



# NOTICE BOARD

## RECIPROCAL RIGHTS

An agreement has been reached with the Oread Club for their Baslow and Rhyd Ddu huts. £2 per night

Rhyd Ddu hut – Tan y Wyddfa, grid ref SH 571535  
Baslow hut – Heathy Lea

Booking to be made with:

Colin Hobday

"Einhorn"

28 Cornhill

Allestree Derby

DE22 2FS

Tel. 01332 5511594

Keys available from FMC Booking secretary.

Operative from 1st August.

## LOST AND FOUND

On the first caving meet of 99/2000 winter a blue Sprayway caggy was left in one of the caravans.

I checked round with everyone who was on the meet and found that Denis had lost a blue caggy.

Unfortunately his was a Berghaus one, so the hunt goes on. It looks like someone has picked up the wrong caggy by mistake and not yet noticed.

Can all those who were on the meet please check their wardrobes and let me know. The prize for honesty is a trip down Providence Pot !!!!

Mike Tolley

New telephone number for our membership secretary,  
Joanna Goorney. 01772 633628 CALL HER!!!

## INTRO MEMBERSHIP

Jan Fletcher  
80 Commonsides,  
Ansdell Lytham  
FY8 4DJ  
Mobile 0777  
3452277

Michael Tex Smith  
51 Crossland road  
Marston, Blackpool  
FY4 4BD  
01253 798853

Anthony Hill  
17 Swan Drive  
Thornton-Cleveleys  
FY5 3FA  
01253 829363

## Working Weekend Stair April 2000

A highly productive weekend saw around 15 members help to keep Stair in good shape. Work done included: -

- A new fence & hedgerow planted along the roadside boundary (D Duck & friend Tristan)
- Thorough cleaning
- Air vents installed (Mick Tolley & Chris Bell)
- Repainting the toilets
- Repainting the outside under the new windows & woodwork

Thanks to all those who helped & not mentioned above. Thanks also to Mari Angeles & Steve Wrigley for an excellent evening meal.

Andy Dunhill

## Glenn Shirley Memorial Bench

A memorial bench has now been installed by the National Trust and funded by his friends and work colleagues. The bench is located at Braithwaite Common, just outside of Braithwaite, near the FMC Stair Hut. It is placed near to the large pool used for swimming by many locals. A poster will be shortly on display in the Stair Hut with more details. If you are nearby please spend a quiet moment of thought with Glenn.



## REMINDER FOR THE HUTS

The Insurance policy becomes invalid if windows and/or doors are left opened!!

## FOR SALE

- Mountain Technology
- Vertige hammer – 45 cm
- £25
- Ladies winter leather boots,
- hardly used – size 38
- £25

If interested, call Les Ward  
on 01772 684681

- As new, one lady owner, a
- dozen routes only (they're
- too small)
- La Sportiva Mythos Rock
- Boots size 41 £15

Contact Marian Solera on  
01253 731710

## THE SWISS ALPS IN AUG / SEPT

Anyone interested in visiting  
the Arolla Valley, contact  
Steve Wrigley on 01253  
731710

# NOTICE BOARD

## KENDAL MOUNTAIN FILM FESTIVAL

1-3 December 2000.

The festival invites entries into 2 new competitions:

**VIDEO SHORT COMPETITION** – For anyone interested in making films (videos). You can make a short video on any topic on the general theme of climbing, mountaineering, mountain sports (walking, skiing, mountain biking, etc.), wildlife or mountains in general. The video can be any length up to 10 minutes.

**STILL PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION** – There will be one category for both black /white and colour, which can be taken in the UK or abroad. There is the same criteria as the video and competitors may enter a maximum of 3 works.

**CASH PRICES** will be awarded to winners of both competitions and their work displayed and shown at the Festival.

You can read the full rules on the web [www.mountainfilm.co.uk](http://www.mountainfilm.co.uk). Alternatively ring 01539 725758 and request further details be sent by post.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

Joint Fylde Photographic Societies are presenting, in association with Blackpool Abbey Photographic, an illustrated talk by Heather Angel

### "Natural Visions"

On **Friday 10th November**, @ 7.30 pm  
**Marine Hall, The Esplanade, Fleetwood**

Heather Angel is a leading international naturalist author, photographer, broadcaster and journalist.

Tickets **£4**, available from the Marine Hall and from:

Doug Couzens  
5 Kingston Drive  
Lytham St Annes  
FY8 4QS  
Tel. 01253 737327

For further information contact  
**DAVE EARLE**

## WINSTON CHURCHILL TRAVELLING FELLOWSHIPS

Every year the Winston Churchill Memorial Trust awards some 100 Travelling Fellowships to British Citizens from all walks of life and from all over the United Kingdom.

There is no age limit and no special qualifications are needed. The qualifying duration overseas is from four to eight weeks.

Fellowships are available in the following categories:

- Australian projects
- Farming
- Art
- Ecology
- Mental Health
- Science and Technology
- Expeditions

For further information or an application form call 020 7584 9315. Closing date 24th October 2000.

Website: [www.wcmt.org.uk](http://www.wcmt.org.uk)

## WINTER SOCIALS

*The time and venue of the winter socials HAS CHANGED. All socials will now be at the Raikes, Raikes Parade. 8-8.30, the THIRD WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH.*

**September** (20th) - is all round nice guy and Lakes Extremo Dave Birkett, with assorted tales of dare - ing dooo. Top geezer by all accounts, bring a chalk bag as ya hands will get sweaty at the thought of some of his routes!!

**October** (18th) - photography lecturer at De Montfort Uni, book reviewer for "On The Edge", stand up 'comedian' Greg Lucas. Bizzar tales related through photography, something a bit different. "The inimitable Greg Lucas" *Creative Camera*, "Greg Lucas and Dizzy Howard: I'll be happy to join their cult." *Tim Hilton, The Independent on Sunday*.

**November** - To be arranged.

**HENRY IDDON**



# CLUB MEETS

**Coach meet**

**April 2000**

Coach meets have not been well attended in recent times but the AGM had many people in favour of them continuing so a 35 seat coach was booked. I waited for members to book places, after all they had known the date of it for nearly a year. The venue suggested at the AGM was a through walk of the Howgills and I made sure the coach could take mountain bikes.

Eventually I had 18 names which I thought was quite respectable but after Saturday's weather forecast for Sunday the phone began to ring and numbers fell. 2 people did not turn up and we were down to 10 people, despite trying to hijack people waiting for a different coach.

The walk started well, from Donald's point of view, as I got us lost on the road within minutes of the coach departing. Clive, who had a new OS map, came to the rescue and found our position. We were not even on my map, a Harvey's special with white paper all around the edges of the hills. A footpath should take us to the right road but it looked vague, the long way along a road should take us past a service station with toilets – they could not be found. Eventually we came to the right bit of Tebay, found the public toilets and they were open and could start the walk properly. The reason for Donald's hilarity? He has taken so much stick over the years for his navigation that he was enjoying giving it to "incompetent meet leaders who cannot find the start of the walk". We then thought of Mick and Jennie who had stayed on the bus to start further along the north side of the Howgills, the bus that was on the wrong road and heading North East away from the hills. Some people laughed loudly and accused the meet leader of even more incompetence.

Once on the hill the walk was enjoyable. It was a damp day with a light drizzle later in the day but the near views were good as was the conversation. We were all in good form. Eventually we reached the trig point, gathered up the ones who were out of breath from too much chatting and then it was downhill all the way to the waiting coach and our pre-arranged food stop at the King's Arms. A good day out.

John Wiseman

**La Pedriza, Spain**

**Easter**

Almost 20 club members headed to La Pedriza for 2 weeks over Easter. Situated only 35 miles north of Madrid & with flights by Easyjet from Liverpool it is easy to get to .

We camped on the edge of Manzanares el Real from where you can walk into the mountains & to most of the crags. All provisions can be bought in this holiday village & there are plenty of bars & restaurants. The mountains are granite, mostly bolted friction slabs, with crags everywhere. The jewel is El Yelmo, a superb sweep of slabs, with many excellent 4/5 pitch routes & situated on top of the lower range of mountains.

The weather was variable, the second week being more settled. The mountains reach 6000ft. & attract bad weather. Some of the crags higher in the hills were only climable on a few days. When the weather was good the walking & climbing was superb. It is an excellent venue for both walkers & climbers, with a wide range of grades for all abilities. Easter is perhaps early & summer would be too hot. May/June & September/October are likely to be best.

Other crags have been developed within a 40 minute drive & outside of the mountains. The main area is Patones. These crags have mostly single pitch routes on steep limestone offering a contrast to the slabs.

The poor weather in the 1<sup>st</sup> week sent us to the Calpe on the Med. for 3 days (the whole 2 weeks for Mark & Judith). We then moved to Cuenca midway between the two to sample the very, very steep limestone. It's good but very hard. Cuenca is a historic town with a long & solemn pagan religious procession. Beware camping here during Spanish holidays!

The 2<sup>nd</sup> week was much better & a lot of climbing was done in La Pedriza & surrounding crags. There is

a good Spanish guide by D Rodriguez & J. I. Lujan but make sure you get the complicated map. There is also an excellent walking guide to the Mountains of Central Spain by J. Oglesby & published by Cicerone.

A final warning – watch your wallet & anything else that can be stolen when in Madrid. Thieving is an industry!

Andy Dunhill

## The Burren – Southern Ireland

Whit 2000

You do not go to Ireland for the weather, the Guinness perhaps (especially Martin Dale), but not the weather. We were lucky. The first 3 days were wonderful blue skies, sun etc. then it rained (Martin's Guinness consumption increased).

The main climbing is on the sea cliffs at Ailladie which offer single pitch routes on good quality limestone. Although there are a few routes up to VS & HVS you really need to climb E1 & above to appreciate this cliff. The guide lists a lot of lower grade routes at the northern end but many are disappointing. There are several crags a short distance inland with lower grade routes & which are well worth a visit. The main two are Mourroughilly & the Skull.

There are no mountains nearby but good walking can be found in what is a very attractive area. The walk over the Cliffs of Moher is a classic. Of course there are the pubs, live music, superb atmosphere & Guinness (ref, Martin Dale) to occupy your time.

We camped at a small village called Doolin which is on the coast. The price was £4 (Irish) per person per night. The site provided a cooking & lounge area of very good quality. There also lots of hostels if you do not want to camp. Some of us flew to Dublin, which is quite cheap if booked in advance, & then hired a car. Others went by Ferry via Holyhead. Two intrepid elder statesmen Tom Knowles & Chris This travelled by motorbike.

Overall this was an enjoyable trip to a place most of us had not visited before. We are keen to return to Ireland again & Donegal is likely to be the next venue.

Andy Dunhill

## Chester Swap

May 2000

Up until Thursday night the numbers were looking a bit thin for this meet, then at the last minute, as is often the case with FMC meets, there was a stampede. To balance things out though, there was also a number of drop outs once the weather forecast became clear.

Myself and Terry Robinson set off early Friday tea time to try and get a route in. The weather was good as we pulled Up at the Bus stop quarry above Llanberis. We got the gear out then there was the distant sound of sirens, getting closer. Then, out of nowhere, an ambulance drew up, followed by a support vehicle. They must have the wrong crag, I thought, then I noticed that the ropes on the crag didn't have any climbers attached. We walked up anyway to have a look. Sure enough someone had taken a dive off the very last moves of Massambula and reversed the run out in double quick time. The lads at the bottom advised us that it was wet. Initially, I offered to get their gear back for them whilst their mate was patched up and put on his stretcher, then I noticed that the slab was covered in blood. It had obviously acted as a human cheese grater. The poor youth was in a worse state than we originally feared and the word helicopter was being muttered. I thought we had to be quick, so roping up, I decided to shoot up Scarlet Runner before the copter showed. The name was quite apt for the occasion. Terry couldn't believe it. Not what we had thought when we thought of doing a pleasant evening route before the pub. I was up and down quickly and thoughtfully removed all the draws on the way down. The helicopter was making its approach as Terry reached the first bolt. That was as far as he was going as the paramedic ushered us down so that the rope didn't get tangled in rotor blades. We packed up after it had dropped its winchman and nipped off for the pub. Dave Hicks and Elaine Scarles arrived just in the nick of time to see the helicopter twirl off into the sunset, along with most of the population of Deinloren.



Back in the pub we recounted the story of the first epic of the weekend to Bill Clarke, Ashley and mate. The falling climber was OK by the way, just receiving some nasty cuts. He certainly painted the slab red through. Phil Lee arrived after the pub shut bringing the numbers on the meet to eight.

Saturday was wet and got wetter and wetter. Dave, Elaine and Bill went up the pass to try their luck on some wet greasy horror. Now this was very brave, however, it may help if I tell you that they were up till 4 am drinking whiskey and were still drunk. When we passed their car, Ashley and his mate were sat inside, obviously more sense. Tremadoc was our destination, bound to be dry there. Nope. We sat in Eric's as the rain came down in buckets. We were keen and definitely not still drunk. Carreg Hylldrem usually stays dry in rain, so off we went! On this occasion the wind was blowing straight onto the crag and it was definitely not dry. The bouldering wall was, though, complete with its own roll of carpet. We got stuck in. Phil was going well and ticked off the problems at will. He'd obviously been doing some secret training in the Peak. Bill, etc eventually arrived and Ashley proceeded to burn us all off. More pun- ters with mats turned up and it began to get crowded so we decided to head for Capel for a spot of shopp- ing and to watch the second half of the Cup final in some pub or other. Not before Phil had spent some money in his favourite outdoor shop – Gelert. He was now truly a gelertman. We settled for the Bryn Turk and were glad we hadn't bothered with the full match. We tried to spot Dave Cundy to no avail. More shopping followed then back to the hut in the still pouring rain. Terry only had a day pass out so sadly he headed for home.

After tea in Petes Eats, Dave Ball and Sarah had arrived ready for the evening session in the Heights. Dave Hicks bought another bottle of whiskey, obviously not put off by Saturday's hangover, he required one for Sunday too.

Sunday was again, predictably, wet. I recorded in the hut book that I couldn't remember the last decent day I'd spent on a mountain crag in North Wales. It must have been a good five years! We headed for the coast after another bout of shopping. Phil Lee decided to walk up Snowdon. Dave Ball and Sarah went out on Mountain Bikes. Dave Hicks, Elaine and Bill suffered further hangovers.

We settled for Castle Inn quarry and as we pulled into the car park, the sun made an appearance. Numerous routes later, we'd ticked the crag. Phil Lee even put in an appearance. At last we had done some cragging. It was beautiful as we drove home – typical!!

Martin Dale

### **Introductory meet, Stair**

**17/18 June**

The promised forecast of good weather did not bring many members to this meet. Ten attended, eight members, one introductory and a visitor from the Chester Club.

A beautiful sunset on the drive up on Friday augured well for the weekend. Saturday dawned warm and bright but quite windy. Climbs were done on Heron Crag Langstrath (jungle bashing and route finding difficulties), Fat Charlie's Buttress (superb) and Black Crag. The walkers, who experienced cloud and a slight drizzle, did a long walk in the Pillar area.

Plenty of beer quaffed in the Swinny and along with England's victory over Germany a good night was had by all.

Sunday proved very hot, climbers were at Shepherds and Buckstone Howe whilst the walkers did the Causey Pike around.

A good weekend, pity there was only one intro member.

Les Ward

---

### **LANCASHIRE WILDLIFE TRUST**

Many people have neither the time or the skills to get involved actively in conservation work – but if the natural environment is important enough to you, you can make a very real contribution by becoming a member of the Lancashire Wildlife Trust.

If interested, contact CHRIS HAWKINS on 01253 691933 for further details.

It was a bee buzzing weekend. The weather was "scorchio" throughout – a perfect June. The party of 10 congregated at my house on the Friday evening arriving in dribs and drabs, soon enlivened by G&T's and a glass of wine to discuss the agenda for the next day. There were 6 of us staying at my house and 4 at Jill's.

We started our 16 mile circular walk from Swainby, a couple of miles away. We set off through fields, woods and eventually onto the moor top along the Cleveland Way. The views of the moor and Tees plain were wonderful but the far distance obscured by a heat haze.

A halt was made at Lord Stone's café for ice cream and cold drinks which set us up for the final 5 miles. We finished the walk with a drink at the Black Horse in Swainby. Steph, who wanted to know if there would be an opportunity for a swim, settled for a paddle in the stream.

After baths and showers and into our evening attire, we enjoyed a wonderful meal "al fresco", talking, laughing, eating and drinking.

When I woke next morning to chatting I looked out of the window to see the ladies in their night wear breakfasting in the garden. The Sunday walk was a 10 mile circular setting off from Hasty Bank. We walked to the Wainstones. Joanna had a scout around the climbing (future reference?) then over Gold Moor to chop Gate, pronounced Chop lgate by the locals. We re-hydrated at the Back Inn before proceeding on the opposite ridge to complete our walk. Tea and cake in the garden and bidding of fond farewells for journey's home.

Liz Stevenson was missed, hope you make the next one. It was lovely to see Mari Angeles and Joanna, the two young additions to our group. One of our members said "the reason I come on Ladies meets is not for the fine wine, food and excellent walking, it is merely for the intellectual stimulation.

Where are you ladies? – you're missing out!!

Delphine Stockton

## MEMBERS ARTICLES

The Moon, The Night And The Snow..... Part 1

by Steve Wrigley

It was shaping up to be a so-so scotish winter weekend. Phil Lee, Andy Dunhill and myself had just completed Scabbard Chimney V 6 in Stob Coire Nan Lochain which had been a good find in the lean conditions. The weather was excellent blue skies and views forever. We even got back to Lagangarbh before it got dark!

Phil and myself decided to have some nosh at the Kingshouse and headed straight there whilst the others battled it out in the kitchen. Although we were both famished we took the barmans advice and cancelled our side orders of chips with the haggis Pizza.

This was surely the crux of the day, enough pizza arrived to feed the whole of the team staying at Lagangarbh. We both made a valient effort but finally conceded defeat. This was fortuitous for a team late down from the Ben who had missed last food orders. Airlie Anderson and her partner tucked into our leftovers. Whilst they were eating we overheard them saying that Ravens Gully was in nick...now there was an idea for tomorrow!

Later on however another chance overhearing sowed the seed of a far more insane plan.



That night a strange set of lunar and meteorological coincidences had arisen. It was a full moon, a weekend in winter and there was a cloudless night. The two lads next to us in the pub were just leaving to do the Aonach Eagach ridge by moonlight.

Well the thing I like about Phil is his likemindedness when it comes to crazy plans. It didn't take long for us to both realise that we had to go and do the same. To the amazement of the rest of the team just arriving for a drink we announced our departure. Claims of "mad bastards" rang in our ears as we headed back to the hut to prepare for our adventure.

We decided to drive down to the Clachaig for a pint before setting off up Sgorr nam Fian-aidhh we then intended to walk all the way back to the hut. As we flogged up the side of the Clachaig Gully I began to have a few doubts, it was a hell of a way up and we had already been active since 6am with a mixed route under our belts. The summit eventually arrived and we could see the snowy Aonach Eagach stretching out in front of us with the snow capped mountains on the opposite side of the Coe watching over us.

The moonlight reflected off the ice crystals to give a shimmering light show as we walked "sans" headtorch following the tracks left earlier in the day by the hoards of "day trippers". The air was cold and still and we began our traverse in what seemed like another world.

We soloed with an axe and crampons. The pinnacles provided the crux where we seemed to be climbing above a black abyss moving around the snow covered gendarmes.

It would be nice to say we didn't see a soul but the two lads who had inspired our soujourn passed us travelling in the opposite direction just after the pinnacles. We shared a few words then headed off east towards the new dawn.

As the night wore on I became more and more aware of how tired I was. A group of boulders became a herd of deer complete with authentic smells. I lay down a couple of times on a bed of snow quite happy for the rest and oblivious to the cold. As we approached Lagangarbh our spirits were lifted as dawn broke over Rannoch Moor. The black turned grey, pink and finally yellow as the sun rose above the Moor.

We arrived back at the hut around 8 am. Some had left whilst others were packing for their day out. We however, after our 26 Hr day, breakfasted, headed for the bunks and contemplated.

The Moon, The Night and The Snow.....

## The Braemar Telemark Festival 2000

by John Cushnie

The weekend of 10/12 the second Braemar ter, was well supported Parker (the author of the own Henry Iddon plus



March was time to head northwards to attend Telemark Festival. The first festival, last win-with appearances from Paul "Mr Telemark" Instructional book 'Free Heel Skiing') and our 350 Telemarkers.

It was Henry who put me onto going this year. He actually asked me to go with him last year, but with 1 days notice and a new baby in the house it wasn't the best offer I have had !

The weather forecast for this year's event was good. Too good in fact, with clear spring days during the preceeding week decimating the excellent snow cover of the previous weekend at Glenshee to only one T-Bar length of snow for the 350+ registered Telemarkers, snowboarders and alpine skiers.

For those wondering what I am going on about Telemarking is a form of skiing based on nordic techniques centered around the free heel Telemark turn, originally perfected in the Norwegian area that shares the name -- and the Norwegian jumpers often seen on the skiers !

The sport of Telemarking has come on in the past few years with the introduction of first alpine type skis and then a few years later with the plastic Telemark boot. Gone (well almost) are the long thin skinny skis, long poles, leather boots and tweed ski trousers and the endless



touring days in the tracks around the forests. Armed with plastic Telemark boots and modern alpine skis, the modern Telemark skier can take on all the mountain terrain once reserved for the alpine downhill crew. The bindings too have benefited from technological advances, including boot release mechanisms and the modern all new Skyhoy binding that looks more like an alpine touring binding than something for the Telemark turn.

Along with the equipment, the technique has also been modified and has developed into the 'modern Telemark' as is now taught by the many BASI (British Association of Ski Instructors) teachers. The modern elements include a more upright stance with less angulation with upper body movement almost identical to alpine skiing, but with the free heel functionality.

As part of the festival, all registered Telemarkers could take part in a three hour instruction session. This was run on both mornings of the Festival by an International set of BASI qualified teachers. The classes included 'absolute beginners', 'alpine no more', 'improvers', 'advanced', 'more advanced' and 'teletouring', in fact something for (almost) everyone.

The festival also included other events including a 10km mountain race, equipment demos and the essential Telemark Ceiligh. The Ceiligh was held in a large marquee in the grounds of Braemar castle on the Saturday evening and started with a torchlit procession from the village hall. It included a superb buffet, live music including the Skyhooks, the local Blues Band and a prize raffle with about a million prizes. My wife, Jane, luckily avoided all the pairs of socks and some joke prizes in the raffle to come away with a pair of Black Diamond Telescopic ski poles -- good win!

Sunday saw yet another dry sunny day and another 350+ people on the same single ski run up at the Glenshee area. I originally wanted to do my workshop on the Saturday, but all places were taken so Sunday it had to be. It was well worth the wait. The instruction was very good and worthwhile.

All in all a very good event and one that needs support in the future, so come on, set those heels free and see you at Ceiligh next year :-)

As you may guess Telemark skiing imposes some 'objective dangers' including damage to the knees from hitting rocks and tree stumps etc, when doing the teleturn. To combat this many Telemarkers, myself included, use kneepads. Mine are a particular fine model called 'Dr Bone Savers Street Pads' and have substantial plastic kneecups. They are so fine that they can be used for all sorts of activities. These include Telemarking, Skateboarding, Rollerblading and most importantly the up and coming no.1 activity of the FMC, according to Martin's last journal article, DIY :-)

I know I haven't been very active in the club over the past few years (probably 7 or 8 in fact...) but I have been keeping up with my DIY over the past few months, so hopefully I don't have to re-apply for full FMC membership. As DIY seems so popular I would like to propose a new award for the club prize giving at the annual dinner. Let's call it the 'botch of the year' to keep in keeping with the established 'Mug' and 'Lush'. If acceptable then I would gladly provide a suitable trophy.

## Summer Fun – The Story so far

by Martin Dale

The summer outdoor meets got underway in May with big turn outs and mostly enjoying good weather. The first climbing meet was Wilton. Heaps of folks turned up in Wilton 3 and the routes fell thick and fast. The Highlights probably being Martin Bennets lead of SHIVERS ARETE E1, Dave Westby's of CENTRAL CRACK HVS and my sandbagging at the hands of the locals on BRASTIUM E1. The guide book says the route is sometimes obscured by a waterfall. It must have just dried up! We retired to the Black Dog in Belmont for some Joseph Holts the cheapest pint in Britain, not bad either, and were treated to some whistling by the Landlord. Not a midge bite between us! Nice to see Mark Harding out on the rock again.

A week later we were out in the sun again at Trowbarrow. Another massive turn out took advantage of the classics. Mike Sissons starred on this one with his lead of A Sense Of Doubt

E4. He did have the advantage of having all the gear in place and also of seeing me lead it first but never the less it was a good lead by Mike especially after he had initially nearly deked out after an earlier abortive attempt.. Rob Lewis was also in action following Sleeping Sickness E2 with style. I heard he returned the following Saturday and led it, well done Rob. Beer was had in the New Inn , Yealand Conyers- nice friendly bar staff!

Anglezarke was the first casualty. Folks did make the effort and the walking meet from the Dressers Arms, Wheelton went ahead in the rain, but no climbing was done. The walkers were John Hickman, Claire Addy, John and June Wiseman.

The following evening was the first of those over indulgence monsters, the Boozy Bike ride. The weather was a little better and a good team assembled outside the Thatched House. Led by the portly Bob Scott the first stop was the Millers in Singleton where it proceeded to absolutely chuck it down and trap us there for nearly an hour, forcing us to watch Emerdale.. With our sadles well wet we headed for the Ship in Elswick then the farmers in Gt. Eccleston where Mick Tolley was seen to leave half of his pint of Taylors Landlord. It was pretty awful. Never mind better beer was just around the corner at the Cartford arms. So good was it that we didn't make it back to the Thatched for last orders. We must have more discipline next time. It didn't rain again and the chippy in Poulton was a good consolation for missing out on last orders. Thanks Bob for a good ride.

The day after we were able to touch rock on an impromptue meet to Witches but summer certainly hadn't arrived yet. It was bloody freezing. Mike Sissons managed a lead of Whitchcraft E2 whilst I crapped my pants twice over on Darkness E2 and Black Orchid E2 George Nesbitt and Joanne Nelson held ropes and did sensible stuff.

Egerton Quarry has never been on a summer meets list and maybe it never will again. However that did not stop a massive team from turning up for a look. The first problem we had when we got there was how to get in. Yes it's that kind of place. Martin Bennet , Mick toley and Terry Robinson were already ensconsed on a sunny part of the crag beavering away on Loney wall. The rest of us headed for Red Wall where Callum Berry threw himself at Cherry Bomb VS, his first route in seven months. I teetered my way up to a dirty finish on Satin Sapphire E3. Easy routes there are not any as Mike Sissons found out whilst taking Anthony the beginner up a route. Kevin stephens put in an appearance as did the climbing wall team of Bill Clarke and Dave Hicks. The best route we probably did was Dizzy the Desert Snake E1., It is an esoteric spot and probably we will not venture back on a meet. However once we had managed to find our way out again , take your wellies, The Flag public house down the road was excellent.

Into June and the first meet, Pot Scar, proved a hit with climbers. The walkers changed their venue to Clougha Pike and Grit Fell and had a huge turn out 13 or 14 folks enjoyed a good ramble in weather which was kind. They also visited a pub in Dolphinholme, whose name escapes me. Back at Pot Scar not even the presence of Alan Blackburn, that well known harbinger of doom, could dampen the proceedings. It stayed ammazingly dry. Joanne didn't fare very well but did eventually manage to follow Les Ward up a route or two. Mike Sissons climbed the classic VS's whilst Chris Thistlethwaite teamed up with Alan. I managed the hardest won E2 I can remember with Mick Tolley in Diagonal, then finished on Sunspot E1 , very pleasant. Beer was had at the Cross Keys on the A65.

Next up was Eastby. Half the crag had a bird ban on it and the midges came out with vengeance. Mike Sissons had his come-uppance on the Struggler VS. Ask to see his gritstone rash. I took Chris This up some routes whilst Terry Robinson and Les Ward set about the same few limited lines. Steve Wrigley turned up with Rae Hughes and also had a dabble on The Struggler. In the end we out fought the midges and lived to tell the tale in the Elm Tree in Embsay where they serve a great pint of Goose Eye.

More gritstone action at Earl Crag unfortunately clashed with a football match however Steve Wrigley, Les Ward and Joanna Goorney made the effort. Eraser Slab was done before the midges got the better of them and they ran away.

The Preston Bozzy Bike Ride is always brilliant and a refreshing change from the usual Fylde



round. Mick and Jennie Tolley led us a merry dance round the Longridge area, however the beer was not up to much. Golden Ball, Broughton, Theakstones, poor and expensive. The Green Man, Inglewhite, Greenalls slop. Cross keys, Whitechapel-closed! Ye Horns Inn, poor Bods, nice glasses. Alston Arms, Longridge, nice Charles Wells. Foresters, Longridge, nice Taylors Landlord. Another pub in Longridge – poor Bods? – You can tell it was getting to me by now! Goosnargh, can't remember – blue pool table, er - well it was good whatever they were selling. Thanks also to Glen Brookes, Lou , Hal, Dave Ball and Sarah for getting me home in one piece.

Hope to see you on a summer fun meet soon.

## **When it rained**

**by Peter Roscoe**

In the old days, when it rained, we pulled on our layers of WD surplus gear and ventured forth. The wind beat into our faces and ensured the development of navigational skills as we guided ourselves from cafe to crag or hut to hut.

"Character building", said wiser men from behind their amber filled glasses. How we yearned for better days, when the rock would be warm to touch and the routes last until sundown and beyond.

All too soon summer speeds by and the first sprinkling of snow develops and covers the hill, the gulleys turn to ice and we gained pleasure from the ring of the ice axe and the crampons bite into frozen snow.

The pleasure in those days when the routes led to the summits and we looked out to blue remembered hills, distant horizons and dreamed of future journeys to high, high places. Oh men and mice, how little we know.

So much to experience, glissading steep snow slopes, the glide of mountain skis, the excitement, the race, the pace, the thrill, the spill.

### **The Break.**

A leg encased in plaster and the long process of learning to walk again, sadly not a great success but other compensations are nurtured and developed.

A chance encounter with an Everest kayaker leads to a new mode of transport and water becomes a way of life and interest.

The nearby bay beckons and is explored, the mud pulls at ones feet, lessons need to be learnt, low water, high water, the tides, the currents, the ebb, the flow.

A desire to build a kayak of one's own leads to that "heady" mix of polish resin and glass and the delight of messing about with boats.

A new "glow" of achievement, paddling one's craft through the discharges from the towns that surround the bay, made active by the waste products from Winscales power station.

I look once more to Lakelands fells and rivers in order to develop skills and new pleasures and find great difficulty with access, Isaac Waltons piscatorial followers are not the most sharing of fellows.

Products of the space age are with us now and encased in plastic and man-made fibres I learn the ways of watery descents, enjoying the song of the river as it trickles then surges down the hill. Trying to avoid the rocks with their powerful allure, working with others in order to advance teamwork and safety.

A lack of concentration, a tumble leads to a swim, a rope flicks out and is tightly held, the relief at being safe as one clutches at Mother earth!

The grinning rescuer reminds me of the correct sequence of moves as I protest against the dampness of it all.

Drying out on the bank side, warming up as the Thermos' contents are consumed we retell

the moves, exaggerate the difficulties and once more plan for future trips.

The way of the paddle, the race, the pace, the Eskimo roll, the chocolate roll, the bold, the cold, I learn and share.

Now when it rains, I think of kayaking.

## **The Moon, the night and the snow ..... part 2**

**by Steve Wrigley**

I only made it up to 'The Ben' once this winter, but as they say quality is better than quantity. Phil Lee and myself had a very unusual walk up the Alit a Mhuilin, the sun was shining the sky was blue and the ground reasonably dry. As we looked up we could see the minus face covered in snow its whiteness exaggerated by the blue background; perhaps we should have brought sunblock and glacier goggles!

As we drew closer to the cliffs we noticed that there was little ice low down. The 'Curtain' had already fallen and it was only on the upper reaches of the mountain that any ice could be seen.

As usual a discussion on where to go ensued, I was trying to steer it in the direction of Smiths route whilst Phil muttered words like Psychedelic Wall and Stormy Petrel.

The plod up Observatory gully took forever and I took in some light relief in the form of 'Tower Scoop' whilst Phil headed for Smiths Route which was looking magnificent in it's late season garb.

Disappointingly there were already three teams on the route and we had to turn our eyes elsewhere. Fortunately we did not have far to look, Indicator Wall was plastered with ice and with just one team on the route we set off to the base.

We took the right hand start and I moved up the icy gangway to take a hanging stance just below the crux traverse. Phil came up to join me and was soon moving up to my right before traversing left directly above my head. Phil polished off the pitch quickly taking another semi hanging stance in the broad gully above. From there it was a couple of pleasant pitches to finish belaying off the summit trig point surely the most solid belay on any ice route in this country.

The scene on the summit was truly alpine with people wandering about, picnicking and generally enjoying the sun and views. If we had descended then we would have been in danger of getting back to the car before it got dark. We both eyed each other up, knowing inside what we had to do.

Ten minutes later we were down climbing Tower Gully and crab crawling our way over to the start of 'Smiths'. Only two pitches and if we got our skates on we would top out before it got dark. I took the first pitch up to the cave stance. The ice was a bit wet but this made for excellent placements. Phil was soon teetering out left from the belay before disappearing up and out of sight. The exposure was tremendous on the traverse and the steep climbing above was a fitting climax to the route. Of course our sharp technical axes made life relatively easy compared to what must have been an audacious lead by Robin Smith cutting steps back in 1960.

Our second visit to the summit saw us alone " que sorpresa !". We had the whole of the mountain to ourselves as a full moon winked at us through a veil of thin cloud.

The moon, the night and the snow ..... Otra Vez