

EDITOR'S NOTES.

Almost a bumper number this time folks. Too bad its always the same people who keep writing in. Even Dave Earle has slipped us another "Micky Finn". Sorry if I bore people using space like this to ask for new contributors but I do think it important to try and increase the scope of the newsletter and would like to hear from a few more members.

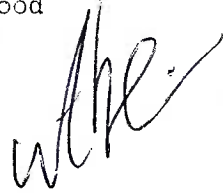
NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following introductory members to the club:-

R.A. Hogman 31 Fieldhouse Ave., Thornton
Ian Evans 8 Manor Rd, Wrea Green
Stuart Howcroft 23 Alderley Ave., Blackpool
Russel Clarke 67 Limerick Rd, Bispham
Andrew Holland 23 Oakmoor Ave., Bispham
Robert Killen c/o 41 Calloway Rd, Fleetwood
Julie Dandy 239 Hyde Park Rd, Leeds 6

Full Members:

Brian Osbourne
D. Norris
Sean Smith.



THE ADVERTS

Mountaineering Boots, Kastinger - recently resoled, in excellent condition - £35. o.n.o.
Contact Brian Wilkinson, 19 Larkholme Parade, Fleetwood.
Tel. No. Fleetwood 2594.

FUTURE MEETS

12th September	Coach Meet	Gerry Senior, B'pool 42477
18/19th Sept.	Ladies Meet, Stair	Jenny Tolley
25/26th Sept.	Members Meet, Langdale	Eddie Craig, Garstang 4169
2/3rd October	Family W/end, Stair	
2/3rd October	Alstonfield Hut	Phil Caley, Cleveleys 854521
16/17 October	Bangers, Beer & Beans, Stair	Jack Jowett, Cleveleys 853039
24th October	Coach. Roaches, Dovedale	P. Roscoe, Blackpool 43970.
30/31 October	Pot Holing, Pull Pot Farm.	Pete Llewellyn.

SOCIALS

Sept. 15th	"The Dream" Fell Walking in Knoydart.	'You've read the book - now see the film!' D. Earle
Oct. 6th	Members Slides	
Oct. 13th	A Walk in the Alps.	P. Robinson
Oct 27th	Pot Holing.	Oxford University expedition.
Nov 3rd at River Wyre	Red Guide Road Show -	Ski Holiday Information.
Nov 17th	Rock Climbing - Colorado, Yosemite and U.K.	Brendan Conlon (Return of last year's best lecturer)
Dec 1st	Photo Competition Slides.	Cats, Landscape and 3 of each max. Climbing.
Dec 15th	From the Alps to Etna	J.J.
Jan 6th 1983	Photo Quiz.	

COACH MEETS

In an attempt to streamline the picking-up procedure for coach meets, the following Pick-up Points and Times will operate in future:

8.00 am Devonshire Square
8.15 am Poulton-le-Fylde
8.40 am The New Holly, A.6

Set your alarm clocks accordingly.

NICK ESCORT LECTURE SEASON 82/83.

Lectures held at the Unicorn Hotel, Old Market Place, Altrincham. Tickets £1.50 per lecture. Season tickets £6. Cheque/P.O. plus s.a.e. to Nick Escort Outdoor Sports, 84 Stamford New Road, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 1BS. Tel.061-928.6613.

Programme:

On the Edge - Mon, Oct 11th @ 7.30 pm.
Sea Cliff Climbing.
Mick Fowler.

Technical Himalaya - Mon, Nov.8th @ 7.30 pm
Martin Boysen.

Cold Climbs - Mon, Dec. 13th @ 7.30 pm
Snow & Ice Classics
Dave Alcock.

Rock Around the World - Mon. Jan. 10th 1983 @ 7.30 pm.
Ron Fawcett.

Extreme Rock - Mon. Feb. 14th @ 7.30 pm.
The Best of British
Bernard Newman.

Climbing Down Under - Mon, March 14th 1983 @ 7.30 pm.
Kim Carrigan.

THE F.M.C. THREE THOUSANDERS MEET.

Martin Pickup.

At 6 pm on 12th June 1982 the happy band of Pam Ashton, Pete Rafferty, Eddie Craig, Eric Maymon and myself strode into Keswick in high spirits and excellent condition having completed the F.M.C. Lakes Three Thousanders Meet in twelve hours. No, let's be truthful, literary license can be taken too far. It was gone 10 pm, we were pretty knackered (but still going strong) and we had taken over sixteen hours. A brief report of how we got there is given below.

The sunshine was dappling the Fells at 5 am as we prepared for a 6 am start and it quickly became obvious the most difficult part of the day might be getting the editor out of his pit. It seems he was working even harder than usual at his "laid back approach to mountaineering". You may have noticed this approach - it involves receiving Munros for a day or two from the beach or pub and then playing crazy golf instead. He damn near worked too hard at it as the rest of us were in the car park when he managed to stagger from the hut, swigging his pint of milk and looking distinctly more "dragged through a hedge backwards" than "laid back". Whatever happened to the Ed. Craig I used to know?

We set off from the Moot Hall at eight minutes past six and by quarter past, as we retraced our steps after a wrong turning, it began to look as though the second hardest bit might be finding our way out of Keswick. The sun shone; here and there wisps of cloud caressed the Fells; and before 7 am Pam (and Raff.) were down to their bikinis - roll on mid-day! I pushed the pace a little down Borrowdale anxious to be safely passed "The Scafell" before opening time. However, at Seathwaite there was no way I could get them past the sign declaring that "teas, ices, sandwiches" etc. were on sale within. There had already

been talk of lynching the Meet Leader so I resigned myself to the fact that anticipated completion time of twelve to fifteen hours was optimistic. Pots of tea, ice-cream, choc-ices, scones, sausage rolls, tea-cakes, etc. later, we set off up Scafell. Unfortunately, by this time, cloud had rolled over the higher Fells but it cleared from the top the instant we arrived and we lazed in the sunshine for a while enjoying the seaward views. The Pike remained clagbound. Two down, two to go.

Predicted time for Scafell Pike was between 12 noon and 2 pm.. We arrived at approximately 2.30 pm., Ed via Foxes Tarn and the rest of us via Broad Stand and the foolhardy but heroic rescue of a nearby crag-fast sheep.

On again to Stake Pass via Esk Hause and Angle Tarn - still going strong. The ascent of High Raise doesn't look much on the map - ugghh - don't be fooled. We regrouped on the summit but quickly moved off, teeth chattering.

In view of the small number taking part (evidently most F.M.C. members are well balanced, sane individuals), it was decided to carry our own food etc. and not have "feeding stations". However, Chrissie Ikin and Barry had volunteered to be at Wythburn at 3 pm. to give us support. There was no sign of them (at 6 pm) and we made our way along the track but, round the corner, there they were, cheery and very welcoming. Unfortunately, they had just polished off the hot drinks they had brought for us. Still, the cold rice pudding, Milky Ways etc. went down a treat.

By this time, the enjoyment had begun to go out of the walk a little - we had already covered 34 miles and approx. 8,500 feet of ascent and still had to climb up and down Helvellyn and walk along the road to Keswick (approx. 12 miles and 2,600 feet of ascent - a fair day's walk still to go).

In deference to the physical and mental condition of the party, Eric declared that we would take it easy up Helvellyn - nevertheless we reached the summit in under an hour and were sitting in the bar of the King's Head at Thirlspot in well under two hours. It's perhaps as well he didn't think we should press on at all speed. A couple of pints went down nicely and we were soon marching swiftly down the road, minds wonderfully concentrated on fish and chips.

Total time taken including stops, 16 hours and 18 minutes.
Distance - 46 miles; approx. 11,000 feet of ascent and descent.

Amazingly we were all able to get out of bed the next day. At lunchtime Eric and I were sitting quaffing out pints in the King's Arms at Burton in a self-satisfied, laid back sort of way when Ed re-appeared beamingly happily. He looked even more self-satisfied than we felt. Had he managed to seduce the serving wench, or (more likely) been seduced by her? Had he just bumped into W.A. Poucher in the car park? No, it was a far more magnificent achievement, he'd managed the four steps from the gents. without assistance.

Thanks to all those club members who offered or gave assistance, in particular Barry and Chrissie, Liz and Kath, Gerry (who was prepared to be at Seathwaite at 4 am if we'd opted for a midnight start), Glen Shirley (a sub twelve hour superstar) for advice on logistics and Guy Duxbury who provided telephone cover from his Threlkeld home in case anyone should retire.

Also, thanks to Raff. for providing splendid certificates for the Team. He did a very professional job (courtesy of B.D.P.?) and I intend to commission him to do me a "This is to certify that Martin Pickup has climbed Everest" certificate and perhaps one for Annapurna.

After such a blissful (or should it be blisterful) experience we are now eager to try further epics and the following are possibilities for future expeditions:-

1. Orrest Head, without sherpas (if we can park near enough)
2. Gummers How from the ice-cream stall.
3. A two-day backpacking trip from Rydal to Grasmere via
Loughrigg Fell

If anyone should hear me planning anything more strenuous than these or hear the words "Bob Graham" mentioned, please administer tranquilisers and send for my Analyst.

CLUANIE LODGE - MAY 1982.

With what must qualify as the booking Coup of 1982 a dazed and disbelieving group of F.M.C. members found themselves occupying as good a doss as they are ever likely to come across.

Cluanie Lodge, an elegant reminder of a bygone era sits proudly on a wooded promontory on the southern shore of Loch Cluanie and was our very agreeable home for a memorable week.

The first half of the week was spent exploring our pleasant surroundings - one double bedroom, 4 twin bedrooms, and 5 single bedrooms, two lounges, a dining-room, and last but not least 3 bathrooms. There were 2 fires, one for cooking and one for providing everyone with a constant stream of hot bath water. Most of the furniture and ornaments were collector's items; if we had pinched a few I'm sure we could have financed the proposed extension at Stair.

Despite these magnificent surroundings and the cool showery weather we were occasionally shamed into doing something. Though exactly what you did depended largely on which "team" you joined. Forming the vanguard were the "A" team, Barbara, Pam, Martin and Raff representing the uptight 'what time did you start, what time did you finish and how much did you do?' approach to mountaineering. On the other hand Eddie Craig ably assisted by Dave Earle formed a very laid back 'Z minus' team which operated on the principle that the hills will still be there tomorrow and believing that they should be savoured, spent a casual two days on each Munro. The rest of us slotted in, somewhere between these two extremes and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

The first day on the South Kintail Ridge was enough to kill most people off. From the Lodge we ascended Creag a Mhain and then traversed west across a further five munros with views of ridges galore to the north and south. There was still a lot of snow in the gullies (on May 23rd) and the ridge was corniced. Having reached Sgurr Beag in descending cloud there was a rebellion and nobody could be persuaded to undertake Creag nam Damh, the seventh Munro. We descended northwards and finished off wading streams before we attained the road. Kath had to be dissuaded from doing a suicidal hand traverse across a gorge, perhaps she is thinking of retaining "the mug". Brian, one of the gentlemen of our party distinguished himself by successfully crossing a stream only to fall in on returning to rescue Liz. The route was generally considered a rather hard start to the holiday, some never recovered.

There were two expeditions to Garbh Leac and Mullach Froach Choire, two Munros with a knife-edged connecting ridge. Peter and Pam pioneered it, and Dave Earle, George, Christine and myself did it the day after. We set off in pouring rain and were machine gunned with hail stones on the first summit. Eventually we were rewarded by the weather improving and a panorama of mountains including the unmistakable Ben, whilst far below we could see upper Glen Affric, one of Scotland's most beautiful. We returned in the tranquility of a western evening and we witnessed the west of Scotland at its sublime but ephemeral best.

The Saddle Group was considered a worthwhile day. Christine, Liz and David Greenhalgh ascended Sgurr na Creige (the easy ascent) with difficulty, whilst the A team plus Gerry, George, Eddie, Dave Earle, Brian and myself went for the Forcan ridge. Poucher's account exaggerated the difficulties, which are about equal to Striding Edge.

We all descended by Sgurr Leach nan Each and walked down the lovely glen into Shiel Bridge where George and myself drank 5 pints of real ale at 70 p. per pint. There was no climbing across the floor to reach the loo on this occasion. We were bundled into a car and driven up the glen to the sound of Sky at full volume.

Incidentally, Poucher was observed on two occasions in Invershiel. He is now a 'wizened old git' still sporting red socks and has traded in the classic Jaguar 2.4 for a red BMW 320 which never does more than 20 m.p.h..

The Five Sisters of Kintail was tackled from Loch Cluanie by the A team who did it in appalling conditions and from halfway down the glen by the rest of us who failed to do it. The ascent to the ridge from the gap between the trees must be the most demoralizing steep slope in Scotland - 2,300 feet at an average of 45 degrees. Having attained the ridge and walked along to Sgurr nan Spainteach there was another rebellion in the appalling rain and eventually all retreated to Kintail Lodge, just as the weather improved. Not to be beaten Eddie, George, Liz - who did really splendidly on this holiday, and myself, repeated and completed the walk on the last day, whilst the others drove through Glenelg to Arnisdale on Loch Houran and explored remote Glen Arnisdale. Five golden eagles were seen in one day, and Pat excelled by showing the geological features to the less educated.

Most of us hope to return. Loch Houran and Ladhar Bheinn are awaiting to be explored, whilst the Cioch Nose at Applecross awaits a clear day and clear route description. Even Sligachan is not too far away. It will be nice to sit in the morning room again and watch the mist drift across the hills or amble round the grounds of the house and watch the birds and the visiting herd of deer. The west, even in a wet week, has a unique quality which once experienced beckons the wanderer to everlastingly return.

Barrie Crook.

TO RILE 'THE GREEN DRAGON'

Do your very worst they said. Write us one of your appalling articles about the F.M.C. raft race. Give us some of your most terrible over-dramatisation. A tall order when you think how much of the event I saw through water-logged specs peering through the orange collar of my life jacket from a position solidly to the rear of the main pack.

If the article hurts then tough; its payment for me getting immersed in water for the first time ever. The things us club secretaries have to do for a living!! Masochists, read on.

Bands played. Gaily coloured bunting fluttered briskly in the afternoon breeze. Excited crowds lined the course. It was the day of the F.M.C. Raft Race.

A hushed expectancy came over the valley as the 14 gladiators, drawn from all over the North West, made their slow laconic way to the start.

For some this could be their last journey. Rome could not rival such a contest as this.

Before them was the river, angry and swollen by a week of heavy rain, sliding darkly through verdant deeps and tumbling grimly and greeny-grey over foam flocked boulders with frightening ferocity. A sinuous serpent for slaying or to be slayed by.

Craft were lined up en echelon along the bank and their pilots retired across the field for the Le Mans start.

The ground thundered and the dark still waters became a foaming maelstrom as rafts and contestants hurtled into the river and fought for position on the Surry Bank. The club sec was bitterly harangued by his supporters when he tried to climb back out onto the bank thinking these

lunatic affairs had gone far enough. Garry Nuttall piloting the team West by lilo made a stunning get-away and headed the field as they swept into Robs Hole, paddling very strongly.

The roar of the crowds urged all of them onto stupendous efforts and the open waters saw many changes of position as lilos capsized, spun round, were nobbled by the opposition or people fell off them. One craft which bore a strong resemblance to an inflated bin bag with a knot in it tragically sank ending Tom's gallant attempt to enter into the true spirit of things.

Wet suits, dry suits, one bod hoping to stay dry by wearing a caggy, all bobbed up and down in the water as the field swept under the Slaters Bridge.

Running down the river bed, running along the bank even, all failed to catch the hydro planing Nuttall and Gary crossed the line a worthy winner of the first F.M.C. Raft Race.

Thanks to Barbara for the superb catering, to all the contestants and the very many supporters for making it such a super event and further congratulations to Garry for almost making for himself a sort of triple crown by climbing extreme in between the raft race and only being beaten for fastest time of the day in the fell race by a few seconds.

D.A. Earle.

FELL RACE, 1982.

As usual on Fell Race day there was a competitive atmosphere at Little Langdale, and I, as handicapper, was subject to the usual guff about how unfit people were. Conspicuous were Martin Dale who claimed he had never had any exercise since he last entered and Peter Llewellyn, who, due to doing the raft race on his knees, had resorted to an ice pack. How much of a handicap should I give Sue Reeves, a P.T. mistress but chaperoning young Ben and Jessica, or Rick, recovered from his recent attempt for mug of the year? How well would superfit Liz Rawcliffe perform after her many miles round Stanley Park? Surely the new John Sealey would be able to do better than his previous best of 49 minutes. I decided that Martin Pickup would be our scratch man, whilst young Garry, fresh from his raft race triumph insisted on being classed the same.

The results are given below. As usual the handicapper failed abysmally, but Sue and the kids emerged as popular winners and we look forward to them collecting the trophy at the dinner.

Competitor	Minutes Handicap	Gross		Net	
		Time	Position	Time	Position
Sue, Ben, Jessica) Reeves)	44	67.57	13	23.57	1
Chris Ikin	26	57.17	14	31.17	2
Peter Llewellyn	10	43.00	4	33.00	3
Tom Knowles	14	49.43	10	35.93	4
Martin Pickup	0	35.54	1	35.54	5
Dave Clarke	14	50.04	11	36.04	6
Garry Nuttall	0	36.18	2	36.18	7
Eddie Craig	2	38.36	3	36.36	8
Chris Moylen	34	71.20	20	37.20	9
Phil Caley	10	47.44	9	37.44	10
Rick Reeves	14	52.07	13	38.07	11
Martin Dale	5	44.11	5	39.11	12
John Sealey	5	45.13	6	40.13	13
Dave Earle	5	45.34	77	40.34	14
Barbara Sealey	10	50.48	12	40.48	15
Gillian Boothroyd	29	70.02	19	41.02	16
Barrie Crook	5	46.08	8	41.08	17
Liz Rawcliffe	16	59.00	15	43.00	18
Kath Fielding	34	77.20	22	43.20	19
Terry (Vags)	17	62.16	16	45.16	20
Ken (Southern)	14	63.57	17	49.57	21
Cherry Earle	24	76.05	21	52.05	22