

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
NEWSLETTER

MARCH '90

The Bent Gong

We are at the moment in transit for Social Meet and Dinner Meet venues, (both just about sorted out now).

First the socials; as everybody knows the Breck Rd Social Club folded up recently and the last social was held at the Wire Community Centre. Well, the two remaining socials this season will be held at the Conservative Club, diagonally opposite the Thatched House in Poulton—le—Fylde Centre. Starting with Jane Murray's 'Operation Raleigh in Chile' (not Peru as previously stated). It is highly probable that Dave Earle will have to be bound, gagged and given high doses of tranquilisers to attend these socials but in its favour the club has Theakstons on hand pump! The room is on the first floor and the entrance is on the Breck Rd side. See you on Wednesday 7th March.

As everybody who attended the Dinner Meet last year will know it continued to be an enjoyable, highly successful, laid back evening, 'business as usual'. So imagine John Parkers surprise when he opened a letter from the Old Dungeon Ghyll telling us that perhaps we would like to try another hotel for our Dinner Meet in the future because we had bent their Dinner Gong!!! (we had also apparently obstructed the waitresses serving dinner!) John wrote back offering to unbend their poor destitute Dinner Gong or failing that buy a new one, but he couldn't write a letter half as snotty as theirs!

Anyway another venue has been found with a specially re—enforced Dinner Gong! The Scafell Hotel can cater for 75 of us on the 15th December, so book early for a place at this prestigious event.

The A.G.M. turned out to be a brisk and as usual good natured affair, but furnished some strange secondary repartee, heard amongst the formal proceedings of the evening. During the debate for the choice of venue for the Winter Socials, Martin and John somehow worked out that one of Margret Thatchers nipples served as a door bell at the Poulton Conservative Club!! and when John asked who proposed the motion when John Wiseman was being re—elected as Booking Secretary nobody could remember so it was put down to the female pub singer downstairs!

It was proposed that Major Hickman be promoted to Colonel and after asking everybody individually if they would be Social Secretary Mark Harding took the bull by the horns and took the post himself! A courageous gentleman!!

Martin Dale took over as Chairman and took the suggestion that the FMC become a religious sect, an order of St Hartelys so we can escape Poll Tax!

The outcome of the election of officers ended up with Martin Dale moving from Vice Chairman to Chairman, Dave Earle in as Vice Chairman, Mark Harding moving over to Social Secretary and Dave Kwik, Claire Addy, Nils Tremmel and Mike Penn in as Committee Members. All other posts remaining as they were.

Not too much on the activities front this winter I dont think, due mainly to no C.I.C. hut booked this year and the bad conditions in Scotland this winter. There was quite a bit of snow about at the Roy Bridge meet the other week but bad weather conditions curtailed activity quite a bit.

Don't forget, keep the articles pouring in and if you lead an FMC meet, write about it after the event and send it to me.

Steve H.

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FULL MEMBERS

Judith Swift. Mr & Mrs Robert F Parker. Nils Tremmel. Elaine Osborne.

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NEW TELEPHONE No.

Dave Westby 0253 854745

HUT AVAILABILITY

March 2/3	L. Langdale
9/10	L. Langdale (Families) Stair — Andy Dunhills Beck Bottoming & Curry Meet.
16/17	L. Langdale
23/24	Stair
30/31	L. Langdale — Obscure Crag Meet. Martin Dale.

HUT AVAILABILITY CONT.

April	6/7	Stair
	13/14	L. Langdale
	20/21	Stair
	27/28	L. Langdale
May	4/5/6	L. Langdale (Families) Stair
	11/12	Vagabonds Hut Swop. Llanberis.
	18/19	Stair

OUTDOOR MEETS

March	3/4	Nent head. Mine Meet. P. Llewellyn.
	10/11	Beck Bottoming and Curry Meet. A Dunhill.
	17/18	Lagangarbh Meet. M. Tolley.
	25th	Coach Meet. Cherry Earle.
	31/1st April	Obscure Crag meet. M. Dale.
April	12—15	Inverey. Braemar. D. Earle.
	27/28	Fallcliffe Cottage. D. Cundy.
Easter Time		Sun Rock. Spain. D. Wood.

FOR SALE

1 Pair of Pterodactyl Axe's	£20
Kofach Ultra size 8 & Crampons	£20
Rohan Salopettes 40—42 Chest	£20
Newish — Snowdon Gortex Mitts	£15
" 60 cm Zero Axe	£15
New — Salewa Hard Ice Crampons & Straps	£15

BLAIR ROGERS TEL: POULTON 885892

F.M.C. Archivist

Dave Earle, having taken on the daunting task of compiling the 40th FMC Anniversary Journal and in doing so has become the unofficial F.M.C. archivist.

So if anybody has any memorabilia connected with the FMC and would like to archive it, or would just like to show it for interest sake, get in touch with Dave.

THE PATERDALE HUT

As some people will know recently the Cleveland Mountaineering Club has not been adhering to the reciprocal rights agreement with us and causing problems with last years hut swap with Cleveland. So we enquired into their feelings about the reciprocal rights agreement and a rather pertinent reply was received to the effect that they wanted to finish the agreement.

So in the event that we want to use their hut for a meet, we will book the hut with Cleveland Mountaineering Club in the usual manner for an official meeting.

NEW INDOOR CLIMBING WALL

A new indoor climbing wall at Warrington has been constructed. It's at Evans House, Oxford Lane in Warrington at the Adventure Centre and boasts an overhang 32" wide 17" high. top-roping facilities are available.

It could be OK check it out and give us the low down. Ring the Centre on 0925 411385.

BMC

Just a reminder that the BMC are on a recruitment drive at the moment. They are heavily into protecting the right of access at present, with water privatisation etc. Their address is: BRITISH MOUNTAINEERING COUNCIL, Crawford House, Precinct Centre, Booth Street East, Manchester M13 9RZ.

THE GRINDLEFORD MEET

Thank God for the Moon, I thought, having just bought my third beer at midnight. With Paula's car being a little poorly at work in the afternoon it had meant we had not got an early start. Anyhow my head would probably not be complaining as much in the morning. We rolled in at 10-30 and still had a good two hours with friends before having to ask to leave!

Saturday morning dawned dull and cool. The hut was full but soon members began filtering off to either Limestone or Gritstone crags. Donald Duck was up at the crack of a Sparrows fart but was still well in situ in the bog when we left for a wander along Curbar Edge. Phil Morris, Mick Tolley, Kevin Stephens and Dave Laddiman headed south to Dovedale. Dave Wood, Dave Cundy, Tom Knowles, John Hickman, Paul Taylor and new boy Frank joined the throngs at Stanage. Dave Earle and Shez eventually managed to drag Donald off the throne to walk the Derwent Watershed. Paul Reid and myself and the Fennas were joined by the Sheffield contingent, Andy Blaylock and Al Peel with Mandy. The sun suddenly came out and decided to give us a real roasting. Lethargy soon set in and we struggled to put any enthusiasm to use. We bumped into a lean looking Simon Panton who'd been drinking too much beer as usual. We staggered back to the car to find a note from Fenna which read " Beer, Ice Cream, Swimming, Too Hot!! See you in the Pub." It just about summed up our day. We met up with Julie and Paula who'd been round Chatsworth House and finished on a high note, bouldering on Birchens before going for more Mooning.

The huge meet congregated in the pub. Over twenty members made it another very well attended meet. We stretched the lockin to 1-00pm and then returned to the hut where John seemed to be on trial in the common room.

Sunday was even duller than Saturday and rain looked imminent. Kevin woke us early to advise us that there was no water, just brown liquid coming from the taps. Most people plummed for Grit going to Millstone and Burbage. The walkers headed south to Dovedale. Paula and Julie set off to walk down the Padley Gorge whilst me and Paul tried to catch up John Hickman and team who were striding off across the moor to Burbage North. We were all supposed to be going to Burbage South! It was the blind leading the blind as everyone else followed John despite the loud whooping. Me and Paul soloed and bouldered our way along warming up slowly and as we reached the far end of the crag, the sun came out and our hands got sore.

We found the Blind team lounging around at the foot of the crag, lethargy having grasped them long ago. A change of scene was needed so we left for Froggatt. Paul had to be home early so he set off whilst myself and Paula slobbered around a little longer. The Hickman team went to Froggatt where they soon lapsed into top roping 'Downhill Racer'. Judging by the queues of traffic over Snake pass it had been a wonderful

weekend. The Reids got in it for two hours, we went via Stoney with no hassles and a large proportion of the others took in the Brass Band Pub at New Mills on the way home.

A fine end to a tremendous meet.

Martin Dale.

Alpine Adventures Part II

My sights this time were set on the North Face of the Tour Ronde on the Brenva ridge. A 1500ft ice face (Difficile, Sottish III) but I knew it would probably be harder with the ice conditions at this end of the season.

Taking the Midi cable car, I walk across the Glacier du Geant in brilliant sunshine towards the Italian side. The terrain becomes scary as I zig zag through enormous crevasses, crossed some narrow snow bridges and finally a leg disappears down a crevasse. The North Face had looked really steep as I had approached, but was not as forbidding now I was at its base.

Walking up to the Tonno Hut I had mentally prepared my route and the decent for the next morning.

That night I met two Brits who wanted to do the same route. Offering me a ropes end, I bottled out, and accepted. This caused as many problems as it solved.

By the time we had arrived at the bottom of the route I had found out that it was one of the lads first snow and ice routes ! We got there one and a half hours later than I would have liked and there was 4 teams, who had just started up the route ! See what I mean?

We decided to take a route on the right of the face which although having a steep ice section through a rocky area in the middle of the face, would give us protection from the continuous shower of ice from the climbers above.

The first 450ft was brilliant. The crux was steep but straight forward, with perfect snow/ice which had me gurgling happily to myself. The other two lads were doing well and the new boy was making up for technique with bags of enthusiasm.

Ice conditions deteriorated into a nightmare of hard dinner—plating ice, hollow ice and general yuk. 400ft of this and we were on the upper face.

The climbing became repetitive on the blank ice face. Climb 30ft from belay, bang in an ice screw, another 70ft, bang in an ice screw, full rope length and two screws for a belay. Then off again.

Meanwhile Phil had lost one of his crampons and couldn't get the other one back on! He was winched up the last 100ft

I had found the route physically very tiring, but Alan's suffering more, and shows it by throwing up on the summit.

The descent route is a very steep, loose path to the glacier below. Suddenly there is a huge roar as a massive rockfall crashes down the descent path, scattering far—like across the snowfield below. Eight climbers had just gone down there an hour before. We could see them looking back up towards the ridge.

Deciding against this line of descent we continue along the ridge to a snow col. It's further than we think, darkness falls and we get off route and blunder around in a nightmare of very steep scree and loose rock.

The decision is made. I'm reluctant after my experiences with Simon Fenna on the Ben two years ago. At least I'm not wet through this time. I put all my spare clothes on, into my bivi bag, feet in rucksack and sit it out.

The night is brilliantly clear and the temperature plummets. My feet and legs get colder and colder. I vow to buy some decent thermal salopettes.

Phil does not have a bivi bag and resorts to running on the spot. After about 4 hours he's hitting the wall. The first glimmers of the sunrise raise our hopes.

Although unpleasant, the bivi was memorable for the wild beauty of the side of Mont Blanc. The sunrise will be etched on my memory forever.

We eventually struggled off that hideously loose ridge, we said our farewells, and I rushed down to the safety, sunshine and warmth of the valley. I knew the itch would start again.

Jerry Evans

CAR MEET 23RD OCT

The meet was a bit thin on the ground on the Wednesday night but when I stared out of my window on Sunday morning at the rain slowly getting heavier and heavier a full boycott was on the cards I thought.

As the Meet Leader was well and truly immobilised (Mark), and more interested in taking his first stand up urination than climbing, I opted to lead the meet and not knowing much about Frodsham and the surrounding crags decided to go to Yorkshire. 9—15 am and Tom

phoned. Vandals out on the links mean't he would probably not make it. The possible six had already dwindled to five. Paul Reids house first and the rain had well and truly set in. A bit of 'Umning and Arring' but there would always be Preston Climbing Wall. So off we set to pick up John Hickman. The Major strolled out of his hovel and didn't seem to notice the precipitation. Obviously he was just along for the ride. Next to meet up with Dave wood. Now he was a bit doubtfull but suprise—suprise there he was in the Blue Anchor car park as keen as mustard. We all climbed aboard the Hatchback of Death and very optimistically set off. This was not untill Paul had scooped a fiver out of the leaves beside the car. He was definately going to have a good day, if only in the pub!

All the weather forecasts came out and we decided that there should be some sunny periods in Yorkshire later on in the day. An hour later and no sunny periods, we stood huddled in the doorway to the Library on Skiptons main street — it was closed. Thankfully the Butty Caravan was not, so we stuffed ourselves with various fried article sandwiches. By this time we had resigned ourselves to a day at a climbing wall. It just remained to decide which one. No one had their passports so the Richard Dunn Wall in Bradford was out. Dave had heard that Ingleton had a new wall which was supposed to be excellent and often frequented by the types who hang from bolts at Malham. Ingleton also had a number of more attractive facilities — brew shops, climbing shops and good pubs. We looked around for Kevin Stephens who had been rumoured to turn up in Skipton, but he wasn't to be seen, so we headed north to Bernies in Ingleton.

Chip butty and pint mug of tea consumed we were getting unfit for some climbing. A quick stop in the climbing shop for Woodsie to unload some more cash, excess weight and then we were into it. Dodging through the prussiking hordes we found the wall with its creator, Ian Dunn his wife and his slave Paul Ingham, and demonstration team, Tony Mitchell at play. The wall itself is excellent with an Ambleside roof (but higher), a slim very overhanging wall with flakes, pockets and undercuts at sporting distances. There then follows a tiered roof, an easier section then two Bendcrete overhanging walls shorter but harder than Prestons. Despite all its overhanging rock, sorry concrete everywhere we managed to climb all over the place and embarrass the stars in the process. Two hours later and alarm bells were sounding in our ears — last orders were approaching. Paul sorted this out when he fell very awkwardly whilst attempting the pocket route out of the very overhanging alcove. We left, to much disgust from Mr Mitchell. I bet he would have liked to have come with us really but didn't want to let his mates think that he actually liked beer!

We retired to the Marton Arms to drink as much of its 20 different beers as time would allow. HOBGOBLIN seemed to be the favourite. It was still raining when we were kicked out so it was back to Bernies for more chips, tea, Sunday Sport etc. As Woodsie hadn't bought everything

in the shop yet, a prolonged effort was called for. After much trying on of expensive garments, later Dave still left empty handed. We returned to the wall for more punishment, our beery breaths soon getting rid of the stars. The pockets eventually went as we did the sausage problem and several other notable ones being tried earlier by the top boys. It transpired that Bendcrete were working on a new section the week after including a huge curving overhanging wall, corner and a stepped overhanging arete. After the've finished the wall, it will well and truly be in the countries top ten, and well worth a visit on wet Sundays.

It was getting near Pub time again and now the competition had left, we decided to head for home. We slipped down a couple of pints of Mitchells in Galgate on our way home. Someone suggested calling on Phil Morris in Lancaster but that would have been dangerous, after all we were all Rock gymnasts weren't we?

Martin Dale

LUNDY '89

Once again the Lundy Meet was on. This year even more popular than in the past, not only did we fill the 14 places in the Barn but also took 3 further rentals for another 8 people which made it the largest Lundy meet yet.

It's really amazing when you think about it — there is a concentration of about two miles of sea cliffs and the variety is such that within 50yds the atmosphere can change dramatically. This variety keeps up the interest to return eagerly every two years.

The trip started with a slight hitch when we arrived at Barnstable to find the ferry left from Ifracombe. The weather turned bad with lots of rain, another poor start. The ferry, the M.S. Oldenburg is not a big modern boat, the sea is very close to the deck and stabilizers are either not existing or not working resulting in a corkscrew action that had lots of people swallowing and standing near the rail. Andy Blaylock particularly enjoyed the trip over with John Hickman tying for best colour.

Once on Lundy and solid ground, everyone got straight into gear and shot off climbing as the rain had stopped. We were all keen to get some footage in, in case the rain started again. So the week progressed with all taking in their duties of cooking or washing up. All that is apart from Martin who had not brought his washing up gloves!!! Routes of all Standards were completed from Diffs to E5's.

One day produced two heroes. The first was Phill Morris who was

lowered down 'American Beauty', by the rest of us, to rescue Dave Cundy, Claire Addy and Paul Taylor. All four were hauled out with Paul Taylor being the last but definitely not the least!!! Phil refused to wear his underpants on the outside for this rescue mission, strange.

The second hero was Andy Blaylock who noticing that two campers were missing, last seen on 'Promised Land', went out in the dark and abseiled over the edge to find them. This daring deed generated some deserved hero worship but was offset somewhat the following day when the rescued couple took a boat trip round the Island and spotted Andy again roping down 'Promised Land' but this time stripping it of all the gear left the previous night by the unfortunate pair. The real hero, to me, was Paul Reid, who followed Martin down, up, out and across all the routes that Martin had his eye on, most impressive.

The award for the laziest trip went without much competition to Steve and Judith, who had one half day climbing and six and a half days in love, visiting the horses, the sucka fish pond and watching the pigs!! whatever turns you on I suppose. But he's a good lad and won't cut this bit out as he is the News Letter Editor.

Phil Morris discovered the Continuous Runner Placement Technique and thus became quite proficient in tying one handed knots in the abseil rope!! but I promised not to mention that, so I won't.

So overall another great trip and John Parker tells me we are booked in again for 1991, so get your bookings in early for the puffin Meet.

Mike Tolley.

Meet Leader.