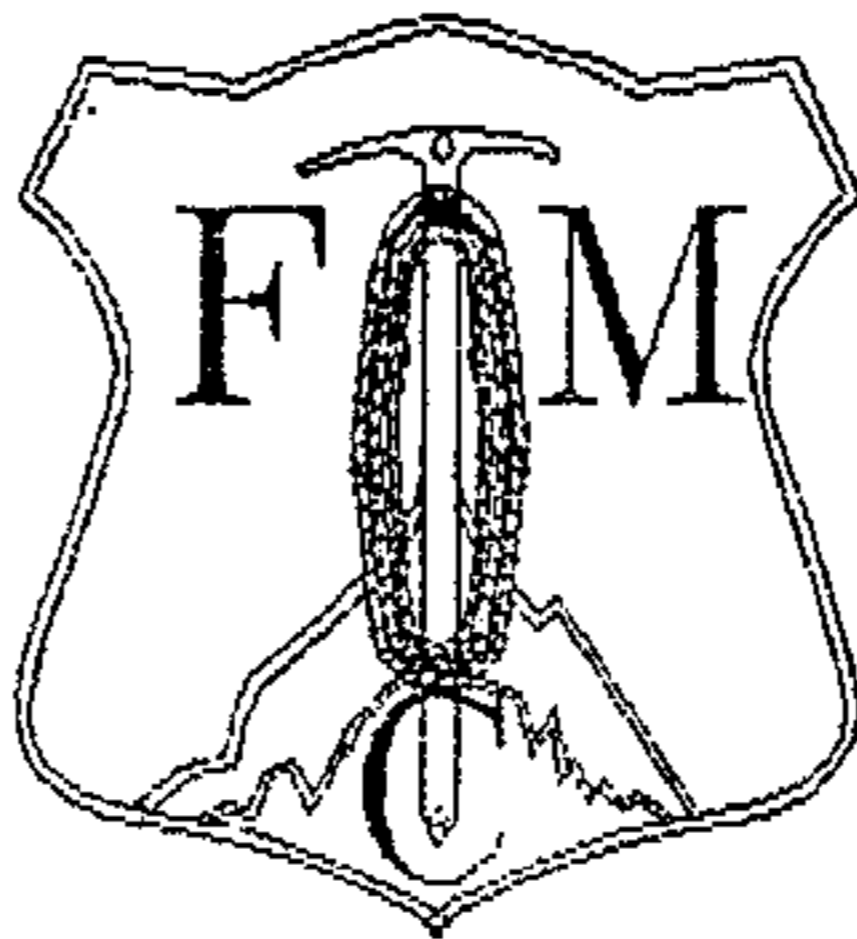


*FYLDE
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB*



*NEWSLETTER
June
1991*

SOIL EROSION TRIGGERS LANDSLIDE CLOSING SNOWDONIA MOTORWAY

May 2021

This could easily be a headline in thirty years time if the apparently piecemeal upgrading of the A5 through Snowdonia is allowed to proceed. In addition to the obvious blight that a major trunk road designed to modern standards would make on the landscape, better roads mean easier access, easier access means more people, and more people mean more soil erosion and a hastening of the transformation of the lifestyle and values of the indigenous population.

The Committee have been informed by the Snowdonia National Park Society via Martin Pickup, that the Welsh Office intends to build a bypass to the Padog Bends, three miles west of Pentrefoelas. As the Society's leaflet is more eloquent and to the point than anything I can write, it is reproduced overleaf.

While we are on the subject, I heard on Radio Cumbria (24/6/91) that a full bypass is now being proposed for Ambleside to end somewhere near Rydal water, which I regard as one of the most atmospheric of the roadside lakes. Of course, from Rydal to the bottom of Dunmail is only a stones throw, as is Ambleside to the Staveley Bypass or Dunmail to Keswick. It is inconceivable that plans do not exist for a full specification trunk road from Kendal to Keswick. Therefore, it may not be too long before we ourselves are writing to people in other parts of the country asking them for support.

The Committee asks all our members to individually write a letter of protest to the Welsh Office now, no matter how short.

Interestingly enough, the big chief I heard on the radio was citing Government directives about new roads taking second place to natural beauty in National Parks etc.....but accidents etc.....we've tried traffic management as requested (presumably the one way system) but it has not worked.....special case.....no alternative remains etc..... These are all the same arguments which are put forward at public enquiries whether they be in Wales or the Lake District. Make your letter an eloquent one!

- Ed.

A5 PADOG BENDS DEVELOPMENT

The Welsh Office Highways Directorate intend to bypass the Padog Bends where the A5 enters the Snowdonia National Park, three miles west of Pentrefoelas.

The Padog scheme must be opposed because:

1. It is the first phase in the Welsh Office plan to upgrade the A5 through Snowdonia to modern Trunk Road standards which will allow commercial vehicles to travel up to 60 mph.

In the pipeline are: Dinas Hill at Betws-y-Coed, Ty Hyll Bridge, and the bends at the top of the Nant Ffrancon. Under consideration are a bypass for Betws-y-Coed and a roundabout at Capel Curig. There is a proposed bypass for Bethesda due to start in 1993/4 which will destroy the beautiful area in the Park south of Bethesda. The rest of the A5 will be widened, as necessary.

2. The scheme is premature. It should be postponed until work on the A55 is completed. Due to road works and consequent delays on the above, many cars and lorries are still using the A5.

3. It is against Government policy for roads through National Parks.

3.1 Welsh Office Circular 125/77 "Local Government is committed to enhancing the natural beauty of the Park the public enjoyment."

3.2 4/190 "Subject always to the reasonable needs of road speed, environmental quality should be the primary criterion in planning all road systems in National Parks."

3.3 4/191 "The preservation of character whenever possible should be favoured and essential road improvement designed in such a way as not to increase unnecessarily the capacity or speed of the road.

The main emphasis must be on this approach (preservation of natural beauty) whenever possible. Even so, there will be occasions when the two purposes of National Parks are irreconcilable. The Secretaries of State accept the Committee's views that when this happens, priority must be given to conservation of natural beauty."

3.4 Sandford Report. Circular No. 4/76. "It is now the policy of the Government that investments in Trunk Roads should be concentrated on developing roads for long distance traffic which avoid National Parks (15/5) and that no new routes for long distance traffic should be constructed through a National Park unless it has been demonstrated that there is compelling need which would not be met by any reasonable alternative (15/6)".

THERE IS AN ALTERNATIVE, IT IS THE A55.

The Welsh Office proposal to bypass the Padog Bends is absolutely contrary to the above statement of Government policy.

4. The difference in distance between London and Holyhead using the A5 through Wales or the alternative A55 route is less than 12 miles. It is a negligible difference on a journey of nearly 300 miles.

5. The Padog Bends are regarded by the W.O. as an "accident black spot". 20 accidents have been recorded in the last 5 years. Before this £5.6 million scheme is even considered, other methods should be tried to cut down the accident rate.

6. Every effort should be made to discourage heavy goods traffic from using the A5 through Snowdonia. For example, at Padog there should be special signs warning drivers that they are entering an area of exceptional natural beauty and a speed limit is in force for the next 1.5 miles.

7. The Government has spent untold millions building the A55 in order that the business interests of North Wales and connection with Ireland can be served. It is built so that commercial traffic can travel up to 60 mph. Because of gradient and terrain the A5 is not suitable for heavy lorries through Snowdonia. In 32 miles the A5 drops twice almost to sea level and climbs twice to nearly 1000ft. It is pointless to spend many millions upgrading this unsuitable road.

8. The proposed road will sever 5 farms in cuttings up to 46ft deep. Most of the land, owned by the National Trust, is held by them in 'inalienable right' and protected by Act of Parliament 1907. It is a new road (see Sandford Report above). If built it will deprive the public of the enjoyment of motoring through the most beautiful length of road between London and Holyhead.

In the opinion of the Countryside Committee for Wales, The National Trust, The Council for National Parks, the CPRW, the Snowdonia National Park Society and many others the sensitive 'easing' of existing bends would be infinitely preferable in landscape terms to cutting a new road through a National Park.

It is imperative that a stand is made here. Otherwise all our National Parks will be damaged by incompatible road schemes that are too wide, too fast and designed for heavy goods traffic. By united action we must make it clear that the beauty, charm and unique individuality of our National Parks must not be sacrificed to speed.

PLEASE SEND YOUR OBJECTIONS NOW TO:

The Rt. Hon. David Hunt MBE MP
Secretary of State for Wales
Welsh Office
Cardiff

This Leaflet is issued by:

The Snowdonia National Park Society,
Tŷ Hyll - The Ugly House,
Capel Curig, Betws-y-Coed, Gwynedd, LL24 0DS.
Tel. 09804 287/284

CONGRATULATIONS

To Dave Earle for achieving early retirement by dint of ill health and bagging his last remaining Munro all in the same month!

NEW ROUTES

The Fylde has once again poked its nose into the New Routing Game after an absence of a couple of years.

You may recall an article a year or so back about the delights of THORN DRAG in the TROUGH OF BOWLAND. Potential new lines existed then and still do now. However, two were picked off recently. On the lower tier is a rib just right of TERMINATION (Severe). A couple of layback moves and a long reach for a pocket brings one to the crux. Feet up and slap for a thin finger flake. The landing is nasty but it is possible to step left into the severe at the crux. Climb the flake above and mantle to the top. E2 5c 25ft. Some of this has unfortunately been done before (the top bit) so a name has not been given to it yet.

On the upper tier lies a scoop between PELVIC THRUST (Severe) and THE FIREMAN'S SLIPPERY POLE (VS). This gives scary climbing above a nasty landing. Hence the grade E4 6a 35ft. MOONSCOOP is its name due to the sizeable craters you could make if you fell off. Also due to the time of day at which it was climbed. This one has definitely not been done before. Both were the work of Martin Dale who soloed them. The E2 on sight but the E4 was cleaned and inspected prior to the ascent on a shunt as is usual with dangerous grit routes. The grade of E4 was confirmed by Paul Reid who fell off twice on a top rope. More possibilities exist so the boys will no doubt be making a return trip.

Martin Dale.

Meanwhile, Steve Halton has been putting bolts aplenty into Lakeland slate. Steve climbed a new route in Runestone Quarry which lies above the fell race track in Little Langdale before you get to the steep, uphill climb near the wall. The route was top roped first and has now been led with protection from three in-situ bolts. It is apparently about E2-E3 (whatever that means with bolts in place) but is no doubt very hard

and strenuous - I couldn't get off the ground (which is not really saying a lot). A diagram of the route is to be found in the Epic Book in Langdale Hut which also reports the route to be one of the most expensive ever on a £ per foot basis. This is mainly because a £100 power pack dropped off Rock and Run's bolt drill while Steve was inserting a bolt and smashed against a rock. Steve also dropped a rather large, sharp rock which he was using as a hammer directly on my 11mm rope, chopping 8m off the end! I am now a candidate for mug of the year for lending Steve my rope!

Ed.

Another possible new route was led by Blair Rogers this winter on the Lagangarbh meet. This lies behind the Steall Hut in Glen Nevis (which is why I say possible new route) about 200m west of An Steall waterfall (which was falling apart at the time). While some of us were messing about on the wire suspension bridge, Blair soloed the first 120m of a fragile Grade II ice groove. Above this was an overhanging wall about 40 feet high, over which had formed a conglomeration of very fragile icicles which could just about be said to coalesce to form a pillar about 2ft thick at the base, standing free from the lower part of the wall. Blair traversed off and came back for reinforcements whereupon Phil Caley, Dave Woods, Hal and I roped up and climbed the Grade II bit in conventional manner and traversed off to the side when confronted by the steep, rapidly melting pillar. I took a belay on a tree as high as possible about 15ft to the side while Blair girded his loins and fair flew up the steep bit (probably because he didn't like getting wet in the torrent which emanated from the ice which seemed to be of an unusually high temperature for that time of year). At the top of the pillar, Blair got his first runner about 15ft to one side - a warthog in a semi-frozen sod. After Blair had belayed above the other side of the pillar - having run out of rope on the now easy ground, it was time to find a second. I asked for volunteers with a sinking feeling, knowing full well what the response would be. - I traversed to the foot of the pillar in a shower of water and, after some trepidation, much smashing of icicles and much shaking, managed to get established on the front face. In a state of near panic I moved up what seemed to be three feet of overhanging ice (probably only about 87%), and suddenly, to my relief, found that I was feeling reasonably comfortable and for the first time

entertained the idea that I would actually make it! Next second I was flying through the air for what seemed to be an inordinately long time and came to the conclusion that Blair's belay must have come out, now secure in the knowledge that he had much further to go than me. However, it transpired that only the warthog had come out and I was brought up short just clear of a ledge some way below the pillar, having only gently grazed a slab on the way down. Happy that I would not have to face any Scottish conservationists for smashing their rocks up, I scrambled back up to the belay and resolved to go no further. In the front face of the ice was an arcuate scoop where I'd had my axes (probably too close together with too much leverage and too much vibration!). Blair abseiled back down and we made our way through the dusk to the car and a glorious night in the pub, followed by a glorious night's sleep - for me at least. Even if it turns out not to be a new route, it was a very fine and bold lead by Blair - who also did another fine lead the next day with the same 5 on a rope, overtaking about 3 teams on Crowberry Gully.

Ed.

VAGS HUT
KENMORE
MEDITERRANEAN ROCK
INTRO MEET
FALLCLIFFE

Meet leaders, what happened?

SOCIAL SEX REPORT

My stint as Social Sec. took off on home territory in March when about 14 keen climbers came to Blackburn to test out the new climbing wall at the YMCA. Once a squash court, now converted into slabs, cracks and overhangs, the wall is generally considered second only to that at Newcastle and was opened by Chris Bonnington. Having heard that the FMC were coming, the manager introduced himself, and announced his plans for converting an even bigger room. The Social Secretary, having just sustained whiplash injury and forced to wear a surgical collar, quickly promoted herself to a supervisory capacity to ensure that all the hard men got on the overhang. Later, we all met up at 'The Clog and Billycock' for drinks.

Also in March was Nick Bond's inspiring audio visual show on climbing in Europe and America (I have a list of his music if anyone is interested). Nick will be going to Europe again this summer, and plans to put another slide show together for us in the New Year.

More dramatic scenic shots and plenty of slides of members old and new, made it worth having the sequel to the January members' slide evening.

The winter social programme finally drew to a close with Jon Spark's slide show which revealed the joys and hazards of trekking in the Karakoram.

The summer social scene was launched in fine style with the Lancaster Boozy Bike Ride. Phil Morris had researched the 17½ mile route three times to ensure that the 5 pubs were still there. However, on the night, the 'Stork and Cauldron' was closed out of respect for a man who'd been drinking there longer than Phil - he'd died! We returned to Lancaster via a dark, wooded, eerie cycle track where Nils leapt from behind a bush with a howl that frightened the Social Secretary off her bike (I've never heard it called a howl before!) and where Claire went to answer a call of nature and found herself sitting in a clump of nettles. Then followed a sociable evening back at Phil's with music - and more booze. Later, some of went on to Dave Cundy's meet in the Lakes.

John Wiseman's 28½ mile Boozy Bike Ride (18 miles to the first pub!) was another enjoyable event on a pleasant sunny evening. A pizza demolished at the last pub gave me the energy for the last dash back to the Thatched to make plans for Whitsuntide - only to discover that Pembrokeshire was off the west coast of Scotland.

Owing to the success of John Parker's walkers'/climbers' meet at Farleton last year, we persuaded Mark to organize the first official crag meet of the year at Wilton Quarry. Unfortunately, it was a rainy night, but even so a good number of people turned out to slip and slide on the rocks.

By the time this will have gone to print, I expect Nils will have had his crag meet at Warton, and I'll have had my boozy bike ride with pub grub. But in case you've lost your factsheet, here's a reminder of the other summer events:

Boozy Bike Rides Wednesday, 17 July - Judith Swift

Wednesday, 21 August - John Hickman

Walkers'/Climbers Meets

Wednesday, 3 July, 'Staff of Life', Bridestones

- Martin Dale

Thursday, 15 August, (place to be announced)

- Dave Cundy

The winter social scene back at the Con. Club will begin on September 4th with whatever. The much awaited Slide Competition will take place on October 2nd. Members can submit up to three slides in each category - scenic, action, humour - but all slides must have been taken in the last year.

It's been a good year so far - plenty of events and lots of people on them. See you on the next.

Rebecca.

Sorry about the headline Rebecca - I'd just finished a can of Heineken and my application form for editor of the Sunday Sport.
Ed.

CLUB DETAILS

Introductory Members

The Club extends a warm welcome to:

Christopher Bell 40, Ripon St. Preston PR1 7UH 0772 204182
 Andrew Hind 27, Fairfield Rd. N. Shore Blackpool
 0253 25009
 Bill Reid 25, Querdon Close Preston 0772 322515
 Captain Mellor 40, CTT Fulwood Barracks Preston PR2 4AA
 0772 260549
 M.L. Ripley " " 260313
 D. Bradley " " "
 P. Hoskinson " " "
 A. Brockbank The Flat, Vet Surgery, The Avenue, Kidsgrove
 Stoke On Trent
 S. Colquorn-Kay F5, 10, St. George's Sq. Lytham St Annes
 FY8 2NY
 Kay & Kathryn
 Stevens 35 Brough Ave. Bispham Blackpool
 Phil Lee F28 Penraven & Deeside, 10-16, Derby Rd.
 Blackpool
 Antony Hughes 10, Nelson Gardens, Inskip, Preston PR4 01R
 0772-690928
 David Bailey 23, Kent St. Fleetwood 0253-773394

Some introductory members meets are occasionally held as advertised in the club syllabus and in the outdoor meets section of this newsletter. But don't wait till then! The club goes out on the hill somewhere every weekend. Just ring the booking secretary, or see the "nobs" in the Thatched House, Poulton, first room on the right, after 9.30pm on Wednesday nights (occasional social events permitting).

See you next weekend!

Full Members

Notice is hereby given that the following have satisfied the Club's stringent and rigorously applied criteria and are now full members:

Robin (Rupert) Greenwood 6, Coach Rd. Warton Lancaster Lancs.
 0524 735(or 8)936
 Paula Helsby
 Kevin Hindle
 Gary Bird
 Katherine Kilburn
 Les Ward
 Margaret Scott Station House, Station Rd.
 Denholme, Bradford. BD13 4BS

Change of Address/Status

Congratulations to Roger Brookes and Fiona on their recent engagement. The Club wishes them all the best for the future which, going off the latest orders for the Malta guidebook, looks like being an exceedingly affluent one.

WR & GM Stables 23, West Drive, Scale Hill, Lancaster
 LA1 5BY

Andy Dunhill &
 Christine Barbier School House, Church Lane, Broomhaugh,
 Riding Mill, Northumberland NE44 6DS
 0434 682018

Roy Ruddle 40, Lindale Rd., Longridge, Preston

HUT AVAILABILITY / OUTDOOR MEETS

Something normally happens every weekend: Refer Thatched House, Poulton on Wednesdays, after 9.30pm or telephone a Committee Member.

Official Club meets are shown highlighted. Dates generally reflect nights when huts are available. Thus a date of 28-29 would normally indicate Friday & Saturday night.

Contact John Wiseman regarding hut availability for Sunday nights & weekdays.

See Social Secs. Report for evening socials.

JUNE

28-29 Langdale
28-29 Working Weekend Stair John Hickman

JULY

5 - 6 Intro Members Stair Rebecca Hargreaves
12-13 Working Weekend Langdale Donald Nichol
19-20 BBQ Stair Claire Addy
26-27 Langdale
21 ALPS for about 3 weeks John Parker

AUGUST

2 - 3 Stair
2 - 3 Dwn Cywarch Mike Penn
9 -10 Fell Race Langdale Martin Pickup 0772-783158
16-17 Stair
16-17 Pillar Bivvy John Tattersall
23-25 Langdale
23-25 Family Weekend Stair
24-31 Lundy Martin Dale
30-31 Stair

SEPTEMBER

6 - 7 Langdale
6 - 7 Fallcliffe (possibly) Dave Dundy
13-14 Chester Hut Swap John Wiseman
20-21 Langdale

20-21 Family Weekend Stair
27-28 Intro Members Stair Claire Addy
OCTOBER
4 - 5 Duck's Grub Langdale Donald Nichol
11-12 Stair
13 Sunday Car Meet Yorkshire Martin Dale
18-19 Langdale
18-19 Corris Donald Nichol
25-26 Stair

CLUB BUSINESS

This year's AGM was a pretty tame affair. However, some lively discussion did occur concerning the need to raise the annual subs. and the BMC's new requirement or offer (depending on how you look at it) for mandatory public liability insurance (£2 per head). One good thing to come out of this discussion was the need for some member of the Committee to attend area BMC meetings (as is our right) in order to express the Club's opinions on matters arising. For those of you who weren't there and want more details - tough - you should have been there. Minutes of the AGM will no doubt be circulated to all members about 2 - 3 weeks before the next AGM.

Letters of appreciation and thanks have been written to Dave Kwik, Cherry Earle and Steve Halton who retired from their stint on the Committee at this years AGM.

As the Dennis Grey Lecture evening only just about broke even, £25 has been donated by the FMC to the Keswick Mountain Rescue.

New rates for block bookings of the huts have now been agreed:
Stair £40 per night (£30 per night midweek - min. 4 nights)
Langdale £32 per night (£24 per night midweek - min. 4 nights)

During the past year, several people have been deprived of places on popular meets by others who have booked and then not turned up and not informed the meet leader. In consequence, a deposit is now

required for away meets, including hut swaps, equal to the current FMC bednight fee. Deposits may also be required for home meets at the meet leaders discretion.

The BMC area meeting at the Golden Rule decided to allow BOLTS in the Lakes area on Limestone, Slate, and on St. Bees Head.

The Club has written to the Welsh Office in protest against their plans for upgrading the A5 through the Snowdonia National Park near Padog Bends, Pentrefoelas. A letter of acknowledgement has been received from the Welsh Office.

The BMC are raising their public liability insurance premiums from £2 to £3 per year thus precipitating a rise of £1 in FMC subs for next year on top of the increase in subs which was voted for at this year's AGM.

NOT THE MEET LEADERS REPORT

ROY BRIDGE

May Day Weekend

Some miles to the east of Fort William the River Roy comes down to the valley and a bridge has been built which now carries the A86. Right next to the bridge is a hotel with a large public bar and right next to the hotel is the track to the camp site. Lifting your eyes to the hills the Grey Corries dominate the view with the Aonachs beyond. Such qualities make it a good place for a FMC meet. A caravan had been booked and a meet leader had volunteered - the scene was set.

Having been on the last Roy Bridge meet which sampled; rain, wind, the pub, more rain, Nevisport, little mountaineering except a successful attempt by yours truly to stay in bed longer than Dave Cundy (though I had to be supported by John Parker who supplied tea and porridge); we were hopeful of kinder weather this time. As the meet leader had decided to go to Pembroke (having first offered to make all necessary arrangements for Roy Bridge - Ed.) we revised our plan to take a tent and booked places in the caravan.

We had an easy drive north and turned off the dual carriageway at Stirling to get some petrol. What is the probability that Dave Earle would be in the same garage at the same time? Anyway, there was the Club's retired man of leisure also Roy Bridge bound. As is often the case the drive across Rannoch and down Glen Coe was spectacular - this time the clear sky held the evening light, casting long shadows from the hills and giving a clear warm glow to the landscape. Walking in to the pub, Dave was already there talking to Dave Sharples who had planned a long walk in to the interior but was foiled by the trains not running on Sunday - his only way back out. (sounds like an interesting pub this!).

Saturday we decided to go to Loch Laggan and went up Beinn a Chlachain. The views were superb with a deep, steep valley dividing us from the next range, snow picking out the shape of the near hills, and distant views to Skye. Although we had gone up in shirt sleeves, in the wind we needed our coats and gloves. We went over to Mullach Coire an Lubhain and then Creag Pitridh, and continued to have spectacular views all day. Our descent to Lochan na h-Earba took us past or on old snow with the stream running underneath providing added interest. Coming back along the Lochan in the evening light, Ardvrekie wall was on one side, crags on the other and a pair of divers in the Lochan all providing a nice contrast and end to the walk.

Sunday teaming up with Dave Earle again, we left a car near the ski centre under Aonach Mor and drove into Glen Nevis for a north to south traverse of the Aonachs. It was not going up from the valley to the ridge of Sgurr a' Bhuie. In contrast to Saturday when we saw only a few people there were quite a lot about. It took quite a time to complete the main ascent as we had many stops to admire the changing views of the Mamores and the Ben and things further afield. In my case I stopped for a breather and also looked at the views (camera - an excuse for a longer rest!). The summit ridge and views from the top of Sgurr a' Bhuie are outstanding - some of the best - but one Munroists can miss out on. The spectacular cliff walls and snow filled gullies on the way up to Aonach Beag kept our cameras working. The top of the Aonachs were snow covered which complemented the blue sky and the view of the hills in each direction. On top of Aonach Mor we saw a man on skis - he took them off

and went down a gully as we approached - modest having a pee out of sight we thought. Dave had a learned conversation about bindings and skins and the man announced that he was going down the gully, then up Carn Mor Dearg and possibly the Ben before skiing down. The gully he went down would, if frozen, be a Grade 1 ice climb (Dave's estimate). He jumped the cornice on his skis and gently slid down back and forward to kill his speed. The narrowest part of the gully had snow about 1 foot wider than his skis. He jump-turned 180° and landed lower down with no forward or backward movement, just down, making whooping cries as he went. We lost sight of him under the crags. Highly skilled.

The ridge along the top was nice, a snow bunting was exploring the ground that was emerging from the snow and the views in to snowy corries were great. At this point we were walking on snow in front of a gully that came up from the right with lots of footprints. I commented on some gaps opening up in the snow - a line of slits. We took a slight detour leftwards. Dave (who anyway is not as heavy as me) did not come quite as far left and put one leg through going over his knee. I don't know if he could see the valley a thousand feet below his foot, he may not have even looked, but the normally laid back Dave gave a fair impression of a jet fighter lighting it's afterburner and shot rapidly back up - fortunately one foot had remained on firm snow. With a wry comment about nearly the shortest retirement in Civil Service history he started on downwards. He did not stop and go to the edge to take pictures as he normally does! The ski tows had long since stopped for the night and we had a quiet descent to the top of the cable car station. The large panoramic map of the ski area had names for everything - the name of 'our ridge' was "Lemming Ridge" - honestly.

Monday had low cloud with the odd shower and we decided on a walk up Glen Loy through a forest and in to the open. It was a good bird watching walk.

Scotland did us proud on this weekend, there were many other things that helped make this a memorable weekend, among them were; the large number of very large ladies in the pub and the comments that followed; the folk singing in the pub and Mike Penn's reaction to it; the caravan bed which collapsed one night and June has just reminded me of my

error in map reading - trying to make out that the near-vertical grass slope which we had spent hours toiling up had only elevated us to 692m, when in fact we were at 968m.

John Wiseman

CORRIS

May

"If only Donald hadn't been 20 minutes late this wouldn't have happened"; muttered Dave as we travelled along the A5 in a queue behind a white van travelling at 15-25 mph. By the time we managed to turn off about 10 miles later Dave was a nervous wreck but then told John off for going too fast - it was a lovely evening and he wanted to look at the scenery! We eventually arrived at the 'Slaters Arms' and made Donald buy the first round to make up for the trouble he'd caused. Geoff had already arrived and before long the whole team had assembled - Phil, the Major, Mike, Carole, Barrie, Chrissie and Peter.

Saturday dawned quite sunny and breakfast was taken out on to the patio while decisions were made. After saying that they were heading for Cywarch, Phil, John and Geoff ended up at Barmouth, Phil managing to tick off another entry in his Good Beer Guide on the way back. The rest of us headed for Dolgoch and up into the hills via the waterfalls. We walked the tops towards Tywyn and found our last summit to be graced by an enormous cairn topped by quartz which was scaled by everyone at the same time. As visibility was now very good we decided to return by our outward route except that Donald, Barrie and I walked back to Corris while Peter took the rest on a tour through some quarries near the village. All went well with our walk until we decided to forget the last hill and work our way back through the forest. Unfortunately, although we set off correctly, the path that we hoped to pick up had disappeared and we found ourselves heading off towards Machynlleth rather than Corris. As we trudged further down Barrie said it would soon be time to decide who to eat first - him said Don and I, as he'd the most meat on him. Don had knife and lighter and there was plenty of wood! Eventually, after going around in almost a circle for about 3 miles, we found ourselves heading straight for the hill we'd decided to miss out and Donald cracked up and

sank to the ground muttering about his feet. At this point our intended path did actually head off and after a drink he decided that he could manage to continue. We strode off confidently, map in hand and approached some buildings where we were confronted by a charming English 'Lady' who stormed out of a caravan after banging on the windows and informed us that the path had been changed 6 months before and were lucky her German Shepherds weren't out. As there had been no signs up at all we exchanged a few hostile words with her before retreating. We managed to pick up a very faint path through the trees that eventually got us back on line. The rest of the walk was very pleasant and uneventful despite Duck's mutterings about what he'd have done to the dogs if he'd had a chance. After a convivial evening in the Slaters we celebrated Carole's and the Major's birthdays with two cakes.

Sunday was low cloud and drizzle so Mike, Carole, Dave, Duck, John and I headed for Borth and the coastal path to Aberystwyth. It was a strange day of intermittent sea fog and bright sunshine, and the path was quite alive with a great variety of flowers and birds. After another visit to Peter's quarry the rest of the party went their separate ways, Geoff southwards, Phil and John to Tremadoc and Barrie, Chrissie and Peter the Arans.

Once again a very good weekend. Get your booking with Duck for the next meet in October as accommodation is limited.

June Wiseman.

PEMBROKESHIRE

May

Meet Leaders Log

We (Mr. Cundy, Rebecca, Roy and myself) had been deserted by the rest of the team (couldn't imagine why) and none of us much fancied Pembroke, so a left turn out of Lancaster and a few hours found us downing several last orders followed by potato and beans at the Clachaig. Then a collection of 'Carry on Camping' capers followed by an uncomfortable night in the car (she stole my tent) followed by Saturday morning looking grey and unpromising. Tea and breakfast (I stole her

cereal) and an uncharacteristic decision to stay and get something done. Dave and Rebecca went to the Slabs, Roy and I went to do Freakout (which he did) and climbed till we dropped (which I did - several times). A quick stroll to the top of the hill and back for a brew. Fish and chips in Fort Bill, and on to Skye.

Sunday morning found us somehow tucked up in tents outside the Sligachan. A good breakfast (mmm - nice bacon Rebecca) and another surprising decision to get something more done. Cloud looked low to the south, so it was north to Kilt Rock and sunshine. Roy giggled his way up Grey Panther followed by myself followed by an attack of sunbathing. Some more beer at the Sligachan followed by a late night supper and much venting of hot air.

Round to Bla Bheinn the next day to discover Mr. Penn and Mr. Earle on the first leg of their European tour with the van on its last. Roy (by this time a man) determined to climb the Stairway to Heaven. I (by this time an old man) followed. At the top the sun shone brightly and the whole of Scotland lay stretched out before us (except for the bit that lay behind). A superb route. We came down but stayed up. More beer followed by another late night supper followed by more hot air and the weekend was nearly over. It only remained to spend a morning lazing by the beach and eating ice cream, a lunch time eating ice cream and lazing by the beach, and an evening ambling home. So passed the final day. Pembroke sucked.

Nils Tremmel.

MUSINGS FROM THE PRESELI MOUNTAINS

A visit to the wild and fretted shores of Pembroke is always an enjoyable experience. A few days spent there in late April were no exception as a northwest wind piled the sea into the numerous dramatic coves and the jagged headlands hunched themselves against the onslaught. The light was clear and sharp and in it choughs tumbled ecstatically, Peregrines scolded the intruder, and gulls clamoured.

By way of breaking the journey home I decided to have a look at the Preseli Mountains, nowadays a lonely and austere plateau but at one time one of the heartlands of Neolithic and Bronze Age culture. It took little imagination to picture the Celtic tribesmen living out their lives on this splendid plain, much warmer than now, above the marshes of the coastal plain. The evidence was all around. Stone circles, Dolmens, standing stones, field systems, hut circles, and chambered cairns abounded, and one easily visualised the toil for daily bread, religious ceremonies, and the whole infrastructure of organisation. Eventually I came to the quarry from whence the stones that form part of Stonehenge, the famous 'Blue Stones' had been hewn. I marvelled how in those far off days tribesmen in distant Wiltshire, eager to build an astronomic clock should have geological and cultural knowledge to purchase their materials from this far flung outlier of their ancient civilisation. The truth of how the Blue Stones came to Salisbury Plain is, however, somewhat different, and concerns an enterprising Henge seller called Silurian Sid.

Silurian Sid was in the dumps. Boadicea Thatcherii had generated another of her slumps by high interest rates and had flattened the standing stone market as a consequence. But luckily for him and the hungry mouths he had to feed, Sid was a member of the 'New Enterprise' culture which was growing up amidst the field systems and hut circles. He realised that if trade was stagnant on the home market what he needed was to move into the export trade, so he resolved to set off in search of new opportunities. He knew that there was no room to expand North, West or South, as one soon came to the hostile coastline. So, one fine morning, shouldering his sample kits and prospectus, he set off in to the Sun. At first, he came to some dramatic mountains with little sign of life and few potential customers. Then he came to a broad river and had to invest some of his capital in being ferried across to the other side - but eventually he reached a Henge sellers paradise in the shape of Salisbury Plain, ruled over by the Druid, Donald. Here was a teeming civilization that so far had remained untouched by Double Glazing and Henge salesmen. The potential was enormous.

He set up his stall by the River Avon and at once began his sales pitch like a man inspired. Interest was immediate and enormous, as the tribespersons flocked to hear about these new gadgets without which

their lives would be incomplete and uncommemorated. Round barrows and new fangled long barrows were flogged by the score. Chambered cairns sold like hot cakes, and Sid doled out Dolmens like there was no tomorrow, which of course, from now on, thanks to his gadgets, there would be.

Meanwhile, not a million miles away, Druid Donald sat and listened to his Bronze Age CD player, one of those new machines that took those little yellow discs. For years he had envied the music machine of Druid David, his trusty Lieutenant who also had a much smarter chariot than his leader despite having to pay out so much a week on the wattle and daub hut he was buying off the Council. Druid Donald never understood how his underling could afford these luxuries and treat himself to so many foreign holidays on the few groats he earned by dint of hard work. Donald, in spite of having debts big enough to pay for the encirclement of Salisbury Plain itself, had built a raised causeway across the plain (now known as the A360), and off the proceeds had treated himself to a quality music machine.

Druid Donald had soon acquired far more of the little yellow discs than Druid David, and he was just pondering on where he could keep them all, together with his overflowing library of video tapes and cassettes, when he became aware that he was almost alone in his kingdom.

"Where is everybody?" he asked one of his few remaining vassals.

"Down by the river" came the reply. "An itinerant Henge seller has just hit town with a load of fabulous bargains to be had at knock down prices".

Druid Donald's eyes lit up. All he really needed to make his life complete was a full size Henge to go to the west of his raised causeway. If he built it right now he could even use it to tell the time and when to plant his crops. His mind was made up and off he went to the river.

Down by the Avon Silurian Sid was well into his stride. Sales were coming thick and fast and he had just sold nine full size standing stones and over a couple of dozen toy Henges - absolutely great for the kids - can be put together in any number of ways - keeps the little

Celtic brats amused for hours. But Sid knew that if he could sell just one full size Henge he could retire for life. With the crowd at fever pitch he produced the jewel in his crown and proceeded to give it his best shot. Druid Donald, or rather his bank balance, was doomed. Sid extolled the many uses of his excellent and superbly durable product. He explained how it was available at far off Harrovia at over twice the price he was asking. One wag wanted to know how many different colours were available. "You can have any colour you like so long as its blue"; chirped Sid, really storming along now. Druid Donald mused that blue was his favourite colour and had just purchased an elegant pullover just like Druid David's in beautiful shades of blue and grey. He was definitely interested now but struggled to think of a further use for a Henge to justify it's purchase to Druid David. Then, EUREKA! he had it. He suddenly realised that he could hang shelves down each side of the stones and solve his storage problems at a stroke. Even as he paid over the money he contemplated how many more CD's he could buy with the dosh he had saved by purchasing this magnificent Henge at such a knockdown giveaway price. So pleased was he that had no difficulty in persuading himself to also purchase a smaller economy model at the same time, thus saving himself 50% of the full price. Silurian Sid was delighted and returned home to live in regal retirement. Druid David moaned quietly into his chocolate spread while Druid Donald built a concentric circle of stones and a double avenue, the economy model fitting nicely inside the full size Henge.

So next time you drive over Salisbury Plain you will know that you are not looking at an astronomic clock or a seasonal calculator, but the remains of Druid Donald's CD, video and tape library.

Dave Earle.

Bormio '91

It sounded like "Do you want to go ski-ing in Borneo?". While admitting gaps in my geographical knowledge of such areas, even I would have thought the snow there somewhat elusive. Lacking sufficient funds for such a trip, Mike was actually suggesting the more amenable (if less exotic) Italian resort of Bormio.

Mike's newly bedecked camper van seemed veritably palacious but began to pall after 24 hr non-stop travelling. Failing to anticipate the presence of steel doors blocking a tunnel near Livigno, we (Mike, Dave, Jan and I) were forced to retreat to the nearest village for the night. Dismissing the comforts of an hotel as superfluous, Mike and Dave decided to kip in the van. Unfortunately Mike was so tired from driving that he fell asleep within minutes leaving Dave, who has become used to such convivial behaviour, alone save the comfort of a bottle of wine.

By Saturday the whole team (now including Gordon Heywood's van load) had arrived and were raring to go. Even though most had skied for decades, the slopes were tackled bit by bit to allow everyone to keep together. It was exhausting work just avoiding the other skiers so I was thankful when a break was taken at La Rocca (a cafe half way down) for a glass or two of wine. Indeed throughout the week most of the team displayed an almost congenital inability to pass La Rocca without stopping for their fix. The full effect of such indulgence would only become apparent later.

Having given The Earle the slip earlier that afternoon (by ski-ing too slowly!) and then failing to spot anyone I knew on the day's last lift (most of the team had in fact long since retired to La Rocca!), I was faced with the problem of ski-ing back down. Only half remembering where we had been that morning, I ran into a "piste" tractor and its "piste" policemen whose gesticulations indicated a desire for me to follow them regardless. The consequent encounter with my first red run was painfully slow but proved a wonderful fore-taste of things to come (it certainly felt quite an achievement for my first day on snow!).

Having searched unsuccessfully for English speaking instructors, the following morning was spent ski-ing alone. Practising turns on the bottom of a short blue run with just half an hour to lunch, I chanced upon an instructor with a gaggle of five year olds. Not wishing to disturb their lesson (ie. I was damned if I was going to fall over in front of them!), I caught a chairlift with the intention of ski-ing that same run from the higher up. Unfortunately, having misread the piste-map, the lift actually took me most of the way up the mountain! An exciting (if slow) escape followed since the (blue/red) Bimbi-al-Sole turned out to be one of the steepest, most icy runs I did all week. Somewhat overdue, the team were pondering my fate as I breezed triumphantly into lunch!

After several more days of ski-ing under blue skies, the weather changed and the hotel became shrouded in cloud. Thus, when the cable car burst out of the cloud I was quite unprepared for the vista that awaited. Empty ski runs disappeared downwards into an ocean of cloud - further out lay isolated snow capped peaks, brilliantly lit in the early morning sun. Seeing such beauty, the feeling that I had this to myself set me tingling with excitement. Ski-ing alone into the enveloping cloud, I felt intoxicated by speed and awe of the world above.

The following afternoon, Phil and I effected the rescue of a distressed Italian maiden who had fallen and injured a knee. Arriving on the scene to find her companions simply standing around chatting, Phil left in search of a telephone while I tended to the maiden's every need. After twenty minutes, Phil returned successful and proceeded to offer the maiden his newly acquired fibre pile jacket. It took a little time to persuade her that she needed to take off her ski jacket first so that she could wear the warmer pile jacket beneath it. Almost as this was accomplished, two piste police (towing a stretcher) came to the rescue - Phil, feeling perhaps that his deeds were done, departed at this point for La Rocca. Sadly, his departure meant that he was unable to accept the maiden's kisses offered later as thanks for our concern!

Having seen the maiden off safely, I followed Phil's tracks to La Rocca for the marathon "session" and torch light procession. As the afternoon wore on and glasses refilled themselves, folk songs filled the

air until, struggling with "Windmills", Frank and Alfredo arrived to regale us with ballads of their own. A voluminous meal ensued with yet more wine and a continuation of the "Frank and Alfredo Show".

With many of the team evidently struggling at this point (the session having now exceeded five hours!) Alfredo solemnly explained the serious traditions behind the procession, he wanted it treated with respect, no drunkenness, no uncontrolled ski-ing - it was to be a celebration of life. Well it was certainly that! Mike walked outside into the night air, woke up and promptly keeled over. Gordon did likewise but lost his wallet into the bargain. The procession underway, Mike (in a final act of defiance) skied into the lady in front, excused himself and crumpled slowly to the ground. In a magnificent display of concentration, The Earle appeared to occupy almost every place in the procession as he plied his own line down the piste. Joyce, also suffering from electrolytic imbalance, was run down causing sufficient injury to force her abandon proceedings.

On arriving at the main piste the following morning, I was excited to find a slalom course laid out. There was no-one on it at all, no crowd at the bottom, the snow was untrammelled; the race couldn't have started yet - this looked like seriously good fun!

Without further ado I'm off, jinking left, jinking right, just missing the flags. Picking up speed now, there's a flag way out left, can I reach it? Yes - ice, edge a bit more - ski twitches - I'm almost off - hang in there. More flags - flick left - jink right - almost down now - this is fantastic! Someone is watching - he's holding something - a video camera - I'm on film! The finishing line. Screech to halt - head for the chair lift - time to do this again, what a way to finish the week! Half way up again already - there's the top of the course - a little hut - people behind it. Closer now - someone inside - number on his chest - timing gate. Race must be on after all.....

Dave Cundy

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE FMC IN MOTION

It was suggested at a recent committee meeting that, as a democratic body, the members might be interested in the work done by their elected representatives to ensure the smooth running of the club. As will be seen, no stool is left unturned to iron out the smallest of problems to ensure that over 200 members, all with their individual quirks and foibles can stick together as one large nappy family in sweetness and harmony and light.

As many will know, the hapless custodian referred to in the following reprinted letter has retched his little heart up in sundry car parks throughout the mountain world and needs no help from ordinary members and their offspring. I trust that Bammy will not mind her doings being splattered about the front pages so to speak, for the entertainment and enlightenment of the general membership.

It may be of passing interest that the scribe in question has been repeatedly and continuously disciplined by his employer concerning the lamentable and appalling quality of his written work and inability to communicate as well as every other aspect of his Civil Service duties. It has been an interesting race between his attempt to obtain retirement on health grounds and the Departments wish to dismiss him on grounds of totally unsatisfactory written work, a race which he has recently very narrowly won. If anyone needs an untrained administrator between 1st October and 31st March, any year, please contact the undersigned.

Dear Bammy,

Hope you are well and have been able to get on the crag reasonably often.

I have been asked to write a reasonably friendly letter to you by the committee concerning recent utterly reprehensible behaviour at the club huts. Such was the gravity of the offence I doubt by ability to make light of such trauma inflicted by your family on innocent hut custodians - but I will try.

I refer to the changing of your nappies in the main part of the hut under the very eyes and nose of the said custodian eating his grub. Such was the displeasure at the sights laid before him he was perforce obliged to retire to the kitchen. I must say I was rather surprised at the seemingly inconsiderate behaviour but those committee members who can remember about these things did admit that one becomes rather blasé about dripping turds, and that dealing with such niceties can become second nature. However, in the context of hut usage, mixing in with a clientele 95% of whom are not steeped in the mystique of nappy changing and have no wish whatsoever for enlightenment, the committee formally request that further such ablutions should take place in the privacy of the washrooms and the remains tidied away immediately to reduce offence to the other members to the absolute minimum. The committee thank you for your future co-operation in this matter. At least if you put up a new route you will be entitled to call it "Nappy Rash" or some such thing.

Dave Earle, Vice Chairman.

I recently had a long conversation with the offender and she asked me to take down the following letter in reply and give it to Dave confidentially to save him from embarrassment. However, those who live by the sword..... (I did have some difficulty in translating parts of it due to the difference in our ages - so apologies to Bammy if I've misunderstood the gist of her dictation. Some parts which I couldn't understand but which seemed crucial to the flow of the text I've had to fill in with asterisks). - Ed.

Deer Funnee Ol Man Wiv Wite Air,

Me an mi mum exten our sincerest apoloiz to the File Mowntynearring Club comitty (Burp!) an ope dat dat nise dreemy utt custard'z tum is soon better (Cooo!).

Az yoo may unnerstan, at too yeers old, i cannt tel the diffrence between a woshroom, a kichin, a dininroom and a f****g rynecerus (Burp!) - nevrer mine beein selectiv about wear i av a s**t (Oops!). Its

not mi mums felt ither. Wi me crappin an wettin misel ol the tyme mi mum is probly runnoff er feat an probly duzznt notice oos eetin next to me wen mi nappi needs a rins (Barf!).

Anyow, sorri to bee a bovver. Yoo can tayke it frum mee that if yoo ewver cum down wiv seanyle dymensha an start crappin ol overt hut, yoo'l ave my simpafy at least. By the whey Dave, i ope yoo kan tayke sum wel ment littery kritisizum frum a too yeer ol, but frum reedin yoor letter, mi simpafy mite be neaded in the not too far distunt fewture (Hic!). If i wer yoo, i'd be tryin to get errly rettyrment bluddy kwik bifower the buggers sack yoo fo yoor evvidint innabillity to commewnikate cleerly an the lamentabble an apawlin kwaliti an tayste of yoor wirk. (Good!)

Riggardz,
Bammy.

PS - i ope yool bee wel aware dat a girl ov my ayge as feelings an a reputtashun to consider, an duzznt want her dirty nappiz angin out in publick - so pleeze refrain frum aksin dat poor sod of an Edditter to weer is fingurs to the bown in tiepin out yoor litter fer the noosletter. If yoo dont - il'l set my dad on yoo (Baaaaaaarf!!).

Kenya '91/92

Dave Woods is organizing a climbing trip to Mt. Kenya over the Christmas Period for about 3 weeks. Those interested contact him on 0772-684964 in between closing times and opening times.

One of the most strategic bases for mountaineering must be the village of ULRICHEN at the head of the Rhone Valley in the canton of Valais or Wallis. From 4,000 ft. the road passes of the GRINSEL 7,103, FURKA 7,976, and NUPENEN 8,130 ft. bring snow clad peaks into range for necessary acclimatisation or give worthwhile objectives in themselves. North of the Rhone lies the BERNESE OBERLAND boasting classic 4,000 metre (13,000 ft) mountains, well served by Swiss Alpine Club huts. Further to the south west Zermatt & Saas Fee are spring boards to even higher summits in the PENNINE ALPS. The MITTEL SWITZERLAND (LEPONTINE ALPS) adjoining the base has a network of paths among easy peaks leading parallel with and across the watershed into Italy. A long or short tour could be arranged starting or finishing at Ulrichen with little or no use of roads or glacier travel. The CENTRAL ALPS consists of granite peaks in the Chamonix mould rising above extensive though straightforward glaciers giving solid rock climbs of all grades. The higher peaks are snow clad and offer alpine objectives.

DATES

A "season" could be designated between early July and late August during which members might arrange transport to suit as long or short a period as required or available. Some may possibly go out with one driver and return with another. *DATES NOW ABOUT 20th JULY FOR ABOUT 3 WEEKS*

TRANSPORT

The super-apex fares Manchester - Geneva or Zurich are £165 & £189 in B.A.'s Pound-stretcher brochure. The succeeding rail link should prove spectacular & better value than B.R.

Self-drive is recommended. Using three people sharing a car under 6 metres long as a basis for comparison and costings, P&O's Felixstowe - Zeebrugge route costs £88 return per person. Sealink's Harwich - Hook of Holland would be £92 but they do a "faresaver" deal which brings the fare down to £53. These ferries avoid London/M25 and give direct access to the free and rapid autobahns. The shorter crossings are hardly cheaper - £66 both operators - , don't give the driver a 5 to 6 hr. rest while sailing alp-wards & then land you where France's autoroutes have tolls.

It's roughly 914 mls. from Poulton to Ulrichen. Each passenger could pay for 600 mls. or approx 20 gallons of fuel. Swiss petrol cost £2-05 per Gal. last year. Extra considerations are insurance cover against accident/breakdown. The A.A.'s scheme is dearest at £45 for 13-31 days in comparison to the C.S.M.A./Britannia £25 for 17 or £30 for 24 days' cover. To use swiss motorways their annual licence obtainable from the Swiss Tourist Office in London or at the frontier costs £13. Altogether transport costs for self and gear should total around £150 per person for our hypothetical trio.

CAMPING AND FOOD

Spring / Autumn temperatures may be expected in the upper Rhone. Take as much food as you can for meals at base and days on the hill as swiss supermarkets are a little dearer than in Cleveleys. Beer and loaves of bread cost 53p in 1990. Campsite fees seem better value abroad as facilities tend to be superior. The site eulogised in a 1974 Alpine guide still exists at Ulrichen and I deduce from comparing tariffs at similarly graded sites the Trio's fees should not exceed £3 per night per person.

PERSONAL INSURANCE AND HUT USE

Membership of a national organisation or a B.M.C. reciprocal rights card at about £17½ ~~£10~~ is necessary for the customary 50% discounts for mountaineers at alpine huts. Dormitory accommodation (blankets provided) thus save £6-50 on an overnight charge. However a typical dinner between £7 & £9 is the same for allcomers. The high charges for mountain rescue demand you take out a personal insurance scheme which covers alpine climbing. B.M.C.'s premium for 28 days ~~is £28~~ while the Austrian.A.C. (prices held) was £4 cheaper but is complicated by additional units 50p each for £100 worth of rescue costs.

EQUIPMENT

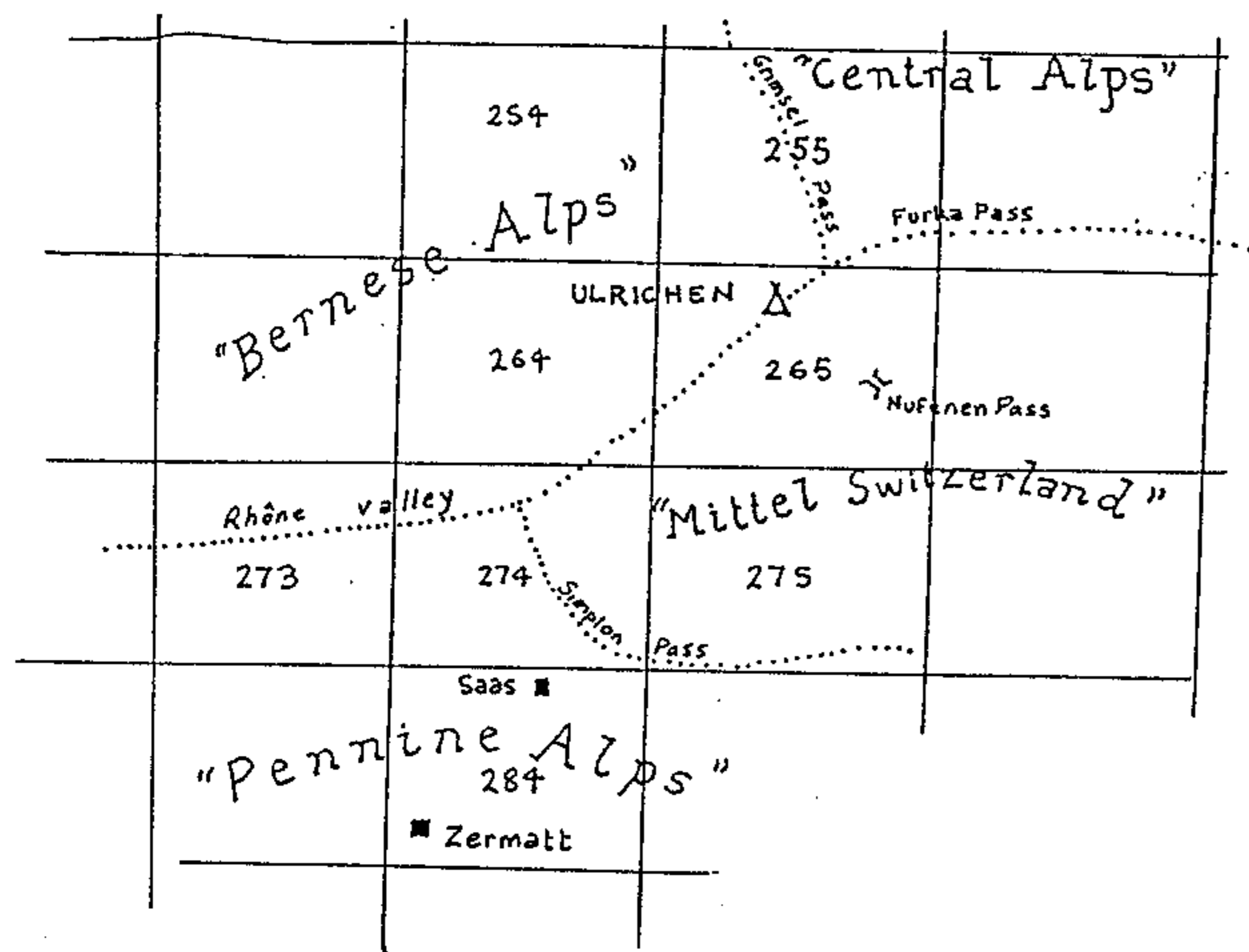
The Alps in summer can be no worse climatically than Lakeland winter conditions. However altitude, glaciers, electric storms & pre-dawn starts demand light winter gear plus glacier cream, lip salve, goggles, prusik loops, harness or baudrier & head torches. Leaders will decide on belay gear and ropes. A lightweight sheet sleeping-bag is a comfort in huts as is a helmet on busy mountains.

MAPS & GUIDEBOOKS

Red 1:1M (16 mls-1in) road maps 987 & 988 will get you there. The Swiss Alps are

arguably the best mapped range in the world. The official 1:25,000 (2½in) and 1:50,000 (1½in) are currently priced £4-95 in U.K. climbing shops. Sheet numbers for the latter and the extent of english guide books are indicated below.

* Michelin



LUNDY 1991

Its time to visit that magic island in the Bristol Channel once again. The Club has secured 14 places in 'The Quarters' for the week 24.8.91 to 31.8.91, 7 nights. The price of accommodation per head is £52. The ferry is £31 return. There is a helicopter service this year but unless you're steaming rich, you'll be taking the "Ms Oldenburg". Prices start at £80 return depending on how many fly.

For those of you who know the island, 'The Quarters' are situated to the west of the barn behind the brewery so its very handy for the pub etc.

People who have already put their names down, MONEY is now DUE so please give your £52 to Martin Dale as soon as possible. The meet is actually fully subscribed but judging by the drop-out rate, the reserve list is being eaten up rapidly. Definite numbers are required as soon as possible so that some camping can be arranged for others wishing to go. Price for camping is £4.25 per night per per person.

Martin Dale.

FMC PROMOTIONS

THE FYLDE M.C. 40th ANNIVERSARY CLUB JOURNAL

This handsomely bound and impressive tome, formulated, designed and edited by Dave Earle against all odds, is now on sale. It contains over 100 A4 pages (12 of them photographs) packed full of interesting, lively, informative and amusing anecdotal articles which trace the history of the club from its formative years to the present day.

Everyone who's read a copy is giving it rave reviews and, at £3 per copy is reckoned by all to be good value.

Those unable to obtain it by hand, can write to John Wiseman, 24, Tarn Rd., Thornton Cleveleys enclosing £4 in order to cover post and packaging.

If anyone is in contact with ex-members or others who may be interested, please pass the word on.

The above notes are intended as a guide and a taster. Anyone wishing to make arrangements regarding travel, insurance etc is welcome to contact the "meet leader", and hon. sec. of the F.M.C. John Wilson Parker tel 0253 66996 who can advise further about equipment, costs and other aspects of the trip.

FMC T SHIRTS

Martin Dale still has a few of these wonderful T shirts left.
Front design only - 1 med. & 1 lge. Black, 1 x lge. Blue £6.50 each
Front & Rear - 2 med. & 1 lge. 4x lge Black. 1xx lge. Navy £7.50 each

ONE IRON SKIRT

Would fit any aspiring Rock Centurion
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Dave Cundy 0772-685467

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POLISH DUVET JACKETS £100

100% Goose Down winter expedition jackets with detachable hood.

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