

# Fylde Mountaineering Club Adventures... and more

Autumn 2020



*Deteriorating weather*

*A long climb*

*Unprotected slabs*

*Accidents and missing teeth*

*Tributes to Jennie and Brian*





## Message from the Chairman

2020 is turning out to be the most unusual year in our clubs' history and one where we are all having our activity levels and choices restricted in one way or another. I am personally suffering from the "lock-down lard" syndrome having packed on a few pounds and inches, (unfortunately not vertical inches,) as like many others I have not been as active as usual.

I suppose the most difficult part of this situation is the lack of varied social contact, and we are still unable to hold group activities and socialise in the way we have always been used to doing in our club. Sadly, we have had to make the decision to cancel this year's Annual Dinner, and we have agreed with the hotel to move our booking to 2021 and have our get together on the Fylde as planned.

Let us hope that we get an Indian summer, and that we can enjoy the outdoors as much as possible for the remainder of the year. I want to give a huge thank you to Christine for producing this magazine as she has had quite a challenge encouraging members to provide the material at this period of inactivity.

I hope that you all enjoy reading this and that you all stay safe.

**Dave**

Cover photo Sogno du Realatizzo near Cogna grade 5. Photo-Steve Wrigley

Opposite photo-overlooking Derwentwater-photo Christine Fry

## CONTENTS

### 4 WINTER WALKING

Blowing a gale

### 7 A FOODIE WEEKEND

Lots of food

### 10 FINE FOOD

Annual Dinner

### 12 CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Ladies Christmas meet

### 14 SNOWY FELS

Adventures in Scotland

### 18 TRIBUTES

Remembering Jennie

### 25 A TEESDALE TRIP

Stile guarding sheep

### 27 A TRIBUTE

Brian Nelson remembered by

Barrie Crook

### 28 A GRAND DAY OUT

Climbing high in Switzerland



Well, what a year this is turning out to be. Who would have thought we would be talking about 'lockdowns', 'social distancing', 'bumping elbows' and 'bubbles'! So many lives lost too, including our long time member and friend Jennie Tolley-so sad. Covid 19 you have a lot to answer for!

I do hope during the lockdown in these unprecedented times, that you have had a chance to slow down, relax, perhaps find a new enjoyable hobby and spend more time with loved ones.

Now that the lockdown is easing, I hope that you have been able to get out somewhat doing the things that we love to do in the outdoors! I am sure you can't wait though till things get back to 'normal' as indeed I can't, and we are able to get back to the huts and resume our activities with fellow members!

Meanwhile, I hope you enjoy this Autumn edition of the magazine, and as always thank you to those who have contributed, without you there would be no mag!

This leads me on to remind you to get writing your articles for the next magazine if you will. I am sure you have something to write-I know I enjoy reading all that you send. I have no articles at all for the next magazine and it would be a shame not to have one! Thank you and keep well.

*Christine*

# Deteriorating weather on a Winter Walking weekend!

As well remembered by Richard  
Duerden-10<sup>th</sup>-12<sup>th</sup> Jan 2020

**L**ittle Langdale looked its best on arrival on Friday with sunshine and views of Wetherlam dusted in snow. How things would change!

When I arrived, sometime around midday, Kevan, Clive, and Mike were already there to greet me and were toting up to go out for a short walk and also to check if The Three Shires inn was open in the evening, as it was evident that refurbishment work was being carried out. It turns out it wasn't going to be; that was my evening plan scuppered already!

## *Missing trousers!*

Thankfully the cavalry arrived later in the day in the form of Leanne who had unfortunately come without her waterproof over-trousers (we've all been there) but fortunately for me and others, she made a trip into Ambleside to buy a new pair and was able to get pizzas. Hurray!

It was a very pleasant evening with a great mix of people chatting and putting the world to rights and was also an introduction to our very own sit-

down comedian Howard Shaw and straight lady, his lovely partner Jill.

Bad luck on Tony as he had arrived nursing a very nasty cold and was doubtful for the main walk in the morning. Howard was also doubtful due to a toe injury.

As predicted by the forecast, the morning weather was dreary and didn't look inviting at all. Tony, although feeling slightly better after a night's sleep, was in no fit state to go out. Howard decided that his injury may slow the team down and opted to start out with us but just at low level. Clive who has done walks like this many times before had the sense to stay behind and keep Tony company.

Eight remained in the team: Kevan, Mike, Peter, Alec, Sarah, Leanne, Tim and I thought I'd better go as well.

So off we set ahead of schedule (a first for me). It was evident that our pace setters, Howard and Jill, had made the right choice in waving us goodbye at the foot of Birk Fell; this is where the walk really started and it certainly was a tough start.

It was an unusual ascent with the team spread about the fell but luckily all heading in the right direction. Mike, closely trailed by Peter, had taken a lower path and maybe found traces of an ancient track and were making good progress. Kevan soon took over point position on the higher route making light work of the greasy surface. In places it was quite tricky underfoot where only occasional traces of a path were evident.

## *'Weather was worsening by the minute'*

Unbeknown to me at the time one of the team was struggling. As we neared the hawse, Alec conceded he was suffering from a bad case of plumbers' knee and to continue on the route would have been reckless, especially as the weather was worsening by the minute. Mike advised him, over the howling wind, to head straight down towards the derelict workings visible below.

## *And then there were seven!*

All roads lead to Rome so to speak and in a short time everyone came together at Birk Fell Hawse. Now we were more exposed and the weather had deteriorated considerably - a short discussion was required. It was decided

whether to use the escape route or not.

The wind was quite powerful in exposed areas but luckily we were moderately sheltered on the lee side of Wetherlam Edge although the rain was relentless as we scrambled up to the summit.

Having only met Tim the previous evening and not knowing that much about him, I thought he may have a sprinkle of Springer Spaniel in his genes the way he raced ahead, nose down, making the scramble look easy. What I didn't realise at the time, I will come to later.

So no incidents getting to the summit, but once there the wind really came into the game. It never ceases to amaze me how powerful it can be. This was the worst kind of wind; flat calm then bang - gusts of 50 to 60mph!! This caused havoc for all of the team at



to press on to the summit of Wetherlam and continue down to Swirl Hawse and make a decision there as to

some point during the descent to Swirl Hawse.



Leanne, who left the summit at the tail end of the group, had an incident that could have been quite nasty, finding a deep pot-hole and was grateful to Mike for his assistance in getting her out. Luckily Leanne wasn't injured as Mike may have considered shooting her.

At last we reached the Hawse and I ask the question, "Did anyone want to continue with the planned route?" The response was a unanimous and resounding 'NO!'

So the escape route it was – North off the hawse down into the valley below towards the origins of Greenburn Beck and following its flow round towards the disused reservoir.

### *'Starting to turn blue'*

We had gone just under a kilometre when I could see Tim wasn't himself and was starting to turn blue. I then realised why he'd taken on his gundog persona - it was because he was freezing (not literally) and was trying hard to get warm. Luckily I had a few spare togs in my rucksack that he was able to wear. Although Tim wasn't a member, it wouldn't have looked good on my first meet to have lost someone on the hill so I was pleased he survived to tell the tale.

The ground was very, very wet but surprisingly firm underfoot and good speed was made.

### *'Tumbling routines'*

Sarah kept us amused with her tumbling routines – it was uncanny how

she knew when to do it to optimise the hilarity; however, she did it once too often on the final stretch of the route and managed to give her knee a wallop. She was very brave though and gritted her teeth to complete the round.

So we finally made it back to the warmth of the hut and I was pleased to see Alec had returned without incident. Happy days!

The weather made it tough out there at times but it wasn't winter weather by any means. The temperature in the valley was around 10°C which made it a bad summer's day at worst but factor in the rain and wind chill and it doesn't take long for things to get serious. Imagine if the starting temperature was 2°C or below.

Again the evening was full of chat and good humour which was down to everyone there. Special thanks to Mike who helped me deliver the food in a timely manner. Also to the house elves who tidied the hut in the morning.

Despite the weather I felt that this was a very pleasant meet that was enjoyed by all, not so much on the hill but socially certainly. I'd be delighted if asked to organise a similar weekend in the future.

Thanks to all

**Richard**

Adventurers: Richard Duerden, Kevan Ebbrell, Clive Bell, Mike Howe, Howard Shaw, Jill Hodge, Peter Wilson, Alec Peacock, Tony Jackson, Sarah Burke, Leanne Sutton and Tim Aston (guest)

# FOOD, FOOD and more FOOD!

Oh dear what had I got myself into-I was down for a foodie weekend and am not used to cooking for a lot of people, apart from the currie weekend making just soups and a pud! How was I going to home cook a 3 or 4 course meal for I don't know how many people? Eeek!

Well, no use worrying about it-it was in the syllabus now! I must admit though I did have some sleepless nights-what should I cook, what if there wasn't enough food, what if the flavour wasn't up to scratch-oh dear!

Anyway, I eventually decided on what I would make and had a practice with a small amount of food, though more than I would normally cook.

As the time drew near I asked for numbers, and the weekend before the event the numbers were 8-9, well I guess that wasn't too bad. By the Monday/Tuesday it had gone up to 19 though-how

was I going to cook for all those people-well perhaps nothing too

## Menu

### Starter

Slightly spicy Lentil soup

### Main menu

Creamy Chicken Casserole, accompanied by buttered baby potatoes, broccoli and petits pois.

### Veggi option

Mushroom and courgette Stroganoff.

### Sweet

Apple Crumble and custard or cream.

Various cheeses and fruit.

fancy then I guess! It actually ended up with 16 members and I just had to get on with it!

So, I started preparing the food on Thursday, but still had the casserole, 2 cakes and

flapjacks to make before I set off for the hut Friday! I managed to get it all done though and off I went.

Some of the members arrived Friday night, and after tea we enjoyed some cake before a few of us went to the 'Swinny' to enjoy a pint or two!

Saturday dawned and during the day more people came than went out (flapjacks in lunch packs) for the day, doing various activities-biking, walking and some retail therapy! Graham and I decided to walk round the lake to the main road and to the Lodore hotel for a coffee, then back the same way. I didn't want to go too far as I needed to be back in good time to start preparing the meal. The weather was drizzly and quite windy as we made our way round, but we managed to stop near the Lake for our lunch.



## *Gusty weather!*

In the end though the weather won-the wind becoming quite gusty, and we didn't quite make it to the main road. On our way back though we decided to call in at The Lingholme Kitchen (where Beatrix Potter used to holiday with her family) for a much needed coffee.

Back to the hut and it was time to start preparing the meal! I had lots of offers of help which was nice, but could only have so many in the kitchen at once, so it was mainly Richard who drew the short straw-poor Richard he thought he was coming for a nice relaxing weekend but ended up being my sous chef!



*'Hmmm not sure if that's ready yet'*

## *Lots and lots of food!*

Tony and Beccy helped too, and there was plenty of stirring and boiling etc going on! It was then I realised that I had gone overboard with the food! Never mind better too much than not enough! As the afternoon wore on I was wondering if everything would be out on time, but with all the help we finished and eventually all sat down to eat! Plenty of Wine and food was consumed, lots of catching up, and a good night was had by all! Thank goodness it all seemed to go ok-



phew! I think everybody seemed to enjoy it and the food that was left over was taken home by some of the members.

On Sunday some went to take part in more activities while others went home-another nice weekend with great company! I would like to thank all my

helpers and washer uppers- couldn't have done it without you!



**Christine**



# Fine Dining 2019

Evening menu events by Tony Hulme

As per the last few years the annual dinner took place at the Skiddaw Hotel in Keswick.

The staff have always given us an excellent service and this year was no exception. I'm sure all who attended will agree.



Following the Chairman's address it was time for the award ceremony.



Unfortunately the numbers have dropped a little each year (hopefully this will change for 2020) but I reckon a good time was had by all.



Fell Race Winners (I think we could do with closer scrutiny).

Our beloved Chairman winning the overall race (has he been secret training or has discovered how to warp time).



Matt Reed winning the fastest male trophy (which I forgot to bring).

Alex Ashworth won the Fastest female.



Al Blackburn receiving Lush of the year, a man who doesn't drink, throwing caution to the wind and pouring 2 full pints of beer down his neck.



Mug of the year came from a totally unexpected source.

This year's winner had made one tiny error in map reading on his own navigation weekend and despite delivering a superb course I felt it only right to nominate Tony Jackson for the award.



Next year's dinner is back on the Fylde Coast, so it will be great to see members who can't normally make the trip to the lakes.



Tony

# A CHRISTMAS CAROL AT STAIR

## LADIES CHRISTMAS MEET



Nine of us gathered at the Stair Hut for our annual Christmas get together. It was a smaller group than is usual, but old age, ill health and caring duties are catching up with some of us!!!



### *Theatre by the Lake*



On the Friday evening three of us went to the Theatre by the Lake in Keswick as we do every year. This year the production was A Christmas Carol adapted from the novel by Charles Dickens and it was excellent. One of the best we have seen.

### *'Grey and wet!'*

The weather this year was very unkind and Saturday morning dawned grey and wet. However not to be daunted, the majority of us set off to walk to Newlands

Church, and from there a circuit around the valley above Scope Beck. Christine showed us a route to Newlands avoiding the trek along the road which is always welcome.

*Mulled wine, feasting and Carols*

With such awful weather there was little point attempting to do anything else, so it was back to the hut for mulled wine and jigsaws followed by feasting and carols.

On Sunday there was little improvement in the weather, so after a leisurely breakfast we packed up, cleaned up and headed for home. As usual a lovely weekend in great company.

**SUE DENMARK**







# ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS AT FORT WILLIAM!

AS REPORTED BY PETER WILSON

Stob Ban

I stopped at the Glencoe ski centre on the way to Fort William, it was very busy. The weather was changing, a thaw was setting in, and I sensed the skiers were getting the best of it before the bad weather. I was the first to arrive at Calluna the self-catering accommodation Friday afternoon the 6<sup>th</sup> March, it is located behind the town. I was shown around by Victoria. I asked about the skiing, she said the previous week there had been excellent skiing conditions.

Dave and Karen arrived and later Pill Lee.

## *WHERE IS THE CURRY?*

The curry Dave and Karen had prepared had been forgotten, so we had to make a visit to Morrison's in Fort Bill to get ingredients to make another. Friday evening was spent in the kitchen making curry which was fun. The rains started Friday night and it was looking grim conditions for Saturday.

## *CAR CRASH!*

Saturday Phil's friends Duncan and Vlad arrived, having had an epic

journey; Vlad's car had been involved in a crash. The journey was completed in Duncan's car. Phil, Duncan Vlad and I decided to visit the Ice Factor, Kinlochleven. Duncan and Vlad to do some ice climbing practice. Phill and I, after exploring the climbing centre, decided on a walk to the Grey Mare's Tail waterfall and back via the Mamore lodge track. The waterfall was in full flood, in fact the mountains all-around were awash with full flowing streams and waterfalls from the cloud bound tops.



Grey Mare's Tail

Plans for Sunday were made, Vlad, Duncan and Phil to Stob Coire nan Lochan, I went to the Nevis Range to check the skiing out. Matt, Mark, Simon, Dave and Karen to Creagh Meaghaidh.

Sunday all parties made the best of the conditions but only Phil's group managed to do a route. The skiing was not on due the high winds. Clive and Mike arrived in the afternoon.

The evening was spent in the lounge quaffing more beer and wine and planning more epic deeds for Monday.

## *MISSING TOOTH!*

Phil received a message from Duncan he had had a mishap at the wall. We met the pair at the centre, Duncan had knocked out a front tooth. He was sent to the Belford Road Hospital and then to a dentist at Oban. Karen and Dave visited Fort Bill and had tried to find the distillery. Mark, Matt and Simon arrived late afternoon, we enjoyed eating the curry and quaffing wine and beer in the evening.



Mike at Stob Ban

A very early morning start saw Matt,

Mark, Phil, Simon and Robin, Mark's friend, heading to the Glencoe area. Mike, Clive, Karen, Dave and I to Stob Ban 3274', by the path at Allt Coire a' Mhusgain from Glen Nevis. Clive walked back to Fort Bill by the river. We slogged up the valley following the rough path in the calm

conditions which forecasted to last to the afternoon. Ben Nevis

was still obscured by the clouds but

Stob Ban was clear though still had a good covering of snow. We made steady progress until we reached a narrowing of the path near a gorge with a powerful waterfall dropping into rocky pool. We did not fancy a difficult traverse round the waterfall. Mike spotted a path at higher level avoiding the waterfall a steep climb up at mossy bank which also avoided the snow covered stream gully descending. Karen did not want to continue so Dave escorted her back down the valley.

## *SNOW HOLE!*

Mike and I continued along the correct path which was now snow covered. We cautiously trod the route of the assumed snow covered path and crossed the stream gullies covered in wet snow which was not firm. We decided to reach a point up the hill and make a decision on the conditions. I took my turn testing the route and had just crossed a snow covered stream gully when Mike called out. He had dropped through a snow covered hole up to his chest! He managed to extricate himself and the decision was made to not to carry on in the difficult conditions. We about turned and descended, the weather changed as forecasted with a strong wind and hail. We caught up with Dave and Karen and

soon reached the car in the rain. The Glencoe group had similar conditions and also abandoned their objective. Matt did the journey to Glencoe twice, he had forgotten his boots. We all descended on the Weatherspoon's Inn

that evening and enjoyed the fine beers and planning for the morrow was made that evening, Simon, Matt and Mark planned to stop at a bothy in the

Glenfinnan area. The rest of us to Dun Deardail the site of an ancient fort in Glen Nevis.

We had a leisurely start for the walk, first visiting Cow Hill which has a good view over Fort William. I felt very humbled when approaching the top of the hill when I met a couple coming down. The young man who was obviously a disabled soldier who had lost his legs. We admired the view in the strong wind then dropped down the Glen through the forest. We made an excursion to a hide in the forest which was locked up, had a lunch break and continued. We followed the track up to Dun Deardail at 1127' on a hill top. We had a great view of the Glen and mountains which were now clearing of the cloud cover. We were all impressed with Clive's stamina, he never gave in on this hard trek. We returned down the Glen to Fort Bill and again enjoyed



the food and drinks at the Weatherspoon's inn. I was returning home in the morning, Mike and Clive also were returning as the weather was turning wintry again. I had an enjoyable Scottish break with fine company. A group was replacing us for the remaining booking a Caluna.

PETER



View from Cow Hill



The Dundeardale group



Clive at Dun Deardail



Looking at the Ben from the the Dun Deardail approach



## Jennifer Tolley. (1943 – 2020).

Jennie was born in Aintree Liverpool, the eldest of three sisters. At the age of eleven years the family moved to Coventry where her father had found employment in the car making industry. Cycling the local lanes and the annual family summer holidays camping at Church Stretton, and walking the Shropshire hills, was her introduction to the open air life.

### *Jennie on the river Ganges at the 'Burning Ghats' Varanasi India*



From the age of thirteen Jennie decided that she wanted to become a Domestic Science teacher, and in 1961 aged eighteen she gained entry to The County of Stafford Training College to study for her three year teacher training qualification. Jennie always regarded this as three of the best years of her (very happy) life; her student status allowing her hedonistic freedom to be irresponsible and just have FUN! It was at college that I, a so called 'mature student', training to become a P.E. teacher, met Jennie. She was young, beautiful, vibrant, animated, and full of fun; we fell in love and became engaged.

I introduced Jennie to rock climbing and thereby, as she often informed people, ruined the rest of her life! Subsequently, for most of her life, weekends and holidays were dominated by ropes, guidebooks and the skills and stamina required to survive endless 'adventures' both above and below ground!

Jennie was a talented rock climber and quickly progressed to routes of a good V.S. standard, on Derbyshire gritstone and on Lakeland and Welsh rock. In 1964 we went to the Alps and with minimal camping gear based ourselves at Zermatt, which was still just a pretty village. Together we climbed the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa and several other major peaks. Young, pretty, female climbers were rare in those (ancient!) days, and Jennie was made a fuss of by other climbers on routes and in huts.

We went separate ways after college, but kept in touch over the years via sporadic letters. Jennie went to live and teach in Fleetwood and I encouraged her to join a local climbing club, which turned out to be the Fylde Mountaineering Club. From joining in 1964 to her death 56 years later, Jennie was a continually ACTIVE Club member – no breaks for child rearing, no remission for good behaviour (she didn't go in for 'good behaviour') - the FMC was an ongoing, integral part of her life - in Jennie's expression, it was a 'life sentence'!

At the FMC she met and married 'the Love of Her Life', Mike Tolley; they shared a love of mountains, climbing and all things 'outdoors' for forty years until Mike's death in 2006. Together, or with groups of FMC members, they climbed, walked, potholed, sailed, mountain biked, extensively throughout the U.K., the Alps, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, Morocco, Jordan and the U.S.A. seeking adventure and fun (and they had plenty of both!). When their children Lisa and Danial arrived on the scene they were quickly assimilated into the active outdoor lifestyle.

Jennie completed numerous long distance walks, including The West Highland Way, The Lyke Wake, Offa's Dyke, The Cleveland Way, Tour of Mt. Blanc, Picos d'Europa, and the 630 miles long South West Way (she loved being asked 'how long did it take' and answering – 'five years'!).

The sheer quantity and variety of Jennie's mountain activities is impressive. In the USA for example, her journals chronicle rock climbing in exotic sounding places such as The Black Canyons of Gunnerson, and goes on to note climbs in Yosemite and treks in the High Sierra, laconically adding 'including five or six 14000ft. Peaks'! For several years Jennie attended the annual Aran Meet by sailing across the sound in her 12ft. dinghy, thereafter mixing rock climbing, walking and sailing round the Island. (She taught dinghy sailing to her school pupils.) On some of their trips, for example to the Pyrenees and Dolomites, Mike and Jennie travelled by motor bike, cramming camping and climbing gear, together with Jennie's stock of blue mascara (without which she would not travel!) on board. Family holidays usually involved towing Jennie's dinghy, sail board, the inevitable rope and climbing gear (without which Mike would not travel!), plus two children – an exercise in logistics, tolerance and endurance – the adventure started long before arrival!

An avid user of the FMC cottages, Jennie was an enthusiastic contributor to working parties, combining the dual roles of property maintenance with personnel maintenance in the form of cooking delicious food for the team. For thirty years Jennie was a major instigator and supporter of the 'Ladies Section' which held regular meets at the Club cottages and farther afield. She hugely enjoyed the company of her many friends on the hills, in cafes and pubs en route, and the convivial chat, laughter, singing, and the wine and good food at the end of the day. The annual Christmas meet was a highlight of her year.

Following the death of her beloved Mike, Jennie continued her varied FMC activities, joining in on pot hole and walking meets, and several of Clive's via ferrata expeditions to the Dolomites and France. With a group of friends she cycled the Ayr to Carlisle route and the Coast to Coast ride – which even she thought was not a bad effort from a 72 year old on a totally unsuited mountain bike with knobbly tires!

Amazingly, forty three years after Jennie and I parted, now both sadly widowed, we arranged to meet on the platform of Piccadilly Station, Manchester. Jennie gave me her dazzling smile, slipped her arm through mine and the years just melted away. Each of us

were aware that the other had lost the ‘love of their life’ and for fourteen years we became partners, providing the caring, sharing, mutually supportive, loving relationship we both needed. Jennie introduced me to the FMC and walking meets, I introduced Jennie to adventure travel – without the need for a climbing rope, a novel experience for her! Jennie always retained her thirst for adventure and variety. Together we took a flight to somewhere exotic and thereafter ‘made things up on the hoof’; local buses, ferries, trains, tuc -tucs, sticking our necks out at an age where we perhaps should have known better. (‘When are you going to grow up?’ was a question we regularly asked each other – neither of us ever received a sensible answer!) Obscure Indonesian islands (Komodo Dragons included), remote mountain areas of South West China, Chile, Bolivia, Patagonia, Peru, Australia, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Norway, USA, Alaska, several trips throughout the length and breadth of India, - Jennie loved the excitement of new places. Astounding as it seems today, as recently as February of this year we had a magical two weeks exploring Sri Lanka.

Jennie was a warm, loving, affectionate person. She was unstinting in the love and loyalty she gave to friends and family. Perhaps above all Jennie was such FUN! Her zest for life, her irreverent sense of humour, her sense of adventure, her willingness to just throw herself into whatever life held in store, her laughter at the outcomes, whether



triumphs or ‘Pratfalls’ that inevitably follow from giving oneself to unknowable forces; to Jennie they were all part of the wonder that is LIFE!

Jennie said, many times, ‘I can’t believe my luck in having had such a beautiful ‘life’. It is certainly true that Jennie helped to bring happiness into the lives of others. For 56 years Jennie was an active member of the FMC. The friends and companions and the shared adventures on the hills and conviviality in the pubs were a central part of her life. Jennie was a Special Person. She will be missed.

Peter Scholze

# Jennie

Jennie was a big sister to live up to.

She, the head girl, courted the head master's son, whilst I courted a motor biker from Birmingham (not John).

She kept her side of our shared bedroom neat, and tidy, and would be annoyed to see me jump into, and sleep soundly in my unmade bed. Her laundry was always well managed, whereas I'd hurriedly wash socks on the morning I intended to wear them, and then dry them under the grill. Don't try that unless you like your white socks brown, and crinkly.

Our parents were both keen cyclists, and walkers, and introduced us at an early age to camping, and the outdoor life, which we loved.

While in college doing her teacher's training, Jennie met, and nearly married Peter, changing their minds, for whatever reason, just three weeks before tying the knot. It was Peter that introduced Jennie to rock climbing, and mountaineering, the love of which stayed with her.

When Jennie first met Mike, she said that it wasn't love at first sight. She had wanted to go on a meet Mike was leading, and he had told her that all the transport was full so hard luck. Mike must have warmed to Jennie quickly, because they soon married. Just a few years after that John, and I married. From that point Jennie, and I became more than merely sisters. Mike was happy to visit our branch of the family, so long as he could take John climbing, which John was more than happy to do. We, and our children, became great friends, not only going on all of the FMC family meets, but going on Christmas holidays together. Once with all three grandmas, and, on another occasion, being snowed in at Ullapool, and being forced to stay for the week duration of Hogmanay.

The ladies of the FMC will perhaps remember Jennie most for being a co-founder, with Mary of the Ladies Meets. Christmas from then on, had to include the dinner for the ladies group, which was always popular, and great fun.

Mike's passing was particularly hard for Jennie. There was so much more they could have done together. I was pleased that eventually she, and Peter found each other again, he too having lost his wife, and that they were able to bring comfort to each other, and go together on exciting trips.

Goodbye Jennie. Our lives have been made richer for having known you.



# Delphine



## Our Friend and Fellow “Lady” Jenifer Tolley: A collaborative account of fond memories contributed by: Liz Stevenson, Liz Rawcliffe, Steph Hope, Mary Aspin, Sue Denmark, Angela Lovett, Pat Bennett and Christine Fry.

Jennie is remembered by everyone at the Ladies' meets for the lovely person she was, pottering around the hut in the morning making tea for everyone in her pyjamas. Some friendships go back 40 years and more.

Jennie and Liz Stephenson first met in the Alps while husbands Mike and Stan were guiding for the Combined Services. Liz remembers standing on glaciers, collecting wood, making campfires and popcorn for the children while the menfolk stayed up in the huts with the servicemen. Once the children were in bed, a bottle of wine appeared and Liz and Jennie would put the world to rights. They completed several long walks together including the White Rose and Lyke Wake.

Jennie joined the FMC in 1965 and Mary Aspin remembers being very impressed at the standard at which she climbed. So was Mike Tolley and they were soon married. Motherhood curtailed her climbing somewhat (but not Mike's!) and so began 'Ladies' weekends.

One of Mary's earliest memories of Jennie was as the two of them were about to descend Scafell. Having climbed up through a layer of cloud they came across that relatively rare phenomenon the Brocken Spectre. Jennie was entranced, dancing gleefully with her own shadow.

She was full of life, putting a lot into it and getting a lot out of it, making the most out of every experience and never losing her unfailingly positive attitude. She had the most amazing energy and stamina, never one to sit around for long and should be remembered for her terrific climbing ability. Jennie was an invigorating person to be around, and we all miss her.

Sue Denmark first met Jennie in the early 80's when she was invited to an FMC Ladies meet by Di Norris. She recalls that she was in awe of this small lady who had achieved so much when walking, climbing and sailing. Her love of and loyalty to the FMC shone through. They went on to share many happy hours, not only on FMC meets but on two other memorable occasions.

The first was when John and Sue walked the Offa's Dyke path with her and Mike camping along the way and fuelled by many bottles of Gin. One day Jennie found a Tilley hat by the side of the path and adopted it as her own. Unfortunately for her we then came across the owner and the hat was duly returned, but only on condition that she could borrow it for an up and coming trip to do the Tour of Mont Blanc. The owner lived in Canada but promised he would lend it to her the following year!

This brings to Sue's second memorable occasion. A group of us Ladies with relatives and friends undertook the Tour of Mont Blanc in 2001. It was certainly the hardest trip Sue had ever attempted but Jennie was there offering her encouragement, wearing the Tilley hat of course. A marvellous woman and a true friend.

One word that defined Jennie for Pat Bennett was her 'pluck'. She was not fazed by much and on one memorable meet, when she discovered that she had packed one of her walking boots and one of Mike's, we all set off to walk Scafell Pike suitably attired but with Jennie wearing fashion boots with a two inch heel! She skipped along like a mountain goat...

Liz Rawcliffe's abiding memory of Jennie relates to the annual Ladies Christmas bash when she made delicious mince pies to accompany the mulled wine. Her pastry was the lightest! She could also be relied upon to turn out in something very sparkly with very exotic footwear. She put the rest of us to shame, as, one year, did her dancing on the table!

Steph Hope knew Jennie for 45 years as she was lucky enough to meet her and Mary during her 'living in Fleetwood' days. Their adventures on the fell tops at Ladies meets were a welcome break from family life. On the hill she tackled anything, but in particular Steph's memory is of her incredible downhill speed, sure footed and a joy to witness.

*Steph said, 'in 2012, a group of us began to have biking adventures over Easter, under Frances Watkins' excellent leadership. The next year Jennie joined us for the first time, when we pedalled from Ayr to Carlisle. Although not a seasoned cyclist, it was clear from the outset that this was a woman made of steel when it came to physical challenges.*

*We set off in fairly good conditions but soon, crossing the hills around Glen Trool it became an endurance test. There had been a heavy fall of snow overnight and we had to push our bikes along the snow-covered track for some time before we came to the road, just after the snowplough had been through. You can see from this brilliant picture of Jennie that the snow banks towered above her!"*



Jennie setting off on bracelets jangling. hot bath at the end of Way, G&T to hand. pub after a long day on care what we do walking" – so she and climbing on sea cliffs. Jennie forthright about our shortcomings. Jennie valuing our friendship. These memories sum up Jennie for Angela Lovett. Oh, and the food.....!

the Hut-to-Hut, Jennie sinking into a the West Highland Jennie declaring in the An Teallach "I don't tomorrow, but I'm not Mike took two novices

I have only known Jennie a short time compared to the rest of the ladies, but found her to be a warm kind person. She seemed to have a great sense of adventure and nothing seemed to faze her! She liked to look nice at the Christmas meets and the mince pies she made were scrumptious! We'll miss you Jennie. Christine Fry.

Jennie was intrepid, persevering and full of fun. However demanding the conditions were, she always found something to enjoy. She was forthright, loyal to the club and a staunch friend to many of us. She will be remembered fondly.

*Remembering Jennie-photos from Martin Bennett  
and Christine Fry*



Provence

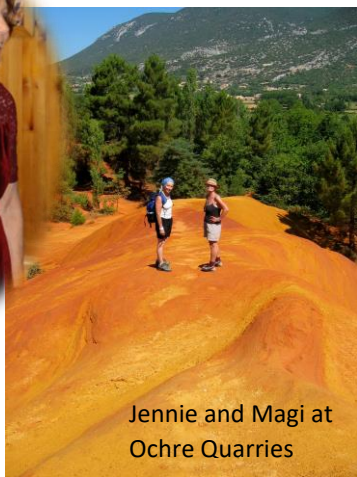
Glen and Lou's  
Wedding



Ladies meet April 2018



Morecambe Bay



Jennie and Magi at  
Ochre Quarries



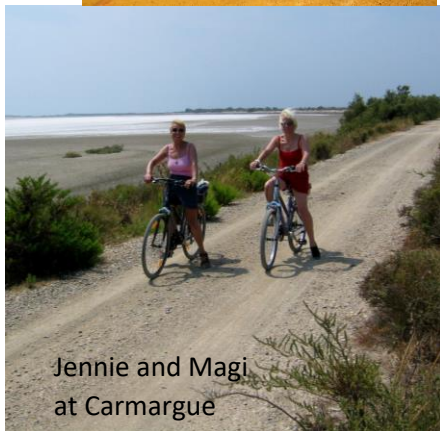
HSF Dinner party



Glen and Lou's  
Wedding



Christmas meet Stair 2018



Jennie and Magi  
at Carmargue



# Three 'let loose' in Teesdale



The Covid 19 pandemic severely restricted our walking & climbing, but as the lockdown began to ease, in early June, Chris Campbell, Christine & I arranged to meet for a walk adhering to the guidelines at that time. Teesdale is equidistant for us in Northumberland and Chris near Penrith, and it's a very attractive valley in its upper reaches.

*'Fascinating geological attraction'*

We met at the Bowlees Visitor Centre & car park, which was busy even on a Tuesday. A very pleasant

walk up the valley took us to Gibson's Cave, a fascinating geological attraction. It's a waterfall where the water has worn away the lower softer sandstone layer to create a sizeable cave behind the water fall.

We planned a circular walk returning along the river later in the day to try to avoid the crowds. We set off by crossing the river via the narrow suspension Wynch Bridge next to Low Force then followed the path up to Holwick Scar. This is a whin sill outcrop where climbing is permitted on some of the buttresses.



An up to date topo is available at <https://www.thebmc.co.uk/modules/rad/view.aspx?id=204>.

We then followed the Bridleway west crossing the moorland a few hundred feet above the river. We came to a stile with a difference, see photo.



### *'Boggy open moorland'*

The path then leaves what is a good track to head out across boggy open moorland for 2 or 3 kilometres. This would be difficult terrain in misty conditions. We passed the working quarry on the north side of the river & made our way down to the Pennine Way official path next to the river.

This path then follows the river in a very nice open setting taking us

to High Force. This is a significant & impressive waterfall, well worth a visit if you have not been. I've only walked here once before which was almost 50 years ago on an FMC coach meet where we walked from Middleton in Teesdale over the Pennines to meet the coach at Dufton in the Eden Valley, some of you may remember that meet!

It was then a short distance back to Low Force & the car park. It was a very enjoyable afternoon but sadly without the pleasure of a café at the end as it was still closed.

This is a scenic area which would make a good venue for a club meet. There's lots of walking & some climbing both in the Tees Valley & further north around Weardale. Have a look at [www.rock-topos.com](http://www.rock-topos.com)

## Andy Dunhill



Walkers-Andy Dunhill,  
Christine Barbier and  
Chris Campbell

**What have you  
done to those  
sheep Christine?**

## **BRIAN NELSON**

I regret to inform members of the death of Brian Nelson. Brian moved to Fleetwood 1981 with his wife Pat. Brian had been appointed as Fleetwood port Customs Officer having previously being responsible for customs in Hull.

He had been advised of FMC gatherings in The Thatched House Poulton and walked in one night and bumped into Dave Earle and Tom Carrol. Brian had been a member of an East Yorkshire club and was immediately liked and signed up by Dave and Tom. He was a member of the FMC for 20 years or so and served on the committee in the early 80's.

He and Pat attended the first Cluanie Lodge meet in 1982. One of my best climbing memories of Brian was in 1983 on the next Cluanie meet when Mike Howe, Brian and myself climbed The Cioch Nose, Applecross. Brian wore his EB's extremely tight and Mike and myself boots. We found the A'Cioch ascent within our capabilities and enjoyable but the subsequent movements to the top of Sgurr a'Chaochain were very tedious. As Brian got older he became a regular member of Gordon Heywood's Old Lags meet held in Elterwater.

Brian was popular with the members, always smart and in his heyday smoked a pipe of Balkan Sobranie tobacco. He had reached the age of 91, Pat died 6 weeks ago at 90.

I attach a photo of Brian and Mike after The Cioch Nose in 1983.

Barrie B Crook



# 14 PITCHES-A SUPERB DAY OUT CLIMBING MOTORHEAD AT ELDORADO CANYON

## Switzerland

With Andy Dunhill





This was another climb which had been on the tick list for a long time that I managed to do in summer 2019. I was climbing with Rob Illingworth and Eric McKenna Parker from Penrith. We'd had a productive couple of weeks in Chamonix then headed over to Switzerland. The weather forecast was good for the next few days so we camped at Innertkirchen (close to Meiringen Falls where Moriarty killed Sherlock Holmes) below the Grimsel Pass.



Eric

There are various guides to this area but we used Swiss Plaisir which you can get from <https://www.needlesports.com/Catalogue/Books-Media/Guidebooks/Switzerland/Swiss-Plaisir-Selection-COR-CE422>.

*'480 metres and 14 pitches!'*

It's a long climb 480 metres & 14 pitches all on solid and hopefully

sun-soaked granite. It needed an early start so having packed the gear the evening before we got up at 6, had a quick breakfast and headed up towards the Grimsel Hospitz just below the top of the Grimsel Pass

*'The walk in was closed!'*

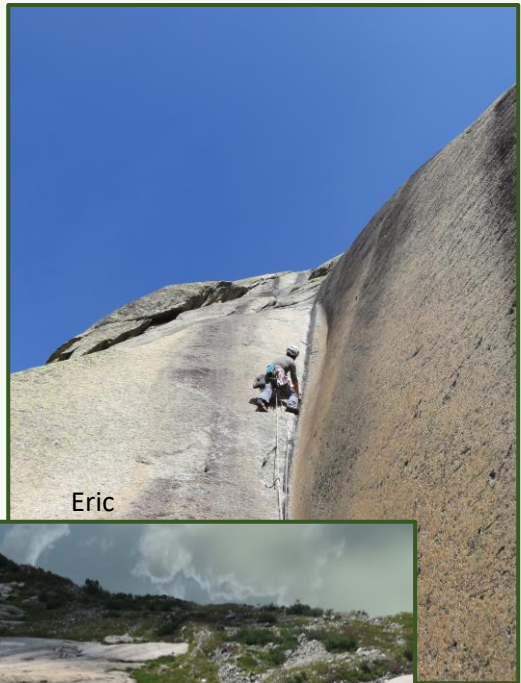
This is where the walk in starts but it was closed because the dam enclosing the Grimselsee is being rebuilt or rather they are



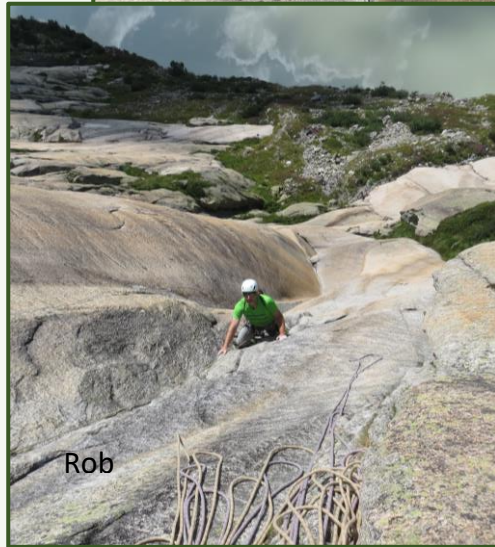
building a new one in front of the existing dam. This meant we had to drive a few hundred feet lower and follow another path adding maybe half an hour to the usual 1 hour walk in. After gaining the initial height lost the walk is fairly level on a good path above the Grimselsee.

### *'Unprotected slab climbing'*

The south facing cliff is largely slabby with lots of corners and ramps which the main climbs follow. We started the climb around 10 with a Czech couple in front of us. They didn't like the unprotected slab climbing so abseiled off after a couple of pitches. The first half of the climb had a couple of 6a pitches and the rest were 5b or 5c. This is not a fully equipped route so we carried and used a full rack. It did have fixed belays. I've seen some comment that this is an English E3 but I think E2 would be about right.



Eric



Rob

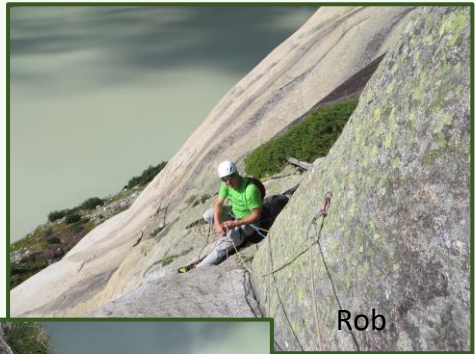
### *Glacial polished bits!*

The climbing in the main was either delicate slabs or laybacking and bridging up corner & ramp lines. The rock was superb with excellent

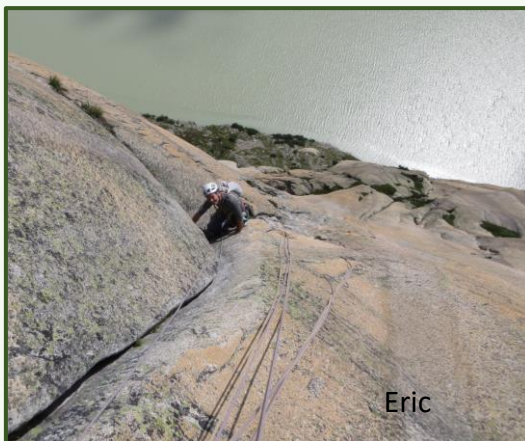
friction, except on the very glacial polished bits and there were a few! The sun was out and it got quite hot so we were glad we'd carried a small sack with food and water.

The upper half of the climb was more of the same but perhaps slightly more sustained. The crux 6b pitch involved moving from one corner/ramp line to another up a steep wall but there was a bolt for protection where needed.

14 pitches of sustained climbing with a rope of 3 in hot sun was tiring so we were pleased to reach the top. It was reminiscent of Yosemite without the bears. The descent is a reasonable walk down a grass ramp although there are a couple of steps that



would prove challenging in the wet. The walk out was reasonable and not too hot. We made it back to the car around 8 not long before dusk. A superb day out



**Andy Dunhill**

January 2019



The Gorge, Stob Ban approach  
from Glen Nevis

Photo-Peter Wilson

## Fylde Mountaineering Club

is associated to the British Mountaineering Council



[www.fyldemc.org](http://www.fyldemc.org)

