

THE EDITOR'S GARBLED MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE

Greetings people! I hope you have all had great holidays this summer; better than mine at least, which did not leave Switzerland very high on the favourite places list!

Easier than usual this year, the Club moves back to one of it's old stomping grounds for the Club Dinner. Back to the Old Dungeon Ghyll in great Langdale. That should stir up some golden memories amongst the older members. Now that you've got your copy of this latest newsletter, you can rush off your £10. to our illustrious Treasurer and secure your place for the big feed.

Also, not far away is this year's big slideshow. This year starring our very own homegrown talent. Watch out for the posters going up throughout the town. Don Nichol has already organised a band of ruthless helpers who will sneak about after dark, their faces blacked, sticking them on anything that stands still. All proceeds will go to the Lake District Mountain Rescue Teams as usual. Let's hope there is a repeat of the 1984 show when the Teanlowe Centre was packed to overflowing by 300 wide-eyed souls. Details of both these "Not to be Missed" events appear within these very pages.

And that's not all! We learn that the Chairman's favourite word is "convivial". He lends it out to others! The Editor also gets a rap from the ladies for some rather boisterous behaviour. Read on for news of more outrageous atrocities.

See you at the Old D.G.

Martin Dale.

NEW MEMBERS

The following are welcomed as introductory members:

Paul Embly	48 St.Heliers Road, Blackpool.
Gerry Evans	4 Edon Avenue, Lytham St.Annes, FY8 5PS (735721)
Ian Shearer	5 Balmoral Rd, Lytham St.Annes, FY8 1ER (721053)
Andrew Richardson	29 Kendal Rd, St.Annes on Sea, FY8 2LQ (726156)
Philip Morris	28 Union St., Kendal, Cumbria, LA9 4RR (R.33802)
Thos.A.Rainford	89 Westcliffe Dr., Blackpool, FY3 7DR (32868)
Simon Panton	26 Ferndale Ave., Blackpool, FY4 3JD (47163)

Phew!! Where are they all coming from!

FULL MEMBERS.

Mike Penn Dave Wood Simon Fenna and Jeremy Levey.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Paul & Trudy Clarke:	29 Manor Ave., Headingley, Leeds. (Tel: 0532 783990)
Liz Rawcliffe:	8 Rose Fold Cottages, Penwortham, Preston, PR1 9XX (Tel: Preston 741909)
Mike Penn:	7 Ribble Ave., Freckleton. (Tel: work - Preston 633333, Ext 2088 or 2898)
Tony & Wendy Welsh:	2 Ashley Farm Cottages, Ashley Lane, Bentworth, Alton, Hants, GU34 5QH.

Dougie Brown: Teedale, 246 Lightfoot Lane, Higher Bartle,
Preston, PR4 0LA.
Alan Blackburn: 14 Vicarage Dr., Kendal, LA9 5AZ.
Peter Roscoe: (Temp.) 1 Coventry Ave., Layton. (Tel:33978)
Dave & Linda Laycock: 322, Fleetwood Rd North, Thornton-
Clevelcys. (Tel. 867790)

YOUR CHAIRMAN. Dave Earle can be contacted at work on
Blackpool 52311, Ext 268.

HUT AVAILABILITY

3-4th October	Langdale
10-11th "	Stair
17-18th "	Langdale (Working)
24-25th "	Stair (Working)
31-1st November	Langdale
7-8th "	Vags hut, Nant Peris
14-15th "	Langdale
" "	Stair (Families)
21-22nd "	Langdale (Dinner)
28-29th "	Stair (Ladies)
5-6th December	Langdale
12-13th "	Langdale
19-20th "	Stair
21-3rd January	Both available.

SOCIALS

The winter season is upon us again and socials will take place at The River Wyre Hotel on the following dates. Speakers and attractions have not yet been finalised for all the dates, but be assured something will be going on on all dates. Contact the Social Secretary, Young Donald for further details nearer the time or any other Committee Member, or consult the FMC Notice Board in the Alpine Centre, usually up-to-date.

THE BIG ATTRACTION!!

The Fylde Mountaineering Club presents 'Peaks and Precipices' at the Tithe Barn, Teanlowe Centre, Poulton-le-Fylde on Wednesday, 22nd October, 1986 at 8.00 pm. Tickets are £1.50. and the proceeds will go as usual to the Mountain Rescue.
Starring: Dave Earle, Mick Tolley, Joyce Kent, Kevin Stephens and who knows who else!! An audio visual extravaganza not to be missed. Tickets available from Committee Members, Alpine Centre and all other usual sources.

OTHER SOCIALS

Wed. 5th November; Wed. 19th Nov. & Wed. 17th December, all at The River Wyre Hotel.

OUTDOOR MEETS

5th October MALHAM Coach Meet. Meet Leader - Louise Fortune,
Tel Fleetwood 6547.
Your chance to walk in the Yorkshire Dales. Bag one of the best bits of the Pennine Way. Drink tea with Pete Livesey or just idle the day away falling off Obsession on the Cove.

11th/12th October

GOURMET MEET: STAIR HUT

At present short of a gourmet. Any takers please let me know. (I did offer to bring some vestas along - Ed.)

18/19th October

WORKING WEEKEND: LITTLE LANGDALE

The nasty autumn weather should ensure the hut gets a good clean, at least.

25/26th October

WORKING WEEKEND & HOTPOT: STAIR

Better than the last meet because you can stuff yourselves with Hot Pot after you've cracked off all the painting. Remember all you intro. members, one working weekend counts double in your quest for full membership. So come on and pull your weight with the hut upkeep.

1/2nd November

BULL POT FARM; POTHOLING

Meet Leader: Pete Llewellyn. Tel: Clitheroe 25688

If you liked going down the Mines, then this is the real thing! Squirming about underground is great fun. Do it in the company of the Club's experts. Beginners welcome.

8/9th November

VAGS HUT; NANT PERIS

Meet Leader: Dave Earle. Tel: 890283

Still a good chance of getting some routes done at this time of year. Big walking territory and even a possibility of some snow!

15/16th November

FAMILY WEEKEND: STAIR

16th November

YORKSHIRE GRIT: CROOKRISE

Car Meet. Meet Leader: Martin Dale (Tel 856123, Ext. 6402 - work)

One of Yorkshire's premier grit crags with some wonderful routes of all grades. From Diffs to E15s! - and some brilliant bouldering! Venue subject to change depending on weather.

22nd November

THE CLUB DINNER

This year's "Big Feed" is to be held at The Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, Great Langdale. (Tel: Langdale 272)

The Dinner will be at 7.00 pm for 7.30 pm. The cost is £10.00 per head. Rooms are available at the Hotel at £14.00 per person, bed & breakfast. Bookable direct with the Hotel. Please mention the FMC when booking as there may well be a discount if we take all the rooms. Breakfast will also be available to those members requiring one who are not staying at the hotel. Following the dinner, there will be the usual disco.

Owing to the limited number of places available, 80 places, booking will be open to members and their partners only, up to the 1st November. After that date any spaces left may be filled by friends etc. Members (being full and introductory) can book by completing the slip at the end of the Newsletter. Please state names when filling in the slip. Anyone unlucky enough not to get a place will be welcome to join in with the disco afterwards. The Treasurer will accept bookings as soon as you get your sweaty hands on a copy of this newsletter'. On your marks - get set - go!!

29/30th November

LADIES MEET, STAIR

Meet Leader: P. Bowyer. Tel.701277.

14th December

BRIMHAM ROCKS, CAR MEET

Meet Leader: Martin Dale. Tel.856123,
Ext.6402 - work.

Drag yourselves away from all those Xmas parcels, and warm your hands on some hot rock in this pinnacle wonderland.

21st Dec. to 4th Jan. BOTH HUTS AVAILABLE FOR THE FESTIVITIES.

11th January

HONGILLS: COACH MEET

Meet Leader: John Wiseman. Tel.826594.

Get your skis out for this one or jstt enjoy walking over picturesque hills. Who knows, Cautley Spout may be in condition for the ice men.

'MARADONNA LEAVES ARGENTINA FOR DYNAMO NOBBO'

Dynamo Nobbo: Many goals

Unathletico Skio: No so many goals.

Exclusive by Desmond Lynam.

Surveying the damage sat in the post-match boot-room, manager Franz Klammer wept following the merciless confirmation of the downhill run of Unathletico Skio.

The build-up to soccer's greatest prize started in Mexico and culminated in a tumultuous carnival of skill at Guadala Bispham. Referee Earle presided with authority over an action-packed 53 minutes and dealt courageously with soccer's most highly strung prima donnas. Smith, captaining in his testimonial year, led a ynamo Nobbo side seriously depleted by several free transfers to Cornish teams. In the first half the red clad Unathletico Skio crowded the Dynamo goalmouth. Keeper Brookes excited the capacity crowd with more and more brilliant saves - this young keeper will go far and looks a good bet for away points in Europe if he can avoid injury on the park. It took a full 2 minutes to break down defences on both sides and the furious scoring resulted in Unathletico threatening to overrun Nobbo and thus confirm their position as pre-match favourites.

Half time saw a few substitutions and the Nobbo side found themselves with the skilled winger Thorly in their team. This combined with the discussion of the many Nobbo tacticians resulted in a turn of fortunes.

Skio were contained during the opening 5 minutes period. During this early exchange, an unexpected sparring session occurred as a young hot-headed defender over-reacted to a particularly offensive Unathletico wing man. Referee Earle seemed poised to show his red card but stopped just short.

Despite the heat and altitude Dynamo produced an emphatic reply to Skio's first half domination and inexorably pulled the score back level. Then with only moments remaining, the Skio keeper moved fractionally out of position and a blast from 250 yards left the result in no doubt.

So the Unathletico Skio, bouyant after their impressive start to the season were denied victory. After the match a Skio player was quoted "After a good first half, we forgot how to play the basics - and that's what Dynamo Nobbo was basic".

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations are due to Sue Reeve and her lady companion from the Vags who were first ladies home in their class in the Saunders Mountain Marathon recently.

Congratulations are also due to Debbie Mabbett. Debbie has never been a lady to blow her own trumpet but it has come to light that she did rather well in the recent International Games at Stoke Mandeville.

I am sure her many friends in the Club would like to join in congratulating her on winning a gold and a silver medal in the fencing classes.

IS HE OR ISN'T HE?

Apart from on the pistes of Europe little has been seen or heard of Eddie Craig for many months. What dreadful fate can have overtaken this once super keen fellwalker and runner? Speculation has been rife. Some thought he was, others were certain he wasn't. Some even thought he thought he was, but were fairly certain it was all in the mind. Now it can be revealed. Spies report that he has recently been seen walking along the A.6 holding hands with a person of the opposite sex. Still as you realise, his secret is safe with me. But will we ever see him again? Watch this space.

CLIMBER & RAMBLER OFFER

Climber and Rambler Magazine are offering 12 issues (a year's worth) for only £10.00. Anyone interested in this incredible offer should get in touch with John Parker because they are only obtainable at this price through him. Tel:66996.

PLAS-Y-BRENIN SELF-CATERING

Plas-y-Brenin is now offering self-catering accommodation for weekend groups. Anyone interested, the Editor has the details.

JACKO SELLS OUT

Apologies to Mark "Sebastian" Jackson for last issue's nasty little advert. Anyone who did fancy buying all his gear would not have got far, however, as the phone number was wrong.

Mark promptly went out and did some routes to show that he has definitely no intention of selling his gear just yet.

DYNAMO NOBBO CAPTAIN MOVES DOWN UNDER

The latest "down the Club talent drain" is Sean Smith, better known affectionately as "Psycho". Sean has been drawn by the better wages paid to teams who drink Fosters and chase sheilas. He follows in the footsteps of Andy Blaylock, and is spending 12 months in Aussie climbing, blimping and working and generally dossing about. Good Luck, Cobber! Sean promises he will not tie any dynamite to kangeroos for fun. (That's why they're called 'Boomers'! Ed.)

AL ROUSE

The Club would like to offer its sympathy to Al Rouse's family. Al's untimely death recently on K.2 shocked us all. He had helped the Club out on a number of occasions; most recently at the first of the Big Lectures at the Teanlowe Centre. He will be sadly missed.

DYNAMO NOBBO KEEPER INJURY SHOCK

Nobbo keeper Glenn Brookes was injured recently whilst playing for Nobbo on the Continent writes "8 Eye" quested.

Fortunately Glenn survived serious injury and should soon be back in first team action. Meanwhile his brother, Roger, has been bending friends whilst sitting on them!! (Really, what next! Ed) Roger was ascending the awkward T.Rext path on Gogarth when he had cause to sit on his 1/2 friend, bending the trigger bar! So let that be a warning to all you friendly chaps out there! Rumour has it that Roger is also into "Third Man" abuse. A full report, 8 Eye Special as always, will appear in next week's issue. When the wire brushes have stopped.

HAVE YOU EVER VENTURED DOWN NEWLANDS?

Is there actually climbing down there beyond Little Town? Have any of you out there ever tussled with those esoteric gems such as Waterfall Buttress and Dale Head Pillar? Can any of you actually remember climbing them??

The Fell and Rock are at present checking routes in Buttermere and Newlands for the forthcoming Eastern Crags and Buttermere/Newlands Guide.

Martin Dale has a grades/comments list for the area and would appreciate any comments/star ratings for Newlands, especially as it seems no-one Rick Graham (the man with the marmoth task) has ever set foot out of Borrowdale. Paul Clarke once made a new route foray into the area and came up with the Butterfly Collector, E2 5c, on Dale Head which has now been checked, starred and possibly upped to E3. So get out your wire brushes boys; there may be more hidden gems up Newlands.

OBSERVATIONS OF A BEGINNER ON A FIRST HUT MEET

Having led a relatively sheltered life so far, despite my advancing years, the Tremadoc weekend was a 'Fascinating Experience'.

Friday night saw four of us in Dave Earle's long-suffering car heading for the first pub stop, entertainment amply provided by the unintelligible conversation of the two in the back seat. I think they must have been discussing rock climbing, although there were times I was beginning to suspect they were from another planet. Someone mentioned jamming at one point and I fondly imagined for a while that they might be Bob Marley fans; however I have a sneaky feeling that I could have been mistaken.

Arrival at the hut provided the first test of skill and ingenuity for the night - finding the right door key or keys and the correct modus operandi. After lengthy debate and much practical experimentation the mystery was finally solved and admittance gained. This was swiftly followed by test number two - hunt the stop cock (or should that be start cock?). This test, not so easily cracked as the first one, defeated all contestants and had to be reluctantly abandoned until the morning, leaving the loos flushless and the cold water taps bone dry. (For the curious, the stop cock was eventually discovered hidden in the barn next door.) The third and final test was another hunt - this time for the ladies dorm. After almost defeating the contestants again, someone accidentally discovered the solution lurking behind a door cunningly marked 'Fire escape'! As the only female present in the hut at this time, my reward was the dorm all to myself and the 6 million mice who had generously left their calling cards all over the mattresses (such friendly consideration!).

Saturday morning dawned on the other side of boarded-over windows, and, after a hearty breakfast, the condemned woman set off unsuspectingly for a marathon fell walk. Saturday evening found her with legs at least 6" shorter and almost refusing to function. However, after tea they resumed relatively normal service and managed to recover enough strength to stagger down to the pub for a liquid evening in convivial company.

Sunday also dawned on the side of boarded-over windows and after another hearty breakfast, we set off for an extremely pleasant coastal walk interspersed with bird watching/dam building/rock scrambling/butty eating etc. etc.. Around tea-time the original four once more piled into Dave Earle's long-suffering car for the trip back home via Friday's pub. Needless to say, the two in the back eagerly and effortlessly resumed their unintelligible conversation (although I must admit to being able to decipher the odd word or two now and then. Perhaps there's hope for me yet'.)

All in all, the weekend was an amazing education into how the other half rough it and I'm afraid only leaves me with one thing to say - "can I come again?"

Rhona Giles

SOLO ON LLIWEDD

It was a typical sunning Sunday in 'the Pass'. The tourists were out in force and there were ropes and bodies everywhere on the Gromlech and the Mot. Climbing amongst such a seething mass of humanity certainly did not appeal, and anyway I was bound to loftier and more esoteric heights.

Lliwedd is an almost forgotten cliff in these days of Extreme climbing on short roadside crags. However, for the solo climber looking for a peaceful day out, on routes that are not too hard, there is scarcely a better place. Its twin peaks soar for nearly 1000 feet up to the rocky ridge which leads up to Snowdon summit, while below lies the tranquil calm of Llyn Llydaw.

Meanwhile, back at Pen-y-Pass the car park is full, even at £1. a go! Pushbikes, however, are free and I leave mine securely attached to the Youth Hostel. The walk up is pleasant, if very hot, but who's complaining? We see so little of this kind of weather in Britain you have to make the most of it. Underneath the East Buttress all is in shade however, and I change from shorts to tights before setting off up Avalanche (V.Diff). I wonder what Archer Thompson would have thought about such modern attire?

The first pitch is a steep curving groove which runs up to the famous Heather Shelf. In wet conditions this can be the crux but today it is bone dry and I revel in the pleasure of pure uninterrupted movement over easy ground. On the third pitch (for them) I overtook one of only two other parties on the cliff. We exchanged pleasantries and I continued on my way, hoping I had not spoilt their enjoyment of this classic route.

On the Great Terrace I had to be careful not to dislodge any loose rocks onto those below. There was another party on the upper reaches of the usual finish, Red Wall/Longlands Continuation, and anyway I had already done this before. So I opt for Purple Passage (H.V.Diff.) and then wish I hadn't as I teeter up rotten rock and loose flakes on the first pitch. Above it is better, and pleasant slabs lead to a junction with Terminal Arête which leads in elegant position to the top. As I pull over the final holds, I feel the heat of the sun again and surprise a group of

sweaty schoolboys who ask me how I do it? 'Easy' I reply, 'just like walking' and head off down before they can quiz me further.

Back in the shadow of Lliwedd I greedily tuck into my butties and guzzle down a cold drink - must save some for later, but don't want too much weight in my hip-belt for the next route.

The base of the West Buttress is much steeper than the East and the climb I am attempting more than a grade harder at Hard Severe. Three Pinnacle Gully isn't, rather it merely follows the line of a vague depression which "no-one in his right mind would call a gully" to quote the guidebook. The first corner is hard but fortunately it traverses out right across a sloping shelf before the Cruel Crack finish (HVS) begins. This is one of the beauties of soloing on Lliwedd, there are nearly always easier options or escape routes at hand. The next 500 feet to the crux pass without incident, apart from one short jamming crack which is slightly damp. Then I'm below a steep little corner in a quartzzy wall. "Up the crack line until it becomes mildly overhanging" says the guide. A few cunning bridging moves help reduce the angle, then its a steep move up on a wet jam before better holds appear on the right wall. After that its just cruising to the top and a short scramble up the ridge to the West Summit. Over on the East summit the party I passed on Avalanche have just finished - soloing is nothing if not fast, I think to myself, and settle down to a well earned rest in the sunshine.

Soon I'm off again towards the summit of Snowdon for movement is the theme for today. The scree slopes up to Y Wydfa are like an oven and I can feel my chicken legs being well done to say the least! At last I'm at the cafe but, inevitably perhaps, it is shut. I wander pilgrim like up to the trig point which marks the highest point and am surprised to meet a couple of lads from Blackpool. They are out here on a day trip and are waiting for two more friends to arrive. I don't stay long, there is still the Crib Coch ridge to do and I don't have any food or drink to speak of.

The ridge is quiet as I scramble along in the evening sun seeing only one other person en-route for the summit. But he is on the lower path and I am on the crest of the ridge. We pass unacknowledged as if on different planes of existence. I wimp out of climbing over the pinnacles and follow a cunning traverse round to the south, thus bypassing the main difficulties which I am too tired to appreciate now. All I want is a drink and Pen y Pass has a cafe. But when I get there, again it is shut. Only one thing to do - get on the bike and freewheel down to the Vaynol Arms. The speed is exhilarating and I'm soon there - the first one hardly touching the proverbial sides! Over my second pint I am able to reflect on what has been a brilliant day, with 2000 feet of climbing and the Snowdon Horseshoe to boot. Tomorrow will be quieter and I shall be able to climb roped in the Pass but I shall remember today for a long time to come, and look forward to my next solo encounter with the largest cliff in Wales.

Roger Brookes

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT - WASDALE MEET,
26-27th July 1986.

There is nowt as parochial as the Youth of Today when it comes to trying anything new and the active section were certainly nowhere to be seen on this meet (except that rare man of taste and vision - Barry Stott, together with his wife and friends) in spite of the presence of that most beautiful sound in a single

word, the bounteous and beautiful Emily. Plenty of people said they would come but didn't. but we were still left with a very well attended camping meet with a good cross-section from the more geriatric end of the membership range.

Friday allowed us to get up the tents and get to the pub and back before the rain set in. Saturday dawned gloomy and wet, but soon fined up to enable trips to Eskdale, walks around the lake, along the top of the screes, and the Moasdale Horse-shoe. Two Chester members made the shortest trip of the day via a pub lunch at Strands and spent the afternoon water-skiing, while the rest of the club seemed to descend from the hills somewhat after nightfall (a not unusual occurrence from what I've seen). Saturday night proved convivial but much patience was required from those dining out. The meetleader's tin of Campbell's meat balls began to look quite good at one time.

Sunday proved dull but dry. One party had a look at Black Sail whilst the others explored Lower Eskdale visiting places even the meetleader had never seen. The Himalayan Ravine of Stanley Ghyll was given a thorough going over before part of the trip was made by 'puffer' train by popular demand. A final sweep back to the car was made over Muncaster Fell to conclude a very enjoyable and well attended meet which gave us a chance to visit less well explored areas of this beautiful part of the Lakes.

D.A. Earle

LADIES' MEET, LANGDALE

"Mummy", my seven year old son, Michael, challenged me. "How do you know God is a man?" "Because Ladies' weekends are always wet!"

That trend was dramatically reversed this last weekend, although to be honest, to call it a "ladies' weekend" was somewhat of a misnomer as the men present significantly outnumbered the women.

With Little Langdale bursting at the seams, refuge was sought in the campsite down the road and in an overnight bivvy on Pillar. People were sleeping in cars, in drying rooms and on floors and sofas. As the weather was destined to be so good nobody was turned away, in spite of a late night cockerel act by one inebriated editor - a repeat performance will lead to him being banned from future "ladies' meets".

An early start on Saturday with Ms Earle in the driving seat, a full day's walk was achieved despite scaring heat. The 'A' team started at Eskdale and did Scafell, Scafell Pike, Esk Pike, Bowfell and the Crinkles. The 'B' team, wisely, from their vantage point 50 yds behind saw the leader making for Scafell and not Scafell Pike as anticipated and re-routed their day.

Note: The path down Lord's Rake is very eroded and not terribly safe as a descent from the gully below Scafell.

Suffering from sunburn and wrenched knees both teams took the sensible decision on Sunday and staggered from Skelwith Bridge Coffee Shop to the Brit and finished an excellent weekend with a meal at Zeffereellis.

Di Norris.

F.H.C. RAFT AND FELL RACES, 1986.

Modesty almost prevented me from writing this article but, in view of the danger of someone else not doing justice to my superb achievements, I have managed to force myself!

Raft Race, Sat. 12th July 1986

Very little recent rain meant the course was half raft race and half boulder scramble but this failed to deter the small group of spartan members who assembled at Little Langdale after closing time on Saturday afternoon. Li-los, dinghies, survival bags and bin bags were inflated (Sean Smith's was blown up - literally) and at approximately 5 pm we set off for Little Langdale Tarn.

We were prevented from starting at the Tarn by a farmer who had a very purple complexion and couldn't seem to lower his voice below a scream. We were very polite (he had a big stick) and opted to have our Le Mans start at Rob's Hole.

I can't describe the details of the race as I swiftly cleaved the water with my mighty arms and powered my airbed into an unassailable lead. Even the Dunhill two-man dinghy was left floundering in my wake.

The 9th Annual FMC Fell Race, Sunday 13th July 1986.

Immediate pre-race preparation varies quite considerably. For my own part a couple of pints, then back to the hut for a good night's rest. Sitting in the hut lounge prior to turning in, I was mulling over poetry to myself and, struggling to remember the Rubaiyat, had just reached

"Alas that Spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet scented manuscript should close,"

when "CRASH" the door flew open and in sprawled Sean (Psycho) Smith full length on the floor. Martin Dale crashed in on top of him and they proceeded to stagger and fall around the hut, crashing into the table, over the settee. It was bedlam. The scent was far from sweet - alas indeed. Their preparation consists of nine or ten pints at the Golden Rule. Being a "cool sequestered vales" man, I slipped discreetly out of the door to sleep in the back of my car. Sleep, however, was fitful, punctuated by nightmares in which Gary Nuttall waddled across the finishing line in front of me in the fell race. The next nightmare involved the cottage being stormed by hordes of wild-eyed savages with siege ladders. The night seemed pierced by vile and unholy oaths and curses. Were the sins of previous Karmas being visited on me?

Morning came and the serious business of handicapping commenced - one by one as the lads appeared, I made an assessment based on previous times, body weight, etc.. The most critical factors are, of course, degree of deathly pallor, bloodshot eyes, size of bags under the eyes and beer gut. I was determined not to be duped and one by one they passed scrutineering, like lambs to the slaughter.

Three Shrewsbury Mountaineering Club lads arrived and two consented to run as guests while the third, Phil Morris, did an excellent job of start/finish and timing. Of the two guest runners Dave Laddiman confessed to having run the Fairfield Horseshoe Race in May and Jeremy Hogarth had represented Cumbria Schools at cross country last year. They had to be scratch-men along with myself, Gary Nuttall, Stu Gascoyne and Roger Brookes (looking remarkably like a young Steve Ovett).

At one stage I thought the start would have to be delayed whilst we all searched for Al Peel's lost ear-ring - things have changed since I was a lad.

As for the race itself, well, the big hill was a bit traumatic with Ovett look-alikes and County cross country runners snapping at my heels. I could hear them right behind, refusing to be shaken off. "Scotty, beam down Jan Leeming quick, in a basque

and Pamela Armstrong for heaven's sake". Through my steamed up specs a figure appeared in front "well done Scotty", I bounded forward "oh no, that's Andy Dunhill, horror or horrors, not the same thing at all". The results speak for themselves and show how clearly I stamped my authority on the field!! Conditions were good, dry under foot and not too hot so a course record appeared on. This proved to be the case and overall standards were very good. Personal bests were achieved by myself, Al Peel, Roger Brookes, Mark Broughton, Vivian Broughton, Ben Lovatt, Simon Fenna, Glen Brookes, Sarah Denmark and Andrew Norris. Seven runners took less than forty minutes and Andy Blaylock would have done if he hadn't got a bit lost near the finish and Ed Craig would have done if he hadn't found the only bog on the course and lost his shoe. Viv Broughton achieved the second fastest ever time for a lady at 49.48 (fastest being Barbara Sealey 46.47 in 1980); Roger Brookes ran the fifth fastest time ever with his 35.11, the four fastest times being Robin Norris (34.30) in 1979; Chris Thistlethwaite (34.50) in 1980; Tony Welsh (approx. 34.30-35.00) in 1985 and Martin Pickup (33.49) in 1986.

Al Peel improved by 2 mins. 40 secs. for an excellent time of 38.10 - running back to look for his ear-ring! and the most improved runner was Simon Fenna who tricked the handicapper by staying in bed until nearly eleven o'clock and pretending to have no intention of running. He then proceeded to knock over eight minutes off his last year's time to win the race and the coveted Jack Fairburn trophy.

Full Result

<u>Handicap Position</u>	<u>Name</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Actual Position</u>
1	Simon Fenna	41.34	10
2	Andrew Norris	52.12	21
3	Mark Broughton	37.08	4
4	Al Peel	38.10	7
5	Martin Pickup	33.49	1
6	Sean Smith	49.21	17
7	Glen Brookes	49.31	18
8	Dave Earle	44.35	15
9	Viv Broughton	49.48	19
10	Pete Llewellyn	43.17	13
11	Eddie Craig	40.19	8
12	Roger Brookes	35.11	2
13	Andy Dunhill	47.22	16
14	Ben Lovatt	55.23	25
15	Jeremy Hogarth	36.04	3
16	Martin Dale	44.31	14
17	Mike Penn	55.33	26
18	Stu Gascoyne	37.33	5
19	Gerry Evans	42.46	11
20	Dave Laddiman	37.55	6
21	Andy Blaylock	43.00	12
22	Patrick Norris	50.32	20
23	Tom Knowles	54.47	24
24	Gary Nuttall	40.58	9
25	Karon Long	53.39	23
26	Mike Norris	66.43	27
27	Di Norris	66.45	28
28	Steve Murphy	53.34	22
29	Sarah Denmark	74.27	30
30	Rhona Giles	69.35	29
31	Peter Denmark	126.05	31
32	Sue Denmark	126.06	32

Thanks to everyone who took part and helpers Dianne (gate)
Jill (gate and hot dogs), Phil Morris (start, finish and timing)
and Eddie Craig (for help with course marking).

Martin Pickup

LLANBERIS MEET, 6/7th September 1986.

A meet that played to packed houses with a massive turn-out of the Rock Climbing Section. Ladies, of course, had still not found out about the existence of the Principality (I exclude of course mountaineers who happen to be female!!) and most of what few walkers are at present members of the F.M.C. were hiding in the Dolomites.

The hut was in excellent condition and adequately coped with the numbers present as did the car park. Friday night found most of the meet enjoying a convivial evening at Cerrigydrudion en route.

Saturday proved cool and a touch showery among the high tops. Parties travelled to Anglesey and Tremadoc whilst the real mountain men climbed in the "Pass" ascending many routes of excellent quality and considerable technical difficulty, bearing in mind the less than ideal conditions.

The Old Fox of the Fylde, Mick Tolley, managed to out-manoeuvre the youngsters and eventually spent the afternoon on a sunny crag in the Gwynant watching showers fall everywhere but on him.

The meetleader took his team, including the young Edward on his first walking trip to Wales, on an exploratory push through the hills between Capel and Betws-Y-Coed, enjoying a fair sprinkling of sunshine for his efforts.

Saturday night found us graced with the presence of Roger Brookes, about to become (in)famous, from one of his two Island Homes. The Fadarn was a little too "Thatched Like" for the meetleader's taste but as compensation he fell in love with an "Elphin" Beauty which helped take his mind off the noise and crush.

Sunday dawned magnificent and soon teams were setting about the major crags with a vengeance. The walkers took in the Snowdon Horseshoe in somewhat leisurely fashion, enjoying a pint on the summit. Whilst on the top we were delighted to meet the Queen's Official Representative to the Area in the shape of Dave Archer, who sends his kindest regards to all his friends in the Fylde.

We also met a group from Poulton who had managed to fill up a coach and had treated themselves to a day in Wales in the finest summer walking conditions imaginable. Some Clubs can manage it but not, unfortunately, ours.

All in all a superb meet, heavily subscribed, very active and extremely good humoured.

D. A. Earle

F.M.C. CLUB DINNER 1986 - Booking Slip

To: Mr. P.W. Taylor
15 Upper Westby Street,
Lytham St. Annes. (Tel: 737180)

Please reserve place (s) for me at the Club Dinner.

Cheque for £..... is enclosed.

From: