

Clubs and Societies Board  
13 October 2009

Cheese Tour Report  
By Heather Jones - Cheese Soc President 08-09

On the 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> June Cheese Soc went on their first tour, to Cheddar. We met at 9am on Saturday morning and many were looking worse for wear from the previous night. Physics exams and others had recently finished and a combination of this and an ICSE social the previous night had caused some hangovers in the bus. Despite repeated advertising of the time of departure, by quarter past 9 we were still waiting for two, Alex and Marita and bets began to be placed on who was to be the last.

Phonecalls to the pair meant the race was on as Marita was getting cash out in Sherfield and Alex was on his way from South Ken station. In what was to become characteristic lateness it was Alex who turned up latest with Nathaniel beginning to drive away as he arrived, just to annoy him. All aboard we headed to our next stop, Reading, to pick up Samir who wasn't going to miss his train... At some stage along the M4 he called. He'd missed the train and the next one wouldn't get him in to Reading station until almost an hour later than we'd planned.

With the delays in our departure and the increasing volume of the demands for a breakfast stop the obvious solution was a McDonalds visit to waste half an hour. We reached the outskirts of Reading and then stopped at the first available McDonalds where the greasy food hangover cure was a popular choice with some notable porridge-loving exceptions.

Driving on into Reading was where the navigating became more interesting; in the interests of finding a McDonalds we had deviated from our Google Map and were now reliant on Reading's signposts to lead us to a seemingly easy target, the station. However, we had counted on neither the massive leaf growth, nor Reading council's ingenious habit of placing traffic lights directly in front of the direction signs indicating where you were going at any particular junction.

More by fluke than skill we pulled into the station waiting area as Samir's train pulled into the station. A man with a parrot on his shoulder then proceeded to amuse us whilst Samir got lost trying to find the bus. Some more interesting navigation later and we were back on the M4 headed for Bristol.

Everything was going well until the low foliage issue cropped up again in the centre of Bristol. At a critical junction our sign was obscured by a tree and despite going round the roundabout twice we failed to make the right choice. The result: a half hour long detour up a random road in Bristol, an educating experience. As we were now effectively 2 hours late we had to call and rearrange our factory tour time, we were back on track though and racing along at the veritable light speed of 62mph.

Eventually we arrived in Cheddar and everyone got out outside the Cheese Factory for some lunch before our tour, well at least they stood around the box of food like sad puppies wondering where their bowls were whilst I paid. As I explained that there was more of a "self-service" ethos to this trip – food in box, you eat food – everyone began to tuck in.

The tour of the cheese factory that followed was exciting to all lovers of cheese – especially Alex (next year's President) who wanted to go back to halls with concrete evidence for a corridor mate

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that leaving milk to go off indefinitely would NOT produce cheese, and indeed it doesn't. A video showed us the entire process, from unpasteurised milk arriving in a lorry to the finished product aging in a cave, whilst a man could be seen actually doing some of it through a glass viewing window. In fact, the cheese maker occasionally came out to speak to visitor and we were lucky enough to get to ask him a few questions about how the cheese was made, all of which were answered in a delightful Somerset accent.

In fact, it is worth noting that this gentleman named Ande, who has won world's best cheddar award for a number of years, can no longer eat cheese! He now suffers from diabetes and has had a massive heart attack and can no longer consume any of the superb cheese he spends his life producing!

After viewing the factory we finished our tour with the tasting, where every variety of Cheddar they produce in the factory could be sampled, including the interesting Cheddar with yeast, tasting like marmite. They also informed us that if we went to see the caves we would be able to see their cheese being aged there in large cages. I can confirm that cave aged cheese does have a significantly different taste to normal cheddar and would recommend that it's well worth a try.

It was promised that everyone would have an opportunity to buy from the shop the following day as the weather wonderfully warm and we worried the cheese may spoil. With a strict agreement to meet back outside the factory at 4:30 everyone wandered off to enjoy the town, leaving Nathaniel and me behind as food box sitters and we would like to thank Hugh who bought us both drinks to make the wait more enjoyable.

At 4:30 everyone was back in the bus except, somewhat predictably, Samir, John and Alex. 15 minutes later they deigned to make an appearance protesting that they'd had no idea the correct time was 4:30. Sarcastic comments to the effect that everyone else had managed to arrive promptly fell on deaf ears, and with everyone collected we drove to the Youth Hostel, whose entrance was perilously narrow.

Nikita and I hid our eyes as Nathaniel carefully manoeuvred the bus round a corner I was convinced it would not fit around. Cheese Soc simply doesn't have the money to pay the £400 fee for writing off a minibus and there was a deserved round of applause as he expertly parked us. During check-in it transpired that the rooms we had been allocated were not those we'd been told about over the phone, but despite that confusion we managed to get the boys and girls in separate rooms and unpacking.

Though it was still early we decided that making a premature start to dinner would be a good way to maximise the obvious evening activity of cider sampling. The assistance of many wonderful cheese graters and John Davenport produced an interesting yet tasty Macaroni cheese, prepared with 5 different cheeses.

Next stop was predictably the pub where people had previously found a Cider Festival was being held and at £1 for half a pint of almost any cider you could name, what better way to spend a balmy summer's evening? We discovered that the pub had a late licence yet some still managed to stay until closing time.

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The next morning our appointment to visit the caves was at 10am and considering the amount some people had drunk the previous night the cooked breakfast was welcomed by most. After considerable hassling almost everyone arrived for breakfast with one exception, John Davenport, who was in as sorry a state as Toby had been the previous day.

Eventually we arrived to get our cave tickets and the enthusiastic exhibit man radioed round all of his colleagues so that we could split up and still see all of the exhibits. First stop was the much revered cave of the Cheddar Man, with the 100,000 year old skeleton displayed at the entrance. However, the displays of stalactites and stalagmites we saw inside were not quite as impressive as the amount of time it took Raphael to go round the caves. Helene theorised that we was listening to the audio guide to every exhibit in both French and English but whatever the reasons for it most people had retired to Cheddars smallest tea house by the time he emerged.

After some truly delightful scones and tea, a cultural experience for our foreign students, we progressed to the Museum of Prehistory where the most noteworthy exhibit was undoubtedly the giant rotating defleshed skull designed, we hope, to show how the previously cannibalistic people living in the caves left the skulls of their dead. Once again Raphael was last out of the museum; perhaps we just don't have the same interest in cannibalism as he does...

The last stop before lunch was Cox's Cave described as frightening, and in its own way it was, though mostly in the "how could they make a cave tour this tacky" way. As you entered the cave complex there was mood lighting and, bizarrely, opera which is presumably pitched so that with enough repetitions the stalactites will all fall off the ceiling to spear a school child. However, this was not the "really scary" part, marked with a special sign. Here things went downhill, fast, first there were the wild animals with red eyes, and then the disappearing goblins with glowing eyes. However, the final chamber housed a woman suspended in the air, with a plastic dragon and strobe lighting. We emerged having laughed a great deal more than our daily recommended quota and were all ready for lunch.

The remainder of the day was free and whilst some attempted the gorge walk with its beautiful views across the reservoir and fields, others opted for more leisurely pursuits such as ice-cream eating and cider vat collection. When we were reunited for the trip home everyone had a souvenir of some description, whether it was handmade sweets, 5 gallons of cider or our beloved Cheddar.

Happily the trip home was less interesting than the trip there and for some particularly (oh poor Beth) it was marred only by Alex and John's intent discussion of the relative merits of different classes of star ship and which races could potentially breed. Or something. Your reaction to the validity of a 4 hour conversation in this vein may tell you something about the suitability of Imperial for someone of your temperament.

With many thanks to the M4 bus lane, we made it back almost on time and wonderfully on budget for fuel. The first Cheese Soc tour was a great success and I hope you'll join us next year for our next tours, where a trip to Switzerland has already been proposed.

If you were wondering – which you weren't – the tour cost £32 for members as £10 of tour was subsidised by Cheese Soc, and £7 of funding each came from the Union. They are generous and good and gave us money for minibus hire and fuel.

## **Fellwanderers in the Tatra's**

by Heather Jones (Fellwanderers Secretary 08-09)

Allow me introduce you to the characters featuring in the epic saga I describe herein. Nathaniel 08-09 President of the Fellwanderers and former President of Cinema Soc organised this expedition along with Rafal, our driving Pole who, as readers will note, smoothed many pitfalls lying in our path. They were accompanied by 7 others, meeting at Krakow bus station in the late afternoon of Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> June, they were; Chris, the geologist, Fellwanderers President 07-08 and (terrifyingly) the group first aider, Yvonne the friendly Scot recently voted most helpful Fellwanderer, Ande, mathsgenius\* and OCD Fellwanderers treasurer elect, Jim, our "experimental" quartermaster elect, Gavin, future Sailing Soc President, Joe, Chem Soc Chair elect and finally myself, Heather Fellwanderers Secretary 08-09 and therefore the one responsible for inflicting this saga on you, loyal Felix reader. Though I imply above that the saga commenced at Krakow bus station, and officially it did, I would be remiss if I didn't inform you of the delightful mishaps that befell us before arriving at the start of tour.

On the way to catch the plane Nathaniel, Ande and myself were patiently standing at Clapham Junction awaiting the next Gatwick train when Ande started a frenzied search and it soon became apparent that he had lost his wallet at some stage between buying his train ticket and the platform, a feat accomplished by very few I'm sure. After a frantic bag search as the minutes ticked by it was established not on the platform. Ande next abandoned us with his luggage to search the ticket court and upon having had no luck was on the point of despair before, fortuitously, the Security Guard who found it appeared at the hand-in desk. Thankfully we made it onto the train.

This was not the only interesting bus station journey, others had similar stories of woe. Chris and Yvonne had managed to board a train with a woman exhibiting very odd behaviour. Her handbag was continually over her face and it was established eventually that she was throwing up into it, indeed by the time they arrived and Chris had gentlemanly donated a plastic bag the handbag was full and good for nothing but a swift binning.

Finally, Joe's ambition was to fly hand baggage only. However, at Ryanair's check in desk he was overweight and with an oversized bag. He thought he had a solution, he was carrying kilos of pasta, rice and couscous which he thought he would be able to rebuy in Krakow. So, he nonchalantly wandered over to a bin, being guarded by a security guard and stuffed each package, individually through the tiny airport bin lid. He returned to the check-in desk. No. Overweight. Having no choice now but to check-in, he wasn't about to lose our food and so he wandered back to the bin. In full view of the same security guard he was forced to dig in and retrieved the first package of rice, then the second. As he began to retrieve the couscous someone arrived with a coffee cup, he asked them to wait... A small queue had developed by the time the last bag of pasta had been retrieved. Unsurprisingly, Joe didn't confess where the rice, pasta and couscous had been until after they'd been eaten.

So, we met at Krakow bus station to catch a bus to Zakopane where we planned to spend the night before going into the mountains. Typical Fellwanderers timing meant the bus left 5 minutes after we arrived but we made it on and the bus fare was only 15 zloty (£3) for a 2 hour ride! However, it was not the smoothest journey, part way out of Krakow the bus had a collision with a car wanting to come off a slip road. Expecting a delay whilst they shared insurance details etc. we were surprised when the result was the coach door swinging open for the driver to spew a string of abuse at the car driver. The car proceeded to have a road rage fit, darting in and out of traffic and slamming his brakes on suddenly in an attempt to get the bus to stop. Our driver's response was to incense him further with hand gestures. Eventually we merely drove away when the car driver stopped to investigate the damage.

Upon arriving in Zakopane we could tell it had recently rained hard, we wandered to the hostel where we found Jim and the most hideously out of tune piano I have ever attempted to play. We were soon introduced to our room and then wandered out to find a restaurant to eat in. After a few false starts we found one on the central street in Zakopane with authentic live Polish music playing

whilst we ate. The full meal, including drinks came to less than £5. Upon our return we began to distribute group kit for the following days walk and came to the conclusion that leaving some food at the hostel as we were going to return at the start of the second week was the best plan. Ande was already beginning to protest that he couldn't take too much kit or it wouldn't tessellate in his bag and made this point by taking 2 hours to pack.

After our Ande enforced late night the 6:45 wake up was tough, though the free breakfast they provided did help matters. Nathaniel noticed that he couldn't find his passport but was confident it would turn up and we left anyway. A short bus journey later and we met Eva and took the first momentous steps into the mountains from Javorina, ~1000m. We first wandered up through forest and stopped for 1<sup>st</sup> lunch at a rest stop with a model bear which Rafal proceeded to ride. (see picture)

The slog upwards continued and we were eventually rewarded with an alpine meadow and beautiful view of the valley we were climbing. The packs were heavy as we reached the first pass and it was my first foray into the foot surgery that was to become a twice daily ordeal. After a short break we pushed on, eager to have second lunch at the hut. Our first mountain hut was situated by a lake with breathtaking views around the whole valley. Over lunch ambition overtook us and we decided that despite the hard trekking we'd already completed we were going to try to bag a peak that afternoon. Jahnaci stit is 2230m and was, according to the map, less than a 4 hour round trip and as we were doing "map time" with full pack on we assumed we'd be able to make it up in much less. Not everyone wanted to participate, Rafal and Yvonne stayed at the hut to nap and relax. All was going well and we got up some pretty impressive chained sections before the first peal of thunder echoed round the valley. After a quick photo we started scrambling down, not wanting to be caught on wet slippery rock with chains. By the time everyone was down the chains the storm had started in earnest and we still had an exposed snow section to cover whilst forks of lightning flashed around us. By the time we got back to the hut the rain had stopped and a worried Rafal and Yvonne greeted us. They were soon reassured and dinner was prepared, as it turned out, one of the great successes of the trip, Spicy Sausage Pasta.

The next day we were all up at 6:30 instead of 7 due to an irritating alarm setting error, it was the first wonderful day of porridge mix for breakfast. Despite the extra faff factor of a miniscule room and wet kit from the previous day we were out by ~8.10 and eagerly anticipating the fearsome zigzags we'd seen the previous day. Before we reached the zig zags there was a chained section which was certainly more interesting with full packs! However, as we reached the zigzags both Rafal and I had failing joints and reached the pass a long way after Jim who to my eye merely bounced up. At the pass we made a small detour to a small peak, 2038m, from which we could see the thunderstorms ravaging the towns in the Tatra basin, beneath the mountains. Eager to continue we decided to have lunch at the hut next to Lomnický stit which stands at 2634m and has a cable car taking tourists to the top. The only other way up there is by some serious climbing so we merely observed it in awe as thunder and lightning moved ever closer. Eventually we decided to make a move and were effectively chased to our next hut by the thunderstorm luckily arriving just before the really torrential rain started. However, it didn't last long and certain energetic elements of the group decided their bodies hadn't had enough abuse for the day and took the hour and a half walk into Stary Smokovec to gorge on icecream sundaes and buy treats like crystal squash mix and vodka. The rest of us patiently waited playing card games until, suddenly, we heard a smash and the distinctive smell of vodka wafted through the hut. Joe had lovingly carried a bottle of vodka up an hour and a half of rocky path, cooled it in a waterfall just to drop it on the steps of the hut. His face as he regarded the shards of his dream on the floor has thankfully been captured for all of time by Jim. To make matters worse the hut owned a dog, and as if to add insult to injury it happily lapped up all of the vodka and happily lay down to sleep it off...

Later that evening Chris was upset when he was informed that not only was that night's meal vegetarian but that we had no further plans to include meat in meals for the rest of the week. The evening was concluded with a feasibility discussion over buying dried sausage to carry with us the

rest of the way to sustain the carnivores.

The next day was with daysacks and though we planned to conquer an impressive snow covered pass, as we observed people turning back we reassessed the situation and decided for a pleasant scramble up a different pass, taking us up to 2376m with a beautiful view of the valley beyond. We turned back, eager to beat the afternoon rain and had lunch in Teryho Chata. Joe was eager to buy some replacement vodka so accompanied Nathaniel and I into town where we were also on a sausage buying mission. After the delights of 2 sundaes each we returned to the hut, happily and this time with vodka intact. After a good attempt at persuading Chris the sausage shop had been closed we settled down to a Gavin and Jim creamy mushroom sauce with pasta.

For me, day 5 was the most punishing of the whole trek. It was 6 hours according to the map but covered a huge distance that was misleadingly referred to as contouring. Slovaks, it seems, cannot build flat paths it was merely a brutal sequence of uncomfortable ups and downs not helped by the insane blisters my boots had given me. When eventually we stopped for lunch at Sliezsky dom Chris practically had to perform minor foot surgery on me whilst everyone else lunched. Eventually we continued in blistering heat with our next stop at a lake where, much to Chris's irritation, Nathaniel, Jim, Ande and Joe insisted going in, each emerging with various cuts and scrapes. We continued the slog along to the high point of the day 1966m which seemed to be at the top of a never ending corner of brutal proportions, we were almost in tears when we saw the pole marking the top and settled down to wait for Rafal who had been suffering from dehydration. When those accompanying Rafal arrived they brought unwelcome friends, a swarm of flies which soon gave us motivation to get down (along with the impending rain). Our next stop was effectively a hotel by a beautiful lake though to get to it we had to descend a sheer 500m slope with a zigzag path precariously cut into the side. Here I managed to slip, almost falling off the edge and impressively scraping my knees in the process. Eventually I arrived and Chris looked despairingly at the umpteenth injury he'd had to treat that day. Indeed, in this case he left it to me to shower and pick the gravel out of my wound whilst everyone enjoyed the comforts of a soft bed and unlimited warm showers.

Almost everyone managed to have a fail that day, mostly as it was a brutal slog:

- Ande managed not to get breakfast as he'd been so long faffing it was all eaten by the time he arrived
- Gavin managed to put suncream all over his clothes and the floor, though notably not himself
- I managed to drop my bottle of water down a steep slope, having to scramble down it before anyone responsible spotted me doing anything untoward
- Yvonne incorrectly wrapped up her chocolate and the whole upper compartment of her bag ended up in a chocolate covered mess
- Jim managed to go one better, getting chocolate inside the whole of his bag and over almost all of his possessions, chocolate covered passports, yum...
- Joe managed to spill a full pint of beer, indeed with his track record anyone would think he didn't want to drink.
- Chris managed to contaminate his bag with crystal squash named Tang, meaning things would suddenly get very fruity should his pack ever get wet!
- Finally Nathaniel made the most girly scream possible when emerging from the lake and followed this fail up with a moment of chilli flake consuming folly!

On Day 6 the group split into three, Rafal and I were on orders to rest and took a short stroll into the town to do some shopping, Chris and Yvonne were eager to bag peaks and conquered Rysy at 2499m and the rest did a long circular walk with Eva. Rafal and I saw the most amazing weather whilst in town, so much hail the ground was totally white and enough water to significantly flood the bus station. We worried for the others but upon their return it appeared we had suffered the brunt of the storm and they'd only had some rain. Those on the circular walk returned late, looking shattered but happy having been up to an impressive 2314m.

The next day was generally a rest day as the next day was climbing and descending the dreaded Rysy, it was also Chris and Yvonne's final day of tour. Whilst most people climbed Koprovsy stit at 2363m Joe, Nathaniel and I decided to sample the delights of Poprad instead, despite Rafal's derision at the idea. We first visited the cemetery for those claimed by the mountains. Tragically the average age was very similar to ours, 20 or so and Rafal translated some tragic stories including that of the 3 12 year olds claimed by an avalanche whilst skiing. It was sobering considering Chris and Yvonne had said the descent the next day was steep and dangerous looking.

We continued down to catch the train and found there was no mechanism for buying tickets. The train went incredibly slowly but eventually we pulled into Poprad station, which they appeared to be in the process of demolishing. As we walked through bricks and plaster were falling from one side of the window, with no discernable attempts to prevent the public putting themselves in danger. With very little idea of where central Poprad was but with stomachs demanding attention Nathaniel popped into a hotel to ask for assistance and we were furnished with a town map marking all of Poprad's points of interest.

We headed towards the restaurant signs and after some deliberation settled on a place with menus with German translations and crucially, pictures. Nonetheless, especially when it comes to soup, the pictures aren't much help and we ended up with the most potent garlic soup I have ever encountered as well as a delightful Borsh. Ordering a main course was even more interesting and Joe ended up with battered, deep fried cheese and ham which he seemed unreasonably happy with. We continued our day with the museum of Poprad which definitely ranks highly in the bizarre museum trip stakes. The lady behind the desk spoke no English or indeed anything other than Slovakian and tried to help us understand by giving us an "English" crib sheet for the exhibits which was actually in German. Nonetheless we had a good time and made sure we viewed all of Poprad's sites before getting back on the train, this time with tickets, and returning to the hut for Chris and Yvonne's goodbye dinner. On the way back it started to rain shortly before the hut and in his haste Nathaniel managed to do something I have genuinely never seen before, he put his coat on upside down so that the hood was down his back. It was early to bed as we were climbing Rysy the next day and thereby reaching our high point.

Day 8, Rysy day, started badly with an ill Nathaniel constantly emitting his body's reaction to extreme garlic soup and an uncooked sausage consumed the previous day. We started walking at 7am but the pace soon started to drop as Ande was plagued by calf strain. The chains up to the hut were barely necessary and indeed we saw a Sherpa carrying supplies to the hut without even bothering! By the time we got to the hut the weather was moving in but we stubbornly continued. By 2000+m it was getting noticeably harder to breathe and the sense of achievement at the top was amazing, despite the intermittent view.

We did not linger, concerned about the weather and sure enough, on the most technically challenging section of the day the rain started and visibility dropped to less than 5m. We descended in convoy and it seemed to take forever. Eventually we reached the path section but even now there was still a good 500m to descend and we were all getting brutally tired and hungry. However, there was no obvious place to rest on such a steep slope so we continued. Dramatically, Rafal slipped on the smallest patch of snow we had to cross and gashed his head open. Nathaniel had a lapsed first aid certificate and tried to help, but only succeeded in putting a giant plaster over not only his forehead but his left eye as well. Perhaps full marks for effort, but another first aid course might be in order...

Eventually we stopped for lunch after Jim and I almost drove Rafal insane with our whimpering hunger. Bread, cheese and "cat meat" (unidentifiable potted meat) have never tasted as good as that wonderful day. An hour or so later we finally arrived at the hut and were in a shared room with other intrepid trekkers. Everyone was exhausted and just wanted to eat drink and rest and so we did.

Dinner was the most basic couscous ever just ingredients shoved in couscous which then had boiling water added. We really didn't care. Indeed, we were all in bed between 8:30 and 9, true proof of

how brutal the day's climbing had been!

The next day was merely a return to Zakopane (or Jim's preferred pronunciation Zak-the-pony) via the valley of the 5 Polish lakes and then either a bus or long walk back to town. Everyone's muscles were aching from the previous day and progress was generally slow, by this stage I had begun to take concerning doses of Ibuprofen to keep my various aches and pains under control. We had another amazing storm on our way down and after a very wet bus journey were able to congratulate Nathaniel MEng on having a degree! Later Jim and Ande arrived too, to receive results and we set off in good spirits to a traditional restaurant recommended by Rafal's friends. It was an amazing restaurant where the waiter effectively picked our food dependent on our preferences. That night was the night where the bottle of vodka promised by Rafal to the Fellwanderers team doing best in the Four Inns Challenge, undertaken earlier in the year, materialised and with so much to celebrate we all tucked in enthusiastically, some too enthusiastically. By the time Nathaniel was swaying I knew it was time to call it a night, but Jim and Joe disagreed and as a result everyone had the delightful experience of being woken in the night by him throwing up out of the window, including the poor Polish man sharing a room with us.

The next morning Nathaniel went outside with a mop and along with Joe had a hung over day whilst the rest of us climbed Koscielec, which Rafal found an inexplicably frightening experience, indeed Ande managed to scare him whilst sitting still on the top whilst moving his arms around excitedly. When we got back Joe and Nathaniel were mostly recovered whilst we were all extremely tired. We tried to order in pizza without success, and instead went to the pizzeria, a brilliant idea. It was amazing food and we headed back happy and full, eager to sleep before our next day of trekking. On Day 11 the day started with bad weather and everyone was sleepy, Ande's bag seemingly refused to tessellate and everyone felt fractious as we set off late. Matters were not helped by taking the wrong path initially and most of us were so exhausted that we didn't bother to do anything after we reached the hut, though Gavin was kind enough to try and teach us to play bridge. However, the indestructible Jim and Joe somehow summoned the energy to do another walk and even got the cable car whilst we wasted time! We ended up in bed by 10 with everyone shattered and another epic trekking day ahead.

The next day, as Joe attempted to have his morning shower, he had what he likes to refer to as his "epic success". He walked in on two girls getting changed together in the shower, and so with an extra spring in at least HIS step we set off through weather that can only be described as "Wales". It was wet, we couldn't see anything, it was so windy we considered turning back and worst of all it was cold! We followed the Polish Slovakian border along a ridge hovering around a height of 2000m with zero visibility and even managed to get Rafal confused over which side of the ridge Poland and Slovakia were! Interestingly it should be noted that Joe's shower experience was not his only Cassanova like behaviour on the trip, upon descending from Rysy he paused and almost immediately got chatted up by a teenage Polish girl. Also, there was his embarrassing incident when returning from the shower his towel just "happened" to drop in front of the well populated lounge... Suddenly we heard shouting behind us, somehow we had lost Ande and due to the steep cliffs either side this was a matter for some concern. Wind and rain didn't help and when we were eventually reunited it turned out he'd been trying to shout he was ok but the wind was too strong for anyone to hear. Happily the clouds cleared for the last summit and though it was still chilly we had views for lunch. On the way down we met King Alfred School from Oxford, a specialist Sports College who were boldly doing the same walk as us, but backwards.

The next hut was lovely and we all felt an urgent need for supplementary food including Bigos an amazing Polish soup that the group were becoming obsessed by. Showering turned out to be less than straight forward when Jim locked himself in with the room key and Rafal, yet again, came to the rescue. At the previous hut we had blocked the only sink and he certainly gave the impression of being sick of having to fix everything us pesky undergrads messed up.

Day 13 was the last "proper trekking" day and it was relatively short to allow for the final day to be an amazing goodbye to the Tatras. Nonetheless Jim, Joe and Gavin decided to do an afternoon walk



and managed the 4h15 walk in under 2 hours! After some tasty spag bol we went to bed ready for one of the best walks of the trip.

The last day of walking was beautiful, first there was a slog up through a forest but we emerged onto a giant horseshoe ridge encompassing 7 major peaks. The weather was good until lunchtime when it began to rain, thankfully not too severely, and whilst some decided to bag a final peak named Starorobocianski Wierch, 2158m we descended. That day we had run out of food slightly, due to a shopping miscommunication, however Jim, Ande, Joe and Gavin were convinced that with onion, garlic salt, milk powder, gouda, sausage, porridge, sugar, herbs and spices and a pack of bourbon biscuits they could make something edible. We were all doubtful, especially Rafal who resorted to hut food even before their attempt.

I have to say that especially considering their ingredients the main course at least was a great success, oat balls with a creamy sausage sauce and a cheese side were truly excellent however "dessert" was where they fell down a little. For any freshers reading this, be warned you CANNOT make cheesecake with Gouda and attempts to do so are a crime against humanity. The prevailing kitchen opinion appeared to be "if we add enough sugar it will work". Error. The tang and powdered milk sauce as a side was particularly unwelcome. I actually felt ill after the cheesecake and was one of the few who tried it! On this cheesy bombshell we went to bed.

The last day of tour involved very little walking, about an hour and a half down a straight road and then we were getting buses back to Krakow. After being too busy in Tesco and missing one bus to Krakow we caught another one and were quickly installed at our hostel whilst Rafal went home. Missing the bus had upset Rafal and we promised we would meet him punctually at 6:45 at the town clock for dinner, and we so, so nearly made it except for (predictably)\*\* Ande. Some had to get cash out before the restaurant and we found Nathaniel and Gavin again but no Ande. The prevailing opinion was that he'd gone on ahead but as we walked towards the meetup point it was apparent this was not the case!

A few phonecalls later and it transpired we'd somehow left him behind, Rafal sighed before dropping us off at the restaurant and picking Ande up from the train station. The restaurant was amazing and we collectively ordered something called "the Trough", effectively a giant shared platter of meat, dumpling and all other amazing Polish food. We polished it off with dumplings and after a quick drink we all rolled back to the hostel except Jim and Joe who went off for a night out in the town, rolling in around 5 having fallen prey to kebabs. I awoke to see Jim passed out, fully clothed on his bed, feet still on the floor with an unfinished kebab beside him. Oh dear. This was the final meal of tour, and also when Joe confessed where the original rice, pasta and couscous had been during their unorthodox trip to Poland...

Perhaps this summarises this tour, there were so many truly epic failures that not all of them fit into this report but before you go here are just a few more:

- Joe managed to knock over a full pint of beer in search of remnants of a previous rum shot
- Ande adding salt to his sweet pancakes instead of sugar before anyone could warn him off, he maintained it still tasted good, I'm fairly sure he lied
- Jim's failed attempt at dealing cards when so tired he managed to deal himself and Joe twice the number anyone else got.

Perhaps it's always what happens when you go away without a responsible adult present but I'm sure we had more than our fair share of special moments and I'm proud to announce that the Fellwanderer with the most epic fail's was Joe Rumer, Chem Soc chair. Chemists, be proud, you have a true genius representing you next year! I think everyone who attended would like to thank Eva, Rafal and Nathaniel wholeheartedly for making this trip happen, it really was amazing, good luck Alex, with making next summer tour as epic as this one!

\*it is worth noting Ande strenuously denies being a maths genius and this merely represents the views of the author and the rest of the group, not an empirical observation

\*\*Ande objects to this passage and still feels sore about his abandonment in Krakow

### **A quick note about finances**

by Nathaniel Bottrell (Fellwanderers President 08-09)

The union have received all flight receipts in order to claim the travel tour subsidy kindly awarded at the tour funding meeting. Many other travel cost were incurred, these did not always have receipts but have still been included. Since some items were purchased in both Euro's and Zlotty for the purpose of this section the approx exchange rate of 0.909 £ to € and 0.2 £ to zł has been used. All the travel costs for the group are listed below.

#### **Description Amount**

Travel to airport £112.00  
Flights £983.92  
Train to Krakow £25.60  
Bus to Zakopane £64.00  
Local Buses £70.40  
Train for early leavers £29.09

**Total £1,255.92**

Tour Money £508.70

Percentage 40.50%

The following table documents non travel spending paid by the group. A kitty was used to manage this. The club paid for £100.16 of food bought in the UK.

#### **Description Amount**

Hut Deposits £156.74  
Slovak Kitty £818.18  
Polish Kitty £360.00

**Total £1,334.92**

The final summary for the group is.

#### **Description Amount**

Travel Costs £1,255.92  
Non Travel Costs £1,334.92  
Travel Subsidy **-£508.70**

**Total £2,082.14**

Most people on average spent £100 each on extras that were not included in the tour costs.

**ICCC Alps Trip 2009**  
**A report by Rory Fyffe**



**People**

- Alistair Cott
- Ant Farrington
- Chad Sankey
- Holli Pritchard
- Mark Wardle
- Oliver Carson
- Rachel Fox
- Ralph Evins
- Rory Fyffe
- Sophie Gore
- Will Eldred

**Trip Report**

**Missing the Ferry 26/6/09**

Despite London traffic causing Ant to be considerably behind schedule and Wardle being in entirely the wrong starting point, the car made it to the ferry with time to spare. Mark hadn't slept for ages, so talked rubbish for an hour then fell asleep; so much for co-driving duties. Ralph and Ant kept each other awake until about 5am, then pulled over for a nap.

The bus left a little behind schedule, missed final check in by about 15 mins and were put on the next ferry, typical. Literally as we left Rory discovered he had finally passed his physics degree, and Sophie successfully submitted her thesis. We celebrated in true canoe club style with a £10 bottle of P&O's finest champagne

**Arrival and Warm up Paddle**

The bus and the car met quite by chance in Briancon at lunchtime, did the shopping and headed to the campsite. Some enthusiastic nutters got on the Gyronde down to the slalom course, whilst the sensible few sat around drinking beer.

### **Upper Gusiane and Briancon gorge**

We began in earnest on the upper Guisanne, including a newly discovered little section at the top through the village. Ant inconsiderately lead Rachel into a rock on S-bends causing yet another swim on her nemesis rapid; Holli looked petrified throughout but made it down.

Next we ran the Briancon gorge, which hasn't been run on previous club Alps trips for some reason. It was pretty low, with the kayak slide landing on a rock, but still good fun.



### **Double Fail on the Guil**

After presumably doing something in the morning that currently escapes me (lower Guil), we went over to the Guil valley in the afternoon to run two sections simultaneously: Rory, Ant, Sophie and Rachel went to the upper, while Ralph, Mark, Oli and Will did the middle. Neither went exactly according to plan.

### **The mini-epic on the upper**

The upper was at an excellent level, big, bouncy and great fun. We trundled into the gorge with no problems, until Rach had a minor OBE. Continuing down the gorge we encountered hundreds of Bristol uni students all over the banks waving manically and generally faffing. Apparently they had ropes across the river which led to excessive waiting and inspection of a very easily avoidable but nasty looking hole which Rachel eventually opted to portage. The rest of us carried on down, with Sophie leading the charge straight into a very munchy hole, leading to a swim. Rory and Ant charged down after the boat, and nearly had it in the first eddy... Once everyone else was out of sight Rachel, still out of her boat decided to carry down and dropped Martin in the river because Rory and Ant needed the chase boating practice. Being several bends down river Soph and the boys only saw an empty boat float past with no sign of Rachel causing a bit of worry (sorry guys). So the girls were walking and the boys were chasing. All boats and people were eventually reunited about 500m from the takeout - whoops! Rachel and Sophie donned muppet jackets we loaded the boats and set off for the campsite however our little epic was not quite finished yet. Just before we reached Le Tunnel, a new landslide had occurred closing the road. We turned around and Ally drove us over Col d'Izoard to get back, its very pretty up there but it was a long way round.





### **The mini-epic on the middle**

All was going well from below triple-step down to the staircase rapid (also know as landslide). Levels were high but not unmanageable, with lots of nice IV- rapids. At staircase Ralph spent a while looking at it: a couple of meaty pourovers but nothing too heinous. Oli elected to portage, and was positioned with a throwline. Mark was impatient get on and run it to avoid an over-inspection psych-out, and gave it a cursory glance from a rock high above. This may have contributed to his capsize in the first pour-over, with roll-attempts as he dropped over the subsequent three drops. He baled just above the meatiest slot, and after teetering on the lip for a while swam through that as well. Oli bagged him out with considerable efficiency. It was only when faced with holding the line or his blades that Mark was forced to ditch the paddle, which was never to be seen again. Ralph chased the boat round the corner (running the uninspected crux of the rapid blind), to find Laurent and some other Leeds randoms in the next eddy, who kindly assisted in grabbing Mark's boat. When towing said boat back across the river, Ralph managed to broach it on a rock, yanking him over by his cowstail. Luckily it became upinned, and some excessive high-brace action saved the need for an underwater quick-release.

Oli walked off at this point, and Mark continued with his blades. When eddying out above Le Tunnel rapid (previously known as Letterbox), Ralph failed to spot a small stopper on the lip of the last eddy. With a girly scream he capsized, rolling up as he disappeared over the first of the two sizeable stoppers that make up the rapid. That caused another roll, as he dropped into the final stopper, which thankfully flushed. At this point we decided to call it a day; all in all, this run had not been our finest hour.

### **Messing with Bristol**

After the epics of the previous day we started out with a gentle run on the Upper Durance, described by Stuart as an 'eddy fest'. Not the most exciting bit of river ever but it gave us a good chance to practice eddy hopping and switching leaders.

The group then split for the afternoon, with Ralph, Ant and Will running the lower Guisane (very low but still fun) and Mark, Chad and Sophie running the Briancon gorge. Arriving at the put in for the lower Guisane we found Bristol were putting on as well. Those of us not putting on discovered they had left their bus open and unattended, fools! There was also some temporary metal fencing piled up nearby, clearly some practical joking was called for... (who has the pictures?)

### **Breaking Rory on the Onde**

Our plan for the next day with hindsight appears ambitious: the Onde followed by all of the Gyronde, then a hardcore mission to the Romanche to fit in with picking up Chad in Grenoble. Faff prevailed and we failed to fit in the Romanche, but the Onde and Gyronde were nice. Will livened things up by drifting backwards into a strainer whilst chase-boating; he flushed straight off, but left Ralph with two boats to chase. Rory managed an unlucky pin further down and, despite two impressive hand-rolls, ended up having a swim and a strained elbow. Ant and Oli were dispatched in the car to collect Chad, who was running late due to various expletive-ridden things involving Paris metro tickets.



### **Ubaye Mission**

We drove over to the Ubaye for the day, with a more leisurely start than usual for the long drive as the Col du Vars isn't open until midday due to roadworks. We got on the upper Ubaye relatively promptly, and had a good run down, with very high levels. Even after some Mark-in-a-strainer related issues at the takeout we were still on schedule. Unfortunately we'd parked the car 400m the wrong side of the road block for the col, so had to wait 45 mins to get it out. As a result we got on the Ubaye Racecourse at 5:20pm; we got off again at 6:05pm after a crazy blast down huge brown wave trains that hid the occasional monster hole.



### **Crepes by the Romanche**

The day was started by running the Upper Gusiane from the top of the village down to S bends, thus allowing Rach to conquer that rapid. Things didn't go quite so smoothly for Rory however, who blames his OBE on a his dodgy elbow.

Having aborted our plan to run the Romanche late in the day as a hardcore run a few days earlier we decided to get most people down it in the morning with slightly less insane levels. It was still a blast, with the central grade IV section going nicely.

After the all important crepe stop at La Grave, we then moved on to the Fournel for boofing practice. The levels were quite high, so lots of the lazy non-paddlers were persuaded to stand around with throwlines. In the event the grippy looping stoppers claimed no victims, even through Will landed sideways in the largest of them. This was followed by an unintentional dinner at the Pizza Shed since we missed the supermarkets.

### **Italy Part 1: Epic Fail**

We had to drop Oli in Oulx, just over the Italian border, so combined with with exploring new rivers in the area. We chose the Dora Riparia, reputedly a nice grade III gorge. The first upset to what should have been an easy plan was the car springing a coolant leak, effectively preventing any further movement. The RAC-esque RescueMyCar.com people were called, and despite the odd hiccup ("Yes, its a car. With four wheels") a mechanic arrived promptly... to try to jumpstart it. When this error was explained, he took it off to the garage 25km in the wrong direction, which didn't work weekends. Hmmm. The car was abandoned in Italy, to be collected in three days time on our way East.

In the mean time, Chad had set off to drive the bus to the take out and hitch back. Anticipating this taking ages (and Ralph having left his kit in the bus during all the faff), Ralph, Mark and Ally got on (Ralph using Chad's kit) for a "quick blast" down to get the bus. This turned into a mini-epic, entirely due to the huge number of trees in what would otherwise have been a nice run. Two swims from Ally, two must-make portages and one very long pre-inspection of the gorge later, we made it down very very late, got the bus and returned. Knowing where the trees were, Mark took Will and Chad down for a second run.

### **Sofa Boating**



Success! - *Ralph*

A leisurely day was called for, so we did the Sunshine Run. With inflatable sofa. After several dozen attempts it was decided that this was really only a one-man craft, and Rory therefore soloed the Rab wave in it, the elevated position giving a good catapult-over-the-towback effect. Will threw a few unintentional ends in the InaZone, and Ant was somehow persuaded to go surfing in the Kanarli, with predicatable consequences. After lunch Mark, Sophie, Chad and Will got in a quick run down the lower Guisane, with a silly swim from Mark.

### Revenge on the Guil (sort of)

After so momentarily failing to acquit ourselves admirably on the previous occasion, a return to the Guil was necessary. It was lower, but still a good level. On the upper Rachel inspected every corner but led the group down without incident; Ralph declared this an unequivocal victory over the Guil and got off. Holli had an altercation with first an idiotic French boater cutting her up and second with a rock when swimming. Mark and Will took on Chateaux Q; Will's "apathetic" approach to paddling led to a drift into the cushion wave and a failure to roll; he was sufficiently apathetic to not really mind swimming the rest of the gorge. The Kanarli got severely pinned just below the gorge, requiring Will to live-bait through a stopper to clip it, and three people to haul it off. Just afterwards three rafts came down the gorge, two of them the wrong way up. ICC to the rescue again.



### Italy Part 2: Major Epic Fail of Driving DOOM

The plan was simple. Drive to a river North of The Place That Shall Not Be Named (**hint:** it's a major city in Northern Italy, one letter short of [the father of computer science](#)), paddle it, then drive to Slovenia. The first 90% of the plan was executed relatively flawlessly - there wasn't any water in the river, so we didn't paddle, but we got to within an hour of our destination with no driving or navigational issues.

At this point, fate dealt us a cruel blow (which Mark, watching the ominous storm clouds, had foreseen). Italy was having a petrol strike for the next 2 days. The car had no petrol. Bother. The bus found an open petrol station and brought us 10 liters. We used this up getting lost in and around Udine for several hours, first failing to find the road we wanted, then failing to find any road at all. We eventually limped back to the petrol station the bus had been to, 40km in the wrong direction, to find it now closed for the strike. Bother again. So the bus drove to Slovenia, over an hour away, bought lots of petrol, and drove back to refuel the car. Then we all drove to the campsite in Bovec, arriving roughly seven hours behind schedule at 7:30am.

### Slovenia: The Bimble That Wasn't

Getting up sometime after noon, most were keen to get on and paddle, but not to run anything to hardcore due to lack of sleep. We decided on the upper section of the Soca down to Cezsoca, "an easy I/II bimble". This went well enough to start with, an easy III by the put-in then lots of floating down. It was the unexpected grade IV gorge that went less well. Mark led his group in first, recognised the section and got everyone into micro-eddies just before the meat began. Ralph led his group in after Mark, and Sophie swam on the top bit and on down the gnarl, with Ralph chase-boating down the uninspected crux. After an unfortunate time in a recirculating eddy, Sophie made it down fine. Ralph scrambled madly back up, expecting to find either total



carnage or a tricky escape from the gorge, but in fact it was deserted - Mark had led everyone else down with few issues (one swim from Ally). Some more faff occurred in the search for Sophie's blades, which chose to eddy out of the evil recircling eddy just as Rory prepared to jump in for them.



### **Soca Slalom course**

The next day we ran the lower sections of the Soca from Sprnika down to the slalom course at Trnvo. This provided some excellent water spanning grades II to IV. Holli swam rather a lot and got cross about it. Sophie had a swim on the slalom course, and Will and Ant both had a moment on a surprise rock.

A few people finished the day with a quick blast down the Koritnica, with Mark managing yet another strainer-related moment.

### **Koritnica**

We finished our Slovenian boating by getting everyone down the Koritnica, many of them nursing hangovers. It was very pretty, with a nice grade I gorge. We then began the drive north aiming to spend the night in Bavaria. This was slightly complicated by there only being one Europe map between two vehicles, the bus took the map meanwhile the car resorted to taking mobile phone pictures of maps in Austrian service stations. Both made it to the campsite (eventually), where we spent an entertaining evening with some very drunk Bavarian locals teaching us German songs

### **Bimble on the Upper Ammer**

We'd been informed that there was loads of water in Bavaria and everything was uber high. So we went to look at the Ammer cataract, unfortunately it looked pretty empty, so we put on for the upper Ammer instead. This was another pretty bimble and a great way to end the trip with lots of little play waves to practice surfing techniques.



### **Boredom in Calais 12/7/09**

In spite of the road works in France the bus made it Calais with about an hour to spare only to find our ferry was delayed by half an hour. With a lot of time to waste Sophie thought it would be fun to lock Rachel out of the bus and eat her chocolate- evil witch. On arrival at Dover we sped back to Paddington at 62mph, dropping off Will and Chad on the way both in a mad dash to get to their trains on time. After some super efficient boat unloading and kit unpacking all left the union before midnight.

Thanks to Ralph for organising, and everyone who came along and made it a great trip

### **Attendees**

10 Full members  
1 Non-full member

### **Finances**

ICU Tour Grant £190.38  
IC Trust £232.02  
Cost per person ~£300

Clubs and Societies Board  
13 October 2009

**Tour Report: Hay-on-Wye**  
Imperial College Science Fiction Society  
27-28<sup>th</sup> June 2009-08-05

Attending:

Alan Parish  
Alex Cameron(Secretary)  
Alex Savell(Publicity Officer)  
Alex Shires  
Alex Stubbley  
Benedict Harcourt  
Chris Hutchison(Picocon Sofa)  
Dave Bartram  
David McBride  
James Krieger  
John Davenport  
Joseph Britton  
Kai Grosskopf(Vice Chair)  
Matthew Smith  
Owain Ainsworth  
Peter Mabbott(Chair)  
Rebecca Clark  
Rosie Goldsmith(Librarian)  
Simon Moxon  
Tom Parker

Finances

The society received a grant of £173 from the Union and the IC Trust and supplemented this with £127.87 from SGI, leaving the balance paid by individual members. The tickets were sold at £28 each, resulting in a net subsidy of £6.50 per member. This covered transport, Saturday night accommodation and Sunday morning breakfast.

Transport

16 members travelled by Union minibus, departing from Beit Hall at 9.40 (40 minutes later than planned due to issues with London traffic), and with a 10 minute stop at a service station for driver changeover, arriving in Hay-on-Wye at 14.00. 4 members of the tour travelled by train to Bath then drove (car provided by Alex Savell) from there to Hay-on-Wye, meeting the rest of the group on our arrival. The same modes of transport were used for the return journey, leaving Hay-On-Wye at 1630 on Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> and arriving back at Beit Hall at 2130.

Accommodation

At 15.40 on the 27th, the group left Hay-on-Wye and both vehicles drove to Llanthony Priory, where both the bunkhouse and preferred pub are located. The bunkhouse has 20 beds, meaning this was the maximum possible complement for the trip. The society provided the ingredients for a full English breakfast, and a few volunteer chefs (of which there was not a shortage) managed to put an edible meal together. The Priory has been voted the best place to eat and stay for several of these annual tours now and provisional bookings for the next one were made.

Activity

On both days, time spent in Hay-on-Wye consisted mainly of shopping in the second hand bookshops, with tea and food breaks as required. The tour has several aims, one of which is to replenish and add to the ICSF library: Committee members and volunteers among the ordinary members spent both days looking for replacements for lost or damaged books as well as books in the relevant genres which the



Clubs and Societies Board  
13 October 2009

Society has yet to acquire. Those taking part in this were equipped with paper versions of the damaged/lost/requested books and the library database. This task was coordinated through the use of handsets (walkie talkies) to a 'base camp' where a laptop with the electronic version of the database was situated. Another aim of this tour is to introduce members to this town made famous for its second hand bookshops, allowing them to enrich their own collections, which according to feedback from members was successful. The Library gained approximately 120 books and the feedback from members was very positive on both fronts.

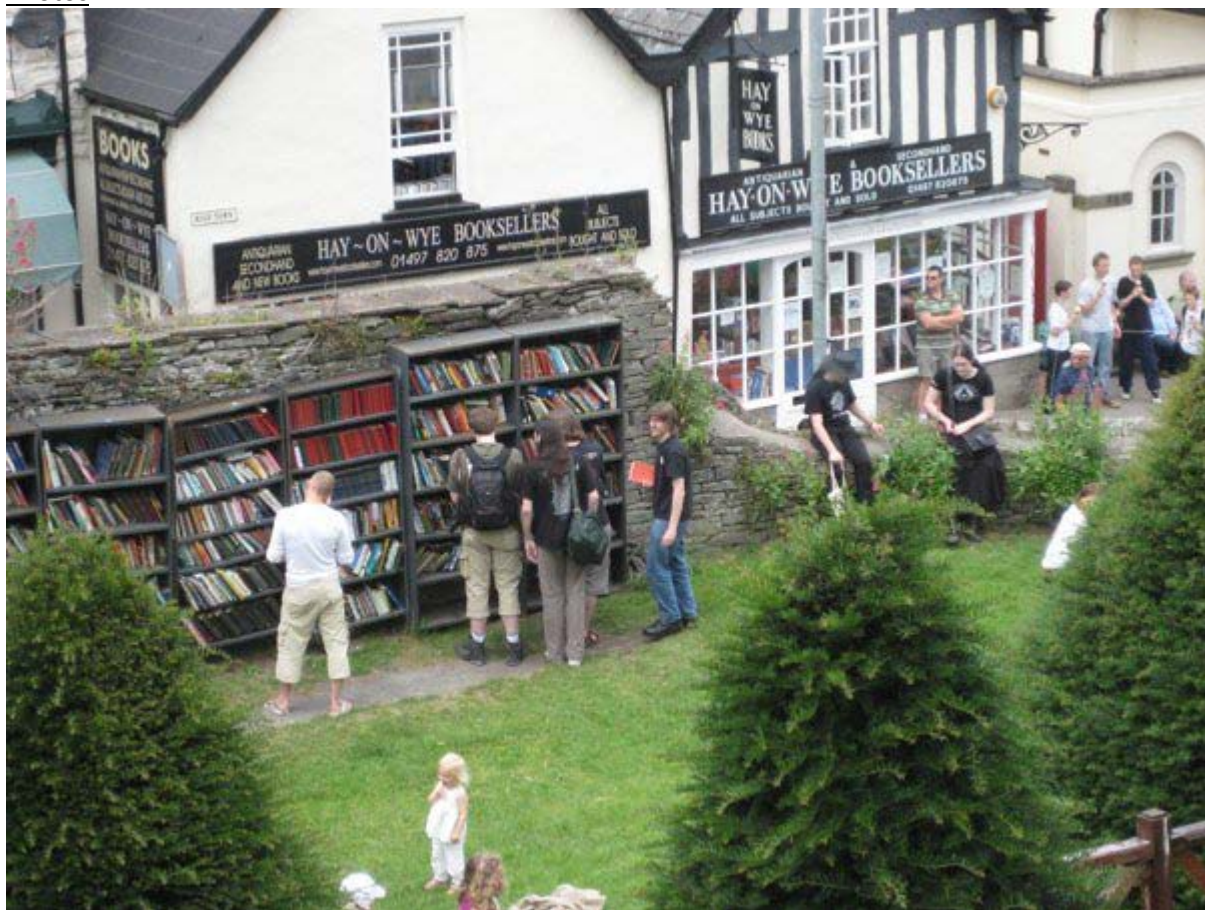
### Feedback and improvements

Apart from a late departure from Beit, the first day went smoothly and the first trial of the handsets as an aid for coordinating Society purchases was successful, with some room for improvement. The two vehicle approach was well coordinated and well received by members as well as allowing more to go on the tour: there was a modicum of drama on the second day when the Union minibus heading back to Hay-on-Wye met a horsebox coming the other way, on a single track road without immediate passing places. The tour had good weather for the time we were outside and the main complaint was the lack of teabags on Sunday morning!

### With thanks to:

Kai Grosskopf for bookings and organisation: Peter Mabbott, Alex Shires and Alex Savell for driving; Alan Parish, Chris Hutchison amongst others for acting as chefa: Benedict Harcourt for manning 'base camp'; David McBride for being tech chief.

### Photos



Start

ing our search at the Castle Bookshop



Brea

kfast at the bunkhouse



Llantho

ny Priory



Clubs and Societies Board  
13 October 2009



full complement of the trip

The

# Imperial College Hockey Club

tour of india 2009

imperial  
college  
union

Imperial College Hockey Club



India 2009



# Content

## Delhi

The touring side take in the sites of India's Capital and discover just how rich and diverse the past of India really was, whilst also discovering the state of living of the common man in today's society.



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## Chandigarh

"We went to Chandigarh where we found some fame, when all we wanted was to play a quick game"

ICHC receive a harsh lesson in how good India really is at hockey when they play Chandigarh Hockey Academy, plus they take in the sights of "The Beautiful City"



page 6

## Corbett & Agra

After the hard fought games in Chandigarh, the tourists have some rest and relaxation in Corbett National Park, where they go on the hunt for tigers. After the National Park, they travel to Agra and discover there is so much more than just the Taj Mahal.



page 10

## Kolkata

One of the main reasons (apart from the hockey) the side went on tour happened in Kolkata. The touring side drop their sticks and don their teaching hats as they visit Future Hope, a charity that takes children from the railway tracks and offer them a hope for the future through education and sport.



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### ICHC India Tour Awards:

- Best Player of Tour - Alex Summers
- Most Sociable Tour Member - Ewan Quince
- Twat of Tour - Nicholas Jones, for his constant whining
- Moment of Tour - Jovan Nedic, for his Dance Routine

Report written by: Jovan Nedic  
Photographs: Douglas Blackie and Jovan Nedic

**A HUGE thank you to Tour Lords, Luke Reynolds and Jack Cornish, for making the tour a reality**

# वेदी

"There were 40 brave travellers all armed with their sticks, who travelled to India for Hockey and kicks" - Extract from the 'Tour Song'

As the first line of the of the Tour Song suggests, the touring side was prepared to have a good time in India and of course, play a few games of hockey along the way. The tourists certainly found these things, but they also discovered so much more, all of which started with the simple task of getting to the hotel in Delhi from Gandhi International Airport. All that we were told was to get to the Vivek Hotel in the Main Bazaar, so as we got into the taxi we duly asked the driver to take us there and we finally got our first taste, and smell, of India.



The front entrance to the Hindu Laxminarayan Temple

The journey to the hotel was varied, depending on which taxi you got in; mine, for example, decided to drop us off opposite the main rail station from where he directed us in the general direction of a mass body of people. Still unsure as to what we were doing, we asked for directions, which ended up with the locals trying to offer us their own hotel as they would get the commission. After several attempts we were eventually told to go in the right direction, which was straight up the main street of the old Bazaar. The street, if you can call it that, had several different stalls and with them, came the added bonus of having the shop keepers trying to get your attention and buy their goods, as well as the lovely smell of Delhi. Let me put it this way... the streets are full of cows wondering freely, which is not a surprise as it is their sacred animal and as a result, they are not allowed to be interfered with, even when they relieve their bowls. Add to that the extreme heat of 45°C and you get the picture...

Eventually, we all made it to the hotel and with it came the blessing of the air conditioning. The first day was a free one, which meant we can do what ever we liked, and after showering and having a quick wonder around the Bazaar, we all met up for a team dinner and our first taste of Indian Cuisine. As quite a few of us expected, the cuisine was better than the curries we get back home and quite wisely, everyone avoided the meat dishes and went for dahl and paneer based curries.

The next morning, the intrepid explorers were up early to avoid the heat and we packed ourselves into air-conditioned taxi's for a tour of Delhi, first stop Laxminarayan Temple. The Laxminarayan Temple is a temple built in honour of the Hindu goddess of wealth, Laxmi, and of her consort, Lord Vishnu – the Preserver in the Trimurti. It is a temple with many shrines, fountains, and a large garden. The temple attracts thousands of devotees on the day of Janmashtami, the birthday of Lord Krishna.



The girls during their interview with Z-TV

Once the taxi drivers had kindly taken us to an emporium where, yes, you've guessed it, they got a commission if we bought something, the group made their way to the main government sector. The sector is home to Parliament, Ministry Building, the Presidential Palace with all roads leading to India Gate, a massive monument to the soldiers who had fought and died in the many wars that the British were involved in, including the first and second world wars. After Katie Cullen, Carina Carter and Ruth Sanbach had finished their interview with Z-TV over the apparent heat wave (which we didn't realise, we just thought it was very hot!) we travelled to our next stop, the Qutab Quarter.

Upon arrival at the Qutab Quarter, we realised that this attraction was in fact not free and we





Some of the players posing in the Qutab Complex

had to pay Rs200 (£2,50) to view the complex. For some, namely Charles Murdoch and Nicholas Jones, it was too much and felt that they had absorbed as much culture as they could in one day. The rest of us coughed up the money and entered the complex.

The Qutab Quarter is a complex of buildings which signify the arrival of Islam to the area. Upon his arrival in the early 12th Century, Qutub-din Aybak destroyed all the Jain and Hindu temples in the region and used the bricks and even the local masons, to build a complex of muslim buildings, including the Qutab Minar, the world's tallest brick minaret at 72.5m high. Other notable features in the complex, excluding the intricate carvings, included an iron pole that never rusted, which we of course questioned as there was no way that in the nine centuries that had passed since its construction the pole had never once rusted.

The next stop on the tour was the Lotus temple, however, not everyone managed to get a good view of it as some of the taxi drivers decided to simply drive past it instead of actually giving some of us the chance to take a picture. Many of us forgave the drivers as the final destination for the day was a UNESCO World Heritage Site, Humayun's Tomb.

Built in 1533, the tomb stands as a monument to the Mughal Emperor Humayun and was commissioned by his wife Hamida Begum. It was the first garden-tomb on the Indian sub-continent and was in fact the pre-cursor to Taj Mahal in Agra. The complex also houses tombs of some of the other Mughal emperors, including



Humayun's Tomb in the Nizamuddin East, Delhi, India, close to the Dina-panah citadel also known as Purana Qila, that Humayun founded in 1533

ing Dara Shikoh who was the son of Emperor Shah Jahan (this is mentioned for a very good reason, which you will find out later!). Seeing as this was a UNESCO World Heritage Site it was not free, but because it was a world famous site, it meant that Murdoch and Jones couldn't really say no to the entry price.



Nedic during his infamous dance routine

With a full day of sightseeing behind us, the touring party made their way back to the Vivek Hotel for showers and then a spot of dinner at Sam's Cafe, conveniently situated on the roof of the hotel. There, the group also had their first fines circle, something which the staff at the cafe seemed to enjoy a fair bit, but not as much as the second time when the group came back from Chandigarh for one night. That very night, both staff and guests alike were entertained with some of the most electrifying entertainment that Delhi has seen this year; a four-way dance off. The contestants this year included Sachin Jivanji who dazzled the audience with the traditional Bhangra Dance, he was hotly followed by Jack Cornish who performed the English Morris Dance and then by Edward Lacey who gave his own interpretation of the Robot. These dances, although admirable, were nothing compared to what was about to follow; a mega-mix compilation of all the dances that had preceded, topped off with his 'signature' move of the Truffle Shuffle (*Ed: this was a forced signature move*). The Cafe erupted with applause and laughter, the beers began to flow, some literally on the floor as they had been knocked over, and thus was born the 'Moment of Tour' which went to the talented dancer\* Jovan Nedic.

\* by talented we mean the most entertainng

The Qutub Minar, the world's tallest brick minaret at 72.5m high





# chandigarh

**"UT Hockey Academy teams toy with visitors" said the Hindustan Times, "[...]humble the guests" said the Chandigarh Tribune. The fact of the matter is that these headlines are actually quite accurate.**



Chris Baker-Brian and goal keeper Edward Lacey block a Chandigarh attack

The touring side left early on Tuesday morning [30.06.2009] from Delhi; thanks to the work of Edward Lacey, the Tour Lord (Luke Reynolds) and the High Chief Wizard of the Fun Police (Jack Cornish) the group got up early to catch the 05:50 train to Chandigarh. To add to the woe of the 40 travelers, it was decided by the higher powers that the visitors should experience the real India and therefore booked the cheapest train possible. The outcome of this trip was not surprising: one stolen rucksack full of Chris Baker-Brian's passport, wallet, phone and camera and one case of the shits for Jack 'don't buy any food on the train' Cornish!

After a five hour journey, which also included Ewan Quince getting stroked by a little Indian child, the visitors arrived at Chandigarh and made their way to the hotel. With only a few hours before the games started, the players had very little time to recover from the lack of sleep, however, they were not going to let this affect their performance.

Chandigarh Hockey Academy, as the name suggests, is an academy for the up-and-coming hockey stars of the Punjabi region. The Academy provides full room and board for the players as well as a free education; all they have to do in return is train in the morning and evenings. With all the hours these athletes put in, it was inevitable that the standard was going to be high. This was a fact that Chandigarh knew all too well and their arrogance knew no bounds when they decided to put out a side full of 16-18 year olds.

At 18:00, after the formalities of meeting various officials, their boys went out to play our men in the hot and sweaty Chandigarh Hockey Stadium which had roughly 400 spectators ready to watch the match. The Imperial team, running out in their mustard yellow tops, started off well with some solid defense and threatening attacks, however, their attempts were fruitless and the score remained 0-0 for the first ten minutes. It was at this point that the heat and humidity started to affect the Imperial men with substitutes coming on as fast as they were coming off. Unfortunately the heat had no effect on the home side who effortlessly scored four goals in the space of ten minutes, despite the best efforts of Chris Baker-Brian, Chris O'Reilly and Man of the Match Owen Connick (Charles Murdoch was distinctly average!)

Eventually Imperial found the faintest of weaknesses on the right hand side of the Chandigarh defense, with Sachin Jivanji breaking down the right hand side before crossing it in for Captain Ewan Quince to score a diving goal leaving the score at half time 4-1 to the hosts.

The second half didn't see the best of starts for Imperial, with Chandigarh scoring another four goals in the first ten minutes. To add salt to the already gaping wound, Captain Ewan Quince told his team at half time



The Imperial ladies fight on valiently

that: "4-1 is not a bad score, we're still in it if we play sensibly for the first ten minutes!" There was no doubt amongst the Imperial squad, the Chandigarh players were clinical in attack.

Despite their best attempts, Imperial were unable to penetrate the Chandigarh defense, something that left striker Daniel Lundy very frustrated after not being able to find the back of the net for the full 60 minutes that he was on the pitch. With the game reaching its conclusion, Chandigarh managed to score three more times leaving the final score 11-1 to the hosts.

The second match of the night saw a swarm of mosquitos, flies, bats and all manner of bugs replace the sweltering temperatures in the stadium. Despite this, the ladies, led by

Captain Teddy Middlebrok, went out fighting (both the bugs and the players) with Emma Beresford popping up all over the pitch, something that caught the attention of a certain 13 year old Indian boy who wanted her phone number. The attack of the Chandigarh ladies was a vicious as the men's, however, goal keeper and Man of the Match Jess Purcell pulled out some spectacular saves, as did Susie Squire who managed to scrape the ball away from her own goal line from a Chandigarh short corner. Imperial's attack performed admirably with special mention going to Katie Cullen who played her first game in seven months. Despite their best efforts, the Imperial ladies finished the match without scoring a single goal and the final score being 11-0 to the home time.

In the early hours of the following morning, the touring side got up for the mixed match, with the push-back at 07:00. Again Chandigarh displayed some tremendous arrogance by putting out a side full of U13 players, which led to two-time 'Twat of the Day' Nick Jones boldly saying: "Is it OK if I run around all of them and score on my own?..." he could not!



Nicholas Jones showing off his skill in the mixed match

Jones' massive ego took a beating when a 10 year old managed to knock him over on one of his runs, something that was going to be the theme of the day. Phil Kloucek also had a bit of a tommy tumble when he fell over a Chandigarh player whilst Kavith Nathwani had a similar fall after a spectacular swing-and-a-miss. Other notable incidents included Douglas Blackie introducing a small Indian player face to the astro and then blaming him for being too small and also to Charles Murdoch whose first touch on the pitch resulted in a P-Flick to the home side, unfortunately goal keeper Alex Summers was unable to stop it going in. In complete contrast (and I mean complete!), the Chandigarh goal keeper, who was nine years old and four-foot-fuck-all tall managed to save Teddy Middlebrook's P-Flick.

The game itself was actually an eventful one, with Chris Baker-Brian and Luke Reynolds both managing to score for Imperial. Unfortunately, this was not enough and the final score ended at 5-2 to Chandigarh.

As you can see, the headlines that appeared in the Indian newspapers were fairly accurate, but everyone left with their spirits high, especially after seeing their faces on the sports pages.



Amanda Cheung and Sheena Cowell at the Garden



Chandigarh, as well as being famous for its sporting academies, is also famous for its Rock Garden. In 1957, a government official by the name of Nek Chand, started to create a secret garden made entirely of industrial and home waste as well as thrown away items. In other words, this garden is literally made of rubbish!

For 18 years, he managed to keep it a secret, but by 1975 the garden was 12-acres big and was eventually spotted by the local authority who took it over and turned it into a public space. Even though it was taken over by the local authority, Ned Chad still had exclusive rights to the park and is still the chief architect of the garden which still uses rubbish to create its features. Today, the garden covers

an area of 40-acres, with interlinked courtyards and waterfalls, all of which have ceramic sculptures of musicians, dancers, warriors and animals. What makes this place so exquisite is the fact that it is artificial and made entirely of rubbish even the waterfalls which look natural from a far but upon closer inspection you find the wall behind the fall made up of mattresses covered with concrete.

We were told by one of the administrators at the Hockey Academy that Chandigarh means 'The Beautiful City', and after visiting the Rock Garden, we could all see why.

One of the many ceramic and concrete sculptures

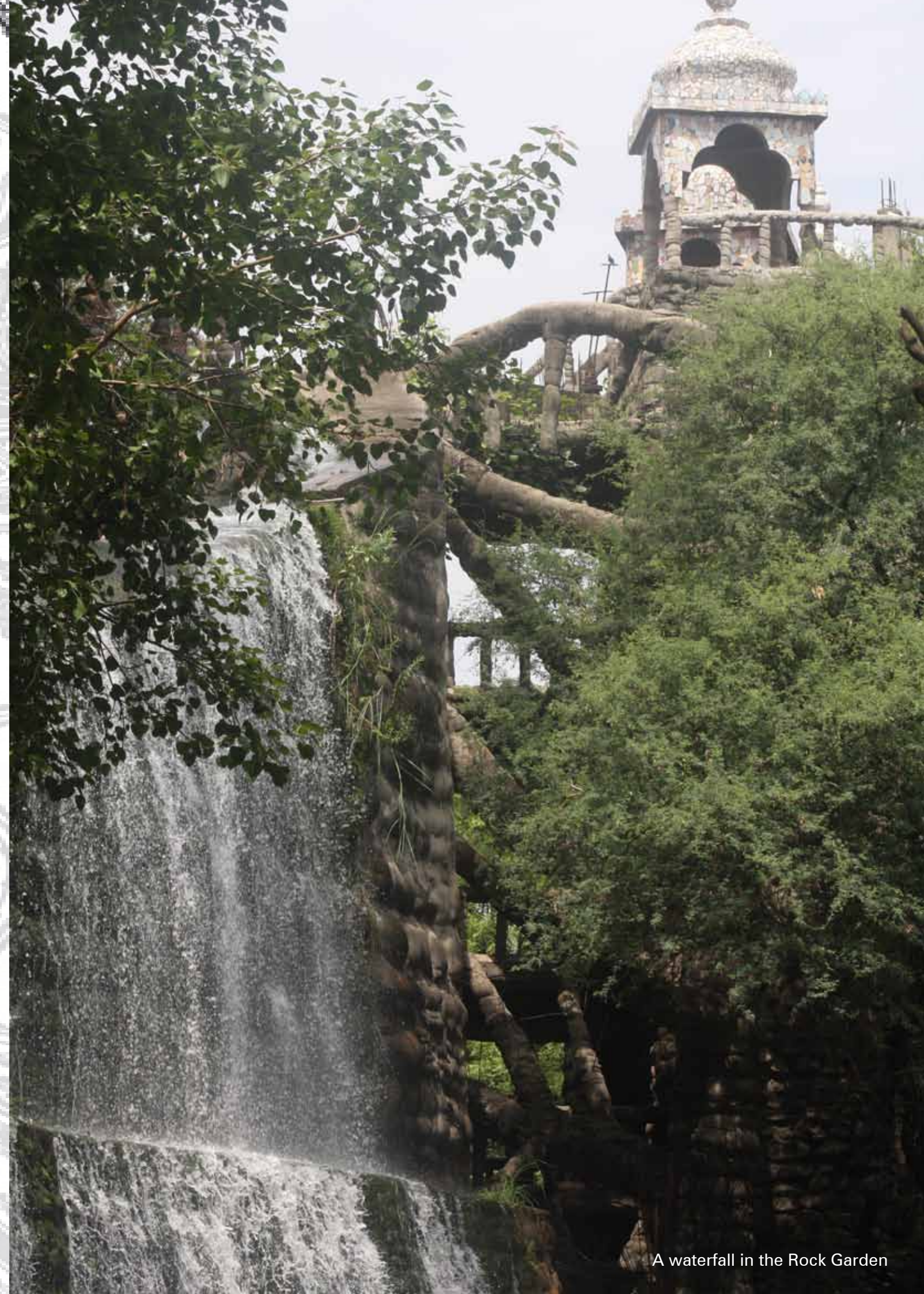


Another sculpture in the park

Camel rides were on offer in the Rock Garden also



One of the warriors at the top of the waterfall



A waterfall in the Rock Garden



# Corbett & Agra

View of the Taj Mahal from Agra Fort



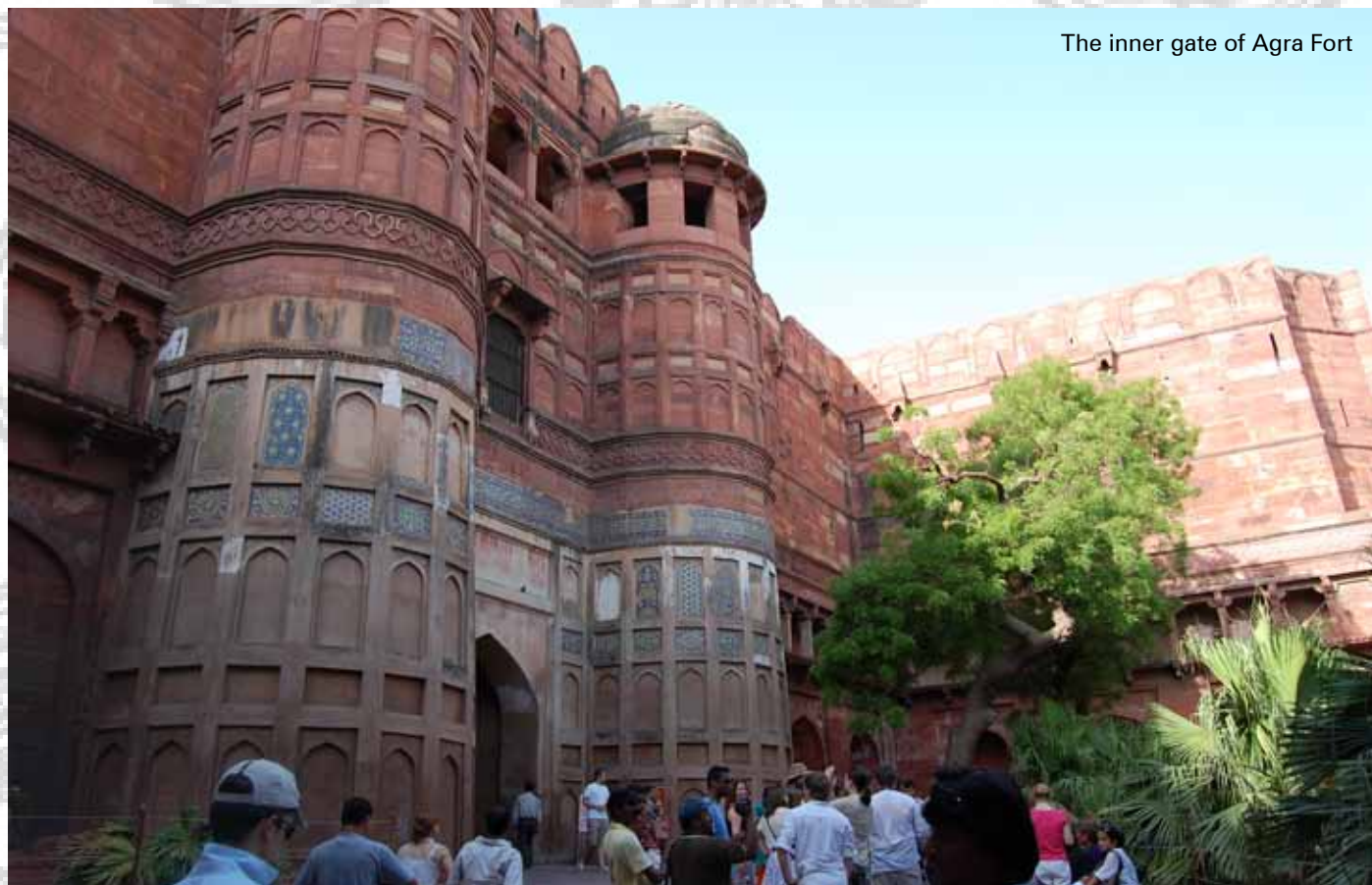
Corbett National Park and Agra were the relaxation parts of the tour. Whilst in Corbett, the party went on an early morning safari where we found a lot of elephants but were unfortunately unable to spot any tigers. The following morning we had to get up early for our second safari, this time on the back of an elephant. To add to the relaxation, the resort we were staying at even had its own pool, which we took full advantage of with the girls sun bathing whilst the boys tried to see how big a human pyramid they could make.

After returning late to Delhi from Corbett, we were once again up early to travel to Agra, all that was between us and the Taj Mahal was a mere 5 hour bus journey. The trip, however, was definitely worth it.

The Taj Mahal was built by the Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan after his wife Mumtaz died upon conceiving their 14th child. After the completion of the Taj Mahal the Emperor, who was already heart broken, became ill and his son Dara Shikoh killed his own brother and imprisoned his father the Emperor in Agra Fort (itself a piece of magnificent art) for seven years with his only view being the Taj Mahal. This so called prison, like most of the other rooms in the fort, was covered in gems and jewels, and even had air conditioning.

Even though we had to get up before 06:00 on all the days, the early mornings were definitely worth it for the treasures that we then saw.

The inner gate of Agra Fort



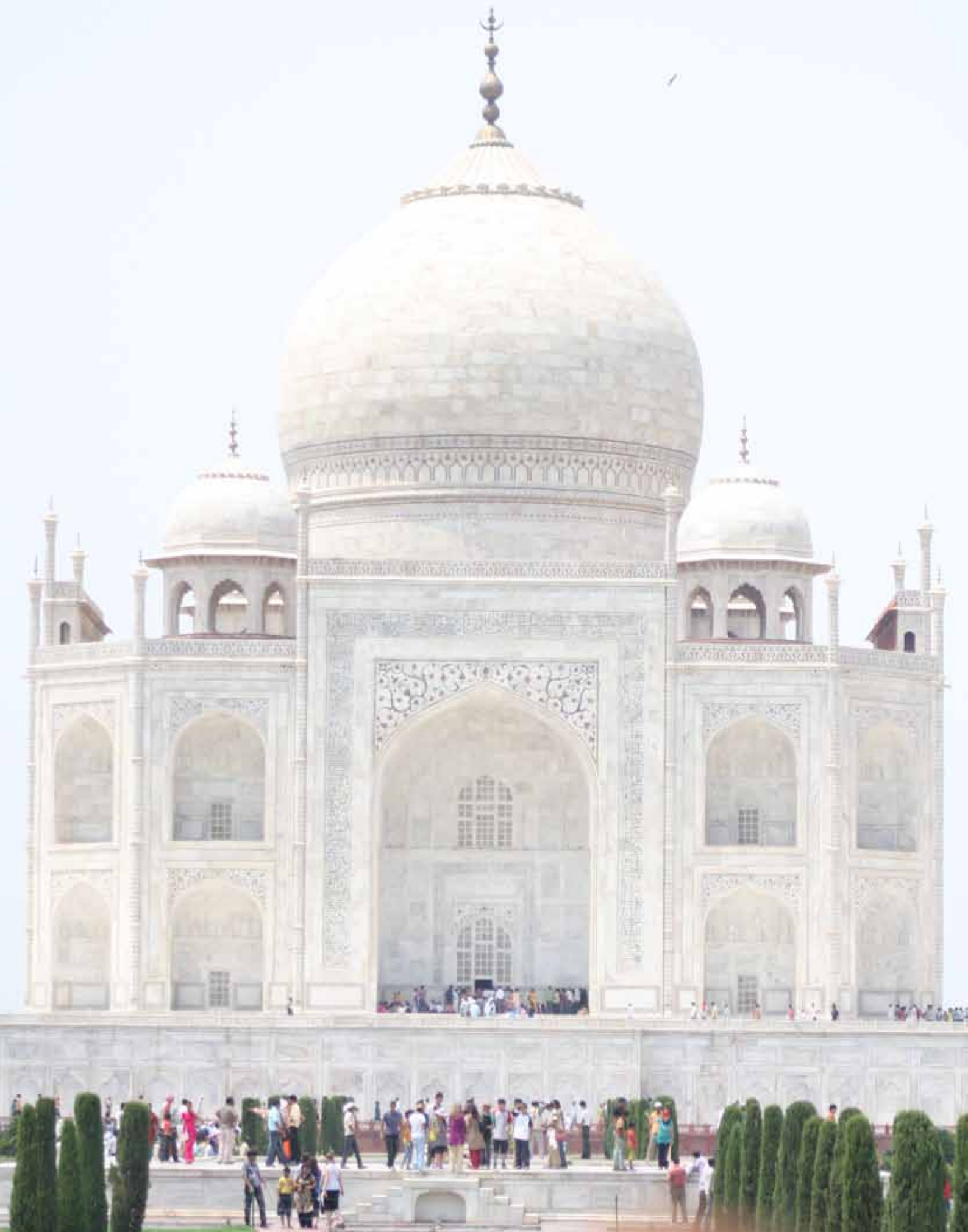
The elephant showing off its tusks to the tourists

Chris Baker-Brian in front of the elephants that took us on safari





Take one guess what this is!



# Kolkata

during our time in India, we had got used to the long journeys, whether it be the four hour train journey to Chandigarh, the five hour bus ride to Agra, the eight hour bus ride to Corbett, or even the nine hour flight to Delhi in the first place, we considered ourselves to be seasoned travellers. Yet these journeys were nothing compared to the one that was about to follow, a 17-hour train journey to Kolkata from Delhi, all of this thanks to our organisers. To quote another line from the Tour Song "We travelled and travelled, no time to relax, the fun police present with constant attacks."\* Although we have mocked the Fun Police many a time, mainly Luke Reynolds and Jack Cornish who were the tour organisers and Edward Lacey who organised the train journeys, the entire group is indebted to their hard work and dedication, even if it resulted in a few people getting grumpy in the early hours.



Above: On the train to Kolkata whilst below, Alex Summers on his way to the oppositions goal

The fact that we were such seasoned travellers, meant that the train journey actually went off without a hitch, the time just flew by and before we knew it, we were arriving in Kolkata, where we saw for the first time, the endless sea of children living next to the train tracks.



Our residence in Kolkata was to be the Tollygunge Club, far more up-market than any of the other places we had been to yet it still cost £15 a night! The club boasted squash courts, tennis courts, driving range, massage parlour, several restaurants and bars, as well as an 18-hole golf course, the second oldest in the world. Predictably, we all had a go at the golf course, some fairing better than others; one notable mention has to go to Charles Murdoch who off the tee on the first hole managed to drive a whole five yards, before throwing his toys out of the pram when he saw the clubs his caddy had brought him!

In between their trips to Future Hope, the touring side also went on a tour of Kolkata, which still had many Victorian buildings, including the Victoria Monument, St Paul's Cathedral and the Botanical Gardens. In the evening, we also experienced the nightlife of Kolkata when we went to Moulin Rouge, which turned out to be a restaurant, and The Roxy, which is a nightclub under the Park Hotel. We danced into the early hours of the morning where we dazzled the locals with our dancing skills to such tunes as 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody', 'Staying Alive', 'Single Ladies' and, of course, 'Grease Lighting' at the end of the night!

We also saw our second set of opponents in Kolkata, however, the match was scheduled hours before we had to catch the train, so thus far we only know the half time score. Since it was the last game, nearly all 40 players had some time on the pitch, for some, it was their first time on a grass pitch in a long time, whilst for others, it was their first time out of position. Memorable highlights included 'Player of Tour' Alex Summers, stalwart of the Hockey Club for eight years, who decided to leave his familiar surroundings of the goal and venture up-field where he scored his first ever goal for Imperial. Congratulations! Other highlights included fielding a full women's team, only to swap them for a complete men's team when the girls let a goal in and Daniel Lundy repeatedly missing the goal. At half time, Imperial were in the lead and looked like it was going to be a comfortable win, which it was. The 15 remaining players finished the game 6-2 winners.

\* if you wish to see the full version, you can find it on the hockey club website: [imperialhockey.co.uk](http://imperialhockey.co.uk)



# Kolkata & Future Hope

One of the main reasons we went to Kolkata was to visit Future Hope. Future Hope was set up over eighteen years ago to provide a home, education, medical aid and opportunity to some of the children of Kolkata who found themselves living on the streets of the city. These children suffer extreme poverty and have little or no ability to change their lives. More than anything they need the love and security of a home. Future Hope now runs six homes where more than 200 former street children live and enjoy life.

Whilst we were there, we took part in several classes and activities ranging from reading to the children in the library, teaching maths and science in the classrooms, something that went a bit wong for Miss Wong, and playing games in the courtyard. In the afternoon, everyone went over to the main park in Kolkata where we played rugby and football with the children. It turns out that Future Hope is in fact quite good at rugby, something that even the little ones were trying to prove as they attacked Jovan and 'Most Sociable Tour Member' Ewan in the school hall just before going to the park; even more impressive is the fact that 19 of the 22 players in the Indian Rugby Squad all originated from Future Hope.

The children were, for lack of a better word, adorable. They were all eager to learn in the classroom and eager to enrich their knowledge of life outside India, as could be seen with the number of questions they were asking us all. What is also remarkable is how aware the children were of the situation they were in, one child told us that '[he] used to pickpocket and steal so I would be able to eat, I now see that there are alternatives and I'm thankful for the opportunity I've been given.'

Future Hope needs roughly £200,000 every year to function and relies on the generous donations of individuals to ensure that these children of Kolkata have a hope for a better future. To aid the charity in their secondary target of setting up a sporting academy in the region, Imperial College Hockey Club donated 40 hockey sticks and a goalkeepers kit, in the hope that they will go some way to making the dreams of Future Hope a reality.

Many of the Imperial students have left Kolkata with fond memories of Future Hope; whether it be the smiles and laughter of the children, the fun they have in the park, or the eagerness to learn so that they can have a better future. At the same time, as we said farewell and boarded the train back to Delhi, we realised there are so many more children for whom this dream is not yet a reality.



Douglas Blackie helping the children read



Smiling face at Future Hope



The young rugby players attempting to tackle Jovan Nedic



Sam Stout and Douglas Blackie playing football with the kids



Susie Squire, Maddy Coke, Ewan Quince and Sheena Cowell pose with some of the children from Future Hope



The exterior of the school



Alex Summers with one of the staff members from Future Hope



Maria Parkes reading to a child





## **Fellwanderers in the Trata's** by Heather Jones (Fellwanderers Secretary 08-09)

Allow me introduce you to the characters featuring in the epic saga I describe herein. Nathaniel 08-09 President of the Fellwanderers and former President of Cinema Soc organised this expedition along with Rafal, our driving Pole who, as readers will note, smoothed many pitfalls lying in our path. They were accompanied by 7 others, meeting at Krakow bus station in the late afternoon of Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> June, they were; Chris, the geologist, Fellwanderers President 07-08 and (terrifyingly) the group first aider, Yvonne the friendly Scot recently voted most helpful Fellwanderer, Ande, maths genius\* and OCD Fellwanderers treasurer elect, Jim, our “experimental” quartermaster elect, Gavin, future Sailing Soc President, Joe, Chem Soc Chair elect and finally myself, Heather Fellwanderers Secretary 08-09 and therefore the one responsible for inflicting this saga on you, loyal Felix reader.

Though I imply above that the saga commenced at Krakow bus station, and officially it did, I would be remiss if I didn't inform you of the delightful mishaps that befell us before arriving at the start of tour. On the way to catch the plane Nathaniel, Ande and myself were patiently standing at Clapham Junction awaiting the next Gatwick train when Ande started a frenzied search and it soon became apparent that he had lost his wallet at some stage between buying his train ticket and the platform, a feat accomplished by very few I'm sure. After a frantic bag search as the minutes ticked by it was established not on the platform. Ande next abandoned us with his luggage to search the ticket court and upon having had no luck was on the point of despair before, fortuitously, the Security Guard who found it appeared at the hand-in desk. Thankfully we made it onto the train.

This was not the only interesting bus station journey, others had similar stories of woe. Chris and Yvonne had managed to board a train with a woman exhibiting very odd behaviour. Her handbag was continually over her face and it was established eventually that she was throwing up into it, indeed by the time they arrived and Chris had gentlemanly donated a plastic bag the handbag was full and good for nothing but a swift binning.

Finally, Joe's ambition was to fly hand baggage only. However, at Ryanair's check in desk he was overweight and with an oversized bag. He thought he had a solution, he was carrying kilos of pasta, rice and couscous which he thought he would be able to rebuy in Krakow. So, he nonchalantly wandered over to a bin, being guarded by a security guard and stuffed each package, individually through the tiny airport bin lid. He returned to the check-in desk. No. Overweight. Having no choice now but to check-in, he wasn't about to lose our food and so he wandered back to the bin. In full view of the same security guard he was forced to dig in and retrieved the first package of rice, then the second. As he began to retrieve the couscous someone arrived with a coffee cup, he asked them to wait... A small queue had developed by the time the last bag of pasta had been retrieved. Unsurprisingly, Joe didn't confess where the rice, pasta and couscous had been until after they'd been eaten.

So, we met at Krakow bus station to catch a bus to Zakopane where we planned to spend the night before going into the mountains. Typical Fellwanderers timing meant the bus left 5 minutes after we arrived but we made it on and the bus fare was only 15 zloty (£3) for a 2 hour ride! However, it was not the smoothest journey, part way out of Krakow the bus had a collision with a car wanting to come off a slip road. Expecting a delay whilst they shared insurance details etc. we were surprised when the result was the coach door swinging open for the driver to spew a string of abuse at the car driver. The car proceeded to have a road rage fit, darting in and out of traffic and slamming his brakes



on suddenly in an attempt to get the bus to stop. Our driver's response was to incense him further with hand gestures. Eventually we merely drove away when the car driver stopped to investigate the damage.

Upon arriving in Zakopane we could tell it had recently rained hard, we wandered to the hostel where we found Jim and the most hideously out of tune piano I have ever attempted to play. We were soon introduced to our room and then wandered out to find a restaurant to eat in. After a few false starts we found one on the central street in Zakopane with authentic live Polish music playing whilst we ate. The full meal, including drinks came to less than £5. Upon our return we began to distribute group kit for the following days walk and came to the conclusion that leaving some food at the hostel as we were going to return at the start of the second week was the best plan. Ande was already beginning to protest that he couldn't take too much kit or it wouldn't tessellate in his bag and made this point by taking 2 hours to pack.

After our Ande enforced late night the 6:45 wake up was tough, though the free breakfast they provided did help matters. Nathaniel noticed that he couldn't find his passport but was confident it would turn up and we left anyway. A short bus journey later and we met Eva and took the first momentous steps into the mountains from Javorina, ~1000m. We first wandered up through forest and stopped for 1<sup>st</sup> lunch at a rest stop with a model bear which Rafal proceeded to ride. (see picture)

The slog upwards continued and we were eventually rewarded with an alpine meadow and beautiful view of the valley we were climbing. The packs were heavy as we reached the first pass and it was my first foray into the foot surgery that was to become a twice daily ordeal. After a short break we pushed on, eager to have second lunch at the hut. Our first mountain hut was situated by a lake with breathtaking views around the whole valley. Over lunch ambition overtook us and we decided that despite the hard trekking we'd already completed we were going to try to bag a peak that afternoon.

Jahnaci stit is 2230m and was, according to the map, less than a 4 hour round trip and as we were doing "map time" with full pack on we assumed we'd be able to make it up in much less. Not everyone wanted to participate, Rafal and Yvonne stayed at the hut to nap and relax. All was going well and we got up some pretty impressive chained sections before the first peal of thunder echoed round the valley. After a quick photo we started scrambling down, not wanting to be caught on wet slippery rock with chains. By the time everyone was down the chains the storm had started in earnest and we still had an exposed snow section to cover whilst forks of lightning flashed around us. By the time we got back to the hut the rain had stopped and a worried Rafal and Yvonne greeted us. They were soon reassured and dinner was prepared, as it turned out, one of the great successes of the trip, Spicy Sausage Pasta.

The next day we were all up at 6:30 instead of 7 due to an irritating alarm setting error, it was the first wonderful day of porridge mix for breakfast. Despite the extra faff factor of a miniscule room and wet kit from the previous day we were out by ~8.10 and eagerly anticipating the fearsome zigzags we'd seen the previous day. Before we reached the zig zags there was a chained section which was certainly more interesting with full packs! However, as we reached the zigzags both Rafal and I had failing joints and reached the pass a long way after Jim who to my eye merely bounced up. At the pass we made a small detour to a small peak, 2038m, from which we could see the thunderstorms ravaging the towns in the Tatra basin, beneath the mountains. Eager to continue we

decided to have lunch at the hut next to Lomnický štít which stands at 2634m and has a cable car taking tourists to the top. The only other way up there is by some serious climbing so we merely observed it in awe as thunder and lightning moved ever closer.

Eventually we decided to make a move and were effectively chased to our next hut by the thunderstorm luckily arriving just before the really torrential rain started. However, it didn't last long and certain energetic elements of the group decided their bodies hadn't had enough abuse for the day and took the hour and a half walk into Starý Smokovec to gorge on icecream sundaes and buy treats like crystal squash mix and vodka. The rest of us patiently waited playing card games until, suddenly, we heard a smash and the distinctive smell of vodka wafted through the hut.

Joe had lovingly carried a bottle of vodka up an hour and a half of rocky path, cooled it in a waterfall just to drop it on the steps of the hut. His face as he regarded the shards of his dream on the floor has thankfully been captured for all of time by Jim. To make matters worse the hut owned a dog, and as if to add insult to injury it happily lapped up all of the vodka and happily lay down to sleep it off... Later that evening Chris was upset when he was informed that not only was that night's meal vegetarian but that we had no further plans to include meat in meals for the rest of the week. The evening was concluded with a feasibility discussion over buying dried sausage to carry with us the rest of the way to sustain the carnivores.

The next day was with daysacks and though we planned to conquer an impressive snow covered pass, as we observed people turning back we reassessed the situation and decided for a pleasant scramble up a different pass, taking us up to 2376m with a beautiful view of the valley beyond. We turned back, eager to beat the afternoon rain and had lunch in Teryho Chata. Joe was eager to buy some replacement vodka so accompanied Nathaniel and I into town where we were also on a sausage buying mission. After the delights of 2 sundaes each we returned to the hut, happily and this time with vodka intact. After a good attempt at persuading Chris the sausage shop had been closed we settled down to a Gavin and Jim creamy mushroom sauce with pasta.

For me, day 5 was the most punishing of the whole trek. It was 6 hours according to the map but covered a huge distance that was misleadingly referred to as contouring. Slovaks, it seems, cannot build flat paths it was merely a brutal sequence of uncomfortable ups and downs not helped by the insane blisters my boots had given me. When eventually we stopped for lunch at Sliezsky dom Chris practically had to perform minor foot surgery on me whilst everyone else lunched. Eventually we continued in blistering heat with our next stop at a lake where, much to Chris's irritation, Nathaniel, Jim, Ande and Joe insisted going in, each emerging with various cuts and scrapes.

We continued the slog along to the high point of the day 1966m which seemed to be at the top of a neverending corner of brutal proportions, we were almost in tears when we saw the pole marking the top and settled down to wait for Rafal who had been suffering from dehydration. When those accompanying Rafal arrived they brought unwelcome friends, a swarm of flies which soon gave us motivation to get down (along with the impending rain). Our next stop was effectively a hotel by a beautiful lake though to get to it we had to descend a sheer 500m slope with a zigzag path precariously cut into the side. Here I managed to slip, almost falling off the edge and impressively scraping my knees in the process. Eventually I arrived and Chris looked despairingly at the umpteenth injury he'd had to treat that day. Indeed, in this case he left it to me to shower and pick the gravel out of my wound whilst everyone enjoyed the comforts of a soft bed and unlimited warm showers.

Almost everyone managed to have a fail that day, mostly as it was a brutal slog:

- Ande managed not to get breakfast as he'd been so long faffing it was all eaten by the time he arrived
- Gavin managed to put suncream all over his clothes and the floor, though notably not himself
- I managed to drop my bottle of water down a steep slope, having to scramble down it before anyone responsible spotted me doing anything untoward
- Yvonne incorrectly wrapped up her chocolate and the whole upper compartment of her bag ended up in a chocolate covered mess
- Jim managed to go one better, getting chocolate inside the whole of his bag and over almost all of his possessions, chocolate covered passports, yum...
- Joe managed to spill a full pint of beer, indeed with his track record anyone would think he didn't want to drink.
- Chris managed to contaminate his bag with crystal squash named Tang, meaning things would suddenly get very fruity should his pack ever get wet!
- Finally Nathaniel made the most girly scream possible when emerging from the lake and followed this fail up with a moment of chilli flake consuming folly!

On Day 6 the group split into three, Rafal and I were on orders to rest and took a short stroll into the town to do some shopping, Chris and Yvonne were eager to bag peaks and conquered Rysy at 2499m and the rest did a long circular walk with Eva. Rafal and I saw the most amazing weather whilst in town, so much hail the ground was totally white and enough water to significantly flood the bus station. We worried for the others but upon their return it appeared we had suffered the brunt of the storm and they'd only had some rain. Those on the circular walk returned late, looking shattered but happy having been up to an impressive 2314m.

The next day was generally a rest day as the next day was climbing and descending the dreaded Rysy, it was also Chris and Yvonne's final day of tour. Whilst most people climbed Koprovsy stit at 2363m Joe, Nathaniel and I decided to sample the delights of Poprad instead, despite Rafal's derision at the idea. We first visited the cemetery for those claimed by the mountains. Tragically the average age was very similar to ours, 20 or so and Rafal translated some tragic stories including that of the 3 12 year olds claimed by an avalanche whilst skiing. It was sobering considering Chris and Yvonne had said the descent the next day was steep and dangerous looking.

We continued down to catch the train and found there was no mechanism for buying tickets. The train went incredibly slowly but eventually we pulled into Poprad station, which they appeared to be in the process of demolishing. As we walked through bricks and plaster were falling from one side of the window, with no discernable attempts to prevent the public putting themselves in danger. With very little idea of where central Poprad was but with stomachs demanding attention Nathaniel

popped into a hotel to ask for assistance and we were furnished with a town map marking all of Poprad's points of interest.

We headed towards the restaurant signs and after some deliberation settled on a place with menus with German translations and crucially, pictures. Nonetheless, especially when it comes to soup, the pictures aren't much help and we ended up with the most potent garlic soup I have ever encountered as well as a delightful Borsh. Ordering a main course was even more interesting and Joe ended up with battered, deep fried cheese and ham which he seemed unreasonably happy with. We continued our day with the museum of Poprad which definitely ranks highly in the bizarre museum trip stakes. The lady behind the desk spoke no English or indeed anything other than Slovakian and tried to help us understand by giving us an "English" crib sheet for the exhibits which was actually in German. Nonetheless we had a good time and made sure we viewed all of Poprad's sites before getting back on the train, this time with tickets, and returning to the hut for Chris and Yvonne's goodbye dinner. On the way back it started to rain shortly before the hut and in his haste Nathaniel managed to do something I have genuinely never seen before, he put his coat on upside down so that the hood was down his back. It was early to bed as we were climbing Rysy the next day and thereby reaching our high point.

Day 8, Rysy day, started badly with an ill Nathaniel constantly emitting his body's reaction to extreme garlic soup and an uncooked sausage consumed the previous day. We started walking at 7am but the pace soon started to drop as Ande was plagued by calf strain. The chains up to the hut were barely necessary and indeed we saw a Sherpa carrying supplies to the hut without even bothering! By the time we got to the hut the weather was moving in but we stubbornly continued. By 2000+m it was getting noticeably harder to breathe and the sense of achievement at the top was amazing, despite the intermittent view.

We did not linger, concerned about the weather and sure enough, on the most technically challenging section of the day the rain started and visibility dropped to less than 5m. We descended in convoy and it seemed to take forever. Eventually we reached the path section but even now there was still a good 500m to descend and we were all getting brutally tired and hungry. However, there was no obvious place to rest on such a steep slope so we continued. Dramatically, Rafal slipped on the smallest patch of snow we had to cross and gashed his head open. Nathaniel had a lapsed first aid certificate and tried to help, but only succeeded in putting a giant plaster over not only his forehead but his left eye as well. Perhaps full marks for effort, but another first aid course might be in order...

Eventually we stopped for lunch after Jim and I almost drive Rafal insane with our whimpering hunger. Bread, cheese and "cat meat" (unidentifiable potted meat) have never tasted as good as that wonderful day. An hour or so later we finally arrived at the hut and were in a shared room with other intrepid trekkers. Everyone was exhausted and just wanted to eat drink and rest and so we did. Dinner was the most basic couscous ever just ingredients shoved in couscous which then had boiling water added. We really didn't care. Indeed, we were all in bed between 8:30 and 9, true proof of how brutal the day's climbing had been!

The next day was merely a return to Zakopane (or Jim's preferred pronunciation Zak-the-pony) via the valley of the 5 Polish lakes and then either a bus or long walk back to town. Everyone's muscles were aching from the previous day and progress was generally slow, by this stage I had begun to take

concerning doses of Ibuprofen to keep my various aches and pains under control. We had another amazing storm on our way down and after a very wet bus journey were able to congratulate Nathaniel MEng on having a degree! Later Jim and Ande arrived too, to receive results and we set off in good spirits to a traditional restaurant recommended by Rafal's friends. It was an amazing restaurant where the waiter effectively picked our food dependent on our preferences. That night was the night where the bottle of vodka promised by Rafal to the Fellwanderers team doing best in the Four Inns Challenge, undertaken earlier in the year, materialised and with so much to celebrate we all tucked in enthusiastically, some too enthusiastically. By the time Nathaniel was swaying I knew it was time to call it a night, but Jim and Joe disagreed and as a result everyone had the delightful experience of being woken in the night by him throwing up out of the window, including the poor Polish man sharing a room with us.

The next morning Nathaniel went outside with a mop and along with Joe had a hung over day whilst the rest of us climbed Koscielce, which Rafal found an inexplicably frightening experience, indeed Ande managed to scare him whilst sitting still on the top whilst moving his arms around excitedly. When we got back Joe and Nathaniel were mostly recovered whilst we were all extremely tired. We tried to order in pizza without success, and instead went to the pizzeria, a brilliant idea. It was amazing food and we headed back happy and full, eager to sleep before our next day of trekking.

On Day 11 the day started with bad weather and everyone was sleepy, Ande's bag seemingly refused to tessellate and everyone felt fractious as we set off late. Matters were not helped by taking the wrong path initially and most of us were so exhausted that we didn't bother to do anything after we reached the hut, though Gavin was kind enough to try and teach us to play bridge. However, the indestructible Jim and Joe somehow summoned the energy to do another walk and even got the cable car whilst we wasted time! We ended up in bed by 10 with everyone shattered and another epic trekking day ahead.

The next day, as Joe attempted to have his morning shower, he had what he likes to refer to as his "epic success". He walked in on two girls getting changed together in the shower, and so with an extra spring in at least HIS step we set off through weather that can only be described as "Wales". It was wet, we couldn't see anything, it was so windy we considered turning back and worst of all it was cold! We followed the Polish Slovakian border along a ridge hovering around a height of 2000m with zero visibility and even managed to get Rafal confused over which side of the ridge Poland and Slovakia were! Interestingly it should be noted that Joe's shower experience was not his only Cassanova like behaviour on the trip, upon descending from Rysy he paused and almost immediately got chatted up by a teenage Polish girl. Also, there was his embarrassing incident when returning from the shower his towel just "happened" to drop in front of the well populated lounge...

Suddenly we heard shouting behind us, somehow we had lost Ande and due to the steep cliffs either side this was a matter for some concern. Wind and rain didn't help and when we were eventually reunited it turned out he'd been trying to shout he was ok but the wind was too strong for anyone to hear. Happily the clouds cleared for the last summit and though it was still chilly we had views for lunch. On the way down we met King Alfred School from Oxford, a specialist Sports College who were boldly doing the same walk as us, but backwards.

The next hut was lovely and we all felt an urgent need for supplementary food including Bigos an amazing Polish soup that the group were becoming obsessed by. Showering turned out to be less

than straight forward when Jim locked himself in with the room key and Rafal, yet again, came to the rescue. At the previous hut we had blocked the only sink and he certainly gave the impression of being sick of having to fix everything us pesky undergrads messed up.

Day 13 was the last “proper trekking” day and it was relatively short to allow for the final day to be an amazing goodbye to the Tatras. Nonetheless Jim, Joe and Gavin decided to do an afternoon walk and managed the 4h15 walk in under 2 hours! After some tasty spag bol we went to bed ready for one of the best walks of the trip.

The last day of walking was beautiful, first there was a slog up through a forest but we emerged onto a giant horseshoe ridge encompassing 7 major peaks. The weather was good until lunchtime when it began to rain, thankfully not too severely, and whilst some decided to bag a final peak named Starorobocianski Wierch, 2158m we descended. That day we had run out of food slightly, due to a shopping miscommunication, however Jim, Ande, Joe and Gavin were convinced that with onion, garlic salt, milk powder, gouda, sausage, porridge, sugar, herbs and spices and a pack of bourbon biscuits they could make something edible. We were all doubtful, especially Rafal who resorted to hut food even before their attempt.

I have to say that especially considering their ingredients the main course at least was a great success, oat balls with a creamy sausage sauce and a cheese side were truly excellent however “dessert” was where they fell down a little. For any freshers reading this, be warned you CANNOT make cheesecake with Gouda and attempts to do so are a crime against humanity. The prevailing kitchen opinion appeared to be “if we add enough sugar it will work”. Error. The tang and powdered milk sauce as a side was particularly unwelcome. I actually felt ill after the cheesecake and was one of the few who tried it! On this cheesy bombshell we went to bed.

The last day of tour involved very little walking, about an hour and a half down a straight road and then we were getting buses back to Krakow. After being too busy in Tesco and missing one bus to Krakow we caught another one and were quickly installed at our hostel whilst Rafal went home. Missing the bus had upset Rafal and we promised we would meet him punctually at 6:45 at the town clock for dinner, and we so, so nearly made it except for (predictably)\*\* Ande. Some had to get cash out before the restaurant and we found Nathaniel and Gavin again but no Ande. The prevailing opinion was that he’d gone on ahead but as we walked towards the meetup point it was apparent this was not the case!

A few phonecalls later and it transpired we’d somehow left him behind, Rafal sighed before dropping us off at the restaurant and picking Ande up from the train station. The restaurant was amazing and we collectively ordered something called “the Trough”, effectively a giant shared platter of meat, dumpling and all other amazing Polish food. We polished it off with dumplings and after a quick drink we all rolled back to the hostel except Jim and Joe who went off for a night out in the town, rolling in around 5 having fallen prey to kebabs. I awoke to see Jim passed out, fully clothed on his bed, feet still on the floor with an unfinished kebab beside him. Oh dear. This was the final meal of tour, and also when Joe confessed where the original rice, pasta and couscous had been during their unorthodox trip to Poland...

Perhaps this summarises this tour, there were so many truly epic failures that not all of them fit into this report but before you go here are just a few more:

- Joe managed to knock over a full pint of beer in search of remnants of a previous rum shot
- Ande adding salt to his sweet pancakes instead of sugar before anyone could warn him off, he maintained it still tasted good, I'm fairly sure he lied
- Jim's failed attempt at dealing cards when so tired he managed to deal himself and Joe twice the number anyone else got.

Perhaps it's always what happens when you go away without a responsible adult present but I'm sure we had more than our fair share of special moments and I'm proud to announce that the Fellwanderer with the most epic fail's was Joe Rumer, Chem Soc chair. Chemists, be proud, you have a true genius representing you next year! I think everyone who attended would like to thank Eva, Rafal and Nathaniel wholeheartedly for making this trip happen, it really was amazing, good luck Alex, with making next summer tour as epic as this one!

\*it is worth noting Ande strenuously denies being a maths genius and this merely represents the views of the author and the rest of the group, not an empirical observation

\*\*Ande objects to this passage and still feels sore about his abandonment in Krakow

#### **A quick note about finances** by Nathaniel Bottrell (Fellwanderers President 08-09)

The union have received all flight receipts in order to claim the travel tour subsidy kindly awarded at the tour funding meeting. Many other travel costs were incurred, these did not always have receipts but have still been included. Since some items were purchased in both Euro's and Zlotty for the purpose of this section the approx exchange rate of 0.909 £ to € and 0.2 £ to zł has been used. All the travel costs for the group are listed below.

<b>Description</b>	<b>Amount</b>
Travel to airport	£112.00
Flights	£983.92
Train to Krakow	£25.60
Bus to Zakopane	£64.00
Local Buses	£70.40
Train for early leavers	£29.09
<b>Total</b>	<b>£1,255.92</b>
Tour Money	£508.70
Percentage	40.50%

The following table documents non travel spending paid by the group. A kitty was used to manage this. The club paid for £100.16 of food bought in the UK.

<b>Description</b>	<b>Amount</b>
Hut Deposits	£156.74
Slovak Kitty	£818.18
Polish Kitty	£360.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>£1,334.92</b>

The final summary for the group is.

<b>Description</b>	<b>Amount</b>
Travel Costs	£1,255.92
Non Travel Costs	£1,334.92
Travel Subsidy	-£508.70
<b>Total</b>	<b>£2,082.14</b>

Most people on average spent £100 each on extras that were not included in the tour costs.



## Bo' Summer Tour to the Isle of Wight, Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup> August – Wednesday 2<sup>nd</sup> September



Figure 1 – Boanerges in the Quad – Spring 2009

With a flurry of activity on the 25<sup>th</sup> August, the Bo' garage was quickly emptied of every asset considered invaluable for a 200 mile excursion to the Door Mat of England – the Isle of Wight. The 1902 James & Browne, Boanerges was promptly loaded onto a trailer and hitched up to the ever reliable (if well used) red Union minibus, the 1926 Ner-a-car motorbike, Derrick was of course lifted into position to almost replicate the closeness the 2 VVMC vehicles have in the garage.

By 11:30 the road train of minibus and trailer had arrived in Portsmouth; ably pilot by Dan Lehmann. Having only recently acquired parts to maintain the water jacket, Robert Carter and Dave Hankin quickly set to sealing Bo's water jacket ahead of the first few miles across Portsmouth to the Wight Link Ferry. Having arrived at the ferry terminal, and positioned in the queue, I was asked by a terminal official “what’s the dripping from the bottom?” assuming he meant the oil slick we were seeping as a consequence of our total loss oiling system, I reliably informed him it was

“just a little water from our cooling system”, the official seemed satisfied.

After an uneventful 40 minute ferry crossing of Bo' steadily braked and chocked on the boat, we drove off the boat under our own power ready to begin our Southern Isle adventure, but not before we were greeted by Chris Lumb [chairman of the Old Centrellian trust who had provided a substantial donation towards the tour] who happened to be at the ferry terminal. After a quick ‘how do you do’ Team Bo' continued across the Island to Fort Redoubt, Freshwater Bay which would be our residence for the first couple of days.

By the end of the first day numerous Team Bo' alumni had arrived as well as Jezebel and Clementine.

For our first full day, Team Bo' + Alumni in various vehicles decided to venture south to Ventnor via the visually stunning coast road. With a reliable side wind and the odd sunny spell Bo' was able to power up every hill thrown at



Figure 2 – Bo' ascends on the Military road on the way to Freshwater Bay

him and attended the Botanical Gardens in good time.

On Thursday we were to drive from Freshwater Bay to Havenstreet via Cowes and the north coast of the island. Confidently we cranked up in 3 turns of the handle and set our sights on Cowes. Having descended a 1:5 hill steadily in 2<sup>nd</sup> gear we heard a sound we all dreaded to hear, a well pronounced squeak from the mid left in time with engine speed, the 3 of us look at each other, pulled over and killed the ignition, the initial assumption was a Big End bearing was unhappy.

For those less technically minded, the Big End bearing is the contact point between the reciprocating piston (A in figure 1) and the crank web (D in figure 1). All the power developed by the engine must go through these bearings, in a modern car the big ends slaps around in the oil sump so have no choice but to be well lubricated, Bo' however does not have an oil sump and relies upon oil being dripped down a tube and sucked via the crank web to the inside of the bearing – it was this process

of dripping and sucking – or lack thereof - that we immediately suspected as causing the squeak.

Having stopped and investigated the near side crank case cover (s on figure 1) was warmer to the touch than the other side. 10 minutes later we were able to confirm that the Big End was dry, and that our drip feed oiling had not been dripping quite enough. Within 20 minutes of stopping we had the Big End

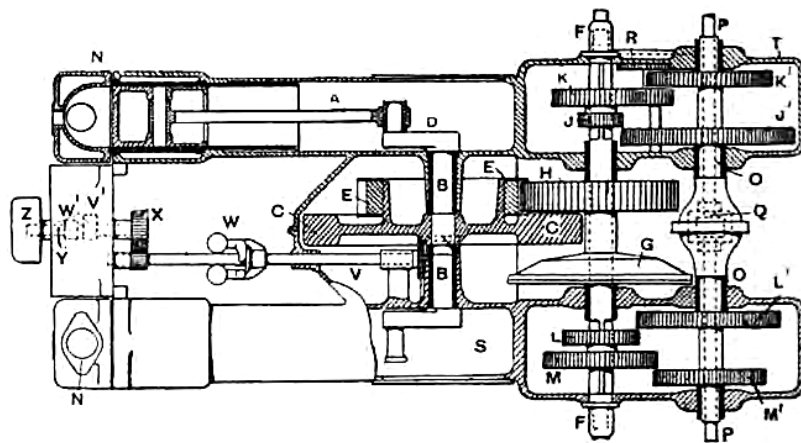


Figure 3 – 1902 James & Brown Engine / gearbox cross section

Source: *The Automobile: A Practical Treatise*, by Paul Nooncree Hasluck - 1903

in our hands and could feel just how warm it was. The course of action was to clean it out, and reassemble the only down side was that we needed a large split pin to secure the outer web on the crank pin, for this I had to blag a lift from a plumber into Cowes and back – this was a last resort as I had already interrogated the locals about sourcing split pins locally. Within 2 hours of hearing the squeak we were back on the road and chugging up a steep hill – no squeaks to be heard.

We made our way to the chain ferry / floating bridge and paid the princely sum of £1.50 to cross, I tried to argue that we were a bicycle - hence the chains – but the £1.50 was still taken from us. As a result of our delay we were unable to visit Osbourne house, instead we did a lap of the car park just to check it was really closed and continued on our way to the bemusement of onlookers.

We arrived in Havenstreet to discover that the paper work describing our camping pitch had been left in the minibus which was also somewhere at Havenstreet, so we decided to park up in empty plot number 60. Having retrieved our paper work later that evening we returned to crank up to move across to plot number 69, Dave remarked that he was having issues tickling the Carburettor to which I just said “Nah, I’m sure it’ll be fine, let’s start up”, Dave diligently did the 3<sup>rd</sup> crank but no

luck, by the time it came to the 5<sup>th</sup> we decided it might be good to check the fuel – we had indeed run out of fuel, but safe in the knowledge that we had 5 litres in the back, we rolled down the hill to plot 69 for the night. Once we had pitched our tent, secured the Gazebo over Bo' we made our way across to the 'show field' to acquaint ourselves with the Beer tent.



Figure 4 – (from the Left): Jezebel, Derrick, Clem and Bo' with appropriate team members at Havenstreet

For the Friday to Monday Bo' was an exhibit at the Island Steam Show at Haven Street which had the air of a 1950's village Fete. During this time we took the opportunity to clean, polish and wax Bo' between the rain showers – having relocated the Gazebo to keep him dry. We also took the opportunity to dismantle the oil delivery system and give it an overhaul which proved to be a great success. Of the regular features in the day was a car and motor bike parade of which Bo' and Derrick both participated in daily. Intrigue and fascination were lavished upon Derrick due to his unusual design as well as hub centric steering – a feature that is seen as a modern asset by today's bikers. Bo' was regularly remarked as being the 2<sup>nd</sup> oldest Vehicle at the steam show – 2<sup>nd</sup> to a traction engine. We did participate in the Gymkhana (slalom time trial) for which we scored a time of 51 seconds, compared to Jez's 46 I didn't think we had done too badly.

Monday was to be the last day of the Steam show, so after the final event Bo' made a hasty exit from the arena to head back to Freshwater bay (a more direct route this time) because on Tuesday the challenge was set, we would drive from Lymington in the New Forest to Imperial over 2 days covering over 100 miles and in effect 2 Brighton runs in succession.

Tuesday morning Bo' was loaded on to the trailer in Freshwater Bay and remained on the trailer for the ferry crossing in order to satisfy the ferry ticketing system. Bo' was promptly unloaded just



outside the ferry terminal, fluids checked and wet weather gear adorned. It just started to rain as we pulled away from the curb and our first destination was Beaulieu Motor Museum. Although we had not made prior arrangements to attend Beaulieu, we were in need of a road map which we purchased from the gift shop – coming in at 50% list price I thought I had found a bargain, we later realised the grid squares were not quite square, but the price was satisfying enough. The plan was to drive to North Hampshire where lodgings had been arranged for Bo' and the team.

The route took us via Southampton university, I took the executive decision to stop and eat lunch outside their student Union, the same Union Bo' had been stole by back in the 1960's as an act of Mascot theft. Although we were perturbed by the barriers outside their Union we decided to lunch on the grass just outside, to amusement and confusion of the local indigenous population. Ideas of hearty rivalry jibes were suggested to the tune of driving over a Southampton university sign, but then thought that Bo' might not like that too much, so maybe we'd knock one down then drive over it. The conclusion was that neither was really appropriate, instead we continued on our way after lunch without interfering with any University property – deemed probably for the best by all. Our journey continued north to Liphook where we stayed the night and were able to recharge our batteries – Bo' included.

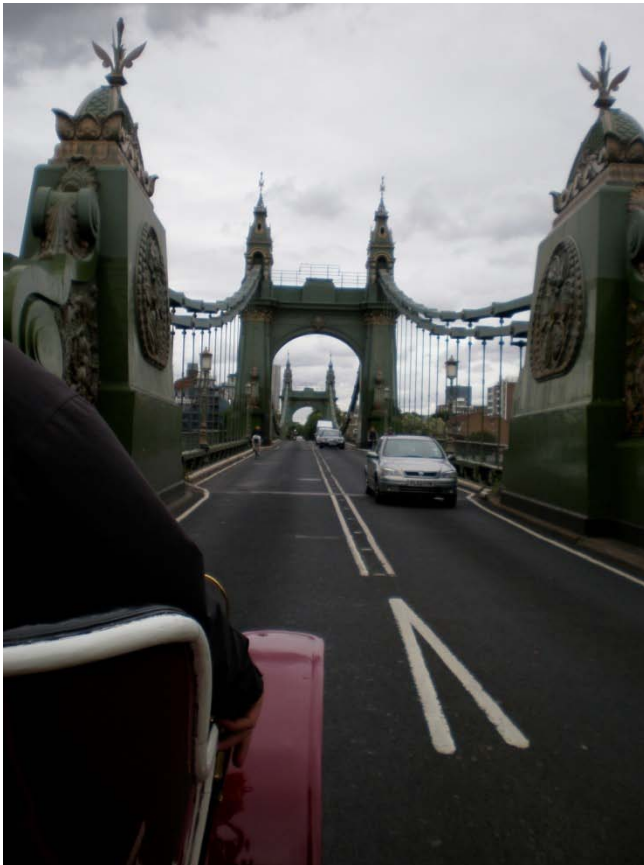


Figure 5 – Bo' Returns to London under his own power – Crossing the Thames at Hammersmith Bridge

The next morning we were ready and motoring by 9am, by 11 we were in Guildford where we stopped for lunch, continuing later only to be greeted by a rain storm on the way to Woking. Our route continued on to Byfleet and eventually onto Hampton court and Richmond. We crossed the river at Hammersmith and were able to make our victory drive down High Street Kensington before arriving back at the garage by 4:30 – ready for tea (or numerous pints at the Union)

Bo' had driven over 200 miles during the course of 8 days with no significant delays or set back – the Big end was just a test of faith – proving truly that Boanerges was reliable, eager and definitely up for the challenge of another 75 years of student ownership.

By Rik Smith – Bo' driver 08-09

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