

Fylde Mountaineering Club Adventures...and more

Autumn 2022



Gardening attire for climbing

An unforgettable moment

Great ice skating movements

A bit of nostalgia

Beware of the Bull



From what I have been seeing on WhatsApp and Facebook many members have been pretty active so far this year and I am looking forward to reading about everyone's antics in this issue. With all this activity comes increased risk of incidents and a couple of our climbing members, and myself have had falls resulting in injuries that has put paid to enjoying the good weather and good conditions at the crags for a while. I share your frustration Martin and Craig as I am nursing painful ribs from a slip on Racleur in Ailefroide which spoils the rest of the trip for Karen and me. I have since damaged ribs on the other side after showing off on Karen's new electric scooter so I am feeling a bit grumpy at the moment. Our trip to Ailefroide reminded me of how important good insurance cover is as we were robbed of all our cash at the start of our trip and had our expensive bikes stolen at the end. Fortunately we had good insurance cover and we got most of the value of everything back.

Keep enjoying the great weather and doing what you enjoy best, and importantly – be careful out there. Hope to see many of you soon.

Dave

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Let's start at the beginning



Well, what a Summer we are having-it's been glorious and I have been loving it! I know it's been very hot but we need enjoy it while it lasts, as you know we may be back to rain before we know it.

I hope you have all been enjoying it too and getting out and about in this glorious countryside we have. Perhaps you have completed the FMC challenge?

In this issue we have a blast from the past with lovely Mountain scenery, different places to visit, unforgettable moments and encounters with cows and more-all making for good reading.

Don't forget to send me more articles of your escapades-I will have them anytime, and thanks as always to those of you who have sent me articles for this mag.

Christine

Skidding around Skiddaw!

Skiddaw from Dodd Wood.

Richard Duerden's Winter walk meet

Our happy group (*well they didn't know what you had in store for them then Richard!*) consisted of myself, our Chair – Dave Hicks and the now one and only Mrs Hicks (Karen), Peter Wilson and Alec Peacock our caving duo, Graham Callander our newbie full member and our stalwart Martin Dale +2.



The day started well with even Martin getting to the hut in good time – this was due to Martin, in error, setting his alarm one hour earlier than he intended. This meant that we set off from the hut bang on schedule in two cars to our start point-Dodd Wood car park at the southern end of Bassenthwaite Lake.

The weather at this stage was pleasantly mild and calm as we set off up the steady climb through the woods with Still Beck on our right-hand side. Even at this early stage it was evident

that we had a group of mixed walking abilities, which was a bit of a concern but wasn't an issue at this stage.

Changing weather!

As we emerged from the trees where other groups of people were turning right to start the final ascent of Dodd, one of the lesser Wainwrights, we turned left and started the long hard pull up to Carl Side. We noticed that the pleasant weather had changed a little and was now somewhat breezier. As we progressed, the weather was changing

exponentially, with rain added to the now blowy mountain side. The ascent was tough for any reasonably fit walker, so it was inevitable that the not-so-use-to-getting-out-and-about-due-to-lockdown-and-Christmas-overeating (no names mentioned) were going to struggle. This did become an issue - as the leaders of the pack zoomed off into the now deteriorating-by-the-minute weather but then periodically waiting for the rest to catch up, they became very cold.

It was a real concern to me as it had taken nearly three times as long as I'd expected to reach the top of Carl Side and we still had to climb a similar distance to reach the top of Skiddaw but on steeper terrain and worsening weather.

Gale force wind and rain

One foot in front of the other, inch by inch we neared to the Skiddaw plateau, the wind and rain now at gale force, and I hoped that our pack leaders had had the sense to keep going and not waited for us.

Now fighting the wind, rain and cold across the plateau with no sign of the pack we edged toward the Skiddaw summit. As we reached the summit, with no intention of stopping, lo and behold there beneath a storm-shelter-thingy that Graham Callander

had had the forethought to bring with him were our pack leaders. All snugly and warm (sort of).

All together again, we set off on the descent toward Broad End. Soon the leader pack were out of site again and I became concerned that they may have taken an easier route than I'd planned for them. But no, they soon came into view again waiting patiently for the group to catch up again and pleasingly still on course.

mutiny

Then I became aware there were some mutterings amongst the troops - this was borderline mutiny in my view. It became apparent that this was regarding my navigation skills. So, looking confident and with a gulp and fingers crossed I strode on and thankfully (luckily) found we were still



on course; however, the mutinous mutterings were going to get worse as I knew what lay ahead.



I convinced them that we were only going to the low-level hawse at Ling How via a path of easy incline that wasn't in plain site from where we stood. With a grunt they agreed to follow.

The weather had spoilt the main object of me choosing this walk which was for the views from Skiddaw over

Bassenthwaite and beyond, so it was nice to see, although briefly, a view of the lake when we hit the hawse.

From Ling How hawse it was all downhill back to the car park but with still another 2km of slog to go, but one by one we arrived back at Dodd Wood..... our mission complete.

Yet again the weather let us down – Maybe next year!

As always back at the hut, after a good shower, dry clothes, food in the belly, a few glugs of beer or wine and all the hardships of the day were left behind, and as a bonus, Uncle Simon and Auntie Carol came up specially to see us - a great time was had by all.

Richard

muddy descent treacherous

The path down in proper wintery conditions' i.e. deep snow, or ice, or even a layer of frost, would have been okay, but today being very wet made the now muddy descent treacherous. Even walking off to the side of the path was equally treacherous as this was thick heather which hid pot-holes and other trip hazards.

As I predicted everybody found it hard with most of us having a tumble or two. Dave Hicks, in particular, was struggling after angering an old injury during the ascent. Alec would have made any figure skater envious with his version of a triple toe loop followed by a double axel – beautiful to watch and dare I say, quite funny. Sorry Alec.

Once we reached the safety of the valley at Watches, the still mutinous bunch now dared to question my choice of route as they thought they had to go up and over what looked like another hill via a steep path. After a little debate

delight we spotted our first FMC intro member.....



Just like home

Moving on from Entebbe our search took us to the Mabamba Swamp which is a Ramsar site 26km from Entebbe and is approx 2400 hectares of marshland. It was raining heavily so felt just like home. Although the swamp hosts over 300 bird species it is most well known for the most bizarre prehistoric looking bird – the Shoebill. Standing up to 5 feet tall these are a sight to behold.

Next stop was Rwakobo Rocks which is set in pristine Ankole ranchlands surrounding Lake Mbuo National Park, and en route we saw our first zebras, Longhorn Cattle and Mongooses, as well as many species of birds including Long-crested Eagle, Yellow-billed Stork and Red-billed Firefinch.

The lodge is within walking distance of the entrance to Lake Mbuo National Park which is home to Rothschild Giraffes which were



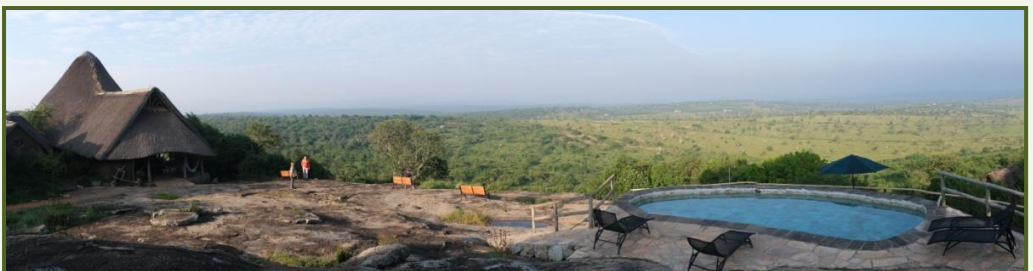
translocated from Murchison Falls



National Park. This would be our only chance of seeing Giraffes on this trip so we were relieved when our eagle eyed guide spotted them in the



distance, and after a 'quick' 99 point



turn got us onto the track right next to them.

All of this excitement just served as an introduction to the wonders of Africa and the build up to our primary objective for the trip – Bwindi Impenetrable Forest and the search for our relatives.

Energetic dances

At the entrance to the park we were greeted by a local dance troop, Ride 4 A Woman, who welcomed us all to Uganda and performed several



rousing, and very energetic, storytelling dances which really built up the excitement to come and the main event of the trip.

After a briefing from the head guide our personal guide told us about the Gorilla family that we would be targeting, the Katwe group which had 8 members. We then joined our porters and headed out (although

porters are optional it is very wise to have one as the going can be very steep and rough).

After a short level path our route turned up a zigzagging track that climbed steeply up the hillside, and with the heat and humidity in the jungle this was proving too much for one lady in our party. As our target group was still a lot higher up and a long way away the guide suggested an alternative family group the Rushegura, which were closer and avoided more ascent. As park rules do not allow the trekking groups to split up we gladly accepted the offer.

Leaving the trail we entered the jungle proper, and impenetrable is a



very apt name for it-the porters were soon earning their money. It was all worth it though when after a hard, slippery slog we caught sight of our first 3 FMC chairmen.... sorry...male Mountain Gorillas. We



grabbed a few quick photos before they moved off and we followed them down the hill where we met

up with the rest of the family.



unforgettable experience

The next hour was unforgettable as we met the alpha Silverback along with a mother and her newborn baby, as well as the rest of the family. There are strict distancing rules for the safety of the Gorillas, though that didn't stop the mother brushing past me on the narrow path.

A truly unforgettable experience.

The next few days were planned as recovery days as the gorilla trek can be very hard, so we spent the time having gentle strolls around the edges of the park looking for the resident monkeys and birds before moving on to Queen Elizabeth Park. The park is known for its wildlife and



is home to a wide range of species including Buffalo, Kob, Hippos, Hogs, Elephants and Leopards, but our primary goal was the tree climbing Lions.

Having been very successful with finding our chairmen's relatives it felt right and proper that we should also seek out



the relatives of the rest of the committee, so onwards to Kibale Primate Lodge and their resident Chimpanzees. A leisurely 07:30 start saw us wandering down the forest track with our armed guide as a reminder that poaching is still a very real problem. At that point the Chimpanzees set off into the forest and our guide led us on a meandering route through the undergrowth to keep track of them for the permitted time.

By the end of the trip we had seen 37 mammal species, 248 bird species, 6 reptile species, and at least 34 different insects/spiders. Little were we to know that just a few weeks after we got home the world would shutdown and all travel would stop.



This had a major impact on the incomes of the people living and working in these areas - the gorilla treks are expensive but a significant proportion of the money goes into the education and healthcare of the local communities.

Advice for anybody doing the gorilla trek:

- do not underestimate how hard the treks can be
 - treks over 8hrs are not unusual
 - terrain can be very steep and rough with a lot of ascent and descent
 - be prepared for high humidity and hard exercise
- Do take a few photos but then put the camera down and just enjoy the moment.

Next up....Snow Leopards.....I hope.

Caroline

Going Greek....



The mountainous north-west coastline near Olymbus

Kalymnos or Karpathos?

With Dave Wood and Hal Rządiewicz

September 2021. As lockdown eases Hal and I find ourselves on the same piece of rock we visited 20 years ago -Arhi sector, Kalymnos. On the next belay Geordie Lad Andy, a veteran of many trips, is encouraging his dawdling second. "Haway man, ahm getting roasted doon heor!" Our conversation drifts around the virtues of alternative climbing venues including his enthusiasm for the southern Dodecanese island of Karpathos: "It's ganin tuh be the new Kalymnos an' wor an me mates are ganin yeut thor wi' a bolt gun next year. An' ah am yeble tuh dee it as part iv me

business." My mind conjured up new crags: Sector Newcassel Broom, Sector Toon Army or another Viz crag with starred routes assigned to the legendary comic mag characters, Sid, Biffa and maybe even Boris replacing Roger Mellie - the man on the telly.

Fast forward to 25 April 2022. Courtesy of Ryanair we enjoy two nights wandering the ruins of Rhodes old town. By night it is enchanting, all cobbled streets and labyrinthine alleys, but by day it's a wallet emptier.

Day three dawns with an unwelcome early start to catch the nine-deck monster ferry with two restaurants and a wrap-around bar. Six hours later and its lunch and early beers on the hotel balcony right on the beach.

At 125 sq.mi, Karpathos is one of the largest Dodecanese islands being twice the size of Kalymnos, although its permanent population is half that of the smaller island. Karpathos is a long, narrow island and its highest elevation is close to 4000 ft, being almost twice that of Kalymnos. Its east side is predominantly steep sided limestone with pine clad slopes breaking out into narrow valleys terminating in eye-catching beaches. The west coast of the island is still mountainous but with the shoreline being more like that of the Hebrides. The northern side has a more austere appearance and breaks down into slate and shale, being more characteristic of the mining areas of north Wales. The far south is relatively flat.

Painful flappers

We had brought a walking map and rock climbing guide covering 340

routes. Our plan was to visit the two largest sectors on the east then move base and visit three sectors on the west side. Our first excursion was to Arcata which overlooked the beach. We started on an Fr 5b and 5c then set off on a 6a+. This went well until just after the crux a pocket edge gave way and the extremely sharp rock created painful flappers on each finger of my left hand. Disaster had struck!

High balconies

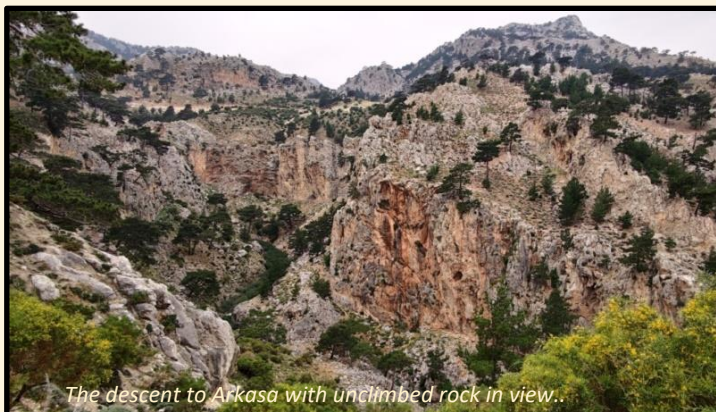
Undeterred the following day we pointed ourselves at Yvonne which, according to the book, would become the most important sector in future years because of its huge potential. The recommended descent time was 30 min but after 75 min we were still working our way down a hillside with seriously steep ground below us. It was impressive but remote and had an unfriendly feeling about it with the need to rope across high balconies to access some routes. Although I had brought enough tape and plaster to open up a casualty unit we found ourselves timed out.

We had anyway aimed to move to the west side, so with high winds

and rain forecast we checked out the beach crag of Arkasa on the way. This was an attractive place with a feel very much like that of Crystal Slabs on Pembroke. Across the bay were some steeper routes that we thought we might go to later in the week.

Gardening gloves!

Our chalet was again close to the beach and on a site we were sharing with a yoga course for aspiring trainers. It was ideally situated being only ten minutes' walk into Adia – the most developed area on the island. This beautiful valley was lined with routes up to 30m covering a mixture of grades. Again these looked good and challenging but not so solid and sharp in places. Having not long been back from Morocco, with little climbing wall



time under our belt, we knew we would have to scale down our ambitions. I taped up and Hal stepped forth to take the lead on a 5c+. I managed to get to the crux at the top in my gardening gloves but no further. The next 5c went okay and Hal continued to top-roped a 6a+ and subsequently led a 6a.

With time passing we thought we

gun. However, we did see a couple of large roadside rocks bearing the message 'Good Guy Boris' and wondered if he had been ganin about wi spragan in hand.

Was it worth the effort? Although it is no Kalymnos, we liked the ambience of Karpathos and found we could easily relax there. We would definitely include it in to a



Hal lead may make good use of our walking map. The aim was to visit the tourist village of Olymbos in the north of the island and climb its mountain, but the shower dodging led us towards exploring the villages in the region. The strong winds on our final climbing day gave us no option but to tick off the odd local beachside route.

We saw no climbers during our stay and no sign of Andy with his bolt

future trip to Kalymnos as we did on this occasion. The walking would be worth exploring but the climbing is esoteric, needs perseverance and to get the most out of it you have to be comfortable on the mid 6's. Maybe second time around we would have more luck. I would advise those contemplating a visit to clock up some wall time and repeatedly beat their fingers on a wire brush for a few weeks prior to departure.



Eco friendly hire car



Gardening gloves just didn't do the trick

Dave

Don't forget the FMC are members of Friends of the Lake District and the Snowdonia Society-have a look on their sites for projects, events, history, campaigns, conservation work etc.

www.friendsofthelakedistrict.org.uk

www.snowdonia-society.org.uk

Also, articles for the next mag are welcome anytime! Email:-

chris.paddy61@gmail.com or

magazine@fyldefmc.org

come on now-don't be shy!

George Parker.

12thMay 1933–7th May 2022



Remembering a friend with Peter Roscoe and Barrie Crook.

George from Manchester, was a member of The Cromlech Club and from their hut in Nant Peris enjoyed walking and climbing in and around North Wales.

The gritstone crags and escarpments of Derbyshire were happy hunting grounds as were meetings with many of the leading climbers of that era.

A keen supporter of the Red side of the "beautiful game", he and Audrey moved to Blackpool in the late sixties and quickly

established roots and friends in the Fylde.

George was employed by the Natwest Bank and was soon featured in the FMCs progress as Treasurer and a leader of walking and outdoor meets. His ability to enjoy added features and a better model of car whilst still producing accurate balance sheets was the main source of wind-ups at the AGMs.

George had many trips to Scotland with visits to Clunie, Glen Brittle, Coruisk, Torridon and the Ben, a trip to the Tour de Mont Blanc with other members being a somewhat special occasion.

On reaching retirement from the bank, George turned the available time to good use by joining Norcross Ramblers and the 3 I's (lifelong learning) and was soon involved with walks and trips as often as possible.

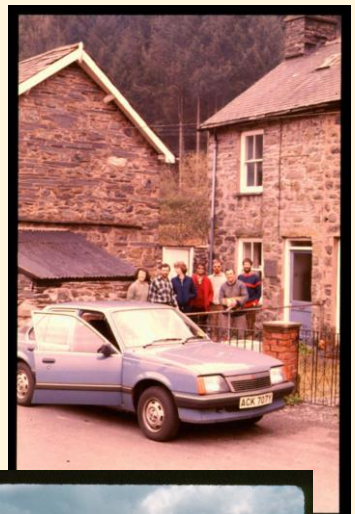
All this in addition to continuing with his commitment to his friends in the FMC.

As time progressed George started to slow down a little and his balance suffered, however his sharp mind developed a skill for seeking out obscure locations and interesting facts.

Music, of all styles, was an important part of George's lifestyle, he was a regular at the Classical concerts held in Preston. The music played at the funeral at Carleton included work by Dave Brubeck, Dean Martin and a somewhat stirring Ride of the Valkyries.

I express the Clubs profound sadness at his passing to his family, and all those who knew him will be sadder at his going and miss him greatly.

Peter and Barrie.



Ladies Meet at Stair with a challenge

4/5th March 2022

This time, the weather smiled upon us. On the Saturday Sue, Chris and Pat decided to walk one of the FMC challenges-Sale Fell, but Frances wanted to do something more so she took on took on the round from Catbells to Robinson. Liz Stephenson and Liz



Rawcliffe decided to do their own thing and go for a short walk and a coffee.



On Sunday Frances went up to Newlands Church and then over the col to Derwent Water and along the side of the lake to Hawes End and back to the hut. (The hand has disappeared!) Chris walked a little

way up the valley while the rest of the ladies went home.

There were lots of chat and wine/beer drinking and an enjoyable weekend was had by all.

Our next meet will be 17th/18th June, at Little Langdale, to enjoy the long days. New participants will be especially welcome.

Angela

Scottish Winter Adventures

F.M.C. March 2022 winter meet Fort William.

As recalled by Peter Wilson.

My log of the meet based at the Calluna self-catering accommodation.

Friday 25.03.22 I travelled up to Fort Bill, stopped over at the Glencoe ski centre enroute to check conditions. Spoke to a couple of guys about the snow conditions, they said it was skiable but limited. The weekend had a special ski event planned at £40 a day ticket that cancelled the skiing idea for me. I was first to arrive at Calluna. Graham Callender and then Chris Bell, Mark Bowden and Andrew Hird arrived later that evening.

Adventurers-Peter Wilson, Chris Bell, Mark Bowden, Graham Callender, Andrew Hird, Simon Fenna and Matt Reed.

Saturday 26.03.22. Graham, Mark, Chris, Andrew and Peter. Glen Nevis, we parked at the top car park and walked up the Glen to the Steall rope bridge and crossed over the Water of Nevis, crossed over the water from the great Steall waterfall. Drew had the misfortune of slipping into the stream. Our objective was An Gearanach 982m, An Garbhanach 975m and Stob Coire a' Chairn 981m. The weather was a perfect spring like day, we carried crampons and ice axe.

An Gearanach

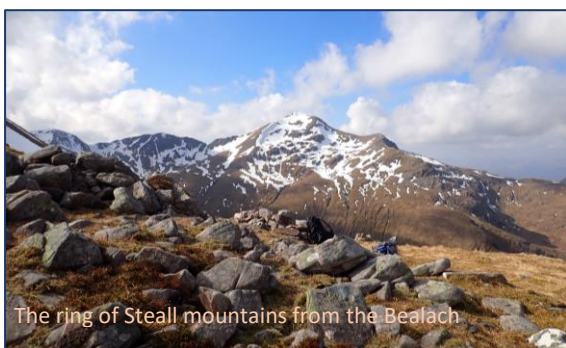




Steall bridge



Steall Waterfall



The ring of Steall mountains from the Bealach

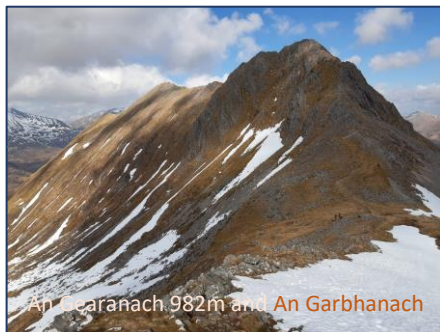


Glen Nevis and Ben Nevis form An Gearanach

floating boots

We climbed the mountains in very mild conditions and the winter gear

we carried was not used. We returned by Alit Coire a' Mhail by a high level traverse back to the approach path to Gearanach. Drew had a further misfortune with the river crossing whilst wading the Nevis Water with his boots round his neck, one became detached and floated down the river. Luckily two passing girl walkers shouted what had happened to Drew. The boot was retrieved by Drew having to cross the river again. It was a hard day out but the scenery was great. Matt

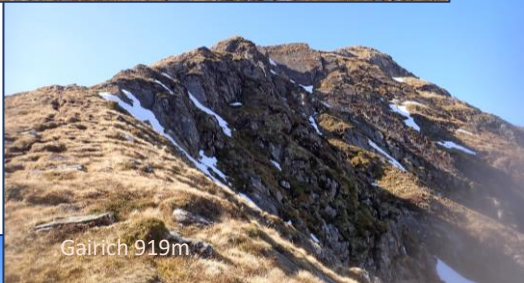


An Gearanach 982m and An Garbhanach



Drew, Mark, Chris top of Gairich

Gairich 919m from Loch Cuaich car park



Gairich 919m



Peter, Mark, Chris top of Gairich

Reed and Simon Fenna arrived late afternoon.

Sunday 27.03.22. Mark, Andrew, Chris and I. Glen Garry, Loch Cuaich, car park by the dam. Our objective Gairich 919m (The Roaring) we approached it by Druim na Geid Salaich following a stalkers path. A long rough walk in to reach the rugged slope of Gairich. Another great day in beautiful weather conditions, our axe and crampons carried



Drew, Mark, Chris top of Beinn na Lap.

but not needed. Sun cream and hats needed.

Matt, Graham and Simon. Glen Nevis, Polldubh Crags climbing.

Monday 28.03.22. Mark, Andrew, Chris and I. Train from Fort William to Corrou Station by Loch Ossian. Beinn na Lap Cairn 935m. Easy approach

today to the summit. Lunch by the Scottish Youth Hostel at the head of the Loch-a beautiful location. Beer and sausage butties were also



Ardvirikie Wall



Corrou Chris, Peter, Drew, Mark

enjoyed at the Station restaurant. Lots of socialising with other people waiting for the return train. Chris volunteered a guy to photograph us on the station and the nearby bridge, locations used in the Danny Boyle



Knoydart peninsular camp



Graham, Simon, Matt, Mallaig



Long beach camp site Knoydart

film Trainspotting. Matt, Graham and Simon climbing Ardverikie Wall.

Tuesday 29.03.22. Mark, Andrew and Chris returned Home.

Matt, Graham, Simon and I. Knoydart Peninsula camping. Simon contacted Dianne, an old friend in



Evening meal Knoydart



Ruigh Aiteachaia bothy Glen Freshie



Fort Bill to borrow a sleep bag and mat for me. We collected the bag on-route to Mallaig. We booked the Inverie Knoydart Ferry, planning to camp one night. Inverie village in Loch Nevis. Home to the remotest pub in Britain. This was a rest day excursion trip to one of Europe's last wilderness. We sailed from Mallaig on the MV Western Isles boat and enjoyed the sail in. A wild night was spent on the Long Beach campsite, the camp site warden was a chap from Burnley. The Pub was not open but we had a bottle of whiskey and the warden was generous with his Malt collection.

Wednesday 30.03.22. We broke camp early and had bacon butties

and coffee at the tea room and got the morning ferry. Drove back to Calluna, Fort Bill to recover. A Bothy night was suggested and agreed, Graham recommended Glen Freshie, Cairngorms and the Ruigh Aiteachaia Bothy. We packed our gear and did a food shop on our way to Glen Freshie. The walk in to the Bothy by the river was in beautiful scenery through Scottish Pine woodlands. The Bothy was reached after a 5 or 6 mile walk in. It has been refurbished to an excellent standard. Three other people were in occupation, one a resident warden who was quite an interesting character. We laid our



The bothy the following day



Graham's tent at
Glen Freshie

sleeping bags in the spare room. The Bothy was heated by a stove, Graham had carried in a bag of coal assuming there would no fuel. There was a large wood stock for the stove provided. After a candle lit evening meal and Bell's Whiskey we retired to our beds. The weather changed that night and started snowing, Graham being a hardy Scot was camping outside. The morning greeted us with a good covering of snow and the bracing walk to the wash in the cold Burn. The toilet building was furnished with squat pans, very demanding on the old legs flushed by a bucket of water. We had

a snack breakfast and packed. The walk back to the car was now a winter wonderland. We stopped at Newtonmore for a breakfast on route back to Fort Bill. Another great outing, back in Fort William the weather was more spring like. We had an evening meal and drinks in town at the Wetherspoons pub.

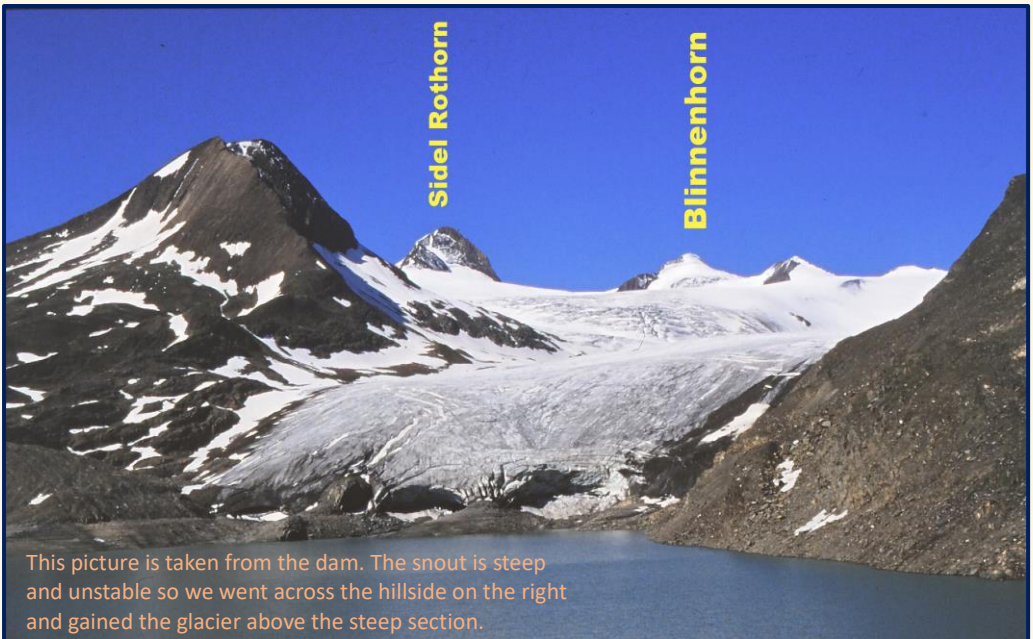
Friday 01.04.22. I packed and returned home the others stopping for two more nights, continuing this fantastic club meet.

Peter

A cracking mountain day with the FMC.

John Wiseman

Remembering a time gone by.



This picture is taken from the dam. The snout is steep and unstable so we went across the hillside on the right and gained the glacier above the steep section.

A long time ago, more than thirty years ago in fact, there was an FMC trip to a campsite at Ulrichen one of the last villages in the Rhone valley. Beyond there the road goes over the Furka Pass, passing the snout of the Rhone Glacier and on to Andermatt, another road goes north over the Grimsel Pass and a third goes south east over the Nufenen Pass into the Italian speaking part of Switzerland. Ulrichen is at a height of about 1,350 metres and the surrounding peaks rise to above 3,000 metres, this gave us a tremendous variety of mountain walking, climbing and ice.

This day, Sunday 28th. July 1991 a group got up very early and headed up the Nufenen Pass to a hydro lake the Gries. As this is an artificial lake created by a dam, there is a road to it and a car park which made access easy. The changing water levels did affect the snout of the glacier behind speeding up its retreat. Our objective was to go up the Gries Glacier to a col the Rothornpass (between the Sidel Rothorn and the Blinnenhorn), then up the Blinnenhorn which at 3,373 metres is the highest around this glacier.

banned

Here we have some of us on the glacier. From the left Dave Earle, Rebecca Hargreaves (Our social secretary who eventually caused us to be banned from our meeting place, Poulton Conservative Club), June, Ian, and John Wiseman. Missing from the picture are Geoff Forrest and our leader on the day John Parker (Club secretary).

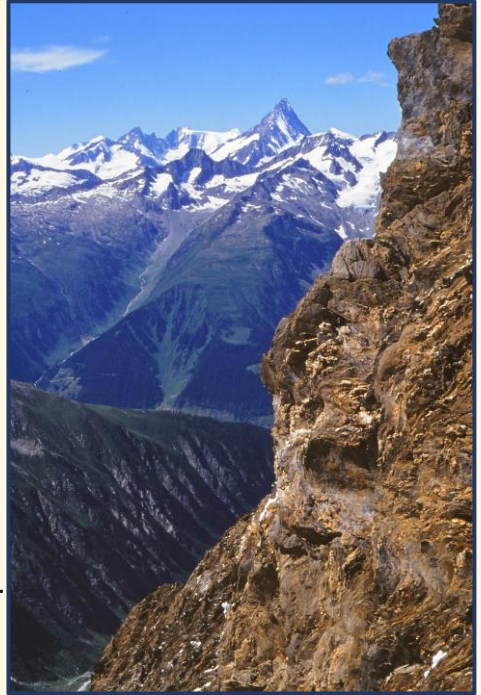


From this point it was a steady plod up a gentle slope then we came to a steeper section with the day getting hotter and hotter. Over the steep section John kept us to the easy ground towards the edge as there were crevasses in the middle where the valley changed direction. We did go over and look at some then retreating back

the way we had come. All the time the views were changing and they were superb.

Tee-shirts and shorts

Eventually we reached the col and were flabbergasted, not just by the even wider views but by the sight of a party in lightweight boots T-shirts and shorts. They had come up from the southern side which being south facing had no snow, also there was a hut a couple of hours down the mountain. At the col we removed our crampons and went up the final part of the peak which was snow free on the south side. The photograph is taken on this final section. Behind is the Rhone valley and behind that the prominent peak is the Finsteraarhorn.



We spent some time luxuriating on top then began our descent this time keeping to the other side of the glacier.



By the religious summit marker John P, Geoff, Ian and Dave. Heading down in the



background on the extreme left is the Rhone glacier.

As the sunlight had moved round and we were on the other side the views were different and equally good. Back down at the lake we looked at the snout before going back to sit on the grass by the tent with a beer and a mug of tea, to reflect on a superb day out, the company, the mountains and the weather.

I was going to end this by recommending the route, but I don't know how good it is now as I have found that much of the lower section of the glacier had disappeared in the intervening 30 years.

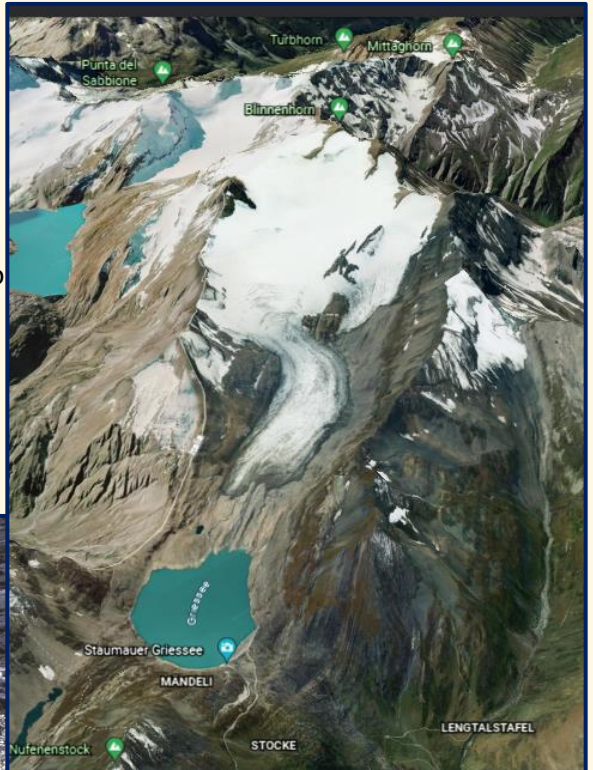
Here is an extract from Wikipedia:-

However, Griesgletscher has been rapidly retreating over the last decade – a retreat that has been monitored through extensive geological and glaciological research. The glacier, despite its size, is one of the most interesting and most widely studied in the Swiss Alps and during the last Ice Age was the source of a large tributary glacier that once fed into the main glacier that once flowed down the valley known today as Goms. The glacier has a very well developed supra glacial and sub glacial drainage system, which becomes very evident during the summer months and before the recent rapid glacial retreat the glacier terminated in the man-made dam, with high ice cliffs. Surface features include glacial moraines as the glacier releases debris that has been eroded and then entrained by the glacier. The profile of the glacier is a very convex terminus, which progresses into a very gentle concave mid profile with very crevassed ice field near to the upper accumulation zone - an area which is highly dangerous and difficult to traverse.

Have a look at this photo you can move the slider to see the changes 2003 to 2020.

<https://www.gletschervergleiche.ch/Pages/ImageCompareDet.aspx?Id=2074>

This is the current google earth photo dated January 1997 the Blinnenhorn is at the top centre. You can see in my first photograph that a great wall of ice extended right to the lake and the rocks in the middle were covered in ice. The internet photo shows that the lower tongue of ice has disappeared by 2020.



The Wikipedia article mentions the sub glacial drainage system, here is the sun catching a stream flowing on the ice of the glacier then going into the glacier.

John

Tony Hargreaves

Happy memories from Doug Brown.



I was deeply saddened to hear that my old friend of many years, Tony Hargreaves, had passed away. Tony, a keen FMC member, had emigrated to Canada in the mid 1960's with his wife Sue and lived in Edmonton, Alberta for most of the remainder of his working life. After he retired they moved to Vancouver Island.

Tony was an architect and designed the Club Hut at Stair. Like most of us at that time he came from a relatively humble working class background. He left school with no particular qualifications but eventually became an articled clerk in the office of an architect. I

remember clearly during our climbing days how hard he worked to progress in his job, eventually going to Birmingham University for one year to complete his qualification.

I have some great climbing memories of Tony. In particular we had a fabulous day on an FMC visit to Arran. On a marvellous afternoon together when we climbed the South Ridge Direct of the Rosa Pinnacle on Chir Mhor. It was one of those perfect Scottish days with no wind and warm sunny weather. We both climbed well and cleaned up the most difficult pitches without major problems. Afterwards we sat on the summit of the mountain and sunbathed for a while before returning to the camp in Glen Rosa to report our success.

A very different but equally memorable experience was when we cut a hole through a very large cornice on the north side of Pillar in a particularly harsh winter and scrambled through to walk up to the summit. Such experiences define your life and create a closeness between individuals that never goes away.

Memories are so important particularly when you reach an age when your personal activity becomes a little less. Tony provided his friends with plenty of happy memories. You can lose money or possessions but no one can take away from you the things you have actually done or achieved. Those things remain forever. I am reminded of some of the lines of a well known poem by Geoffrey Winthrop Young whenever I think of Tony.

“I have not lost the magic of long days:
I live them and dream them still.
Still am I master of the starry ways, and freeman of the hill.
Shattered my glass, ere half the sands had run-
I hold the heights, I hold the heights, I won.”

Thank you, old friend, for the days I spent with you and for the memories
you have given to your friends.



*A group of us on The Skye Ridge-
Ken Croasdale, me, Tony and
John Outhwaite.*

*The Sligachan pub on Skye
with John, Mike Hargreaves,
Tony and Ken.*

Doug.



Traffic chaos before the Ladies meet

June 17-18th 2022

With Christine Fry

Ladies meeting-Angela Lovett, Sue Denmark, Chris Fry, Pat Bennett, Pauline Miller and Liz Rawcliffe.



The ladies meet this time was at Little Langdale and I was looking forward to having a nice weekend with the girls-little did I know how it would start!

I set off happily driving along till I came to St Michaels when everything came to a stop. Road

works I thought but no such luck! We were hardly moving at all and it went on for ages and ages! Eventually I got to the A6-1 ¼ hour later! Great I thought, but no the traffic on the A6 was stop start too! Then I remembered hearing on the radio that junction 32 on the M6 motorway was closed, so of course all the traffic was on the A6! Anyway, I decided to go down the country lanes and managed to come out further up the A6, but all told it took me 2 hours or more to get to the motorway -very frustrating!



Stuart Gascoyne who has been a member for a long time. Liz was supposed to come that night but she had the same trouble as me and after trying to get out of Preston for 2 hours she gave up-can't blame her! She said she would come the next day though.

When I arrived Sue was there, then Angela came and Pat after, another lady-Pauline an intro member arrived later. Although Pauline is an intro member she has been to the huts many times with her husband

It was a nice evening so we decided to go to for a little stroll to Slater's bridge which is a lovely spot. Angela had offered to make us some tea so we were treated to veggie lasagne which was very nice. I had made



plum crumble. Lots of chats and drinks were had before we retired to bed.

It had already been decided we would walk Lingmoor on Saturday as this was one of the FMC challenges for this year. Angela had had her hip operated on only a few

months earlier, but she had managed some small fells so was up for Lingmoor. Pauline had to go home though to look after her Mum, but she had been up at the lakes all week and had done the Frog Graham route! Liz was going to come up but do her own thing as she has been having trouble with her hip. We would meet up with her at the cottage at tea time. The weather was nice and we had a lovely walk to the summit stopping to admire the views on the way. Photos were taken at the top before we had our lunch. Angela and Pat



decided to walk down the same way, whereas Sue and I carried on to do a circular. Sue had opted to make us tea that night and we had a lovely creamy veggie risotto. Liz had joined us and more catching up and drinking was done.

On Sunday Sue went home to Scotland and Liz and Pat went for coffee and then home. Angela and I decided to go up Black Fell. We came to a bit of a crossroads path and decided to have an

adventure and try a bit of a different route. This way was quite marshy though and there were belted Galloway cattle watching us. We carried on though and saw the gate we were supposed to go through, but the Bull who was in the same field decided to take a stroll in the direction we were going! We watched for a few minutes but decided to go back the way we came! All good fun!

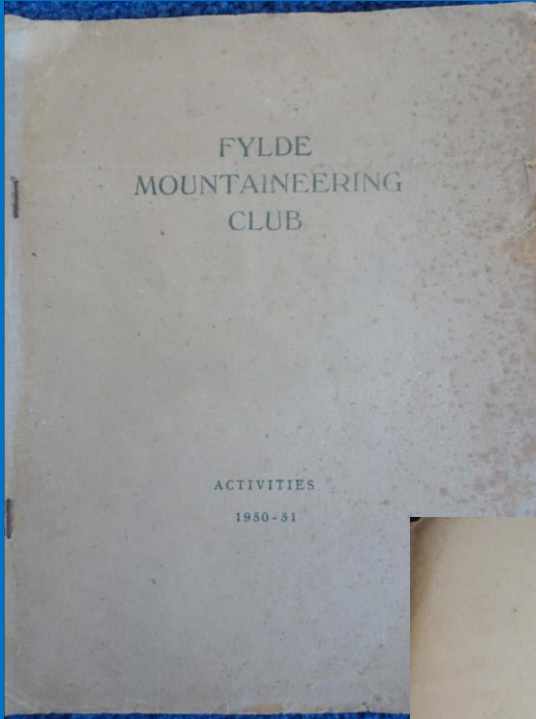
Apart from the start of the weekend trying to get there, a lovely time was had by all.



Didn't fancy our chances against the Bull!

Chris

PRECIOUS PACKAGES

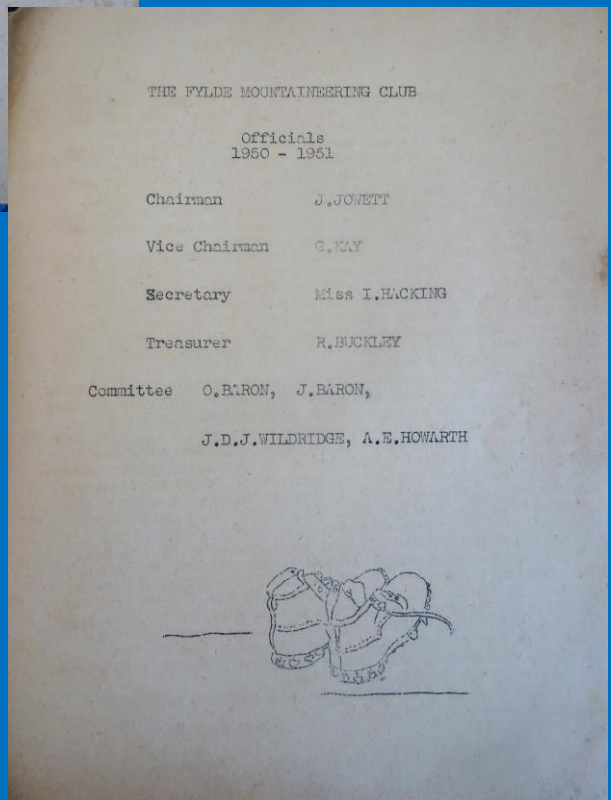


I was contacted by a Leslie lord who was a member a long time ago, and asked if he could send some old Journals from 1950-51 and 1956-60. I was so pleased as some of these are the ones that we were missing! I think it is so important for us to have these as they are a part of our history. It would be a shame if they were lost forever. I haven't managed to read any yet, only a little snippet but I think they will make

interesting reading! Steve is putting the missing ones on the Drobox website, but I am hoping to include an article from them in future magazines if I have room.

I hope you will enjoy them.

CHRISTINE





The ridge An Gearanach with Stob Coire a Chairn beyond. Photo Mark Bowden.

Fylde Mountaineering Club

is affiliated to The British Mountaineering Council

www.fyldemc.org

