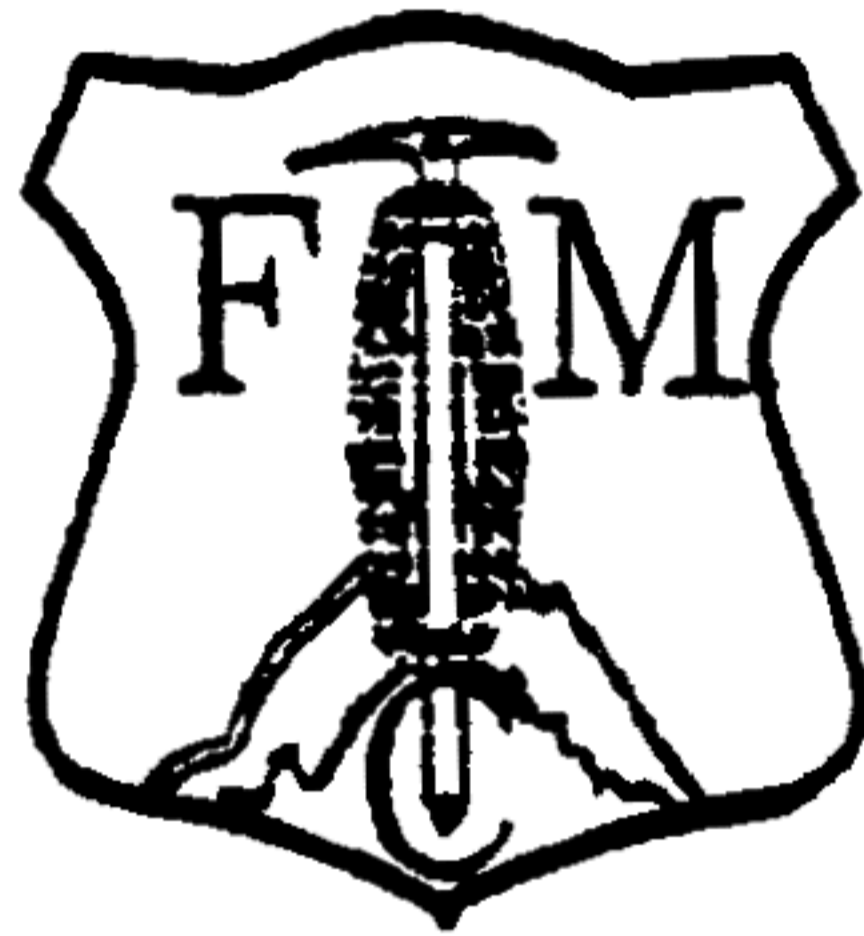


FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



NEWSLETTER

~ AUG 94 ~

It seem's to be very difficult persuading people to write things for the newsletter. Usually its the same half a dozen people who contribute.

You should ask yourselves do we want a newsletter ? It costs the club about £120 for every edition. A great fuss was made at the AGM about increasing the subs, not having a news letter would obviously reduce our costs.

Perhaps all the club wants is a list of Socials, hut availability along with a list of names and addresses ? This would be very easy to do and could be done quite cheaply with an annual mailshot.

Anyway I'd like you all to mull over this during your summer hols. Hopefully you will come to the conclusion that this club should have a newsletter and if so you will undoubtedly be sending me a short article or some sort of material that can be published and would be of interest to the club.

S.Wrigley
14 Bagot St
Blackpool
FY1 6EZ

News and Info

1 New Members

The club extends it's usual welcoming hand to:

NOBODY (so get out there and get recruiting!)

2 Club Subscriptions

Please note that at the last AGM subs were increased to:

£25 joint membership
£15 single membership

So get saving now, subs due around October time. Remember no subs no club dinner!

HUT AVAILABILITY

SEPT

3-4	S (25 Years at Stair)
10-11	L (Intro Members)
17-18	- (Chester Swap)
24-25	L

OCT

1-2	S
8-9	L
15-16	S Mountain Biking (M.Dale)
22-23	L (working w/e) S (families w/e)
29-30	S

NOV

5-6	L (fireworks)
12-13	S (working w/e)
19-20	L (families w/e)
26-27	S

DEC

3-4	L
10-11	S (Christmas Curry)
17-18	S (ClubDinner)
24-3	L&S (Christmas Parties)

SUMMER AND AUTUMN SOCIALS

REBECCA HARGREAVES

AUGUST

WED 3: MEET OF THE MONTH : **GIGGLESWICK** - MARTIN DALE
(INCLUDING MOUNTAIN BIKING)

TUES 9: EARL CRAG
WED 10: BOOZY BIKE RIDE - 8.30 THATCHED - GORDON HEYWOOD
WED 17: CROOKRISE
THURS 25: BROWNSTONES
TUES 30: TROY QUARRY

NOTE
CHANGE OF VENUE
FROM THAT
PREVIOUSLY SHOWN

SEPTEMBER

WED 7: MEMBERS' SLIDES II. We'll start off with the slides we missed last spring, then move on to others. Please let me know if you can bring some slides.

OCTOBER

WED 5: SLIDE SHOW - STEVE WRIGLEY (Details to be announced in the next newsletter.)

N.B. ALL AUTUMN SOCIALS TO BE HELD IN THE LARGE ROOM AT THE RIVER WYRE HOTEL - STARTING AT 8.30.

FOUND

After the July Chester Meet : one large green jacket - left over the chair in the big dorm near the door. If it's yours, ring Rebecca 0254 678877.

REBECCA HARGREAVES

As Social Secretary I'm always made happy by the willingness of so many people to organise a summer or winter social. This year, four enthusiastic leaders are helping the boozy bike rides to go with a swing.

I wasn't able to make Dave Ball's bike ride, and I didn't expect him to either. Having come a tumble recently and damaged both bike and his ankle, Dave did well to get out and lead a ten mile circuit.

A good, lively team came on Steve's bike ride in June. It was a lovely, warm, sunny evening, encouraging us to cycle further and booze more. Unfortunately, it wasn't so good for hay fever sufferers Steve and Dave Ball; basically, if you got a bit behind, you just needed to follow the sniffs.

Our rest at the Cartford Hotel was somewhat livened by a local man throwing onto the road a load of snails from his garden. "Save the snails," yelled Steve as a car came down the lane and crunched them. We all cringed; it was getting a bit painful. Time to move on.

Heading towards Pilling at 17 miles an hour, I thought I was doing well until Paul Reid swept past at 25. But not being at the front has its compensations: Dave Cundy was getting in all the drinks. Tolley and Jenny were doing their best to get nearer the front by sending others in the wrong direction.

Steve got us all to peddle harder with tales of mouth-watering desserts at The Saracens Head. When we got there we all chose our sweets but they wouldn't serve us.

Down at The Wardleys Hotel, I came flying round the corner on my bike, and came crashing down on my knees. No sympathy from the nobs; just cheers.

Ian Evans went the wrong way on the journey back which isn't very encouraging because he's doing the next bike ride.

And Gordon Heywood has his in August.

But twenty miles and six pubs in one evening is going to take some beating.

CLIMBING WALLS S.Wrigley

Finish work at lunch time, Friday, sun in a blue sky. Pick up Martin at Woodsies and point the car south, M6, to Wales.

Can't believe it Llanberis, already, the Cromlech Boulders and still the sun shines!

Martin has been here before, a few times, but never seen success on the route, His Route.

Toil up the scree and rubble, Martin meets an old friend, studying scree, for a PhD!

At last The Corner, see Fliss Butler packing her sack, just cruised Lord of the Flies, for the camera.

Back to back we stand, Martin looking Right me looking Left to the other route, My Route.

Team already on the wall, Right Wall. I get the rope and gear up for the other wall, Left Wall.

Big route for me, mind game, must be my last good runner, must be my last good rest, No. Taking my time, preserving my strength, a hard move right, this is brill, this is magic, this is why I Climb. Crack narrows, shoots left, small wires, big fingers, awkward layaway, look left JUGS! Go for them., No, one last runner, right at the top, I am in control, move left, trust feet, WHOOOOP!

Slide down, pull ropes, look Right, Martin moves up, steadily, familiar ground to the first ledge. Finds it hard, puts in the gear, then left, up left, two and a half friend rattles into pocket, back down, ledge, rest. Up again, steady, friend at feet, hard moves, working out the sequence, up right, no gear, up, steady, the second ledge, can't fall off.

My neck, sore, looking up, willing on, YESSS! The second ledge, good rest.

Above , The Porthole, poor gear, not far now, second crux, end in sight, can't go up anymore. Traverse right, to a crack, good gear and up, the end, for him.

E5, tick.

Extreme Rock, tick.

Much sought after route, tick.

Seconding, hard, too hard, after My Wall, Who Cares!

OBSCURE CRAGS MARTIN DALE

A good forecast saw a dedicated bunch of obscure nobs heading for the Lakes in search of crags covered in moss and lichen.

A pleasant morning greeted us and the usual problem of where to go was solved without too much difficulty as I had, as meet leader, done a little bit of research. Motorcycling Mick Tolley and Kevin Stephens arrived and the team set off, all to the same place LITTLE STAND CRAG above Cockley beck.

The flog up the hillside did not suit everyone particularly John Bailey who proved his unfitness. The crag though small is situated a fair way up the hillside but sits on top of a wonderful terrace, great for picnics. Several small buttresses provide routes of all grades, which generally are of good quality and they were all clean!

Tolley had his usual early season smile on and as the sun came out so did his shorts. We all moved along the crag ticking routes in quick succession. Many deserved stars and nearly all packed in the climbing relative to their length. Perhaps the best one was Custers Last Stand E2 ascended by myself and Mr. Tolley, Kevin and Andy Dunhill.

After a short rest and lunch stop we moved down to the lower tier and climbed the two E1's as well as some other easier routes. Christine led Trevor Atkinson up some routes and John Bailey and Frank Towne blagged some top ropes.

As the sun began to go down the beer was calling John so he headed off closely followed by Frank and Trevor. But we had other ideas, further up the hillside lay the summit crag and some stars. A quick sprint led us to a superb buttress bathed in the evening sun. One of the best routes of the day followed a superb thin crack called A VROOM WITH A EWE E2. Andy and Kevin soon arrived and climbed it as well. I then got pointed at the wall to its left, CAPTAIN CRATER E3, aptly named, 80 ft. high, first runner at 70 ft. A fitting end to a great day. It was just good to be out on sundrenched rock high in the Lakes for the first time in the year.

We were in the DryShits for 10 pm. Young Dave Birkett couldn't believe that we'd spent the day on Little Stand Crag when maybe Scafell would have been in condition. We told him to get his arse up there as there was a good line for him to tick which looked too hard for us. A pleasant evening's ale was had by all.

Sunday dawned wet. We couldn't believe it Ambleside was visited by most with some heavy shopping being done in Davies and Rock & Run before more beer in the RULE. I was home early at least we got one good day in this year, better than last years meet.

PYRENEAN PERAMBULATIONS DAVE EARLE

Inspired by Mr. Penns article and taken by the considerable climatic differences that seemed to exist just a few miles away at exactly the same time I have been driven to apply pen (!) to paper.

After a delightful flight to Perpignan we were driven to Font Romeu just east of Andorra. Assured by the management that it never snows in this part of the Pyreneese in late September I along with everyone else on the trip was left defenceless with no ice axe or crampons.

The first day was spent exploring the Serve de Clavera above Mont Louis, a village fortified by Vauban. The weather was warm and sunny throughout and an enjoyable day was had by all soaking in the views of the Pic Corbit massif.

The next day we ascended the Cambras D'Aze which provided some pleasant scrambling. A pleasant warm day if a trifle tough with over 6000 ft. of ascent required to gain the summit of the main hill.

Tuesday brought a rest day exploring the Gorges de Segre in the next valley. On Wednesday we were to be found abandoning our luggage and pushing over the Col de Nuria down into Spain, ticking off a few easy peaks on the way. At this juncture the clouds began to gather and vicious showers chased us down the spectacular rack railway line to our hotel at Ribes de Freser.

The following day we were up at the Nuria Monastery at 2000m with a monster Cairngorm type blizzard going on. We took a traverse line much akin to a horizontal north ridge of Tryfan giving spectacular views of Gryphon vultures, Lamargeyers and Eagles. The weather was extremely grim all day and a very wet cold, battered party eventually arrived back at Ribes grateful to be alive.

The blizzard continued unabated on Friday with the rack railway to Nurice blocked by stone fall. Instead we took the railway at £1.30 for a 30 mile journey not bad ! We eventually arrived at Puigcerda to be collected by M.Huert after his lunchtime bus run.

Sunshine returned on Saturday to give a very pleasant ascent of the Pic des Mauroux and a ramble around the surrounding plateau. There was no wind but the air was cold and all around major summits glistened in their icy armour.

Sunday saw us climbing up to the mountain refuge but one lady decided it was all too much and departed for home. Our route was another high altitude ramble passing a series of beautiful lakes each a perfect foil for the surrounding snow covered mountains.

Monday saw lowering clouds, however we walked along the lake into the Grave valley and up to the Portelle de Grave. The final push to the col needed a bash through armpit deep snow to give good views all around.

The following day was brilliant and we made our way through a winter wonderland of lakes and hills approaching the mighty Pic Corbit at 2921 m. the highest in the area. A superb day enjoyed by all. M.Penns party had a late start however and failed to reach the summit due to some late evening mist. It was however nice to see him again as well as Donald and John. P. A lively evening ensued which seemed to be enjoyed by the rest of the party as well.

Wednesday was again brilliant and we made our way to the Pic Pevic range to claim a minor summit with extensive views all round. However the poor weather returned the next day and we took a pasting walking back down to Mont Louis through a Cafe fermee liberally supplied with sun awnings just at the right moment for us to shelter and eat our sandwiches.

Friday was cold and wet on the tops so we took a fourpenny bus ride to the Gorges de la Caranca with its spectacular metal walkways and frightening fragile suspension bridges. Saturday was again unpleasant and we explored the fortified town of Villa Franche on the way back to the airport. As for England the taxi taking me back to my fathers up the Old Kent Rd. from Victoria refused to take me all the way as he said the last part of the journey was too dangerous. So I scurried as fast as I could suitcase in hand to safety. Probably the most hazardous part of the journey.

AN ENGLISH SUMMER

REBECCA HARGREAVES

For the last two years we've had a blistering May (when I've been at work) and a lousy summer (when I've been on holiday). Not that I ever get any sympathy for that. This year May wasn't blistering - and all my summer meets have 'copped it' as well.

Caseg Fraith was a new hut to many of us and we were well impressed. The weather was considerably less impressive. Paul Taylor saw the need to spend Saturday in search of the ultimate cag, only to be told by everyone else that it was 'crap' when he'd found it. John and June, Dave Earle, Alan Bird and myself went on a circular walk from Capel Curig via Llyn Crafnant and Llyn Cowlyd but found ourselves sheltering in cow sheds amongst the cow dung. John Tats and Phil Lee climbed on Tryfan, and the rest tried the coast. On Sunday Dave and Hal, John and Claire and myself went to Llandudno for coastal walks, but I think only Steve and Martin managed to get a route done on Pen Trwyn.

However, that was a good weekend when compared to Inbhirfaolain. It had been intended that Martin, Steve, Dave Cundy and myself would go to Scotland and meet John and Claire, Alan, Blair and Dave Wood who were already up there. But in The Thatched on Wednesday no-one wanted to risk the weather so a series of phone calls eventually put us in touch with John to inform him that the English team was going to Langdale.

My July Meet of the Month was at Twistleton and I'd intended to stay at The Marton Arms, enjoy a good cooked breakfast and enable everyone else to drink late. Needless to say it rained for most of Wednesday so we went to The Thatched.

When it came to the Intro Meet I thought I'd be able to confuse God. Frank and I had swapped meets : mine should have been in September. On Friday the weather was great; the ploy seemed to have worked. The next day John Bailey and I went up Corvus; Les Ward, Phil Lee and Paul Taylor climbed Black Crag; and Steve took his friends to Grey Crag. On Sunday God caught up with us : the rain poured down so we all poured into Needle Sports to help Steve spend lots and lots of lovely money for his Karakoram expedition. By mid afternoon we were all heading back home.

Incidentally, the weather man told us that the following Tuesday was the hottest July day for the last five years..... I've taken the hint: I'm off abroad for August.