

FYLDE MOUNTAINKERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER, 1983.

"Special 'Sort This Lot Out' Edition"

Editor's Notes

Even as I write confusion reigns. First, have you found Dave Earle's super de luxe members' list enclosed with this edition? Everything you've ever wanted to know about everybody else but were afraid to ask. Shout if you haven't got one. Sure to become a collector's item.

Next turn to the back page, does it refer to the annual dinner date, time, cost etc. and is there a booking slip? If the answer is 'yes' then all has gone well and stalwart action by the chairman and others has saved the day. If the answer is 'no', then something of a cock up, not the club's fault, has occurred and it could be a 'bring your own butties do'.

And as if that wasn't enough.....

Mount Kongur Falls Flat

A quaking social secretary informs me that ticket sales for the above event are on a par with those of durex to eunuchs and should things fail to improve, I was going to say pick up, come the 15th of November, Teanlowe Centre could resemble Moscow Conservative Club with Cecil Parkinson as guest speaker. Come on folks, save the show, save the Duck - buy a ticket, only a quid.

NEW MEMBERS

Welcomed as introductory members:

John Barnes 41, Galloway Road, Fleetwood.
Maureen Reid 34 Oldfield Crescent, Poulton-le-Fylde.

Full Members:-

John Borusak
Stuart Howcroft
Bob Killen.

SOCIALS (at the Buccaneer, 8.30 pm)

2nd November	Offa's Dyke or Coast to Coast Walk	John Duckworth
9th November	Discovery and Exploration of the Caves of Casterton Fells.	Ron Bliss
15th November	The Ascent of Mount Kongur - Teanlowe Centre, Poulton 8.00 pm Tickets £1. from Committee M'bers.	Alan Rouse
23rd November	Austrian Slides	George Banks
30th November	Slide Competition	Not J. Wiseman
7th December	Yosemite Climbing	Alan Peel. Andy Blaylock
14th December	Slides: Lakes or Wales or somewhere anyway.	Don Rutter
11th January '84	Slide Quiz	John Wiseman
1st February	Slide Miscellany	Dave Earle
22nd February	The White Mountains of New Hampshire	Dave Langhorn

/..... 2

HUT AVAILABILITY

Nov. 4-5th Langdale
 11-12th Stair (Bangers, Beans, etc.)
 18-19th Langdale (Working Weekend)
 25-26th Langdale Stair (Families)

Dec. 2-3rd Stair
 9-10th Langdale (Club Dinner Weekend)
 16-17th Langdale
 23-2nd Jan. Both Huts available to members

Jan. 6-7th Langdale
 13-14th Stair
 20-21st Langdale Stair (Families)
 27-28th Stair

FUTURE MEETS

Nov. 6th Own Transport - Brimham Rock Martin Dale
 (see note further on)

12-13th Bangers, Beans, Beer: Stair Jack Jowett
 19-20th Working Weekend, Langdale Phil Caley,
 Clev.854521

26-27th Family W/E : Stair

Dec. 10-11th Dinner W/E Langdale
 17-18th Members' Meet: Langdale B. Crooke
 Clitheroe 24629

24-3rd Jan. Stair available for Festivities

Jan. 8th Coach, Kirkstone to Patterdale J. Wiseman,
 Clev.826594

ON THE MOVE

The Sealeys have moved, please amend club card:

Mr & Mrs. J.D. Sealey,
 45 Ribby Road, Wrea Green, Nr.Preston.
 (Tel.Kirkham 687147)

WHEN IS A COACH MEET NOT A COACH MEET?

The Brimham Coach Meet, Nov. 6th, will now run as an own transport meet. Martin Dale remains as meet leader and will take bookings and co-ordinate transport.

AND THE GENUINE ARTICLE :

COACH MEET - January 8th: KIRKSTONE TO PATERDALE.

During this year coach meets have been on the syllabus as instructed by the ACM but the Committee have had to cancel some due to lack of support, others have run at a large loss. Will coach meets survive this plague of apathy? You, the members, will vote on their future not just at the AGM but by your support or lack of it.

The cost of this meet is £3. (or if the coach is nearly full £2.50) Depart Blackpool, Devonshire Square at 0800. Poulton, depart 0810. The activities in this area are many from the delights of Red Screens to Helvellyn or High Street to Place Fell to the New Year hangover cure of Patterdale to the Travellers' Rest and return.

Book your place with me, John Wiseman, (Clev. 826594) in good time.
New members welcome, old members welcome, guests, relatives or

AN ADVERT

Pete Roscoe has a gas fire for sale. Suitable for heating a garage or outhouse. Contact Pete at 22 Carlyle Ave., Blackpool 43970. Please don't telephone during the day. Tues to Fri inclusive.

POT HOLING GEAR

The Club owns a fair bit of Pot Holing gear, namely: helmets, ladders, lamps and life lines, which is in the care of Mick Tolley to whom goes the Club's thanks for its storage, maintenance and renovation. This gear is available for general loan to club members as well as for use on official club meets. A small tackle charge is payable to finance wear and tear.

LADIES MEETS

A reminder to members that dates for ladies meets are included in the syllabus to give a common target to work to for those interested parties who have to organise husbands, baby sitters, etc.. No member is precluded from attending the huts on such a weekend but should book with the meet leader for the particular weekend (rather than the booking secretary). Only the ability to behave and endure endless conversations about knitting and babies is required. The secretary has certainly found this no worse than the 'active sections' monologues on Joe Soap's chopped the No.3 hexagonal nut for aid off groaning groove, its E5, 6c, 6a, 6c, (presumably plus or minus (x-y)².)

What happens when we get into quadratics?

D. Earle,
Secretary

TOM GIBLIN'S SCHOOLDAYS, OR WHACKO!!

The story so far

Twin spectacles of shame and scandal haunt the corridors of beleaguereadbut stately Fyldesleigh School. A little known down-market public school somewhere in England.

Matron is pregnant and a group of third formers have been disciplined following jolly japes in the tuck shop after 'lights out'. Humble Tom Giblin, son of a humble country squire, has been expelled and rumours of victimisation are rife. Humble Tom is bald and wears spectacles.

The school's beleagueread but stately bald bespectacled headmaster, Dr. Crook, and his beleagueread but stately board of governors are in a quandry. What if their new disciplinary measures should rebound on them; what if humble Tom is caught in the tuck shop; what if matron's baby should be bald and bespectacled? Meanwhile other matters are pressing: Open day approaches; Balding, but not bespectacled Clark minor of the third, a bright exam prospect, has run amok with his catapult and taken pot shots at staff and old boys alike.

Now he stands in the corridor outside the head's beleagueread but stately study. What is to be done?

Read on

Your beleagueread but stately hirsute and clear-eyed newsletter editor - E.Craig.

It was, as they say, a tight squeak. As lonely as an aid climber in the Stony Cafe I was definitely out on my own. One couldn't even put this predicament down to a test of modern technology, not a friend in sight, no cheering cracks of encouragement. The situation looked grim.

What a fool to break such a fundamental rule. I had no right to call myself a mountaineer. I who, up till now, had had a career as white as the snow which settles on Pete Roscoe's flat 'at and bright as John Sealey's metal wedges. Ahead it looked as dark as the inside of Dave Earle's wallet.

At times when I'm high above protection and the end looks near, I like to cheer myself up by singing little songs or imagining myself in much worse places - like a Donald Duck social evening or something really horrible. None of these worked now; there seemed no chance that I was for the high jump.

What confronted me was not a pretty sight! It looked smooth like Barrie Crooke's (or my) forehead and as upright as Dave Westby's mast at dog-watch, ugly like Frankenstein but without the bolts. Like Llyn Idwal no birds flew overhead, no wise man ever set foot in this bent distorted cleft. You may be a star on sunny Caley Crag but Craig-y-Greenhalgh is dank and depressing, split only by infinitives and the bold lines of Age, Ready-Eddie Go, Eddie Get Your Pun and Kiss Me Hardy.

"Paul Clarke you have got yourself COMMITTEED. Have you anything to say on your behalf that might get you out of this predicament?"

It's a fair cop but society's to blame?

"Not good enough"

BANJO!

"That'll do nicely" (And keep the noise down)

P. Clarke

"ONE DAY THIS SUMMER" by Roger Brookes.

The 'phone rings late on a Saturday evening. It's Andy - "Want to go out climbing tomorrow?" he asks. "Yeah, sure I fancy going for something 'big'." The arrangements are made and visions of routes and moves flash before my eyes..... Quictus, Twikker, Edge Lane, Vena Cavein. All on gritstone, surprising really in view of my liking for limestone. Still I've just spent a week 'arm wrestling' with the nasty white stuff down in Pembroke - a change is as good as a rest they say.

The following morning is bright and sunny. It's going to be another 'hot one'. How much longer will this glorious weather last?, I wonder, whilst eating a bowl of muesli. Andy arrives around 10.30, just in time for a brew and some toast over which we debate the sports plan. Stanage Edge is to be our first venue followed, hopefully, by a brew at Grindleford Caff.

On arriving at Stange we find that it's a typically busy Sunday. There seems to be people everywhere and almost every route has a willing suitor at the popular end. We head for the Marble Wall area and sweat profusely as we overtake the walkers on the approach path. We've come to do Vena Cave In or possibly Quitus but the crowds below High Neb provide a neat ploy for avoiding the latter route.

I have had an obsession with leading Vena Cave In for several weeks ever since we did Right Hand Tower which is just next door. The guidebook describes the routes as "a real heartstopper" up the right wall of the chimney. Poor protection and long reaches between equally poor breaks make it a serious proposition. We both think differently, however, and have brought a host of friends and tri-cams to prove the point.

The essential pre-climb routine begins - shorts or white trousers? I opt for the latter since the route is still in the shade and this rock can ruin a good suntan! Out comes the Friars Balsam next; I like the smell as much as anything, but it does stop the hands from sweating. I don't chalkbag, harness and E.B's and I am almost ready. Finally I rack all the friends that we own between us and tie on.

The first few moves are shared with that classic H.V.S. - Right Hand Tower and do not pose much of a problem. Soon, however, the First move 'proper' appears. I back off hastily in search of a runner, in goes a number 1 Friend and I am now able to make the move - a high step up using a poor layaway. The next two breaks provide further Friend placements and reasonable holds. 'This is going well' I think to myself, but I had not bargained for the next move - at full stretch I am still inches short of the next break. After several fruitless attempts I begin to get annoyed: "What's needed is a bit of oomph" says Andy. "You've got to push yourself beyond the point of control" I tell myself as I prepare for yet another go. Once again I reach for the sky but this time I 'grow' sufficiently to just reach a sloping hold - now pull or be damned; that was hard, climbing this is rather like friction climbing for the hands!

Now I am at the crux and the final ubiquitous rounded break is definitely out of arms' reach. What's more, a fall from here would deposit me in the bed of the chimney on the left. Cunningly it has risen sufficiently to render my lower runners obsolete. I spend ages fiddling a Friend into a very dubious placement but eventually have to resign myself to the move. "You'll have to 'E4 it'" is the advice from below.

The crux consists essentially of three horizontal breaks, one on which you are standing, one at chest height and another four feet higher. The idea is to somehow reach the top break and get your feet on the middle one. There are, however, no intermediate footholds and only one tiny fingerhold that is of any use. I reach for the solitary handhold with well chalked fingers; next I swing my right leg up into the chest high break. By using a combination of pulling with my right hand and pushing down with my left hand I gain enough height to reach the upper break. "Great, done it" I yell, just one more move and I am at the top grinning and squinting in the bright sunshine.

Andy climbs quickly and efficiently until he reaches the crux where he comes to a standstill. Several attempts and two falls later he traverses, slightly right, muttering about lack of reach and being

out of balance. He invents an even more bizarre move than mine and eventually succeeds in gaining the break. He joins me in the sun and enthuses about his 'short man's alternative'.

Next we try another Gibson route on the same buttress, Tempskya "more climbing on distant holds" says the guide. After a technical start, Andy finds, to his disgust, that he cannot reach the next break. Several goes later a runner pulls as he is retreating and he is deposited back on mother earth. "Here, you have a go" he says and hands me the sharp end of the rope. Being a coward at heart I decide to fix an illegal runner high in an adjacent route. After testing this out on my first abysmal attempt I feel confident enough to 'got for it'. Two strenuous palm pulls later and I'm committed, there's nothing to hold on to and my hands begin to sweat. I struggle to fix a runner. My arms are beginning to scream now, at last I discover a poor hand jam which enables me to reposition the Friend. After that the rest seems easy, as the angle relents somewhat and good runners appear.

With seven 'E' points in the chalkbag, I suggest that perhaps a brew would be in order but Andy has other ideas. The virgin arete on Left Hand Tower looks ripe for the picking. Andy spies out some cracks for wires at twenty feet and proceeds to clean them out while I boulder around on the lower part of the route. It's going to be hard, and unprotected till after the crux. We take turns soloing up to that move and retreating; eventually I 'ave a go, barndoor, and fall to the ground just missing some nasty boulders. Andy has another attempt and discovers the key to the problem - a poor layaway hold on the left. He comes back down for a good rest. I try this new method but lose my balance and wing my way earthwards - Thud, "ouch!" I land awkwardly and injure my foot. It's all up to Andy now; we can't leave this chalk here without finishing the route - the jackals are waiting. Andy moves smoothly up to the crux, gets the hold, pauses then slaps the arete thus preventing a backwards fall as he stands up. I pass him the rope and some wires and the route is finished off, not without further interest though. I nearly fall off seconding when a pebble breaks underfoot, this is hard, feels like 6a to me.

We retreat to Grindleford 'Caff' for a pint of tea and a sarnie over which we discuss the name and grade of our new route. After countless suggestions a name is arrived at 'Slap 'n' Spittle' and the grade? E3 5c. We've not finished yet though and head for Millstone in search of more 'points'.

I point Andy at 'Erb' which proves more problematical than expected. Whilst Andy is climbing my foot begins to hurt more and more until by the time Andy reaches the top, I can hardly walk. A painful ascent follows and I realise that I will have to retire injured; 'There will be no more play today'. I hop, stagger and slide down the rocky path to the car and we head off for some big brown painkillers - the sort they sell in the Grouse Inn!

Summary: An account of the ascent of Vena Cave In E4 6a, Tempskya E3 5c, Slap 'n' Spittle E3 5c, Erb E2 5c, by R. Brookes and A. Lewandowski. 14/8/83.

CORRIS MEET April '83, by John Wiseman

Rushing from front door to car and getting soaked with thunder and lightning flashing by.... at last we left Cleveleys and were on the way south. We found a pub en route, ate and journeyed to Corris in time for a pint or two at the Slaters Arms - a delightfully friendly public house.

The Coventry Club hut sleeps eight but cooking is best done in relays. Saturday saw us walking up Cader Idris taking time to explore the ins and outs of the long top. There were some odd patches of snow about which some of the more enterprising members of the party threw at anyone within range. On the way back the Chairman's party decided to be generous and let us go back to the hut and cook first; they would force themselves to kill time by having a pint in the Slaters then the kitchen would be free for their feast. We ate and went to the Slaters to find the others tucking into pub grub by a roaring fire. A good night was had by all, and some hidden talents at darts were discovered.

Sunday was overcast and we decided on the Arans so drove up to Bryn Hafwd. Some of the party, looking at a page p.....d from Classic Rock, set off for 'Will of the Wisp' with a lively discussion about which crag it was, how to get there, which way up should the page be etc.. The walkers set off for Aran Fawddwy. The cloud came down, as did the rain. What little we saw of the scenery and the part of the climb the climbers saw encouraged us to plan to return on a good day. We promptly booked the hut for next year.

VERDICTS ON EQUIPMENT.

Climbing equipment and walking gear are very expensive these days and the prudent hesitate to shell out hard-earned cash merely on a salesman's say-so. The candid opinion of a fellow member of the club who has had experience of an item is worth far more than all the ravings of the advertisers. This newsletter is an ideal medium for members to swop information about the worth, or otherwise, of various items of equipment.

So come along, all you folk who have purchased bionic boots, entrant jackets, yeti-gaiters, sorbothane insoles, friends (are they really enemies?) etc. etc. etc.. Are they any good? We are all dying to know! Please, please, please tell the rest of us before we buy something which you know is less than perfect.

CHESTER HUT MEET, 1983.

Storming down to Cerrigydrudion on winding, treelined R.A.C. rally roads we burst out onto orange moors with pencil sharp horizons. There was Snowdon in the distance, lying like a sleeping dinosaur in the gold sky of the beginning of time. Tryfan with its spikey ridged tail. White clouds thinned out on the horizon with the tangerine sky glistening and, clear below, only slightly obscured by the barman's fingers clasping the glass containing a different world - a much superior brew! The king of bitters, Marston's pedigree, slid effortlessly down the throats of the spearhead of the Fylde M.C. North Wales Assault Team.

The beer in the Queens at Cerrigydrudion was up to scratch and the conversation was full of Dave Earlesisms describing the magic
/..... 8

scene which unfolded earlier on the journey. A large crowd of members and friends converged on the Chester Hut. From the keenest rock athlete to the beginner, the walker, the pisshead, the plasterer, even Civil Servants and gardeners in abundance! They were all there.

Even before 10 am Saturday morning, Mark Harding had taken a lob on the first patch of Great Wall Cloggy. Such ridiculous times to be on the bag have not been known since the days of Pete Latimer and Pete Rafferty (who?). Martin Dale and Frank Pearson, the Preston Gardener were next on the scene and set about the first pitch of West Buttress Eliminate. Mark, not upset by his flying start on Great Wall settled for an ascent of Daurigol followed by the rarely done Pinnacle Flake with his Chester companion, Clive. Pete Crosby, Nick Harmes and James Greaves were just beaten to Great Slab/Bowshaped by Glenn Brookes and Psycho, and had to settle for Longlands. Also late for the fray was Phil Caley and Friend, who suffered with rickety innerds, on Chimney Route. Making good time on West Buttress Eliminate, Martin and Frank were confronted with the awesome Walshes Groove. A real legs 'n' arse affair which just went on and on, topping out at the same time as Pete Crosby's team. From the Crevasse Stance, Glenn and Psycho were seen having problems on the Bowshaped Slab Crux. But looking the other way, the Preston Team of Dave Parker and Bobby Windsor were storming up November in fine style. Phil Caley teamed up with a spot, and also climbed November which was becoming something of a trade route. The Three-Man Team then did Great Slab getting a great view of Martin and Frank who settled an old score on the hilariously thin Bow Right Hand.

Whilst all this was going on Tom Knowles, the other gardener, (green specialist) ascended Snowdon twice whilst doing the Horseshoe arse about face and surely showed bravery surpassing any shown on Cloggy all day by risking a pint of lager in the Summit bar. Dave Earle, looking for superlatives, with Tom Carroll and Andrew Ollerton completed the slowest Horseshoe in history - 14 hours! The Chairman and his lady accompanied by George Parker spent the day on Craig yr ysfa in the Carnedd. Chrissy walked up Carnedd Dafydd and other hills in the area whilst Barry and George dispensed with Amphitheatre Buttress.

Meanwhile back on the Clog, the sun was staging another spectacle. The most beautiful skyscape you could imagine unfolded to the west. Anglesey was silhouetted in a blaze of orange with the whole coastline spread north to south and the hills, razor sharp and dark in contrast. Eventually, for fear of missing out on a pint, we made our way down. Looking back we could see Pete Crosby, Nick and James clearly picked out on the horizon coiling their ropes. A silver crescent moon rose above the cliff, its light reflecting off the Llyn, setting the seal on a tremendous scene no camera could hope to capture.

Still dressed in hill gear, there was just about time for a pint in the Victoria before weary bodies slept ready for the morrow.

The cool grey light of the Llanberis dawn soon turned golden and the fat old sun rose from his bed in the east. Mark and Clive set off for Cloggy again, followed closely by Phil and another Chester youth. The rest of the climbers decided on an easy walk to Dinas Mot, except for the Preston pair who chose the secluded Crafnant Valley for their climb of the day. Pete and Glenn were soon at work on the Direct with Sean along for a ride, whilst Nick and James set off to tackle the Cracks. Martin and Frank sloped off round the corner to the

further reaches of the Plexus Buttress to have a go at the Windmill. Dave Earle, Tom Carroll, Tom Knowles and Andy Ollerton went Carnedding whilst Barry, George and Co. climbed and scrambled on Tryfan. The horizons yet again were sharper than ever, and the sun shone all day. The Cloggy party had a mixed day with Mark and Clive bagging West Buttress Pinnacles, but Phil had second thoughts on Bloody Slab due to lack of protection. On Dinas Mot Pete and Glenn finished up Western Slab. Mick and James picked flowers on Bluebell Cracks and Frank, now a physical wreck, has seen enough windmills to last him until his next trip to Holland! Martin was not finished though and greedily bumped up the day's star count with a rapid ascent of Diagonal with Glenn.

The sun was setting in the west again as we picked Tom up at Capel and the Dinosaurs lay sleeping once again. Golden glows filled the faces of the lads as they clutched their pints of golden Sam Smith's in the Golden Lion, Frodsham. For they knew that this one had surely been one hell of a golden weekend.

The Meet Leader.

ALPINE FACT SHEET

In August 1983 I visited the Ortler Group with four companions. This area, situated in Italy, is little visited by English parties, but there is plenty of scope for walking and climbing. Our ascents included the Monte Cevedale (12,360'), the Gran Zebru (12,657'), the Monte Pasquale (11,650'), Monte Confinale (11,050'), and the Pizzo Tresero (11,788'), plus many memorable walks. A feature of the area is the remains of the 1914-1918 war fortifications. Barbed wire, trenches, dugouts, spent cartridges and shell fragments still abound.

It cost £98. to fly to Milan from Gatwick and I spent £130. in Italy. The cost of getting to Gatwick was of course additional.

If any reader requires details of my trip or of the Ortler in general, I shall be happy to supply them. I am planning a trip to the Brenta for 1984. This area is suitable for both walkers and climbers. If anyone is interested, please get in touch.

Terry O'Neill.

THE CLUB DINNER

This year the Dinner is held at the Water Head Hotel, Ambleside on Saturday 10th December - meal will be served at 7.30 pm.

Cost of the dinner will be £7.25 and the Treasurer requests members return the following slip with appropriate amount. Cheques payable to the Fylde Mountaineering Club.

For hotel accommodation please book direct with the Water Head Hotel, Tel. 0966 32566. Mention the dinner and the cost will be £12.50 for bed and breakfast. Room with bathroom and colour TV. incl..

F.M.C. DINNER 1983, Booking Form

To Dave Greenhalgh,
20 Warren Avenue South,
Fleetwood, FY7 7AZ.

Please book place (s) for me at the Club dinner.
Cheque enclosed for £.....

From:

AMBLESIDE.
CUMBRIA.
LAKELANDS.