

NEWSLETTER

August 1978

APOLOGIES

Due to all for the length of time between letters, mainly because of my moving house and the usual non appearance of material.

Easy Movers

So far this year the club has notched up many hard routes, climbed by a wide range of people.

To go back quite a while Rick Reeves and myself did Raindrop E15B as did Martin Dale + Phil (Crusher) Caley.

The new North Lakes Guides brought out an influx of new harder and many less difficult propositions such as Banzi Pipeline HVS, New Wave + Punk Rock VS, Jubilee Grooves HVS, Point Blank HVS and Alone in space at E1 5B seems very popular. These routes have been done by many in the club.

High plains drifter E2,5C, Vertigo E2,5C Tumbleweed Connection E2 5C, Cruel Sister E2 5C, The Ghost E3 5C, Bitter Oasis E3 5C, West Buttress Clinate E3 5C, Pinnacle Arete E1 5B, Serth E2, 5B and The Skull E4 6A which is most sustained and difficult of them all, were climbed by David Archer and myself. Martin Dale made a star entrance into the E3 ratings with his lead of Pearls before Swine E3 5C on Deerfield, the day after myself David Archer and Paul Clarke witnessed its merits. Paul who made a good lead on the Vikings E3 5C probably the first after Jeff Lamb ripped out a chock. I lead the first pitch which was adjudged necky.

Lurch was spotted doing The Empire in tow behind two young F + R lads, while Martin free climbed Deimos on Eagle crag Buttermere at E2 5C later he ascended Carnival HVS with John Hamilton which Phil Caley, Paul Reid, Joe Giblin and Mike Barnes also ticked off.

Andy Lewandoski and myself climbed Grand Alliance E3 5C and Prana E3 5C (quite wet) on Black Crag which that weekend two prominent F.M.C. louts were seen tumbling off Athanor 6A E3 on Goat Crag. The day after one was seen hobbling round the Keswick pubs while the older more experienced coward survived and was spotted leading Saxon on Scafell E2 5C with Paul C and Andy L.

Meanwhile two separate attempts on Fallen Angel resulted in just that although reports say the language on the way down was not at all Angelic.

Welcome

Back to Banjo who is no longer (anagram 3,6) Answers to Rupert, 38A Brow Hey, Clayton Brook, Bamber Bridge, Preston. First correct entry will receive a hand book on winching tactics by Mr M Tolley.

FIRST ANNUAL F.M.C. FELL RACE:- 4 miles x 1000 ft.

A great day: brilliant weather, free beer and hot dogs with a floor show of 5 cars (not ours) getting stuck in the ford.

And the race, from the cottage at Little Langdale, towards the mines in Greenburn, over the col beneath Birk Fell to Tilberthwaite with a final "sprint" along the track to the cottage via the ford.

Despite all those ploys of "flu, no training, sore buttocks" and the like, everydboy walked or jogged their legs off to be first home.

Congratulations to Dave Archer in "stealing" the coveted medallian from Barry by an heroic splash through the ford and race to the tape.

People all started at different times, the idea being that we would all finish together - with one or two obvious exceptions (see below) we were all on the Tilberthwaite track at the same time, giving a fairly close finish.

Position Handicap	Name	Handicap Time	Actual Time	Actual Position
1	Dave Archer	30.	40	4
2	Barry	30.05	50.05	16
3	Martin Dale	32.15	40.15	5
4	Ray Varleys	33	48	10
	Fred Snalam	33	48	10
6	Martin Pickup	33.02	43.02	7
7	Paul Garner	33.04	43.04	8
8	Pete Roscoe	33.30	45.30	9
9	Eddie Craig	34	42	6
10	Cherry Earle	35.30	60.30	24
	Robin Norris	35.30	36.30	1
12	Tony Farrell	37	52	18
	George Parker	37	57	19
	John Hamilton	37	38	2
15	Chris Heald	37.03	38.03	3
16	John Sealey	38	49	13
17	Sandy	38.02	50.02	21
18	Barbara Sealey	38.04	58.04	22
19	Jill	39	59	23
	Jack Jowett	39	79	28
21	Di Norris	40	62	25
	Rupert	40	50	15
	Dave Walton	40	48	10
24	Dave Clarke	40.15	50.15	17
25	Jerry Senior	42	57	19
26	Stan Stevenson	45	49	13
27	Dave Greenhalgh	46.30	62.30	26
28	Margaret	47	64	27
29	Liz Rawcliffe	96.45	121.45	29
	(took in Coniston Old Man as well!)			
30	Dorothy Jowett - missing believed lost. (Stop Press - Found at last, streaking on Wetherlam)			

ORIENTEERING EVENTS

August 19th, Eadge Event organised by Border Liners at Ullswater.
September 2nd, Opening of Whinlatter Permanent Course organised by West Cumberland O.C.

IN SEARCH OF A 'BIG E'

Well here it was again, the big push: when in a few short months I try and show the Pete Liveseys and Ron Fawcetts of this world a thing or two. Well in all truthfulness, I never have much of a season - but here it was anyway; the excitement of midweek trips to Yorkshire crags and the Lancashire beauty spots of Denham, Brownstone and the one that's right up my street - Fairy Steps. Weekend trips to bigger crags. Trying to avoid all those virile young climbers as they psyche you out with talk of "E this" and "E that". Mind you, when I've done some I'll be there so get ready to pin back your ears.

But so far it's been eventful, but no sign of a 'Big E'.

There was that lovely evening on Earl Crag as the sun gave up over the Colne Valley. I gave those routes some stick; mind you they got their own back - threw me off no end of times they did.

Mike T led the first pitch of Viscount route which I followed but did not climb; I got a point back from him as he followed (just) over the horrible layback finish of the 2nd pitch.

Then there was the climb which starts atop of a farm wall - I fell off the wall so many times and it got lower and lower with each onslaught; eventually even I could not reach the starting holds - as for Mike - Well.

Some locals pointed me at "a nice little VS" (or was it Mike that pointed me?) Good jugs led up an overhanging arete, but the holds were so far apart that once started you were committed - and no runners. I sensed that I was giving the impression that I was about to fall off when I heard Mike running for cover but a long reach brought safety.

The crag pushed me off twice more that night; the last time was right at the end of the evening. Mike was belayed under an overhang and I swung out of sight over it. However, the scraping noise and re-appearance of both my feet below the overhang indicated to Mike, all was not well. My arms stretch and Mike saw next my knees then hips then - no that was a blur as I fell past.

A fantastic week on Skye at Whit; there were a large group of 'Vagabonds' there lending an air of traditionalism to the proceedings.

The weather was brilliant except for the first misty day when Rick and I went up to do Bastinado; the mist caused us to start up the slabs to the R of the cracks of the proper route which looked foul. I advanced 70' slowly, and loss 20' quickly as the small incut I pulled up on came off as a 9" flake; but I got up the pitch. Rick followed easily but tempted a 150lb flake onto his toe - all I could hear was him screaming out the name of the route over and over again. His toe was a mess but what finally precipitated a retreat was the doleful cry of "Rob I'm going to faint" as I traversed the next slab. But he didn't.

Rick heroically, nay manfully walked back down and took over the role of camp follower.

/cont.

Sue Reeve with four of the Vags and I went up to do the ridge. 25 pocket-loads of moss, made a perfect bivy and we were off. What a fantastic day out. The route is serious and I would say equivalent to an alpine F.D. Sue and Noreen Hinton did really well, for as well as the parts where ropes are used there are dozens of sections requiring exposed scrambling. We moved as a party of 6 and it took us 13 hrs. to cover the 7 miles from 1st to last summit.

A big celebration when we got back to the Sligy - I was unsure if it was for us doing the ridge or for Rick as he was so pleased to hand parental duties back to Sue.

There were numerous accidents on the ridge that week - some very serious. The campsite was more like Chamonix with bandages and red antiseptic everywhere.

Well there's been lots of good routes too and perhaps a Big E around the corner?

ROBIN NORRIS

Snippets

Kentmere Horseshoe Fell Race: Robin and John took part. Winner's time 1 hr. 32 minutes. Robin just under and John just over 2 hrs.

Avoid Guisecliffe. Try out Craig-y-Farwen on way back from Wales.

April 29th - May 1st Venue Cwm Silyn

Barry's mate has a caravan at Nebo which was put to good use this weekend by 9 members of the F.M.C. Several of us camped as not all could sleep in the caravan.

Most of us arrived together Friday night except Dave Earle. He arrive later and was on his way home, after touring down south, to "sign on"

We met Roger the bloke whose caravan we were using, pitched our tents and settled down for the night.

Saturday dawned a beautiful day. No wind and brilliant sunshine. Its only drawback was the haze which made photography hopeless.

Breakfast was eaten outside and by 9.15 we were heading up towards Cwm Silyn. We split up into two parties at the edge of the cwm, one to go climbing and the other to do the traverse of the Nantlle Ridge.

I went climbing the first time for about 12 months, with Dave Earle. Barry and Dave Greenhalgh teamed up together and went off to do the ordinary route, Diff, whilst Dave Earle and myself did outside Edge, a Classic V.D.

Both routes were very enjoyable on fine rock, no choss whatsoever. Luckily Dave Earle and myself were the second party on our route so progress was not hindered by other parties. But, unluckily for Barry and Dave they were overtaken by one or two parties who shot off on a slightly different line to them lower down but converged just above them, so they had to wait a while.

For most of this time the ridge party had been watching our progress from the other side of the cwm. By the time we had finished our route they had moved off. Eventually both climbing parties met up and after dinner moved off along the ridge ourselves.

It proved hard going with packs full of climbing gear so after getting about half way along we called it a day and headed back to the caravan, meeting the others on the way. The day was described as a knockout.

The evening was spent in the Goat. I can see now why this cream team of George's is so exclusive - you need a fat wallet. What with paying over £6 for a meal and still not getting any Black Forest Gateau, it's a bit much. Perhaps this is why he doesn't make the meets?

Sunday turned nasty, howling winds together with rain later in the day - not much we could do. Barry and Roger went off to play golf while the rest of us collected our buckets and spades and headed for Black Rock Sands. Jerry and Ray gave us an exhibition of their climbing skills on the cliffs threatening to fall into the sea with every step. Sunday evening was the highlight of the weekend taking the form of a games evening as we were in a dry county. Eric was the star man. He was sent off the Tiddlywin s field for excessive use of his "tiddle". Some of us were thrown into the complicated realms of Bridge and Scrabble.

By Monday morning the wind had dropped but the hills were shrouded in mist. We packed up and moved off to Tryfan. Dave, Dave, Dave and Dave along with Barry scramble and climb our way up the impressive north ridge keeping to the crest of the ridge as much as possible. The otherwise impressive view was non-existent as we were in mist right from the bottom. On our way we went, down the south ridge and up Bristly Ridge onto the Glyders. We went over every bristle except the last one, that was missed out as a concession to Barry.

Finding our way down to the Devil's Kitchen path proved to be our greatest difficulty of the day. After several fruitless attempts Dave Earle's devilish compass work was to be our saving. That was no mean feat from Dave as his glasses kept steaming up.

In Cym Idwal there was a chopper flying about but we never saw it for the mist. The rest, Jerry, Ray, Chevy and Eric had just walked around the lake and gone off to the pub. All I can say is that they wouldn't have done that if George had been around.

Dave Wilton

SKYE IN SPRING

Five members, Eric, Dave, Barrie, Ray and George formed the first Club meet to Glenbrittle this year travelling north in warm sunny weather on 20th May. These conditions lasted as far as Glen Sheil where they were joined by Dave Earle who at the time was sheltering under a cloud burst thus going some way towards undermining the Dave Earle/Good Weather in Scotland syndrome.

As the F.R.C.C. were holding their annual Skye meet they had booked most of the hut beds and the Treasurer's Maxi had the opportunity to demonstrate its versatility, doubling as a sumptuous bedroom in the evenings.

Sunday dawned bright and warm and we were away early straight into Coire Banachdich to find our way onto the ridge at Bealach Coire Na Banachdich by a pleasant route through the slabs on the left at the head of the coire. Turning north we traversed the Banachdich peaks Sgurr Thormaid, Sgurr a Greadaidh etc. over the triple peaks of Bidean Druim Nan Ramh (renamed for ease of reference Peak of the Pakistanis) to Bruach Na Frith. Progress was slow the party savouring to full the delights of this section regarded by many as the most choice part of the ridge. Many photographs were taken, but despite the sun and high temperature conditions were a little too hazy for good clear photography.

The following day was a little cooler and we decided to do the round of Coire Lagan. The Sgurmain/Alasdair "bad step" provided much merriment and the views from the top of Alasdair were stupendous. Next followed the famous Theallaich roof and delectable Collies Ledge both savoured and enjoyed to the full although by this time the "grip-factor" was registering quite high in some cases. We found the An Stac screes which Ray had descended last year in about four minutes very worn and slow and considerable care is needed at the start.

After two twelve hour plus days, rain on Tuesday was not totally unwelcome the opportunity being taken to visit the Talisker distillery no samples!

On Thursday in bright sunshine we walked round to Loch Coruisk (about 3 hrs) with the Small Isles appearing close enough to swim to at times. The party then split, one faction deciding to savour to the full this incredible valley by walking the full length and returning over Bealach Coire A Banachdich. The rest opted for the Dubhs Slabs, over 2500 ft. of immense boiler plates giving magnificent situations and views. As W H Murray says one would have to be guilty of gross negligence to come to any harm here but he did not mention the almost inevitability of losing ones fingerprints on the roughest gabbro imaginable. I would advise any future party to wear gloves for this trip. The exit was by way of an abseil back onto the main ridge and then in gathering mist a little careful route finding plus Ray's remarkable sense of direction brought us down into the lunar landscape of Coire A Ghrunnda and back to the hut. This is a really superb expedition for those who go to Skye not purely for the rock-climbing.

There appeared to be more loose rock this year than previously, a continuing process, and to enjoy this special island to the full, care and concentration are needed.

EASTER '78

Contrary to the conditions "enjoyed" by most people, Cherry, Dave, Ray and George were lucky with their choice of Garth hostel as a base for Easter. Almost in the centre of Scotland, at the eastern end of Lock Tay it is an excellent place for the ascent of Ben Lawers, climbed in really sparkling conditions and Schichallion where the conditions were not quite so sparkling. There are many more lesser known peaks in this delightful part of Scotland it would be hard to find a more accommodating and friendly warden than Jimmy Dee.

George Parker

HUTS - Available to members as follows:

<u>Stair</u>	25th August (Family)	<u>Little Langdale</u>	1st September
	8th September		15th Sept. (full)
	22nd September	Working Weekend	29th Sept
	6th, 20th October		13th, 27th Oct.

EASY ROCK

It might interest readers to know that Mr Parker's party of gentlemen fell-walkers as a result of mind blowing experiences in the Cuillin cannot regress to their old role, and have taken to the realms of the vertical (or the moderately steep, anyway). They are progressing systematically through the Diffs and V.Diffs in 'Rock Climbing in the Lake District'. With the present enthusiasm I estimate that, climbing just in the six summer months on half the Sundays (the others being for holidays and sailing and golf and recovering from pulled muscles and bruised ribs etc.) and polishing off 3 climbs per day, they will be starting severes by next May, Dow Crag Eliminate A (VS) by October 1980 (with the assistance of bionic arms) and Scafell Central Buttress, HVS (with the additional assistance of a bionic nervous system) by October 1984. They will finally join the extremos in 1985 although perhaps only E1 will be tackled that year (assuming the transmigration of souls to robots is then possible).

The assault really began in April when Messrs Crook and D Greenhalgh with the assistance of four other lunies from Accrington successfully conquered 'Bow Fell Buttress' in wintry conditions and rain and mist. The event had its moments of hilarity. My partner was seen departing down the neighbouring gully when I had completed the second pitch and I was furiously taking in the rope with no-one on the other end! Having waited so long he was cold and had gone to get his anorak. Having rejoined me he successfully lead the tricky groove but temporarily got lost near the top before the exposed left hand step. 'Get your guide book out and find the route' a helpful voice suggested from below. 'I can't, I'm hanging on with both arms and I'm stuck' was the reply. The epic was distinguished by its 4½ hours length for 6 people, but a good time was had by all. Incidentally we had left all the gear at the bottom, intending to descend by a nearby gully. We didn't have a single ice axe - you don't normally need one at the end of April, do you - and had to return via the climbers' traverse which took another eternity.

Messrs Farrell and Senior have done this climb since in a far better time - 1½ hrs.

A recent Saturday saw an assault on 'Hind Crag Buttress' - where? This took longer than expected in the usual atrocious conditions and was characterised by pulling our way up on heather. We will not be visiting Hind Crag ever again. The day after saw a reversal of our fortunes and in glorious sunshine, Messrs Parker, Varley, Crook and a guest did 'Corvus', hand traverse and all, and raved about it. Dave Greenhalgh and a guest finished 'Summit Route', despite the leader at one stage finishing up sat on a ledge he had vacated five minutes previously, accompanied by a large stone. Undeterred we returned via Shepherds where 'Little Chamoniac' was polished off and a climb that started as 'Brown Slabs Arete' but surely wasn't, was overcome.

Spurred on by our great achievements in the F.M.C. Fell Race, in the afternoon Messrs Parker, Varley, Farrel, Senior and D Greenhalgh and myself and Cherry Earle together with Pete Roscoe formed four ropes. We did 'Middlefell Buttress', 'Crescent Route' and 'Gwynne's Chimney' and sat on the top in a beautiful evening with no other souls in sight. On the way down we were entertained to cups of tea by a party of young lady campers from Warwick University and they were invited to come and stay at the huts, preferably when we are in residence.