



An Óige Hillwalkers Club

October 2009

<http://www.hillwalkersclub.com/>

THE HILLWALKER



Some of the intrepid hikers on Mark Campion's adventure in the French Pyrenees, August 2009. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

In this edition

HIKE PROGRAMME October 2009

MEET: Burgh Quay

DEPART: Sundays at 10.00 am

TRANSPORT: Private Bus

COST: €12.00 (unless stated otherwise)

2nd pick-up point: *The bus picks up walkers who are already at the designated point. It won't be waiting and places cannot be guaranteed as the bus may be full at Burgh Quay.*

2nd drop-off point: *Where indicated in the programme below, the bus will drop off hikers at the 2nd pick-up point on the return journey, unless circumstances dictate otherwise. We regret that this is not possible on all routes.*

11 October 2009

---West Wicklow

Leader: Brian Flynn

2nd pick-up & return drop-off points: Beside the pond at Seán Walsh Park on Tallaght By-Pass.

Route: Forest Entrance Ballylow Bridge (GR 061 129) * Ballydonnel Brook * Duff Hill * Mullaghcleevaun East (SH 776m) * Cleevaun Lough * Billy Byrne's Gap * Moanbane * Ballyknockan.

Distance: 20km **Ascent:** 750m

Maps: OS 56, Harvey

18 October 2009

---Keadeen to Slievemaan

Leader: Philip Roche

2nd pick-up & return drop-off points: Beside the pond at Seán Walsh Park on Tallaght By-Pass.

Route: Rostyduff * Keadeen Mt. * Ballinabarney Gap * Ballinfoyle * Ballineddan * Slievemaan * Little Slaney River * Seskin (Fentons)

Distance: 19km **Ascent:** 710m

Maps: OS 56, OS 62

25 October 2009

**BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND
Club trip to Enniskillen**

NO SUNDAY HIKE

1 November 2009

---Glendalough Circuit

Introductory Hillwalkers Hike

Leader: Deirdre Muldowney

2nd pick-up & return drop-off points: Bus stop before the roundabout at Loughlinstown.

Route: Upper Lake Carpark, Glendalough * Spink * Lugduff * Spot Height 702m * Lough Firrib *- Turlough Hill * Camaderry Mtn * Glendasan * Glendalough Visitors Carpark.

Distance: 18km **Ascent:** 950m

Maps: OS 56, Harvey

GENERAL HIKE NOTES

PARTICIPATION Mountaineering is an activity with a danger of personal injury or death. Participants should be aware of and accept these risks. People who take part in our club activities do so at their own risk and are responsible for their own actions and involvement.

INTRODUCTORY HIKES An Introductory Hike is organised once per month for aspirant members. Any participant on these hikes must enter their name in our hike log on the bus.

CO-ORDINATION If necessary, tickets are given out on Sundays to ensure that participants reserve a bus place as they arrive.

LEADER The leader has the right to refuse anyone who is not adequately equipped (e.g., without appropriate boots, rainwear, food, torch, hat, gloves, etc).

The leader may alter the route from that described in the program. The leader sets the pace of the hike and walkers are expected to obey the leader's instructions at all times.



EQUIPMENT It is essential to bring good rain gear (both jacket and overtrousers) and to leave cotton t-shirts and jeans at home! Boots must be sturdy with proper ankle support and a rigid non-slip sole such as Vibram.

WALKING STICKS AND RUCKSACKS Remember that walking sticks and rucksacks cannot be brought onto the bus and must be stowed away in the boot during the journey.

Club members interested in leading a hike,
please contact Gerry Walsh:
hillwalking@hotmail.com

FURTHER AFIELD

Hut to Hut in the Pyrenees



Enjoying the first evening: Karl, Mark, Marie-Catherine, and Donal. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

When we all gathered at the airport the sense of anticipation was palpable. Nobody was under any illusions, however, this wasn't going to be a lying by the pool drinking cocktails sort of holiday. It was going to involve long days and hard graft but that is the sort of thing that we hillwalkers thrive on. Having exchanged pleasantries we all boarded our plane and basked in five star Ryanair comfort as we left a typically grey Dublin and emerged from the clouds and gloom and arrived about two hour later in sunny Biarritz.

From Biarritz we boarded our bus and headed straight towards the looming foothills of the Pyrenees and the village of Lescun where we would be staying for our first night. The village of Lescun was a charming little place which appeared to be straight out of a Claude Berri film. The first night we enjoyed our meal alfresco in a quaint local restaurant where we were serenaded by a group of local musicians. The conversation began to flow almost as quickly as the wine did and we didn't want the night to end. However, end it did and we found ourselves up the next morning, bags packed and the Campo bandwagon cranked into action.

The first day involved an ascent of about 1300m in glorious sunshine from Lescun to Refuge d'Arlet, the first hut we would be staying in. The word conjured in my mind at least visions of some squalid, rat infested hovel where a weary hiker would have to face

probable infection with some sinister variant of bubonic plague. In truth the huts were actually pretty okay and the food, particularly, was quite nice. They also served a nice house wine which was something we all grew increasingly fond of as time went by. For those of a gentler persuasion and those who refuse to be separated from their creature comforts (this included nobody in our group I hasten to add) be warned, the huts in most cases don't have hot water so hot showers and close shaves became a vague and distant memory as we found ourselves reverting to a natural state which civilization had made us unfamiliar with.

Leaving Refuge d'Arlet the weather became a little inclement and we were once again confronted by that bane of our existence as hikers: rainfall. We grudgingly removed our wet gear from the bottom of our bags where we had hoped it would stay for the duration of our trip and reluctantly put it on. We could be forgiven for thinking we had been dreaming that we had left Ireland as the miasma of fog and the persistent drizzle of rain recalled all too clearly to our collective minds many hikes up along the ridge to the summit of Mullaghcleevaun.

However, things eventually picked up and as we pressed on from Refuge d'Arlet we crossed the border into Spain and arrived at Refuge d'Aguilla in the village of Candanchu. Apparently the village of Candanchu is a significant ski resort and would be a hive of activity at the height of the ski season but arriving in August it had a somewhat deserted almost ghost town air about it. However, it did have the advantage of allowing us to restock supplies in the local shop and the hut which wasn't really a hut but more a guest house did have hot showers and the evening meal was really good and the lady who managed the hut/guesthouse cooked up a pretty mean ham and omelette baguette which was a real treat the next day for lunch.



Ladies who hike. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

The more purist amongst us longed to be away from Refuge d'Aguilla and all the last vestiges of civilised life and to once again wallow in the incivility of hut life. Our wishes were granted when we arrived at Refuge de Pombie where we had to contend not only with an absence of hot water but also squat toilets (horror of horrors). The hike to Refuge the Pombie was tough involving an ascent of approximately 1300m in warm conditions. Our daring commander decided at one point to go off-piste and we were treated to a vintage campo digression across scree on a very steep slope. This for me was one of the highlights of the whole trip. It was incredibly exciting working slowly up the slope where every single footstep had to be carefully chosen and every few feet of ascent were hard earned. This was pretty hairy stuff and definitely not for the faint hearted. The rush of adrenalin when we reached the top was intoxicating and induced an urge in the men folk to pummel our chests in a bravura display of machismo. I'm not sure how the ladies felt but they were the equal of the men in every respect and made it up that slope every bit as adeptly. Hurrah for the ladies!!!



Tough work. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

Refuge de Pombie nestled right in the shadow of the impressive Pic du Midi d'Ossau which at 2884 metres imposed itself majestically on all its surroundings. The mountain had a gnarled almost savaged look to it - no doubt the result of millions of years of continual erosion by wind and rain interspersed with periods of

glacial scouring. The punishment this mountain had taken when compared to the exertions we had put our bodies through put it all into context. This mountain knew what punishment was about. It was also a favourite with climbers many of whom were staying in the refuge. We were also confronted at first hand with the thorny issue of Spanish regional identities. Some of us committed the faux pas of asking a climber which part of Spain they were from only to be informed brusquely that the climber in question was Basque or Catalan. Lucky we didn't start talking politics especially after a few glasses of wine. One particularly good memory I have of our stay in Refuge de Pombie was waking up late one night and having to make my way to the bathroom (too much information) and as I emerged from the refuge there was a full moon riding high in the sky and the stars in their infinite multitudes were there to be marvelled at. The moonlight was so strong that the distant mountains were illuminated with a spectral glow and were really amazing to behold.

The next day we rose early and began our hike to Refuge de Larrabet. This was unquestionably the toughest part of the entire week involving an ascent of 1500 metres in very hot conditions. It involved a lot of climbing then descending followed by more climbing and we were really put to the test during this leg of the trek. The landscape was exquisitely beautiful with jagged rocky peaks, snow capped in places, and beautiful mountain lakes some of which were the result of ice melt. To a regular walker in the verdant Wicklow hills this landscape would constitute such a marked contrast. I thought Paddy Monahan put it well when he described it using the Tolkien term middle earth. It seemed almost surreal and slightly intangible.

Mark had warned us to bring at least three litres of water with us and we needed every last drop for this hike. I myself brought four and found myself running dangerously low about three quarters of the way through the hike. Luckily we passed by a small hut en route and we were able to purchase some bottled water and replenish our supplies. We also noticed that we were finding ourselves in a paradoxical situation where we were devouring high calorie pate sandwiches, peanuts and chocolate but our waistlines were steadily contracting. It gives a good indication of just how much energy burn we were putting ourselves through.

This hike also involved a difficult scramble up a col and our weary limbs were quite literally screaming out for some respite by the time we reached our last summit point. However,

Mark had other ideas and the more intrepid amongst us joined him and Paul Miney for a little snow running on the glaciers which were plentiful on the downward descent. For those who haven't engaged in this activity before, be warned: it looks a hell of a lot easier than it is. My first attempt ended rather abruptly by landing on my backside and thus I travelled to the bottom of the snowline. Hopefully, there weren't too many witnesses and if there were, spare my blushes and just tell me you didn't notice anything. This leg of the trek also allowed Mark to display his excellent navigational skills and he was ably assisted by the consummate professionalism of Donal Finn and Philip Roche.



Crossing a snow field. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

We arrived at the refuge at 6pm and were just in time for dinner. They say self praise is no praise at all but we weren't having any of that and when we sat down we congratulated ourselves on a job well done and we were glad to get a rest after over ten hours of tough hiking. The meal in the Refuge de Larribet seemed particularly good but maybe it just seemed that way after such a gruelling experience. Anyways, the evening took on a special significance when it was announced that it was Donal Finn's birthday. He was being decidedly coy about which number it was but we were all very happy that he had decided to spend his birthday on this trip with us. So our glasses were raised and clinked and we toasted Donal's good health and wished him many more years of successful hiking.

From Refuge de Larribet we pressed on to our next hut which was the Refuge Wallon where we would be spending two nights. Again this route took in some really spectacular scenery and we also spotted some Pyrenean fauna including various birds of prey that soared majestically above the mountain summits. Some of us quipped that they were waiting for one of us to pop our clogs so that they could enjoy feeding on our juicy carcass but we

hoped that wasn't what was on their carnivorous, raptor minds. We also saw some small Pyrenean deer as well as marmots which appeared to be in plentiful supply.

While the Pyrenees are distinct in having a dearth of very large mountain lakes there were very many small mountain lakes on the hike many of which were fed by melt water from glaciers. Another notable feature of the Pyrenean topography is the so-called gaves - basically mountain waterfalls - and these were also prevalent in this area. Indeed, Campo decided to use the local geography to his advantage and the lakes became a favourite place for him to go on one of his pre-lunch swimming dips and on one occasion he even used a small waterfall as an impromptu shower. For those of us who were new to these trips and questioned his sanity the veterans replied with the simple refrain that they had given up questioning his sanity a long time ago - sound and useful advice for future reference.

Refuge Wallon was located on the edge of a small pine forest and was also the largest hut we stayed in, in terms of the total number of beds available. The place itself proved to be a hive of activity and emanated an exciting buzz as people came and went pursuing different trails through the surrounding mountains. On our first night we were treated to the spectacle of a massive night time electrical storm. There was something exhilarating about gazing up into the heavens and witnessing the full fury of nature as a mixture of fork and sheet lightning momentarily turned night into day and bolts of lightning flitted across the sky followed by the deafening boom of thunder. We just relaxed and sipped our beer, enjoyed the spectacle and thought about what boring something or other we would have been engaging in, had we been back home and not sitting outside this hut deep in the bosom of the Pyrenees.



Master and Commander. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

On day six we were presented with a choice as opposed to the normal diktat: we could either stay in the hut for the day and relax, or we could ascend approximately 1140 metres to the summit of La Grande Fache representing a total height of 3005 metres. The more sensible among us decided to take the opportunity to get some rest and relaxation but eight hikers for whom common sense seemed to be a scarce commodity decided to brave the elements and beat our way to the summit. The eight of us were as follows: Mark (of course), Paul, Murielle, Marie-Catherine, Agnes, Ying, Donal and yours truly. Luckily the day in question was a beautiful day which made conditions safer as the summit itself involved a large amount of scrambling and in places resembled more of a rock climb than a conventional hike. The dry conditions were a godsend as it would have been pretty hairy stuff trying to ascend with wet rock under foot. Paul Miney hared it up the mountain and it made it all look easy but the rest of us decided to take a steady as it goes approach and it was obvious we were making progress as our breathing became more laboured and we had to fight for every breath as the oxygen supply slowly became more depleted. Eventually our efforts paid off and we reached the vertiginous summit of Le Grand Fache.

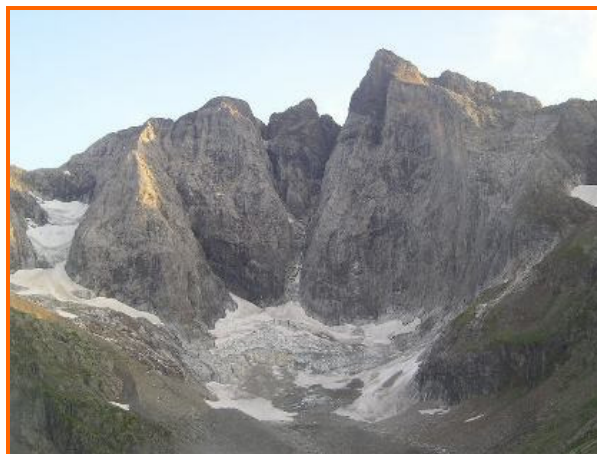


Steady as she goes. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

I have to say the effort was all worthwhile as the views were simply stunning. It seemed like the whole mosaic of the Pyrenees were laid before our eyes. It was particularly satisfying to gaze into the distance and trace the route we had taken over the previous few days. On a personal level I was particularly thrilled as this summit point at 3005 metres constituted the highest summit I had attained thus far. After a longer than normal lunch on the summit we began to pick our way down to the base and make our way back to the refuge where we were reacquainted with our fellow hikers and after some congratulatory

back slapping we chilled out over a beer for the afternoon before dinner.

The next morning we left the Refuge Wallon and made our way to the Refuge des Oulettes de Gaube which would be the last refuge we would be staying in. This hike was short in comparison with some of the hikes we had already completed and there was also a sense of anticlimax about the whole thing, as we all knew our Pyrenean sojourn was fast drawing to a close.



Imposing Vignemale. Photo: Murielle Guillauton

However, the hike did have one really amazing treat in store for us, as the refuge was located right at the base of Vignemale which, at 3298 metres is the highest summit in the French Pyrenees. The sense of anticlimax was more prevalent when we reached the refuge as we began to speak about our trip to the Pyrenees in the past tense, maybe it was the case that while we were physically still there, mentally we were enjoying a good bottle of wine in Toulouse where we were headed for our eagerly awaited post hike legs up.

On day eight we made our way from Refuge des Oulettes de Gaube to the town of Cauterets which is famous for its spring water. This was a comparatively easy hike and was almost continually down hill, quite steeply in places, and you got the sense that you were well and truly leaving the mountains behind. After a nice lunch in Cauterets we boarded our bus and headed towards Toulouse. Our hotel in Toulouse was a very comfortable three star right beside the train station. It was very nice in comparison with some of the three star hotels I have stayed in and my own first impression was to question what the hell are the criteria used when decisions are being made about the number of stars these places get. Anyways, such concerns were quickly put to the side as more immediate concerns took precedence namely how to get clean and look presentable. Shower gel, deodorant and razor blades

became instant best sellers amongst our group and the process of removing several layers of grime and, in the case of the men folk, designer stubble commenced. We all arranged to meet outside the hotel and when we gathered at the arranged time the transformation was remarkable and, of course, as is often the case, the ladies scrubbed up particularly well.

We enjoyed a very nice meal in a local restaurant and for the first time in days we could actually choose what we wanted to eat from a menu (we had almost forgotten what that word meant) rather than having the decision made for us as was the case in the various huts where choice didn't feature in the lexicon of daily life. However, there were hidden perils. The menu was in French and for those of us who could only manage some pidgin French there were such hidden horrors as duck's gizzard masquerading as something, which might sound appetising, coated up in French verbiage. After our meal we walked to the main square in Toulouse and enjoyed a few beers at an outside table in front of a small bar. It was satisfying sitting outside in the balmy heat drinking a beer and reminiscing about the highs and lows of the previous few days. After a while most of us were minded to head back to the hotel for a decent nights sleep but a few, ably led by Ed Hayes, decided to take the bohemian option and went in search of a night cub where rumour has it they were feted by the local womenfolk.

The following morning after breakfast there was the chance to go for a walkabout in Toulouse for a brief spot of sightseeing after which we caught a public bus to the airport and boarded our plane for Dublin. In Dublin we said our goodbyes and went our separate ways bringing finality to what was a thoroughly enjoyable trip. As one of the legendary trips organised by Mark has come to its conclusion thoughts naturally turn towards the next trip and what he has in store for next year. On this score he was keeping his cards close to his chest and wasn't disclosing much but if you were to ask the question would we all be there next year - the reply would be, you better believe it!

Karl McGovern

Please visit our website
www.hillwalkersclub.com
for larger versions of the photos.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

OCTOBER HOLIDAY WEEKEND

23 - 26 October 2009

Enniskillen

Walking will be in the Cuilcagh Mountains, Leitrim and Sligo areas. Accommodation in the **Bridges Hostel** will include breakfast and lunch. The **cost of €200 pp** also includes two evening meals in an Enniskillen Hotel.

There are just a few places left!

Further details on page 9.

AGM 2009

Date: Thursday, 8 October 2009

Time: 8 pm

Venue: An Óige International YH,
61 Mountjoy Street, Dublin 7, Room 102.

All club members are welcome to attend, whether you have been a member for years or joined the club just a few months ago.

This is your opportunity to get to know the club members who serve on the committee, to ask questions and to make suggestions in relation to Sunday Hikes or any other club business.

Proceedings will include reports from all committee members.

One additional item on this year's agenda is a proposal to update the **club constitution**. The original text, with proposed amendments in bold italics, is attached at the end of this newsletter.

**We look forward to seeing you
next Thursday!**

MEMBERSHIP 2009/2010 NOW DUE

The new membership year started on 1st October 2009.

Please renew early to avoid missing out on the next edition of the Mountain Log. Those attending the AGM may renew their membership on the night.

The application form 2009/2010 is located on page 11 of the newsletter.

Don't miss the PUB QUIZ!

Extraordinary All-embracing General Knowledge Quiz in aid of the Dublin Simon Community

Terry Cartin & John Sheehy are climbing in the High Atlas Mountains, Morocco, and would appreciate your support.

We promise an evening of entertainment and fun!

Featuring:

- The 'Weird & Wonderful' round
- 'Audio & Music' round
- The riotous 'Question Auction'
- 100 Mad & Mighty Questions
- Raffle & Club bar prices!!

**Missed it the last time?
Big mistake ... huge!!!**

Date: 15th October 2009

Time: 7.30 pm sharp

Venue: The Teachers Club, 36 Parnell Sq.

Admissions: €10

Walkers Association

21st October: Ronan Lenihan (Mountain Training Ireland and Glen of Imaal Mountain Rescue Team) will give a talk on mountain rescue and staying safe in the hills. The talk will focus on mountain rescue in Wicklow and in particular on the Glen of Imaal MRT and their history and current activities.

18th November: Talk by John Shackleton (IRC) on Antarctica.

Venue: St. Jude's GAA in Wellington Lane, Templeogue, Dublin 6W.

Information: www.walkersassociation.ie



News from Mountaineering Ireland

Mark Pollock Talk: South Pole

Date: 7 October 2009, 7.30 pm

Venue: Great Outdoors, Chatham St

On 27 January 2009 Mark Pollock became the first blind person to reach the South Pole. Mark will be giving a talk about his experiences of the Amundsen South Pole Race on Wednesday 7 October at Great Outdoors (Chatham St). Cost: €5 (proceeds will be donated to charity)

Autumn Gathering

This year's Mountaineering Ireland Autumn Gathering is in Dingle, Co Kerry, where we will be hosted by Cumann Sléibhteóireachta Chorca Dhuibhne (Dingle Hillwalking Club) from Friday 9 to Sunday 11 October 2009.

The club is putting together a programme of West Kerry walks including the Brandon range as well as less strenuous alternatives. For more details, go to <http://www.mountaineering.ie/events>.

North Face Film Screening

The Seamus Ennis Centre will be screening the film North Face on October 29th as part of its Film Club. The film will be introduced by renowned writer, broadcaster and mountaineer, Dermot Somers.

North Face tells the struggle of two German mountaineers to be the first to conquer the notorious North Face of the Eiger in 1936.

Time: 8.30 p.m. Admission: €6

Related link: www.seamusenniscentre.com

Committee 2008-2009

Chairman

Frank Rooney

Secretary

Betty Kehoe

Sunday Hikes

Gerry Walsh

Treasurer

Jim Barry

Membership/Training

Donal Finn

Weekends/Training

Mark Campion

Promotion

Deirdre Muldowney

Newsletter

Barbara Sudrow

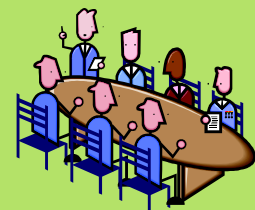
Special thanks to:

Webmaster

Matt Geraghty

Distribution

Pearse Foley & Cyril McFeeney



OCTOBER BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

Fri 23rd - Mon 26th Oct 2009

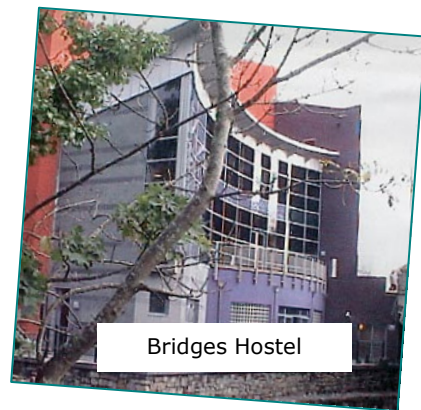
Cuilcagh, Benbulbin & Leitrim Glades

**Walks at all grades
Hillwalker, Moderate, Easy**

Weekend Leader: Donal Finn



View of Cuilcagh Mountain



Bridges Hostel

DAY 1: Benbulbin, Castlegal Range & Glencar

3 hike grades - Hillwalker Hike, Moderate Hike, Ambler Hike

DAY 2: Cuilcagh and Tiltinbane

3 hike grades (Hillwalker, Moderate, Ambler) from Marble Arch

DAY 3: Leitrim Glades

3 hike grades (Hillwalker, Moderate, Ambler) in the Leitrim Glades

Details of route, distance, ascent, etc. will be made available on the evening before the hikes.

Cost: €200

Accommodation: The Bridges Hostel, Enniskillen, offers 4-bed rooms (en-suite), a well-equipped kitchen, laundry and drying room, and is located within walking distance of the town centre.

Meals: Full breakfast & lunch sandwich* (Sat, Sun, Mon)

4-course evening dinner in Killyhevlin Hotel (Sat, Sun)

* The hostel will provide a sandwich per person for lunch each day. Please supplement your lunch with items of your choice (e.g. fruit, chocolate); shopping close-by; don't forget to bring enough sterling currency.

Booking: €100 NON-REFUNDABLE to An Óige Head Office, t: 01-8304555.

Booking opens on Thu, Sept 10th; BALANCE of €100 to be paid by Fri, October 9th.

Departure: Friday, 23rd October, George's Quay (Tara Street) at 5.30 pm. Stop en-route.

Return: Monday, 26th October, arriving in Dublin City Centre at 8.30 pm approx. Stop en-route.

An Óige Hillwalkers Club Christmas Party 2009

5 - 6 December



- Accommodation**  Saturday, 5 December, YHA Glendalough Hostel
Sunday morning breakfast included
- Hike Programme**  Hard & moderate hikes on Saturday; one hike on Sunday
- Refreshments**  Refreshments provided in hostel after hike on Saturday
- Christmas Dinner**  Four course meal in the Function Room at Glendalough Hotel
www.glendaloughhotel.com
- Entertainment**  Glendalough Hotel * Live Music * Disco * Late Bar to 1 am
- Transport Option**  Coach trip to Glendalough Hostel on Saturday and return
Sunday. Return Fare €12. Meet at Burgh Quay at 10am;
return departure Sunday at 4.30pm



Weekend Coordinator: **Frank Rooney**

€85 (making your own way) or **€97** (using private bus from Burgh Quay)

Booking opens Monday, 12 October

All queries and payments to An Óige Head Office (01-8304555)
On booking please state preference for continental or cooked breakfast;
let us know any special meal requirements (e.g. vegetarian).



An Óige Hillwalkers 2009/2010

Membership Application Form

Name (*Applicants must be over 18*)

Address

Were you a member before? Yes, last year Yes, some time ago No

New members: How did you hear about the club?

.....

An Óige Membership Number (*Applicants must be a member of An Óige*)

Contact Telephone Numbers (*optional*)

Daytime Evening Mobile

Email Address (*required for newsletter by email*)

Please read and sign the following PERSONAL DECLARATION

PERSONAL DECLARATION

I am over 18 years of age and wish to apply for membership of An Óige Hillwalkers Club. (*)

(*) Please note that personal accident insurance is only available to members between 18 and 75 years of age.

I accept that mountaineering is an activity with a danger of personal injury or even death.

I am aware of and shall accept these risks and wish to participate in these activities voluntarily and shall be responsible for my own actions and involvement.

I accept that An Óige Hillwalkers Club establishes the bounds on its activities through the constitution and rules of the club and I agree to abide by these.

If you agree and accept the terms of the PERSONAL DECLARATION, please sign and date here.

Signature Date

CLUB NEWSLETTER

The club issues a monthly newsletter and distributes it by email and post. It is also made available through the webpage of the Club (<http://www.hillwalkersclub.com>). Please tick one of the following boxes to indicate how you wish to receive the newsletter.

By email only By post only By email and post

The 2009/2010 membership year runs from Oct 1st 2009 to Sept 30th 2010.

2009/2010 Membership Fee €35.00

Please send this form with the membership application fee (cheque or postal order *only*, payable to *An Óige Hillwalkers Club*) to **Mark Campion, Membership Secretary, The King's Hospital, Palmerstown, Dublin 20**. Please allow two weeks for processing of the membership application.

NB: PLEASE DO NOT SEND YOUR APPLICATION BY REGISTERED POST!