

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 1981

EDITORS NOTES

The season of mists and mellow fruitfulness (think we pinched that from somewhere!) is upon us and marks the change to our winter programme. It should first be pointed out however that the summer socials were not a total disaster.....quite.

In our annual matches with the Ski Club we won the football and lost the rounders, though sadly on each occasion our team was heavily supplemented with their members. Where are you when your club needs you? A small but enthusiastic bunch enjoyed an evening's orienteering on Beacon Fell and a larger but more bewildered group spent an evening wandering around Garstang trying to fathom the clues on Dave Earle's treasurehunt. This last event did little for the furtherance of applied logic but did give those present a disturbing insight into the workings of Dave Earle's brain. Example:-

Clue: House like a bird.

Answer: Maggie (Because the house was painted black and white)

I am also given to understand that an evening fell walk took place, though the crown green bowling sank without trace. Better luck next year.

The winter programme begins on the 7th October with a slide show. Full details later in the newsletter.

DEBBIE MABBETT

No doubt most members will have heard by now that Debbie had a bad fall whilst climbing on Tryfan in July and sustained several severe injuries.

Although a member of the club for only a few months she has become immensely popular and we all wish her as speedy a recovery as possible.

Debbie is currently in Ward G of the Spinal Unit at Southport Promenade Hospital. Anyone who needs cheering up should go and visit her, but please try to contact Dave Earle first as too many people going on the same night has caused problems.

Take along some amusing news, gossip and scandal; soft fruit and the lady loves Swiss chocolate.

NEW MEMBERS

The following are welcomed as introductory members:-

Gary Norman Robinson, 86, Gorton Street, Blackpool.

Ralph Crouch, 1A, Windsor Road, Walton-le-Dale.

Ms Sue Boden, 1A, Windsor Road, Walter-le-Dale.

Peter & Stephanie Hope, 34, Manor Road, Fleetwood.

Sean Michael Smith, 330, West Drive, Thornton, Blackpool.

Mr. S.W. Wattam, Mill Cottage, Oakenclough, Garstang.

SOCIALS - BUCCANEER, 8.30pm

7th October	Slide Show: Pot Holes & Old Mine Shafts	John Crompton
21st October	Quiz	John Wiseman
4th November	The Munroes	Ivan Waller
25th November	Rock Climbing	Rick Reeve

BARN DANCE

30th October Teanlowe Centre, Poulton - 8.30 to 12.00 midnight.
£1.50, including hot 'cowboy' supper.
Baker's Dozen
Dress optional, but prizes for best "Hill Billy"
Tickets - Susie Jackson, Fleetwood 71186.

17th October, The Tolley Housewarming.

A reminder about the Tolley's housewarming party at 9, Fairway off Sharoe Green Lane, Fulwood, Preston.
A bottle party which starts at the Old Black Bull, Friar Preston.

FUTURE MEETS

September 25/26th	Working weekend at Little Langdale	P.Caley Clev. Tel.854521
October 3rd/4th	" " " "	
October 11th	Coach Meet, Coniston/Langdale.	G.Senior - Tel B'pool 424.
October 16/17th	Family Weekend, Langdale	
October 31st/1st Nov.	Camping at Stoney Middleton.	M. Tolley, Preston 713817
November 8th	Coach Meet	Derek Smith, B'pool 56173
Nov.14/15th	Ladies Meet, Langdale,	L. Stevens
Nov. 21st/22nd	Pot Holing, Bull Pot Farm,	Pete Llewellyn
Nov. 28th	Club Dinner, Derwentwater Hotel.	

CLEVELAND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB - RECIPROCAL RIGHTS

Earlier in this newsletter I expressed concern for the mental state of my good friend David Earle. As if further proof were needed he appears to have made some kind of tentative reciprocal arrangement with the above Club whose hut in Patterdale must be all of half an hour from our own.

Should you wish to stay at the aforementioned hut, details are as follows:-

The Hut is located at grid ref. 391 162 between Patterdale and Glenridding in the lane leading towards the lake opposite the road down from Grisedale. Car park for 5 or 6 cars at side and rear of hut. The hut sleeps 18. Pre-payment meter (10p pieces) for electricity for heating lighting, hotwater, cooking, shower and drying room.

Key available from booking sec. Steve Pollington, 37 Dinsdale Drive, Eaglescliffe, Cleveland, TS1G 9HQ. Tel.0642/785113 and must be returned afterwards.

Eddie Craig.

HUT AVAILABILITY

2-3rd	October	Langdale (Working Weekend)
5-10th	"	Stair
16-17th	"	Family Weekend, Langdale
16th-17th	"	Stair
23rd-24th	"	Stair
30th-31st	"	Langdale
6th-7th	November	Stair
13th-14th	"	Langdale (Ladies)
20th-21st	"	Langdale
27th-28th	"	Stair (dinner weekend)
27th-28th	"	Langdale (4 places only)
4th-5th	December	Stair
11th-12th	"	Langdale
18th-19th	"	Stair (played out members!)
18th-19th	"	Langdale (8 places only)
25th-26th	"	Stair & Langdale.

POETRY SECTION

Poetry raises its ugly head once more. This time Terry O'Neill waxes lyrical and even McGonigal turns over in his grave.

THE CLIMBING LOCHINVAR by T.T.O'Neill.
(After Sir Walter Scott - a long time after!)

Oh, young Tom McLeod came out of the West
Of all the ace climbers he was the best
For after six pints of the most potent beer
He could still make short work of a "Very Severe"
So light on his feet, so strong in his arm
He thrilled all the girls with his manly charm.

He was tall, he was dark, he was lithe, he was slim
There was not a torrent he could not swim
He could dance the gavotte, the reel and the twist
There was scarcely a maiden he had not kissed.
He was expert at cooking haggis and tripe
And even played Beethoven on the bagpipes!

But alas! The maid to whom he'd given his love
Was to marry another, a spineless young blood
Who rarely indeed looked at a cliff
And who'd never led more than "Moderately diff."
Our hero decided he'd never forsake her
So he went to the wedding disguised as a waiter.

Boldly he entered the Rockhopper Hall
'Midst climbers and campers and hostellers all
Then up spake the bride's father, his hand on his rope
"Clear off Tom McLeod, you haven't a hope
My daughter's to marry an Alpine Club member
Who's at least enough money to keep up her suspender."

"Fear not for your daughter, this morning" Tom said.

"I come but to see her before she is wed.
And to ask if this gathering I may enhance
By persuading the lady to give me a dance."
And though father scowled so reluctant was he
He could not do anything else but agree.

So Thomas then offered the fair maid his arm
And though his blood mounted he still kept quite calm
As they danced to the music he whispered his plan
"We'll run off together as soon as we can"
For as they progressed round the high polished floor
He was steadily edging her nearer the door.

In a flash they were gone and quite out of sight
On his tandem they rode away into the night.
But before the bride's mother could say "How romantic!"
Father was given to bellowings frantic
His curses and oaths were not fit to be heard
Whilst the poor craven bridegroom ne'er said a word.

Quickly a party set out to pursue
O'er mountain and moorland they simply flew
But Tom, to escape the inevitable wrath
Had craftily chosen a most cunning path
It led to the foot of a very hard climb
Which had turned back the experts time after time.

But being a 'tiger', and inspired by love
He took his girl in his arms and shot right above
In his climbing ability he'd placed his reliance
And from a stance up above he roared his defiance
"Come up and get her" from his perch Thomas cried.
"That is if you want her as daughter or bride".

The bridegroom got started up the great cliff
Exhibiting the usual stiff upper lip
But he very soon started to quake and to squeal
When he realised that he was going to peel.
He faltered, he slithered, his knees turned to jelly
He then lost his grip and fell down on his b/.... - stomach.

Father was furious: he stamped on the ground
And for some good climbers he looked all around
But there were none present who'd risk life and limb
In attempting a climb with aspect so grim.
Father looked so frustrated, then said with a frown.
"I'm not beaten yet, I'll send for Joe Brown".

So pleas and entreaties were sent by the score
To him who regards XS as a bore
Father directed him: "There are the villains".
Replied Joe: "It looks hard. I'd best consult Whillans".
But even these two after giving their best
Could not get as high as our lover-boy's nest.

Everyone seemed to be thwarted and baffled
And as for the bridegroom he just stood and waffled
So Father agreed his daughter should wed
Young Tom McLeod, of whom it was said
Passionate love made him walk through the sky
That's how he managed to clamber so high.

So the episode ended in rejoicings and laughter
But Thomas did not live happy 'ere after
That pretty young thing he'd taken to wife
Turned out to be the plague of his life.
She'd a passion for hats and ran up large bills
And would not allow Tom to go climbing the hills.

But the call of the mountains would not be denied.
If he could not climb then he would ride.
He'd combine his ascents with a crafty career
Which would help keep his wife and pay for his beer
So he secured a position, free from the rain
Shovelling the coal on the Snowden train!

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TRIP TO DERBYSHIRE

34 members missed a glorious day in Derbyshire on the 13th September. The 17 who didn't enjoyed warm sunshine and good views. Four hardy walkers did Kinder Scout - the other walkers set off from Lady Bower Reservoir doing the ridge round to Mam Tor, all finishing in Hope (better than Despair!). The 3 representatives from the Climbing Section disappeared over Stannige Edge for the day.

A welcome change from the Lake District and the time allowed to stop at a pub arriving back in the Fylde at 9.30 pm.

Hope the next coach meet is better supported.

Kath Fielding.

CLUB DINNER

DERWENT WATER HOTEL, PORTINGSCALE, 28th NOVEMBER at 7 p.m. £6.00

Anyone wishing to stay at Hotel please book direct. Bed and breakfast £12 per person + VAT at 15%. Room without bathroom and shower £10 + VAT. Phone Keswick 72374. Please tear off below and send to Dave Earle, 31 Chester Avenue, Poulton le Fylde.
