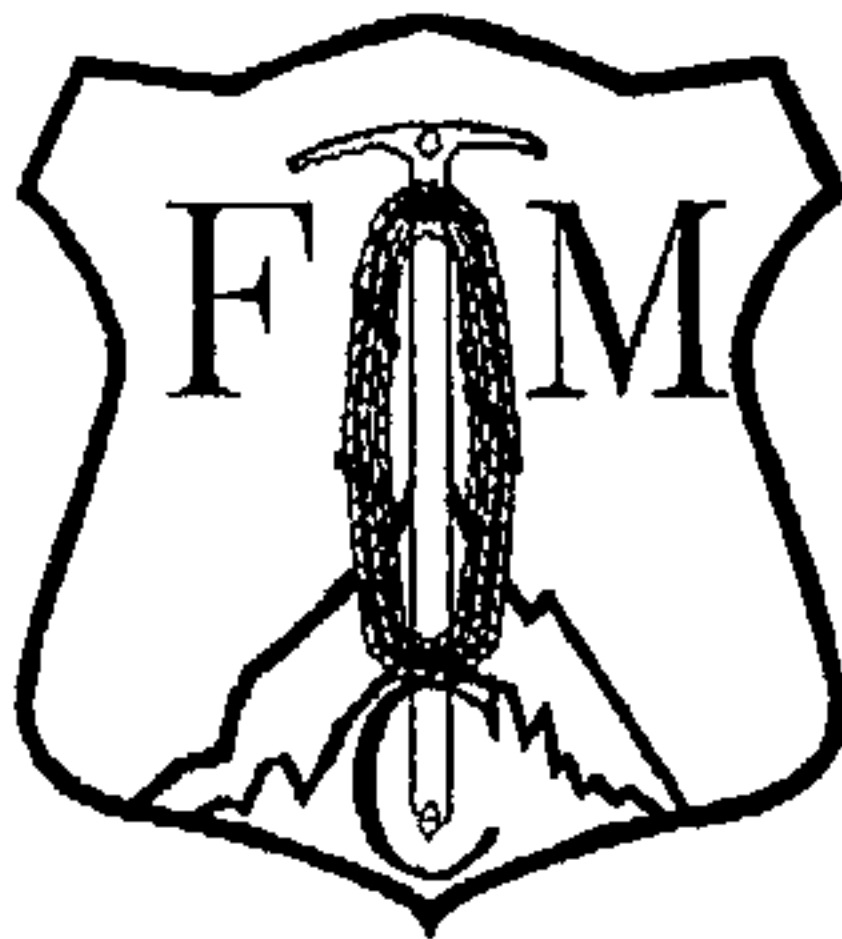


*FYLDE  
MOUNTAINEERING  
CLUB*



*NEWSLETTER  
December  
1991*

Well, here we are with just one week to go before the Club Dinner and, hopefully, the start of some decent weather for real climbing.

The summer's not been a bad one with plenty of derring-do in the Great Outdoors. Club Socials have enjoyed much success, with boozy bike rides, walker's / climber's meets, climbing wall meets and slide shows being well attended. However, not all the news is good.

Earlier this year, the Club was informed of Robert Parker's unexpected demise on 14 September following a three week illness. Robert, an octogenarian who recently emigrated from Hull attended many of the Club's Socials and took a lively interest in things sailing and climbing. He will be sadly missed. Our condolences were conveyed to his widow, Emily, by John Parker.

On Saturday, 23 November, Bill Crowshaw collapsed and died while out on a training run near his home in Thornton. Bill, an ex-member of the Club and unique individual, introduced me, as a beginner, to some of the more esoteric pleasures of climbing - climbing in the dark, climbing in the rain, sometimes seeing double, attempting a 10,000ft Pyrenean peak in January (armed with a Michelin map of southern France, Molly O'Rourke's Irish Whiskey Cake and a borrowed fire grate for a snowshoe) - always with a fine sense of the ridiculous and bags of good humour. A consummate artist and musician, he will be remembered fondly by those who knew him. Our condolences were conveyed to his widow, Karen, by Dave Earle who attended the funeral. Martin (Gorilla) Richardson, another ex-member, was also present.

Get out on the hill while you've still got the chance!

Ed.

CLUB DETAILS

Introductory Members

The Club extends a warm welcome to:

- Hal Rzakiewicz 43 Station Rd. Kearsley, Bolton BL4 8ED  
0204 796100
- Jason Pitman Kent St. Fleetwood
- Paul & Maxine
- Heap Hesketh Bank
- John Donelan Ashton Dean, Middleton Drive, Higherford,  
Nelson. BB9 6BA H-0282 614257 W-0254 873837

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).

Full Members

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

- Janet Connely
- Libby Hacking
- Rod & Glenis Stables
- Alison Ewin

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

- Al Peel and Mandy
  - Sean (Psycho) Smith and Jayne
- on their recent marriages.

The Club wish them all the best for the future.

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Al Peel                    3, Kenbourne Grove, Kenwood, Sheffield  
S7 1NH

Alison Ewin              Flat 11, Victoria Wharf, St George's Quay,  
Lancaster Tel. Lancaster 64621

Paul & Irene Taylor    12, Penistone Mews, Haworth, Keighly  
BD22 8DF 0535 645009

Geoff Forrest            8, Eastbourne Grove, Sketty, Swansea  
SA2 9DR 0792 297119

## CLUB CALENDAR

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.

Occasional informal ladies meets are also organized by Jenny Tolley - Tel. Preston 713817.

Social Meets which have currently been arranged are shown underlined. Most socials during the winter months are held at the Conservative Club on the first Wednesday of the month, commencing at 8.30.

DECEMBER

13-14    Stair - FMC ANNUAL DINNER (14th) SCAFFELL HOTEL BORROWDALE  
20- 2    Both huts available for Festivities

JANUARY

3 - 4    Langdale  
- 8    Slide Quiz at the Con. Club with Barry Crook & Chrissie Iken  
10-11    "Bean Feast" Stair                    Paul & Irene Taylor  
17-18    Working Weekend Langdale            Donald Nichol  
24-25    Stair  
24-25    Caseg Fraith, Ogwen                    John Parker  
31- 1    Family Weekend Stair  
31- 1    Langdale

FEBRUARY

- 5    Slide Show at the Con. Club with Harry Cowgill on climbing the  
Matterhorn & other peaks in the Saas-Fee area.  
7 - 8    Caving, Ingleton                        Pete Llewellyn 0200-25688  
7 - 8    Stair  
14-15    Langdale  
21-22    Lagangarbh                                Dave Earle  
21-22    Stair  
28-29    Langdale

MARCH

6 - 7    Chester Hut Swap, Llanberis            Martin Dale  
8 -12    CIC Hut, Ben Nevis                      Blair Rogers 0253-885892  
13-14    Inbhirfhaolin, Glen Etive                John Parker  
13-14    Langdale  
20-21    Stair  
27-28    Langdale  
-29    Car Meet, Peak District                Dave Cundy

APRIL

3 - 4    Family Weekend, Langdale  
3 - 4    Intro. Membs. Meet, Stair                John Hickman  
10-11    Inverey                                      Dave Earle  
10-11    Langdale  
17-19    S.W. Rock - Camping                      John Parker  
17-19    Both Huts  
20-26    Langdale  
23-25    Fallcliffe                                      Rebecca Hargreaves

### CLUB BUSINESS

As usual, no really earth shaking matters have arisen over the long, not so hot summer.

Working weekends have been generally well attended which has seen both huts kept in good nick. New tiles were laid at Stair courtesy of Gordon Heywood (thanks for such a good job), and the skirtings and trimmings to the wooden panelling in the common room completed (thanks to John Donelan) after a legendary pause of about ten years. Other improvements which are being "actively pursued" include replacement of a rotten window frame at Langdale and the possibility of installing a dehumidifier also at Langdale. It is expected that these projects will come to fruition in the near future (no hint about pulling fingers out intended!).

Plans are under way for building a new Sports Centre in the Fylde. The Club is actively lobbying councillors and the like for the incorporation of an indoor climbing wall to serve the needs of our local rock athletes. Even I might give it a try if they include a bar as well.

The only other item of note concerns the use of Fallcliffe Cottage. Will members please be aware that simply leaving the hut in a better condition than you found it in may still invoke the considerable wrath of the incumbent custodian. Sloppiness will not be tolerated. Please leave the place spotless and remember to check all unused kitchen ware for dust and grease and to lock all the windows that you found open when you arrived. Also try to ensure that your efforts have been witnessed by at least two other members when you depart since it appears that our Club is likely to be held responsible for any mess a subsequent third party may leave - regardless of how many times the Club may consequently write to the present custodian to protest our innocence. Please do not, in any way, jeopardize our Club's continued use of this indispensable and delightful little hut.

### CHESTER CLUB NEWS

Booking for Chester should be via Denise Robinson 0928 - 31379 (tel no changed from one in our Club Syllabus)

Chester M.C. have recently sent us some copies of their monthly newsletters, and Dave Earle has produced a precis of them:

It seems that they took part in the 3 Peaks sailing and running race from Caernarfon to Corpach via Snowdon, Scafell and the Ben. They had trouble getting into Ravenglass, where there is also the notorious Selker Bouy wind hole to worry about, but did manage to finish. Could this be a project for Alison & Captain Roy to consider, ably assisted by able seaman Tom (I've just sailed over the top of a basking shark and ripped the rudder off) Knowles. We have plenty of runners to choose from.

It seems "munroitis" is virulent in the Chester lot, but people seem to be cheating by climbing them in the rain. Anyway, one young lady seems to have ticked them all off recently, but is not the first in her club to do so.

Many years ago team Chester waxed lyrical about the impending improvements at their cottage above Llanberis. Ever since then I have inspected it closely on every visit but could find no noticeable difference. However, outline planning permission has been granted and the application is now at the building regs. stage, after which the work will be put out to tender. It is hoped that no alterations will be made to the plumbing as I shall miss opening tap A, closing valve C & opening drain B etc. at the start and finish of a meet there.

One of our members, Geoff Forrest, took part in their Welsh 3000's and put up a very creditable time, in what seems were horrendous conditions weatherwise.

There is a warning of vandalism at Helsby Crag involving the stoning of climbers by the local teenies. Three climbers and an ice axe is the recommended minimum. The owners of the crag, National Trust, have been informed.

Midweek climbing also occurs on Frodsham, World's End & Maeshafn. Any of these places may save a wet Welsh weekend.

A note appears in their newsletter asking the whereabouts of the keys held for our huts in the Lakes. Has a familiar ring about it! Another familiar tale is about being swamped by prospective new members from outside the area. Apparently half of Mould has applied to join the C.M.C.

Something different was a cycling meet held at a splendid new hut in Clapham, Yorks, organized by Les Williams: a meet shared with some walkers. Further afield they seem to have enjoyed a reasonable alpine season in the Bernese Oberland, Zermatt and Chamonix.

There has been a debate on the bolting of Clwyd limestone, the recommendations from which are as follows: No bolts to be used at Pothole Quarry and Maeshafn. No further bolts at World's End. No chiselling, no retro-bolting, no power drills and no spoiling existing routes with fixed protection. A new guide book is expected next summer.

The social secretary may be interested to know that Chester members have been to Baffin Island and the Pamirs recently. Also that Mick Fowler has a good slide show on sea stack climbing.

Finally, an article from some expatriates down in the South East extolls the virtues of climbing at Freyr in Belgium. As far as they're concerned, it is much nearer than Wales or the Lakes and, much more importantly, avoids having to use the M25.

Dave Earle

#### WORKING WEEKEND - STAIR

June

The only thing I can remember of this weekend was a very enjoyable ascent of Little Chamonix, accompanied by Blair, Phil Lee, A.N. Other, the Dubliners, Glen Miller and his band, and a dirty great head torch in the sky.

Ed.

#### CHESTER HUT - LLANBERIS

June

Yet another memorable weekend. I bought half a tree in Llanberis, climbed Wrinkle with Phil Lee, lent Dave Wood my rope and then watched him fall off on it after he started Crackstone Rib about 50 yards too far left!

Ed.

#### INTRODUCTORY MEMBERS MEET - STAIR

July

The intro meet co-incided with the first week of my summer holiday, so, accompanied by my brother, I set off early on the Friday, and in glorious weather climbed Red Pike, High Stile and High Crag.

Contrary to expectations, we awoke to a blistering hot Saturday and all decided to slog up to climb in Birkness Combe near Buttermere. When Tats and I finally brought up the rear guard, routes were already well underway. Phil Lee and Tony were on Eagle Front; opposite on Grey Crag, John & David Bailey were on Harrow Buttress and Dave Cundy and Blair were on Spider Wall Direct, later to notch up Mitre Arete and Dexter Wall. Dave Woods, suffering from old age climbed with Tats and myself on Mitre Buttress Direct, and at the top, set off over the fells, leaving us to do the very fine Oxford and Cambridge Direct.

Tats gave me his fags to look after whilst he climbed the first pitch, and it was only when I arrived at the belay that we discovered they'd fallen out of my pocket and lay somewhere at the bottom of the crag. I thought he took the disappointment very well until I was about to make a precarious move on the exposed second pitch when he said, "Rebecca, remember those ciggies? Well, the belays not very good. Do you want some slack?"

It was much relief to both of us when he found his fags at the bottom of the route. Thus fortified, he decided that we'd attempt Spider Wall. It turned out to be an excellent route, and advice from Phil Caley & Hal who'd already done the climb as well as Eagle Front and Fortiter was much appreciated.



After some of us had eaten at 'The Fish' (avoid veggie casserole; try brandy meringue) we went to the Swinny, the Social Secretary climbing into the seat of Dave's GTI while he narrowly avoided the sheep on the pass and tore round the bends at 60mph.

Arriving at the Swinny, John & Dave Bailey had just completed Honister Wall with Phil Morris, also climbed by Phil Lee, Tony and Blair. Phil M. was still looking bewildered, having been charged £1.38 for a pint at the Bridge Hotel. Jan, who'd climbed Caesar with Dave Cundy, and Carnival with Phil Morris, was now looking decidedly green - having been jolted around all the way back in John Bailey's van.

Apparently, our illustrious chairman had found The Shape Of Things To Come on Eagle Crag? "bloody" hard when he'd climbed it with Kevin Stephens, but Catalyst on Buckstone How was "total death", "awful", and other things which he felt the sensitive readers of our newsletter would not wish to read.

Sunday also dawned bright and clear, so most of the team headed for Raven Crag, Borrowdale. Tats, Dave Bailey and I followed John Bailey and his colourful new gear up Corvus - brilliant hand traverse! - Hope all the pictures of the posers turn out! Tats then went on to do Wrinkle and Crystal Slab with Martin Dale & Dave Wood. Phil M., Jan and Tony climbed Easy Street, also later climbed by Martin & Dave. Cundy lead intro members Jason & Hayley on the Pedestal Wall area. Phil & Hal had gone off to do Engineer's Slabs on Gable, while Phil Lee & Blair climbed The Knutt on Waterfall Buttress, Newlands.

Afterwards, we crossed the valley to Glaciated Slab and I decided to lead an easy route, Trodtethera. Fired with the experience, I later read the guidebook - only to discover that I'd just led the easiest moderate in Borrowdale - which was pretty deflating!

We returned to find all the cars had gone. We thought at first that the Chairman was going to get mug-of-the-year for leaving two intro members and the meet leader. However, a note on the stile directed us to the Scafell Hotel.

Gradually, everyone went home. I stayed at Stair overnight. Next day it was raining. As I ate Borrowdale trout at the Swinny for lunch, I mused on a great weekend - and the forthcoming delights of three weeks in the Alps.

Rebecca Hargreaves

#### WORKING WEEKEND, LANGDALE

July

A smaller than usual party headed for the hut on Friday night. Namely John Tats, Blair Rogers, Alan Bird and the hut custodian (more about him later!). They were joined by Andy Dunhill, Christine Barbier & three guests - last minute booking, more than welcome both to swell the numbers of workers and opening up the possibility of a Dunhill 'special' curry for Saturday night (more of that later). Also at the hut were four "ugly's", accidentally booked in by the booking sec's good lady.

On the Wednesday prior to the meet, the Duck had, desperate to recruit a team and having little luck, blagged Tats in to joining him with the promise that if the weather was good, it would be "sod the work - we'll go climbing instead". The aforementioned Tats seized on the chance of a climbing partner - even one as inept as the Duck who, incidentally, insists that his new yellow bone-dome reflects his lack of courage on the rock!

Any-old-how, luck was on the side of the cunning Duck who must have been watching the long-range weather forecast and knew he had a safe bet for, sure enough, Saturday dawned damp and miserable and the party set to with a will, emulsioneing the gent's dorm and parts of the kitchen which was also cleaned thoroughly. Various places were glossed and the 'Green Hell' round the back of the cottage was subdued.

By mid-afternoon most of the essential tasks had been undertaken and a shopping trip to 'Bumbleside' was organized while Alan Bird set off for a solo walk to be met later by the hut sec. in his 'new' car for a pint at the 'Brit'. (By the way, our hut sec. has now gained a very (for him) upmarket set of wheels - namely an 'X' reg. Cortina. It is widely suspected that his last car (a 'P' reg. "Aggro") was so old that he was unable to buy an even older car because vintage and veterans are out of his price range. So far, however, he has spent more on repairing the

'new' car than he paid for the damn thing and has already been involved in an altercation with an Escort van driven by a blind Irishman who drove up the stationary Duck's tail and then excused himself by saying " I was only trying to get up the inside of you!"). The aforementioned Duck on his way to pick up his mate stopped off at the local 'Offy' and bought 2 bottles of red wine & 2 of white which were soon to prove his undoing.

By 9pm the multitude returned from their various cragging-shopping-boozing-walking expeditions and numbers were further increased by the arrival of Woodsy, Hal, Dave Cundy and Henry (speed skier - mountain biker - sometime car customizer) Iddon and his mountain biker mate. Curry was served along with the wine. The Duck having already sampled 2 varieties of beer at the 'Brit' was determined to try out all the wines as it was the least he could do to make sure that they were palatable. Three of the wines proved OK but the third one, a red, tasted like a cross between metal polish and tractor fuel! Being in a generous frame of mind, our hut custodian decided to consume as much of it as possible so as not to inflict it on his friends.

The curry was excellent and well up to Andy's high standards but soon the team headed to the 'Shires' to finish the evening with some superb though pricey (£1.50 a pint) ale. After a pint or two it was noticed that the Duck's eyes seemed to be operating independently from what few brain cells were left undamaged and, shortly afterwards, in another apparent burst of generosity which one must observe is totally out of character, vanished, leaving almost a full pint of Ruddles to be consumed by whoever took a fancy to it.

The revelry continued back at the cottage minus the Duck who had felt compelled to extend his generosity by feeding the hungry microbes in the septic tank with all the curry he had previously eaten - much to the chagrin of masterchef Andy!

Next morning dawned sunny and warm and the assembled host, having completed all the essential work, headed off to climb, walk, or sunbathe - all except the Duck who had obviously decided to challenge Mr. Cundy for the Club horizontal championship award. Needless to say, he failed. Duck later put forward the idea that the lemonade like

consistency of the tap water might have been the reason for his malaise, but no-one believed him since it is well known that Donald never touches water.

Although the weather worsened slightly in the afternoon and the midges almost rivalled the Scottish variety, a reasonably good day was had by everyone (even Tats & Blair who almost froze to death on Esk Buttress) and even the Duck sobered up enough to enjoy a walk and drive home.

All in all, a successful working weekend.

Donald Duck

#### B.B.Q. - STAIR

July

Ablly assisted by Virge (who did most of the work), I stood in for Claire and organized (or disorganized) the B.B.Q. Owing to an exceptionally fine night, the event took place mostly out of doors and, despite some previous misgivings voiced at a Committee meeting, the hut did not burn down.

I can't remember what was done on Sunday, but all the routes on Glaciated Slab bar one were climbed on Saturday, including Christine Barbier's first MVS lead and Andy Dunhill & Stuart Gascoyne's ascent of Prodigious Sons.

Ed.

#### FMC FELL RACE

August

I sprained my ankle, Jill Gascoyne won and Stuart Gascoyne spent an hour arguing over my somewhat casual timekeeping. Perhaps a full report will be in the next newsletter?

Ed.



## A (non) CLIMBER IN THE WEST COUNTRY

August

The car sped southwards and westwards, packed to the gunnels with climbing gear, chilli powder (extra hot), guidebooks and dreams. Phil Caley and I sat in the front seats.

First stop is page 255 in "Extreme Rock" for Dreadnought at Berry Head, Torbay. This route has all the pre-requisites for classic status with crumbling horizontal strata of limestone forming an overhanging headwall above the lip of a tumultuous sea cave. The cliff also serves as the maternity unit for the local seabird population. A sign in the carpark warned would be climbers that some of the newborn chicks had overstayed the official nesting season. Happily, the warden was able to show us, by means of a TV monitor and remote controlled camera that the chicks nested on Goddess of Gloom, well to the left of our route.

The tide was in and swamping the normal approach around the back of the sea cave so we abseiled down the top two pitches of Moonraker. I then climbed back up the abseil rope to retrieve my forgotten climbing rope and abseiled down the top two pitches of Moonraker to belay at the start of the crux traverse pitch of Dreadnought.

The reputed seriousness of the situation is a little diminished by patrolling coastguard Zodiacs, tourist boats ("Are you alright?" shouts the captain for the benefit of his gawking cargo) and the inscrutable roving eye of the TV camera.

I swung across the traverse with feet treading air and head hunched beneath the overhangs above. The holds were big. A short groove led to another traverse to reach a peg and easier ground. The holds were small but eventually I made the move and held on to a sharp undercut in the greasy break whilst reaching for a quickdraw to clip the peg. The boats had drifted away and the gaze of the TV camera was elsewhere. Suddenly, someone switched channels, grey limestone became bright azure with the black speck of my undercut tracing a diagonal arc across the screen. I came to rest 20ft below the bottom of the groove after penduluming into it's left wall. My wrist and ribs bore the brunt of the

impact and began to hurt. Next time, some alternative holds allowed the peg to be reached and Phil followed to the stance. The next two pitches weaved a brilliant line between more overhangs. As Phil led off on the final pitch, the camera, now only 20ft away, came to life and followed our progress. I grinned self-consciously, musing on the possibilities had Simon Fenna been with us.

Despite an ice pack in the pub, my wrist swelled up like a balloon and Phil had to drive the rest of the way to Cornwall and St. Just. Needless to say, Monday brought about the best weather of the week as we lounged around the campsite and strolled to the pub in the afternoon, arm in a sling for beer and pool. This enforced idleness gave us an opportunity to observe the contrasting lifestyles of climbers and caravanners. The site had polarized in to opposing ranks of glittering caravans and faded Vangos. The self appointed leader of the caravanners strutted about his charges with baggy scoutmaster shorts and beer gut. One of his most important jobs was to marshal the caravanner's cars in to convoys for daily forays to the Cornish countryside. To assist in the logistics of these exercises, each vehicle had been equipped with a CB radio. Later that afternoon, excitement mounted in the camp as another caravan was expected. Radio contact was established and the straggler was talked down like a stricken Jumbo Jet. Presently the leader sprinted up the field shouting into his hand held CB radio as the new arrivals appeared at the gate. That evening equilibrium was re-established by the appearance of John Tatts snr., John Tatts jnr., Blair and Phil Lee. This led to the first of many good nights in the pub.

Tuesday dawned wet from a typical Cornish sea mist. When the sun came out in the afternoon, we all went to Sennen Cove. My wrist was feeling a little better and Phil C. led me up Demo Route. This was repeated by Blair & Co. as part of Blair's campaign to tick all the routes in "Classic Rock". Most of the crag was occupied by Compass West under the direction of Rowland & Mark Edwards. Phil C. introduced himself to Rowland; "I don't suppose you remember me, you taught me to climb 21 years ago at Plas y Brenin". Other climbs included Africa Route, Double Overhang and Intermediate Route. Phil C. and I finished off by topropping a thin finger crack called Delilah.



Wednesday morning found Paul Clarke and Trudy Hoyle on the campsite. Good climbing doesn't exist outside Yorkshire, so Paul & Trudy had just come down for the holiday. The rest of us set off for Gurnards Head. The two Johns, Phil L. & Blair to do Right Angle, Phil L. and I to try Behemoth. We abseiled down the corner of Right Angle then used the rope to swing across a foaming zawn onto the black and greasy ledge which marks the start of the route. We carefully coiled the end of the abseil rope on the ledge to enable retreat if necessary. By now the tide was coming in fast and had already swamped the belay ledge at the bottom of Mastodon. However, it would be many hours before the sun came on to the face to dry the treacherous slime that covered holds and infested cracks. From the shadowy cave at the back of the ledge, an overhanging groove led up and out to the open face. I placed a nut for aid, and then another and again until a small ledge was reached. The groove above felt steeper and greasier. The wall above was loose and recent scars showed where holds had broken away. I felt weaker and insecure. My bowels were loose, and my recent scars reminded me of what happens when holds break away. Just at that moment a white knight appeared in the shape of Paul Clarke abseiling down our ropes to the bottom of Right Angle. However, Paul spurned our offer of challenge and adventure and soloed back up Right Angle after dragging our carefully coiled escape rope off the ledge and into the sea. I retreated back to the belay where Phil and I spent a frustrating 15 minutes trying to lasso the rope with a chain of slings and a jammed open krab. Eventually we were successful and prussiked up to the Right Angle Belay where we met John approaching from the opposite direction. We shared a single Rock 1 belay while Phil C. led to the top. By the time Blair led the corner pitch it was raining steadily.

Later Phil C. and I followed the sun westwards along the coast path to find Astral Stroll on the nearby Carn Glouce. The others set off to the nearby Gurnard's Head Inn. Eventually we found the start of our route and uncoiled the ropes. It rained and we coiled the ropes. The rain stopped and we uncoiled the ropes again. The low angled sun, high tide and pounding waves added to the excitement as we swung from jug to jug ever further out from the sea, weaving our way between the overhangs. After a quick pint at the Gurnard's Head, we spotted John's car at Bosigran in the gathering gloom. The two Johns, Blair and Phil L. finished Doorpost in the dark.

Thursday found us in the Great Zawn at Bosigran, perfect dry rock, lots of sun and no people. Desolation Row weaved its way up the steep west wall on exquisite thin edges and layaways. As usual by now, the grinning head of Paul Clarke appeared over the top of the crag around mid-morning. Paul was my Dream ticket. We beat the tide to the jumping off point for Green Cormorant Ledge, I climbed down the rope while Paul jumped. After Paul quickly led the main pitch of Dream, I started to follow but floundered on the overhang. I blew it again leading the top pitch of Liberator when I panicked myself into resting unnecessarily on a runner. The rest of the pitch was sensational. At the top I tiptoed barefoot through the long grass looking out for basking adders. We met up with Phil and Trudy at the Radjel Arms. More pubs led us to the two Johns, Blair and Phil L. who had had an exciting though masochistic day finding and doing Mild and Bitter, somewhere between Land's End and Chair Ladder - yet again to further Blair's aim of ticking off all the classic rock routes. The mild bit was semi-underwater, but the bitter bit was dry - a chimney of razor edged cornflakes! An aptly named route. Midnight saw the assembly of a search party at the campsite. The missing person was found back at the pub asleep under the dart board.

The following morning, the two Johns, Phil L. and Blair drove off to join the Lundy Meet. A heavy sea mist resulted in a late start for Phil and I, reaching the Great Zawn in time to see the high tide and swell sending spray halfway up Dream. We abandoned plans for variety show and walked around to the main cliff where we climbed Beowulf to the Suicide Wall belay. The continuation groove above looked hard and unprotected so we abbed off the pegs. Back at the campsite, Garry Nuttall and partner had arrived with Tim and another surfing climber. That night the caravanners were enjoying a birthday party until their behaviour got out of hand and a sharp rebuke from Garry sent them off to bed. Andy Dunhill and Christine arrived in the early hours.

Saturday morning, the clag was in and surf was up. The surfers went surfing and the shoppers went shopping. The weather put paid to our plans for Carn Gowla so Phil and I bade farewell and drove up the coast to Blackchurch. The tide was in, thank goodness. Must go back to do Sacre Coeur sometime though. The new guidebook was out of date because most of the routes on the main cliff had fallen down. Saturday night in Croyde

was hell, we were turned away from a few campsites before sharing one tap and a bog with six fields of surfers - and I thought climbers were squalid!

At Baggly Point on Sunday, Phil led Undercracker, I led Pickpocket and Slip It In Quick. The sun was hot, the rock was hot. Out to sea, Lundy lay in a veil of mist. Was that a faint whoop in the distance or just a trick of the breeze? We rewarded ourselves with a cream tea on a lawn overlooking the bay. I ate too much cream and jam and felt sick.

Nine years is too long not to climb in Devon and Cornwall. Like Arnis, I'll be back, maybe next year.

Kevin Stephens

## LUNDY

Aug.

There was a feeling of relief as I boarded the MS Oldenburg for the FMC's 6th sojourn to the golden isle of Lundy.

The rain and wind of the previous day had abated. Shopping in Barnstaple was wild! Fortunately the sun was now out. The sea was still a bit choppy but you couldn't expect it to be perfect. The bar opened and sure enough Tats emerged with a beer. His apprentice, Phil Lee soon followed. The ale was crap but lager's the same whichever sea you drink it on. The boat appeared to be heaving with climbers. It's a good job we were only going for the beer!

Soon we were clambering up the track towards the village. The pub was open and guess who was first to the bar to sample the John O's? The rest of the team settled down for a sun bathe whilst the baggage arrived and our accommodation was done and dusted. The Quarters proved to be excellent, if not even better than the Barn and certainly more comfortable. The separate bedrooms were soon snapped up, people trying to avoid the great snorers. The very leisurely pace continued as Nils Tremmel and I wandered off to Landing Craft Bay to saunter up a route before tea, Paula and Alison with John Tats jnr. volunteering to make tea. Nils flowed up Formula One with ease. We looked out across the

bay to spy Tats and Phil dodging waves on their way to their first epic encounter. We decided one was enough and it was getting late! Mark and Viv Broughton had just battled their way up Centaur so we wandered back through darting rabbits to the Quarters. Paul Taylor extolling the virtues of potatoes and a night in the Marisco set the scene for the rest of the holiday. The beer was off and on, The "Old Light" ale was like dynamic dishwasher but I loved it!

Sunday dawned like John O's - misty. Most folks headed up the island to find well known land marks on which to climb as the sea mist was very thick. The Slide was obvious enough and Paul reckoned he could find Seal Slab. Me and Nils were thwarted by wet rock so Nils, again floating, conquered Performance. The sun was trying to come through as we descended Phantom Zawn to get a great view of Tats, Phil & Tats jnr., Paul, Alison and Blair on Seal Slab. Paula found herself a great book reading spot so Nils and I abbed down to try our luck. Some umming and arring took place before we managed to swing into a wet cave below the thin crack of Atlantic Grey. Crumbling rock but good pro. were on the menu here. A tough nut but a great pitch. The sun was now out so I decided to stick my neck out on Things That Go Bump In The Night. Tough 5b moves 40ft out from protection is good enough for me. A possible 2nd ascent in the bag, the adrenalin was flowing. We finished in orange on the Slide with Fear of Faust. The Broughton's ran round the island after doing Conga Corner on Black Bottom Buttress. The John O's was clear tonight!

That was too much for me! Monday was a rest day. The sun came out strongly so me and Paula laid in it and had a very leisurely day. It wasn't all inactivity though. Mark and Viv had a tough time on separate reality. Nils led American Beauty which proved to be a kick up Paul's arse. He would now have to go and deal with his bogey route. Nils finished off the day with the classic Diamond Solitaire.

On Tuesday, Nils disappeared. Rumour had it that he thought I wanted to do Controlled Burning. He was wrong. Doing that route was at the bottom of my list. Mark had seen a cleaned line near American Beauty which turned out to be the longest route on Lundy, The Ocean. I agreed to partner him on the ascent which wasn't without incident. The lower, easy pitch was as greasy as hell and needed a lot of cool headed climbing to bring success. It's a fine expedition with a very good top pitch well



worth abbing down to do if the tide is in. We then moved over to the American Beauty slab to have a go at American Shrapnel which two climbers had recommended in the pub. Imagine our surprise when we found Paul Taylor and Blair Rogers ensconced on American Beauty. Unfortunately we didn't have our underpants over our tights and it wasn't raining. Paul wasn't to be psyched. He led the crux very well and as <sup>we</sup> scrambled madly over the roof of American Shrapnel, he declared he would sink many beers tonight. Our route wasn't great. We retired for more good food.

We did have a few beers and a lie in. Wednesday dawned hazy and most of the meet enjoyed a boat trip around the island. It's wonderful to see where you've been doing it from a different angle. The haze spoilt the photos though. Feeding the fishes at the Rocket Pole Pool had already become a ritual so off we all went on the way round to Old Light Cliff. Paula and Alison did more sunbathing and explored a few archaeological remains whilst we all made the treacherous abseil into Albacore. It was Viv's turn for the lead of the day as she dispensed with Albacore in style. Meanwhile I went boulder hopping and found the groove of all grooves hiding in a zawn. I then led Blair up Asafoetida followed by Mark and Viv. Paul was trying to keep up the momentum on Albacore but just couldn't commit himself to the stride at the bottom. Mark went to the rescue and for his trouble got a ride up Saffron. Tats and Nils had a good day on some easier routes on Beaufort Buttress including a refreshing dip in the sea. Nils later asked "Has he done it yet"?

He wasn't to be found the next day. In fact Paula and Phil found him in hiding on the east coast whilst they went in search of the Lundy Cabbage. He needn't have worried. Today would be the day. But first we had sterner stuff to deal with. Down on the Diamond the shade was welcoming and an ascent of Ace of Diamonds provided the only route of the week for a sweat shirt. Mark followed in raptures. All that was missing were the photographers. Over on the slide, Alison was having her big day between Viv and Paul. It was time and Mark and I knew it. The chore of climbing Controlled Burning had to be put to one side so that me and Nils could sleep well that night. It sure took it out of us before it gave in. It had clouded over when I started amidst seal cries. No sooner had I got past the first roof, the sun came out at full strength. The crowds also gathered to see the beast exorcized. I lay down for five minutes at the top before I could muster the strength to belay. The deed was done. It is

great in line alone, for me anyway. As a climbing experience it was a thrutch. We sauntered back as Blair did battle with Valhalla on the Fortress with Paul and Alison.

After one bite, I had to have another, so another sunny day saw us down the Battery to have a do at Cullinan. Gibson had done it with a bolt for protection, but this had been chopped by Littlejohn, upped a grade and renamed Flying The Colours. Valuable Beta from others and the new routes book proved crucial as the pro is spaced but good. The climbing is brilliant and the position is incredible out on an arete above the void. Mark again did the buisness on the other end as the cameras clicked. The only way to finish the day was to do the old classic I'd been meaning to do for years. Spacewalk starts in the depths behind the Devil's Chimney and careers upwards taking step after step out above the void. The Broughtons accompanied me on what turned out to be a very serious big mountain route by the sea. Be warned. The belay after pitch one is very poor and the top pitch also has poor rock with poor protection behind the poor rock. It was with some relief that I reached the sunlight and belay. We ended the day with a picnic down by the Battery. The whole team watched the sunset and found new uses for Cornflake boxes never seen on Blue Peter. It was a memorable end to a great day's climbing and a wonderful holiday. We finished off in the pub where just to coincide, the John O's was back on.

There was to be yet another twist to the trip on Saturday. Strong easterly winds meant that the MS Oldenburg could not land normally so we had to evacuate down the Pyramid in Jenny's Cove on the west side of the island. This, of course, gave us all a wonderful view of the island, better than the boat trip. A folk band accompanied us on our journey back to Bideford playing sea shanties. Gone were all those worries about organization and filling the places. The sun set beautifully behind Lundy, the beer flowed, everyone was sad to leave and vowed to return. It rained as we sailed in to Bideford. Book early for 1993!

Martin Dale

## CHESTER HUT - LLANBERIS

September

A fairly wet weekend this. Paul Taylor woke me up at 7 am on Saturday - and then went back to bed at 8.30! Phil Lee and I spent Sunday morning doing Flying Buttress. A most enjoyable route fortuitously found by stumbling in the dark against a slab of rock which was so polished, I could see both my faces in it! Upon arrival at the hut, I took great pleasure in awakening Paul who then dragged Nils off to Gogarth and spent the day taking snaps on Dream of White Horses.

Ed.

## TREMADOG

November

An appalling weather forecast and a stag night at Little Langdale served to reduce numbers somewhat on an otherwise enjoyable meet. Donald chose to leave his brain at home which made for a particularly difficult 48 hours, the first manifestation of this phenomenon being the necessity for the combined forces of all the passengers to persuade him to turn off the M6 on to the M56. Instructions were then necessary at every junction en route even though he had driven to Wales the week previous. An experiment, keeping silent at one clearly marked junction, had us reversing back down the road.

Donald was thirsty, but drove through village after village full of pubs, eventually stopping at the grottiest pub available. The wind howled and the rain lashed down the whole way. On arrival, the entire meet failed their engineering test of turning on the hot water supply, otherwise the hut was up and running without much ado. It seemed cleaner and a bit tidier than previous visits.

Saturday dawned fine, but with high winds and showers forecast. Geoff Forrest drove the walkers whistling sands at the end of the Llyn Peninsula. As Donald complained loudly and bitterly he had been to Nefyn on the Llyn the week before, a circuitous route had to be devised to avoid driving through it. This at least gave Rebecca a chance to see almost the entire peninsula, an area new to her. The meet leader explained that the intention was to walk round the end of the peninsula to Aberdaron and then follow the lane back to the car - advice wasted on the ears of Donald.

Leaning in to the wind a brisk pace was set, giving an excellent walk with spacious views of the rocky coast and surrounding islands. Mike Penn eventually cut straight across to the public bar at Aberdaron. Having just come back from buying a house in the South of France he decided it was all a bit too cold and windy for him. Donald and Rebecca powered on bravely but were unable to explain how they could get lost following the coast or give reasons for deciding to return to the car. The meet leader & Mr Forrest joined a well oiled Mr Penn in the bar and enjoyed the rugby on the telly. A partisan crowd, enjoying England's defeat were unable to explain why Wales were not playing Australia instead.

The party were eventually reunited and drove back to the hut direct through Nefyn as there was little chance of its recognition in the dark by Donald. They found that Kevin & Nils had done Vector followed by a walk when rain stopped play, and Phil & Jan had climbed Grim Wall. It was uncertain whether rain had stopped, or started, play. Mr Penn added a 75p bottle of Cote du Rhone to his alcoholic intoxication and collapsed in a chair for the rest of the evening, the remainder rendezvousing at the Goat in Portmadog.

Sunday again dawned bright but without promise. The walkers visited the Vale of Festiniog and eventually traversed the Moelwyns in much improved weather. Donald failed to photograph a steam engine on the narrow gauge railway, first because he hadn't wound on, and then because he ran out of film. Mike finally destroyed his breeches on a barbed wire fence and after that Donald always placed himself between Rebecca and the offending view. It was just as well it was not THAT cold and windy during the afternoon. The climbers visited Portmerion then returned home early just before the weather improved substantially - not the first time this has occurred on a Tremadog meet.

After successfully finding the way out of Rebecca's housing estate, the meet leader was eventually delivered safely to his door at the end of a nerve wracking drive home. Is Donald in love? was the question of the meet.

Dave Earle



## SLIDE COMPETITION

October

This evening at the Con. Club was well attended. Members could enter up to three slides for each of three categories - scenery, humour and action. Plenty of slides were shown for the first two categories but, owing to the requirement that the humour and action shots must include club members, the selection of action photos was severely limited (one of the best showed three of our more dynamic climbers sunbathing at the top of a crag!). Winners were:

Scenery - Chrissie Iken - An Teallach

Action - John Hickman - some unmemorable climb

Humour - ????? - The inimitable Dave Cundy landing in the only tree for miles with his parachute.

Sorry about the question marks. I only write what the Hon. Club Sec. gives me. Ed.

## TWO PLANES AND A COUPLE OF BEERS

I borrowed the Hippy's bike and followed She into town. Weaving through carefully manicured streets and gardens where weeds aren't go and dogs don't go. At the station we met the Hippy and the lady and I forsook the luxury bike to hire a pair of successors to the penny farthing. The Lady and I were equally shocked to find no gears but utterly horrified at no brakes. Pedal backwards they said, so we did, and fell off.

We rode out of Tilburg, turned left and disappeared into the woods, heading south towards the Belgian border.

This plane was nearer vertical. I'd fancied the route up the middle of the face and the Lady was happy to hold the ropes and luxuriate in the unexpectedly hot sunshine. The first crack was full of holds but was unfortunately not on the route. Above it I moved right and found out what the route was really like. Tiny finger holds led feet onto nothings and a few moments of "let them stick a bit longer" trauma before the relief of the halfway ledge system. A comfortable rest and contemplation of the steeper sections above.

It had been raining and the path through the woods was fifty percent puddles. The bikes coped well, us two-wheeled novices didn't. The path led on to sandy tracks in more open country, the woodland broken by areas of agriculture and heath. We stopped by a lake and relaxed, had our photo taken and watched a sparrowhawk fly overhead.

Continuingly oblivious to our whereabouts, we followed the Hippy and She along miles of track and lane until they stopped on a tiny bridge and announced "we're here".

So this was Belgium stretching ahead of us. We rode along the border and found a sunny spot in which to have lunch with our backsides in Holland, feet in Belgium.

Biggles yelled up something about me nicking his route, so I pointedly blamed the Boss who conceded that he'd sent me the wrong way. Biggles climbed around my ropes while I moved up to the next crack and reached the overhang - a nasty cramped place below it and a bit of a struggle to see over the top. A nut on the lip so I leant out and got the spike above. A sling perched on it and I pulled. Nothing happened so I dropped on to the ropes in surprise. Biggles gloated at the poor style and I thought about the team before who used aid.

Several attempts later there was an overhang below me and a chorus of congratulations below that. Biggles took some flying lessons and I continued to the top.

The Lady had progressed from blind terror of cycling to squealing with delight with hands in the air. I followed more sedately and we introduced ourselves to a field of bambis who sniffed the air and smelt food. Not many minutes later I spotted a cafe and homed in on a beer. Relaxed in the sunshine, amber nectar in hand, totally content.

The Lady followed in immaculate style squealing delightedly as she overcame the crux. The Boss climbed equally well but more quietly. Quite a while later we sat in front of the ODG relaxing in the sunshine, amber nectar in hand, totally content.

Phil Morris

## THE CLEVELAND WAY

After ten years of deliberating on the venture, we finally set off to conquer the Cleveland Way. In our enthusiasm at the start and following all the rules of good hill walking we went prepared for all eventualities we packed full waterproofs, extra food and fluid, warm clothes just in case it was cold, pyjamas, shampoo, face cream, trainers and many other of lifes necessities.

Day 1 started at Hemsley with early morning mist which soon gave way to brilliant hot sunshine revealing the beauty of the Yorkshire countryside, passing Rievaulx Abbey along pretty lane's charming villages and golden cornfields until eventually we came to the open moor at Black Hambleton finally descending into the lovely village of Osmotherley to an excellent meal and hot bath provided by Clive and Freda Bostock, and after 24 miles in the heat of the day we still managed to walk to the pub.

Day 2 we ditched two thirds of our packs having learnt that heat, weight and long distance walking do not go together especially with another long and arduous day ahead.

Delphein and Freda joined us at this point of the walk, This section is also part of the Coast to Coast, the White Rose Walk and the Lyke Wake Walk, we met fellow travellers of all ages and Nationalities undertaking all these routes. This part is particularly hilly with several short ascents and descents with great views for miles. Our task was still made difficult by the unrelenting heat of the sun. Eventually we came down off the moor at Gribdale, Liz R was now suffering from blisters on the soles of both her feet and she was seeing double. Stan had a meal and wine waiting for us and after hot baths and a goodnights sleep we were set up for a good start next day. Freda had to leave us at this point.

Day 3 Sunday. Liz R swapped her boots for a pair of Stans old trainers which made walking more comfortable and she promised her feet she would lose three stone if they got her to the end of the walk. From Gribdale it was an eight mile walk over the moors to Saltburn on the coast where we has a pub lunch of Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding with three Vegatables for £3.50 - not bad!! The rest of the way is all Cliff walking, we hoped we would get some cool sea breezes but we did not. That night we arrived in Staithes, a quaint old fishing village set at the bottom of the cliffs, we found Bed and Breakfast and Stan who was waiting to take Delphein home as she had work the next day.

Day 4. This was an easy day only twelve miles to Whitby and we still had hot weather. From Sandsend we paddled the last two miles in the sea. It was great and the salt water helped Liz R's feet tremendously. We found Bed and Breakfast of Edwardian elegance it was real luxury. We had fish and chips out of the paper then walked along the harbour wall and watched the sunset on another great day.

Day 5 left us climbing the famous 199 steps out of Whitby this proved to be our most challenging day, yet again hot sunshine , blue skies and blue sea. At 6.30 pm we decided to go into Cloughton for Bed and Breakfast that meant we had to leave the walk and go a mile inland and back to the start the next day. As we came to the end of the lane a chap was releasing his pigeons and he gave us a lift sat on the pigeon baskets in the back of his truck, we could not find Bed and Breakfast anywhere, so we decided on a bar meal at the pub and then set off for Scarborough, singing "When the going gets tough, the tough get going". We seemed to get second wind for this five miles because it was getting late we had a cool breeze. By the time we reached Scarborough it was 10.00 pm and we still could not find any Bed and Breakfast. Eventually we asked at the pub and they sent us the the YHA who were just about to close the office as we arrived saving us from a night under the stars, talk about from the sublime to the ridiculous after the elegance of the night before!

Last Day started with a fried breakfast in Scarborough's indoor market, by this time we were the walking wounded Liz R with huge blisters and Liz S with a foot like a balloon we looked like tramps, tatty, tired and burnt to a crisp but determined to finish, so we completed the last eight miles to Filey in four hours with sore feet and a welcome paddle in the sea while we waited for Stan to pick us up.

We would recommend this walk , the scenery, flowers, birds and crickets singing. It was **FANTASTIC.**

Next venture is the Coast to Coast so if anybody knows of any good Bed and Breakfasts let us know!!!

LIZ RAWCLIFF AND LIZ STEVENSON



## FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS

The leader had the shakes. Not the usual rattly leg from suffering mild panic, or even tension from standing on a small hold, but a totally vibrating body in complete disharmony with itself. He recalled another victim of total body shake which, having reached a resonant frequency, blew him off the rock.

So there he stood, on a large ledge, safely belayed, shuddering with mind-bogglingly uncontrollable fear. He looked up and met the stony glare of the second pitch of Woubits.

Reaching the foot of the climb had been a bit of a nightmare. Descending a steep, loose terrace which ended 500 feet above the path to the foot of Cloggy. His mind wandered again to his first ever route at 7 years old. He'd been scared then, enough to wet himself. His mother, sunbathing below, had just laughed. Perhaps, he thought, he should have taken up a sport that involved horizontal surfaces. Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.

A year ago he'd done the Mostest, quickly getting up the (death by grass) first pitch onto solid rock, to tackle the safe and absorbing climbing above. But this year, on Woubits, the first pitch was hard, the rock shattered and the belays dubious. He'd been unable to work out the moves into the main groove, so continued in the same line, using a nut for aid. The groove, when reached, was unstable and unnerving and seemed to go on forever.

Whillan's routes haunted him. The year before, he'd climbed Extol on Dove Crag. In 1960 it was probably one of the hardest routes in Britain. Nearly 30 years later, the leader found it desperate. Halfway through the crux moves, a delicate sequence round a roof into a blank groove, one of his ropes had jammed. The ensuing struggle to unsuccessfully free it had left him drained. He'd tied off the rope and climbed on, slowly realizing that all the protection was on the rope he was no longer tied to.

There seems to be only one photo of Woubits. Whillans, on the first ascent, is peering round a bulge, boldly going where no one else has gone before.

The leader staccatoed his way into the base of the groove, utilizing a thin flake poised on the overhanging right wall. Left leg in torment he clipped a mouldy piece of string and descended for a rest.

The previous day, all this had seemed a reasonable idea. They'd climbed Troach and Scorpio, a pair of hard and meanly protected walls, which seemed to accept climbers with elegant friendship. Woubits was just a mean bastard.

The leader tried again, got his right foot to the flake top, his left braced on the opposing wall. A small wire slipping in beside a loose sliver of rock and he moved up and out on to the arete, balanced above a hundred fathoms of space. Feeling committed he stretched upward to the flake above and, looking seriously less cool than Whillans in that old photo, peered into the unknown.

Twenty feet higher, he was on easier ground, a long groove ending on the plateau above the crag. The third pitch, they soloed, ending a long time later on the summit of Snowdon taking and making photos of their own. Who would believe they'd been there without proof.

A cup of tea and a long walk down to the car and a sense of having lost something from the days experience.

Whillans's Ghost lives on.

Phil Morris

## WITHERING

There in a picture  
 You saw her.  
 She holds your eye,  
 Holds you heart.  
 Luring you onwards,  
 Wakening your senses.  
 But voices warn,  
 She's flaunting her smile.

She draws you in,  
 Lowering defences,  
 Smiling softly,  
 Yet veiling your senses.  
 Offering her hand,  
 Helps ease your mind.  
 But voices warn,  
 She's baring her smile.

Steel yourself,  
 You've met her before.  
 If she captures your mind,  
 You'll turn to stone.  
 Reach out.  
 Slip out of her grasp.  
 But remember her name.  
 Withering.

Dave Cundy

## 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.

## FMC T SHIRTS

Martin Dale still has a few of these wonderful T shirts left. Front design only - 1 med. & 1 lge. Black, 1 xlge. Blue £6.50 each Front & Rear - 2 med. 6 lge. 4xlge Black. 1xxlge. Navy £7.50 each

## BOOTS

For sale - Zamberlain Trek Lite. Worn twice, size 4½ (too big).  
 £50 - Contact John Wiseman!

## WANTED

A sense of direction.  
 Will members please donate before the next caving trip.  
 Phil Caley and Hal Rzadkiewicz.

## WANTED

A book on how to fall off caving ladders safely.  
 A book on how to climb caving ladders with a broken wrist.  
 Sympathy. Preferably, blonde, slim and female.  
 Please urgently send to John Hickman. No flowers.

## WANTED

Caving fitness  
 J. Tatts Snr.

## WANTED

A book on how to avoid ever going near a cave again!  
 J. Tatts Jnr.



**PERSONAL**

Demented Cockney requires house owner with respectable equity wishing to join forces in a move to South West France.

The intention is to spend more time mountaineering and enjoying the finer points of life, utilizing the capital released from house sales etc. and small pension.

Would particularly suit beautiful young lady from Oxford but any reasonable offer will be given the fullest consideration.

Conjugality negotiable!!

Please send colour photo and copies of recent mortgage & bank statements to D. A Earle, 31, Chester Ave., Poulton.