

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 1987

THE EDITOR

Yet again the Club has been rocked by news of the tragic death of one of its members. Terry O'Neill was killed when he slipped from a footpath in his beloved Austria. An obituary follows.

Only just after this we heard of Dave Whitmores very serious rock climbing accident in Derbyshire. Fortunately, Dave has made a brilliant recovery but he may still never be the great character he was before his accident. Only time will tell.

Some good news is that the Fylde Hagshu Expedition is all back home in England, safe and sound despite a few runny bottoms. Unfortunately the lads were defeated but at least they're all back home in one piece.

The Club Dinner is upon us again and this issue contains details of how you can get hold of a coveted place at the Do. Other interesting items include Binstore Barnes speaking to you from his toilet, Phil Morris on his timepiece, The Editor himself babbling on about what he did, or didn't do on his holiday and Davinia Earles latest sex change down Death Rattle Gulch. Last but not least, how lousy you all are at entering competitions!

See you at the Dinner.

Martin Dale.

TERRY O'NEILL.

It was with dreadful irony that Terry has just informed us in these pages that the gendarme on the West Ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean is no more. With his usual sense of humour he had to go on to tell us that the remaining rocks wobbled.

Our first recollections of Terry are on Peter Roscoe's meet to Phoebe's at Ballachulish six winters ago. We were persuaded to stagger round Ben Starav and then were brought back to life again on Carlsberg Specials, the effect on Terry being to make him sing an endless stream of mischievous old army songs.

Terry was an enthusiastic, but not always infallible mountaineer. On the following misty morning ourselves and Mike Howe were led up what was supposed to be Curved Ridge on Buachaille Etive Moor. The four of us had eventually to tie on to 150 foot of rope, and I remember Terry bravely leading off round a corner into a world of overhangs, finally, thank goodness, being persuaded that we were on the wrong ridge. We spent the rest of the morning abseiling down in a blizzard on the same piece of rope, four prime candidates for mug of the year, but this story never got out.

Terry always appeared boyish for his age. He finished strongly in the club run to Southport and only 2 years ago managed to second Naismith's despite his inability to come to terms with a new fangled contraption called a stitch plate. The day after he was in action again when he discovered that Abraham's route on Sgurr Alisdair can become VS but nevertheless got up, and the day after that when anybody else would have had a rest the irrespressible Terry was off in the drizzle up Pinnacle Ridge.

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TERRY O'NEILL continued.....

Most people will know of Sheila's high standards over the years in typing this newsletter. Eddie Craig tells of Terry's efforts to edit the editor, if Terry thought Eddie's efforts were a bit thin he wasn't averse to adding an extra article or two.

Terry's 2 big mountaineering loves in his life were Glencoe where his closest friend was killed some years ago and Austria about which he could relate all sorts of funny stories. Sharing a dormitory with a bunch of girl guides and with a man who insisted on playing the bagpipes were two of his most recent.

We are all very sad that from his last trip, he never returned.

Barrie Crook.

George Parker.

DAVE WHITMORE

Dave recently had a very bad fall whilst attempting Embankment route No 4 at Millstone in Derbyshire.

His feet became tangled in his runners and he inverted, fracturing his skull. He was rushed to hospital in Sheffield where he was operated on because of blood clotting. Dave went into a coma and was only breathing with the aid of a ventilator. The quick action of his two mates, Robin and Ritchie from Sheffield and the ease of access to Millstone, probably saved his life. Thankfully Dave has now come round and is recovering in leaps and bounds and talks about nothing but climbing. Before his accident Dave was having his best season yet and had led several E2s and the odd E3. Let's hope he recovers fully and gets back out there soon!! I'm sure the whole Club wishes him a speedy recovery.

HAGSHU EXPEDITION - STOP PRESS

All the lads have now returned to Britain, Andy Dunhill and Roger Brookes being the final two to arrive. The expedition narrowly failed to reach the summit of Hagshu Peak (6330m) but Al Peel, Mark Jackson, Stu Gascoyne and Roger Brookes all reached over 20,000 feet and have been higher on the mountain than anyone else. The foursome were only 200 feet below the summit on the south-east ridge, when they were stopped by darkness and an impassable rock step. "We were all very disappointed not to have made the top, but we were tired, cold and we had no bivi gear - it was all we could do to get down that night" said Roger. The team did not make a second attempt on Hagshu, but Andy Dunhill and Roger Brookes later made a fine 'alpine style' ascent of Chiring (6,137m) at the head of the Hagshu valley. A full report will appear in the next newsletter.

Roger Brookes.

* Roger will be showing his slides of the expedition on 2nd December at the Breck - be there!!

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NEW MEMBERS.

The following are welcomed as Introductory Members:-

Michael H. Crawford	15 Cumberland Avenue, Blackpool. FY1 5QL Tel: 66598
Neil Carman	64 Fitzroy Road, Bispham, Blackpool FY2 ORL Tel: 594412
Tony Simpson	521 Devonshire Road, Blackpool. FY2 OJX Tel: 55371
Michael J. Dagger	34 Ribblesdale Drive, Forton, Nr. Preston. PR3 OBU Tel: 0524 791298
Christine Benjamin	4 Godwin Avenue, Blackpool. Tel: 697948
John Cushnie	5 Lune Grove, Blackpool FY1 5PL Tel: 639885
Claire Addy	53 West Drive, Cleveleys FY5 2JE Tel: 854139

FULL MEMBERS.

Jerry Evans, Phil Morris, Tom Rainford, Simon Panton.

Roy Nisbett of 37 Pharos Street, Fleetwood, FY7 6AY, Tel 70815 is welcomed back to the Club as a full member after an absence of a few years. The return of the "Prince of Darkness".

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Al Peel : 42 Thomson Road, off Eccershall Road, Sheffield. Tel: 0742 668618

Steve Swindells: Same as above!! Yes! the Club's 4th? Hut in Sheffield, £3. a night.

Glenn Brookes: 29 Caxton Avenue, Bispham, Blackpool Tel: 52154, now resident in the Harding household.

Simon Fenna: now of no fixed abode.

Roger Brookes: (Back home!) 23 Grasmere Road, St. Annes FY8 2RP Tel: 727175.

Phil Caley: 12 Maple Road, Swinton, Manchester.

John Barnes: 15 New Row, Rhyd-Y-Gwern Machen Gwent. NP1 3NS. Tel: 0633 441067.

Chris, Joy, Tom & Jill Thistlethwaite: Old Stone Trough Cottage, Kelbrook,
Colne, Lancs. BB8 6LW Tel: 0282 842562

Chris Wade: 60 Bramshill Close, Gorse Covert Warrington WA3 6TZ Tel: 0925 831176.

HUT AVAILABILITY 1987.

October 30/31	L. Langdale.
November 7/8	Stair (Working)
November 14/15	L. Langdale ("Old Lags")
November 21/22	Stair
November 21/22	L. Langdale (Family)
November 28/29	L. Langdale
December 5/6	Stair
December 12/13	L. Langdale (Dinner)
December 19/20	Stair

HUT AVAILABILITY

1988

December 24 to Sunday 3rd January - both huts available.
January 9/10 L. Langdale.
January 16/17 Stair "Gourmet" meat
January 23/24 L. Langdale.
January 23/24 Stair (Family meet)
January 30/31 Chester Hut, Llanberis
February 6/7 L. Langdale.

FALLCLIFFE COTTAGE, GRINDLEFORD, DERBYSHIRE.

Members are reminded that we now have a reciprocal rights agreement with the ULGMC for use of their excellent hut situated in the centre of the Peak District. A maximum of 4 people (one car load) can use the hut at one time; if you wish to go, contact the Warden:

Ivor Delafield, 17 Ellington Road, London N10 3DD.
Tel: 01 883 7460.

You are advised to book at least 10 days in advance to avoid disappointment. John Wiseman has the key.

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SOCIALS.

All socials are held at the Breck Sports and Social Club, Poulton and fall on the first Wednesday evening of every month.

4th November Members' Slides. 8.30p.m.

Your annual chance to show us what you've been up to during the glorious? summer months. Bring your own slides, good or bad, don't be shy!

2nd December Fylde Hagshu Expedition 8.00p.m.

Roger Brookes.

Roger will show us how the lads went on - "NOT TO BE MISSED".

12th December THE CLUB DINNER.

DETAILS COMING UP!!!

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OUTDOOR MEETS

Coach Meet Broughton to Coniston. 15th November 1987.
MEET LEADER: Louise Fortune Tel: Fleetwood 6547.

A coach meet!! A rare occurrence!! Get your names down immediately. Especially if you're one of those people who think the Club should run more.

Stair Hut - Working Weekend 7th/8th November.

Meet Leader: John Hickman

The weather will probably be a bit crappy for the more essential outdoor jobs, but there's plenty to do inside as well. A good chance for you intros to bump up your meets points. A working weekend counts as two!

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Almscliffe Car Meet 15th NOVEMBER

Meet Leader: That man again! John Hickman

Another meet leader with a big car which is forever off the road. Almscliffe is like its name suggests, a strenuous place with some brilliant routes of all grades, plus some of the best bouldering around. There's a good chance the Leeds crowd may emerge for this one. See you in Tommy's cafe boys.

Family Weekend. Little Langdale 21st/22nd November.

Little Langdale-Working Weekend 28th/29th November...

Meet Leader: Kevin Stephens Tel: 711824
Lots of indoor work to do here. Will "Binstore Barnes" turn up with his converted toilet? If he does, there's plenty of work outside to do as well. hey Ho! It's off to work to go!!

Woodhouse Scar Car Meet 6th December

Meet Leader: Martin Dale Tel: 33479.
The Editor drags another obscure Yorkshire Outcrop screaming into the Club itinerary. Local club grithhead, Simon Panton, says its good and no doubt he'll be there to burn us all off too!

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THE CLUB DINNER. (Food Meet) 12th December.

After last year's successful bash, the Club returns to the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, Great Langdale (Tel: Langdale 272).

The Dinner will commence at 7p.m. for 7.30p.m. The cost is £10.50 per stomach. Rooms are available at the Hotel at £14.00 per person, bed and 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 who can face one and who are not staying at the hotel. The Disco has been booked again although he probably won't go on as long as this year's Abraham Club Dinner Disco - 7a.m. next morning!

As with last year, owing to the limited number of places available, booking will be open to members and their partners only from the minute you receive this newsletter. After November 30th, any of the 80 places not filled will be thrown open to be filled by friends etc. Members and Introductory members can book by completing the slip at the end of the Newsletter.

December 24th January 3rd

Both huts are available for Festivities - book with John Wiseman Tel: 826594.

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Coach Meet Kirkstone to Patterdale January 10th 1988.

John Wiseman's annual coach meet is always popular. Book early with him and slog off all that Christmas pud, tel: 826594.

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Gourmet Meet Stair 16th & 17th January 1988

Pete Roscoe will, this time, cook the books at Stair. Anyone who likes a bit of tucker welcome.

Meet leaders phone no is. 302209.

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Family Weekend Stair 23rd & 24th January 1988.

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Chester Hut, Llanberis 30th & 31st January 1988.

Meet Leader: Mark Harding Tel: 52154.

Mark is probably hoping that Tremadoc will not be under feet of snow. Probably a good chance for the snow and ice men to sharpen up their tools for the Scottish season.

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Car Meet 7th February

Meet Leader : Kevin Stephens Tel: 711824

Where Kev's car is going is as yet a mystery.

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A. G. M. 10th February.

7.30 start at the Breck. Get down there if you can for your say in the Club's running.

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PARTIES

Phil Morris's 30th October Friday Night.

7 South Terrace, Tebay, Cumbria Tel: 05874 371.

Everyone welcome, usual deal, bring some ale etc.

COMPETITIONS.

Well you miserable lot out there are pretty useless at this game! One wonders whether you actually read the Newsletters! Not one entry has been received for last issues T-shirt competition. As for living in Surrey, well Dave Earle reckons he'd like to exist down there because of the exquisite tile hung cottages and beautiful beech woods. Neither entries received, Phil Morris and Dave Earle, were entirely correct, but Phil got more bits right so I suppose he may well get a copy of the Malta Guide Book, if there's any left, and poor Dave will receive the Booby Lliwedd Article. Phil, by the way, didn't want to live in Surrey anyway. Answers below. Thanks to Stuart Gascoine for devising the competition.

Mark: did a runner from the curry house
went climbing on Saturday.
Voice 1: yellow Ron Hill tracksuit & Crag Rats.

Glen: threw up over stereo
got lost on Saturday
Voice 2: Hanwags & LIFA Long Johns.

Martin: forgot sandwiches
went shopping on Saturday.
Voice 3: Yellow/purple ballet tights & B. Threes.

Andy: chatted to girl
went walking on Saturday.
Voice 4: Fluorescent blue + Christmas Tree ballet tights + Fires.

Alan: crashed car
slept late on Saturday
Voice 5: crotchless tights + Rockstars

MOUNTAIN LINE / MOUNTAIN CALL.

New phone number for mountain weather : 0898500 442

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BRIDESTONES

Following last newsletters comments and articles which appeared in the climbing magazines. Climbing here is still pretty dodgy as the Editor and Paul Reid found out recently. The farmer below the craf is still insistant on no climbing and we were chased off along with a number of other climbers. However, he doesn't like walking very far and we were able to continue further down the edge, near the Bridestone without further problems. It must be stressed that Bridestones is probably best avoided until the B.M.C. have sorted it out properly.

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INJURIES, MORE NEWS.

A further sport's injuries clinic has opened at the Lido Baths, Lytham Road South Shore, Blackpool. The service will run on Monday-Thursday evenings between 7p.m. - 9p.m. at £5.00 a 20 minute session. Telephone Blackpool 41593 for an appointment.

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B.M.C. CRAG CLEAN UP DAY.

The Fylde were given the task of 'cleaning' up Black Crag, Borrowdale on 26.9.87. Crag Clean Up day. Four Fylde members successfully rid the Crag of rubbish and also dredged the stream in the valley below. Well done. Steve Halton, John Cushnie, Dave Wood and Dave Cundy. The Editor, who was supposed to be in charge, found himself at Hodge Close Quarry on the day in question. A place whose cleaning up is a bit beyond us all!

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GEAR FOR SALE.

- 1 Mountain Equipment 'Dolomite' duvet jacket (Large) £30.
- 1 pair Brasher Boots (nearly new) size 7½ £30.
- 1 pair Brixie fully stiffened climbing boots size 7 £25.
- 1 pair Scarpa 'Bronzo' leather walking boots size 9 £15.
- 1 pair Wild Country goretex mitts (mint condition) £22.
- 1 Expedition Whillans Sit Harness & Holsters (medium) £22.
- 1 Clog Vulture Ice Axe (45cm shaft) £10.

contact Roger Brookes Tel: 0253 727175.

- 1 pair Raichle Leather Walking/Mountaineering Boots size 8½ £10.
- 1 pair Scarpa Asolo TV leather Mountaineering Boots size 9 £30.

Contact Martin Dale Tel: 0253 33479.

NEW ROUTES.

Yes! Despite the atrocious summer weather, Club members are still managing to find gaps on crags with which to fill with new routes.

Bolter Brookes was first off the mark with his ascent of Silver Shadow, E3, the arete left of German Schoolgirls in the Llanberis Slate Quarries. Despite some local wag stating that the route name "was the most boring he'd ever heard", the route is supposed to be excellent. Owd Roger followed this up

with a couple of routes in the strangely neglected Cathedral Quarry in the Lakes near the Little Langdale hut. "Night of the Hoy Pies" E2 5B, takes the right edge of the hole, left of Paul Clarke's "Going Underground", which incidentally has no longer for 2 peg runners. It traverses the lip past two bolts before finishing up an obvious crack. Climbed with Martin Dale, who commented on the routes excellence as did the second ascensionists who thought the grade to be more like E1 5C.

Before his departure to the Himalayas, Roger slotted in another route to the right of "Hot Pies" starting up that route. Boringly called "Anal Abuse", it weighs in at E35C and has four bolts including two on Hot Pies. This one was climbed with a host of visiting Maltese stars. The fell and rock obviously don't find Roger's route names boring. They have already changed the name to read "An Alabuse" for fear of offending anyone. Martin Dale has also been active here, but the fruits of his labouring will probably have to wait until next summer when the quarry dries out again. Martin has also been thwarted in his attempts to climb several new routes elsewhere and has until recently had to settle for second ascents of Security Risk E36B, Dow and Hoof Hearted E5 6B in Hodge Close, both climbed with Al Phizacklea. Not to be outdone, though he spent sometime cleaning the rib right of Hoof Hearted and with four bolts supplied and placed by Phizacklea, both led the route. "Beaver Patrol" E4 6B gives excellent well protected climbing with two crux sections. However, there is still some suspect rock, something which can't be helped in this part of the quarry. Also still active is Paul Greenland. Over at Malham, The Greenstick has put up "Third Party Only" E5,6B, BB\$ with Tony Burnell. This lies left of Pitch 1 of Seventh Glade and right of its second pitch. Good to hear Old Greensponge is still soaking up the pressure.

A full 1987 review Big, Big Nose Running Special will appear in the next Newsletter when you will be able to find out just how many routes over V.S. Mick Tolley has led this year, how many cruises Mark Harding's had, how many bits of gear Kev Stephens has lobbed over his shoulder and how Willy Wonker's been getting on in those wonderful tights of his.

"Big Nose" Correspondent.

Snot Nostril.

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THE LITTLE LANGDALE BIN STORE (BINSTORE BARNES REPLIES!).

The Little Langdale bin store is built and at present stands in the middle of a field on Marton Moss. At the moment it houses a portable toilet for the convenience of the female strawberry pickers who work in the field. Converting it is a relatively straightforward matter and whilst not being as grand as the Stair dormitory extension, it has one small advantage; a friend of Glenn Shirley's has offered it to the FMC for free. So the more eager members of the committee will have to wait a little longer as we can't fit any bins into it with the women still inside.

John "Binstore" Barnes.

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BOULDER PROBLEMS ON THE WAY TO GREAT GABLE.

(A cautionary tale about excessive enthusiasm and lack of preparation in the days before the demise of the fl. note).

The boulder trundled down the slope and came to a halt by Nigel's leg, he promptly threw himself to the ground and rolled around in an altogether unconvincing fashion. "Have I killed him?" yelled Bob Killen from above. In response Nigel issued grim threats as to what he was going to do to Bob's person.

Of course we turned back, even before Styhead and the boulder we knew we would have to. The Merchant Banker from London had set off from Wasdale Head at a cracking pace. "Rugby training" was the terse reply to enquiries about his super human speed. We just kept plodding on, one foot in front of the other and left him to scorch ahead. Half way up the Lingmell path the rocket was spent; we who were getting into our stride, felt no pity and trudged on.

The rock which his leg now rested against solved Nigel's problem, rugby training did not include blindside boulders, the departure for an early bath would be honourable. We agreed that Nigel and Bob should return together whilst I should start off immediately and get a brew on.

The first clue that something was wrong came halfway down the path, Bob started muttering about the curry which he had consumed in vast amounts the night before.

"Nigel have you got change for a fiver?"

"NO" and with that Bob disappeared behind the largest boulder he could find imploring his friend to stand guard. As the world and his wife walked past their gaze was attracted to the boulder by an almost hysterical Nigel.

Down at Wasdale I was talking to a man who had just come down off Gable. The lads arrived and in an instant Nigel recognised the man as one of the many who had passed by the scene of Bob's discomfort, his revenge was complete.

"Did you see my mate behind that boulder having a crap?"

"No" said the man, "but I wondered what he was doing with that bracken."

John "B" Barnes.

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ACHNASHELLACH, APRIL 1987.

We arrived at Gerry's bunkhouse the weekend before Easter, full of anticipation. The hills were plastered with snow and hopes were high. Unfortunately, the snow had arrived the previous evening and proved to be deep, soft castor sugar, ideal for avalanching

The advanced party were Louise Fortune, Rona Giles, Dave Earls, Mike Penn and myself. Others were to come up for the Easter weekend. Gerry's proved to be rather odd but is quite comfortable. £3.00 per night gets you a brush to clean your shoes before entering, bunk, cooking facilities etc. There is a hostel store and various extras can be obtained, drying room, shower (50p for 5 minutes!), bath (four bucket-fulls for £1.00!). Perhaps our huts are reasonable value after all!! You share Gerry's own lounge and kitchen and have to be careful not to use his cutlery or break any of his rules. Little notices proclaim that

"Those who wish to smoke please do so outside and down wind".
or in the loo "excessive paper blocks drains. Two sheets per sheet and flush .
all notes are signed "G. HOWKINS (PROP.)

The ultimate transgression appeared to be throwing plastic, or anything resembling it e.g. penguin wrapper; on the log fire - Gerry would leap to his feet "aaargh, what's that plastic - ditoxins - deadly", all this at screaming pitch. Apart from the odd incident, however, our stay was reasonably pleasant and the hostel is a useful facility. Gerry entertains his guests by trimming his toe nails and playing samples of his extensive record collection. Fortunately, the collection doesn't appear to extend to Clash or Macclesfield Boys! When the Macc lads were originally mentioned, I naively thought that

reference was being made to the McColmans - in my opinion the finest traditional Scottish folk group. What a shock I would have had. This thought reminds me of an Arcan meet some years ago when it is reported that some of the lads had paid their £1.50s to see a group called "The Pirates" and ended up walking out in disgust half way through the first act of "The Pirates of Penzance".

On our first day the weather was so-so and we opted for a gentle stroll up Fionn Bheinn (3,062 feet) above Achnasheen. This gave us good views of the Fannichs, Slioch and The Whitbread wilderness, but the Torridon giants were capped with cloud.

A couple of lousy days saw shopping trips and valley strolls and I had some good navigation practice ticking off Maoile Lunndaigh in clag and strong winds which threw me down several times. Surprisingly enough, I was walking on a bearing on the summit plateau in a near-gale and near white-out when half way between the subsidiary and main summits. I met another idiot doing the same thing in reverse. We tried to exchange a quick greeting without impaling each other on our ice axes and indicated by sign language that it would probably be possible for each to follow the other's footprints over the snowcrust to our respective tops. This was one of the few other walkers encountered on the hills all week. On the Clunnie meet, a month or so later, Paul Garner and myself didn't meet or see a single other walker on the hills in sharp contrast to the largely overcrowded Lake District.

The weather improved a bit and Louise and I traversed Beinn Dearg Torridon which gave us superb views of beinn Alligin and the Northern Corries of Liathach. We dropped off into Coiremhic Nobuil and I trotted off to have a look at Coire Mhich Fhearchair, Beinn Eithe whilst Louise went back for the car. Inverewe Gardens, Ullapool etc were visited by some and I managed to knock off the two western Fannichs.

On one night the wine flowed particularly freely at Gerry's but my memory of it is somewhat vague. I seem to recall mountaineers from Renfrewshire who call themselves "The Roughty Toughty Mountaineering Club". A bridesmaid in stockings and suspenders appeared from somewhere (this is irrelevant and thrown in merely to titillate the Judges in the "Article of the Year" Competition). Meet Leader Louise produced qualitatswine mit pradikat spatlese, superb German "plonk" and it may be that attempts were made to seduce the beautiful Mrs. Roughty Toughty. Sensing the danger, Mr. Roughty Toughty, produced Hot Toddy's laced with enough whisky to produce instant brewer's droop but, fortunately, our Chairman drank mine after I had sipped just sufficient to remove all inhibitions. Dave Earle was shown how to blow up the insides of wine boxes to make wonderful "Vinyl Veras" and it may be that these ladies were oblivious to his lack of potency.

It may not be widely known but, along with her XR3 and spatlese wine, Louise has yet another claim to fame. She was, for a time, Assistant Tourist Officer at Kinlochewe. This made her the ideal companion able to name (and pronounce) every hill and island for miles around, not to mention being able to point out every variety of club moss, butterwort and sundew.

Dave, Rona, Vinyl Vera and I headed for home on Good Friday - the weather was excellent, blue sky and sunshine, so accordingly, two fairly nondescript burnous west of the Drumochter Pass were bagged on route. They provided excellent views over Loch Ericht to ben Alder etc. Dave dropped me at approximately 11p.m. to return home and, in keeping with his international playboy image, was departing for Zermatt the following morning.

Martin Pickup.

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It was a dull morning and the local fishmonger was already slapping out his fish as we woke in our car park doss to a Bideford Saturday morning.

Down by the quayside things were already hussling and a bussling as the MS "Oldenburg" got ready for its daily shuffle out to Lundy Island. It was 10.30a.m. when we set sail. We were lucky! Sometimes they set sail at 5a.m. because of the tides. A couple of hours out into the Bristol Channel and 16 pairs of apprehensive eyes raked the horizon. Through the haze, the long, low profile of Lundy loomed out to greet us. The fourth F.M.C. meet was definitely happening.

A brief bob about in the bay and we were ashore, soon settling into the barn. The Marisco Tavern was full of very pissed local fishermen out on a trawler race from Clovelly so we did the next best thing - went climbing. Off down through the farm, past the wind generator and the Old Light, every step bringing back memories. The smell of the local unwashed goats wafted by and we were on our way down Landing Craft Bay, one of the nearest and most accessible climbing areas. The tide was well out, and the sea calm. Paul Reid pressed me for any hints of which route first, hoping for an easy baptism. Not likely! In at the deep end with a smooth ascent of "Matt Black" E3 5C. At least the angle was right, thought Paul. Much whooping from the top followed as Paul Taylor, John Hickman, Dave Wood, Dave Cundy, Chris Moore and Andy Blaylock made their first tentative steps down a Lundy descent to Flying Buttress. Simon Panton and Glenn Brookes had arrived and were well up on "Holiday in Cambodia" HVS/E1. An excellent, though poorly protected climb. There then followed the first epic of the trip! Me and Paul dashed back down to have a do at "Second Coming" E3 5C/6A. Much upping and downing then followed as I made hard work of a vicious little insignificant crack on the 1st pitch. Glenn and Simon arrived and proceeded to whip up the first easy pitch of "Sliptide" E1 5B. Out of ignorance,, they nicked our next pitch. Both routes start up the same section, the crux for Sliptide, the warm up for Second Coming. With Simon finding his first footing on this kind of rock, we plumbed for "Menirons" E2 5B. Up I went confidently disposing with its initial unprotected wall, stopping below the capping roofs. Here Gibson says, "Pull through on large hollow sounding holds". With a peg by my ankles the hollow holds were now very loose holds in a dangerous state. Not risking any pro. a desperate bridge and hard 5B? Pulls avoided the hollow men. A quick pump up the overhanging wall on poorer holds and I was up - I thought. The top was vertical choss, "preplaced belay rope" says Gibbo. Some 40 ft. out from my last gear, my foot skidded off some soil and I grabbed for spike in the slope. Off no!! The spike turned into a television sized block (well bigger than a football) and I flew backwards trying to save the bugger. The block or the both of us!! There was a sickening silence between my shout and the thud as the block hit something and an even longer second before the O.K. shout echoed up the cliff. I trembled on up to a good belay. Paul soon arrives, picking out bits of shrapnel from his giant arms. A very gripped Simon was next on the scene, for he had watched as the rock plunged down on his belayer. Shattering and splintering only inches above Paul and Glenn's heads. He gratefully accepted the preplaced belay rope we supplied him and brought up a gibbering Brookes in the gathering darkness.

Well for Day one that was full bore!! The others had a more amenable time on the classics such as "Diamond Solitaire" and "Double Diamond". Mark and Viv Broughton clocking a fine ascent of the "Indy 500" E2 5B, one of their last trip failures. That night we all acquainted ourselves with the cloudy pleasures of John 'O's bitter and read of old Gibbo's latest ego trips in the pub routes book. Day two dawned scorching so we hit the dark zawns. Paul was again sceptical as he lugged the two spare ropes the length of the island. He needn't have been! We quickly dispensed with an early repeat of "The Ocean" E1 5B which is destined to be another Lundy classic in similar mould to Amercian Beauty, after a few more ascents. A quick look down Deep Zawn revealed the usual wetties. To be-----wet! One local wag had said "No rain for five weeks, but closer scrutiny of the hut book

showed it had rained heavily two or three days the previous week. We passed Mark and Viv who'd just crawled up "Grand Falls Road", HVS, and who's turn it was to make the tea. Stuck for something to do, I thought we'd have a look at one of these unchecked two starred E2s in the new supplement. As the setting sun turned the granite gold, we sat atop one of the most wonderful pitches on the island. An amazing tilted slab beneath huge roofs and on the edge of a great chasm gave wonderful absorbing climbing, fortunately never too hard as the gear was all but a throw away. "The Gold Run" E3 5B (we thought) gave us a second ascent, a pitch to remember. Frank Pearson and Steve Halton had raced the length of the island doing "Formula One" HVS "Double Diamond" HVS and "Satans Slip" E1, Andy and Simon were not over impressed with "American Beauty" HVS, but Glenn and Dave Wood had a hard time on "Headline", surely E1! Paul, John, Dave C & Chris had also a good day fouguing about down the bottom end of the island. Julie acquired some transport for Ben a GTI wheelbarrow, and had done the three quarter wall. Everyone was red faced and some prayed for a cooler day tomorrow.

Monday was windy, but the sun still shone. It had to be The Diamond for me and Paul. The ritual tramp up the island was on again. We went for what was supposed to be the easiest route on the cliff first - which proved to be a mistake later in the week. The "easiest" route "Diamond Life" is still E46A and proved to be no pushover. Beyond the Crux which wasn't without its moments, the thin crack "gradually eases" to the top. That desperate thin crack was nearly the end of me and it certainly didn't let up until the very last move. Thankfully the gear was good but it required everything I'd got to make a clean ascent. I was pooped, so we left any more Diamond Routes for another day to go and do the easier, pleasant "Headline" - another mistake! I wandered up that wall and desperately fought with the crux, totally pumped, I collapsed arms around the flake belay after some very anxious minutes, HVS? Glenn had definitely pulled his finger out leading that one!! I gasped in awe at the steepness of Pawsher coming up to my feet, where the Greensponge had made his mark with the 2nd ascent in 85. Fortunately the top pitch was just nice. Frankie and Steve had hit the Fluted Face and the Fortress after another end to end day. Andy and Simon had discovered Landing Craft Bay and Deep Zawn, Simon leading "Quatermass" E2 5B. Mark and Viv had an on/off day on "Destiny" E2 5B, Mark doing the on/offing several times before hard earned success. The rest of the teams trod familiar ground, and everyone cried - Rest Day!!

The next day dawned misty, thank goodness! That famous Lundy sea mist had descended, everything was soaking and the foghorn confirmed, no play today. A lie in and then down the Marisco for a dinner time session chatting up "Rambo" behind the pumps. She got her name from the attire she was wearing for the islanders fancy dress party the night before. We were kicked out at about 4.30p.m. and it looked as though the day would be written off. Most people retreated to jigsaws, scrabble and books in the barn but me and Blaylock had other ideas! With 6 pints of John 'O's inside us we could do anything. Off we set down Landing Craft Bay and amazingly the crag was dry. I don't think "The Indy 500" has seen a quicker ascent. I was still panting when Andy arrived at the top manically clutching at the ground with 10feet of slack round his knees. We'd snatched a great route in adverse conditions and whooped our way back to the barn in time for tea. Of course no one believed we'd done a route.

Wednesday gave us no choice, again the sun shined. We made the mistake of going for a slabby route down by the sea, "Charles Mattless" was still fairly damp and although I got beyond its only protection, a bolt, E5 6A territory was not the place to be in those conditions. A scary retreat followed to Krab No 1 left on the bolt for retreat. "Second Coming" deserves another coat of looking at, and being only round the corner, why not! Dave Cundy and Chris Moore were at work on "Shamrock" with Andy and Simon slipping out of "Destiny" up to our right. I soon fell off leaving half my finger in the crux crack. Blood everywhere. I battled onwards and got it after three falls only to be confronted

with vertical choss again. Paul followed competently. By this time, Chris was half way up "Holiday in Cambodia" and Simon, who can't jam for toffee was truggling with Nuts, not to mention the crack of "Destiny". it was very sticky down there. Paul had had enough so I went down again and soloed "Formula One".

The weather changed again on Thursday and Friday. The winds picked up and so did the sea putting most of the sea level crags and quite a few of the other ones out of condition. It poured down on Thursday morning, and all the seals came out as me and Paul sat down below "Controlled Burning". They were disappointed, however, as we'd brought the wrong sized friends and my finger was still bleeding profusely, and throbbing! I hadn't set eyes on Rambo for a day or two. The last year there had been a sheep wandering about covered in arrows, hence it became known as "Convict Sheep". As a coincidence this year Julie and Ben had spotted one with "Ram-Bo" written on it. We searched high and low for this four legged atrocity, but could we find it! Out of the wind it was boiling, but down by the sea, it was wild. Today was a day for epics, and happen they did. Me and Paul stayed high and Krab No 2 got left on "Three Mile Island" E3 6A. Definately 6B, Another failure. Meanwhile down on "Immaculate Slab" HVS, Glenn and Dave Wood were just completing an ascent when the sea got a little too close. Chris and Dave Cundy had Abbed in. Dave Wood acted quickly clipping Chris into his belay just as an enormous wave plucked him from the ledge. Chris was totally engulfed and somehow Dave Cundy had managed to cling on, but his new rope couldn't and bobbed off out to sea. Dave climbed back up the abseil rope and Chris was top-roped out by Glenn. A lucky escape! We met the bedraggled team at the top and hoped that no one else had gotten into trouble. How wrong we were. Mark and Viv were down on "Diamond Solitaire", the sea was well out, so they thought. Suddenly a freak wave appeared from under the arch, smashing Viv about in the bottom of the chimney. She was badly bruised and bashed about, but O.K. The slack rope had been wrapped around Flying Buttress and was irretreivable. The pair managed to escape up the easy ridge before more sea attacked them. Another close do! Fortunately not everyone was involved in Epics. Simon and Andy doing "Wolfman Jack" E2 5C with one fall from Simon and John Hickman pulling one out of the bag with a lead of the poorly protected "Satan's Slip" E1 5A. Everyone arrived back at the barn battered but safe.

Friday was much of the same. The last slog down the Island followed by the obligatory look at The Diamond, resulted in the same observations. Sea Spray rained in wetting the whole of the lower face making climbing virtually impossible. I needed a pick up after juggling out of that Zawn for the last time. We needn't go far. Virtually the whole meet assembled on the half way ledge of The Devil's Slide for the race upwards. John and Paul Taylor on "Albion" Vs, Glenn and Dave on "Satans Slip", Simon and Andy on "Shark" E1 and Paul, Mark and myself on "Fear of Faust" HVS. A good time was had by all. The noise was outrageous, fortunately muffled by the very strong wind. After this we wandered back down the island, looking at nearly always wet cliffs. We ended up back down Landing Craft Bay just as Frank was topping out on "Centaur" HVS. He too had been right along the west coast looking for dry rock without success. We went down, even though it looked futile. A few people were sat about sunbathing. Steve shouted from Centaur but we couldn't hear him. A bit of cunning descending and Knowledge of the island paid off and me and Paul bagged one of the week's best routes. "Italian Job" E36A proved to be excellent with some enormous reaches. Not finished after that, we got blown up "Sunset Wall" E2 6A, missing the hard bit out as increasing wind and cloud signalled an oncoming Armageddon. Andy and Simon had also been down near us doing "Venus Flytrap" E2 5C, which they thought more like E3. However, we were last back at the hut. Another blustery day.

The last night Piss Up was a bit laid back as people feared a rough crossing. There had been a few converts to the John'O's, but everyone agreed the island was such a brilliant place even if the beer was always cloudy.

The band played the barn for the last time and as you would expect the crowd here were a bit hostile when "Slugger" Pearson pulled the plugs out on a possible third encore.

The band proved good targets for the left over food, as did the final candidates for the mantleshelf problem.

We cleared up in the morning before Rambo and her mate arrived to sort the place out for next weeks takers. Heavy showers rained down on the Village. We took a quick gargoye bating session on the church roof before boarding the MS "Oldenburg" for the wild trip back. I waved goodbye to Rambo and vowed to return as soon as possible. As Lundy faded into the distance for another year, John Hickman wretched over the side next to me into the roller coaster sea. He was the only casualty. Rain set in as we headed for Bristol and despite efforts to go climbing on the Sunday, it rained even heavier. It was virtually the end of the summer. The F.M.C. has done it again - ticking over 50 routes during an excellent week, more than anyone else since last time we were there.

Thank you Lundy, see you in 89 when hopefully I'll find out what Rambo's real name is!!

Martin Dale.

(apologies to anyone whose routes I missed)

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COCK UP (with apologies to Kevin).

I'd been thinking about the route for days, about 3,600 of them, ever since Keith Robinson has recommended it to me back in 1977. The years passed. My ability waned, plummeted and crawled up behind other leaders. The beauty of a pair of ropes tugging from above, gradually inverted, and the ropes snaked up from a quiet second. The route resumed its rightful place in my ambition as a lead.

The time was right, the weather wasn't, as Wales proclaimed its mastery over a climber's desire for most of the summer. At last came the last chance and I spent a sleepless night of psyching up in the vain hope that the sun would shine.

Kevin, bless his socks, was up with the cock, and a dozen ravaged brains crawled into day light to glance sage-like at lumbering grey clouds boiling over horizons. The Pass was cold and gloomy at 9a.m. but I wasn't wasting my lack of sleep I and Mike rushed off eagerly in layers of woollies. The others watched, probably discussing my undoubted insanity, waited till we were under the crag, then departed with indecent haste.

Ten years and two days before, I'd sat in this very spot and waited for Cenotaph Corner. The pair in front had taken 5 hours and things looked like a boring repeat. The leader was struggling with a move about 30 feet up Left Wall and things weren't getting any better. He rested on a runner, tried again and gave the wall test. "Climb it in style, or not at all". Tolley was uncoiling the ropes before he'd got halfway down. The transition from indolent voyeur to apprehensive leader was sudden and shocking. Warm up, slick the boots ("How do you get off the ground?") and I'm away, pulling and pumping, fingers creaking, screwed up with concentration and all this before the first runner. In balance, the last time for who knows how long, then it's bang in a nut and power past it up the steep crack. Surprised at the number of sharp little pockets on either side, gear abounds, then a vast flake crack, full of jugs and joy and the other leaders top runner is just above me. I clip it and knowing that this is a hard move, I go for it. Layaway.

feet high, crank up (dyno, turbo, redpoint, multi-day siege tactics) and reach a flat hold but the legs are out of control and I lurch for the jugs just before the seemingly inevitable skedaddled descent.

Puff!

"That was hard", I tell anyone who is listening. The leader (retreated) is relaxing now and quietly agrees. The crack invites upward progress and I continue not sure where the "last resting place" is or even if it is. It is, and it is obviously the last. A friend and a wire above and I think about nothing much really while my arms take it in turns to hang or to hold. Move up to fix a higher runner and, finding nothing above but small holds and difficulties, I return to relaxation. Another go, higher and another runner, assess the future and return. The niche was what it is worth, becomes vastly more interesting than the problems above and I wonder how (and why) the chalk has got so deeply into the crack. Time slips away.

A sharp pocket for tiny fingers, some nifty footwork and I'm above the top wire, leaning onto a flat finger hold, trying for more gear. I leave the bunch in situ and wonder what to do. The first drops of rain attack from behind and I've made a high step onto the flat hold. A sharp flake and suddenly there is a line of jugs leading out left. I've cracked it! (Not yet, watch the feet), I've done it! (Calm down, there's a move yet), I'm there! (You're there!) "Yoo whoop!" But the wind and rain snatch my elation away to Nant Peris. There are no pound notes for me and the rain continued so Tolley was lowered in disgust only 20 feet from the saturated top of the toothpasted crack. Suddenly Tolley has leaders galore - If an inept, weedy and talentless climber can do it, then so can I! Go for it man, it only took me ten years and two days!

Phil Morris.

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FYLDE HEROINES TACKLE DEATH DALE.

(or a walk in the country with the official lady).

Taking advantage of Mary and Jennie's unofficial Ladies Meet at Little Langdale, we decided to visit pastures new and joined the F.M.C. meet at Fall Cliffe cottage in deepest Derbyshire.

After the usual Friday night hassles we waved goodbye to our (relieved) spouses and (anxious) offspring. Davinia and Thomasina spoke highly of the Cock Inn at Whaley Bridge and we had 1½ hours eager anticipation of events (!) as we motored south. The Robinson's ale was in superb form and we were waited on after hours by some off duty policemen. Eventually commonsense and the driving laws forced us to ask to be let out and we arrived at the hut just before the lads, who had been locked into the Moon at Stoney Middleton. The hut provides all the usual facilities and can be recommended.

Saturday morning dawned a little dull but with the promise of an improvement to come. Donna had let the side down by refusing to stop smoking her pipe but compromised by taking it into the smallest room, for hours. At least when we were all ready to go we knew where to find her. Michaela surprised us by asking if she could walk with us, as she had just come back from the Alps and was very fit, but seemed very happy to come on our low level ramble. Knowing most of us had been to Dovedale, the Official Lady told us of a secret, Elysian valley called Lathkill Dale and without further ado we motored round to near Monyash, to the start of the walk.

As a destitute civil servant, Thomasina investigated the lay-bye's litter bin in search of something for her lunch. Imagine our delight when she produced not only some discarded Tuna sandwiches, but a sumptuous naughty magazine. We feasted on these gorgeous hunks of manhood with great interest and relish and it was with some reluctance that we finally confined the book to the boot of the car and set off following Davina. At least if the going got tough we would have a pretty powerful incentive to fight our way back to the car, come what may.

The way led through delightful meadow land and down through a beautiful limestone gorge. All around us were myriads of gorgeous flowers, many of them rare and interesting species. There were quite a few I had never seen before as well as carpets of old favourites. We found some old caves and had a delightful time rummaging round inside. Stevie giggled at the Freudian role reversal of our subterranean wanderings.

Back out in the fresh air we soon joined the little stream that was now flowing down the valley, sometimes over little waterfalls and sometimes slinking through deep dark pools. Fly catchers flitted through the trees and Dippers and Little Grebes splashed in the stream. Soon we had lost Donna, busy with her photography and Thomasina. I hesitantly suggested a halt, a little perturbed at Michaela's reaction to all this bumbling about, but I need not have worried as she enthusiastically declared a lunch stop. We were sitting in beautiful meadow land surrounded by woods and crags with a stair case of waterfalls cascading towards us. We could see the fish in the crystal clear waters of the river and were amused by the busy antics of the water fowl, buzzards wheeled overhead. Our companions became lost but were eventually put on the right path by a passing scout troop.

After Cronksbury Bridge and Alport we came across a superb crag. We tried a little scrambling, but could not make much headway as the rock seemed too steep and the holds too small. Davina explained that the new breed of routes could only be climbed by people in the peak of training due to the strains placed on limbs by the nature of the routes themselves. We thought wistfully about today's super fit rock athletes, glorious hunks like delicious Dave Wood and marvellous Mike Harding, and compared them to the unwashed anarmic weeds that used to frequent the crags when we were girls. Today's ladies have never had it so good. We eventually reached a pretty ford-foot bridge. Water rats splashed in the shallows and we thought of that marvellous book. The sign "Afternoon Teas" led us to a pretty cottage and a sit down and scoff on the sunny terrace. Donna seemed to consume twice as much cake as everyone else and Michaela still seemed to be enjoying the complete change of pace from her recent holiday.

Back across the foot-bridge Davina led us vertically upwards amid much complaining so that we "could enjoy a change of scene and the lovely spacious views" that had opened up. She is so considerate. Another gully was entered and some adventurous route finding ensued before we joined the right path which we followed for several miles back to Monyash, where, we all agreed, the gardens were an absolute delight. The pub was not, however, as it was still closed so we drove to Bakewell in search of refreshment, and indeed a hostelry selling the delectable and very potent Ruddles County Ales. Oh that we could stay here all night, but the driver was having none of it and nor was Donna's stomach. However, while we were there Stevie accidentally discovered an interesting machine dispensing a variety of naughty appliances, 10 types in all, dispensed in a random manner. We persuaded some obliging young men to feed some money into the machine for us and eventually got the whole set except S3 and S7. Our merry selves eventually tumbled out of the car and into the hut kitchen, where we struggled with our tins of stew and corn beef, envious of our husbands and children tucking into those delicious meals which we had prepared for them before the weekend. We then sat in the common room for a little while to allow our dinner to digest a bit before the return visit to the pub, and amused ourselves reading Thomasina's little find. Some of the readers husbands are really horrendous and made us realise just how well off we all were with ours, but we were nevertheless tickled pink with one cartoon of a very short sighted man whose wife had obviously sneaked off and substituted a Teddy Bear. We wished that we could get away with that sometimes when we feel below par! We soon found ourselves back in the pub, but the local ale was not up to the Ruddles and by about midnight we were asking to be let out, thus concluding an excellent day of companionship and conviviality.

Davina Earle.

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