

Fylde Mountaineering Club

Founded in 1950

NEWSLETTER

March 2005



A Stair New Year

(photo supplied by John Wiseman)

Club Jottings and Information

It's a new year and a new committee so I thought I'd try the Newsletter in a different typeface. Nothing exciting or revolutionary, just Arial 10 point. If anyone has any comments, please let me know.

New Committee

The new committee is now installed following the AGM and most of the posts are filled. It's always the Social Secretary that seems the hardest one to fill; at the time of writing it is vacant.

Your ex-chairman, Nobby Dale has been coerced into taking over the mantle of membership secretary from Joanna Goorney but I got the impression that he wasn't too keen! Anyway, he's down on the list on the last page as such but that may be liable to change.

Newsletter Editor

By the time of the next AGM I shall have been editor for five years. This is long enough and I shall be standing down. Therefore there will be a vacancy for someone with editorial talents!

Change of Address

Steve Wrigley and Marie Angeles Solera have moved. Their new address and telephone number is:

24 Appletree Drive
Lancaster
LA1 4QY
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Email addresses

You may remember from the last newsletter that I highlighted a few members

whose email addresses seem to fail. I have heard proposals that a list of members email addresses be published along with the telephone list. To do this it needs to be as accurate as possible. In theory this has nothing to do with the newsletter editor and is an administrative task for the secretary or membership secretary. However, I try to keep an up-to-date list for convenience' sake so if all members could send an email to:

John@denmark.demon.co.uk
I may be able to publish a definitive list.

Reciprocal Rights

The club has been approached by Coventry MC with regard to an arrangement of reciprocal rights with ourselves. As yet there have been no further developments but there should be some more news by the time the next newsletter is published in the summer.

Club Rules

These were updated in early 2005 and are available. At present it is not proposed to send these out with the newsletter but this may change after discussion at the next committee meeting in April.

Summer Programme

Summer walks, Boozy bike rides and Summer climbing meets are all in the process of being organised as I write. If I get them in time I'll include them with this edition.

Roy Nisbett

As many members are aware, long-standing member Roy Nisbett passed away on February 6th at Trinity Hospice in Blackpool. Mike and Jenny Tolley have contributed an obituary.

OBITUARY

ROY NISBETT (NIZZY)

In February Roy lost his battle with cancer. His ashes were, as requested by him, scattered at Little Langdale and a memorial oak tree planted in the car park.

Roy was a member of the club for most of his life and our friendship with him continued through all that time. He was an individual with a unique character which endeared him to many club members. He climbed, walked, caved, skied, enjoyed his food and definitely enjoyed his beer.

In his younger years he was affectionately nicknamed POD (Prince of Darkness) bestowed on him by Freddy Wilson as Roy felt he had a mission in life to encourage a succession of

young ladies as to the benefits of outdoor pursuits.

He worked for the Gas Board and his skills have helped to install several cookers and fires at the huts. His last contribution was in relaying the hearth at Little Langdale, only a few months before he died.

When an ex member and friend Shirley Martin heard of Roy going into the hospice she asked us to tell him that she thought he was "the best jiver ever". Sadly he died before we could tell him but his daughter was pleased but not surprised to hear it!

Roy was a good club member and will be sadly missed with affection by all his friends.

Mike and Jenny Tolley

SKYE - MAY 2004

Introduction – I received this Christmas "Round Robin" in December last year and thought it funny and interesting enough to share. (Jennie Tolley) It's from Raymond Wigglesworth, who was a climbing member of the Club – going back to the Sixties and more usually referred to as "Wiggy". I am simply reproducing it - so it is Wiggy's own words.

Skye – May 2004

The Wig family have not been idle over the last 12 months but, as usual, we have had a few mountain epics! I shall describe just one of them:

Both our lads are now at University

and so at Whitsuntide it was just Mandy (Wife), Emma (aged 13) and me on the Island of Skye. The weather had been perfect until we arrived and sitting in the car, in the pouring rain, at the Glenbrittle campsite, was not how I had envisaged the start of our long weekend.

The rain eased at about 6pm and having packed sleeping bags and bivvy bag, we walked towards Sgur nan Eag and turned left into Coir a Ghrunnda. We climbed some greasy and exposed slabs on the north side of the Coir to reach a rocky bowl just below the Lochan. I rolled out my Bivvy envelope and the three of us just managed to squeeze inside. As dusk fell and the drizzle turned to light rain I

was praising the virtues of Gore-Tex bivvy sacs and commenting on how warm and dry we all were.

At about midnight the rain became torrential and in the darkness we could hear waterfalls sprouting up on either side of us and the occasional rock whizzing down from above.

At 1a.m. I felt a small wall of water building up against the rear flap of the bivvy sac and 10 minutes later, the water swept into the sac and into our sleeping bags. I had of course advised my wife and daughter that it was better to take most of your clothing off before getting into a sleeping bag, so that it could be used for insulation. We were lucky our clothing wasn't swept away! By the time 2am arrived we were all frozen and at 3am we were suffering from serious exposure to the cold and all praying for first light so that we could safely begin our descent.

The slabs that we had climbed the previous day were streaming with water and I decided that the safer course was to descend the bed of the waterfall to the left of the slabs. It felt safe following the waterfall because unlike the slabs, there were belays and everything went well until the last pitch. This turned out to be an overhanging waterfall pitch of about 40ft and a jammed chockstone with 3 old abseil slings round it told the story. I decided that Mandy would go first so that I could arrange Emma's figure of eight and I would abseil last.

Mandy had to bridge for the first 10ft of her descent, with the waterfall between her legs, she then disappeared out of our view. There was a pause for 5 minutes, with the rope still taught and my shouting drew no response. Emma and I peered down through the mist and rain and to our surprise we saw Mandy swimming, with difficulty because of the rope and her rucksack, across a 10ft deep pond!! I had then to watch our daughter, at risk of drowning, as she struggled to swim across the pool, next.

When it was my turn to abseil I somehow managed to mince across the left hand wall and jump onto the pebble beach, thus avoiding the icy swim. As I turned to face my wife and daughter, both of whom resembled survivors from a shipwreck, Mandy simply uttered one word:

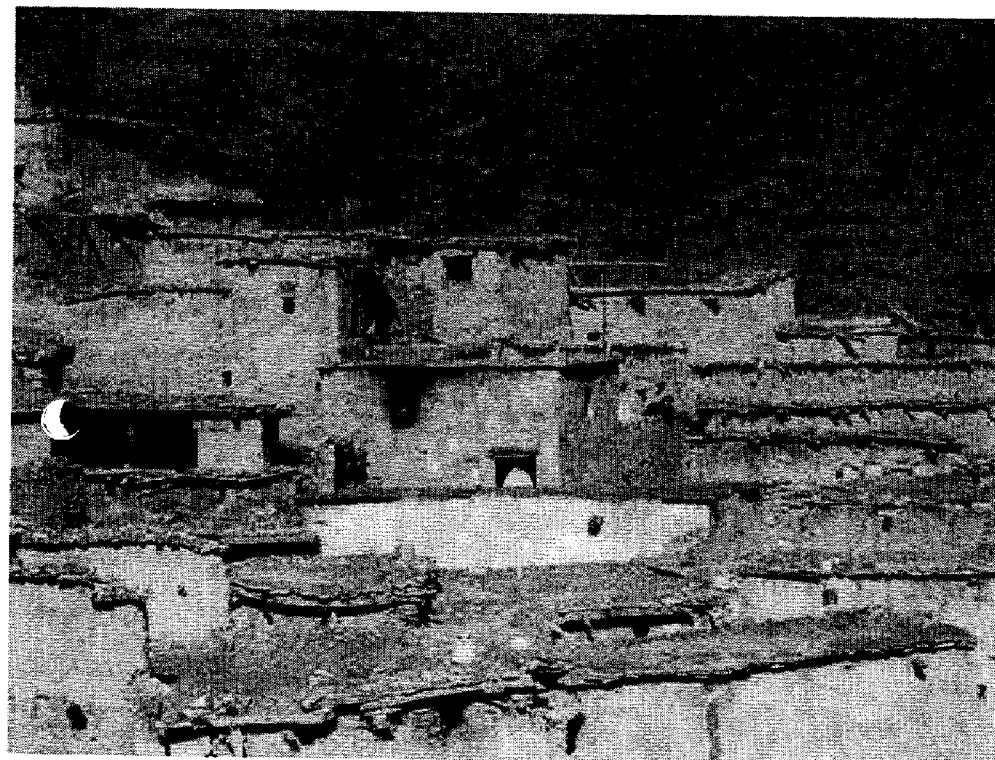
"W***R!"**

A bit of fun with John and Delphine Stocktons' photographs of the recent trip to Morocco



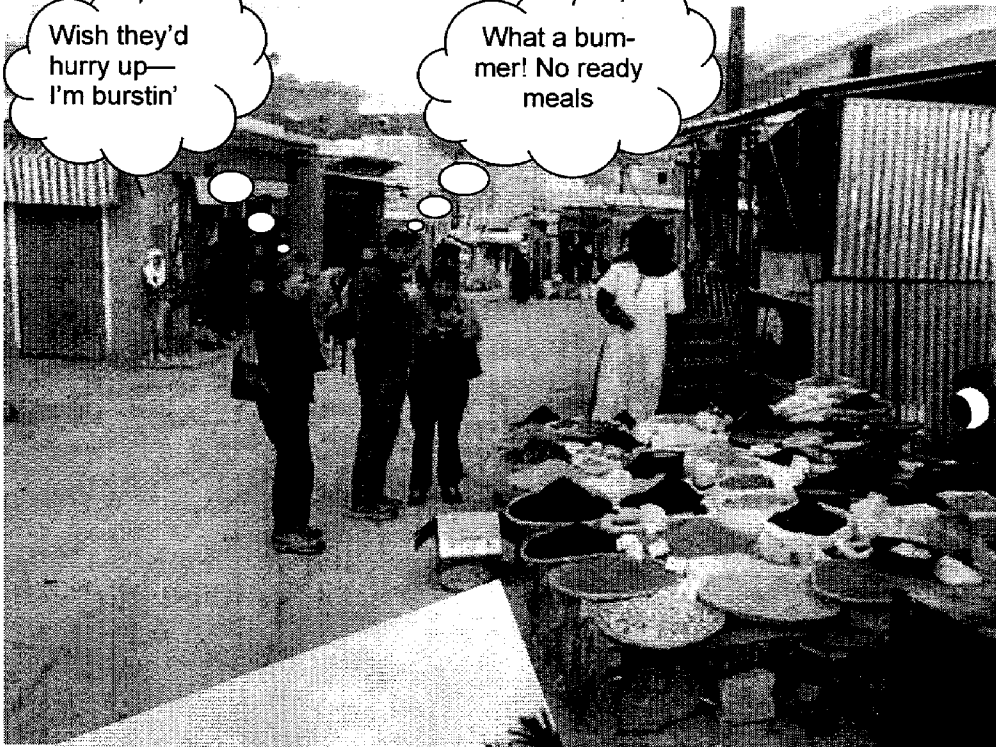
It was undecided whether to go for the detached two story accommodation with no roof or a new property on an estate built by Barratt (Morocco) Ltd

Actually Mohamed's house (See the article on page 5)



Wish they'd hurry up—
I'm burstin'

What a bummer! No ready meals



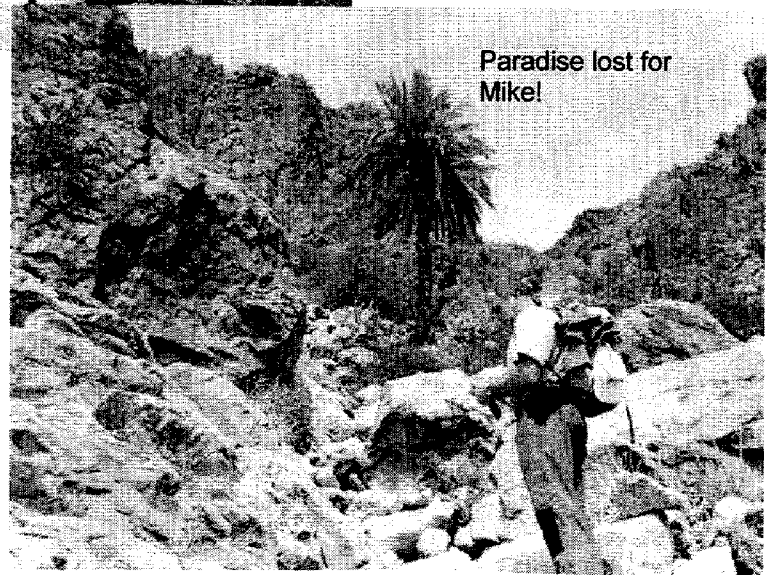
Hussain keeping well clear of the flood, or is it Mohamed?



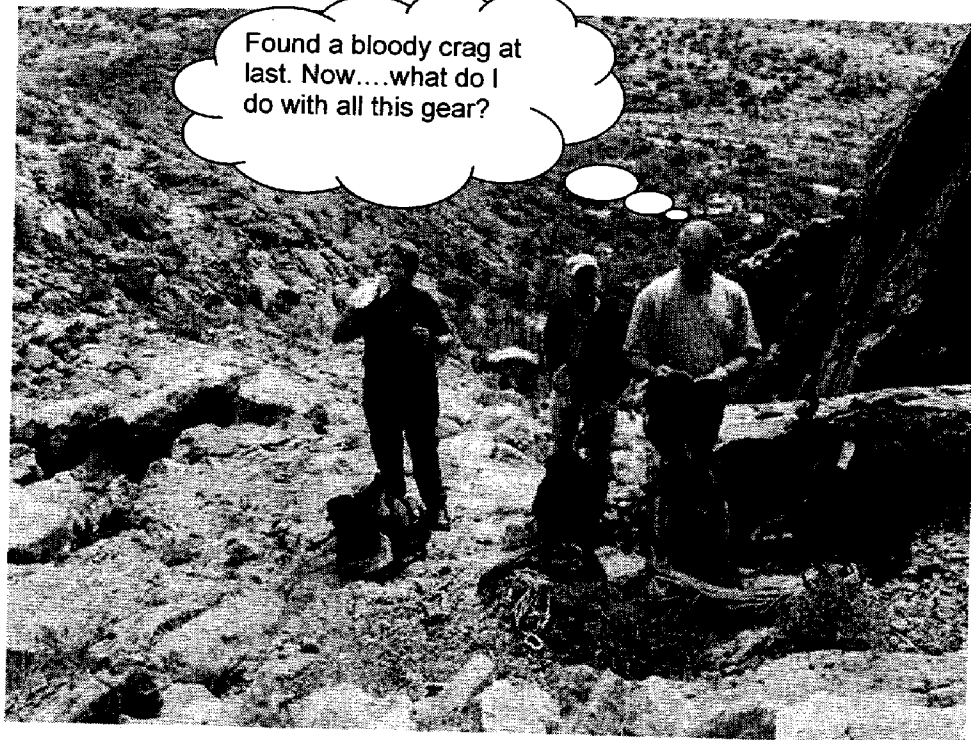
Just walkin' in the rain
Well, we needed to feel at home, didn't we?



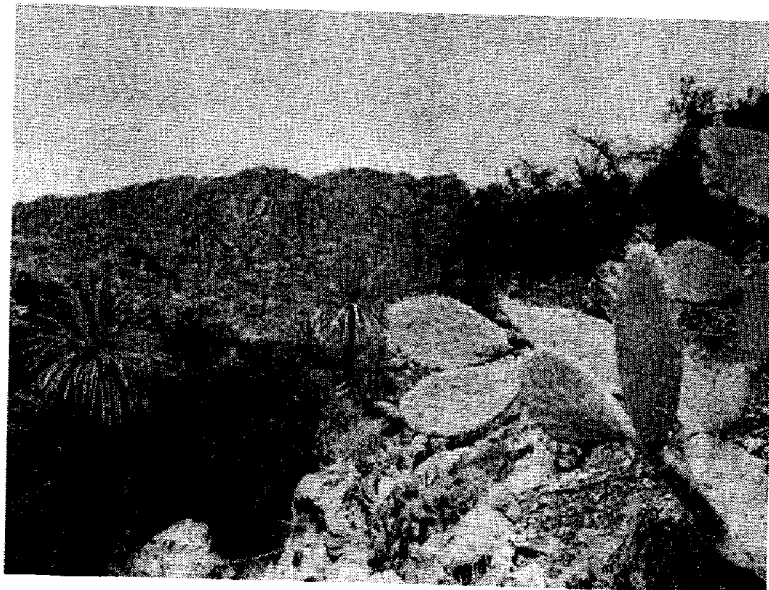
A stroll in paradise for Jenny



Paradise lost for Mikel



A nice desert view to end with



FEB IN MOROCCO OR IT HADN'T RAINED FOR 10 YEARS

In February Dave Wood organised a week's trip to Morocco with the promise of sunshine, warmth and adventure rock. Seven of us booked and duly arrived in Tafraoute in the Anti-Atlas Mountains. Accommodation was in a 4 star hotel (the only one which sold beer) with a leaky roof as they are not used to rain!

On the Monday it was wet windy and cold so we all really dragged out breakfast with more pots of coffee. Eventually Jenny got bored and demanded we go and do something, so the Tolleys and the Stocktons set off. We headed south in the hire car from Tafraoute to Agad Oudad to view a bizarre granite outcrop called Napoleons Hat which none of us could see.

Then on a little further and the first of the day's "off-roading" to view Les Pierres Bleues (the painted rocks). With the help of Moroccan firemen 18 tons of paint had been hosed over the rocks providing a unique and unexpected piece of art, but I can't see anything on in the Lakes. We then headed south to view the fabulous Mansour Gorge and oasis valleys. There were rainbows reflected on the mountain sides and some amazing rock stratas. It was exciting and the track very rough for our hire car.

We somehow got suckered in to following the gorge to Souk el Had Issi and planned to return up a parallel Gorge to Tafraoute, about another 35km. About 15 km from Tafraoute we

were stopped by a fast flowing river crossing the track, so after some investigation we decided it was not navigable and after a 42 point turn decided to reverse the gorge only to discover that the rising flood water had cut off our escape and we were stranded. Within minutes a 4 wheel drive complete with guides Hussain and Mohamed arrived. They had seen us pass through and realised we were heading for disaster and set out to rescue us before we had got stuck. We had to quickly evacuate the vehicle and they took us back through the flood waters to Mohamed's Berber house. This was very basic but lots better than spending the night in the car. They provide mint tea, blankets and a chicken tagine which we ate with the blanket tucked round our legs like old biddies. Bench seating was pushed together to provide beds and we wrapped ourselves in the blankets and spent a comfortable night. The plumbing was very basic with buckets of water for flushing but Mohamed was very proud of his hot shower which leaked at every joint. Next morning Mike was taken in the 4 wheel drive to collect the car which had been watched over by two locals on push bikes. The Land Rover led, Mike followed and the cyclists acted as outriders. At each river crossing the Land Rover went first with the cyclists following and removed rocks which were a problem for the hire car. Back to the Berber house for breakfast and then Mohamed insisted on accompanying back via an alternate safer route to

Tafroute as the "piste" (meaning off road) was barely visible at times. The tarmac strips we encountered were always welcome although we refrained from kissing them like the Pope. At the hotel I celebrated my birthday but did not believe Mike who said he had arranged it all as a special treat! Other people have parties! The following day

the weather improved and we went climbing but some of the Chester lads (a group were out there at the same time) decided a night out was a good idea and spent a much less comfortable night sat on a ledge waiting for daylight.

JENNY TOLLEY

Reports on a couple of Scottish Meets

The **Glencoe** meet had very little to report since the weather was very poor - soft snow and blizzards. The only thing of any note was a mass ascent of a Munro from Victoria bridge in varying conditions. Even the Clachaig on Saturday night was poor. We will, I hope get a good weekend in Glencoe sometime. Thirteen attended.

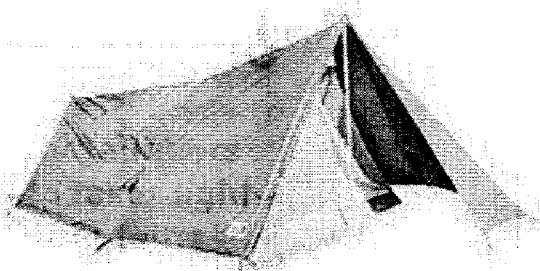
Due to Chris Bell being unwell for the meet at **Kingussie**, I stepped in as co-coordinator. Prior to the weekend I had been informed that the better conditions were in the west and so it was proved.

On Friday Ally Welsh and I climbed Waterfall Gully on Ben Nevis, which was in good condition. The Ben was plastered with snow but few climbers were evident. This would change at weekend. Saturday, in the Northern Corries was appalling, although routes were done by members in Sneachlda, other people skied or walked in white-out conditions, whilst I watched the rugby on T.V! Ally Welsh was disap-

pointed that nobody would go to the Ben, so he went and did a cross-country race at Keswick. On Sunday Phil Lee and his mate were up early and away to the Ben. Other people walked in hard conditions, however, I decided to go with a friend of Chris Bell's to the C.I.C. hut and watch the climbers. All the top routes on the Ben were being climbed - Orion face, .5, Hadrian's Wall, North East Buttress, just to mention a few.

Tower Ridge had a procession of people going up it. The highlight for me was watching Phil and Pete climb the two ice pitches of Gemini VI/6, which, when I viewed it at close range on Friday, I wondered how the ice could stick on such vertical rock. Fifteen people attended, although we would have been better in the West. We will, hopefully, get it right in April.

Les Ward



For Sale

Two Saunders Jetpacker light-weight tents

Lightweight 1.4kg with centre pole as illustrated or 1.5kg with A poles.
Ideal for mountain marathons, backpacking, cycle touring
Sleeps one, or two at a squeeze.



Both little used. RRP is £199.50 Therefore on sale for £85 ono each.

Contact: John Denmark 01772 700327

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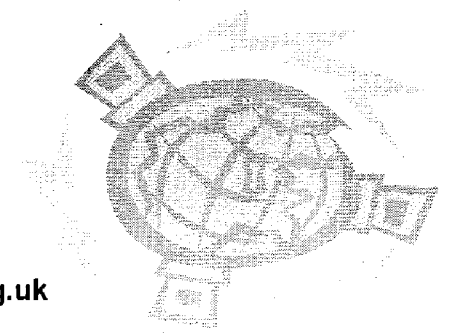
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