

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

MAY 1981

SPECIAL CROSSWORD EDITION

EDITORS NOTES

Word reaches me that many of our members will again be active abroad this summer, the Alps, the States etc., reports for the newsletter please. In the meantime there's plenty happening on the home front and I will do my best to keep you informed.

Now for this newsletter, get details of all the usual bits and pieces, enjoy a nailbiting extreme with Martin Dale and Mick Tolley, get wet in Wales with Dave Earle, or dig yourself into a snowhole with Debbie Mabbett (I know which I'm doing). Not only that, but also, wrestle with Martin Pickup's CROSSWORD. Hang on the heels of last issue's poetry this Crossword has been submitted in yet another desperate attempt to raise the tone of this publication. Will it succeed? Read on.....

New Members

The club welcomes the following as introductory members:-

Peter John COLLINSON,	127 Preston Old Road, Blackpool
Debbie MABBETT	7 Charles Close, Hesketh Bank, Nr. Preston
Paul Stephen ROBINSON	67 Poulton Road, Carleton, Poulton-le-Fylde
Mr. and Mrs. John GLASS	8 Dodgeons Close, Poulton-le-Fylde
Mr. and Mrs O'SULLIVAN	14 Windermere Avenue, Fleetwood

Embarrassing Notice (Introductory members please note)

Much is the thoroughness with which the clubs records have been kept in the past, that the dates when introductory members joined us have been lost/mislaidd/never kept? and new secretary Dave Earle does not know which of the said introductory members may now be eligible for full membership.

If any new members have been with us for 12 months and not yet been notified about applying for full membership, would they please contact Dave, 31 Chester Avenue, Poulton, Phone: Poulton 890283.

Amendment to Syllabus Chester M.C.

Your brand new yellow 1981-82 club card is already out of date. The Booking Secretary for the Chester hut is now Roger Downing, phone Chester 319756. Please book before staying at either theirs or the Vags. Hut.

An Honest Woman

Julie Gough is now Julie Reid, Congratulations to her and Paul.

Epic Stuff

As news has not yet broken in the world's press, I can be the first to reveal that two F.M.C. members have completed a successful ascent of Mt. Teide, at 12,680 ft. the highest peak on the island of Tenerife. Their natural modesty almost prevents me from naming them almost, but not quite. Those two V. Diff, superstars Dave Greenhalgh and Barrie Crook. Their assault on the mountain went as follows. The first 9,000 ft. by bus, the next 3,000 ft. by cable car and the remaining 680 ft. on foot. Beat that Reinhold Messner.

Future Meets

May 29th - 30th	Working W/E Langdale	P. Caley, Clev. 854521
June 6th - 7th	Working W/E Stair	P. Roscoe, B'pool 43970
" 13th	Fell Race Langdale	E. Craig, Garstang 4169
" 20th - 21st	Family W/E Stair	
" 27th - 28th	Hut to Hut	E. Craig
July 4th - 5th	Camping Wasdale	D. Earle, Poulton 890283
" 11th - 12th	Ladies Meet Langdale	M. Aspin
" 12th	Potholing	K. Lockett, Preston 709271
" 18th - 19th	Introductory Meet Stair	J. Sealey, St. Annes 729050

Social Programme (See also 'late extra' page 7)

June 10th	Orienteering, Beacon Fell	E. Craig, Garstang 4169
July 1st	Walking Treasure Hunt	D. Earle, Poulton 890283
July 15th	Fell Walk	G. Parker, Cleveleys 856426
Sept 2nd	Crown Green Bowling	Dave Sharples
Sept 16th	Car Rally	K. Lockett, Preston 709271

17th October, The Tolley Housewarming

Housewarming Party at the Tolley's new address 9 Fairways, off Sharoe Green Lane, Fulwood, Preston. This is a bottle party and will start at the Old Black Bull Pub, Friargate, Preston.

The Advert

FOR SALE Ultimate Bivvy Tent (Ideal for Karrimor).
1/2 Man, Single Skin, Weight 3 lb.
Never Used

£30

Keith Lockett, Preston 709271

Editors Comment

To describe this crossword as abysmal would be an understatement. I am given to understand it was turned down by The Times, The Observer, The Guardian and Junior War Cry and I take a grave responsibility in printing it.

Obviously constructed with regard to the fact that the I.Q. of even the brightest F.M.C. members is about that of a retarded chimpanzee (no disrespect to retarded chimpanzees) it may nonetheless prove beyond the capacity of many and lead to total cerebral collapse.

As far as I know there are no prizes, completion of the crossword being its own reward.

Those who fail, and feel badly about it can obtain the answers from the editor in exchange for the usual pint of mild.

Eddie Craig

Typists Comment - I am reliably informed that the esteemed editor struggled for a whole evening to complete the crossword (and failed on spelling!). No wonder he respects chimpanzees.

CROSSWORD

CROSSWORD

14	E	2A	D	35	4E	E					
5I			T	6R		B			7C		
8C	R	E	V	A	9S	S	10E		11V	H	
12P	A		N	13P	T		L			A	
14P	O	T		15P	Y	16G		17C	O	L	
					E		E			K	
18C				L		N	19M				
R						D	A		20P		
21A	22B	23S	E	24	25L	26A	L	P		O	
27M	A	N		28	O	U	R		29F	R	
30P	R	O			M		M			R	
O		W		31	O	M	E		32H	I	
N		33	34	W	N			35B	A	N	D
36S	N	O	W		D				L	V	O
		37N	E			38			E		N

DOWN

2. *Useful for backpackers (1.4)
4. *They're similar to 12 across (1.1.1)
6. *How the German does 21 across (6)
7. *Controversial stuff (5)
8. *See 10 down
9. & 1. *Across - Figs can be found on this Lakeland Pass? (3.4)
10. & 8. *Spanish headgear in yosemite? (2.3)
16. *Ridge policeman?(8)
18. *Rons camp - useful on ice (8)
19. *A mix of spam can prevent you getting lost (4)
20. *Quartzite is found in this torn dior creation (8)

TORRIDON.

22. *Climbers can find one at the Clachaig or Sligachan (3)
23. *Y Wyddfa (7)
24. & 5. & 3. Across - For what is there in all the world for me
But what I know and see?
And what remains of all I see and know
.. . . . (2.1.3.2)
25. *Take the high road to this ben? (6)
31. *Whillans (1.1)
32. & 31. *Across - Near neighbour of 10 down (4.4)
34. *George will be after you if you do this with your subs (

o - o - o - o - o

ACROSS

1. *See 9 down
3. *See 24 down
5. *See 24 down
8. *Eves Car's in a glacier? (8)
11. *Pete Roscoe's too old to stay at one (1.1)
12. *Similar to a Klet, Daddy (1.1)
13. *Good training for the hills (1.1)
14. *Top goes underground (3)
15. *Popular Snowdonia Hostelry or track (3)
17. *High ranking saddle (3)
18. *Everest (11)
21. *Second fastest way to descend a rockface
(the fastest isn't recommended) (7)
26. *European pal (3)
27. *Coniston and Hoy have an old one (3)
28. *Number of 3000 footers in the Lake District (4)
29. *Handy for mountain photography (1.1.1)
30. *Not what amateurs use to stay safe on the rockface (3)
31. *See 32 down
33. *Expensive filling (4)
35. *Orchestral way up Bowfell (4)
36. *Neve or powder (4)
37. *Definitely not South West (1.1)
38. *Adam and Eve can be found here (6)

Where Eddie Yates and Hilda Ogden Meet On Monday And Wednesday Nights
at Half Seven (OR) Street Illegal (Pt. 2)

Four pints of the foulest ale that Gloucester could offer didn't do much to combat the cold penetrating through an already deflated bishop. The Doss, a low cave behind a bench, wasn't much good either. The roof dripped in several places and it didn't have a door. All these circumstances added up to an early rise as soon as the sun came up. Gaz, who couldn't cope with dripping ceilings and chose to brave the elements should there have been any, thrust a brew into my hands and I sat up and banged my head on the very low roof of the doss. A coach full of French tourists, mainly girls, rolls by and we soon wake up jumping around waving our arms like lunatics.

We are here on one of those smash and grab raids that Mick Tolleys so good at organising. It's a Friday in late March and we're here hoping to meet Eddie Yates and Hilda Ogden on the Street before the weekend rush and the after Easter autograph ban. The team is, Mick Tolley, keen as ever. He's here to bag another hard rock route and spur on a slightly lethargic youth. The shavers here out of winter hibernation with a young upstart called Gaz Nuttall. He's already bagged Eddie's and Hilda's autographs in his pumps!

We sort out the gear and pack up. Mick takes the first pitch. We're off, but are we? 30 ft. up the wise old man of the team decides that muddy 4B is not for him. He lowers down off a convenient peg to the boulder strewn car park. I set off at about 11 p.m. It turns out to be the munge pitch of the route. A wide crack affair with nasty wet footholds. Certainly not easy for VS. The only other team in the gorge decide that they don't like loose rock and scuttle off into the darker areas. Shaver and Gaz fight with the right arete of the car park. The muddy pitch ends at a muddy ledge with no belays. A hanging stance below a roof is the solution. Tolley arrives at the stance already smirking with that familiar grin, "didn't like that at all nob" he says. He ties down on the muddy ledge and I set off up the groove. Right a bit and over an awkward bulge, up easily to the start of the real nasties. A slim groove leads to a roof and then another groove runs up to a horribly overhanging chimney. The slim grooves ok, hand jams lead out left round the roof bridge out way over left, the jams lead to lay back holds, stuff a friend in and pull into the groove on poor jams. Close one that. A short rest, runners and I move up to the next set of bulges. Gaz reckoned that was the most technical section of the climb. The crack had now widened to house brick size and no pro would go in. I'm sweating a bit here but several delicate strenuous moves bring a wire into play. A half rest here before the overhanging chimney-groove. I move up and a good nut goes in. A quick dip in the bag of courage and pull, pull, pull. Feet doing nothing much. I manage to jam my shoulders across the chimney, another good nut and then swing out right, strength failing and feet airborne. I'm on the Belay ledge, a nice stance like an armchair without arms. One peg and nuts, legs dangling. The old man thrutches upwards with that grin on his face again. The exposure begins to grip.

Above, more solid graft for the arms. A jamming crack which gives no jams soars up for 20 ft. to a roof and a peg. A rest here would be nice but there's no chance of one. The way above blocked. A traverse left is the alternative. Blocked at the other end by an overhanging nose - The Shield. I reach left fix a nut then launch out across the void. One foothold enables another nut placement. Change feet, my God you could see your face in that foothold. I storm across to the Shield where some tat snakes from a crack. I'm really pumped and Mick realises this as the rope goes tight with no warning the sling comes slowly crawling out of the crack as if to say "go home climber". Arms about spelched I react with what little power is left and zapp a friend in. I'm technically off. My little upward movement showed me why the Shield is called the Shield. Two massive holds on either side are grasped and a quick pull brings me to a precarious bridge below the stance. Safe? Not with my ropes crossed and powerless arms. I'm soon sorted though and relaxing in the Shield bar of the Rovers with Eddie Yates and Hilda Ogden, two pegs and a block,

Albert Tatlock? Tolley climbs faster than I'd expected and we're soon swapping bar stools. This desperate manoeuvre takes ages.

A step right and a long pull and the final groove is gained just like I'd imagined a pint of Newton and Riddleys to be like. Bubbling with overhangs but fizzing with protection possibilities, a true keg groove. Below Mick hangs from the stance dropping stones into the car park. They don't touch as they sail down onto the already stone covered bay below. The groove, easy at first soon turns nasty and fierce and a hard pull left brings a welcome rest and a good thread. Above an overhang bars access to a good crack snaking upwards for an eternity. A side step right and a hard pull on small holds and the vicious no fun overhang is overcome. The groove above leads to a good jamming crack with in situ pro. Steady moves upwards and my arms are beginning to complain again. Several particularly taxing moves with cramped hands painfully jammed to the hilt bring a good friend and then a peg into action. I'm really zapped. The peg bends so I move up and throw my house brick into the crack above but it just doesn't want to go in just right. Fiddling about hanging off jams the nut finally bites and I collapse onto the rope. "I'm really Frank Zappa'd Mick" and the cheese and tomato arrives with a jolt. Minutes pass as I assess the ground above. Fast moves on good jams lead to good jugs on the edge of the Belay Ledge. Shades of pitch 2 legs come flying off and a high kick is necessary to get my right foot on something. Actually getting stood on the ledge is more technical though. A hard lay away move on tired limbs is really taxing but I'm there absolutely splashed. If the ledge were big enough I'd have laid down. The two foot sized ledge is small comfort, good belays though. Mick starts climbing the big black clouds stop threatening and start precipitating. I shout to Mick to hurry. Because of the overhanging nature of the rock he doesn't believe me but the next pitch is slabby and it's getting wet fast. Mick pulls on some gear and storms up the pitch. I gaze down as a bunch of school kids wander past. The inevitable Hi Di Hi, Ho De Ho shout follows and a large stone zooms downwards to show them why they shouldn't be standing around. Mick's up and realises why I'm shouting; rush.

The rain eases and so does the angle but the final pitch isn't easy and it must be climbed fast. Retreat from here would mean plenty of abseiling, swinging and humiliation. A nasty layaway move cannot be rushed. The rain steadies again and the moves made. Several more scarey moves on wet holds leads to a sapling. The rain begins to pound down and it looks like a horrendous lurch for the sapling is on. One move further and good strong grass holds by pass the tree and it's all over. Verticality over, I tie into a tree and get the winch out. It's really pissing down now but I couldn't give a monkeys. The pitch is really wet and the wise old man struggles. As he appears the rain stops. It's 5.30 p.m. We've been down there for hours on the highest limestone wall in England. We're wet but happy. A desperate descent and we're off to the Pub to get badgered on Hall and Woodhouses, but that's another story.

SUMMARY: An ascent of Coronation Street 400 ft. E1, 4B, 5A, 5A, 5B, 4C Cheddar Gorge by Martin Dale and Mick Tolley.

27th March, 1981

Welsh Weekend - March 7th/8th

Not as well attended as it might have been as most potential customers were off to the CIC hut meet which had been re-arranged for this weekend.

Accommodation was at the excellent Chester MC hut. We made full use of the excellent real fire, as the weather was not conducive to fell walking. Saturday dawned wet and very windy. The meet leader had little difficulty in organising a day trip to Caernarvon. The castle was inspected, book shops browsed through and excellent Bass consumed. One member even went on a day

trip to Bangor to meet friends. An early return soon found us round the excellent fire until it was time to brave the elements again on route to the pub. By coincidence our arrival matched the Croydon M.C. Annual Dinner and Dance, so the meet leader was able to renew old acquaintances and found an excuse to increase the intake of alcohol. The disco, for some obscure reason, was shared with a large group from East Sussex. Some guy, even older than the meet leader, with tinted hair and roller skates was voted the oldest swinger in town. Some of those southerners really let you down.

Sunday wasn't much better. We drove round to Ogwen and went into Cwm Idwal, up to the Devils Kitchen and then on to the summit of Y Garn. The sun came out on the way down giving us excellent views and up-lifting the spirit greatly.

A lot of fun was had by all with plenty of leg pulling and banter to pass the time. An enjoyable meet which would have been considerably improved by some visibility. I hope the CIC brigade were more fortunate.

D. A. Earle

1.3.81 F.M.C. As Seen By A New Member

Eight o'clock prompt and the coach set off again heading for the Langdales and willing to pick up any person who was foolish enough to be wandering the streets dressed in waterproof garb, carrying a large sac containing mainly food and sporting the latest style in size 10's. Approaching St. Walburgers and a bleary-eyed character stepped out dressed in the afore-mentioned manner, clutching her breakfast a cheese doorstep and proceeded to crawl onto the bus and settled easily to her job of coach organiser.

Next stop Foulton where we picked up the "oldest swinger in town" and a few others and then on to the Holleys where I began to get rather alarmed. Where was our meet leader? What sort of club was I hoping to join? (Maybe they won't have me after reading this)

Still we carried on. At the Little Chef where a brief stop for 8 number 15's, 9 number 14's and 1 49 were ordered the two young waitresses were last seen arguing as to who the smooth-talking ladies' man fancied most.

Arriving at our destination we donned appropriate garb and grouped up accordingly some looking like walking hardware stores.

The expedition was underway and the group wound their way up Mickledon to Rossett Gill. They went in search of paradise and found howling biting winds and snow. Soon the path disappeared and whilst the "small man with the flat hat" who is chief promoter of the R.A. Alpine holidays was assessing with great deliberation the whereabouts of the party we did the most sensible thing in this situation, had our lunch. The plan was to aim for the nearest peak by the most strenuous route, chose a number like 162 and set off.

Meanwhile not a 100 miles away the advanced splinter group attempting the Langdale Horseshoe spent half their time being shown the way by a couple of walkers and then after leaving them proceeded to become lost and came down to their surprise at Mickledon.

A further splinter party climbed Stake Pass in the rain and when on the summit were dismayed to learn that the youngest members of their group had little faith in their abilities in map-reading with the visibility down to 5 yds. The plan to descend was met with relief and interspersed with a play in the snow.

Then tragedy struck in the form of cramp, well it was an excuse for the former client of the chief masseur to repay the soothing, warmth giving treatment. The client's technique was not good enough though.

The motley crew turned back, the blizzard closing in, the snow transforming one person into a unicorn and the scene was Sickie Moon, no, that was last Wednesday this was Esk House, or was it Great End, or could it be Allen Craggs?

All in all my introduction to F.M.C. with its variety of members, the old swinger, the little man with the flat hat, the masseur, the sunburn inflicted, the person advertising ski wear, the gentleman and the lady who suggested a ski-lift similar to that on Rivington Pike should be installed to help her "climb" higher was a memorable occasion. I thoroughly enjoyed my introductory day as I understood everyone did when we chatted over a drink on the way back.

D. Mabbett

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* * * LATE EXTRA * * *
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Three Peaks Coach Meet - Sunday 10th May, 1981

Thirty-six people were finally on the coach when we set off. At one stage, during the week before it was overbooked with fifty-four people saying they intended to come but for one reason or other we "lost" a few. As far as I was concerned as meet leader, it was a highly successful meet. Most of the party did two peaks from various points on the three peaks route. Some did one and two members did the three.

The weather was reasonably fine with the summits very windy but none of us got wet.

Brian Wilkinson

Additional Social Information

Football V Ski Club	Wed. 24th June	7.30	Rangers?
Rounders V Ski Club	Wed. 22nd July	7.30	Rangers?

N.B. Orienteering Beacon Fell 10th June
Starts from Quarry Picnic Site from 7.00 p.m.
Afterwards - Green Man, Inglewhite

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