

"BUMPER SUMMER NUMBER"

EDITOR'S NOTES:

Following the tidal wave of Dave Earle in the last edition it feels rather pleasant to be once again at the helm of this little epistle.

Not that its all that little on this occasion, due to a sudden influx of contributions. Most encouraging, keep up the good work laus. Especially nice to receive a few lines from Paul Clark who, on this occasion, has been busy struggling with some black tendrils, pity we hear from him so infrequently.

Also contained in the following pages are a couple of items of no little importance. The present committee would seem to be looking at the club's affairs in a serious and responsible manner. From the outset their basic intentions have been to create a more integrated and active club with a greater proportion of our membership going on meets, using the huts and getting out on the hill. To this end the committee have attempted to provide a fairly varied and interesting programme for the year. Unless members respond, it wont mean a thing. Some meets are proving popular, some are falling flat and obviously the things that work and those that don't need to be monitored in order to determine future policy.

Two areas currently giving cause for concern, as indeed they have done on and off for some considerable time, are poorly supported coach meets and conduct at the huts.

The committee have felt compelled to act on both these matters with the result that the next coach meet has been cancelled and so has one gentleman's membership. Strong measures, but both considered necessary.

EDDIE CRAIG

A BANNING:

As repeated warnings concerning his misconduct at the huts have gone unheeded, Mr. J. Giblin has been expelled from the club and is no longer allowed use of its facilities, property or grounds, even as a guest. The committee wish to make it as clear as possible that this ruling will be enforced and should they hear of any member or members assisting in his continued use of club facilities, they will not be dealt with lightly.

More on this topic, page 11.

THE COMMITTEE

NEW MEMBERS:

The following are welcomed as introductory members:-

Mark Harding, 56 Warbreck Hill Road, Blackpool.
Madeleine Bousfield, 6 Houghton Road, Penwortham, Preston.
Ann White, 68 New Rough Hey, Tanterton, Ingol, Preston.
P. Owens, 27 South Strand, Fleetwood.
R. Henson, "Springmount", Pleasington, Blackburn.
G. Brookes, 23 Grasmere Road, St. Annes.
J. Denmark, 128 Watling Street Road, Fulwood, Preston.
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lovett, 35 Lower Bank Road, Fulwood, Preston.
F. Crosbie, 192 Fleetwood Road North, Thornton, Blackpool.
D. Bibby, 23 Ribble Road, Blackpool.
P. Kirkbright, 4 Latham Avenue, Blackpool.
J. Kent, 19 Torquay Avenue, Blackpool.
R. Travis, 24 Queensberry Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
Dick and Alex Hugman are welcomed as full members.

THE ADVERTS:

1 pair Galibier Super R.Ds size 10 (44). Only worn twice.
£50 o.n.o.

1 pair Raichle Walking/Light Mountaineering Boots. Good condition.
£10.

Contact: Martin Dale,
29 Manor Road,
Blackpool.

NEW ADDRESS:

Stair Hut Sec: Dave Westby,
55 Tarn Road,
Thornton.

Phone number to follow.

Please amend your club card.

SUMMER SOCIALS:

July 20th Annual Rounders Match F.M.C. v Ski Club.
Usual venue. Rangers Ground. 7.30 p.m.

July 27th Walking Treasure Hunt.
Council Offices Car Park, Garstang.
6.30 p.m. onwards.

DAVE EARLE

Sept. 7th Boozy Bike Ride.
Details from Dave Laycock, Cleveleys 867790.

RAFT AND FELL RACE, JULY 9th and 10th, LITTLE LANGDALE:

Raft Race, July 9th:- Meet at Britannia or at hut after closing time. Race starts 4 p.m. approx. Rules as last year.

- 1) Stay in water.
- 2) Cheating is not only allowed but recommended.

Meal Saturday evening.

Book hut bed and floor space with John or Barbara Sealey, St. Annes 729050.

Fell Race, July 10th:- First runners off 11 a.m.
Beer and snacks provided.
Further details

HUT AVAILABILITY:

July 8th - 9th Langdale
15th - 16th Stair
22nd - 23rd Langdale
29th - 30th Stair

Aug. 5th - 6th Langdale
12th - 13th Chester Llanberris
19th - 20th Langdale
26th, 27th, 28th Stair (Families) Langdale

Sept. 2nd - 3rd Langdale
9th - 10th Stair (Ladies Meet)

Sept. 16th - 17th Langdale (Members Meet)
 23rd - 24th Langdale (Families) Stair
 30th - 1st Langdale

Oct. 7th - 8th Vags Hut Nant Perris.

FUTURE MEETS:

July

9th Raft Race. Barbara Sealy. St. Annes 729050
 10th Fell Race.
 16th - 17th Members Meet. Beginners Rock Climbing. Stair. George Parker
 Cleveleys 856426.
 30th - 31st Ladies W/E Stair. C. Ikin. Cleveleys 866698

August

13th - 14th Chester Hut, Llanberis. Martin Dale.
 27th - 29th Lundy Hut. Martin Dale.

September

10th - 11th Ladies W/E Stair. Mary Aspin, Fleetwood 6785.
 17th - 18th Members Meet Langdale. Dave Greenhalgh. Fleetwood 5030.

N.B. The Yorkshire Dales Coach Meet scheduled for the 4th September has been cancelled. Poor turnouts for coach meets means they simply cannot be run economically. Their future is in the balance.

A WEDDING:

Pete Rafferty and Pam Ashton got married recently (to each other) but don't want it mentioned in the newsletter.

I shall, of course, respect their wishes and it won't be.

A CANCELLATION:

In view of the poor support for recent coach meets and the heavy financial losses thus incurred by the club, the committee have taken the unprecedented step of cancelling the Three Peaks coach meet scheduled for Sunday, September 4th. Members please note.

Each year sees more requests for coach meets but half empty coaches have become the norm. Any suggestions please?

CHESTER M.C.

The telephone number for Chester Hut Sec. is given incorrectly on the club card. Correct number is Wrexham 356612.

LUNDY MEET 1983 (August Bank Holiday):

The meet will depart Hartland Quay by helicopter on Saturday 27th and return the following Saturday.

Price:- The Barn and return flight	£50.75.
Camping and return flight	£41.50.

Although the meet is fully subscribed, the possibility of someone dropping out means a reserve list can be started.

Contact:- Martin Dale,
 29 Manor Road,
 Blackpool.

HUT USE:

The committee have agreed that anyone who stays at the hut without making a booking will have to pay the guest rate (currently £1.00 per night).

B.M.C. NEWS:

Insurance Scheme:

The B.M.C. have devised a number of insurance schemes for climbers, hill walkers and ramblers. Policies can be taken out for activities, both home and abroad and anyone requiring further details should contact:-

Insurance Department,
B.M.C. Services Ltd.,
Crawford House,
Precinct Centre,
Booth Street East,
Manchester M13 9RZ
Telephone 061.273.5839.

GEAR SECTION:

Thanks to Rick Reeve for sending word of Rick Newcombe's home based "Tor Products". The prices seem very fair indeed and our information is that more and more gear is to be added to the following list. In addition to supplying climbing hardware, tent repairs and alterations are undertaken, the work being of the highest quality.

ROCK CLIMBING HARDWARE

TOR OUTDOOR PURSUITS,
5 LYNDON GROVE,
RUNCORN, WA7 5PP

All the prices below are at least 10% off recommended retails price, on top of this our usual discounts are available. (at the 15% discount level we believe our prices are lower than any contract price anywhere).

KARABINERS. By Wild Country; aerospace alloy with high strength to weight ration. Weigh only 50g, 2300 kg+ breaking strain. Price £2.60 each.

FRIENDS. The world famous climbing protection system. Can give protection where nothing else can; the spring-loaded cams grip any fissure. All our friends include sewn on slings at no extra charge.

FRIEND SIZE	1	19 - 29 mm	Price	£14.90
	2	28 - 44 mm		£15.50
	3	44 - 66 mm		£16.50
	4	61 - 100 mm		£19.20

ROCKS. (all on wire). These are concave/convex wedges on high tensile aircraft wire. Grip cracks more securely than conventional wedges.

Rock size	1	Width	7 mm	Length	14 mm	Load (Kp)	700	Price	£1.40
	2	8.3 mm		15.2 mm		800		£1.40	
	3	9.7 mm		16.5 mm		900		£1.40	
	4	11.5 mm		18.0 mm		1000		£1.70	
	5	13.5 mm		20.0 mm		1000		£1.70	
	6	15.8 mm		23.0 mm		1000		£1.70	
	7	18.5 mm		26.0 mm		1000		£2.00	
	8	21.8 mm		30.0 mm		1000		£2.00	
	9	25.0 mm		35.0 mm		1000		£2.00	

ICE KEY. Unlocks those difficult placements, threads slings. Price 1.45.

SEWN SLINGS. Stronger, neater and lighter than knots.

Length	23 cm (9")	webbing	20 mm	strength	2500Kg	Price	£0.80
	58 cm (23")		25 mm		3200Kg		£1.40
	116 cm (46")		25 mm		3200Kg		£2.20

CHALK BAGS. Cordura, webbing reinforced, drawcord + lock, attachments. Price £4.00, fur fabric lined.

CLIMB AND WINE AND DINE AT STAIR. 26/27 March.

The idea was to have a members meet where we all mountaineered and ate and drank together and, for once, it worked brilliantly. Martin Dale volunteered to organise the climbing whilst Pete Roscoe and myself provided most of the wine and food.

A sunny Saturday tea-time saw 15 or so of us in various states of desperation on Shepherds. When called upon to deliver the food, a hotpot and apple pie and cream purchased for a song from the Mullard canteen, I was still halfway up Brown Slabs Wall following Martin Dale. I was relieved of my position as head chef and returned to Stair to find our meal almost ready to serve.

Having disposed of the food we set about the wine and polished off all 15 bottles of Peter's homemade, together with other bottles provided by Mick Tolley and Guy Duxbury. Some of us even managed to down a few pints of Jennings' at the Swinside, which is under new management and is now serving an excellent pint.

One of the purposes of the meet was to encourage beginners. A phone round of a dozen introductory members produced only one aspirant. What sort of stuff and introductory members made of nowadays? Nick Harmes, the one introductory member who did turn up, proved to be an embarrassment - he could already second v.s.s and lead Severes with ease. Nick, together with Gerry Senior, Dave Earle and myself with twenty years of seconding between us, were relegated to the beginners and seven enthusiastic leaders vied for our services.

Although Sundy dawned cold and windy, by mid-morning things had improved. Peter and Gillian went off for a walk, Mick and Jenny and the kids went sailing in the new boat and the rest of us finished up at Shepherds again, and a good time was had by all. It was on this occasion that Pete Roscoe, not his usual self for once, made his bid for the much coveted Mug of the Year. Having asked for a top rope on Brown Slabs Corner, he proceeded to second Kransic Crack behind Dave Westby and amazed everybody by finishing up dangling from the rope. The cameras were out of course and I understand limited edition photos personally autographed by Peter will be shortly available. Rick Reeve please note!

During the weekend most of the easier routes were done - Donkeys Ears, Little Chamonix, Brown Crag Wall, Arduus (what a gripping final pitch), Scorpion, Kransic Crack, Eve - to mention but some. Who says we should be sold off to Lyellian Ramblers!

On Sunday we were joined by John Hargreaves, who as well as managing to climb well had just completed his master joiner job at Stair.

It was a very successful meet and an appropriate house warming for the new kitchen. Let's have lot more meets like this at the huts during the coming year.

BARRY CROOK

Last minute arrangements and big route talk typified the pre-Easter Thatched House session, as, under a glaze of Boddingtons, big cigars were being smoked.

The meet leader had come up with the inevitable last minute transport saviour yet again. Friday saw us speeding down the M5 towards Bristol with only one thing in mind - BEER! And the burning question was whether we were going to get any. As usual Bristol's hidden jewel provided it. 11 p.m., just as most pubs are closing, we hit the Bristol Bridge Inn for the warm up night. Warm? It was boiling! Pints of ale such as Marstons, Pedigree, Wadworths 6X were consumed against a back cloth of steamin' rhythm'n' blues from a local band. A doss at Andy Dunhill's guest house for the night sealed the occasion.

The first day's venue was to be Haytor. Stuck on top of Dartmoor and exposed to everything God can throw at it, is this excellent protrusion. The meet leader wanted a brew but the lads wanted rock, and rock they got. Very cold rock indeed! Andy Dunhill retreated off the classic aviation (E1 5B5B) with very numb hands, whilst the other lads, led by Mark Broughton, managed Raven Gully (sev) before also becoming bereft of feeling in the extremities. Martin Dale showed the way with rapid solo ascents of Raven Gully and Vixen and Ann (hvs) keeping warm in the process. The lads were soon engrossed in the many boulder problems and easier routes. So were the tourists, with which the area abounds. The sun came out and everyone was happy, even the meet leader who went for a brew. That evening the team found the Blue Anchor in Halston and only the lack of pasties saved them from getting spingo'd (again). Instead they settled for an overdose of H.S.D. in the Star at St. Just, where the whole team assembled. The next day saw a very keen bunch follow Mr. Dunhill in search of Zennor Cliff. After initial lethargy and sceptism, the sun came out and the team got into action. Most people completed the 1923 route (v. diff), the fine Royal Forester (v.s) and Sheep Crook, Black Dog (v.s) on the upper crag, whilst Andy Dunhill, Mick Tolley and Joe Giblin (who?) chose to plumb the depths of the adjacent Zawn. Several routes were done emerging from the depths, worthwhile if only for the truniling which was in abundance. In fact it's a wonder there's any crag left! Everyone ended up doing the excellent and aptly named "Going to the Sun" (v.s) which started with a brilliant traverse pitch into the deep Zawn, just above the high water mark before going for the sun in two good pitches. Phil Caley and Paul Reid meanwhile climbed an excellent corner pitch from the sea washed platform by the name of Charlie Farley (v.s). Whilst all this was going on Dave Sharples and Tony Welsh, both accompanied by their respective wives and wives to be, had been ticking off two classics of Bosigran, Suicide and Bow Walls (E1 and E2). Dave commented that they were o.k. whilst Tony had an entirely different opinion. On the Monday the highlight of a trip to a very crowded Chair Ladder was probably spotting John Sealey sporting a very phallic camera. Although routes like Detergent Wall (h.v.s), South Face Direct (v.s) and Red Wall (h.sev) were done, the place was like Blackpool Prom on a bank holiday. John Hargreaves and Rick Reeves showed up and bagged Flannel Avenue (sev). Mick Tolley and Joe sneaked off to Pordenack Point, an excellent little crag which provides good, if short, crowdless routes. After a night in the First and Last and the Star, Pordenack Point received more attention. Turning back from Lands End without paying the £1.50 per head, we parked and proceeded on foot, hoping for some aggravation. We didn't get any and carried on, just managing to drag Phil past the cafe. The brilliant and continuously interesting "Not Much" (v.s) proved most popular but the aptly named "Friends" gave stiff competition with good friend protection. The crack also housed another kind of friend, the Kamikaze Shrimp, who threw themselves at you every time you stuck your hand in the crack. Quite unnerving at first acquaintance. Alan Peel lived up to his name on the fine looking "Stoneboom" (E1). Andy Blaylock led the first pitch, a long horizontal hand traverse with a runner at the start and one at the end. Alan came a cropper about half way across and went for his first "poel" of the week. The lads were unlucky on the technical groove above as the ever threatening clouds dumped their load on the crag, forcing them to abandon their attempt. Phil got his brew, Tom Knowles and Andy Dunhill returned from their coastal walk and

everyone retired to the pub.

Wednesday saw rain in abundance so it was shopping in Penzance interspersed with plenty of brews, beers and games of pool. Quite a lot of the team set off home. The following day saw a rapid packing up job as a very heavy hail bout struck. A wet Bosigran prompted a move up the coast to Devon and Hartland Point. The sun came out and a quick look at Screda Point, Hartland Quay, fuelled the enthusiasm for the following day. Dave Sharples wasn't impressed however and left to do some sight seeing. The enthusiasm was dampened however as the day dawned showery. The first hour was spent sat in a cave at Screua watching the rain wet the crag. Phil fancied a brew but a good plan was formulated and the "A" team went for Wreckers Slab (c.s), a classic sea cliff mountaineering route. The "B" team tackled the horrendous descent and beat the tide to the excellent Gull Rock. Both crags are in the vicinity of Morwenstowe. After completing Wreckers, the "A" team met up with the "Gull Rockers", who'd bagged a couple of goodh.v.s's, and headed back to Screda Point to finish the day off in fine style. A line of sharks teeth jut out into the sea, each one providing routes of varying difficulty. Alan, Steve MacDonald, Mark, Paul and Andy all ascended the Fohn (v.s), which Martin had soloed the night before, on the farthest sharks tooth. On the main cliff, which is a long blank sheet of slab about 90' high, Alan and Phil climbed L'Imbecile (v.s) up the right hand edge whilst Martin, Paul and Andy did the Tourist Trap (E2) climbing directly up the blank slab to a peg, then joining L'Imbecile by a very delicate traverse which provided the crux. Both these routes belayed on huge grass mushrooms which were so solid people even abseiled off them. After a memorable sunset, the next move was no problem. Sporting sun tans, the whole team assembled in the excellent Anchor Inn to swill down lots of Ushers.

The "After Hour" activities brought the pub into the top ten chart easily. A disco raged in the back room 'til 1 a.m. and what's more, so did the beer. The locals' tribal dance was a bit wild and resembled a fight more than anything but everything stayed within the realms of sanity and we left with the news that there would be another "bash" the night after. The following day was spent at Foxhold Slabs where just about everybody enjoyed a sunbath on a slab which just wasn't wide or high enough. Mozambique(v.s) up the left hand of two cracks, gave the sort of climbing that you wish would go on for ever and not just 90'. A boulder problem start led to a hard pull into a perfect finger crack up the glistening white slab. Good runners too, sheer pleasure! The right hand crack proved a different kettle of fish though. Easy climbing led to an overlap with a knife thin crack running upwards to a slightly wider fingertips job. The h.v.s 5B grade seemed a joke as an absolutely wild series of pulls on nothing brought the half decent upper crack into play. After everyone had waltzed up Mozambique with comparative ease, Angola proved a show stopper as after Martin's lead, only Mark managed to follow cleanly. Alan and Andy also did the route, losing finger ends in the process. Martin, Paul and Steve climbed a new route up the left arete, involving some airy laybacking above your runners, Zimbabwe (v.s). After climbing the scary White Messiah (h.v.s) on the upper slab, Martin and Alan decided to try the very thin, almost not there crack between Mozambique and Angola. Due to the shortage of good pro they settled for a top roped ascent. After several falls Martin succeeded to be followed more successfully by Paul and then by Alan. Any takers? Another night in the Anchor proved essential. Bar and disco extension 'til midnight this time, Lundy trippers think on. The following day was spent at Dyers Lookout under the shadow of the mighty "Earth Rim Roarer II". One wonders how long it will be before Pat Littlejohn will have to come back and climb the third version. With the sharks tooth of "Blisterin Barnacle" tantalisingly out of reach in the sea, two diagonal crack lines on the landward slab were ascended, the top one by Martin and Mark, Spring Surprise (h.v.s) and the bottom one, "A Winter's Tale" (v.s) incorporating a marvellous swinging peel by Alan, Steve and Paul. A walk to look at and suss out the other crags on the coast finished off the day.

The end of an excellent meet was spent as it began, at Andy Dunhill's "restaurant" in Bristol, where the whole team enjoyed an excellent curry. The day after proved too wet for the proposed visit to the Avon Gorge so we headed home up the M6. Full marks to Steve MacDonald, who hitched all the way from Blackpool to Lands End, there's keenness for you. Also, cheers for the doss and the curry, Andy.

ANTIWORLDS:

Ever since I saw the picture of a solitary climber poised on a wall gazing quizzically upwards along the line of Antiworlds, I had been haunted by the idea of doing the route, so obviously a compelling line. Having once descended into the spectral gloom of Deep Zawn that mysterious poise provokes much room for thought, the realisation dawns that only by climbing out there will you find out what lies in the groove searing through the roof above and binds such a spell.

We climb Quatermass, a perfect crack line out to the left from where the views across the upper wall of Antiworlds reveals nothing but smoothness and adds to the mystique. Returning to the Barn I lie awake listening to the creaking with which we are haunted at night. The sound which could be a foot step on the stair or the slow swing of a body on a stretching rope. At least I share this haunting with the others and I am furthest from the stairs.

With the coming of daylight rises the spirit to exorcise both ghosts. Mike is awake and about so, hurrying breakfast, we make off across the moors in haste but are soon brought to a halt when faced with that first wall. Tension out onto it says the description and we, presumptuous in the extreme, thought it would blanch at our arrogance. We return to the clifftop via The Serpent and arm ourselves with pitons and hammer. Black tools for a black deed.

Even with the necessary peg belays it takes a bold heart to swing out across that wall into the cracks beyond, which open wide and lead you on like an opening door into the dark cold crypt, then slam closed as you stare the devil in the face.

The quizzical look, the unsure poise. The groove like an open mouth, a solitary fang of blood red granite hangs there and dares you to approach. Daintily you creep up to that fin leaving all protection behind as it hypnotises and stills you with its influence.

A hundred feet below Mike has been joined by some of the others on their way to do Quatermass. "How's it going Paul?" calls Bob and the sound of his voice snaps me out of a trance. Here's a piece of rock to climb, no more, no malevolence. Swing up and plant my feet well to pin groove and fin apart, they won't snap me. Edging slowly up that colossal tooth until its very width necessitates letting go of its edge and the passage is barred. Panic rises as the walls crush the will, squeezing and expelling. Black tendrils creep up from the inky water below and drag body from frictioning limbs. Only a leap and swing pulls my body from their inevitable grasp.

After wrestling with the diabolic below, Mike finds the savagery of the groove above provides him with some room for thought and it costs him a fall before he can break out onto the wall above and up which I must now find my way.

After the darkness below the ethereal follows. You float there above the void and bask in the brilliance. Follow a superb line of black and white to the warm world of grass and sunshine above.

In the dead of night I lie awake and contented until the creaking phantom disturbs my reverie. Beneath my pillow lies the hammer awaiting its use in the second exorcism of the day.

PAUL CLARK

HADRIAN'S WALL COACH MEET:

"I'm varnishing my garden gnome" was about the only reason not trotted out for avoiding this meet. The "we want more coach meets" graternity were as usual conspicuous by their absence and the committee have carefully monitored the 55 phone calls made to round up support by the meet leader and noted the

response. It is true to say that if the club did not run bus trips it could invest the annual loss to allow all members to stay at the huts for nothing. One third of the people that finally made the trip were non-members.

Coach meets are now dead. Some of those arranged will be cancelled and next year's committee will be extremely irresponsible to allow for more than four bus trips.

Those that were not climbing on Crag Lough left the coach at Greenhead and sauntered the 12 miles to the point where the wall merges into the surrounding countryside before returning to the Housesteads coach park.

Crag Lough proved dry, fortunately, and warm enough to provide a good day's sport. Several of the classic severes were ascended and the steepness of the rocks savoured. The walk proved to be along an outcrop of the daloritic whinsill giving dramatic airy views both to north and south. Pubs were visited at half time and roman remains inspected.

All seemed to enjoy the scenery, company and exercise. It was nice to arrive at the bus warm and dry.

Condolences to the meet leader, D. Duck, whose commitments at home caused him to miss his meet. We all offer his mum our very best wishes.

D. A. EARLE.

COACH MEET - STANAGE EDGE, DERBYSHIRE - 8th MAY:

The first coach meet to Stanage Edge for some time was supported by 22 persons on the day. A strong turn out came from the club's rock climbers, over half those present. A walking group was dropped off at Alportdale and collected at the end of the day at Brough Village, near Hope, during which time they made an excursion into Alportdale and skirted the eastern edge of Kinler Scout. The coach was able to make its way to within only a few hundred yards of the extensive rock outcrops of Stanage Edge, giving very good access for the climber and their gear, (normally a considerable combined weight). Large numbers of climbers were taking advantage of this, such that queuing for the best routes was in evidence. "Spot the Route" was played by some. The area is so extensive in numbers of rock climbs that a route should be found somewhere. The weather was very cook, misty and windy, but thankfully remained dry, giving reasonable climbing conditions. Climbers and walkers alike enjoyed the change of environs. Derbyshire has much to offer both groups.

Perhaps the destination, length of journey, or overall poor weather at the time discouraged many, particularly the fell walkers, from attending, with the result that more than half the seats were empty - resulting in a large loss of money by the club on the trip. I hope members will attend future coach meets in enough numbers to ensure their survival.

DAVE CLARK

ON THE ROCKS with "Scoop" Dale, our climbing correspondent.

ME? I'M JUST A LAWN MOWER, YOU CAN TELL ME BY THE WAY I WALK (OR THE ART OF FLYMO ABSEILING).

Great End Crag in Borrowdale has yielded some classic routes since its transformation from a choss heap a few years ago. Everytime you go there seems to be another pile of gardened earth at the bottom of the crag and the cone at the bottom of Great End Corner gets bigger and bigger.

A visit to the crag last year resulted in a knock back on one of the harder routes due to rain, but I did eye a line thinking to myself, something might just squeeze in there. This time "that" line was like a clean lawnmower sweep up the garden. It looked positively sparkling. The amount of time you would have to put in gardening from an abseil rope on this crag would be phenomenal so I was glad that Keswick climber, Colin Downer, had done an excellent

job for me. It's about time he layed some crazy paving in his garden though, as muddy feet were a problem on the first moves. The seemingly pleasant first pitch unfolded into a poorly protected "fight to stay on". A definite wolf in sheep's clothing this one, I thought. A slabby looking wall reared up into a very vertical one with a knife thin crack in it, which at least took one micro-wire. Two poor handholds and a sharp pull with nothing much for the feet brought what looked from below like a good edge within reach. Rapidly palming the rounded edge and scampering up with my feet, I realised how far I was above my micro wire. Panic nearly set in and only a quick semi-mantle and a very small undercut saved the day and brought a standing position on the sloping hold. The "fight to stay on" section was over, or was it. Good runners and a short layback would bring the first stance within reach, but what a layback! A real feet up by the hands job, inching up your hands, feet up left near your head, tearing the flake away from the crag. A real effort. Well, on the stance I was beginning to wonder what we'd let ourselves in for. A desperate 5B pitch and more to come, including the crux. Maybe we should leave these early repeats to the big boys.

Dave followed without any bother, "Piece of urine, Nob". However, he declined the offer of a look at the next pitch, saying he'd save himself for the two 5A pitches to follow.

So suitably rested and psyched, I set off on the next wild ride. Up onto a flake and pull up into another very thin crackline, this time though it is overhanging and does take good wires. The slanting nature and lack of good footholds to the right led me to believe a move to the left and a layaway would be the way to crack what was becoming an increasingly tiring puzzle. But no and a short testing lob onto my wires brought me down by Dave's side again. "There's a good juggy up there, can you see?" proffered Dave. Of course I could see, about ten moves further up!

Back up I went and this time with a strange undercut for the left and an almost non-existent finger tip layaway, I bridged up on nothing and this time it was a jug. Hanging off one arm to place a quick wire was not doing me any good, so several strenuous moves later I was glad of an easing of the angle and an improvement in hold size. A big juicy tree runner and that was that. Dave, out of sight out of mind, had a bit more bother with this one, which he insisted was because he had trouble with one of the nuts, which are always harder to remove when you're hanging from them.

Well, here was Dave, and next was one of his 5A pitches, so off he set. Traversing right from the belay on unmercifully into a blind groove overlooking Great End Corners 2nd pitch, Dave started complaining about muscle fatigue, cramp, poor runners, wet feet and even too much wind? He was soon back on the stance and by the look on his face there was something lurking in that groove Dave didn't see eye to eye with. So it was my turn to try and slay the dragon again. Strange enough, the moves into the groove were hard, 5Bish and what's more they kept coming, getting slightly easier but more worrying. 20, 30, 40 feet and still nothing positive in the way of runners. Absolutely brilliant climbing was not being enjoyed.

Finally a good runner broke the deadlock at 50 feet and suddenly the climbing came to life, what a monster! Dave liked this one, telling me stories of how all my runners had fallen out and asking for tight ropes etc.

Only one 5A pitch left and after the last "wild mouse", Dave was a bit reluctant to set out on the next potential "big dipper". A slabby wall led upwards to a beautiful corner soaring to the top of the crag. Dave coped excellently at first then came to a grinding halt below the steep lower section of the corner. To be honest it did look quite hard but I couldn't resist a quick "There's a big juggy up there, I can see it from here". Neither could I the "Piece of piss, Nob" at the top. Dave had done a good job though, shaking off the screamin' abdabs to lead a good 5A+ pitch.

Despite the slight grading anomalies, an absolute stonker of a route. The

only thing we could do to celebrate was to do another of Mr. Downer's garden paths to the right of the corner.

Another brilliant route, another classic for Great End. May be there is a crag in Dave Earle's front garden.

Summary: An account of a recent earlyish repeat of "Exclusion Zone" E2, 5B/C, 5C, 5A/B, 5A/B, by Martin Dale and Dave Westby (in the best possible taste).

SOCIAL PROGRAMME:

Notes for diaries:

Tuesday, 15th November, Tithebarn, Poulton.
Mount Kongur Expedition,
Further details nearer the date.

A BANNING (Continued):

Editor's Comment:

It was unlikely that the club's first banning for several years would be a tranquil affair.

Joe has requested I print the following letter. I do so, and in fairness, also print a reply from the Committee. It is hoped that after reading them, the membership will have a clearer understanding of what has happened and why.

12 Maple Road,
Swinton,
Manchester.

Dear Sir,

28th June, 1983.

I believe that I have been charged with repeated misconduct and through ignoring such warnings have prejudiced my right of membership. I have no written knowledge of the details of this at the present time.

I challenge the Committee to present any misconduct warnings of which I have reasonably been given the opportunity of rebutting. I have always been willing to attend Committee meetings to counter any complaints, and remain so, providing I have prior knowledge of particulars.

Should the Committee not give me the right of reply, I will consider calling an extraordinary general meeting to discuss the following motion:-

That any member facing disciplinary charges be given one month's notice of a Committee meeting being held by arrangement, to discuss such matters, and that the member concerned should be given the opportunity of attending such meeting, to hear the complaints made and to offer comment. This is to apply retro-spectively to any existing contentious disciplinary charges.

Furthermore, this meeting condemns the manner in which the Committee has dealt with disciplinary measures and calls for the dissolution of the existing Committee and the re-election of a new one.

It is my opinion that whatever disciplinary action has been agreed in Committee has no standing, because they have only heard one side. I have, therefore, given written notice that I intend to continue to use the F.M.C. facilities, until this is rectified.

1) I urge the Committee to set aside anything it has agreed so far in

this connection.

- 2) To give me the right of reply.
- 3) That the procedure detailed in the first part of my proposed motion is adopted in future.

You may think that I am going over the top but if things don't change, you are going to lose your only active rock climbing, ice climbing, mountain-eering, potholing skier. I value the use of the huts and will move on with regret.

Yours faithfully,

J. E. GIBLIN.

The Committee Reply:

In answer to Joe's letter we feel that we can do no more and no less than to report the facts and allow them to justify our decision.

Over a period of years Joe's conduct at the huts has been a source of one could almost say countless complaints. He has:-

Abandoned two useless vehicles on hut parking space, these eventually had to be removed at the club's expense.

Repeatedly caused annoyance to our own members by arriving at the huts late at night and playing his cassettes at high volume, and has been warned several times in writing.

Repeatedly caused annoyance to visiting clubs by exactly the same behaviour. This despite the fact that he is well aware he should never have been at a hut booked out to another club in the first place. Again he has been warned.

It should be pointed out that Joe is not alone with regard to the last two items but he is by far the most consistent offender.

The decision to expel Joe from the club was brought about by three recent incidents.

In May 1982 Joe, a friend and two ladies they had met, arrived at Stair Hut (unbooked) in the early hours. Other hut users were in bed. They began to play their cassette and left only after the meet leader had got out of bed to challenge them. The time was 2.30 a.m.

Joe received a letter of warning from the Committee to add to his collection.

In February of this year, Joe arrived at the Little Langdale Hut which was booked out to a Yorkshire club for the weekend. He did, in fairness, go for a specific purpose (to attempt the repair of a friend's motorcycle) but this does not alter the fact he had no right to expect to stay at the hut and was in fact seen in Ambleside on Friday night by three committee members and told specifically not to go to Little Langdale Hut. He went nevertheless and stopped Friday night and was subsequently asked to leave by the visiting club, who then complained to ourselves. In their complaint they pointed out that the last time they booked Little Langdale the same F.M.C. member turned up wanting to stay. This club has expressed its intention not to use our huts again.

Visiting clubs pay for exclusive use of a hut and by agreement with ourselves are entitled to it. This fact is known to Joe and has been in the newsletter.

After this particular incident it was felt enough was enough and in view of his previous long history of misconduct and the failure of written warnings, Joe should be called before the Committee to account for his actions. A letter was then written to him inviting him to either of the next two Committee meetings,

explaining exactly why this invitation was made and warning him clearly that non-attendance would result in a banning.

We received a rather cavalier letter from Joe indicating he had no case to answer. Only two weeks after receiving our letter he was again involved in an incident at Stair Hut in which two of our own members had a night disturbed by Joe and one other member and several guests arriving late at night and playing the cassette and carrying on drinking. The tape was finally switched off on request at about 1.30 a.m. but not without unpleasantness. The noise continued for about another hour. In view of this, when the Committee next met on the 23rd May, it was felt the only responsible decision that could be made was to ban Joe. By his own actions he had given us no choice.

To Summarise:

Joe has not been expelled for any one minor or major infringement of club rules but for a long series of transgressions which have caused trouble both for our own and other clubs' members. This has gone on over not months but years and his behaviour shows no sign of improving.

He has been given every chance, in the form of numerous warning letters, and finally by the offer of a personal hearing before the Committee.

The position is really quite simple. Either the club is run by its elected Committee or it is run by and presumably for Mr. J. Giblin.

The Committee therefore reaffirms its position.

Mr. J. Giblin has been expelled from the club. The decision was in the interest of the club as a whole and we will enforce it.