

FYLDE  
MOUNTAINEERING  
CLUB



NEWSLETTER

~ NOV 94 ~

This edition is a bumper fun newsletter thanks to the many articles that I've recieved over the last few months. Special thanks to Martin Dale who has gone one better than most by submitting his new novel reproduced here in full!

It may be the new year before you see another edition so Happy Christmas and don't forget to get out and polish your 'tools' in preparation for the annual trek north to play in the white fluffy stuff!

S.Wrigley  
14 Bagot St.  
Blackpool  
FY1 6EZ

## NEWS and INFO

### 1. New Members

Simon Cole  
Main Flat  
2 Station Square  
Lytham  
FY8 5PA  
Tel: 735679

### 2. Intro Members

The club welcomes

Susan Davis  
98 Onslow Rd.  
Layton  
Blackpool  
FY3 7EX  
Tel: 300552

Stella Young  
25 Knaresborough Close  
Carlton.  
Poulton-le-Fylde

Stephen Cowen  
59 Abbotts Walk  
Fleetwood  
FY7 6QG

### 3. Newsletter

The club has bought a word processor on which this newsletter has been produced. This had been agreed at the 1993 AGM however its taken me this long to sort something out. We got a good deal, £139 for a new Sharp machine. Mark Harding helping by donating his Mums old typewriter which got us £50 off the price. So now there is no excuse for budding editors to volunteer their services at the AGM! By the way it still helps me if people can still type their own articles as it saves valuable climbing/drinking time as I'm a crap typist.

### 4. Club Dinner

I expect by now that all the places have been taken at the annual bash. However if you've not managed to get a dinner don't forget that your more than welcome at the 'do' afterwards just bring along your membership card to guarentee your after hours drinking time!

### 5. Information Required

In a forthcoming edition of the newsletter it is intended to publish a list of club members along with all the countries they have visited on their climbing/walking/skiing/potholing/mountainbiking/drinking holidays. In this way anyone requiring info. on a country can contact the relavent people. Please send me details of countries you have visited if you feel you could be of help to others wishing to go there.

## HUT AVAILABILITY

### NOV

5-6 L (fireworks)  
12-13 S (working weekend)  
19-20 L (families weekend)  
26-27 S

### DEC

3-4 L  
10-11 S (christmas curry)  
17-18 S (club dinner)  
24-3 L&S (christmas parties)

### JAN

7-8 S  
14-15 L (Th'owd nob's meet)  
21-22 S (bean feast, P.Taylor)  
28-29 S (family weekend) & L

### FEB

4-5 No Hut Chester Swap  
11-12 L (biking meet)  
18-19 S  
25-26 L

### MAR

4-5 S  
11-12 L  
18-19 S (sandstone meet) L (family weekend)  
25-26 L

### APRIL

1-2 S (intro members)  
8-9 L  
15-17 S  
22-23 L

## THE AUTUMN WINTER SOCIAL CALENDAR

Rebecca Hargreaves

Wed 2nd November  
8.30 River Wyre

Mayhem at Marrakesh (a comic look at ski mountaineering) Dave Earle

Wed 30th November

Climbing Wall New sports centre  
Blackpool (West view if not open)

Wed 7th December  
8.30 River Wyre

Print and Slide Competition  
Dave Bibby

### Print and Slide Competition

1. You can enter either/both the slide and print competitions.
2. You can submit up to 3 prints/slides for each section: scenery, action, humour.
3. Prints to be genuine prints- not from slides.
4. All prints/slides to have been taken since the last competition (Dec 93)
5. Prints to be submitted to R. Hargreaves by Wed 23rd Nov.

Wed 4th Jan  
8.30 River Wyre

Slide Quiz: Barry Crook (mountains)  
S.Wrigley (climbing)  
Les Ward (huts)

Wed 1st Feb  
8.30 River Wyre

Social TBD

Wed 15th Feb

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING  
7.30 River Wyre

## INTRO MEMBERS MEET LANGDALE 9-10 SEPT 94

F. Towne

Saturday was a wash out in Langdale but over at Wallowbarrow Crag not a drop of rain fell. Nothing here for Martin of course but he climbed with new intro member Paul whose road going canal boat we went in.

Roy the other intro member climbed with John Bailey which left Phil Lee and myself. What a nice change being taken up routes all day, thanks Phil.

Back at the hut Dave Ball and Dave Stott had arrived and they cycled around to the Wainwrights for a pint. They got back to the hut at the wrong time, when the usual car shuffle was occurring only to find a car in the middle of the road. Braking hard his forks bent, locking his front wheel and Dave Ball was seen to do a graceful forward somersault with pike as he went over his handlebars.

Sunday was a washout the two Dave's went for a bike ride, John and Roy went to see if Wallowbarrow was still missing the rain. Martin, Phil, Dave Earle and myself went shopping to Ambleside where Phil couldn't resist buying a new ice axe.

After some beer in the Rule more shopping was on the agenda but bumping into Donald and John Parker outside the Stockghyll Cafe we decided to have a brew and a snack. The young lady in the cafe was very taken by Phil as he kept getting his new tool out, stroking it and fingering it. No matter how much we encouraged him he wouldn't share his tool with her or let her feel it's girth and shape. She was obviously very interested in it as she kept coming over for a look but Phil stubbornly kept his tool to himself tucking it away when she got near then whipping it out again to caress it when she went away. All the encouragement in the world on the walk back to the hut couldn't get Phil to go

## But I Don't Want To Write A Bloody Article For The Newsletter

Mike Sisson

Jesus! nag nag, bloody nag. The fact that I am a not very far travelling, dyslexic illiterate means nothing to this guy. How the hell can you write an article of interest for people who have climbed all over the world the Alps, USA, Pyreneese, New Zealand, Himalayas etc. and where have I been WILTON. "Thats not quite true" I hear you say "weren't you one of the Calpe boys last March ?" Okay I admit it I was but every one has been climbing in Spain. What do you want from me? "Just write an article about that."

OH OKAY SHIT!



Spain, Spain, think back through the hazy mists of time, think back, oh yes! I remember, Spain the sunny one, thats right, the three s's; Sun, Sanmiguel and Sanmiguel. (pheh! I very nearly let the cat out if the bag there - not!)

We experienced extreme climatic oposites from following a snow plough to Manchester airport to arriving in glorious sunshine all six of us. Dave Cundy, Martin Dale, George Nesbitt the biking boys Dave Ball and Chris Southern and me. We picked up the cars and made our way to the semi in the lonely ghost town of Calpe. At nights we drank in the lonely bars, the "Wyre Lounge", the "Peanut Bar", the "Dive" where we showed the locals and the odd holiday maker the F.M.C skills in pool, bar fotball and getting drunk. This set the trend for all the nights out, with the addition of lions, double glazing, strange smelling rooms and high altitude football.

"But what about the rock" I hear tou say. Brilliant absolutely brilliant. Route after route of perfect bolted limestone (no fear of falling to hamper the move) On the first morning we went to Toix East, facing the bay with the impressive Ifach in the distance, in the afternoon Toix West, overlooking the gorge. Twice we went to the crag of the holiday Sella. Acres of slabs, walls, bulges, overhangs and afterwards we would go to the unspoilt Sella village and sit in the narrow cobbled square and cool down from the heat with a cool beer. On the last days we went to Gandia and L'Aventura offering complete contrasts to Sela, both brilliant.

The worst thing about it all was coming back to wet, polished, loose rock. No wonder Spain is such a popular climbing venue for the English...I'll be back

The End....

(See I told you it would be crap!)

Come on it wasn't that bad maybe 5/10 , shows promise, will improve with practice...Ed.

## BULGARIA 94

Rebecca Hargreaves

Once out of the capital, SOFIA, it doesn't take long to get into Bulgarian countryside. Here the inevitable Lada's drive on the same roads as the horse and donkey drawn carts.

In the aftermath of colective farming, life in the country is very hard. Families want to farm their own land but lack the resources to buy the machinary. However, they are optomistic; they want the new system to work.

Similarly, MELNIK, near the border with Greece, needs support of UNESCO and is in the process of reconstruction. It's the smallest town i Bulgaria with only 400 inhabitants- but it's very quaint.

The monasteries which we saw also can now look to the future. Under the communist regime they were forced to function only as museums; now they can openly practice their Eastern orthodox Christianity.

Whatever the politics of the country, the mountains are still there. As the Bulgarians were previously unable to holiday abroad, they developed for their own pleasure a network of mountain trails from which the tourists can benefit.

First we walked in the attractive granite and marble PIRIN mountains, climbing high above the forests of fir and spruce. Later we followed in the footsteps of John and Jenny Parker, reaching the summit of MUSALA Peak (9600 ft) the highest point in the Balkan Peninsula. But my favourite walking was in the RILA mountains - the spectacular seven lakes region, full of crystal clear glaciated lakes - and it's fascinating sandstone landscape near MELNIK.

The mountain chalets we used were large but full of small bedrooms each catering for two to three people. Sanitation is basic and sometimes smelly. The hospitality of the Bulgarians however makes up for all that. One evening a local folk group came up from the village to entertain us; in another chalet the owners made us a meal by a campfire and entertained us in their rooms with wine and brandy.

There's plenty in Bulgaria for the alpinist - lovely sharp ridges to climb if you take your ropes. Enough to give the Bulgarian climbers plenty of practice: I went to an exhibition celebrating the Bulgarian team's ascent of Everest via the West face - apparently a feat only achieved twice. But I saw little evidence of climbing as we know it - although I was assured that it happened - just one team on a wall in the RILA mountains.

If the Bulgarians have any particular concerns at the moment, it must be the war in former Yugoslavia, with whom they share a border. Should Serbia turn her attention to Macedonia - containing Bulgaria and Greek people - both these countries would feel the need to intervene....Interestingly, the wolves, fleeing the mountains of former Yugoslavia, as they were frightened by the sound of explosives, have come over the border into Bulgaria.

But essentially the Bulgarians look forward to the future. Their country is not as pretty as Austria, not as spectacular as Switzerland but it's attractive country with hospitable people and lots of lovely cheap wine.

## HUT TO HUT

Chris Bell

Having been overruled in the battle for transport, I joined a select group (or rather pair) of walkers making their way from Stair via Crinkle Craggs, Bowfell, Esk Pike, Green Gable and Dalehead. The sky was overcast, however it never actually rained and our immediate environs were always brightened up by Jenny Tolleys less than subtle trousers.

Although the walkers were thin on the ground the climbers were broad on the crags (in all respects). We had left them festering in the hut planning suitable E3's to climb, blissfully ignorant of the generally damp 'severes' which awaited them.

After a lively night in the Swinny the number of walkers fell from 6 to 4. We took the leisurely route back through Langstrath, where shimmering reflections in the afternoon sun on highly polished heads indicated the presence of the nobs on the surrounding crags. Whoops were exchanged whilst Les kept a close eye on climbers going to the toilet with his binoculars. We hobbled on for Little Langdale.

After devouring a hearty meal of forgotten food (thanks Tats) deftly conjured up by Paul Taylor we adjourned to the Three Shires for after dinner drinks. Here we met various parties of grinning climbers and a glowing John Tats whose Hut-to-Pub-to-Pub-to-Pub-to-Pub-to-Pub-to-Hut warrents special mention as a possible revision to next years syllabus.

All in all a good meet, but my name is already down to transport the gear next time. Now, where did I put that zimmer frame?

## ON THE LOOSE

Down South

M.Dale

Fed up with sitting in the rain and midges up north four intrepid nobs decided to head south for a bit of sun, sea, sand and surf for our holidays.

Well it was my holiday for the likes of Dunhill, Tolley and Davie Wood it was just a warm up for greater things. We made it to Hartland in Devon on Friday night. When I say made it, that was never in doubt for Mick and Dave in the Volkswagon GTi but for me and Andy in the rust Astra it was touch and go, however the beast suprised us all and belched its way down the motorway.

As the tides were ok we decided that Hartland Quay would be a nice friendly place to start. It would be Dave's first taste of Culm so we picked the most solid crag we could think of. We were dissappointed however to find an



abundance of stakes in the cliff top for belays instead of the usual grass mushrooms. Dave followed Andy up One in every Port E1 but then having had his initiation backed off Tourist Trap HVS. Mick and myself did Half Life E2 and an undergraded Nose Decay E2. Well for young Davie it was all downhill from here but he couldn't have had a better days introduction because later that afternoon he was to experience one of the loosest most temporary routes in existence. Down at Dyers Lookout the arete Earth Rim Roamer II, E4 towers above the beach. It's Mk II could suffer the same fate as Mk I soon. It's a good job there wasn't a strong wind! However no sooner had we rounded the toe of the arete than there was a strong wind! I decided that it looked impressive and temporary and that it was really solid. Gently climbing the initial arete I was aware that it was indeed on the temporary side. Mick followed to belay on three manky pegs in equally crap rock

Woodsie meanwhile was leading another heap of Woombats Doo to the right. The main pitch followed. A steep finger crux which you could see daylight through in several places. The crux was relatively solid and well protected but not 6A, more like 5C. I was comforted by the line of pegs snaking across the smooth left wall; a modern desperate! Moving right I was confronted by easier climbing up the very edge of the fin of rock. Real building site territory! Was I glad to get onto that grass top and tie into those solid stakes. Tolley followed well, climbing the crux in good style. What a route! What a relief to have survived, a true experience. Andy decided to follow suit. The wind had got up and the tide in as Dave started to second the big pitch. Huge lumps of foam blew upwards surrounding him. Mick snapped away with the camera. "What a tottering heap of Wombats Doo" was Daves comment as he topped out. He also hates finger jamming! Well pleased with ourselves we had a bit of a session that night finishing with a lock in at the Anchor.

Mr. Dunhill had a hangover. A late start set the pattern for the following days which reached ridiculous 1pm jobs later in the week. Dave Wood had a loose rock hangover so we decided to go for more solid stuff in the shape of Blistering Barnacle slab out to sea at Dyers. We ticked all the best routes here before the tide came in to cut us off. They are all very similar but all excellent with Blistering itself being the best, a soft touch at E2. A pasty or cream tea was now in order so we retreated to Hartland Point where sure enough we got pasties, several of them in fact for the stouter members of the party. We were all feeling better and had time to spare so we wandered down to Smoothlands just for a look.

I had been there before in the rain on a previous trip and remembered being well impressed with a huge blank sheet of rock dotted here and there with pegs. I was not disappointed, gobsmacked more like it, the slab was bald and beautiful with a non-existent crack line running up the left hand side and several diagonal lines sneaking out rightwards above a very large overlap. It just had to be climbed! I had little information about the routes many of which were not yet in a guide.

Andy and Dave decided to try Worlds Wierd Wall E3 which had three stars and a dagger. So down we all went to the boulder beach which was rapidly being cut off by the tide. Andy and Dave disappeared around a corner and were almost immediately committed by the incoming tide. I decided to throw myself at the left hand line which appeared to offer some protection and a couple of pegs to go for. As I set off the sun came out to torment me. My feet were in agony as

I made what seemed like desperate move after desperate move with no respite until after the first peg. I carried on until just after the first diagonal line where I overstretched a little and was off. I looked down at Mick, fortunately above the tide, and shook my head. We had no idea of the grade and it didn't look like getting any easier higher up. I was about half way. I continued up a slightly easier section to the second break and the first of two pegs 20 ft apart. I was able to gain some relief for my feet here. I then embarked out on what turned out to be the crux. Several thin feet later a small ledge snapped and I was off again, stopped by the peg. That was it I hung there and took my boots off and cursed the sun.

Meanwhile over on Worlds Weird Wall, Andy was experiencing Culm at its worst and had retreated. With no escape downwards possible he had started up a very unstable groove which could only be described as a tottering heap of Wombats Doo.

He may possibly need a top rope and a new brain, not to mention climbing partner. Woodsie had just about had enough of loose living. I pulled on my boots and set off again successfully reaching the top peg and continuing via some heart stopping moves to a typical Culm finish. Only this wasn't easy rubbish, this was at least 5C rubbish. Thankfully I was protected by the peg. As I was belaying Andy topped out and the panic was over, except for Dave of course. The sun went in as Mick followed shaking his head, he did well though and only needed a couple of hoiks on the gear. Our route was absolutely stunning and was one of the highlights of the trip. I have since confirmed it as Creeping Flesh E5 6A/B. Andy and Daves route was the ultimate Culm experience, never to be repeated, Andy decided to claim it as a new route and gave it three stars and a dagger!

Needless to say more beer was consumed that night with the Anchor doing us proud. The next day was boiling and again a more solid approach was called for. For a change we went for steep Culm in the shape of Sharpnose. Three vertical or slightly overhanging fins of Culm just out to sea. Very impressive indeed and of totally different character to the previous days climbing. Steep pumpy walls and cracks.

It was however a cauldren, the sun beating down incessantly. Andy and Dave set off on the outstanding Out of the Blue E3 one of those routes where gear and holds arrive when things are looking like getting out of hand. An absolutely three star classic. I had intended to try a big route on the longest face on the central fin but having suffered in the heat the day before I wimped out and did the classic Smile E1. A rising traverse on huge holds and jams leading to a naughty finish up cracks just when you are getting tired. Andy went for another dagger trip on the very arete of Smile fin, a route I think he'll want to forget.

We sped south running away from the loose land in search of more solid stuff in Kernow. Beers in St. Teath and Port Isaac were followed by camping near Pentire Point. We awoke to a dull day brightened by Andy's morning exercise ritual. Today's route was to be the big one for me, Darkiband The Brightslayer E5. As there are two hard pitches Andy decided to accompany me whilst the two old lads went off to nearby Doyden Point, no doubt in search of loose rock. A sea mist was giving a little cause for concern as we wandered down the grass to the foot of the cliffs. The route was quite obvious being well chalked but I



couldn't believe the start. Twenty feet of protectionless climbing on poor sloping holds leading to a ledge above a landing that could only be described as man eating. Our two little rucksacks were little comfort as padding to a possible deck out. We were definately looking at broken limbs at the very least here!

Needless to say it took me a while and a few tentative forays before I committed myself. A few nose grinding balance moves followed before I breathed again, slotted in a good nut and tried to calm myself down. The physcological crux over I pulled up the remainder of the twenty plus quick draws which I might need in the next 130 ft of climbing. A shaky start from the ledge followed but soon the climbing began to flow, nuts sank into perfect cracks. Up left across the wall by intricate climbing with the odd rest on poor footholds. The next hard section gained the start of the diagonal crack and the last rest for some forty feet. Onwards and upwards past an awkward section to the final crux. Solid finger jams and good pro spur you on as the climbing gets harder and harder. A crossover move gains the continuation crack and then suddenly the footholds run out. A micro friend goes in and suddely I'm struggling strength sapped. I see the move but it's too late, there's no power left and I slump onto the Friend, cursing the rock. So near just one pull to the jug, I couldn't believe it. It didn't take long to recover the strength. Another crossover, foot rocked high and the jug. I was soon on the belay below the top pitch of Eroica. During my two hour ordeal the sea mist had returned and things were getting pretty wet, but thankfully it rolled back as Andy now quite cold began to climb. Andy followed steadily, his excellent footwork and technique compensating for any lack of strength, but he too floundered on that very last move.

We still had the last pitch to contend with before success. A short traverse left gained access to a relatively straightforward groove capped by a series of overlaps. Andy went up and down many times before committing himself to what looked like a desperate layback move. He then disappeared from view for what seemed like an eternity then reappeared and sprinted up the left wall, pulling over the top and dislodging a large rock which sped beachward. We'd cracked it. I followed as quick as I could. The move Andy had been struggling with was desperate, perhaps harder than anything on the pitch below. The final pumpy wall was over, we had ticked it, a bloody big tick, we thought. We met up with the others who had also been successful and after a few slaps on the back we moved down to Lands End and the camp site at St. Just, getting there just in time for a few HSD's in the Star.

I'd had enough of hard climbing so it was fun in the sun from now on. Chair Ladder was the venue and Mick and myself ticked of Excelsior E1 and the excellent Midnight Runner E1 before finishing in the evening sun on Gingerbread Crack E2.

Andy kicked off with the vicious West Face Direct E2. This did not go without incident as did their ascent of Excelsior where some incompetance with jumpers occured, but I'll leave that to the mug of the year presenter to describe!

More beer in St. Burran and St. Just followed with a rest day on Thursday in St. Ives. Friday dawned wet and we cursed having already had a rest day. The afternoon was a little brighter and we set off for Lands End. The usual punters gathered as we prepared to abseil down Longship Wall E3. They should

have stayed to watch because after passing the crux and climbing steadily a foothold snapped and deposited me spectacularly 20 ft down the route. Mick was more interested in missing the falling rock than fielding me. I had to climb the crux again!

Indecision ruled the next day as we packed up the tents to head home. Eventually at about 1.30 pm! it was decided to head for Baggy Point. Three hours later we were walking across to the promontary in the baking sun, Lundy floating dreamily in the distance. Ah bliss again, back on Culm! Andy and Dave sped up Gates of Perception E1 whilst myself and Mick tackled No Sweat E1 both great routes. We had time for another, Speed and Distance E3. We just made the pub at Morthoe or so we thought. They kept serving beyond 11pm. We'd hit the jackpot yet again!

Sunday dawned hotter than ever so we drove down to Hartland Quay back to where it all started. Andy led Pressure Drop E3 whilst Mick and myself were treated to some very pleasant skinny dipping. Mark Harding's mate turned up to queue for the route, the first queue we'd been in all week. We said our goodbyes to the loose stuff and walked back along the beach back to Hartland where Andy insisted on shrinking his gonads in the sea.

The long drive home was made bearable by a stop in Sandbach where excellent ale was had along with free World Cup sandwiches. I had a great holiday, the others were well and truly relaxed for theirs!

### **Yuppies Hit France**

We rented a poncy Villa 15 minutes from Boux. Wot a good move.

On the way we drove to the Dordogne (pronounced "door - dog - knee") and visited a little crag called Ceou (accent somewhere in there). It's above the world's most excellent campsite - Pool / River / GREEN grass / privacy - and has some ace climbing in the E1 / 2 onwards range. I even got up a few and got back into the clipping scene.

We then tried to go to another couple of crags but due to poor navigation or excess speed we didn't find them, before passing thru the Gorgeous Ardeche Gorge. Acres of rock here but no routes. I presume that the National Park bans such things. Shame they didn't ban the hordes of Belgians and Dutch and leave the place to us Brits to ruin.

We had arranged to meet the Peels at a campsite in Vaison la Romaine that Al knew. However, since his last visit it had been hit by a tidal wave and 40 people had been killed. (And they say that climbing is dangerous!) The campsite is now closed.

We got a couple of days climbing in on the Dentilles nearby. Great all round climbing in the shade. If you ever go, try the great E3 6a slab/wall and there are a several great HVS corners.

At the poncy Villa, we met Jerry and Jane - and got stuck into the wine / food and beer. We also tested the effectiveness of high power water pistols and inflatable crocodiles in a 7 day water fight in the pool.

Jerry read some crappy "Property Law for (Leading) International Property Consultants" - photographic evidence available.

Eventually we got to Boux. WOW! I was a bit worried beforehand, knowing that Glenno broke his ankle here a few years ago - but it was no issue. The place is just excellent.

It was a real heat wave, so we climbed from c. 7.30 to 10.30 am before the sun hit the crag and it was impossible to climb more. Then we would pick up (more) cold wine and fresh bread on the way home for breakfast. A pretty tough existence.

The other place we visited was Verdon. We only did a couple of routes from the terrace - and the water pistols came in most useful for soaking Al's crux hold as he pulled over the final roof!

I can't wait to get back to France - but maybe when it's a little cooler.

Mr Saarf



A Year was spent in Provence  
(With apologies to Peter Mayle)

I suppose the primary cause is the booze, but it is amazing how time just slips by. It was only the other day realisation finally set in that another year had passed since my last missive. So, finally stung into action by the comments made in the last issue by the club's new newsagent chappie, I once again rolled the Basildon Bond into my trusty Remington. Mind you, anyone who can turn up at a club dinner looking like a extra that Central Casting have provided for a remake of 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' must be a bit suspect.

'Well, its been another good year'; as a prominent member of the club has been heard to say on the odd occasion. For me, probably the most memorable winter weekend was a skiing trip into the Pyrenees in February. Lots of snow, clear blue skies, no wind; definitely shirt sleeves type weather.

Unfortunately, the end of April bought very heavy snowfall in the the high Pyrenees, with an accompanying astronomical avalanche risk. So early May saw a weekend spent about 40 miles North East of here in the Gorges d'Heric (Part of the Caroux nature reserve). I hadn't up to this point realised just how many ladies are members of the local Club Alpin Francaise. But out of a team of eleven, seven were attractive ladies, who in very French style made it obvious that they were there man hunting. The climbing and scrambling in the Gorges were quite good too! I don't know who it was that described the Pyrenees as being like Scotland with sunshine, but its very true. With the added visual advantage in summer of large numbers of attractive ladies who are, almost wearing, their skimpy shorts and tops.

The end of May saw a five day trip to the Sierra de Guara in Spain. Canyon country on a massive scale, with sheer walls of easily over 1000 feet height, a real rock climbers paradise. One of the major problems in this sort of country is finding the right way off. Miss it, as we did late one evening when we followed the wrong track, and you then find that the only means of further descent are the reversal of an E grade route or a parachute. The final evening, as it was my birthday, all sorts of wine and gateaux appeared; I also found out just how much French I have still to learn. The team had previously insisted that I address them by the familiar 'tu', instead of the more formal 'vous'. So when offered the final piece of gateaux by this very attractive lady I said; "Non, pour tu". At which point the lady in question threw her arms round me and kissed me on each cheek, whilst the rest of the team rolled round on the ground holding their sides laughing. As it was gently explained to me afterwards, I should have said 'Pour toi'. Apparently 'Pour tu' in local dialect slang means something rather different. Oh well, its an ill wind.

June saw yet another unsuccessful attempt on the Pic de Montcalm. The weather looked dubious leaving Carcassonne, and by the last village before the start it was positively Wagnerian, with thunder and lightning interspersed between lashing rain and hail. Now you don't have to live long in France to realise that the most important thing in a Frenchman's life is lunch. I even noticed this first time out on the hill, when the offerings that the locals unloaded from their rucksacks made my tin of pilchards and a lump of bread look like a poor relative's offerings at a Ducal banquet.

Lord only knows what they would have made of the emaciated northern cockney and his bag of doggie biscuits! Anyway, when the lady organiser rang me up and said that she would take care of lunch I expected something fairly good. I was however stopped in my tracks by the sight of Pastis for aperitifs, a five course lunch with wine to follow, and coffee for afters. And if the weather had been good, they then expected me to climb a mountain.

July saw the arrival of the previously mentioned emaciated northern cockney. A three day trip to the Pyrenees then followed. The first day we did the Pic de St Bartholemy (2348m), and then moved on to the Orlu valley. The following day saw a circuit made of the Roc Blanc (2512m), Pic de Cannes and the Pic de Baxouillade. The descent was made via the Porteil d'Orlu to rejoin the main track. This last is definitely for masochists. The final day saw the team to the top of the Dent d'Orlu in fine style.

Unfortunately a four letter word, WORK, intervened for the next two weeks, so it wasn't till the end of the month that we finally managed Pic de Montcalm (3077m) and the Pic de Estats (3143m). With the, by now super fit Mr Earle raring at the bit we did the pair of them from bottom to top, and back down again in a day; not recommended. The following day, as befits a man with his well filled social callender, The Earle set off back to Lancashire in order to organise his next holiday.

Must keep drinking the wine.

Michael Penn

## **FOR SALE**

**Boreal Vector rock shoes**

size **7 1/2**

Price in the shops over £60 ( even with discount )

These are brand new ( 20 min. use on the wall)

**Only £40**

**Tel. Mark Harding on (0253 352154)**



## F.M.C 40th ANNIVERSARY JOURNAL ERRATUM

Those of you who have an F.M.C. 40th year Anniversary Journal collecting dust on a book shelf somewhere, might like to bring it out and read the 4th page entitled Early days. The second paragraph mentions the potholing activities of J.D. Wildridge and Eric Lomas in the 50's.

Denis Wildridge wrote to me recently, having read the journal he has informed me of a few errata - ( I'm sticking my neck on the line as club secretary with a word like that!)

Here's an extract from the letter -

In the second paragraph of the section Early Days I was NOT introduced to pot-holing by Eric Lomas but by Alf Cannell.

Secondly when Heron Pot was discovered in either late September or early October 1957 Eric Lomas was in Canada having emigrated some time earlier. The date is quite clear to me because a small party paid a second visit in late October to descend the ladder pitch. ( We had no tackle with us on the first occasion) and that was the last time I pot-holed before sailing for the Antarctic in early November as a member of what is now The British Antarctica Survey. There were four of us in the party of discovery, Alf Cannell, Frank & Mary Pendlebury and myself. Mary found the "Rabbit Hole" which was quickly enlarged and led into a small chamber. We committed the cardinal sin of digging the floor without a tope rope. It collapsed but brought to view an opening which gave us the entry to what we called Heron Pot.

In the same year at, I think, Whitsuntide we discovered Cresnet pot. It was again a small party, three of whom were Alf Cannell, Arthur Baily and myself. A short ladder pitch to an earth floor. A dig and a ladder was put down. It was a tight squeeze with legs astride a sharp flake into a passage. Eventually a large chamber was reached. This of more recent years has been dug and I understand it is now the deepest pot in the area.

On a lighter note one little incident may be of interest. On a club meet to Borrowdale two of my 5th formers had been climbing Donkey's Ears on Shepherds Crag; Reg Hocking and Mike Peel. It transpired that Reg had "Peeled off". Mike collected some nice friction blisters to his hands. On commenting that he had done well to hold Reg, the laconic reply was "I had to do something because he had the cigarettes!"

Denis has kindly offered his help with supplying further information on the clubs early activities. Apparently any new pots were always registered as F.M.C. discoveries. Hopefully we will have an article for you in the next newsletter

For those of you who haven't got a journal we still have a few left at £3.00 each.

Whilst we are in the bargain basement! we still have a few Malta New Climbs (1986) by Roger Brookes and Simon Alden at an amazing £3.00 each to clear !

And..... a limited number of the highly collectable F.M.C. enameled badges at £4.00 each.

All the above are available from your club secretary. ( 50p p&p where necessary)

Judith Swift

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING - 1994

Those of you who missed the A.G.M. last February will be aware by now that club subs are now £15 single and £25 for joint membership.

Subs had remained at the same level for several years. However, the B.M.C. subscription has increased considerably (mainly due to escalating insurance premiums) and inflation has continued in Britain. John Wiseman (treasurer), felt it was necessary to recommend at the A.G.M. that subs increased this year rather than by a much larger amount in a few years time. After much discussion this was voted on and passed. Hut fees remain the same.

A few other changes occurred at the A.G.M. Mike Tolley took over the job of booking secretary from Cherry Earle - please can members contact him before turning up at Stair and Langdale huts. Not only does this avoid arguments over bed space but its nice to know who's going to be about at week-ends for lifts etc. (As usual bookings for official club meets should be made through the meet leader.)

Donald Nichol has taken over from Dave Cundy as Stair hut custodian with Trevor Atkinson at Little Langdale.

Judith Swift took over from Barrie Crook as Secretary.

Mark Harding stepped down as Vice Chairman with John Hickman filling the post.

Last years Chairman-Martin Dale, Treasurer-John Wiseman, Social Secretary - Rebecca Hargreaves, Membership Secretary - Claire Addy and Editor - Steve Wrigley all held their posts.

.....and finally Chris Bell, Mark Harding, Les Ward and Frank Towne were voted in as committee members..

Once again thanks to retiring committee members for all their hard work.

Next years A.G.M. will be held at the River Wyre Hotel again in February, details of which (along with a copy of last years minutes) will be sent nearer the time

Judith Swift.  
Secretary

### NOTE New UGLY booking sec.

(only joking Liz, this is of course the  
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