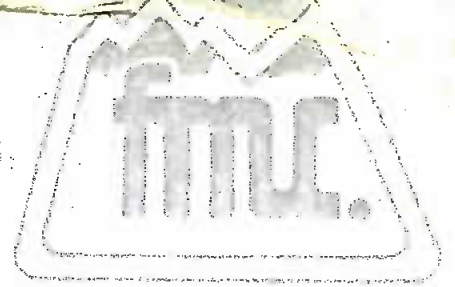


# NEWSLETTER

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



Sept 1974

FROM THE EDITOR

D. A. Earle

Much damage has been done in the recent past to the scenery of Scotland by the many hydro-electric schemes. As a result, whole ranges of mountains have been made virtually inaccessible, and the continuity of many fine cross country walks destroyed for the want of a few miles of paths and some bridges to replace those inundated.

But this damage pales into insignificance compared to the potential wholesale destruction that awaits the West and North coasts of Scotland in the mad scramble for North Sea oil. Every attractive bay along these coasts, deemed by many to provide the most attractive scenery in the world, seems destined for some oil orientated industry. Let no-one be deluded that at least we stand to receive vast quantities of cheap fuel as compensation for this destruction, for this is patently not so. Already, one brand of petrol is refined from North Sea oil, but is, of course, exactly the same price as the others. The only persons to gain anything by the destruction of our environment, in an effort to utilise these oil resources as quickly and cheaply as possible, are the oil companies themselves. Their record of profiteering is not good. Already they have announced hugely increased profits out of the Middle East crisis; profits so obscenely great, as to be tantamount to bare-faced robbery of the consumer, you and me. They cannot be trusted to look after our environment, and of course will not, such is their greed. They must therefore be made to. As a start, let the government of the day insist that these vast profits are used to finance the more expensive and scenically less destructive of the various alternatives and options open to the oil barons. And we must pressurise both the Government and the oil companies all along the line to totally avoid any industrial developments of the type envisaged in any areas of scenic beauty. No-one, least of all me, wants to condemn the Western Highlander to a lifetime of poverty, but constructing a vast shipyard to build 800' high oil rigs on Loch Kishorn, in an area which has about 20 unemployed, and no lines of communication must be sheer lunacy, especially with shipyards on the Clyde standing empty, with thousands laid off. Give the Highlander light engineering or electronics work, in keeping with their skills, and small and harmonious to blend in with the landscape, and keep the heavy engineering where it belongs, and that means where it is now.

The views expressed here are not necessarily those of the Club. F.E.

## OPDS AND SODS

After the riots and insurrection on the one and a half miles from Dove-dale Coach Meet, the committee have decided that in future, coach meet leaders will be armed.

The Lord Hunt and Frank Solari are members of a club that has been banned from using our club huts. Anyone finding either of them (or for that matter any member of Reading M.C.) trying to use the huts may summarily eject them.

It is the opinion of the Editor that the middle pitch of Epithea, a V.S. on Castle Crag, Borrowdale, is dangerously loose, and should be treated with circumspection. A pity as the climb has a fine first pitch.

Andy Dunhill seems to have hit the extreme leader stakes in a big way

this year, but is short of partners. Prospective seconds may apply either at 11 Maxwell Grove or at the Rangers. I think I will stick to mild Mod, especially after the harrowing tales of Park Jane on Anglesey.

### HINTS FOR HUT USERS

The first in a new series, based on real life disasters. Always sweep the floor BEFORE mopping it, NOT afterwards.

Please don't be shy of rinsing out the dustbins after emptying every now and again.

### EASTER MEET - SKYE

J. D. Sealey

#### Do you know Dennis Gray?

We awoke to a very cold Friday morning on Jacksonville car park, and went up the hill with the one-legged skier P.H.R. No sign of Dennis Gray yet!!!

If you ever go to Skye, go with someone who knows the way. 'Have you ever seen Portree' said the driver after he had passed the sign for Glen Brittle, and ended up 20 miles away.

The B.M.C. Hut at Glen Brittle is excellent, it even provides a Warden to do the sweeping up, but not the washing up.

On Saturday we went up to the Inaccessible Pinnacle in the mist, because our driver never gets lost in the mist, only below 1,000 feet. Along the ridge to Collies Ledge, a fantastic way round a mountain, and then to Sgurr Alasdair. We then joined the gods with Brocken Spectres on the summit, and then down the Great Stone Shoot in less than 9 minutes for Pete and Raff.

Anyway, back at the hut we discovered that non-members got in at 10p a night less if they had not booked. We did not think this right, and called upon our friend Dennis Gray to sort this out. The Warden was cajoled with such phrases as 'Do you know Dennis Gray' or 'Have you ever climbed at Stony Middleton with guess who?' but refused to lower our hut charges nevertheless, saying 'Rules is rules'.

Sunday along the ridge the other way to Sgurr Nan Gillean. We only got lost when we dropped below 1,000 feet. Dave and Cherry kindly offered to go down for the car, so we were able to continue to the Bhasteir Tooth where we parted company again as the Dynamic Duo, Raff and I, sighted the Sligachan Hotel and the temptation was too great. We made an epic record-breaking descent to the pub., a fabulous end to a 12 hour day, while Barbara and P.H.R. continued to Sgurr Nan Gillean.

Monday was our last day in Skye, so up to Coire Lagan and The Cloch. A very pleasant climb indeed, and on up to the summit of Sgurr Sgumain. As we pulled out of the gully, the isles of Bigg and Rhun appeared floating in the mist. We went up to the summit of Alasdair and down to the hut. A fantastic end to a great weekend on Skye. Our thanks to P.H.R. and the great Kiwi climber Raff, for making it a great Easter.

### KAISERGEBIRGE

C. H. R. Cook.

This is the first despatch from your continental correspondent. I'm living in a part of Germany called the Rhineland/Pfalz, famous for its wine but not its hills; they are all covered by either vineyards or trees. Taking advantage of a public holiday on a Monday, I took a workmate on a long train journey down to the Kaisergerbirge for the weekend.

We caught the schnellzug (quick train) via Stuttgart, Dortmund and Munich, down to Kufstein, the nearest town to the Kaiser. It was about an 8 hour journey, and we arrived in Kufstein at 1.30 am, and promptly fell asleep on the benches in the station.

I was awake at 4.00 am. Martin, my mate was awake also, so we decided to start walking into the Wilder Kaiser. Taking directions from my guide and also the map, we made our way towards the Kaiserbach river. For the first 15 minutes we were climbing steeply through trees into the valley. We were there long before the sun rose and the mist had dispersed, what a marvellous sight, the peaks just visible in the far distance.

The walk down the Kaisertal valley is very pleasant, and quite flat, with the odd farmhouse and beer house en route, not open at that time in



the first people of the day, many of whom possessed the ability of our footwear for mountain walking. I had on a pair of training shoes, and Martin a pair of Hush Puppies. Even in the face of these impeccably dressed ramblers we pressed on up, into, at times knee-deep snow, for about 200m. until we reached the Strippenjoch Hut. On the way up we passed directly below the Kleine Halt 2119 m. of steep white limestone, gleaming in the early morning sun, looking more like one of the Chamoni aiguille with all the new snow clinging to it. As we rounded the fringes of the peak, the long line of the Totenkirchl comes into view, running down to the col.

Eventually we arrived at the hut at about 8.00am. Already the veranda was humming with people who had walked up the Kaiserbachtal, the valley at the other side of the col. At 9.00am. we were tucking into steak and chips, the first meal of the day, and we needed it.

After an hour or so of writing postcards and debating whether to walk round the valleys in our super high street shoes, we decided to descend into the Kaiserbachtal and the Griesener-Alm. It took us about an hour of sliding and impromptu glissading to reach the pub, where a couple of beers were needed to calm the nerves. Now that we were down, where were we to go? Out came the map, and 15 minutes later, out with the thumbs. We had decided to go to Kitzbühel to find a bed for the night, and have a look at this expensive ski-ing town.

A cheap pension (offseason) 10DM. (£1.50) for bed and breakfast was found. By 5.30pm. I was asleep, and didn't wake up until 8.30am. Sunday. We set off thumbing towards Innsbruck. Our second lift took us most of the way, the driver describing the areas of interest, especially the Karwendelgebirge, which runs parallel to the autobahn for several miles. At about 1.30pm. we were deposited in the main street of Innsbruck, so straight into a pub for a couple of jars and something to eat, and then we booked into the Youth Hostel for a cheap doss. All lights out at 10.30 and guess who was locked out. Well, we had to make the most of a Sunday night in Innsbruck, and visited a few winckellers and beerhalls, so the nagging of the guy at the hostel was like water off a ducks back. All out by 8.00am. on Monday, the Warden nagging all the way to the door. We then went up to the Winter Olympics area where the ski jumping is etc. Those guys must have nerves of steel, I was almost suffering from exposure when I climbed up to the launch pad at the top.

We were back at the railway station at 2.00pm. and pulling out of Innsbruck in a fantastic rain storm that lasted most of the way down the valley, but cleared up when we left the mountains behind. On the train I met a young guy from Munich who had been climbing in the Kaiser. I asked him what sort of gear he had. I described some chocks, and he said they are for extreme climbers only, I don't own any! When I told him that probably all British climbers had at least one, he was very surprised. He had done the North West Ridge of the Kleine Halt - IV - to retrieve a rope he and his companion had lost in a fall the previous weekend. He left us in Munich and then it was a straight run through to Mainz, and home at 10.15pm.

There's not much climbing involved in this story, but I hope to find some in the hinterland of Mainz. The town has a climbing group, so I'll have to infiltrate it then send off another despatch. All the best, I hope to see some of you in August when I come home for a holiday.

K. Lockett

### A BILINGUAL ASCENT

In the early hours of Sunday dinner-time, the team, Pierre Roscoe, et moi, set off for Hoghton, pour faire de pegging. En arrivant au derrière de Rhododendron Buttress we donned our togs and got stuck in. First pitch went to three points of aid, (actually, this is part of a free route which was later proved to be not over difficult by a bloke soloing it behind us) a good start!!!! Three more pegs (legal) took Pete up to the smallest of ledges, immediately beneath the overhang, I followed in true mountaineering style. I was then asked to take a puy while Pete continued. The start of the overhang was chaos; etriers, ropes belays and other aids and ends clipped into everywhere, but finally, after only kicking me on the head twice, he got to the lip of the overhang and proceeded slowly. The name was paid out to a stream of various grunts and comments and

Qui un tres mauvais piten".

After a rattle of pegs (or was it Pete's knees knocking?) he proceeded further, until "I'm coming down, I've run out of krabs." The rope was expertly handled whilst he climbed down to retrieve krabs, then back up and a few more pegs led to a shout of 'rope!!' A great rattle of iron mongery and a relieved exclamation of 'I've cracked it!!'.

I hasten to add that this yoyo type of climbing had taken over two hours so with great relief, I stood up from my perched position and commenced the antics.

For those not acquainted with the route, the overhang and immediate continuation of the crack is climbed on ancient wooden wedges, sporting equally old rotten-looking 'string'. Past the wedges and onto an expertly placed chockstone and a tussle with a rhododendron sapling, after whom, no doubt., the route is named. I must add the sapling won 2 - 1. From the nut, which easily lifted out, onto another nut via a couple of pegs. My immediate reaction on arriving at the nut was to question the marital status of its parents, and it was with great caution that it was used. The next peg was held in by two of its five inches of blade, so a tie off effected. Much to my amazement, I watched it slowly revolve on its two inches, until it was pointing down.

The next peg was reached and used in record time.

Next was a step left to a thin blade which gently swayed in the breeze in its not so thin crack. A long reach enabled me to miss this out, and I was soon perched next to Pete on the summit of our mountain.

My great compliments go to Pete's skill at placing pegs so that they are extracted with minimum effort, a good pull usually sufficing.

To finish off, one of the ropes was dropped, leaving us with a rather shortened abseil which didn't quite reach the ground.

#### WHIT '74 ARRAN

M. T. Tolley

Eighteen members and friends arrived in Brodick by the first ferry on Saturday, to be welcomed by clear skies, a hot sun, and the usual rush to hire push-bikes. This stage of the journey is perhaps the most dangerous, as people reel and wobble about until the delicate balance is mastered of riding a bike with a large rucksack on your back, a handle-bar basket full of extras, a rope around the neck, and in my case, a very fidgetty son on the rear seat.

The camp in Glen Rosa was set up, everyone had breakfast, and then off up the hill. Andy and I set off for Ben Tarsuinn with Brachistochrone in mind. This was accomplished with the Chairman again having to a bit of help from the rope, on one rather alarmingly overhanging, and to me, holdless section. The guide book indicates one wedge and three pegs for aid on this section, but Andy had seen fit not to place them. My case rests. (So does Andy's. ED)

We returned to camp to find that three ropes had ascended Rosa Pinnacle by the S and Y cracks. This appears to be developing into a Club tradition now.

The Ormidale Hotel was on the night activities list, and unusually, no-one was lost on the way home, although one member did manage to snap the frame on his bike.

Sunday found a large party walking over Goat Fell and onto the Rosa Pinnacle, with another group doing the A'Chir ridge. Colin and John tried The Rake on Ben Tarsuinn, but unfortunately had to abseil off it. John, actually had to leave some equipment on the crag, which makes a change.

Monday arrived and so did the rain, so an early departure was voted for. Altogether, a very worthwhile trip.

#### The BIVI MEET JUNE '74

M. T. Tolley

At the Rangers on the Wednesday, organising this meet was the usual affair, with people suggesting that the bivi took place in the hut, which is more or less what has happened over the past few years. But as we set off on Friday evening with two fantastic days behind us, and the forecast good, the bivi was on.

John, Paul, Andy and I drove over to Cockley Beck and at 10.30pm set off for Eskdale. We arrived at about midnight and it had still been



Keith and Galen beat us to Esk Buttress, and were about halfway up Brid-  
ges route as we arrived. Paul set off on Great Central Climb, with Andy  
and I on Central Pillar. The wind had dropped and conditions were perfect  
The first few pitches went smoothly, and then the difficulties started  
to appear. Delicately up, across a steepening slab, and up over a bulge  
onto a small stance and equally small belay. From here we looked straight  
down onto Paul and John, reversing a pitch on Trespasser Groove, and also  
Keith and Galen who were now on Bowers Route. Our next pitch was 40 feet  
long, steep, very few definite holds, no protection at all, and the hard-  
est move at the top. This was a very good lead by Andy; I don't think he  
has any nerves at all. After that came the crux, a delicate traverse ac-  
ross a vertical wall. Next onto a few strenuous moves up to a ramp and  
resting spot. Up the ramp and then straight up the slightly bulging wall  
on very small finger holds. A really impressive pitch which left the fin-  
gers limp. Down to the foot of the crag for a rest and sunbatho.  
John and Paul then did Trespasser Groove, Keith and Galen did Great Cen-  
tral Route, whilst Andy and I did Hydra. This is a short corner in the  
middle of a very steep face, which is reached by a very hard traverse at  
the bottom, and left by a very hard traverse at the top. The groove it-  
self was also very thin with one peg for aid. All this added up to me  
having a fair old struggle, and heralded the finish of climbing for the  
day.

Keith and Galen descended to the walley, and the remaining four of us  
walked up Cam Spout to bivi just below Mickledore. After 10pm. we had an  
enjoyable amble up past a glowing pink Scafell Crag, to sit on the sum-  
mit watching the sun set. A perfect bivi followed with the sun reappear-  
ing at about 5.00am.

The day was windless, so off into the shade to do Nazgul, whilst John  
and Paul sweated on Mickledore Grooves in the sun. Philip and Martin  
arrived, having bivied at the head of Rossett Ghyll, and climbed Moss  
Ghyll Grooves.

Nazgul climbs the wall between Botterill's Slab and the Great Plate on  
Central Buttress. The pitch is gently overhanging for about 50 feet, with  
two pegs and a nut for resting on the first 20 feet, followed by 30 feet  
of hard work. After this are some very delicate slabs leading left, with  
a really thin move right at the top. Below your feet is 400 feet of noth-  
ing. A really superb route with very impressive positions.

A rest and drink followed whilst Andy chatted up Angela Farrer, and then  
on to Centaur on East Buttress. This is a highly recommended route, but  
we found that it wandered about a bit, and was also quite hard. This  
meandering nature, combined with a rather poor description, and a huge  
knot in the rope, made the route not as good a finish to a perfect week-  
end as it should have been.

The walk back to Cockley Beck was accomplished with me in shorts, and  
Andy in his underpants. A first class bivi, but a pity that more people  
were not there to enjoy it.

#### STANAGE MEET 20/21 JULY

D. A. Earle

Due to the ubiquitous Tolley rival meet, the above was not well attended.  
Those who did attend were blessed with hot sunshine throughout the week-  
end, tempered by a breeze.

Everyone climbed on Stanage both days, with the exception of the Meet  
Leader and his wife. They spent Saturday in Iathkilldale, and Mousal Dale,  
Millers Dale and Chee Dale on Sunday.

This was on the grounds that he had already fallen off every route on  
Stanage under Hard v.s. and couldn't climb high enough on the others to  
be able to fall off!!!.

#### CLUB HUTS

Members are requested to respect Club property. There have been reports  
recently of members entering and leaving the huts through windows that  
have been left open. This is not only encouraging burglary, but is dan-  
aging paintwork etc. Many hours of work are required to keep the huts in  
good condition, and all are asked to help.

A yale lock is to be fitted to Stair Hut in the near future. All members  
will be able to purchase keys from John Sealey at 15p each.

Complaints have been received about cleanliness at the huts. It is the  
responsibility of each party to see that the hut is clean and tidy.

## MEMBERSHIP

The following list are the names of those people who have failed to re-join the Club this year;

John Adams	John Barlow
Brian & Jan Davies	John & Janet Culbert
Roy & Pam Dickinson	Keith & Hilda Miller
David B. Smith	Bernie Taylor
Steve Wall	John Walker

The following have been elected to Introductory Membership:

David Brocklebank	Steven Higginbottom
Debbie Boruszak	Eric & Denise Green
Philip Pickering	

Full Membership has been granted to:

Colin Green	Philip Boulton
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## CLUB HUT AVAILABILITY

The Huts will NOT be available on the following dates:

<u>LITTLE LANGDALE</u>	<u>STAIR</u>
6 - 8 Sept.	20 - 22 Sept.
13 - 15 "	4 - 6 Oct.
27 - 30 "	25 - 27 "
11 - 13 Oct	8 - 10 Nov
17 - 20 "	22 - 24 "
1 - 3 Nov	
15 - 17 "	

## FOREST OF BOWLAND Closure for shooting 1974

The Access Areas will be closed for shooting on the following days:-

Clougha (Including the Wardstone-Tarnbrook Track):

12th, 13th, 14th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th August  
17th, 18th, 19th, 20th September  
8th, 9th, 10th, 11th October

### addle Fell

12th, 15th, 19th, 24th August

### Fairsnape

31st August 7th September

## OUTDOOR MEETS

August 23 - 26 (Bank Holiday) Camping at Gatesgarth, Buttermere.  
Meet Leader Jack Jowett. Own Transport.

Sept. 7 - 8 Nant Peris. Hut. Own transport. Meet Leader Mike Tolley.

Sept 14 - 15 Scottish Weekend. Venue to be determined later.  
Meet Leader Pete Latimer.

Sept 22 Coach Meet Roman Way. Pooley Bridge to Kirkstone Pass.  
Food. Meet Leader Pete Roscoe.

Oct 5 - 6 Wasdale camping. Own transport. Meet Leader Bill Crowshaw.

Oct 19 - 20 Beginners rockclimbing. Stair Hut. Own transport.  
Meet Leader Mike Tolley.

SOCIAL NOTESW. Crowshaw

September 25th. is the provisional date for a Barbecue to be held in Kirkham. As this date has still to be confirmed, please keep your eyes and ears open during the next few weeks, when things should be finalised.

October 16th. We hope to have a Lecture by a notable mountaineer. Exactly who remains a mystery.

May I make an appeal (as the person who has to type this Newsletter) to all those who make contributions to this 'tome. Will you please be as brief and succinct as possible in your reporting, and not rambling, loose and discursive as of late. Thank you.

F. Lord.