

## GUMC MATCH REPORT

### PRESIDENT WELCOME:

Aloha GUM Clubbers! February. This edition features some of the sunniest GUMC pictures following the most unscottish winter weather at the club's annual dinner meet, complete with presidential costume. Semester 2 is coming to an end, which can only mean one thing – the AGM is around the corner! The AGM will take place in the GUU on March 15th! If you're interested in running for a position but are a bit fuzzy on who does what and what gets done, keep an eye on the announcements page for the full blown list of positions and what they entail! Read on!

### GUMC ACTIVITIES:

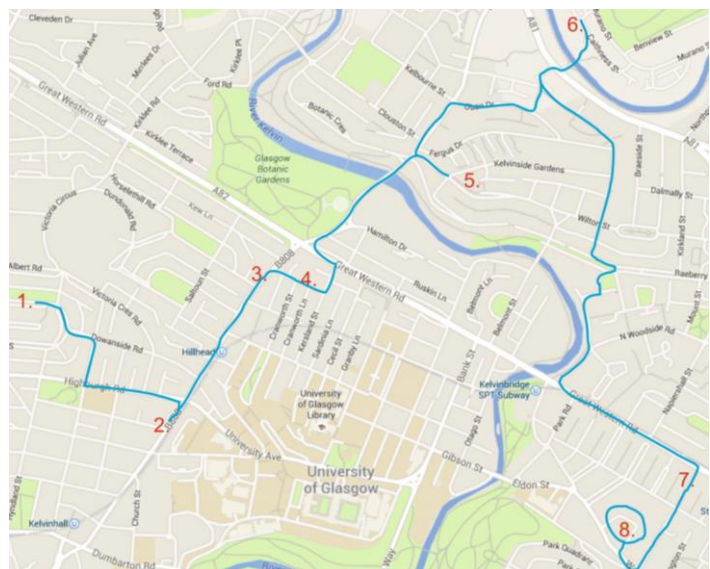
#### Flat Crawl - Victor Lovic Bueno

The mountaineering club's annual flat crawl, an unforgettable night for some, unrememberable for most. This year's theme was Grease, Greece or grease. Some went for the obvious 50s Grease look, others for a Greek toga, and there even was a two-manned cardboard Trojan horse amongst the costumes, but, to the general disappointment of the gathering, no one opted for the third option of lathering themselves in grease.

Starting at the President's residence, working our way up Byres Road, all the way to the infamous Murano Street Student Village and back down to Great Western Road, participants made their way through the route enjoying different alcoholic beverages at each stop, ranging from cheap cider to rounds of white Russians and five litre bags of wine.

The long walks, at times in the rain, gave participants the chance to exercise their navigation skills and sober up between flats. Always pushing their limits, as good mountaineers should, some decided that walking the route wasn't challenge enough and so added their own challenges like carrying an abandoned bath tub up several floors to the flat of one of the hosts.

A fun night for all, the flat crawl is a great way to get to know other members of the club, aided by the social lubricant that is alcohol, as well as have a good time with friends in a non-mountainous environment.



Pictures of Robert Giddy, Euan McIntosh and Will Hastie on Curved Ridge on 10 February.



### BUCS Meet – Tancredè Léger

It was that time of the year again, the time to take training more seriously than usual. A small comp within the GUMC in TCA allowed us to determine the Glasgow Uni team, composed of three females and three males. After a couple of intense training sessions in TCA, supported by GUSA and TCA itself under the form of free entries, we were getting quite psyched. At least until we discovered, four days before heading there, that no minibus driver was keen to go....

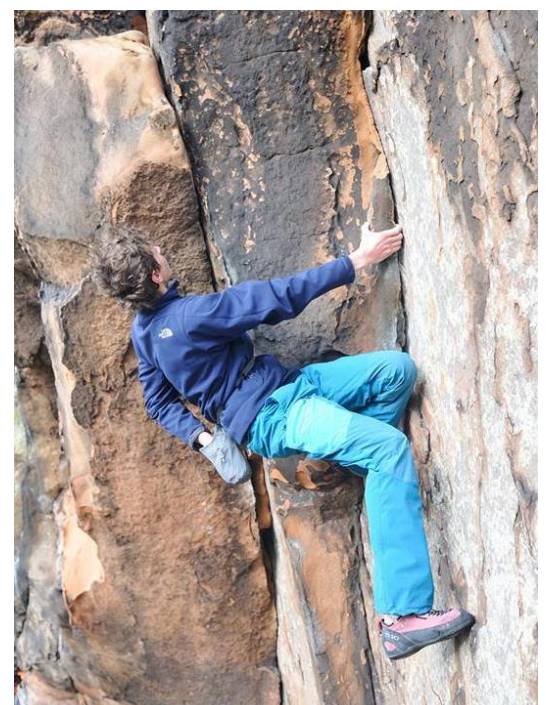
After around 70 Facebook messages and a few panic hours spent in the library, I, however, managed to find Callum, Geoff and John, who kindly agreed to drive their cars all the way to the Peak district and to the lovely wee village of Chinley ! We all arrived there at around midnight. However, everybody had to wait until we had the right key to enter the hut and finally get some sleep... After a couple of phone calls, free crisps in the charming Old Hall Inn pub, and the drive of a man who had to wake up in the middle of the



night to hand us another set of keys, we eventually got into the brand-new looking, renovated scout hut! (Typical GUMC faff adventure, everybody is used to it...) We then quickly got inside our sleeping bags, "Hotline Bling" still in everybody's heads, courtesy of me singing it non-stop from inside my sleeping bag...

We all arrived at the comp on time, had a coffee, quick look at the problem, and started playing Ninja as a warm-up exercise... The presentation was made and the judges were briefed. We then started the usual process of queuing in order to climb the problems and be judged. Then only did we realise the amount of competitors present in Sheffield's most famous bouldering gym. The place was genuinely packed! Nonetheless, the problems were quite fun, hard, and well set. When the comp was over, and after a few deliberations under the rain, we decided to head out to Stanage and have a look at the pissing rain, just so we could go outside. We had a small walk, touched some wet gritt sandstone, got soaked, and then decided to go play cards in a pub. We spent the rest of the afternoon in this pub, waiting for the time to head back to Sheffield and attend the comp finals. Watching the finals was great fun, as we saw each other shouting our heads out "Come on!!" and "Allez!!" again, and again, and again.... The climbing level was quite impressive, as per usual at BUCS. Our Female team got the 11th place out of 38 and our male team got the 13th place out of 46.

We then came back to our scout hut to start preparing some Carbonara accompanied with cheese and wine, garlic bread, and cake. We had an absolute feast, before pulling our stomachs inside our sleeping bags. On Sunday BBC weather was announcing rain all over the UK apart from Northumberland, which was kind of on our way back to Glasgow (kind of). We therefore decided to drive there with two cars and got there at around 1:30pm. We then had a solid three hours of climbing and messing around at Bowden doors before the frozen hands and the strong wind decided for us that it would be wise to head back to Glasgow. We arrived at Glasgow at around eight. Thanks again to every competitors, Drivers and judges for allowing this weekend to happen, we had a great time!



## Dinner Meet – Roxy Barry

This year the dinner meet kicked off with the usual bus faff and some awards being reluctant to attend the meet (preferring a quiet weekend in Glasgow). But – appropriate offerings to the weather gods were made just in time this year (you're welcome... \*cough\*) and the weather was absolutely spectacular. People awakened. Hills and corries were explored. The minibus was (slowly) jumpstarted. My day was spent basking in the sun and the snow, wondering what Josh and Emily meant when they let slip body paint would be part of my evening and wondering whether or not they managed to get me a top in time to, and I quote, "save me some dignity". Finally arriving into the evening and being directed to the 'dress up' hotel room, an ecstatic-Josh-face greeted me, gleefully announcing "TONIGHT, Roxy, you will be . . \*pause for dramatic effect\* . . RONALD MCDONALD!". My first question: "Did you get me chicken nuggets?!", which, although the answer was no (sadly), probably (definitely) explains the costume. A bottle of wine and some hair-drying of leggings later, I was Ronald McDonald. As usual, the hotel was half crowded with GUM Clubbers, half with normal families enjoying normal meals and wondering what they had walked into. The meal was as expected, but not remembered. The awards were just not remembered. A great deal of ceilidhing and a few shuttles later, the traditional (OK not so traditional) head torch dancing session was induced by an enthusiastic Euan, resulting in some over-enthusiastic dancing, a sprained ankle and an un-enthusiastic Mike on Sunday morning. Overall, a smashing trip with the best weather the dinner meet has had in years, topped off by finally getting 'dem chicken nuggets on Sunday evening in the magical land of Perth McDonalds.



## Car Obituary – Liam Anderson

So often we venture into the hills telling ourselves, no matter how dangerous the task, that we hold the reins to our own fate. This is but a façade though. Things can, and do, change quickly, almost incomprehensively – at this point we begin to exist in a very different world. No longer is it the challenge and thrill of chasing the goal; it is cold, hard survival, the thrill replaced by fear and doubt. Collected thoughts and determination will usually bring you and your friends through to the other side, laughing at the memory of such drastic and dramatic moments. Sometimes things change too quickly though...



It was thus how I lost my most reliable climbing partner. In a split second moment, on the way to another great day of moments and memories, the GUMC lost a great friend. Taken from us by the poorly maintained roads of the North and left helpless by the side of the road unable to move, in a deteriorative state. Feeble attempts were made to help but a faulty kit for emergencies made attempts to resuscitate useless even with Webster arriving on the scene. But even he was unable to help move us onwards, unable to watch the suffering, leaving us in the hands of the legendary "Lix Tall" towing.

With time wearing on and the sun rising into the sky, the day lit up and with it our spirits; if GUMC was to lose a friend, it may as well be a joyful passing. Also, it was fairly nippy out there. So a game of ninja was started to get the blood flowing and the minds distracted from the grim scene behind us. Too soon it ended though so Duncan, returning to his natural state of teacher and Scout, taught us the Danish Boot dance, always a good idea with winter boots on and an overly excited Yorkshire lass.

Eventually help arrived and our casualty was returned to Murano. With a wake shortly followed by Curry and Pie in an attempt to fill the hole left in our lives by the passing of one of our own. It now awaits a donor to be found in U-Pull-It for a chance to once again bring happiness to the masses. *Injury List: Duff dashboard L.E.D, broken door handle, bust seat adjuster, two punctured tires and pierced fuel tank and a strong smell of damp.*

