

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
NEWSLETTER

Jan 1989

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F.M.C AGM

The 1989 AGM is on the 15th of February at Breck Sports and Social Club, Poulton-le-Fylde at 7-30pm. Official notification will be on its way soon with the various committee reports, and minutes of the last AGM. Please be prompt. Thankye.

THE HAZE THAT IS THE OLD DUNGEON GHYLL

Once again we depart from the Annual Dinner at the Old D.G. still inebriated, wondering what the place looks like, who was there? where did we sleep? did we even go?! The dinner was brilliant with many fine speeches and plenty of hoots. The Disco man surrendered at 5 o'clock with the boogie hitting eleven on the Richter scale, and Moz running around in his underpants smearing cake on anything resembling a humanoid. All in all a typically introvert and demure FMC dinner!

Our Chairman has once again consented to defy gravity in his quest to reach the boozer at the end of the day, with some brilliant E5's bagged this summer, they include ; Axle Attack, Pen Trwyn E5 6b, King Krank Pen Trwyn E5 6b, Doubting Thomas, Malham E5 6a, Trafic Jam, Stoney Middleton E5 6a, Circ, Stoney E5 6b, Hitlers Buttock (best named route), Tremadoc E5 6b and Clean Sweep, Wilton E5 6a.....(The Chairman this year is not Dave Earle !!)

The caves done this Autumn so far are ; Bar Pot, County Pot, Dismal Hill, Car Falls, Old Ing, Knots Pot, Pipikin (twice) and Lancaster Hole to County Pot (with many passages in between!)

As you have probably already heard your glorious editor's magnificent route finding capabilities have recently been extended to caves. Could I take this opportunity to say I have collected enough balls of string off friends and well wishers to last me a life time of caving.

The committee now boasts a Membership Secetary (Cherry Earle). This appointment was made to take the pressure off other committee members in keeping tally of the club membership. Could you please give Cherry all the help possible in the task of collating the membership of the club. Big inroads have been made in this direction recently, any queries please ring Cherry.

See you at the AGM on the 15th, don't forget the subs sheet at the end of this newsletter and the money.

BEST NEWSLETTER ARTICLE AWARD

Due to me being a thoroughly naughty boy recently, I missed the Dinner part of the Dinner this year and so the Newsletter Article Award wasn't made. So the joint winners were ; Martin Dale for Strange Fish Swim in Black Hole, and A letter to the Editor by A Disgusted Member.

I'm completely gob smacked at the articles sent in this year, they are all superb, it makes slaving over a hot word processor very worth while!

FULL MEMBERS

Clive Bell Tony Simpson Claire Addy

NEW MEMBERS

David Kwik
1 Wigeon Close
Thornton
Blackpool FY5 2HN

Marjorie Kirkpatrick
483 North Drive
Cleveleys
FY5 2HY

Richard Homard
1 Crofton Ave
Bispham
Blackpool

Elaine Osbourne
3 Pershore Gardens
Normoss
Blackpool

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Frank Lord
Milano 78
Bormio 23032
(SO)
Italy

Rhona Giles
'HAVANA'
Nicksons Lane
Preesall
Nr Blackpool FY6 ONY

Steve Halton
8 Badgers Rake
Fisherbeck Park
Ambleside
Cumbria

Kevin & Carol Stephens
20 Rosendale Drive
Leigh
Lancashire

Simon Fenna
21 Chequer Rd
Chorlton—Cum—Hardy
Manchester
M21 1DX

Roger Brookes
24 Church Ave
Meanwood
Leeds
LS6
Tel 0532 744926

Paul & Julie Reid
5 Dorchester Close
Thornton Cleveleys

Glenn Brookes
7 Addlington Rd
Bollington
Cheshire SK10 555

Stuart Gascoign

Hut Availability

Jan 1/2	Both Huts	Feb 2/4	Lang
6/7	Lang	10/11	Stair
13/14	Stair	17/18	Vags Hut
20/21	Lang	24/25	Stair
	Stair (Families)		
27/28	Stair		
March 3/4	Lang		
	10/11 Lang (Families)		
	Stair (Gourmet Meet)		
	17/18 Lang		
	24/26 Stair		
	27—1st April Lang		

SOCIALS

Feb 1st Ron Rutland The Himalayas Breck Rd 8—00pm

March 1st Rock Rapping in the USA Breck Rd 8—30pm

Outdoor Meets

Jan 7/8 Howgills Coach meet John Wiseman
14/15 Stair—Grub up Paul Taylor
28/29 Chester Club Hut Swap Don Nichol
Feb 4/5 Alex Mc Intire Hut Onich Glen Coe Mick Tolley
March 3/4 CIC Hut Ben Nevis Steve Halton/Mick Tolley
11/12 Langdale Grub up Pete Roscoe
24—27 Easter Roy Bridge Nr Spion Bridge Caravan Accom
April 7—9 Falkcliffe Cottage
28—30 Ingherhaolin Glen Etive
22 Stair Introductory Members Meet

Adverts

Karrimore Arosa Cross Country Ski Pakage (Skis Sticks Boots size 6)
£50 o.n.o. Downhill Boots size 6 £20 o.n.o.
Joyce Kent Tel 697948

Breck Social Club

The Breck Social Club is soon opening a "Boasters Bistro" and say that they will give new members £5 worth of food vouchers if you give them a £5 fee. Sounds Irish to me, but if you want to know more about their social club contact me on 0772 267236 during the day.

START OF SOCIALS

Your brilliant and superlative editor has been instructed, nay ordered, to bring it to everyones attention that the Socials start at 8—30pm unless otherwise stated. Failing to convey this may result in my thingys being cut off!! So please note!!!!!!

RARE COLLECTORS ITEMS

F.M.C. Metal enamel badges are now becoming a rare collectors item. They really look good and are a being given away at £2—50 each. The proceeds of the sale go to the Dave Whitmore fund. Don,t delay there are not many left.

CHESTER HUT

The Booking Secretary for the Chester Hut is now Les Williams on 0244 372279

DAVE WHITMORE

Dave Whitmore or more affectionately known as Dozy Dave is still (as many know) very poorly in hospital, over a year after his climbing accident. Dave has had many problems hindering his recovery from his appalling accident and the FMC has woken up to the fact that we have the machinery to help his family to help him.

We have started by running a raffle at the Club Dinner in aid of Dave, and running a voluntary nominal entrance fee of 50p at the socials on every first Wednesday of the month during the winter.

Fund raising is always a difficult task especially as some of you may only have heard of Dave through his accident, but without trying to write a moving article, everyone who visits him in hospital, leave in a very sombre mood, realising what a great lad and good friend he was when he was active. Now he can only concentrate for very short periods of time, frequently lapsing into semi consciousness for long periods, due to him having to take high dosages of drugs.

I hope that everybody will help in trying to make life easier for Daves Mother who visits him daily in Hospital and helps him to keep going until he gets better. More fund raising events are to come and any ideas will be gratefully received.

I would like to give a very sincere thankyou for all your help.

Steve H.

CORRIS MAY 1988

A week or two after the most enjoyable Scottish meet in Inbhirfhaolain came the annual visit to Corris. Friday night at the Station Arms, a friendly pub with good food and beer, the team was assembling. "Lord Edward of Clunie remarked that he had only been to Wales twice before. His tone demanded the obvious reply "Why have you only been to Wales twice before Edward?" some fool asked.

Edward paused for thought, or effect, then in a voice that reverberated around the bar said, "Well.....really I just don't like the Welsh." In the ensuing silence we suppressed him and made him buy tickets for the local Rugby Club raffle. Meanwhile Edward was asked if he had ever

considered a career in the diplomatic service being just the sort of chap Plameston would approve of.

Calm returned and the conversation ebbed and flowed with beer then one of our number while explaining the events of our Scottish weekend, superb days on the hills and a lively night in the pub, used the phrase "I was suffering from a slight electrolytic imbalance" an apt enphomism we thought. The bar closed and we left.

When we woke on Saturday we found that Dave and Donald had arrived sometime in the early hours after going to a primitive rock concert and a pub. They came in, unrolled their pits next to other people without making a noise, putting on the lights or waking people up. Magnificent, should this be a skill we should demand of introductory members before we accept them?

Saturday was warm and sunny, we went up to Liyn Cau and sunbathed, played on the rocks and watched the world go by including Edward who was in front and had not seen us stop and was racing for the summit of Cader Idris. Some time later we joined him and followed the length of the plateau before crossing the road and going over the hills back to Corris.

Most of us went to the pub to eat, Donald stayed behind opening large tins of cheap food from B & M bargains. At the time this had no significance at all. The evening passed in pleasant company until closing time when Dave Laycock asked Donald for the hut key....."what hut key?" said Donald, "the one you opened the hut door with Donald, the one that was on the kitchen table". Donald slowly realised, or had it explained to him, that he had pulled the door shut and it had a yale lock. While slowly working this out he chose a pipe from among his collection of pipes, selected the right tobacco and lit it. "How can you smoke at a time like this?" shouted Louise, and Donald was put in charge of 'the break in'. Dave Laycock scaled the flat roof at the rear and dismantled a section of the fire escape and passed it to Donald who promptly buggered off with it, leaving Dave stranded on the roof. Putting it against a first floor window Donald swayed up the ladder slowly getting through the window encouraged by our shouts. As he fell to the floor inside a passing drunk who had been watching this show, ran up the ladder dived through the window and ran down the stairs. Lynda eventually persuaded someone to rescue Dave, and Donald prepared his version of cheese on toast for all brave enough to try it.

The Duck really came into his own (or extracted his revenge) on the Sunday morning as many of us waited in anticipation for relief, our faces gradually getting longer our legs crossed. In a hut with only one loo Duck's 'half hour' is 28 minutes too long.

The Arans were chosen for a visit, a good walk with clear skies, good views but very strong winds.

J. W.

JOINT SHOW

Joint Audio/Visual show + Hot Pot with Preston M.C. at the Stanley Arms, Nr The Guild Hall, Preston.

Thursday Feb 16th 7-30pm

Contact Dave Kenny

Tel Preston 861415

FYLDE SKI CLUB PRESENTS

On behalf of the Fylde Ski Club Peter Horsley presents ;

NAMASTE — a Himalayan Journey

at The Shippon, Poulton Community Centre. Wednesday 22nd Feb '89
7-30pm Tickets £1-50.....bar open.

AN AFTERNOON OUT WITH ACTION MAN

I knew I had had too much beer on the Wednesday night before the Stair working weekend when I had agreed to go on it and then asked Mark if he had done Prana on Black Crag. Mark in his usual way said yes he had done it but would be happy to do it again at the weekend. This is the main reason why Mark will get my vote for Chairman again, he says the right things.

Sunday afternoon duly arrived and the major works on the hut had been carried out to Mr Hickman's satisfaction and I couldn't hide anymore so Mark talked Steve (where is it?) Halton and Claire (are you sure this is severe) Addy into going to Black Crag. They wanted to go to Castle, but I said that Black Crag catches the sun all afternoon and would be dry. Neither of which turned out to be true.

Up to the crag on the run and there it was the bottom 30ft soaked. Lets solo up the wet bit to the tree says Mark and I will traverse into the route. Off he goes with both hands and feet on very wet rock. Mark makes it look very hard. He doesn't do this normally, so I comment on the fact. "Don't worry Mike I'm not using my feet yet !!" he said. The rock dries out and Mark is beneath an overhang with the crucial handhold above wet. He falters, something else Mark rarely does, I'm worried. Mark pulls over and soon is on the top. My turn!! My arms are weak, my hands cold, the moves are hard and I am worried about wet rubbers, but after a worrying 20 mins I am up. Steve Halton is round the corner and up the first pitch of a V.S. we rope off and see Steve off route on a H.V.S. Claire is not happy. Lets do Grand Alliance says Mark, it looked dry when we came down. I don't know I wasn't looking, o.k now I'm not happy again. Mark leads the first two pitches and catches up with Steve (where is the bloody route) Halton. I follow and fall off one

bit, so does Claire. We are both unhappy. Mark leads off up and across the 5c traverse. This is why I have not been on this route before. Mark makes it look easy and I make sure he leaves one rope tree to protect me. The 6a move above doesn't seem to bother him. Claire is told to climb and so am I, her rope goes off to the left, mine to the right. We are both not happy. I follow and again win the sweaty hand of the year award. We abseil off to see Steve on the fourth pitch of yet another route (this is worth mug of the year), I am very happy, Claire isn't. Steve takes some stick on his route finding and gets his own back by making us walk back in the dark. Why is it my arms ache when I climb with Mark? and he wonders why his back aches.

By Mike (I'm not too old) Tolley.

WALKS IN THE ALPS AND STAGGERS IN THE VALLEYS

(A Personal View By Moz)

The worst possible way to begin a three week odyssey around France and Spain is to a) Go on the overnight coach from Talbot Rd to Victoria.

b) Consume a bottle of Thunderbird Wine (blue bottle)
after a quart of Jack Daniels, and finally;

c) Combine both of these things and add them to a
bunch of drunken passengers intent on creating as
much mayhem as possible for as much of the
journey as possible.

Add to this a party that would have shamed Rabelais himself the following evening in West Norwood and you should have some idea what state of catatonia myself and Andy Scott were in when we boarded the Paris bound train at Calais-Ville on Sunday 21st August last year. Imagine our dismay when approximately one hour into that journey we found ourselves polishing off several bottles of evil strong lager not through choice but more through weary resignation, on top of all this in a vain bid to see who could out-zombyfy the other fist and you will recognise all the symptoms of Nobdom.

The bustling and vibrant city of Paris appeared to like a mirage in the desert, it's immediacy and pazzaz entering our atrophied nirvana like a troublesome fly on a hot summers day. A low rent hotel which Tom Waits wouldn't recommend offered shelter from the alcohol induced storm. ZZZZZZZZZZZZZs for at least twelve hours restored some much needed vitality and the following morning humping our enormous big sacks (fnurr, fnurr) it was your stupid and ill-advised hack who announced confidently to a bemused and suspicious Mr Scott, " Don't worry Andy, I know ParisGare D Lyon's not far from here.....
.....follow me!" and promptly got lost.

Two milleniums later we arrived there and made a desperate dash down tunnels without end to platforms whose numbering system didnot make any sense finally boarding a TGV train bound for Lyon with only mico—seconds to spare. With a sense of relief and some trepidation we watched the suburbs of Paris dissapear with ever increasing swiftness as the mighty train picked up speed. The trepidation was mentioned because some unkind people have said that French trains are built to go extreemely fast (TGV's can travel at 270 kph) but not necessarily to stop.

Your correspondent in a determined attempt to destroy nerve and brain cells before the train did, in fact only succeeded in demolishing a bottle of Cote de Provence (1986) and a six pack of afore mentioned evil strong lager. In fact the journey was really impressive with the smooth, efficient trains of SNCF scoring a significant points win over the overcrowded, crappy trains that Jimmy Savile is so proud of. Lyon was reachd in two hours from Paris. Chamonix was reached in eight hours from Lyon. The long journey was worth it, however for as the train meandered through the Chartreuse Massif and the Dauphine there were magnificent views of that special kind of French scenery that a lot of Nobs hurry through on their Nob—like way to the big mountains of the Alps and further South i.e. the secluded limestone crags and hillsides, infested by natural forest, and all this harbouring sleepy little villages well off the slobtourist routes. I must admit the weather could have been a little better but it is still a special and very beautiful journey. We arrived at St Gervais at 22.47 (dead on time actually!) but there was no connecting train to Chamonix. As we didn't fancy kipping on the station and didn't know any campsites there, we decided to get a cab to meet up with a couple of Nobs (John and Glenn) at the Bar Nationale.

It was at this point that another of your sweaty footed authors Chamonix coincidences took place. We collared two lads on St Gervais Station for the cab and one of them reluctantly admitted that he was in Run FMC the illin', chillin', acid house Moutaineering Club! Last year I met Brian Marshal unexpectedly you see. Anyhow to cut an increasingly more lengthy story a tad shorter, we got to the campsites, got in the bar Nash and Choukas, met John and Glenn and got Shitfaced.

I have already digressed far enough away from the point of this wretched story anyhow, so here is the meat in the sandwich, the malt mill in the distillery, the eye of the storm, the pimple on the buttock or whatever you wish to call it. We walked a considerable way up Mont Blanc by accident (inability to read and understand signs that were the French equivalent of Ladybird books) and observe the Plan, Blatiere and Grepon peaks turn red at sunset, an interesting trick of the light that I have ever seen before.

There were also stupedous views down the Bossons Glacier from above it and of course from our proximity to it a subsequent lowering of temperature. The emense scale of these geological phenomina can

better be appreciated from this kind of position and ofcourse they represent an awesome spectacle to mere piddling things like human belngs. One of the saddest things at a moment like that dawned on mewhy is it whenever that I visit Chamonix am I never prepared and equiped to go up really high and look at this wonder world of ice and snow? Story of my life. Missed opportunities (and Busses).

Next day we wandered up into the Aiguilles rouges and walkjed along part of the Tour De Mont Blanc ending up at Lac Blanc a touristy spot absolutely chockablock with no tourists but us. The weather was changeable but it didn't rain and of course views of the Aiguilles Verte, Chardonnnet, Midi, Mont Blanc and attendant glaciers were superb. Andy my comanion whose previous experience in the Mountains, had been confined to falling off a crag in the Lakes when he was eleven years old, was suitably impressed with the views and the fact that he'd been up an Alp, even though we did not in fact attain a recognisable summit.

We got down the mountain at dusk and immediately entered a cosy looking bar at Les Praz and drankcoffee!!!! All, the fresh Alpine air had turned us into normal healthy people, we had ceased being mayhem causing beermonsters. Douglas Hurd would have been proud of us ! Lager louts no more ! I hereby resign from the Fylde Mountaineering Club I am too soft, can't hold me ale any more.

Next day it pissed down. The tent was more saturated than Dale's liver. Clouds were down to 1200 meters on the big peaks and the whole sodden valley reminded me of Langdale in July. We bravly carried our packs to the station and decided to bugger off sharpish. Chamonix was some kind of Continental Ambleside complete with crepes replacing pies, greasy Italians ditto festering scumbags from Bum and the ubiquitous fake cowbells, false as the proverbial wooden arse, only ringing in cash registers. We got on to the train and headed for the sun.

The End(DON'T BUGER UP THE SPELING STEVE!!!!!!)

TREMADOG MEET 8—9th OCT

Due to the absence of the meet leeder, who had been to Tremadog before and only climbs with sober supermen, we had to make our own entertainment this weekend. As I was travelling down with the lushly Tolley I made my contribution a copy of the Good Beer Guide.

We took our time and did some sightseeing at America (near Mold), Trawsfynydd and Penrhyndeudraeth before meeting the other punters in the Golden Fleece in Tremadog.

It was pretty miserable on Saturday morning so a couple of vehicles wandered across Anglesey in the hope of some sunshine and a spot of bird watching. Both eluded us, the weather being damp and windy, the

cafe being shut.

The return journey proved to be downhill all the way. A cafe hunt ended in another good beer tick and a minor pool league which exposed in some pretty shabby past lives.

Things brightened briefly at Rhosneigr where some hardy soles were exercising their sail boards in hefty winds and hufty waves. Other less hardy types decided not to go swimming when getting wet seemed likely.

By the way of recovery we took the scenic route home via Newborough (one pint) and Llanwnda (several). Thereby succumbing to the temptation of all day opening.

Back at the hic, sorry hut, Louise had returned from less intoxicating pursuits and some Laddimen called in just in time for the Saturday night bing in the Fleece.

On Sunday I woke up feeling suprisingly bad. Dave John and Louise went off to find One Step in the Clouds. The Laddimen set off for some route shortly after while Tolley and I, bringing the art of indecision to cult status, pushed in front of them.

To bring drama to the day, it was discovered that one team (of three) had been unable to find the route and amid jeers of "How did you manage to find Calafornia?" and "Mug of the year!" were sent back to Go without collecting £200.

The smug men later watched them suffer more, as the rain gathered it's intensity. Then we visited Cob records and went home.

Dave and Louise called in at Gogarth on the way back (an 80 mile detour) and I think they did Gauntlet. They're keen, or daft, or something. Personally I think the party season is well overdue.

Phil Morris.

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB SUBSCRIPTION SHEET.

On 1st January, subs are due, £7-00 for single membership, £10 for joint membership.

To ensure that your newsletters are sent to the correct address, would you kindly complete this form and sent it, together with your membership card and money to the Membership Secetary, Cherry Earle.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Postcode.....

Telephone.....