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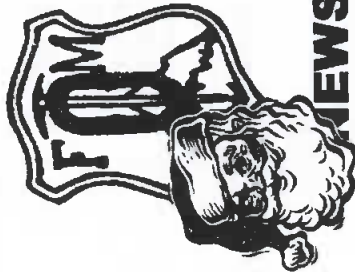
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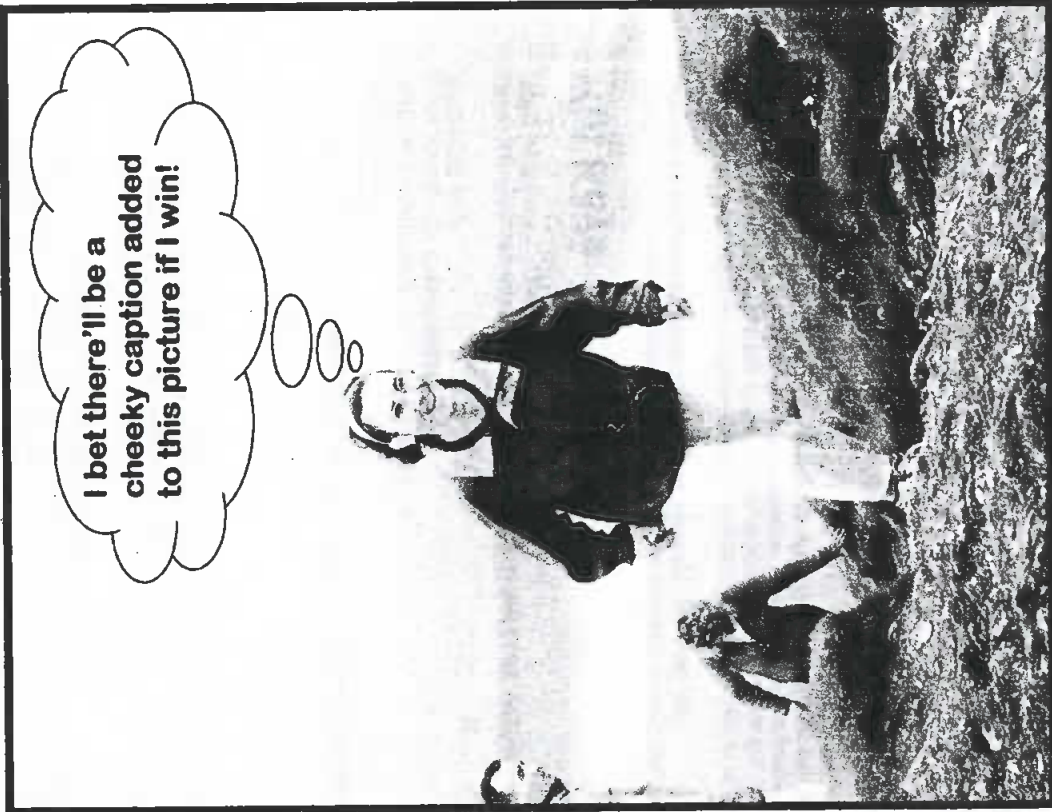
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# Fylde Mountaineering Club

Founded in 1950



## NEWSLETTER December 2001



# MERRY CHRISTMAS

## Committee Snippets and Editor's stuff

Christmas is coming and I am beavering away to get this Newsletter finished so that you all get it for your stocking. I had thought about writing an account of the dinner but a hangover caused by Andy Hird leading me astray on the Friday, and not cured by a bike ride over the Whinlatter and Honister passes left me a bit feeble for a few days! I think I got my own back on the Saturday, however.

Thanks from all who enjoyed a brilliant evening go to Mark (Harding) for arranging it and our hosts, Miles and all of his staff at the Scatell Hotel.

I got my scanner working but haven't needed it for this edition. I have, however, been trying out the voice recognition which comes with Windows Xp because dear Dave (Earle) supplied me with two wordy articles which were handwritten. Needless to say, the computer needs more training and every time Sue comes in to ask me if I would like a coffee it types a few more sentences of gobbledeygook relating to coffee! I was forced to type and it took the best part of two days!

I've also had a few computer problems in my upgrade to Windows Xp, namely losing the 65 emails which were sent while we were on our hols. So, if anything is missing or wrong blame Bill Gates. It said it wouldn't affect any files but obviously Outlook express doesn't count! All is well now and Xp is top fun and very stable and reliable.

### The important stuff

As mentioned in the last edition, there will be vacant posts on the committee for the following posts:

SECRETARY  
SOCIAL SECRETARY  
LANGDALE HUT CUSTODIAN  
BOOKING SEC

Les Ward would like nominees before December 31st and Les's address can be found on the back page.

### Hut Keys

The locks have been changed at both huts and a new key is required. A new one will be supplied by Mike Tooley if you send him your old one.

Once again, I am going on my hols, this time to sunny Spain for a spot of walking, biking and possibly orienteering. I'll be back in mid-march, so I'll make the copy date the 31st of March for an early April Newsletter. This gives you all plenty of time to put fingers on keyboard and send me reports, articles and photos so that I can produce an interesting newsletter.

I have some ideas for regular features and will explore the possibilities of colour so that I can do justice to the excellent photos taken by the club.

*(Continued on page 14)*

# CLASSIFIED

La Sportiva

## Nepal Extreme

(Those sexy looking yellow technical ice climbing boots

which are extremely comfy if you buy the right size !)

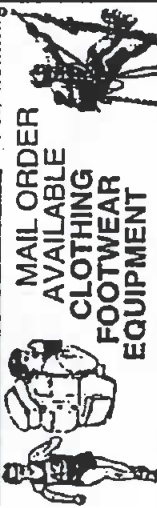
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Contact S. Wrigley

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(Continued from page 2)

All the brilliant photos in this edition were taken by Clive Bell with his digital camera. They really are superb and I have sent a note to Santa. I want one! Now!

On a more serious note, many people will have noticed that the average age of the membership is on the increase. This trend suggests that the club is lacking an influx of young climbers and walkers. We are not alone in this. Many sports are experiencing the same effect, together with falling membership and participation. There are many factors involved, too numerous to list here, and this is not intended to be an article on membership, but instead a means of provoking discussion. The point for discussion is: how does the club address this problem? Is the (some would argue) restrictive admission policy one of the reasons? Should we dispense with the introductory membership year? Should we allow anyone who wishes to join to do so?

I have my own views and I am sure that all members have their own as well. Perhaps an EGM should be called sometime to try and address the problem.

I apologise for, perhaps, being provocative, but I here conversations on this subject conducted by small groups in bars (occasionally). I detect that this is probably a subject for serious discussion by the club, hence bringing it to everyone's attention.

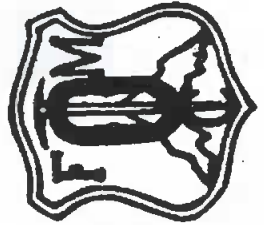
Let's hope that 2002 will be better than the F&M blighted year of 2001 and that there will be lots of ascending sun-kissed crags and wandering in balmy valleys and breezy tops.

Seasons Felicitations to all members of FMC, their families and friends.

JD December 2001

#### Change of address

Kevan Ebrell has moved to:  
47 Victoria St,  
Lytham,  
FY8 5DB. Tel 01253 794474



Short of  
this space so  
Logo

something for  
here's the FMC  
again

## FMC FELL RACE AND CURRY MEET 2001

This year saw a good turn out for the annual fell race over the Cat Bells circuit. Joanna Goorney won the handicap race in an excellent time of 42.24, seven minutes faster than her time last year and placing her 4<sup>th</sup> fastest overall. 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> on handicap were Dave Earle and Martin Dale in a repeat of their year 2000 positions. Chris Thistlethwaite, pictured right, won the scratch race again, this is the sixth time on the trot (Ho hum) so he may have to carry a rucksack full of bricks next year. Fastest lady and 2<sup>nd</sup> fastest overall for the second year running was Clare Kenny. Congratulations to the six runners who achieved personal best times, these were Joanna Goorney, Dave Earle, Martin Dale, Clare Kenny, Christine Barbier, and Sue Denmark. Another notable time was posted by Andy Dunhill, he had been throwing up all morning and you wouldn't have bet on him to reach the phone box let alone complete the race in a very creditable 44 minutes. Mike and Jennie Tolley walked the route in the opposite direction offering dodgy information of the "he's just around the corner you'll catch him in no time" variety to the runners and very helpfully collecting in the marker flags. The meal on Saturday night was up to the usual high standards with



(Continued on page 4)



(Continued from page 3)

Andy and Christine preparing a variety of curries with enough left over for lunch on Sunday (or breakfast if your name is Mike Sissons). Good company, good food, good beer (at least in the Coledale) and a bit of exercise, all you need from a November weekend. Thanks folks.

The fell race route is about 6k long with a climb of around 345m. Starting from the hut go up the road to Skelgill farm then take the rising traverse track North East to join the main path up Cat Bells. The ridge is followed south to the summit of Cat Bells and on towards Hause Gate. Bear slightly right leaving the main track a couple of hundred meters before the col on a vague grassy track. When this track meets another good track turn right and descend West for a couple of hundred metres then North on a descending traverse track to join the wide path above the fields. This leads back to Skelgill farm where the road is followed back to the hut.

Mark Broughton

pics of Mark and Viv



strewn tube two feet high.....for eternity!

In true FMC fashion we practised our navigational skills on the pitch-black foggy moor and ended up on the road a mile away from the car. After a quick pint of Dent at the Marton arms it was off back home to relax in a Radox bath, although Glenn's suggestion of a Jacuzzi did sound much more appealing.

Now there's an interesting business opportunity for someone in Ingleton.....

**Glossary:**

Eco Resin Bolt:

basically a U shaped metal bar glued into two holes in the rock.

Rift:

a narrow slot down which you do not want to go in case you get stuck

Y Hang:

two bolts either side of a passage from which you can hang a rope and abseil down the chasm below.

Deviation :

a sling and karabiners around a spike into which you clip the abseil rope in order that it does not rub against the rock.

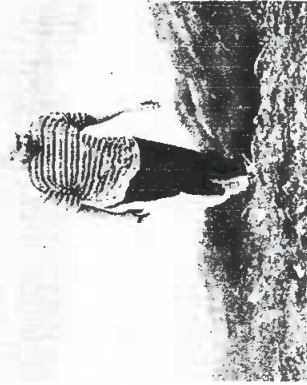
Dig:

a place where bored cavers dig holes in the hope of finding more passages.

S. Wrigley (apprentice troglodyte)

**Our Chairman (left) and 'Mug of the Year' (below)**

All photos by Clive Bell, taken at the summit of Cat Bells, Curry and Fell Race Meet 2001



## FMC.go to VESPEERS

Head first down through a manhole we entered Vesper Pot. Immediately we were in a tight squeeze on our side fighting with the tackle bags as we started the trip. For Simon and myself it was the second round as six years earlier we had looked down the fourth and final 40m pitch unable to 'bottom out' due to a cock up with the number of ropes we had taken.

This time the team was stronger with Martin Bennett and Glenn Brookes swelling the ranks, which certainly made the task of carrying the kit a lot easier.

After the initial squeeze / thrutch the pot 'opens' to a flat crawl in a two foot high passage followed by a low stoop passing some lovely curtain formations. After about half an hour we reached the head of the first pitch. Simon was up front and he prepared to rig the pitch. Slowly it dawned on us all that this was no cosy ECO RESIN bolted orifice but one of the old fashioned gnarly carry your own hanger potholes.

As to the location of our supply of hangers?

Martins car!

Simon full of optimism suggested we lower him down the short first pitch and he would check out the second to see if it was bolted. After a few minutes he returned a bit shaken as he had got himself stuck in a rift. Martin and myself volunteered to head back out estimating it would take about an hour for the round trip, leaving Simon and Glenn to amuse themselves in the darkness.

The trip out without any tackle was remarkably quick and we were soon down and back up at the pot entrance. We headed down the tight squeeze and crawl for the third time and were soon back with the boys. Having cooled down whilst waiting for us and following his earlier scare Simon elected to head out leaving the three of us to continue the descent.

The first pitch was short and led on to a narrow tortuous stream passage. This was very narrow in places involving some acrobatic contortions. Eventually we arrived at a rock window above the second pitch and another short 10m drop to some rubble strewn ledges. The third pitch followed immediately, 10 m down a rift into a narrow passage.

A tight squeeze through a cleft saw us at the top of the impressive shaft of the fourth pitch. We had to traverse out over the void by way of two Y hangs and then it was 35m straight down in to the black depths. Half way down a deviation was fixed around a huge pillar thus allowing a clean drop to the bottom of the pitch.

Things were really quite spooky down there. We were in a very big, black and damp chamber feeling a very long way from the surface above.

After a short scramble down some boulders we arrived at the top of the last pitch a 40m drop into the abyss of Spectacle pot. We landed at the bottom of a 45 degree boulder slope at the base of which was a dig. There was a lot of spray from a small waterfall and we quickly started to make our way back up the ropes using our SRT gear.

The trip out was very tiring and awkward as we fought our way up against gravity. As we pushed our bags along the crawl near the exit I thought that this would make a good damp alternative to the dryer hell of Dante's inferno. Imagine being condemned to pushing a 15 kg bag in front of you as you crawl commando fashion along a rock

## Results FMC Fell Race 2001

Position		Time	Scratch position
1	Joanna Goomey	42.24	4
2	Dave Earle	52.45	12
3	Martin Dale	50.46	9
4	Andy Dunhill	44.00	6
5	John Denmark	47.00	7
6	Les Ward	51.10	10
7	Vivienne Broughton	52.13	11
8	Clare Kenny	37.14	2
9	Chris Thistlethwaite	34.19	1
10	Tom Thistlethwaite	42.48	5
11	Mark Broughton	40.26	3
12	Christine Barbier	57.51	14
13	Mike Sissons	49.27	8
14	Kevan Ebbrell	54.00	13
15	Sue Denmark	60.20	15
16	Roy Nisbett	89.01	17
17	Adrian Clifford + family	80.00	16
18	Joy & Gill Thistlethwaite		
19	Mike Penn	Is he back yet?	



# A BIG THANK YOU

- to all of you who came to my 60<sup>th</sup> / retirement party  
For those of you who missed it - sorry you couldn't make it - you missed a good bash. People I have climbed, caved, drunk and motorbiked with, came from near and far and the results caused such a good atmosphere - which was just like a reunion. There was even a person there who had been banned from the FMC and I think he still is! I was given a multitude of abusive cards, a gallon and a half of malt whiskey, gallons of wine and beer (do people know me that well!!) A remote control car! A zimmer frame with attached ice axes, an ornamental clock disguised as a motor bike, vouchers, books, a barometer, a cuddly toy - no not really! And finally, the most outrageous present of all - a size 60 pair of incontinence pants (from an unnamed Northumbria University Lecturer)  
It was great to see so many people I hope everyone had as good a time as I did  
Thanks to all the ladies who produced a fine spread  
Looking forward to the next member who is 60!

## Mick Tolley

*As I am the one typing this while Mick is asleep on the sofa, I feel I should draw your attention to a glaring omission, by adding a big thankyou to Jennie without whose splendid organization, culinary skills and sheer hard work made it all possible!*

**What a woman!**

*I'll refrain from waking him, to tell him of this small addition to his work. He does take a lot of waking these days - being so old!*

## Jennie



Mick and Jennie collecting in the markers after the Fell Race

a large town which seems better at a distance. The coastal path shown on the map seems to avoid the worst of it but was not followed by the author who used the auto route as a by-pass. A section of busy resorts separated by headlands follows. The walking, although far from remote, remains pleasant and the views are charming. North of St Quay Portrieux the coastal scenery reaches the heights of excellence all the way to the little town of Brehec. Plage Bonaparte is passed on the way where many allied airmen were whisked to safety under the very noses of the German army. It is, by its very nature, a secretive place. War memorials, mostly very discrete, are a feature of the whole walk.

North of Brehec the coast continues in fine fettle and excellent scenic delights to, and beyond, Pointe de Plouezec, before arriving quietly, but nonetheless beautifully, at Kerity, the Abbey de Beauport and the Pointe de Guilben. A tidal mill is worthy of inspection and the coast is to be savoured right round to the busy harbour of Paimpol, which comes as a bit of a shock after so much peace.

It is busy to Porz Even and from there to L'Arcoquest les so. Here boat trips can be taken to Ile de Brehat, a Brittany classic well worth time and money. The coast path continues to Loguivy de la Mer, a very pretty fishing port before heading up the estuary to Lezardrieux and lovely river views.

Complex route finding follows with superb views across the Trieux estuary and out to sea. The Sillon de Talbert can seem bleak at low tide and the path goes inland a bit to Tregulier with its medieval fort. More river views follow, especially around La Roche Jaune. The Le Jaudy estuary is one of the finest and leads to Plougrescant with its curious chapel and leaning steeple.

From here the scenery changes dramatically to a wild granite coast, the Brittany classic. Round Pointe de Chateau with its famous little house, past Buguelles to Louannec. Not to be rushed, especially the first bit. Perros-Guirec is busy but leads easily to Ploumanach, with its excellent pubs and music, and around to Kerenoc, another excellent section.

The path wanders inland, returning to visit the worthy Ile Grande with its spacious views. From Pointe de Binit another excellent section takes one along the estuary to the medieval heart of Lannion, a beautiful town, and out to Pointe Sehar and beyond.

St Michel en Greve gives a big sandy bay to walk along, to Loquirec, an old Gallo-roman seaside resort with an attractive peninsula; busy but nice. The path now goes inland but some sections of coast can be viewed here and there. St Jean du Doigt is a particularly fine village. Pointe de Primel makes a fitting conclusion to the walk with its fine scenery and extensive views, but the coast can be followed with good effect via Terenez, the bay of Kernelehen and the Dourduff estuary into Morlaix.

The marina at its heart is very beautiful. There are many old houses and the famous viaduct is excellent but delicate, and adds to, rather than detracts from, the attractiveness of the town.

For full measure it is possible to drive alongside the very lovely Morlaix estuary to Carentec for lovely walks out to the islands, with their delightful views across the bay back to Morlaix before continuing via St Poll to Roscoff and the official end of the walk.

Done between mid-June and mid-July 2001, in almost unbroken sunshine, by car, walking out and back each day. With different light and different states of the tide on the return journey, little was felt to be lost.

D A Earle

# Grande Randonnee 34

## Le Mont Saint Michel to Roscoff along the Brittany Coast

Beyond Auranches, in Normandy the huge rock tower of le Mont Saint Michel, with its medieval village and vast cathedral, rises from the waves and dominates the scene. It is possible to walk across the bay to it at low tide via its companion rock of tambour-laine "a la Morecambé Bay", or to drive to it from the mainland at most times of the year.

Although busy, the town with its steep alleyways is interesting with excellent views all around. The tour of the cathedral itself is a bit expensive and may not be quite worth it but it gives considerable insight into the way it was built and, of course, you get right to the top. It is possible to park overnight, giving dusk and dawn photo opportunities.

The coastal path starts quietly along the flat shore line before climbing inland over a small range of hills at St Marcen, with good views and delightful old villages. The coast is re-joined at St Benot des Ondes, obviously still low-lying until Cancale is reached.

A beautiful bay with a delightful town is followed by a rocky headland, Pointe de Grouin, giving excellent walking throughout before landing on the more remote northern coast. This, a selection of beautiful sandy bays interspersed by more rocky headlands, takes one towards St Malo.

The old town, harbour, fortifications, and particularly the restored merchants' houses which were wrecked in WW II, are all worthy of time being spent on them before crossing the Rance Estuary on the barrage which produces electricity tidally.

Dinard seems to be a little bit of Victorian England but has a path below the cliffs avoiding most of the town, taking you along another quiet section of coast, much less busy than the map implies. St Briac sur Mer is particularly beautiful with its picturesque estuary. From here the path passes round the Baie de Lanceloux, a gem, to the glorious old village of St Jacut de la Mer. With its rocky point, walks out to islands at low tide over gorgeous sands, and its own varied coastline and constantly changing views, it is worth much time.

The path then crosses another estuary and works its way up to St Cast le Guildo, a busy place with a rocky point giving excellent views up and down the coast. Particularly fine are the views, both morning and evening, of Cap Fréhel, the highest part of the Brittany coast, and of the Fort de Latte in front of it, used in the filming of 'The Vikings' with Kirk Douglas (for older film buffs-Ed). It can be visited most of the time.

The Fréhel peninsula is worthy of leisurely exploration and eventually brings one to Sallies d'Or les Pins and another excellent section of coast round the Cap de Erquy and the delightfully quiet town of the same name. A long beach then takes you to the busy but excellent Plenuff Val-Andre with its beer, ice-cream and pretty ladies!

A long section takes you past Le Cotentin to a highlight of the coastal path at the tiny chapel of St Maurice. Seen in evening light, and again through the ever thinning morning mist it takes one back easily to the era of the Celtic saints setting up their tiny places of worship along remote and beautiful sections of coast throughout Europe. Whatever your religious views you cannot help thinking that these people knew and understood something about life that was important, and has been lost by many.

A pleasant section then takes us round the Pointe Guettes, looking across to St Brulec,

# Perambulations in Peru

Did I, God asked, want to go trekking in Peru? All I had to do was buy an air ticket to Lima and pack a blue waterproof plastic barrel, delivered to my door, with my personal kit. Remembering all the expedition books I had read as a child describing the hassle of organizing an expedition I agreed at once and wandered home, reflecting on my good fortune that god had an office in a washeteria in Poulton le Fyde.

I also had to remember to come home from France in good time. Easier said than done as I picnicked on the banks of the Moselle one evening listening to a grisly, over-acted version of "War of the Worlds" on the car radio, which turned out to be England's six o'clock news. (Dave's inserted 10/11/01 here but I think he is referring to the 11<sup>th</sup> of September. Ed) Ten Days later some sort of air service had been restored and I came home to my blue barrel, friend for the next three and a half weeks.

In normal times changing planes at Newark N. J. has a fairly unpleasant reputation, but most of the team coped badly with the aggravation and hassle. You are forced to collect your own luggage, immigrate into the USA, emigrate back out one hundred yards down the corridor, put your camera back through the incineration machine, be strip searched and then check-in your luggage again. Only God kept smiling.

Arriving in Lima at midnight local time after twenty four hours of travelling, I was impressed by the tightness of the airport security and the organization of hotel rooms and taxis; at a price, of course. So it was we found ourselves being driven through the night to the faded glories of the Hotel Maury, through an area that reminded the author of the East End after the war and probably resembles modern-day Afghanistan.

Having recently written to my MP urging night working on roads and motorways to speed up repairs, I was particularly impressed to hear a gang of road menders arrive at two a.m. and work at fever pitch until dawn, just around the corner.

In the morning the bus station was located, and tickets purchased to Huaraz, at the end of the tarmac, some four hundred kilometres away. The first half of the journey was through the near permanent coastal fog, passing endless slums looking like bombed-out ruins, alternating now and then with spectacular coastal desert. Then, at Barranca, we turned inland and entered the start of a huge canyon in the mountains. The coastal fog was left behind and the mountains grew in stature all around us as we climbed, over many hours, to four thousand metres through this magnificent gorge. The bus was having mechanical problems which necessitated it being driven with all its luggage doors open. It stopped frequently at water troughs, where the crew alighted and poured copious quantities of water over its inner workings, presumably to cool-down the gearing.

At nine p.m. we entered Huaraz and installed ourselves in the Hotel Tuomi, our second, and last hotel of the trip. It took all of the next morning to track down a map of the Cordillera Blanca, a Mickey Mouse affair from the local guides' office, before we set off for the Collectivo Station. These are Toyota mini-buses which collect up to sixteen passengers plus assorted chickens, pigs and goats before setting off in search of further passengers. They are the normal form of transport. There are no cars to speak of, a few taxis in the larger towns, and a smattering of heavy lorries, normally Volvo or Kenwood (must be cement mixers-Ed). Our vehicle had 'out-car' entertainment in the form of dead chickens on the roof which spewed out blood down one side of the vehicle or the other as we rounded corners. Caraz and the end of the dirt road were reached on one and a half hours. Here, we transferred to another Collectivo and were charged taxi rates for the climb up to Cashapampa and the start of the trek. The driver proved very helpful in finding a donkey-man (not a species related to a centaur-Ed) and helping with food purchases. So much so, that after a night at the doss in Cashapampa we were ready to set



# Five go Spelunking

(By Enid Blyton? - Ed)

With the onset of autumn a number of FMC Nobs look towards the offices of the Yorkshire Dales for some light relief and exercise. This year has been no exception and a surprisingly large number of evening and weekend trips have already taken place.

However the intrepid band of spelunkers (cavers to you and me) have had a few things go wrong along the way. In fact if there was a team prize for mug of the year they would definitely be in the ratings.

The facts:

**Trip 1 Great Douk** Steve forgot his wellies and made possibly the first 'descent' in a pair of sports sandals.

**Trip 2 Sunset pot** Martin realised he had left his caving suit at home. Luckily another caver in the next car had a spare suit.

**Trip 3 Marble Steps** Simon, Glenn & Mick chose a rare sunny hot autumnal day to flog up the hill in full caving kit when they should have been out on the fells walking, climbing or flying.

**Trip 4 Mere Gill** Steve, Simon, Martin & Mick spent two hours looking for the entrance (in the dark). They only found it when it was too late to go down. The fact that Glenn had a GPS with him added to the embarrassment. (He had put the last digit of the map reference in incorrectly) Still the beer at the Hill Inn tasted good all the same.

**Trip 5 Disappointment pot** Disappointingly, nothing major went wrong on this one. Simon, Glenn, Mick & Martin even managed to go way down into the Far Country series (just).

**Trip 6 Swinsto** Simon & Mick did not even get as far as kitting up as Simon had left his wellies at home. Unlike Steve he did not have any sports sandals to hand.

**Trip 7 Vespers** Steve, Simon, Martin & Glenn arrive at the head of the first plich an hour or so after leaving the car only to find they did not have any bolts & hangers with them. They also elected to leave the compass and map in the car as they thought it would be easy to get back down. They subsequently went astray in the dark & mist and ended up on the road a mile away from the car.

The players in this comedy to date are:

Simon (*the welly*) Fenna

Martin (*the caving suit*) Bennett

Mick (*the clean slate*) Van Gullick

Steve (*the sports sandals*) Wrigley

Glenn (*the GPS*) Brookes

So if you fancy a bit of Spelunking with a bunch of professionals get yourself on one of the many official or not so official caving meets.

off into the Santa Cruz gorge the following lunchtime.

The best weather in the mountains of Peru occurs in July. By September and early October cloud builds up in the afternoon but it was, by UK standards, fairly benign. After a showery evening the following morning was sunny and we marched out of the gorge into a beautiful upland valley at Lima Corral. Ahead were snow-covered peaks beyond two picturesque lakes and our next camp. A long day.

Dawn was stunning, with beautiful light and huge snowy peaks all around; first red, then pink, through yellow to white. At four thousand metres we needed more acclimatisation and walked to a nearby lake. The extra effort needed 'off path' was extraordinary and was rewarded in part by a view of Alpa Mayo on the way down, now glowering in the afternoon cloud.

Crossing the Punta Union pass was next, at 4850 metres, passing under spectacular peaks right at the snow line, and then descending a beautiful valley, past several lakes to meadow land reminiscent of home, but with stunning peaks in retrospect. A good campsite.

The lowest point of the trek followed through farmland at 3500 metres before re-ascending towards Huas Caren. Valley fog hid these peaks the following morning, but as the day wore on, the views became fantastic as huge peaks appeared out of the fog, high in the sky. The last camp was beside the gloriously lovely Lago Orcococha and its neighbour Llangaico. It cost us £12.50 the following day, a price felt to be extortionate! The descent to Yungay was a delight. Here we visited the cemetery of the victims of the 1970 earthquake which destroyed the town.

The needs for a spot of culture found us on a bus to Chavin, to the south and east of Huaraz, a spectacular and hair-raising ride on dirt roads through more of the Cordillera Blanca. The ruins were interesting and the small town delightful though difficult to access except on an official tour bus.

With a few days left we decided to take a quick look at the Cordillera Huayhuash. From Chiquilan a taxi was taken via Huailanca to the other side of the range with Cataluno, our new donkey man. We camped below Rondoy before trekking up the Rondoy valley and over two passes with spectacular views into Jirishanca and Yerupaja. Camp was made at Lago Jahuaococho, a glorious spot and fitting climax to the trip with stupendous mountains all around.

A long trip down the Pacilon gorge brought us to the delightful hamlet of Llamac for our final camp and the following day found three sick people struggling through interminable wild gorges en route to Hostal San Miguel, which they made with nothing to spare.

Keen not to be trapped in the mountains with a plane to catch, the opportunity was taken to board a bus back to the coast. Paramonga was chosen for the last overnight stop. Its adobe palace, temple and fortress failed to impress but its interminable slums, squalor and filth alongside a sewage laden Pacific summed up the coastal strip.

As if to make amends the Paramonga Tour Co. laid on the most luxurious coach to take us to Lima and the conductress was most helpful in assisting with our transfer to a taxi en route for the airport on the outskirts of town.

All in all a worth-while trip with a heavy security presence in parts but no feeling of being under threat.