

EDITOR'S NOTES

Sunny summer has brought only dark despair to our little club! Or so it would appear from much of the following. Lawlessness once again stalks the huts, this time in the form of mini marauders and tiny terrorists who have ushered in another era of hell-raising (see A New Target). And as if our despair was not complete, we are it seems little more than a music hall joke to our colleagues in the Fylde Ski Club at whose hands further defeats were suffered in the annual football and rounders matches.

A little later in this newsletter D. Duck will sound the clarion call torally us to the flag and so for my part I will say only this. I was present on the ignominious occasion in question and observed that the Ski Club consists almost entirely of male nurses and a strange breed of female not unlike Russian lady athletes. Is this then how we are brought low? By home perms and steroids! Let them snigger whilst they may: our star will rise again.

Eddie Craig.

THE CLUB DINNER

We return to the Waterhead Hotel, Ambleside, Saturday 8th December - meal served at 7.30 pm. Cost of the dinner will be £8.00 and the Treasurer requests members return the slip at the end of this newsletter with the appropriate amount. Cheques payable to the Fylde Mountaineering Club.

For hotel accommodation please book direct with the Waterhead Hote. Ambleside. Tel.0966 32566. Cost this year for bed and breakfast is £13.25..

WELCOME

The following are welcomed as introductory members:

John Hickman	20 Victoria Road, Poulton, Nr. Blackpool
Anthony G. Dougan	19 School Lane, Freckleton.
Mrs P.A. Bowyer	Lane End Cottage, Grange Road, Hambleton.
Philip Spink	17 Duchess Drive, Blackpool.
Chris Potter	3 Willow Grove, Highfurlong, Blackpool.
Dave Lundy	60 Westby Street, Lytham, St. Annes.

Full members:-

Mr & Mrs. A.J. Lovett,
Mr & Mrs J.A. Denmark.

AND FAREWELL.

Chris Heald, a member for many years, has written in to resign from the club. Chris does this with sadness but having lived for some time on the other side of the world in a place called Yorkshire he has more or less taken root there and so bids us farewell.

He would like to thank, in particular, Pete Roscoe, John and Barbara Sealey, Dave Earle, Cherry Earle, Peter Raff, Mick Tolley and Dave Sharples for some good times and happy memories.

All the best for the future Chris.

J.J. SLIDE SHOW AND PUBLIC LECTURE.

Members are asked to make particular note of the J.J. extravaganza at the Tithebarn, Poulton on Nov. 21st. Jack will be ably supported by Dave Earle, Paul Robinson and Mick Tolley, all providing their very best slides and the evening should be a memorable one.

SOCIALS. (To be held at the Buccaneer at 8.30 pm in each case)

19th Sept.	Audio Visual Extravaganza	Dave Earle
3rd Oct.	Sailing in the Hebrides	Don Rutter
17th Oct.	Wanderings in the North Country	Les Bell
31st Oct.	Members' Slides - Bring your own slides.	
14th Nov.	Old Man of Hoy.	
21st Nov.	Public Lecture at Tithebarn.	Jack Jowett, Paul Robinson, Dave Earle and Mick Tolley.
	Fund raising night for Mountain Rescue Team.	
30th Nov.	Ski Club Barn Dance and Hot Pot Supper.	
	Teanlowe Centre	
5th Dec.	Ski Club Folk Night - River Wyre.	
	(Why are you sending me all this Ski Club stuff Donald? Whose side are you on anyway...? - Editor)	
12th Dec.	Audio Visual - The Lake District Nat. Park	Philip Eden.
19th Dec.	U.S.A. slides and Xmas Booze-up.	

FUTURE MEETS.

22/23 Sept.	Family W/E - Little Langdale	
14th Oct.	Coach Meet (Rydal to Patterdale)	Mary Aspin, F'wood 6785
27/28 Oct.	Bull Pot Farm	Pete Llewellyn
3/4 Nov.	Bangers, Beers and Beans - Stair	J. Jowett, Clev. 853039
10/11 Nov.	Working W/E - Little Langdale	Phil Caley, Clev. 854521
18 Nov.	Car meet Armscliffe	Andy Blaylock, B'pool 55408.

HUT AVAILABILITY.

6/7 Oct.	Stair	
13/14 Oct.	Little Langdale	
20/21 Oct.	Stair	
27/28 Oct.	Little Langdale	
3/4 Nov.	Stair - Bangers, Beers and Beans.	
10/11 Nov.	Little Langdale, Working Weekend.	
17/18 Nov.	Stair	
24/28 Nov.	Little Langdale; Stair - Families	
1/2 Dec.	Little Langdale	
8/9 Dec.	Little Langdale	
15/16 Dec.	Stair.	

ART EXHIBITION

Anyone visiting London may be interested in the following:

Exhibition of Paintings "Mountains and Mountain Scenery"
Alpine Club Gallery, 74 South Audley St., London W.1.
10-21 September 1984. Weekdays 10am to 5 pm.

UP THE WALL

Members may like to note that the Ellsmere Port climbing wall is now open and may be useful in salvaging something from a wet weekend in Wales.

NANT PERIS HUT.

We are advised by the Vagabond Mountaineering Club that improvements have been made to their property and that the lock has been changed. Any member holding copies of the original key is advised that these no longer work. The Secretary holds (or should do so) the current key which is available to any member.

D.A. Earle

SKI WARS.

They who climb mountains with the aid of mechanical means in order to slide down them again on a couple of 'planks' (I'm sure you have guessed by now to whom I'm referring) have struck a second literary blow at us!

Indeed one of that ilk has just shown me with great pride an article in their latest newsletter and openly boasted that they have now fired two broadsides at us in print without receiving a single shot in return! Not content with coining a derogatory name for us (The Fair Maidens' Club!) our rivals are now crowing about their famous victory master-minded by 'She who must be obeyed' at the Rangers recently.

Let's be honest they only beat us by a comparatively narrow margin this time - in fact we claim to have won the rounders - and, although I've no proof that they did so, on this occasion we all know that half their team usually consists of 'ringers' on loan from the P.E. departments of various educational establishments, and anyway we were unfortunate in that certain of our star players were on temporary transfer to Scotland and the U.S.A. on the evening in question and so could not be recalled to save their club's honour! What is more to the point, in view of the 'Fylde Smug Club's' comments, these people were climbing mountains, for most of us do not 'only turn out in fair weather for drinkypoos', to roughly quote the F.S.C's most caustic comment, we get out on the hills and mountains in all weathers and all seasons not just when the fun's shining on glistening snow! (Sock it to them Duck Editor)

We get wet often enough on the hills so that we, unlike the Fylde Smug Club don't have to prove that we are 'hard men' by kicking a ball about on a sodden field in the pouring rain!

On a night like that we just use our common sense and go for a drink!

But seriously, can we avenge ourselves next year? Well can we? It's up to you!

D. Duck

A NEW TARGET.

At last, after years of haranguing the so called 'active section' for excess noise and boisterous behaviour a new group of miscreants has emerged.

Cloaked in a thin veneer of respectability, wives and children of professional men and all that, and legitimately booked to boot they descend on the unsuspecting Lake District in a maelstrom of mayhem.

Roofs are raised, walls reverberate, pandemonium persists; especially that most pervasive pandemonium the early morning sort i.e. before about 10 am!

Balding and bespectacled members were driven to fleeing to the camp site at Great Langdale in an effort to regain sanity and re-absorb some of the peace and tranquility that the Lake District is supposed to provide.

Little Langdale may be sounder than the walls of Jericho but the Committee do not want to take any chances so please ladies try and tone down a little the boisterious exuberance of your little treasures - too many, too loud is too much.

Anymore of this sort of behaviour and Uncle Dave, the kiddies' friend, will come round and eat them all up.

D.A. Earle (T.K.F)

Contrary to popular scientific opinion the epi-centre of the recent earthquakes was in fact No. 2 Newhouses.

HUT TO HUT WALK June 1984.

Most of the people that wanted to go on the Hut to Hut walk were marooned in Scotland during a week of glorious weather and were reluctant to leave early.

Those of us that were left had done the through trip on numerous occasions and wanted a new challenge. The Ennerdale horseshoe was mooted as a possibility.

Leading from the rear as usual the meet leader arrived to a darkened Stair hut. A note skewered to the door by the metaphoric dagger asked him and his party to tick the appropriate boxes as to where and when to go and to go to bed quietly. He made his mark against an early start to Ennerdale.

7 am found us tumbling out of the transport into the dew of a perfect morning; cool, bright and clear. The day's crux navigational problem soon appeared in the guise of getting lost walking around the Lake. We stopped admiring the early morning light burnishing the mirror-calm surface and the flocks of geese taking their ease and consulted maps and compasses.

A way was soon found to the Flouthern Tarn track by following a line of orange tape. We hoped the runners that would be following us shortly would be more observant. The steepness of Herdus was soon under us and the triangulation point of Great Borne quickly reached. The prospect of the days route was now spread out before us. It certainly looked a long way but time was on our side and we convinced ourselves that if we could reach Pillar we could finish the walk somehow or other.

The gentle swelling of Starling Dodd prefaced that most delectable mountain ridge from Red Pike to High Crag. We passed the time of day with a very pleasant young lady marshal who had opted to sleep out the night on the summit of Red Pike before setting off along the ridge above Chapel Crag.

The low light picked out Pillar Rock delightfully and lit up the crags and coves of Steeple. Deep below us on the left Buttermere shone like the ageless jewel it so undoubtedly is. Bleaberry Tarn was covered in its still shadowed corrie. Happy memories drifted through our minds as we passed the crags of Birkness Coombe but soon the brain was sharpened by the steep descent down Gamlin End to Scarth Gap and that mountain in miniature Haystacks.

How delightful it would have been to have drunk in its magical delights to bursting point on such a glorious morning but the magnitude of our walk eventually intruded on our ease of mind and we again set off Gable wards.

Between here and Windy Gap the runners started to pass us, first in a trickle and then a flood. Water bottles charged at Blackbeck Tarn

we struggled up Brandreth and on to Gable. The writer was quite stunned to find that Gable did not form part of the Ennerdale Gorseshoe race but at least it left more room on the summit for an hour's sunbathe.

The steep jarring descent of Gable was taken cautiously and the traverse of Kirkfell gently. With seven hours of daylight left we only had Pillar to do (we thought). We seriously considered the climber's traverse but tiredness was beginning to creep up on us and it was reluctantly left for another day when we could do it more justice. Another prolonged stop was enjoyed on Pillar before the short sharp section to Steeple was tackled on limbs wilting in the oven-like heat.

Haycock would surely be the last great test after which it was down hill all the way to the pub. But the final section proved mindbending. It was a long way, it was hotter than ever and the way was bounded by an enormous pink wall. Given that we could have run, in slow motion, in the prescribed manner of our times, with Floyd reminding us of our antipathy to thought control, it would no doubt have gone easily. Drained by the heat and our journey and stereo-less it did not. What it did do was go on and on and on. (Anyone contemplating this walk is seriously advised that a descent down the Steeple Ridge, or Tewit How and along the lakeside, taking care not to get lost of course, would greatly enhance the quality of the walk.)

Crag Fell was eventually reached and parched bodies revived in the stream to a pitch just suitable to gain the maximum benefit of the Ennerdale Bridge Hotel. It had taken a leisurely twelve hours and had been an utterly delightful trip.

Thanks to the drivers and companions for helping to make such a lovely day out.

D.A. Earle.

CORRIS 1984

Friday night we all met at the Slaters Arms in Corris, a friendly pub with a tasteful line in Beer - Banks who make a flavoursome bitter and a delightful mild. Our party had left early and eaten in a pub at Llandegla - good food and Lees beer.

The Coventry hut will take 8 people; plenty of sleeping space but cooking space is limited; it is a cottage one of a terrace most of which are occupied.

Saturday saw us split up; Martin and Phil went climbing on Cader; ran into some problems and went to bird rock. Dave and Dave disappeared up the local hills while the rest of us went to Cader Idris and had an enjoyable day exploring that extensive hill. The evening was spent in the Slaters sampling their food as well as the beer, playing darts while Martin was making a hit with the local ladies.

Sunday was spent at Cywarch, an area which has something for everyone as long as the sun shines, which it did - even to the extent of having plenty of caterpillars for Chris.

It was nice to have a weekend in a different area, one not too far to drive and to have two days of good weather.

J. Wiseman.

WASDALE MEET - July 7/8th.

A very well supported meet blessed with the excellent weather that 1984 will long be remembered for.

An early start found us driving down Wasdale with the sun lighting the turrets of Pikes Crag to perfection on a delightful Friday evening. We claimed our beds and walked the 25 minutes to the pub through hay meadows thick with the smell of newly mown grass, as good a walk to a pub as I have ever enjoyed.

Saturday found us blinking into the fierce morning light, still somewhat stunned that the rain forecast by the meet leader had not yet arrived. Teams divided into low level ramblers, high level ramblers and real mountaineers who of course went to Scafell. The Whin Rhigg party eventually made it to the pub at Wasdale Head having definitely observed the classic arrival of a front from the slopes of Ill Gill Head. Sunday would definitely be wet.

The Editor turned a crowded hut into chaos with the creation of his latest culinary masterpiece - stew. Dinner was interrupted by the light on the Wasdale screes, which caused the meet leader and his camera to depart rapidly halfway through the sweet course.

Sunday was, of course, if anything hotter than ever. Parties explored parts of Eskdale and Miterdale, Steeple and Haycock, and the major crags.

All in all 72 hours of complete joy.

D.A.Earle

THE DRYING OUT SESSION.

So far, he concluded, it had been one hell of a holiday. Non-stop boozing on the bus all the way to the resort. Bars both on piste and off, open 'til you fell over. Supermarket beer at 35p a litre and cheap plonk. But tonight was going to be different. The mid-holiday drying out session; no early evening dash to the pub and no late drinking.

He went out on to the balcony and gazed across the pistes to the mountains shining in the unearthly glow of the moonlight, almost as if lit from within. Each diamond spire was etched savagely against the black sky whilst overhead the milky way tumbled and spiraled across the heavens. The stars shone brightly reflecting the sparkle of myriad soaring ridges. The cold stung him but the beauty of the scene tore at his soul.

He announced his intention, packed a small sack with emergency provisions, collected his touring skis from the locker and ventured into the night. After the bustle of the day the stillness and the silence were profound. The swish of his skis did not intrude and the squeak of the snow echoed the emptiness. His breath curling soundlessly upward was the only other movement.

He entered the wood and its folds silently and gently embraced him. Playfully he tapped the branches with his pole and the snow exploded, sparkled in the moonlight and fell softly to the earth without disturbing the utter silence of his world.

Eventually he emerged from the woods into the harsh flaring world of the upper snow slopes glittering like silver. Below him he could see the pistes where he had struggled for so long in a vain attempt at learning to ski.

Never had so much time been lavished on one individual by his friends with so little effect. Slow, clumsy and awkward he was still struggling from the pupa of 'Stem Christies'. Yet up here his spirit soared in unison with the peaks and ridges. He was master in his own world. A mountaineer able to move freely and safely in his chosen environment both physically and spiritually.

He passed into the inky shadow of a steep crag which brooded menacingly over him. He knew that in the present viciously cold conditions he would be safe from stone fall and that it had already avalanched its recent snowfall. As he emerged back into the moonlight the sparkle from the snow almost hurt his eyes. Slowly he continued to climb up the huge snow bowl and eventually traversed across to the top of the big drag lift. From here he knew a long easy run led down to the alcoholic rendezvous. He took stock of the situation.

On his right the crags under which he had come glowered cruelly like a knight in icy armour, hunched against the rage of winter. On his left rose a slender elegant spire shining like a spear in the moonlight, a study in etched silver, poised between heaven and earth and defying the blackness of the sky. A stillness pervaded his soul and held him spellbound. The graceful beauty entered his heart and sent his spirit soaring to where the mercurial blade leapt against the night ai magnificent unity and true beauty.

In front of him on the other side of the dark trench of the main valley the bulk of Mont Blanc, diamond cut by the ravages of time, and supported by the steely spires of its satellites, floated mysteriously upon a gossamer mat of cloud.

At once both apparent and real, savage yet peaceful, the jutting bones of some earthly corpse yet a vision of such deathless beauty as lives in the mind for ever.

He reflected on its many epics and tragedies and especially on Bonatti's retreat from the central pillar of Freney. It seemed impossible now in the utter peace and tranquility of the night to imagine storms of such murderous ferocity.

The spell was broken by the warm glow of the little village nestling in the folds of the hills like a babe in the womb, protected from the harsh outside world and full of expectant life. He removed his skins - locked down his heels, and set off down the piste slowly and inelegantly. He smiled to himself as he reflected that there was none around to notice his poor style and concentrated on absorbing the view, Gradually the surrounding hillsides pressed in upon him and eased him towards the village.

In the bar the festivities were in full swing. The exercise had given / him a thirst and he soon passed the number of pints he would have consumed had he arrived with the others. Eventually most retired and he moved into the restaurant area to enjoy the excellent jazz session and a few more pints. The warm glow at the bottom of the glass reflected his spirit as he viewed the clarinetist through his alcoholic haze.

The last cable car came and went. He spent the last hour alone. The cold 'pression' fizzed like the music until 2 am found him outside struggling with the skiis. He half wobbled, half snow-ploughed down the easiest run he could locate and eventually found his way back to his apartment block.

It had been one hell of a moonlit ski tour and one hell of a temperance session.

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F.M.C. DINNER 1984, Booking Form

To Dave Greenhalgh,
20, Warren Avenue, South,
Fleetwood,
FY7 7AZ.

Please book place (s) for me at the Club Dinner.
Cheque for £ enclosed herewith.

From: