cold they leave 3 legs short of tying their survey in to the rest of the cave. It was later tied in by Kate and Jonny, who attempted to drop the pitch but were defeated when they couldn't get a spit to stay in the weak rock. The pitch remains a tantalising mystery for next year.

At the other end of the rift Mike attempted to climb over the waterfall and succeeded in getting a short way before he decided he was getting too wet and turned back, leaving the lead going.

3.2 Lower Pleasures / Yorkshire

Lower Pleasures is located at the end of Friendship Gallery. It began as a dig and so is accessed through a ten metre crawl opening into the wet 30m pitch.

The first trip of the expedition to go here was Sam and Mike. They checked out three windows in the walls of the pitch. They came to the conclusion that a couple of the windows looked promising.

Thara and Oliver had another look at these but ended up pushing a thin, wet rift at the bottom, naming it Yorkshire.

Tetley and Rhys attempted to push Yorkshire but went the wrong way, instead bolting down an unexplored small waterfall to find an immature streamway that became too tight to pass.

The area is fairly unpleasant to cave in but it is close to camp so it seems likely that the leads will be looked at extensively next year.

3.3 Brave New World / Invictus

Continuing from last year there has been an explosion of new horizontal passage below a particularly horrible pitch named 'Stuck In Paradise'. Last Year two main offshoots were followed, Penitence (followed on by Salvation) and Lost Miles. The lead was left last year when Tetley and Clare finished their pushing trip at a squeeze that need hammering to get through.

This year Tetley and Rhys returned, with a hammer. They managed to break through the squeeze into a small chamber. The way on is located above this chamber and was filled with rocks and boulders. Tetley bravely attempted to dig his way up through it but it collapsed. Luckily he was entombed by just one head-sized rock and was able to continue. Beyond this they discovered a crawl up a slope and beyond this a chamber full of boulders. When they climbed up through the boulders they found a very short streamway with barely a trickle of water in it. They ran out of time and had to come back. They name this section 'Brave New World'. Gergely and Mawa return here later, but discovered that shortly beyond the streamway is a boulder choke that they were unable to break through.

Tetley and Rhys return again and find a way through the boulders. On the other side is ten metres of passage with sand piled up around the edges. At the end of this they found that the passage emerges halfway up a waterfall. They decide to turn back here. They name the passage 'Invictus' meaning unconquered. The waterfall remains as a lead with an incredibly strong draft.



Camp Hawaii

3.4 Minestrone / Atlantis

The passages Minestrone and Atlantis, at the end of Lost Miles, were discovered on an unusual 4-man pushing trip consisting of Kate, Clare, Gergely and Rhys. After this team broke through a boulder choke that had been the limit of exploration they found themselves in every cavers dream. Before them were hundreds of metres of (mostly) walking passage.

Minestrone was the first section of cave they looked at. The name comes from a fateful rest stop at the bottom of 'Stuck In Paradise'. At the rather pleasant sandy platform, named 'Camp Hawaii', the cavers stopped for soup. The soup, minestrone, ended up all over the floor due to a misplaced foot. This moment is commemorated with the name. Branching off from a three way junction, the passage is wide and undulating, alternating between chambers and stooping passage.

After reaching a crawl they turned back and explored another branch of the junction. This passage turned out to be far more interesting. It contains the largest collection of formations in the mountain. Stalactites and stalagmites abounded. This lost collection of treasures they had found was named Atlantis.



Atlantis

3.5 Watership Down

At 972 m below the surface (M2 Entrance), the sump pool in Watership Down is the deepest part of Sistem Migovec. Winter Journey was pushed in 2011 to an inclined bedding plane with considerable silt deposits. The expectation this year was that a sump was very near around the corner - similar deep locations in M16 consisted of unpleasant brown puddles into which minor streams flowed through small passage.

The initial visit was made by Clare and Jarvist, who started by attempting to dig through the lead left heading upwards and taking the draught. A major issue was that in 2011 the pitches were not derigged, as the last planned trip did not occur. The rope was found to be in OK condition.

On Insomnia, the 32 m hang was found to be jammed taught at the bottom, and pulled across into the falling stream. This required a careful and extremely wet 20 m reverse prussic (wary of rope damage) until a descender could be rigged.

Once at the pushing front, considerable progress was made by Clare once she had climbed up the draughting continuation (WinterJourney.1). While Clare was enlarging the way on to human sized, Jarvist descended the continuation of the bedding plane to the South West. This was not attempted in 2011 as only one of the exploration team made it through the bedding squeeze.

The bedding plane (inclined and with dried silt on the walls) lead to a series of metre-diameter tubes half-full of fine white powder. A crawl back up the dip led to a pitch into a chamber (undescended). A similar crawl led for 10 m up the tip towards the North to gain a T-junction in which the wind is once again present. The Easterly (right hand) route was pushed to a small climb, and not surveyed. Westerly, free climbs of 7 m and 8 m were made down (following the bedding plane dip) into a spacious chamber with an abandoned stream passage entering from the South East (pushed and surveyed for 16 m where it got tighter, but still passable), and a large sump pool (estimated 7 x 3 m). The free climbs were found to be exceptionally difficult (i.e. barely) reversible on the way back.

In spite of the obvious hydrological importance of this region of the cave, the fact that it is the deepest location within the mountain and it being the only possible location to further extend the depth of the systems this year, no other team made a return.

Jarvist's attempt to dive the sumps (with dry suit and sidemount 7s) failed due to lack of support and time, in spite of a significant effort engaged in the activity. A successful diving attempt will require, in his opinion, the setting up of a 2-man camp at Red Cow, the rerigging of Insomnia and Republica (both unnecessarily difficult due to poor rigging) and the rigging of aids in the 'horizontal' sections between Big Rock and Red Cow. 8kg of lead (4 x 2kg blocks) were left at Camp X-Ray; all other dive equipment was removed from the cave and mountain.

At the end of his time on expedition, Jarvist returned with Oliver, this time with bolting kit and rope. The two climbs were rigged (hand bolted, ropes left in situ, though the sling backup to the first was removed). Oli made a climb to the obvious continuation above the lake level that appeared to take the draught (Watership Up). This was followed in a (strangely clean) bedding past a narrow descent (large echo), and eventually to a flat-out bedding that turned back on itself and gained a window in the floor (easily descendable) through which a chamber with a similar sized lake as the first (this time all the sides could be seen at once - no hidden corners). According to the survey, this viewpoint is 15 m above the water level in the first two lakes and 15 m further North-West horizontally.

All of the bedding plane developments (from Winter Journey Station Eight) take the cave North West, a total horizontal extent now of 84 m.

The pitches below Red Cow were derigged with the rope pulled up and tied off out of the water.

Clare's upwards dig is unpushed (Winter Journey PSS 1), the crawl and pitch into a chamber is undescended (Watership Down PSS 14), the upwind & upwards branch (off Watership Down PSS 11) is not pushed beyond the small climb, the abandoned stream is not pushed to a conclusion (Watership Down PSS 6), the rift pitch is undescended (Watership Up PSS 7), the final viewing pitch into the new lake chamber is undescended (Watership Up PSS 1), and the three lakes have not been dived.

3.5.1 Jarvist's Geological Notes on the The New Sumps / Lakes:

The new sumps are very slightly below the depth of the already known sumps in M16 - certainly within survey error.

This deep region of the cave (800-900m) is interesting in that it also contains the most notable streams we've found in Vrtnarija.

At Republica (~-750m Vrtnarija), the larger stream flows to Mad Cow, which is a typical Yorkshire-like sump with a stream in a phreatic passage with the roof gently coming down to water level, flow is into a seemingly static pool but with 'puddles' underwater containing brown mud-like silt. During low water conditions (most of this summer), I measured the flow as being 1L/s (by filling a 6L Daren drum in a timed 10s, capturing about 60% of the stream).

The smaller stream I estimate as being half this flow, and goes down Insomnia / Winter journey in typical Yorkshire stream-way like cave on an almost perfectly southerly trend. This stream then becomes inaccessible at ~-888m, and the continuation (Winter Journey, then Watership Down) is in an inclined bedding plane that trends NW. There are considerable silt deposits (including mud 'stalagmites', and obvious settling pools with rocks and silt sitting on high up ledges). Jim came down this way last year, and commented it was very similar to the bottom of the system. It was here that we made further progress this year, finding a whole rabbit warren of this inclined bedding (Watership Down) which includes an undropped pitch into a sizeable chamber, a large draught coming from (???) that has not been pushed and which flows towards the sump chamber. Most of this passage has thick clay on the walls. The sump chamber contains an abandoned inlet filled with fairly coarse sand-like deposit (which I believe is pulverised limestone / 'rock flour'), which doubles back under the bedding plane passage. It's possible that the original water flows below this somehow.

A climb above the sump chamber (Watership Up) reached a continuation of this bedding plane like passage that goes over the two initial sumps/ lakes and reaches a vantage point above another pool (see below for a description written to a diving friend). There are considerable echoes in this passage, though it's not obvious whether we are approaching a large chamber, or whether the acoustic clarity of the water + clean rock makes them sound larger than you would imagine.

3.5.2 Jarvist's Notes for Future Divers:

Beautiful. That's the first thing I would say. Watership Down is an inclined bedding plane, crawling over sand-like rock flour and ancient solid-clay-like dried mud. Eventually you climb down (now a pitch) with the roof moving increasingly away. The floor of the final chamber has rocks in it, and a (currently dry) inlet floored with coarse sand-like rock flour.

The lake pool is 7m long and about 3m wide, a stunningly crystal clear aquamarine blue. The wall disappears around to the right, and it is not obvious whether this is an alcove or a continuation of the lake. There are large submerged boulders in the water, and a rock arch that leads off into blackness on the back / left wall. I stirred the rock flour at the edge of the pool with my hand, and though the visibility temporarily reduced it very quickly settled. Similarly, large rocks thrown into the centre of the pool could be seen sinking all the way to the bottom (which makes me estimate the depth as 4m), to settle almost immediately with very little visibility disturbance. Strangely there is no evidence, in the pool, of any of the dark mud deposits that line the bedding planes one has been crawling through.

The height of the pool must change in depth, as a plastic PSS that we left exactly at the water's edge on the first visit had floated off into the middle of the pool on the second visit (approx. 10 days later, after at least one rain storm).

About 3 m to the right of this sump pool, there is a wide rift that leads sharply down to a second, fully enclosed, pool of 2 m by 1 m. Again, this is crystal clear, with an underwater arch leading off, and has patches of dust from the ceiling which are floating by surface tension.

The climb above the lake (Watership Up) gained a further series of rather smaller bedding plane, to reach a tight pitch about 8+m above a ~6m x 3m pool of water. From the vantage point, one can see the whole rim of the pool, and visually confirm that it is a different body of water. The survey puts this vantage point, roughly in the middle of the 3rd lake, 15m from the near side of the 1st sump.

3.6 The Throne Room / Hot Pants / Undercover Squirrel

Last year two leads were left at the end of the Throne Room; one a small pitch, the other a possible traverse over the pitch. These were both pushed by Jarv and Clare, who left a draughting, undescended pitch at the former and (after a 20m bolt traverse-climb, and free climbing up through a large boulder choke) a chamber with a crawl and potential bolt climb to a large gallery at the latter.

They called the bolt traverse 'Hot Pants' as in 'I've got a plan as hot as my pants'. The bolt-climbed traverse was extremely challenging due to the dubiety of the rock available for bolting, the 50-degree steepness of the slope and the vast quantity of duds and dried mud underfoot. The vast quantity of debris released by carefully climbing between bolts would tumble down the

traverse bouncing merrily near the 10mm rope before plunging down the pitch. There was no safe location to belay from, so the climb was self-belayed.

Jonny and Nico were the next to visit each of these leads. They first protected the climb through the boulder choke, making it easier and safer to pass. They dropped the pitches (making a total vertical descent of some 30 m), but disappointingly found it ended in a boulder choke. Reflecting this, they named the pitch "Why the face?". Analysis of the survey data suggests that it is following the same trend as the Throne Room - likely it is the immature cave formation present below the Throne Room boulders.

Following Jonny and Nico's advice that the bolt climb in the Hot Pants chamber looked promising, Thara and Oliver got frustratingly close to the top (hand bolting with Spitz) but did not have time to finish. Jonny and Nico returned to complete the climb, dubbing it "Peep Show". This climb reached a ledge in the chamber 7 m above the central Permanent Survey Station, which gained parallel passage trending downwards at 30 degrees and pushed for 70 m. Returning to the ledge, the upwards continuation named Undercover Squirrel was pushed for 70 m, being left at a modest climb.

The crawl from this chamber, which is dry, heads NNW, draughting and has a floor of fine white powder, has not been pushed.

The area in general is of interest due to its location in the far North-East of the known cave passage - it is possible that it may access more 'deep level' galleries such as were discovered 300 m to the West within the mountain in 2003 and 2004.

3.7 Guillotine

Guillotine began as a half-finished dig. It is located at the end of Minotaur Rift, a stunningly straight fault line in the mountain. The rift is 30m high and 5m wide in most places, leaving Guillotine, a rocky crawl, looking quite unappetizing. It was first looked at in 2010 by James Kirkpatrick & Jan who dug a small section but left it unsurveyed.

This expedition Rhys and Gergely went to continue it. They crawled and when finding a blockage, dug through. At one point the passage dropped down and was filled with rocks. As they dug a large sharp rock threatened to roll into the gap they were created, cutting off the way on and any limbs that were in its way leading to the name Guillotine. Shoring this up they continued into the cave. They discovered a small chamber which dropped down into a narrow streamway, as well as a balcony overlooking a huge rift. As they had not brought any bolting equipment so this is where they left it.

Gergely returned later in the expedition with Jana. This time they were prepared with bolting kits and managed to get 20m into the rift before it became too tight and they turned back. They decided that there could be a way on higher up in the rift.

3.8 Apollo / Milky Way / Sanje Za Duso

In 2011, we began a bolt climb from the bottom of the Queen's Bedchamber to a window located about 30m up. This would become Apollo. This expedition, because of the very poor rock quality (essentially mud in some bedding planes), the climb took a further two trips to complete. It appears to be possible to climb further and reach a second window.

The climb as it currently is gives access to around 500m of non-linear passage, including two pitches. A wide, horizontal passage named Sanje Za Duso (Dreams for the Soul) leads to Waterloo where Vrtnarija connects to Sistem Migovec. It was an incredible stroke of luck that this passage was explored on the final pushing trip of the expedition, and only because the team's drill broke so they had to change their plan.

4. Surface Exploration

“Surface bashing”, searching for new cave on the surface and investigating these new leads offers a welcome change to deep caving but is also essential for the life of the expedition. This year, a concentrated effort was made in “Area K”, but the most promising cave is N9.

4.1 Area K

Area K is a valley to the north-east of the plateau, past the entrance to Vrtnarija and just 30 minutes walk from the Bivi. Early in the expedition, one new cave was found and nine previously marked caves were re-evaluated. Unfortunately, interest in these caves was concentrated into a relatively small group of cavers, who all left at the same time midway through the expedition. Some caves were dismissed (K2, “full of poo”) to the confusion of later visitors, although good progress was made digging at K6.



Jonny in Kuk Pot

4.2 Area N

Arguably, the best new lead on the plateau is Kuk Pot (N9), discovered during a Winter Mountaineering search for blowing holes in December 2009. This expedition, several pitches were dropped in it. Unfortunately, Area N is two hours walk from the Bivi, slowing the rate of exploration here.

5. Derig and Packing Up

14-16th August

The end of expedition loomed. The final caving trip, Gergely and Karin, was in progress. All the other cavers were on the surface preparing themselves to haul the underground camp equipment back out of the cave. This is an unusual thing every year. On expedition normally caving happens in pairs but not on derig day. All able bodied cavers are sent down the hole, down to camp. There the last occupants have packed the underground camp into ten or more tackle sacks.

This time was even more unusual. As the first few cavers reached the bottom of the cave they were greeted with the news that the connection had been found. Everyone raced back to the surface eager to tell everyone they met on the way the good news.

Once on the surface much celebration took place.

On the 16th the Bivi was cleaned and the last of the equipment packed. The final few on the mountain headed down, saying goodbye to the mountain for one more year.

Once at the bottom our now much lighter barrels and crates were loaded back onto the minibus. We had a final drink with the Koblucar family to celebrate another good year.



Cavers after packing up

17th August

As has become a tradition of the expedition, the Slovenes threw a fantastic party to send us off. This spirited affair was amplified by the news of the connection that had been made a few days

previously. It was a fine chance to catch up with the Slovene cavers who had not been able to join us on Migovec this year and celebrate the fruition of our efforts. Some Polish cavers who had been caving on Kanin near the border of Italy and Slovenia were invited as guests to the party. The differences in organisational styles between our operations were quite incredible.



Party Time

6. Summary of Accounts

Outgoings	Amount
Food	£ 2,098.05
Camp Expenses (Bivi and Underground)	£ 577.18
Caving Equipment	£1231.26
Minibus (Fuel, Ferry Cost, Hire Cost)	£2193.80
Miscellaneous	£33.00
Total	£6133.29

Income	Amount
RCC Fund	£564.56
Ghar Parau Foundation Grant	£750.00
Member's Contributions	£4818.73
Total	£6133.29

7. Personal Reports

The Ghar Parau Foundation made two small Alex Pitcher awards to Rhys Tyers and Sam Page as a contribution to their first foreign caving expedition expenses. In return, they wrote a personal account of their experiences, which we reproduce below.

7.1 Sam Page

Our summer expedition was a great success, both on the club-scale and for me personally. My caving experiences and indeed the experience as a whole exceeded my expectations. I had, over the course of several months, heard many tales of previous expeditions, and had decided that I would come away very happy if I reached underground camp. I, in fact, spent a total of five nights there: first three, then two. I really enjoyed my time on these two pushing trips. My caving capabilities increased hugely in a short amount of time – I became a much better caver in two days than I could hope to in countless weekend trips. There is something about the scale of the caves – and indeed the number of rebelay – that means you have to develop your skills to ensure a pleasant and successful trip. I was utterly comfortable at underground camp, which surprised me. I was warm enough and the food was abundant. My first day of pushing was unsuccessful in terms of cave found – none – but as my first day of searching for leads, and in my case, killing a lead, I learnt an awful lot.

It took me a fairly long time to return to underground camp, but I was immediately glad to be back. Whilst we were heading down to camp, we passed a trio of cavers on their way out. They had found a lot of new horizontal cave passage but had not surveyed this, for valid reasons. Thus, our plan for the next day was to survey this. As my first proper experience of surveying, it was a baptism of fire. According to my partner, it might well be the most surveying done by a first time surveyor, and although it was mostly fairly easy, the novelty did begin to wear off towards the end. This was exciting enough, but we also looked at other passages leading off the main passage, where we were truly the first person to set foot. Even better, the passage that we surveyed eventually continued onto where the connection between the two cave systems was found, meaning that in some small part, I genuinely contributed to the finding of the connection. Even though these were my only two deep caving trips, I did do a lot of other caving, including a 'tourist trip' down M16 and a bounce trip partway down to underground camp. Most notably, I was part of a team who went to look at a potential new cave - N9 - that had not been properly explored previously beyond the surface. At the end of the day, there were two short pitches rigged that ended in a rift that was too tight to immediately pass, but which definitely continued as the floor below could be seen. More surveying and my first bolting were done that day. The cumulative effects of my various caving trips meant that I not only became a better caver, but also learnt about exploration caving, bolting, rigging, surveying, assessing caves and route finding – all vitally important if I want to continue caving and one day become more involved in running trips, rather than just following another caver.

I enjoyed my time above ground too. Some days were spent in and around the plateau, including snow hauling, water carrying, cooking, 'Bivi projects' or even just recovering from caving. Other days were spent mountain walking, or on other projects such as path cairning. Truthfully, there was not one day that I did not get something out of. Just being up on the mountain, let alone everything else, was fantastic. I grew not only as a caver but as a person: I became fitter, more independent, and more knowledgeable about all sorts of things, like the history of Slovenia and mountain wildlife. Five weeks sounded like a long time before I left, but when I returned home, it seemed to have passed very quickly. I cannot wait to return next year. This year was so successful, in terms of finding new cave and the connection, that I feel a little too lucky to have this success on my first go. But there is still so much out there to find, that, if anything, the future is more exciting and unknown.

7.2 Rhys Tyers

Having heard the other members of the club talk about little else than the summer expedition to Slovenia since I joined the club at the start of the academic year I was quite excited in the days before we left. My excitement was tempered slightly by the 24 hour minibus ride which seemed to mostly consist of Germany in the dark. Arriving in the Alps was spectacular with breathtakingly huge mountains rising up on either side of the road and soon we were climbing into the mountains as we entered Italy and then Slovenia. The windy road down to Tolmin from the Italian border was an apt start to the expedition, thrilling and just a bit scary.

Tolmin itself was not at all what I expected. I had thought it would be old, rural and quiet. In fact it was extremely modern with shops and restaurants and was surprisingly busy for such a small place. And then we arrived at our Tolmin base, Tetley's (James Hooper's) flat. I was told that you could see Migovec from the flat but today it was shrouded in ominous clouds. The next day the clouds had not cleared. We drove up another windy road up to Ravne, the clouds swirling and darkening overhead. We unpacked our food and equipment into the barn that serves as the storage unit for the expo and prepared ourselves for the walk up. As we got our bags on our backs it started to rain, it was as though the entire cloud had fallen at once but, undaunted, we set off. The walk was more difficult than I had thought it would be. I was tired almost immediately and every zig or zag of the path I had to stop to rest.

Four hours later we reached the camp, a 'plateau' consisting of the flattest land available on the mountain next to a shakehole with a rock bridge. Home for the next five weeks. The Bivi, the communal area in the shakehole under the rock bridge, whilst initially strange was incredibly easy to find a place in. The tent I was sharing with Sam and Oli was also comfortable and had the same 'nearly waterproof' feel of the Bivi.

My first trip into Vrtnarija (the cave system we were exploring) was with Jarv, we were going to rig the cave down to the underground camp. Despite the novelty of being on a mountain I immediately felt comfortable as I completed the familiar wriggling and stretching into my caving kit. Following Jarv was tiring despite the fact that I was not actually doing any of the rigging but soon I had descended beyond the depth of a normal Yorkshire cave and was still descending. Past Laurel, Piston, Pico, Tesselator; all names I had heard over the year that know had a physical shape to them. Half way down Space Odyssey and about half way to camp Jarv decided to turn back and leave the rest of the rigging for someone else. The realisation that I now had 250 m of ascent ahead of me was daunting but there was only one way out. An age later we emerged onto the surface into the blackness of night. It could've been just another chamber apart from the grass and stars gave it away.

My second trip was with Tetley. We were the first team to go down after the camp had been set up so we arrived to a mostly tidy camp. We had decided to spend a night at camp before doing any pushing so we set about making dinner. Cheesey soupy fishy smash, a Tetley specialty and soon a staple of my diet. The next day we set off. The destination: Salvation, 700m below the surface and a long way from camp. Across Zimmer, down the loose, muddy slope of Cheetah, down Wonderland, across Red Baron Chamber, up to the Throne Room, and storm down Amazing Grace and Magic Dragon. Then Stuck in Paradise. The pitch was like nothing else I have seen -- horrifically muddy, awkward rebelay, tight ropes caught round flakes all punctuated by Tetley's giggles. Once down it was a simple hour long crawl through Penitence and then stooping through Salvation to the pushing front.

A draughting squeeze. It was apparent that without some hammering and digging we weren't getting through. After much work, mostly by Tetley, we broke through into a small chamber which led up through to a boulder choke above us. Whilst digging through this Tetley became trapped by a small boulder that fell on his waist. To him it apparently seemed like the end, he was to spend his last moments alive slowly starving to death at the bottom of this cave. To me, because I could actually see the small rock lying on him, it seemed like he was being lazy and not bothering to push it off. I refused his attempts to bequeath me his tobacco and instead tried to get the rock off him. To be fair to him it was quite heavy and with much effort Tetley managed to free himself. We continued past the boulder choke to another small chamber and then to a flat out, upwards crawl. This led to a dodgy free climb up some large boulders which then led to an underdeveloped streamway with a tiny trickle of water in it. It was here that we decided to stop and head back out. We said goodbye to the newly named 'Brave New World' and began the long journey back to camp. This took six hours and at the time it was one of the hardest things I had physically done.

Luckily for us no-one had booked the next slots at camp so we were able to sleep for 16 hours and wake up thoroughly confused as to what day it was. Feeling that we had accomplished some impressive pushing already Tetley and I opted for an easy day. We were to have a look at a little dig that Tetley had found two years previously. We set off and five minutes later we arrived. Tetley was not confident that the dig went anywhere but almost immediately upon

crawling into it he decided that it did in fact go into a small rift. After moving up and down on various levels in the rift, going back to camp to get bolting kits (what a luxury) and bolting down the scarier climb (incidentally my first bolt in the cave), we got down to a beautiful stream. This was certainly very different to the day before. Here the pushing was easy and the cave pretty. However the stream sumped in one direction and led into a tight, waterfall in the other (which we left as a lead for someone else). Tetley, using what I can only assume was some sort of sixth sense for caving, decided that there was a sump bypass somewhere. There was a little high up crawl/traverse over a rather dangerous drop. I'm quite proud of myself for spotting it. This led into the old streamway. There was a strong draught and it was cold. The stream way was perhaps half a metre high and pristinely beautiful. As we crawled into it I realised that the sand was a thin layer covering thick, sticky mud. This meant that I would probably be the first and last person to see the tube in its prettier form. We pushed until we got to a puddle. Showing grit and determination we decided to leave the cold, wet crawling for someone else and surveyed out of 'Xanadu'.

After another night at camp it was time to head out. This was hard and took several hours. Employing the Tetley method of stopping for chocolate at the top of Fistful of Tolars and then again at Tesselator does help to break the journey up. And of course at the top of Tesselator, you're practically out of the cave. I think something I will never forget, as we emerged into glorious sunshine, is the smell. It was like I could smell every flower and plant on the mountain. Three (maybe four) days well spent I think.

My second trip was unusual in that our team consisted of 4 people rather than the usual two. Gergely, Clare, Kate and me. After an almost familiar trip to camp, we dropped off our supplies and headed for Lost Miles. At the bottom of Stuck in Paradise we had a break. We had brought food and meths so we were able to make some minestrone soup. Kate offered about half of the soup to the caving gods by spilling it on the floor but what was left was really nice. After that we got to the pushing front at the end of Lost Miles where there was a boulder choke to push through (this expedition seems to have a theme going). Clare and Gergely hammered their way through it whilst Kate and I (mostly Kate) tried to remember the words to 'There's a Hole in my Bucket'. Once we got past the boulder choke we discovered what every caver hopes for, hundreds of metres of easy walking (or stooping passage). The passage split into two and we explored both. 'Minestrone' had a few crawls and was generally stooping passage between little chamber. 'The other passage was mostly walking and at the end we discovered the first major cave formations for this cave system. Stalactites, stalagmites and straws lined the walls. Because of this treasure of the deep, we called this part 'Atlantis'.

The next day Gergely and I went to push a lead off Minotaur rift. This was supposed to be an easier trip, being only an hour from camp. It turned out to be a long crawling section that required a lot of digging, all while sharp rocks from the ceiling fell on us. After a lot of crawling and digging, I was ready to give up and leave it for someone else but Gergely wanted to look round the corner. There just metres from where I wanted to quit was a chamber with a stream in and just a short crawl from that there was a huge rift. We then surveyed out, calling the new passage 'Guillotine'.

My third trip was again with Tetley, who after flying back to London upon discovering that I was caving with Gergely flew back when he heard what we had found. We had decided to back to the end of Brave New World and continue pushing there. We had been told there was another boulder choke to get through and it didn't look good but we weren't deterred. Now that I had been a few times we made it past Stuck in Paradise and to Brave New World relatively quickly. The crawl we had left it at last time was indeed blocked by large boulders and Tetley went in to have a look, As I lay behind Tetley I stared at an opening in the rock on the left, then Tetley called back 'Is there a way through on the left?', 'Funny you should say that' I said. I went into it and decided we could get through it with some hammering so I left to get the hammer, which we had left at the start of the crawl. When I got back, Tetley was through having decided to 'go for it'. Hammering didn't prove to be that useful anyway and we left it as a fairly awkward double squeeze. Now beyond the boulders we were in a wide, low roofed passage and after some searching we found the way on. It lead into amazing walking passage with piles of sand as high as a person on either side, I had never seen anything like it. Walking along this we started to hear the sounds of water, a waterfall perhaps? We decided to go back and survey to here, hoping our curiosity would help keep us motivated. When we did peek round the corner the passage broke into a shaft, about halfway up. There was a waterfall flowing down the shaft we looked around and decided there was no way on without descending the shaft. We would need rope, oh well, something for next year, we thought.

The next day, after a mere 10 hours sleep we decided to go and push somewhere close to camp. The place was called 'Yorkshire', only 10 minutes from camp. An awkward crawl leads to a surprisingly large pitch. At the bottom Tetley and I searched for a way on, eventually deciding that it must be following the stream down a small pitch. We assumed that Oli and Thara must have done a dodgy free climb down but as we had the kit we bolted down. At the bottom there was a small narrow crack in the wall which we attempted to squeeze down but decided to exit. A horrible wet immature streamway was too much for us, we probably had underestimated how tired we were from our previous trip. So with still lots of time left in the day (or night, time isn't normal in the cave) we decided to do a trip to visit the old camp at a place called Cactus Junction. We went down a pitch called Big Rock Candy Mountain which is a truly awesome pitch. The old camp was interesting and very cold (aptly named 'The Fridge').

Those were my pushing trips but I also did a couple tourist trips through System Migovec. That was incredible and I'm very glad I did it. The difference between the (at the time) two systems was astonishing. Where Gardener's world is generally quite small, and you're lucky to get walking passage, Sys Mig is enormous and it's occasionally nice to see your light reaching the opposite wall. The chamber at the end of Exhibition Road in particular is one of the most impressive things I have ever seen.

My other notable trip was the last ever 'Super Action' trip. These trips have been occurring regularly throughout the last year to attempt to connect the two cave systems, Gardener's World and System Migovec. The aim is to go to the closest point between the two cave systems and find a way through. This is slowed by the fact that the passage they are following regularly falls

below human sized. The trip down was difficult and although I did say that Sys Mig was big, the way down to the pushing front is not at all. The team consisted of Fratnik, Tim, Clare, Tetley and me. For me the day was fairly easy. I mostly watched Fratnik and Clare scurry in and out of a small crawl. Unfortunately, after much work, we did not make a connection, we may have even killed the lead. So we headed out. This was probably one of the hardest journeys I had made. I mostly attribute this to the drill I had to carry out. There wasn't a single point on the way out that I didn't feel exhausted, but make it out I did.

The last trip was the derig. Around 10 of us went down to camp to pack it all away into tackle sacks and carry it out. The way down was fast and fun as I didn't have a bag. We would meet Gergely and Karin at camp, they had been the last team to do any pushing and would still be at camp. When I got to the bottom, I met Jonny who was packing rope and metal work in by Zimmer. As I got to him he said 'Gergely and Karin had good trip, they made the cave 30m deeper'. I thought about this for a second, I remembered people saying that the water table stopped us from going any deeper. Maybe Jonny has gone mad and I should prussik away immediately, I thought. He did have a crazy look in his eye. And then it hit me, the entrances to Sys Mig were higher than the Gardener's World entrance, they had made the connection! It was like a film; on the last pushing trip we had achieved this major goal.

Apart from the caving the whole trip was wonderful. The food in the Bivi was always good and there was plenty of it. Making food was fun, I made quite a lot of donuts and failed to make nearly three cakes (incidentally some people like to eat half burnt/ half uncooked cake mix). Also the weather was generally superb which led to a lot of lazing on the mountainside reading.

It was an amazing experience and I can't wait to go back next year.

Tour Report: ACC Football Munich and Prague 2012

Financial Breakdown

Total

	COST (£)	
Total costs		<i>Outbound flight:</i>
Flights		
Outbound	£1,038.46	<i>Flight out - 30/06/2012 - Easyjet - Flight number: 5381 - Booking Reference: EJSB99C Depart - London Gatwick South Terminal 07:00 Arrive - Munich 09:50</i>
Inbound	£1,321.59	
Transfer	£968.10	
Munich hostel	£1,495.26	<i>Inbound flight:</i>
Prague Hostel	£1,113.10	<i>Flight Back 07/07/2012 - BA - Flight Number: BA0863 Depart - Prague Terminal 1- 14:00 Arrive - Heathrow Terminal 3 - 15:10</i>
Tour shirts	£342.27	
Tour dinner	£400.00	
Damages	£400.00	
Football matches (only 2 atm)	£205.66	
Total	£7,284.44	

Per-person

Flights				
Outbound	£49.45	EasyJet	Gatwick - Munich	Saturday 30/06 7:00
Homebound	£77.99	BA	Prague - Heathrow	Saturday 07/07 14:00
Transfer	£47.00	(including 10% off)	http://www.czechrailwaytickets.com/prague-to-munich-train.html?gclid=CP74sdrM-K0CFYELfAodbhh6tg	
Accommodation		Nights	Cost pp per night	
Munich	£71.37	3	£23.79	
Prague	£57.28	4	£15.91	0.9
Others				
Tour Shirt	£17.56	Exact	http://www.directsoccer.co.uk/acatalog/Embroidery_Own_Club_Badge.html	
Paintball Prague			http://www.praguepaintball.com/en/pricelist.php	
Tour dinner	£20.00			
Football matches	£15.00			
Total	£355.65			

Members Attending (22 in total)

Mr GBOLAHAN WILLIAMS
Mr JACK PEACOCK
Mr GILES MANN
Mr DAVID DOCHERTY
Mr KIERAN LAMBE
Mr THOMAS FRYATT
Mr JONATHAN HILL
Mr ROSS GRANT
Mr VINCENT BIETTRON-DASSAULT
Mr TIMOTHY BEASLEY
Mr CHARLES GASSIER
Mr JOSHUA MARCH
Mr SPENCER BENNETT
Mr MILO MCGRATH
Mr PETER STILLWELL
Mr BENJAMIN ALDRICH
Mr MATTHEW CANN
Mr JAMES BROWN
Mr CHRISTIAN NIELSEN

Itinerary

Saturday 30/06/12

09:50 - Arrive at Munich Airport
10:30 - Transfer to Central Munich - 11,00 € for an all-day MVV (equivalent of TFL) ticket - 10,50 € for a Lufthansa airport bus.
- Note: Before first embarking, the ticket must be validated - insert the ticket into the small stamping machines posted at the entrances to U- and S-Bahn tracks or on trams and buses. It's a €40 fine if you are caught riding without a valid ticket.
- Single Day Ticket inner zone (Single Tageskarte Innenraum) 5,60 €
- Single 3 Day Ticket inner zone (Single 3-Tagekarte Innenraum 13,80 €
11:30 - Lunch
15:00 - Check-in opens at hostel
16:00 - Beer Gardens Bars
22:00 - Trip to Kunstpark (Major Nightclub area accessible with earlier travel ticket)

Sunday 01/07/12

12:00 - Brunch
13:00 - Trip to the Olympic Park (scene of the Champions League Final a few weeks earlier) for a tour
15:00- Carry on to the BMW welt; both excursions were 2,50 € each way on tube
18:30- Book a table at a bar for dinner and to watch the European Championship Final

Monday 02/07/12

12:00 - Brunch
13:00 - Englischgarten
18:00 - Depart for match against FC E-Garten 05 - Franklplatz 15, 80939 München - Kick off: 19.30. Have a contact number for the opposition captain and confirm with him before travelling.

Final Score: FC E-Garten 4-1 Imperial College

Tuesday 03/07/12

09:00 - Breakfast
10:00 - Check out of room
11:00 - Transfer from Munich to Prague (Prague is a much more walkable city, very little public transport should be required)
13:30 - Arrive in Prague and check in to hostel. Much more accessible than Munich and a lot easier to maneuver with a large group.
14:30 - Visit to a Pedalo Lake
18:30 - Food/Bars
22:00 - Sample Prague's nightlife. Much cheaper than Munich and less strict on entrance in bars/clubs

Wednesday 04/07/12

12:00 - Brunch
13:00 - Visit to 'Prague Castle', where the Kings of Bohemia, Holy Roman Emperors and presidents of Czechoslovakia and the Czech Republic have had their offices
16:00 Match: Sparta Prague Youth Football Academy Grass Pitch - Kick off: 17.30
Easily accessible by public transport and contacted the captain beforehand to confirm.

Final Score: Sparta Prague 4-1 Imperial College
(disappointing result considering the chances we created)

Thursday 05/07/12

12:00 - Brunch
13:00 - Outdoor paintball just outside of the city limits

Friday 06/07/12 (Ross Grant, Dave Docherty and Tom Fryatt Leave)

12:00 - Brunch
13:00 - Tour of the old City. Lunch with locals to sample to local cuisine.
19:00 - Tour Dinner - Paid for out of the tour budget
22:00 - Last night of tour, spent in the bars and clubs of the surrounding area of the hostel

Saturday 07/07/12

9:30 - Breakfast

11:00 - Leave for airport - Method of getting there will be on the recommendation of people in the hostel - Price £2
14:00 - Depart for London
15:30 (local time)- Arrive back in London (Heathrow Terminal 5)

Aims and Objectives

The main objective of Tour is to discover new places, not just from a football sense but also culturally as a society. One of the main intention was to develop our skills on a football pitch further by playing opposition that we'd unlikely to encounter in the UK, something that we undoubtedly experienced with our two games in Munich and Prague. This is particularly true when playing Sparta Prague Football Academy, which is seen as an equivalent of a Premier League Academy in England. An aim linked with this was to work on team building exercises, something that is abundant when playing football.

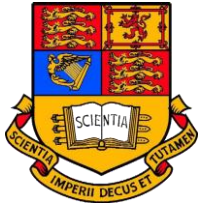
Another of our main objectives was to partake in some cultural sightseeing; something we found important when visiting two historically rich cities. This again was a success as visits to various museums such as the BMW welt exhibition in Munich and the Prague Castle in Prague gave us an insight into the cultural aspects of the cities we visited. We also made the most of local cultures, experiencing the beer gardens of Munich and the crowded market of Prague, alongside sporting culture in the shape of visits to the Allianz Arena and the National Stadium in Prague.

Very rarely was there any deviation from the initial planned activities, with our itinerary being followed on a day-to-day basis. Furthermore, there were no major issues of any kind to report, with the behaviour of the travelling footballers impeccable and well received by the locals on tour.



Overall, it was a very successful and enjoyable tour, and we look forward to planning our next tour in the summer of 2013.





Imperial College Rugby Tour of North East America

Activities

Players were generally left to their own devices once the touring party had reached the destination. Below is the travel and fixture schedule which provides a rough idea of the outline of the tour's.

30 st August 2012	LHR- Boston
2 nd September 2012	ICURFC vs. MIT XV
8 th September 2012	ICURFC vs. Harvard University XV
9 th September 2012	Travel from Boston to Washington
11 th September 2012	Travel from Boston to Philadelphia
12 th September 2012	ICURFC vs. Princeton University XV
14 th September 2012	Travel from Philadelphia to New York
15 th September 2012	ICURFC vs. Columbia University XV
17 th September 2012	Return JFK – LHR

List of Tourists

First Name	Last Name	Department	Faculty Union	Graduation year
George	Birchenough	Aeronautical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Sean	Baker	Chemical Engineering	CGCU	2012
Colin	Matthews	Chemical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Michael	O'Connell	Chemical Engineering	CGCU	2014
Toby	Spittle	Chemical Engineering	CGCU	2013
Olisaemeka	Ufodiana	Chemical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Patrick	Snape	Computer Science	CGCU	2012
Charles	Burr	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2015
James	Cox	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Edward	Durkin	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Scott	Fraser	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2014
William	Griffiths	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2014
Thomas	Hansen	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2013
Syarif	Hertog	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Colin	Hill	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2012
William	Jackson	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Robert	Kyle	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2014
Christopher	McGeough	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2012
Lukas	Michalitsch	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2014
Joe	Weddell	Mechanical Engineering	CGCU	2015
Oliver	Benton	Chemistry	RCS	2014
Nathan	Fitzpatrick	Chemistry	RCS	2014
Oliver	Garnett	Chemistry	RCS	2013
George	Lane	Chemistry	RCS	2013
Jonathan	Barrow	Life Sciences	RCS	2014
Robert	Coutts	Life sciences	RCS	Research Fellow
Edoardo	Cavallazzi	Mathematics	RCS	2015
Thomas	Shaw	Mathematics	RCS	2012
Adrian	Grutter	Physics	RCS	2015
Jack	Flanagan	Physics	RCS	2015
Octavian	Focsa	Physics	RCS	2015
Jonathan	Hardisty	Physics	RCS	2014
Sean	Jordan	Zoology	RCS	2014
Caolan	Cotter	Life Sciences/Business school	RCS/ICBS	2012
Luke	James	Earth Science & Engineering	RSM	2015
James	Scaife	Earth Science & Engineering	RSM	2013
Edward	Vaughan	Earth Science & Engineering	RSM	2013
Fred	White	Earth Science & Engineering	RSM	2015
Pierre-Louis	Bour	Materials	RSM	2014

Aims of the Tour

The North America Tour was intended to expose Imperial students to international culture and enrich their rugby experience both on and off the field. Our opponents were chosen because of their academic standing and reputations, which Imperial endeavors to emulate. It was envisaged as an opportunity to raise the profile of Imperial College abroad in the United States and build upon an already favorable sporting and academic reputation. This was most definitely a success, not only were the players well received around the universities they were also welcomed by the local population.

The selection of sides due to their academic level may have been a misjudgment. Following the Harvard fixture their coach remarked that we should have played a State of Massachusetts Select XV. We tried to arrange a fixture against Penn State which would have been more competitive but were unable to due the short timescales.

The club was also looking to aid the development of rugby at the college. The club has a big year ahead having been promoted to the premiership this year. The tour enabled us, and our opposition, to trial players and to develop for the coming season. Hopefully this will show its worth over the coming weeks.

As well as the students gaining a unique sporting experience, the tour also exposed students to American culture. Visits to American landmarks (including Ground Zero, the Statue of Liberty and the Charles River), experiencing the sporting culture and understanding the unique history of the US were all fundamental features of the tour. A trip to watch the Red Sox play baseball at Fenway Park was a highlight for many.

The club attended the Rector's alumni reception and cocktail party in New York. This helped to not only raise the profile of the club but also of the University as a whole.

MIT 1st XV 19-31 ICURFC 2nd XV

Day 3 of the ICURFC Summer USA 2012 tour saw us face our first opponents, MIT, in a closely fought fixture played at Briggs Field on the MIT campus, in the Cambridge area of the city. Despite some jetlag and the rock hard, summer surface, the team arrived at the facilities (read single portaloos) in high spirits around 12 for the 1pm KO, just as the sun was getting to full strength without a cloud in the sky.

The game plan was simple; play IC brand rugby, keep flair to a minimum and to score more points than the opposition. Hertog set the tone for a scrappy first 25 minutes with a scuffed kick off that barely made the ten. Fielded by MIT, the home side struggled to maintain possession which led to most of the first half being played in their territory. Approaching the 20 minute mark, IC finally got over after threatening for the previous 10 minutes with a series of trademark rolling mauls from a lineout; L'Bour the scorer, 5-0.

Scrappiness and some questionable decision making throughout the team led to several missed chances with MIT galvanised from conceding first forcing IC to start playing as they knew they could. Hardisty and L'Bour clearly benefiting from the summers conditioning program with some strong carries and with Fraser directing things from 9, things were certainly improving. Hertog chased up an IC clearance, which was allowed to bounce, fly hacked it toward the opposition line, threading it between their winger and full back, before gathering it to score under the posts. Converting it himself, 12-0 IC.

MIT's athletic backline continued to make the majority of their metres, lead well by their Irish import at 10. Several strong running lines off their playmaker, notably from their 12 and 15, put them in a position to strike with a lineout from a penalty putting them in our 22. Off the top ball was shipped wide and after a few phases and offloads MIT registered their first points of the afternoon, 12-5 at half time.

A constructive half time break with IC taking on comments from the touchline and realising that playing pattern would lead to tries resulted in a quick score. From the kick off, ICs pack fielded and worked into the MIT half, pressuring the defence into giving away a penalty. IC set piece was solid throughout, lineouts especially with the throwing of captain Jackson whose performance was admirable throughout. The resulting lineout was played off the top to fresh off the bench Cox. Some silky footwork and interplay with Hertog from 15 metres out put Cox in beneath the uprights for ICs 4th try, 19-5.

MIT's strong running continued and the opposition looked threatening with ball in hand. Though plagued with handling errors throughout, the home side strung together several quick mauls and scored through their prop from short range, 19-12.

IC now, although suffering from the diminished water supply, were into their stride. Training pitch rugby from a lineout in MITs half sent Hansen crashing over from close to make it 24-12.

The visitors, clearly affected by the heat, found MIT pressing and scored off the back of some tired defence after a spell of well retained ball in the IC 22, 24-19.

MIT continued to push for the winning score but IC held fast and countered, the last points coming from a penalty try from Hertog. Caught hard on his way down to score by inexperience from an

eager defender, the incident certainly didn't mar what was an excellent blow out for both teams and a great way to start the tour with a 31-19 victory.

The match was followed by a BBQ and drinks in a local Irish bar where songs and stories were exchanged until late. A thoroughly enjoyable day, IC look forward to welcome the MIT team to London in Spring 2013 where they can only hope to match the level of hospitality shown to them in Boston.

IC 1st XV 73 Harvard 1st XV 0

As the ICURFC 1st XV arrived for their first match of tour against Harvard it was clear that things in America were going to be a bit different. We were first informed that we would be playing on an artificial rubber crumb pitch rather than grass, and then that the Harvard team were only willing to play 35 minute halves in the match. To make matters worse, the pitch was marked out with lines that were barely visible and the posts were declared unsafe by the referee minutes before kickoff and moved behind the dead ball line. Despite these setbacks, the team was determined to put in a big performance and a strong start from the Imperial forwards saw a classic IC rolling maul go 22m for second row Chris McGeough to crash over for his first try in over a year. Fly half James Cox then slotted the conversion to take the score to 7-0 on the 5 minute mark.

From the resultant kickoff, captain Jack Flanagan received the ball and a strong carry saw him break 3 tackles before being brought to ground. Good work at the breakdown from the IC forwards ensured quick ball from the ruck, and after some fast hands in the backline, outside centre Caolan Cotter received the ball and ran 50m to score IC's second try. Just minutes later, a well placed kick to the corner saw the IC forwards in perfect position to execute another driving maul, leading to McGeough's second try of the day. Some squad members were intrigued to notice that the 'best lineout jumper in the club' seemed to never call the ball to himself, and instead made several calls that coincidentally involved McGeough receiving the ball at the back of the maul and scoring

On the 20 minute mark, it was the turn of Imperial's deadly backline to get involved. More slick handling saw the ball reach fullback Freddie White who showed great pace to take the Harvard defenders on the outside and score in the corner. James Cox was unsuccessful with the conversion as a result of a gentle breeze across the field, leaving the score at 22-0 with only 20 minutes played. After another strong period of possession, quick ruck ball and some great hands from forwards Chris McGeough and Sean Baker saw prop James Scaife burst through a gap in mid field to score. Another successful conversion from Cox saw the score at 29-0. From the kickoff, McGeough was again in the thick of the action but was injured in a crunching midair collision. Despite his injuries he played on in the hope of inflicting some payback.

Some good play from the Harvard team then saw them enter the Imperial 22 for the first time in the match after half an hour of play, however IC managed to win a turnover to stamp out any hopes of Harvard scoring. After a scrappy period of play, a well executed move from the base of the scrum involving number 8 Sean Baker and scrum half Ed Durkin saw winger Nathan Fitzpatrick score in the corner to make the score 34-0. Just minutes later another strong carry from Baker from the base of the scrum and an excellent offload in contact saw Cox score under the posts and convert his own try to make the score 41-0.

On the 35 minute mark a nice move involving Caolan Cotter's first pass of the game saw George Lane take the ball and offload to winger Olisa Ufodiana to score and take the scoreline to 46-0 at half time. Despite the scoreline Captain Jack Flanagan was keen to emphasise the need for improvement in several areas, and the team took to the field determined to put in a good second half performance.

From the kickoff another IC lineout and rolling maul saw second row Mike O'Connell score thanks to more pinpoint accurate throwing from hooker Rob Kyle. Seeing that he was unlikely to complete a hat-trick of tries due to his earlier injuries, McGeough then left the field to be replaced by Frenchman Pierre L'Bour.

In the next few minutes the game became somewhat scrappier as IC took their foot off the gas and began playing without the structure and accuracy that saw them through their most successful season ever. The only action of any note was a standard big hit from Sean Baker on an unsuspecting Harvard player and some more strong defence by the entire IC team - with flankers John Hardisty and Jack Flanagan to the fore as usual. With the Harvard players beginning to pile on the pressure, they were awarded a penalty in the IC 22 for infringements at the breakdown, but were unable to make anything come of their opportunity.

After 50 minutes, the IC team finally began to find some continuity, with further scores from Cotter and Fitzpatrick in quick succession taking the score to 63-0. With Cotter's pass count now at a staggering total of 3, the backline were really beginning to come into their own and minutes later Fitzpatrick was put in the corner again after some great interplay from the IC forwards and backs. Much to the surprise of all watching, prop Toby Spittle scored a try (via an outrageous dummy pass that even managed to fool some IC players including the usually astute Mike O'Connell) and sealed a memorable win with his second just minutes later. Some bystanders went as far as to liken Spittle's brace of tries to seeing Emile Heskey scoring for England.

With the final score reading 73-0 in a match that only lasted 70 minutes, the Imperial team (controversially named 'the colonials' by several squad members) was able to leave Harvard full of confidence for the remainder of the tour and safe in the knowledge that their physicality, skill and passion for the game could not be matched on the day.

Imperial 1st XV 80 – Columbia 1st XV 3

IC ended their tour with a strong victory over Columbia University. With pre match setbacks such as turning up late and having Paddy as the stand in ref, Imperial were going into the game with no pre game. Although this wasn't the ideal start IC hit the game with fast paced play, which was too much for the locals to handle. Tries amounted up coming from all positions, including the soon to be fly half 'coach' Kyle bringing out a Benji Marshall style step to trundle in, Cox added the extras. 4 tries down, 20 minutes in, Columbia opted for an interesting Penalty, bringing them 3 points closer to our 28. Unfortunately the IC second row, Chris McGeough, collided with a large object in a Columbia shirt, clashing heads, forcing the tall Scot to leave the pitch. With the backs running in more tries before the half time whistle, IC went into the break 56-3 up. The second half was a similar story, although with IC stepping off the gas, the score rate decreased. Play improved when Captain Jack made a break, and pulled off a textbook sonny bill to put Durkin in under the posts. Man of Tour Nathan also topped off his try tally in this game. The final score ended at 80-3, a good game to end a very successful tour.

Imperial 1st XV 22 - Columbia 2nd XV 0

Following the first XV's dominating victory, the 2nd XV were eager to follow suit; albeit in a shorter game with uncontested scrums. The opposition were mostly complete beginners which led to some complacency in the early stages of the game. Charlie Burr kicked us into gear after a neat move with Patrick Snape after what had been an otherwise unconvincing first half, putting the score at 5-0. Captain Will Jackson urged the team on at the break to focus on playing the pattern we all know and love. A lineout deep in Columbia's territory set up a driving maul resulting in Jonny Barrow adding another 5 points. Following this came a penalty due to more NFL style enthusiasm from Columbia, Scott Frasers tap and go from 10m out led to some fast hands and Luke James glided through to score the third try of the game. In the dying moments of the match another penalty was awarded to Imperial and once again the decision was to run it in. Tom Hansen flopped through to score under the posts and Paddy Snape converted to end the match at 22-0 to Imperial. Man of the match went to Will Griffiths due to his uncompromising drop of the shoulder into every tackler he came across, earning those extra few metres on all of his runs.

Finances

COST

The following outlines the costs for the tour.

Description	Unit Cost / £	Total Value* / £
Flights (London - Boston Logan Airport, New York – London)	502	20080
Minibus hire	60	2400
Accommodation, 16 Nights at £30 per night	480	21600
Match day wear	50	2250
Warmup Tees x5	6	900
Tracksuit top	50	1350
Match Day bag	35	1400
Post-match outfit	70	2800
Minibus Damage Excess	25	1000
Total	1278	54880

Revenues

Description	Quantity	Unit Price / £	Total Value / £
Imperial College Union Tour Funding	1	100	3955
City & Guilds Association	1	1500	1500
Player contribution	1	1100	44000
Sponsorship total	1	5,500	5500
Sport Imperial	1	1,400	1400
Total			56355

Acknowledgements

ICURFC would like to thank all of the people who have helped the tour to come to fruition. These include our sponsors, Laing O'Rourke, the kind contribution from the CGCA and the teams we played against.







Tour Report Ultimate Frisbee Summer 2012

Every year since its creation the Ultimate Frisbee Club has gone to a beach tournament in Viareggio, Italy, called Burla. This is a fun, but competitive 3 day tournament where mixed teams of 5 play against each other on a sand surface (the beach) which this year was held on the 21-23rd September. Usually the club sends a team of about 12 people each year, as due to the difficult nature of sprinting on sand there are usually a few injuries among the team, and this number gives some room for this and allows everyone to have an enjoyable playing experience without being too tired. It also allows for people losing some fitness level over the summer holiday.

This year, we started to gauge interest in April, and we had 12 people signed up to go. However, one player had to drop out due to qualifying to represent his club Frisbee team at the European Championships in Germany the weekend afterwards, and he didn't want to risk any injury before such an important tournament. One player dropped out after sustaining a serious injury to his MCL, meaning he would be off sport for a good number of months and therefore unable to play at this tournament. Finally, 2 more people pulled out because they were offered the chance of going on a holiday in Australia and Singapore with one of their families for three weeks, which fell over the tournament. We tried everything to recruit more players, even advertising on the national Frisbee email groups and forums for a couple of extra players to come with us, with no luck. We also tried to pick up players from other university teams that we know (including KCL); however they were struggling for numbers too. The team of 8 people that we had who still wanted to go was just too weak, and so we had to cancel the trip, much to everyone's disappointment.

I'm very sorry that we had to cancel, every other year has been ok for numbers and I'm sure that this year and in future years we will go again and play some frisbee on the beach!

ICSO Tour Report- Italy 2012

Aims and Objectives

The aim of this tour was to play a series of concerts in Italy to showcase the talent of Imperial College Symphony Orchestra. The other objectives were for the members of ICSO to explore some cities and sights of Italy including Verona, Venice and Lake Garda and for the orchestra members to have an awesome time, get to know each other a bit better and enjoy amazing after concert parties!

Day-to-Day Breakdown of Activities

Tour started with two pre-tour rehearsals on the Friday evening and Saturday. It was clear from these rehearsals that the orchestra was going to sound great on tour and fewer rehearsals than planned were needed!

On the morning of Sunday 9th September the coach arrived outside the union and was packed carefully and we were all ready to go, ready for a 27 hour coach journey! Even though it seemed to last forever, we managed to pass the time with games, films and beer bought on the ferry!

Finally we arrived at Mantova on Monday lunchtime, everyone settled into the very nice hotel and got acquainted with the area. In the evening everyone gathered for a delicious group meal with wine and then moved onto cocktails.

There was free time given to us on Tuesday morning, most people opted for the 45-minute train journey to Verona. Where sights such as Juliette's balcony and the Amphitheatre were seen and ice cream was devoured! We then met to rehearse and perform the concert in Mantovana, as part of the Mantovana Youth Music Festival "Classica 2012". This concert was outside which provided interesting acoustics and a decent sized audience. The concert was followed by a many course meal given by the people of the town. There was also free unlimited wine, espressos and digestives. Which gave rise to a very noisy coach journey back and raucous times in room 202.

Wednesday morning gave us another free morning to explore Mantova and some brave people ventured to Modera to the Ferrari museum. In Mantova there was an amazing small theatre where we sat in on a singing lesson and a museum of the palace which seemed to go on forever! The concert that evening was in Verona, in Chiesa San Nicolo all Arena, a lovely church which was stupidly resonant. A review of the concert was in a local magazine, which praised the orchestra greatly.

Thursday allowed the whole orchestra to travel to Sirmione, a small town on the peninsular of Lake Garda. We took a boat ride to see the sights of the lake and go really fast so we were sprayed with water (we are all big kids really!) Everyone then decided a dip in Lake Garda was essential and enjoyed the sun and water. We then played our third and final concert in Teatro "Don Mazza" in San Pietro in Cariano as part of the "Musica in Villa" concert series; the orchestra played with

a great sound, and our soloist, Naomi Sutton, played exceptionally. The evening was ended with gigantic jugs of Mojitos, you can imagine how the night ended.

Friday was a day to explore some went to Venice, explored the canals and the music museums. The others could not resist going back to Lake Garda, hiring a pedalo, getting beer and relaxing! We all joined together for an end of tour meal, thank yous and tour awards.

Saturday, after an overnight coach journey, we arrived in Paris and were given all day and night to explore. A walking tour commenced including Notre Dame, Le Louvre and Le Arc de Triomphe. The tour ended by picking up a picnic and some bubbly and having it under the Eiffel Tower and staying there until we were moved on by Police!

On Sunday we completed the coach and ferry journey home, arriving on time about 6.30pm. Everyone arrived back safe and ready for a sleep after a very successful tour.

Evaluation

There has been a consensus with all those involved that ICSO Tour to Italy was a great success. Utilising a tour company made the time while we were in Italy very easy and any small problems we occurred could be quickly rectified with someone fluent in Italian on board. Everyone who came along to the tour was able to play great music, see some Italian and Parisian culture and have a great time relaxing also. All three concerts were very different, in respect to the venue, the audience and the partying afterwards but each was delivered with precision and enthusiasm.

Number of Attendees

Union Members 33 (One member in the orchestra who is Imperial College London Staff)

Non-Union Members 3

Staff 1

Full Financial Breakdown

Club/Society	A&E Orchestra	Club Code	401
--------------	---------------	-----------	-----

Event Name	Summer Tour 2012	Last Edited	24/09/2012
------------	------------------	-------------	------------

Event Date	9-16 Sept
------------	-----------

Expenditure

Tour Company Payments	£23,290.00
Music	£58.40
	£58.55
	£20.00
T-shirts	£330
Programmes and Printing	£550

Total Expenditure	£24,306.95
-------------------	------------

Income

Fixed Income

Members Payments	£11,390.00
Donations	£2,207.00
IC Trust	£1,429.09
Union Grant	£476.36

Variable Income

SGL	£8,804.50
-----	-----------

Total Income	£24,306.95
--------------	------------

Imperial College Union
Beit Quadrangle
Prince Consort Road
London
SW7 2BB

Tel: 020 7594 8060
Fax: 020 7594 8065
Email: union@imperial.ac.uk
Twitter: @icunion
imperialcollegeunion.org

