

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

NEWSLETTER

MAY 1988

Embers Pulled Out Of The Fire.

Well, the 87/88 winter climbing scene in Scotland has been atrocious. It's been a warm winter and the weather conditions haven't been good, leaving us with some disappointing trips up there. But despite this a few embers have been pulled out of the fire by some of the lads. With the previous season having been so good, the boys were straining at the leash to get to the playgrounds again.

Jerry and I managed a few rounds of golf with the terribly nice people of the Ben Nevis Golf Club, while Glencoe and the Cairngorms also received visits from the lads. A welcome return to the C.I.C. hut was probably the best bit for me, with a full contingent of six representing the F.M.C. we shared the hut with the odd assorted S.M.C. member and about ten members of the Red Rope Climbing Club, yes! the Red Rope Climbing Club, which apparently doesn't mean they fall off all the time and splatter blood on their ropes, but they are all socialists or socialites or parasites or something! Anyway one of them was a gay vegan.....well, he was a vegan with a ring in his right ear, and two girls who maintained that China was 'full of really nice people', an odd bunch. In between bad weather conditions we ticked off a couple of grade V's (The Curtain and -2 Gully) and some classics such as N.E. Buttress, Cresta and Route Major.

The old firm of Peel & Jackson Ltd tried to continue business as usual but the conditions didn't see half as good a season as last. Anyway here is a quick resume of the mountaineering done this winter that I know about.

Andy Dunhill :

The Vent II/III
A Buttress Route III
Crowberry Gully III
Castle Ridge II

Roger Brookes :

Left Hand Ice Fall (S.E. Buttress) IV/V
The Vent and Ewan Buttress
The curtain V
-3 Gully IV
-2 Gully V
N.E. Buttress II ?

Mike Tolley :

The Curtain V

Stuart Gascoine :

Crowberry Gully III
Cresta (on Little Brenva Face) II
-2 Gully V
The Curtain (1st Pitch) V

Steve Halton :

The Curtain V
Crowberry Gully III
Route Major (B.Nevis) III

Simon Fenna :

-3 Gully IV
Devils Delight V (Partial)

Jerry Evans :

No 2 Gully (B.Nevis) II
Left Hand Gully (Lost Valley) I
Left Hand Route (Gt End) IV
-3 Gully III
The Curtain V
Route Major III (B.Nevis)

Mark Jackson :

-3 Gully IV
Observatory Ridge
The Curtain V

Al Peel :

Devils Delight (retreat)
The Curtain V

Apart from Winter Climbing the Caving section of the club has been very active this winter with many pots being bottomed. Oh yes Pete, the new caving rope is still a virgin, so at this rate we won't need another for about 200 years. Brilliant value!

Some or all the following caves were done by Steve Halton, Mike Tolley and Dan Tolley with Dave Woods, Paul Taylor, John Hickman, Andy Blaylock, Steve Swindles, + friends.

Rift Pot IV	Wetherlam Mines	Large Pot (Arcadia) IV
Red Moss IV	County Pot III	Dismal Hill II
Valley Entrance III/IV	Alum Pot III	Simsons Pot IV
Bar Pot III	Swinstow Pot IV	Sunset Pot (Extention) III
Large Pot (Red Herring Series) IV	Big Douk II	

All the pots and mines were bottomed with the exception of Large Pot (Arcadia)....
.....and Mick didn't bottom Sunset Extention.....He, He, He, He.

Steve H.

Full Members.

Neil Robinson (Robo). Alister Robinson Welch. Sion Murray.

Change of Addresses.

Dave Cundy : 1 Homby Court, Kirkham, PR4 2UH (Tel 685469)
Brita Warhurst : Middle Flat, 73 Henley Rd, Caversham, Reading, Berks.
(Tel Reading 472180)
Tony Simpson : 120 Newton Drive, Blackpool. (Tel 33382)

Change of Address cont:

Phil Caley ; 34 Newbury Rd, Little Lever, Bolton. BL3 1EA
(Work Tel No. 061 683 4467)

Correction to Roger Brookes Telephone Number.

In the last newsletter Roger's new phone number in Leicester was wrong , it should read 0533 824801

Boozy Bike Rides.

18th May. Leader: Louise Fortune. (But who else to show us all how to put the booze away!!.....He He He.)

15th June. Leader: John Wiseman. (Another expert!)

6th July. Leader: John Parker.

27th July. Leader: Don Nichol.

For all the Boozy Bike Rides assemble at 6-30pm at Breck Rd.

Treasure Hunt.

Wed 13th July from Breck Rd. 7-00pm start

Hut Availability.

<u>June</u> 3/4	Stair. Working Weekend.
10/11	Langdale
17/18	Stair. Working Weekend.
24/25	Both Huts. Hut to Hut meet.
<u>July</u> 1/2	Chester Hut. Llanberis.
8/9	Langdale. Fell and Raft Race.
15/16	Stair. Members. Langdale, Families.
22/23	Langdale.
29/30	Stair. Introductory Members Meet.
<u>Aug</u> 5/6	Langdale.
12/13	Stair.
19/20	Langdale.
26/27/28	Langdale. Members. Stair. Families.

Hut Availability cont.

Sept 2/3 Langdale.
9/10 Stair. (Don Nichols Birthday meet).
16/17 Llamberis Chester hut swap.
23/24 Stair. Members.
Langdale. Families.

Outdoor Meets.

June 4th-11th Cluanie Lodge Meet Leader: Eddie Craig
The Photographers Paradise.

June 11th-12th Introductory Members Meet Meet Leader: Dave Wood
Any Intro member that would like to take this elderly gentleman up some pleasant routes please get in touch with him.

June 25-26th Hut to Hut Meet Meet leader: Pete Roscoe
The Little Langdale to Stair trip, given good weather always a good meet.

July 2-3rd Chester Hut Llamberis Meet Leader: Mike Tolley
Rumour has it that Mick would like to try his hand at one or two little gems this weekend.

July 9-10th Raft Race & Fell Race Meet Leader: M. Pickup
Busy weekend this, but still able to fit in the appointment with the Colonel.

16th-17th Family Weekend Little Langdale
All one big happy family.

23-24th July Beginners Potholing Meet Ingleton Meet Leader: Steve Halton
Caravan accomodation, superb place this and the landlord at the Marton Arms is the understudy to John I believe!

30-31st July Introductory Members Meet Stair Meet Leader: Mark Harding
Any intro member who takes this boy up a route is destined to be a star!

5th-7th Aug Wye Valley Meet Leader: Mark Harding
Mark's working overtime now. This ones a camping meet with some good looking routes in the valley.

27-29th Aug Family Weekend Stair
Get the family out on the hill without the hustle and bustle of the South Lakes.

Outdoor Meets. cont.

27-29th Aug Trearddur Bay Meet Leader: John Parker
Superb Anglesey, holding those absolute gems of sea cliff routes.

3-4th Sept Kilnsley Yorkshire Meet Leader: Martin Dale
Martin's going to take time off to take us all to Kilnsley. Will he take wheels?

10-11th Sept "Birthday Meet" Stair Meet Leader: Don Nichol
No I don't either! Could be Don's.

17-18th Sept Hut Swop Vags Nant Peris. Meet Leader: Paul Taylor
Welsh Grub Up? He He.

Mountain Experience Chalet Holidays Chamonix.

Chalet le Dru, both summer and winter stays for skiing, climbing and walking. Chalet has 6 twin bedrooms, lounge dining room, 2 kitchens, 2 bathrooms, a drying room and garden.

Self catering or catered basis. Can be booked as two separate apartments.

For Details: Mountain Experience
9 Church Street
Hayfield
Stockport
Cheshire
SK12 5JE
(Tel 0663 42114)

Pre-BMC AGM

John Neill has completed three years as BMC President and is about to retire from this post. The Management Committee propose Chris Bonington as his successor.

During John Neill's reign a full time access officer has been appointed to deal with access and conversation developments.

The policy of the BMC has in the past been to oppose organised rock climbing competitions in this country, but the Executive Committee now beleive it is only a matter of time before these events are organised in Gt Britain.

The pro-competition climbers that attended a BMC organised debate in January, looked to the BMC to regulate and organise such future competitions in this country and be confined to indoor climbing walls.

Good news, I don't know the outcome of the AGM discussion about this topic held on April 15th.

Golden Rule Bunkhouse Expedition. Summary Report?

Well, your editor drew the short straw last easter and on behalf of the FMC tried out the new bunkhouse at the Golden Rule.

As true hero's and with total unselfish dedication, Phil Caley and myself braved the lock-in's and stayed there for four nights, with little langdale fully booked there seemed no option. The bunkhouse itself is good, it has basin, bog and shower, no cooking facilities but ideal for dire emergencies. It has accomadation for 4 people and is situated 22.5ft from the bar! (17ft if you fall over).

John charges £2.50 per night for FMC members (£3.00 - £3.50 for anybody else I think) and is threatening to convert the coalhouse into an alpine style bunkhouse.

Heaven preserve us all!

New F.M.C. Member

At 11-00pm on Monday 21st March a new FMC member arrived. He weighed 9lb 12oz, his name is Clive Alexander Walmsley and we believe he is already practicing shouting 'climbing', 'tight rope' and 'below', at the moment!

Congratulations Christine and Ian and we wish you all, all the best for the future.

Books & Mags for the Huts

After last summers privation, the books and magazines in the huts have become rather readed (that was a deliberate mistake Louise, honest!). So any appropriate reading material would be gratefully accepted. Get in touch with the hut sec's if you need them taking up..... No Gerbil articles please!

Tea Towel Trauma

Due to the unhygienic state of the tea towels they inevitably get, in both the huts, the committee have decided that they are not to be provided at the huts anymore. So hut users must provide their own in future please.

Hut Galleries

It has been commented that the hut walls are looking rather bare and are in need of brightening up, so if anyone has any outstanding inspirational photographs already framed or is prepared to frame them, please get in touch with me on 594922 or any Wednesday night.

Jacko and Jerry Jump Giant Steps for Generous Gratuities (sorry!)

Two of our keenest mountaineers have been lured away to foriegn lands to work I'm afraid.

Mark Jackson has gone to Turkey to make a motorway between Istanbul and Ankara for them. It's going to take him about two and a half years to do it, so have a good time Mark and don't take the Midnight Express back mate.

Jerry Evans on the other hand has gone deep sea diving in Saudi Arabia!! Well actually he specialises in diving sewers, but they don't have any, so he's diving on the coast instead. They are letting him back for a month in the summer, so we may see him before the end of his eight month stint there.

Hey, with so many people working abroad we could have an overseas membership couldn't we? and Tats could re-join.....Oh Well perhaps not.

Little Langdale Working Weekend.

The Little Langdale working weekend in mid May turned out to be a stonka. Abandoning the Nobs tradition of not getting out on the hill on the best day of the summer, we started work on the cottage early on both days and finished early to get out on the hill.

As far as I can remember the crags that got visited were Hard Knot Crag, Gimmer, Neck Band, White Ghyll and Bowfell Buttress. With many walks and scrambles done too. Two new routes even got put up. These got put up in the Cathedral (both as yet un-named although Martin's might be called 'Rim Fister') by Roger Brookes, Martin Dale and Trevor Atkinson. Both cleaned on Saturday and done on Sunday, Roger's E4 6a last push success sounded hard, and Martins E3 6a also entertained Trevor who only came up for the afternoon!

The brilliant combination for a working weekend of getting the graft done in the morning and out on the hill in the afternoon didn't seem to agree with Gary Nuttall, Henry Iddon and Neil Robinson, who came up to the hut saw what was going on and promptly left us to the hard graft to go out on the hill. Bad show lads, the sun was shining for us as well you know!

The work completed included, a complete paint job on the rendering both back and front, painting of the window frames, repair of the front door frames, under and overcoat of the guttering and down pipes both back and front. Cementing in of the lead flashing at the back, some gardening at the back, an incredible paint job on three of the bunks (by kind permission of Habitat design Ltd!) and some other jobs in the kitchen I didn't catch. Oh yes Andy Dunhill was on the roof doing something!! trying to throw moss into Dave Woods open car sun roof! (a fine effort considering he was throwing blind), and Andy Blaylock was educating the local visitors on how to climb a ladder without the aid of a wall.

The weather was brilliant and all in all a good weekend.

Steve H.

The Ale Tale began with a beer or two at Heathreow and a great deal of hassle over the phone trying to convince Malta Airways that I'd already arranged for one ticket to be transferred from one name (he hasn't had the bill yet) to that of Andy (I'll spell it slowly) Lewandowski. Drinks at 30,000ft were supplemented by a family feud on the row of seats in front of us. It all ended in tears.

Landing at 1 am on Good Friday isn't good news as food is nearly impossible to buy and our "Free Basic Food Pack" seemed to have gone elsewhere. After a lot of effort Roger and Andy located a hire car so we went over to the H.T. sea slabs where a host of routes were accomplished (including a couple of new ones). Martin and I slipped in a few beers before returning to Rogers slide show of delights to come. The local climbing guru, Simon, had invited everyone he had met that day to the viewing and a couple of girls stayed the night which may explain why the courier, who called in the next morning, was a good deal less than helpful.

The Climbers Tale continued down at the Blue Grotto where Martin, suspended a few feet above the sea, got quite freindly with endless boatloads of tourists while I slowly ascended the route. Hi Guys! Round the corner in Wied Babu we did a couple of steep little numbers before retiring to a couple of bars where we became a little unsteady before Roger and Andy returned from deeds of valour on crag 'x'. The route home was lengthened by a stop at Dukes bar where we played pool and watched Jesus of Nazareth on the Telly.

The third day was overcast (a relief to the sunburn) but rather pleasant for climbing. The car in XC mode took us to Wied il Qirda where the arms took another hammering. I think wied means the last move is a big overhang. Everyone joined in the new route fever. Roger's being given the most boring name of the week while Martin's were given the medically and religiously most unsound names of the holiday.

Roger evicted a family of rats from their home when he decided to trundle a large flake halfway up the crag.

Day 4 and Continuation Wall is not a must for any competent visiting party as only the top pitch is worth doing. Roger and Andy cleaned up crag 'x' while Martin and I returned to Wied Babu where we climbed till dark and were beaten to the bar by the big boys. So we return to.....

The Ale Tale and Lady Di's Pub at the end of our road. Actually quite pleasant if one lusts after pictures of Charles and Di and her ever changing nose. This night in particular we were entertained by Team Wally Tourist and Italian TV. The latter won hands down with a strange game show called Strippo Roulette. The contestants took most of their clothes off while busty young ladies put theirs on. The closing title sequence of 3 or 4 minutes featured one pair after another.....

The Hire Car Tale is one of birth, life, love and death, with all that goes between. When it arrived with paper number plates and 13 miles on the clock we fell in love and (take it easy boys) fairly flew around the island in our pristine Peugeot 205. On Tuesday we decided to go to Gozo, got up early and found out about roads being greasy in the early morning sea mist. The Peugeot will have 75 miles on its clock until the front end has been sorted out.

That afternoon we swopped a wreck for a mini and went up to Victoria lines which specialises in overhangs with big jugs and in situ rats. The mini proved problematic having had a puncture in Valetta and an uncrackable combination lock on the handbrake.

We never did get to Gozo.

The New Routes Tale paused at Golden Bay to check out some crags developed by a couple of Italians. We ended up sunbathing in the boulders before departing to Fomm ir Rih Bay. Martin and I immediately altered our plans, the implication being that if we didn't get off his land, he would shoot us.

We ended up in Stucco Zawn doing and repeating new routes and studying some remarkable geological features. Around what would have been tea time I was

persuaded by Andy to look at a wall "covered in huge jugs on perfect limestone". It overhung 20ft in its 50ft height and the jugs were 4 ft apart, but we managed the three main lines and staggered back for more beer.

The Sunbathers Tale began when I discovered the flat roof of the apartment block. The building work next door was pure delight as the Health and Safety at Work act has no hold over Malta. It finished with beer at lunch time, beer in Leicester and snow in Sheffield.

I've not been warm since.

Hydraulic Engineering and Baccilliary Indigestion.

(The Technology of the Septic Tank)

Feverish activity was rife outside Little Langdale. It was the weekend of the working party. The weather was superb and the outside of the cottage was receiving the attention it urgently needed and richly deserved. The "active" section were out in force and were working extremely hard. One asked Donald if we had some bleach. The hut custodian explained that as we had a septic tank he made sure that products such as bleach were not left at the hut.

"Whats a septic tank?" asked the editor, "and how often does it need emptying?". After the ensuing explanation from the ordinary member for Poulton Central the said member was asked to put pen to paper for the newsletter.

Neither of the clubs cottages are connected to the Mains Sewerage system. So what happens to the remains of North Wall curries and the like I here you ask. The answer is that they are flushed away into the ingenious septic tank. These tanks are in the main spherical and are buried in the ground hopefully slightly below the sewerage outlet from the hut otherwise we would need a team of F.M.C. mice and a treadmill to pump the stuff uphill. New members can now appreciate the tremendous effort that went into digging out the large holes necessary to bury the septic tanks below hut level in such hard and rocky ground.

Each tank comes complete with a large population of bacteria that like chomping up the remains of F.M.C dinners be it log like or gooey.

So how often does the tank need emptying? Left alone with a regular supply of goodies the bacteria can happily chomp away morning noon and night reducing it to a clear harmless liquid which drains away, so the system is to a large extent self perpetuating. Problems arise when the bacteria are interfered with, an offence which ought to result in a banning, or when wildly fluctuating work loads are imposed upon them.

Bleach and other such chemicals are poison to the bacteria and destroy them. The sludge thus accumulates undigested, as no bacteria are around to enjoy it until the septic tank is full, at which point it bursts through the manhole cover in all its glory. It now becomes a problem for the hut custodian or any passing cttie member and the tank needs emptying.

If the bacteria receive a very meagre diet for whatever reason e.g. low hut use or mass constipation many of them die off through malnutrition. The remaining garrison is then not able to deal with an Andy Dunhill Curry Meet followed by Paul Taylors "Grub Up". The odds are simply overwhelming. Even undergoing meiosis every 20 minutes they simply cannot cope with the work load. The tank fills up and has to be emptied.

Indeed if hut usage is going through a bad patch it may pay the club to organise teams of incontinents to utilise the clubs facilities and keep the bacteria healthy, happy, active and numerous; so that when the good times return they will be ready willing and able to deal with the new monster facilities immediately they arrive. Hut custodians will ofcourse need to re-direct the attentions of their incontinents

to compensate for the sudden down surge of interest otherwise the little treasures will eventually become overwhelmed and the inevitable Redland Purl van will once more be wending its way to our properties yet again.

Hut custodians then, in addition to their many other skills and attributes will need to regulate the rectal activity of the club, moving their resources to where needed most or removing them in times of glut, to maintain a steady through put of offerings. As long as the input remains in steady balance with consumption and is not upset by any outside influences such as bleach or other poisonous chemicals, or surges in demand the offerings will be broken down at the same rate as they are replaced and the septic tank should not need emptying.

Check to see how well your favourite hut custodian is managing his isotonic balance on behalf of the club. Donald of course already has a head start on matters, rectal and should be a clear winner. Watch this space for the end result.

D.A.Earle.

P.S If anyone out there actually knows how a septic tank works I for one would be pleased to find out.

Late Item News

Jerry Evans got back from Saudi last week, apparently it was an utterly bad deal there, with a big hairy Scotsman making you do things you dont want to do! but the lads back and got a route done within 36 hours of his arrival so he's OK and on the market for any sewer work needing a good diver!

Unfortunately, as discovered last weekend the lad hasn't sorted his horn out yet, so keep at it Jerry, get some help if you need it.

A Letter to the Editor.

Dear Sir,

May I begin this letter by saying that I most certainly do not consider myself unduly prudish or in anyway straight laced. Quite the reverse infact. I feel that I am fully intouch with todays moral climate and accept that things have indeed changed since good Queen Victoria was our sovereign. However such were the scenes that occured on a recent club meet that I feel compelled to write in the name of common decency and express my horror and revulsion at the drunkenness, debauchery and unfettered sexuality that it was my gravest misfortune to witness.

I am in no doubt that many of your readers will have guessed by now that I speak of the recent Inbhirfhaolin meet and they may well have heard rumour of events to which I refer. I would merely say that whatever they may have heard, it can in no way equal the horrific reality of that most terrible Saturday night at the Kingshouse Hotel and later at the Inbhirfhaolin hut itself.

In order to spare the blushes, though I doubt they have any, of those concerned I will not name names. But I will say that if a certain gentleman regards drinking to excess and vomiting in a public place as an acceptable passtime there are many of us who think otherwise. This same individual also seems to feel that to reach a state of intoxication where one is given to falling off chairs and rolling about the hut floor in a drunken stupour is also of little moment. I can assure him he is wrong.

However, grave though his behavior may have been, it pales besides that of the

the conduct of two other members, two people from whom I would quite frankly have expected a higher standard. The gentleman is after all married with family and the lady of professional standing. However I can describe their display of wanton licentiousness and lustful inebriation as the most staggering and shameful example of unchained libido I have ever seen. God grant I am never subject to the like again.

As with the first gentleman, they may feel their state of extreme intoxication affords excuse and therefore mitigation. They are most assuredly wrong. Behavior of this nature is an offence against all decency and must be condemned as such. To the lady in question I can only advise that if this is the effect of alcoholic beverage upon her then she have the good sense to remain abstemious of such refreshment in the future.

To the gentleman I can say only this. Flogging is too good for you sir! if you have any scrap of honour remaining then the gun room awaits, a single shot will suffice.

In closing may I say that my main purpose in writing this letter is that all decent members of our club should be alert to the menace of a small and decadent minority in our midst and be able to guard against it's proliferation.

The horror of Inbhirfhaolin must not be in vain.

Your's faithfully

A Disgusted Member.

Very Very Late Newsletter Entry.

ENGLISH TOURISTS GO ON RAMPAGE AT COSTA-DEL-ETIVE!

Shock Horror Probe by Sunday Sport's Scottish Correspondent

As a result of an undercover investigation, the Sunday Sport can reveal details of disgusting behaviour by English visitors abroad. At great personal risk our reporter actually travelled with the hooligans to observe the shame.

But the most disturbing aspect of the whole business is that the trouble-makers proved not to be immature youngsters who might be excused on the grounds of youthful high spirits. Rather, they turned out to be so called pillars of society and included Doctors, Bank Managers, Civil Servants, Social Workers and Teachers. Many are even past and present office-holders in an august mountaineering club.

Our reporter first encountered the nasties in Callander Main Street when he was in the company of two other members of the same majority, "Major" John Hickman (stiff upper lip), and Mr Steve "I'll-bring-cheque-book-journalism-to-the-F.M.C." Halton.

Major Hickman (24) said, "I was appalled, they were like sharks in a feeding frenzy, one actually said, 'I always like to make a pig of myself with fish and chips when I come to Scotland', and I understand that this person is actually a doctor!"

The local residents were so upset by the display of public gluttony that the entire company, guilty and innocent alike, had to leave almost immediately.

Mr Halton (24) commented, "I consider it my editorial duty to expose this sort of behaviour and there is a pint in it for you if you'll do an article, Bill."

Unfortunately, worse was to come and the offensive behaviour reached a peak on the second night of the Groups stay on the Costa-Del-Etive when the xenophobes were observed in the lounge bar of the Kingshouse Hotel by Mr Philip Morris and Mr Michael Van Gullick.

Mr Morris (24) - (funny haircut) stated, "We just dropped in for a refreshing glass of lemonade after a hard day on the crag and it was obvious they had been there for hours and were pretty well-oiled."

Mr Van Gullick (24) - (funny earring) added, "They were being really offensive to the locals, shouting things like 'give us another round of this muck you call beer, Jock!' It made us ashamed to be English."

Incidentally, rumours that Mr Van Gullick offended our correspondent by asking if his favourite crag was "better round the back?" are entirely true and the Sunday Sport is now searching for information on Mr Van Gullick with which to do an exposé.

Back at the luxury accommodation, The Inbairfhaolain Hilton, further mayhem was witnessed by a young couple on their first trip to Scotland, Mr Simon Fenna and Miss Gill Belton.

Spiky-haired Miss Belton (24) - (36-24-36) said tearfully, "Simon had warned me there might be a few rough diamonds on the trip but I wasn't prepared for what happened. I mean at 1:30 in the morning people were running about wearing only walking breeches and woolly shirts, shrieking things like 'would anyone like another cheese toastie' - I was shocked."

Mr Fenna (24) - (courgette down climbing tights) was also shocked but all he was prepared to say was, "I don't care what the guide-book says, it was at least £3!"

Also incidentally, it has not escaped the notice of the Sunday Sport that Simon and Gill's addresses are remarkably similar and they have only escaped an indepth publication on this scandal by agreeing to produce an article whose title will be - **Simon Fenna, My Life as a Proctor and Gamble Rent Boy.**

All through that long night several people, including our correspondent were kept awake by wanton and malicious snoring as throat muscles, released to the point of fluidity by an excess of alcohol, produced noises that could have been measured on the Richter Scale.

The next morning our fearless, and very tired, reporter sought the opinion of a senior member of the group who appeared to know some of the offenders from his murky past, Mr Michael Tolley.

Mr Tolley (a damn sight older than 24!), summed up the feeling of most of the sensible visitors when he said with typical simplicity, "Ban the B.....d's."

There are already rumours that the S.M.C. and the U.I.A.A. are about to institute a ban on away fixtures for English clubs and this sort of behaviour cannot be allowed to continue. The Committee must act!

Late Late Late Additions

Very recently Bill McCrae and Neil Wilson put up two new routes on a previously undeveloped crag not far from Carn More. The crag is situated at map reference 976 752 on O.S. Sheet 19 and is about 250ft high at maximum. It has a conspicuous steep smooth slab on top and it can clearly be seen in photo 172 in Macinnes Scottish Climbs Vol 2 where it appears below the left hand "bb" annotation on Ben Lais behind? (can't read it).

The routes are as yet unnamed but they are a 170ft Hard Severe and a 240ft H.V.S. The S.M.C. new routes editor has confirmed they they are previously unclimbed.

Anyone interested in visiting the Carn More area, Bill McCrae can give gen on access, accommodation, routes, etc. on 0204 494313.