

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

AUGUST 1981

EDITORS NOTES

In a club of 150 members such as ours it is hardly surprising that various "groups" exist sharing an interest in a chosen branch of mountaineering and pursuing that interest at their own particular level.

This is natural enough and it would not seem too much to expect that the aforementioned groups could co-exist within the club, enjoying the hills in their own way and using the club's facilities with respect and consideration for each other.

Regrettably this does not seem to be the case and one section of the club in particular seems to feel it has superior rights particularly where hut use is concerned.

I would therefore ask all members to read the next two items very carefully.

HUT USE/ABUSE, CASSETTES, NOISE, DISTURBANCE, COMPLAINTS, BANNINGS AND THE LIKE

The committee have recently found it necessary to write to certain members warning them that if their past conduct does not improve they will find that they are no longer members of this club.

This action follows two separate complaints from fellow members, received at the last committee meeting. It is perhaps unnecessary to go into detail, most people will guess the nature of these complaints. Briefly, the complainants objected to finding the huts resembling a rubbish tip, floor, table, chairs, littered with gear and the vast pile of unwashed pots, pans and crockery they encountered.

However, by far the greatest source of annoyance is the crazy fact that no one can obtain a decent night's sleep at our huts at weekends and is regarded as some kind of idiot if they expect to.

Those people to whom warning letters have been sent consider it acceptable to return from the pub at midnight, make as much noise as possible, turn a cassette on to full volume and keep the hut and half the valley awake till 2 a.m. Should any other hut user request silence they are greeted with arrogant abuse.

This state of affairs is of course nothing new but the committee is determined that it shall not continue. Don't say you haven't been told!

BOOKING FOR LADIES' WEEKENDS

As a result of the type of disturbance just described the ladies are now becoming choosy about who shares the huts with them on ladies' weekends. Consequently anyone male or female, wishing to stay at a hut on a ladies' weekend must book with the meet leader. Failure to comply with this instruction will not be treated lightly.

NEW MEMBERS

On a lighter note we welcome the following introductory members:-

Paul KEIRBY	46 Belgrave Road, Poulton
John Andrew HARTLEY	Howorth Fold Farm, Howorth Road, Burnley
Michael HARGREAVES	12 Chapel Road, Alderley Edge, Cheshire
Stuart Ainley SYKES	118 West Park Drive, Blackpool
Mr. S. HUNT	23 Charnwood Avenue, Chillwell, Notts.

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STAIR HUT - KEY CHANGE

For reasons which escape me the lock at Stair is shortly to be changed.
Get ready to shell out for a new key.

Eddie Craig

HUT AVAILABILITY

August	7th - 8th	Langdale
	14th - 15th	Stair
	21st - 22nd	Langdale
	28th - 31st	Family Weekend Stair
	28th - 31st	Langdale
September	4th - 5th	Langdale
	11th - 12th	Stair
	18th - 19th	Vags Hut Llanberis
	25th - 26th	Stair

N.B. On Family Weekends the unoccupied hut is always available to members.

ISLE OF MULL - MAY 1981

Whit week is by tradition noted for its good weather particularly in Scotland,
and this year proved no exception.

Although the group did experience some heavy rain and winds the sun did shine
for most of the time.

Club members, some with their families, once again camped at Ardlauish Bay
on the Ross of the Island. This Bay faces south, and with its glorious views
of Colonsay, Jura, Scarba and a small part of Islay it is an excellent camp
site.

Coast walks, sailing, mountaineering and fishing were all enjoyed by the group,
making it a highly successful week's camping. No doubt many of the group will
return next year.

Brian Wilkinson

ULLAPOOL - MAY 1981

A 12 strong FMC party had eight good days in Ross/Sutherland based at Morefield
approx. $\frac{1}{2}$ mile beyond Ullapool. The weather and accommodation were good, the
hills were outstanding (give or take the odd Meall Gorm), only the grotty bars and
lousy ale let the side down.

Unfortunately Mike Howe, who booked the accommodation couldn't make the trip -
sorry you missed it Mike. Those who did go were Pam Ashton, Kath Fielding,
Chrissie Ikin, Liz Rawcliffe (expedition nurse), Barbara Sealey, Eddie Craig
(master chef), Barry Crook, Dave Earle (mean, moody and magnificent),
Dave Greenhalgh, George Parker, Pete Rafferty and myself.

To try and describe what everyone did on each day is impossible, possibly
obscene, and anyway would be downright boring. You'll have to make do with my
recorded highlights which means you only get bored for half as long.

Suilven

The Tuesday started badly overcast with a touch of drizzle and with no
improvement by lunchtime - Barb, Raff and myself were the only ones prepared
to try for an epic on the hills. Dave G. generously allowed us to use his car

so we set off for Lochinver and Suilven. The weather was still doubtful at 3.15 p.m. as we tramped up the stalkers track from Inverkikaig but blue sky gradually took control and, apart from a strong wind, the day was perfect when we reached the col. The views in all directions were superb the moors sparkling with lochans, the sea dotted with islands, the splendour of Suilven itself and the panorama of Quinag, Canisp, Cul Mor and Stac Polly and beyond to An Teallach, Torridon etc. After a leisurely traverse of the ridge we returned to the col and dropped down the opposite (north) side to trek round beneath the massive western cliffs and rejoin our approach path. A gigantic red sun was disappearing beyond the horizon as we drove back to Lochinver.

Two pint shandies later an orange moon seeming equally as huge rose between the two peaks of Suilven. It gradually rose higher and bathed the whole landscape in silver. The moonlight glittered on the lochs as we drove through the silent beautiful scene and were spellbound. We had stolen an exquisite, magical experience which will be long remembered (hope I'm not laying it on too thick!).

Incidentally the one bar in Lochinver has real atmosphere - when the fishing fleet is in it's like a wild west saloon - did they have bobhats, wellies and fishscales in the wild west?

Conivall and Ben More Assynt

"Resemble not the little snail,
Who with his slime records his trail,
Let nature say, that where you've been,
You left the face of nature clean"

Wordsworth? (Rafferty please
note)

The Wednesday was the only day that all 12 managed to be on the same hill. Some farm workers were erecting a fence by the Ichnadamph track and I couldn't help wondering if they noted the contrast in our attire. The extremes were Barb in bikini and trainers and Dave E. in boots, breeches, shirt/s and I suspect string vest, also jersey's with anorak at the ready round his waist. It's all very scientific, involving the ratio between bodyweight and surface area. I couldn't follow the theory properly as we'd all been drinking, but it seems Dave E. weighs virtually nothing but has the surface area of Pillar Rock and consequently has to be anchored down or he'll blow away.

Conditions were too hazy for good views and the mountain wasn't so impressive as its smaller neighbours, but still better than a slap in the belly with a wet Lochinver haddock.

Ed and I had cause to reprimand "Young Rafferty" for leaving his applecore on the mountain - others leapt to his defence with arguments about applecores being biodegradable and helping to enrich the soil. Eventually Ed and I accepted these arguments with the proviso that the applecore should be left under a stone at least 6ft.x6ft. so as not to upset the delicate aesthetic taste of we purists who like our hills unspoiled. At frequent intervals during the rest of the week applecores would mysteriously bounce off my rucksack or hurtle past my head.

An Teallach

The following day Barb, Pam, Dave E., Raff and myself had a good day scrambling along the spectacular An Teallach Ridge whilst the others enjoyed the Suilven experience and wild west saloon.

After An Teallach, I dropped down to Shenavall (a magical spot) and climbed Beinn Dearg Mhor, the others being slightly less insane made straight for the Dundonnell Hotel bar.

Saturday "Rattlesnake Gully"

The morning didn't look too promising but 11 a.m. found Barb, Pam, Raff and myself setting off up Cul Beag towards the cloud. Dave E. had dropped us off and agreed to pick us up at the bottom of Cul Mor in 5½ hours, meanwhile he was going off to a feast of lentilburgers (ughh!) with a vegetarian friend.

The cloud moved off before we reached the summit and soon gave way to blue skies. In the valley between Cul Beag and Cul Mor we met 4 adders within a couple of hundred yards and Pam, who claimed to be tiring, put on an amazing burst of speed - she has a loud scream too!

The others (except Dave E.) were doing Cul Mor and we met most of them at the lower summit. That evening George, Barrie, Dave G. and Eddie found "The Arches" a decent bar (by Ullapool standards) which served palatable ale till after time. They arrived back somewhat merry (pissed) with tales of corners leaping out at the car and severes across the bar-room floor to the gents. One evening earlier in the week a particularly uninspiring bar had been livened up by the cabaret of a motorbike crash outside. Dave E. and our expedition nurse hurried to render First Aid but at the sight of them the injured staggered off in terror.

During the week most of the party also did Ben More Coigach with its fine seascapes and impressive Fiddler; Stac Polly which gives good scrambling along its delightfull bristly ridge and Quinag, another good hill. Barb, Pam, Raff and I also bagged all the 10 tops, 7 munros in the East Fannichs (Meall Gorms and all) and on the Sunday Barb, Raff, Dave E. and myself had a pleasant stroll up Beinn Dearg and Meall nan Ceapraichean.

On the Monday we reluctantly headed south.

Martin Pickup

THE 1981 F.M.C. FELL RACE

In an unprecedented break with tradition which caused any amount of apoplexy and almost saw the editor "drummed out of the brownies" this years Fell Race fell on a Saturday.

Exactly how this happened is a bit of a mystery but suffice to say, it resulted in a much smaller turnout and as if further confirmation were needed the weather showed its disapproval by raining throughout. The lesson has been learned. Next year it will be back to Sunday.

On the bright side we had our first lady winner, Miss Pamela Ashton, who finished just ahead of Pete (always the bridesmaid never the bride) Llewellyn, second this year as last. The rain and heavy going prevented faster times, but nevertheless everyone's performance was extremely creditable.

<u>HANDICAP POSITION</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>ACTUAL POSITION</u>
1	Pam Ashton	48.00	7
2	Pete Llewellyn	45.31	6
3	Eric Maymon	42.10	2
4	Martin Pickup	36.10	1
5	Dave Earle	44.48	5
6	Pete Rafferty	42.15	3
7	Chris Heald	42.22	4
8	Dave Clark	53.45	9
9	Chris Ikin	60.12	10
10	Barrie Crook	50.44	8

Eddie Craig