

NEWSLETTERTHE EDITOR SPOUTS FORTH

Once again as Christmas is only a matter of weeks away, those two big club events loom larger than life, and people like me have to pull out the proverbial finger and stir you lot out there into action. I'm talking about the big lecture/slideshow and, of course, the Club Dinner. Details of both are contained within these pages. Be there - or be shot down!

Even though the weather has been appalling this summer, the meets have been very well attended, in fact several have been absolutely heaving with members. Most of these have been at Little Langdale which unfortunately means that the lane has quite often been blocked with cars. The locals have recently complained about this, one recently collared our great chairman and gave him a taste of his own medicine on the subject. So if going to Little Langdale, please use discretion about parking, and when the car park is full either park down the lane by the ford or on the other side (gained from the Coniston soad). Failing that let's have ten people going up in each car!! As if that's not enough, the powers that be have now changed the locks in an effort to stop us getting in. News of this is also enclosed. Talking about blockages!! After one of those well attended meets - Dave Earle's gourmet meet - the septic tank broke out!! Could this have had something to do with Dave's excellent cooking?

Dave, of course, has opted to take a rest for the dinner, saying that his catering limits would not stretch to 100 plus.

As Eddie Craig said last year 'You'll all be queuing up to *buy* me a pint at the Do'. Well, mine's a pint of Jennings. See you there.

Martin Dale.

NEW MEMBERS

The following are welcomed as Introductory Members:

Mark Jackson 29 Lynmouth Road, Sheffield. Tel 0742 583971.
Simon Fenna
Andrew Carl Poole 18 Ryburn Avenue, Marton, Blackpool.
David John Whitmore 7 Eaton Court, St. Andrews Rd South, St. Annes.

FULL MEMBERS

John Hickman
Phil Spinks
Pam Bowyer
Andy Lewandowski & family, 65 Hunter Hill Rd, Sheffield S11 8UD.
is welcomed back after a few years' absence from the scene. Tel: Sheffield 667520.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Tony and Wendy Welsh Taynult, Barthol Chapel, Old Meldrum,
Aberdeenshire AB5 8TD.
Nick Harms 315A Aigbarth Road, Liverpool.
Paul and Deb. Greenland 35 Cavendish Road, Guisely, Leeds.
Bob Killen 32 Abercrombie Road, Fleetwood, FY7 7AU.
Kevin Stephen Bryning Hill Farm, Wrea Green, Preston,
Tel Kirkham 683416.

Roger Brookes 19 Water St. Menai Bridge, Anglesey. (Can be contacted by phone via Gwen Barnes on 0248 671387)

Stuart Gascoyne and Yvonne Williams Have moved south and can be contacted on Guildford 578688.

And finally have they eventually come to rest?

Carole Waterhouse 58 Knights Road, Blackbird Leys, Oxford, OX4 5DG. Tel Oxford 772384.

Mr. Dunhill Buys a House!!

Andy Dunhill 9 Beaumont Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Tel Newcastle 2859842.

Send any further address anomalies to the Editor rapid. New address list (possibly) with next newsletter.

HUT AVAILABILITY

Oct. 18-19th	Langdale
25-26th	Stair
Nov. 1-2nd	Langdale
8-9th	Stair
15-16th	Langdale
15-16th	Stair - families
29-30th	Chester Hut, Llanberis
Dec. 6-7th	Langdale - Club Dinner
13-14th	Langdale
20-21st	Stair
22-(Thurs)2	Jan. '86 - Both available
Jan. 3-4th	Stair
10-11th	Langdale
17-18th	Stair
24-25th	Langdale
24-25th	Stair - families

Always book with John Wiseman - Tel. 826594.

NEW LOCKS.

New locks have now been fitted at both huts and the one key which unlocks the doors to the hallowed ground of Little Langdale and Stair is available from John Wiseman at the bargain price of £2.00. Keys will be sold to full members only and John is keeping a log of every one issued.

CHESTER M.C. HUT KEYS

Chester M.C. have also changed the lock on their Llanberis hut. These keys are available from Dave Earle and John Wiseman and must be returned after use.

Vagabonds M.C. Pantyfron hut keys are also available from the same gentlemen on the same basis.

Please book with the appropriate secretaries (details in the syllabus) before using these huts unless on an official FMC Meet.

SOCIALS.

Wed. 16th October "Members' Slides" 8.30 pm at the Buccaneer.
All your own work!

If you've managed to take any pictures this summer, bring them along.

*Wed. 6th November - The Big One!! *

The F.M.C. Presents John Allen: "The Big Walks"

8 pm in the Tithebarn, The Teanlowe Centre, Poulton.

Admission £1.50. All proceeds in aid of the Lake District Mountain Rescue Teams. Tickets available from the Alpine Centre or from any Committee Member.

Come along and support the Rescue Teams.

Wed. 13th November Al Phizacklea - British Ice.

8 pm in the River Wyre Hotel, Thornton.

The proceeds from the Big Lecture will also be handed over to a Lakes Mountain Rescue Representative at this event.

Wed. 27th Nov. Jack Pickup "Caving Lecture"

8.30 pm at The Buccaneer.

Wed. 11th December Gladys Sellars "Tour of Mt. Blanc"

8.30 pm at The Buccaneer.

Wed. 18th December "Christmas Do"

Hot Pot and Cool Slides, Yarhoo!!

8 pm at The River Wyre Hotel, Thornton.

Happy Christmas!!

OUTDOOR MEETS

19-20th October Working Weekend, Little Langdale. Come along and help with the up-keep of your hut.

Our ever-grafting Hut Sec, Phil Caley, is fixing a new shower and also a roof on the lean-to earlier in the month, so there will be plenty of work to do including cleaning up the car park so we can get all those extra cars in!

Contact: Phil Caley on Tel 854521

9-10th November Hot Pot and Causey Pike, Stair Hut.

Meet Leader: Jack Jowett on Tel Cleveleys 853039.

Jack tries yet again to make Hot Pot out of Causey Pike on this magical meet. Rumoured to include 4 blindfolded hike up this great hill!!

16-17th November Family Weekend, Stair.

17th November Brimham Rocks Car Meet

Meet Leader: Martin Dale Tel 856123, Ext 6402 (work hours)

Fantastic place for climbing in most weathers. Plenty of classic easier routes and also some hard'uns!! Try and bag as many of those pinnacles as you can or just boulder your hands to bits on the excellent problems that abound. Martin will probably take the whole meet in his big non-existent car!!

23-24th November Working Weekend, Stair.

With the recent instalment of a new cooker, fridge and several new storage heaters the place is going to take another battering from "Spick and Span" - those saints of cleanliness. Even though Al Peel has now moved back to Sheffield, he is staying on as Hut Secretary and invites you all to get up here and sort the hut out ready for the New Year.

1st December Coach Meet.

The destination and leader of this meet are at present a mystery to us all!! Contact any Committee Member for Meet Leader details nearer the time.

7/8th December The Club Dinner at Waterhead Hotel, Ambleside.

Further details later on in this newsletter!

17th December Derbyshire Car Meet.

Meet Leader: Kevin Stephens Tel Kirkham 683416

Kevin will lead us into the Peak District in search of rock and walking - destination depends on the weather!

23rd December - 2nd January 1986 Stair and Langdale.

Both Huts are available for festivities.

5th January 1986 Coniston to the New Dungeon Ghyll, Coach Meet.

Meet Leader: John Wiseman. Tel. 826594.

Sweat off the Christmas Stodge on this classic walk with John Wiseman.

18-19th January Gentlemen's Meet, Stair.

Meet Leader: Al Peel Tel Blackpool 51334. Penguin gear essential.

25-26th January Family Weekend, Stair.

MORE MEETS' NEWS!!

Two further Chester Hut swops have been arranged for 29-30th November 1985 and 7-8th February 1986. Potential meet leaders please contact the Editor.

When you read this the Chester M.C. club dinner will have taken place on 5th October. The two FMC representatives were Mark Harding and Martin Dale, with Sean Smith and Steve Swindells hitting the Disco after. A report may follow in the newsletter next time.

Some places at the Onich Hut (Alex Macintyre Memorial) are being booked in March before Easter. Details also in next letter.

Lundy is also being booked again for 1987 following another very successful meet there this August Bank Holiday.

Apologies to all who were inconvenienced by the recent Malham to Horton Coach Meet cockup. Pete Roscoe, the Meet Leader, is not sure whether he or Tom Coward, coachman, should pick up The Mug of the Year for this. The meet did get underway, everyone getting there under their own steam.

ROUNDERS VS THE SKI CLUB.

We fared better at this one than in the football. The Ski Club had obviously heard about "Slogger" Earle & Co., and failed to show up!!

THE 8-EYED SPY

Old 8 Eye has defected to the East, where all the best parties seem to be. Maybe we'll hear from him next time?

1986 SUBSCRIPTIONS

Just a wee nudge! FMC subscriptions are due again from 1st January 1986.

SHEFFIELD CLIMBING WALL.

Our own Stuart Gascoyne who is secretary of the climbing wall working group, is after your money for this worthy cause. Although a climbing wall in Sheffield is primarily for the benefit of Sheffield climbers, it is thought that due to the close proximity of the Peak District and the number of wet days we enjoy in this country, that the wall will be of national interest. For anyone wishing to contribute, Martin Dale holds a subscription list.

BILL PEASCOD MEMORIAL.

The B.M.C. is appealing for funds to establish a Memorial to the memory of Bill Peascod.

A painting of Bills will be purchased and hung in the B.M.C. offices and a bursary to encourage older climbers (over 50 years) to take part in an alpine course set up. Bill was one of the most popular figures in British climbing circles, and the B.M.C. is sure that many will wish to help set up an appropriate memorial to his name.

Please send whatever you can afford to:

Bill Peacock Memorial Fund
c/o British Mountaineering Council
Cranford House
Booth Street East
MANCHESTER, M13 9RZ.

HOPE VALLEY CONFERENCE.

26-27th October at Hope Valley College near Castleton, Derbyshire. The themes will be Access, Conservation and Planning in the Countryside. Various speakers. Further details from the Editor.

THE ORTLER ALPS.

Terry O'Neill, who has visited the Ortler Alps on four occasions and climbed all the principle peaks, was there again in 1985 leading a Holiday Fellowship party. He has produced an account of his excursions/guide to the area covering high level walking and ascents in the easier grades (nothing above grade II, i.e. about Diff. standard).

Copies may be obtained from the editor. It will be of interest to anyone contemplating visiting the area, or someone in search of a fresh alpine group not much frequented by the British.

CLUANIE MEET REPORT

JOHN PARKER.

"If you attend one FMC Meet make sure it's the Cluanie one" was Derek Smith's advice during the Festive Season. Thanks to the "hut" and the weather he was probably right. In the end supervision of offsprings' involvement with 'A' and 'O' Levels precluded attendance by both our halves so Jenny remained at home and I enjoyed the privilege of being chauffeured by the Photographer to the Heelands.

On the way our first bag was a sunny warm popular Ben Lomond; but all the tourists disappeared on our pathless descent over Ptarmigan. Then yards of film were exposed during the long summer evening's journey north.

Next morning I was able to appreciate the promised qualities of the "hut". Barrie Crook deserves a Leather Medal (at least) for discovering this palatial base amidst the best the West Highlands could offer. The shooting lodge was rented from a peer of the realm who can be counted amongst the club's benefactors in charging what amounted to £2. per diem per person - incredible value for stately living. Lots of space - except in the kitchen where things became exciting if everyone began catering together. As Sunday dawned cloudlessly a team comprising the Fell-Runner, the Photographer and myself began an audacious attempt on the Sgurr na Ciche - Sg. an Fhuarain ridge - a most remote line of Munros south of the Quoich Rest.. Thanks to the extreme heat around mid-day, I almost expired with heat-stroke but as the sun went down, I staggered to the further end of the range and rendezvoused with the

others by omitting a couple of tops. The Fell Runner raced the remaining dozen miles out of Glen Kingie to relieve our back-up, the Meet Leader no less, who had spent his day on Gairich. He had only a further half hour to wait after closing time before the Photographer and I staggered across the Quoich Dan to the finish of a 24 ml, 14 hr day. Meanwhile the Excise man and his lady glided on Loch Cluanie by canoe while the Canoeer himself watched as he ambled over the tops just east of the Lodge. At supper time two Enthusiastic Hillmen had arrived via the densely populated summit of Gt. Brit - The Ben.

Monday - another hot, sunny one, tho' not as airless as the Sabbath. Quoich side saw another assault by the peak-baggers. The Enthusiasts enticed me to Gairich - a nice rest day of only 14 miles. The Meet Leader did Sg.Mhor while the Fell Runner and the Photographer went over Sg.Mhaoraich to enjoy an aerial view of Kinlochhourn. N.B. A feature of this area is the network of excellent stalking paths leading effortlessly to the high places. Meanwhile back at Loch Cluanie saw further water sport. The Exciseman had commissioned one PHR to construct a skeg on his vessel. Total failure of this enterprise resulted in the Exciseman canoe-ing in circles for the remainder of his holiday.

Tuesday - another fine if hazier day was spent towards Terri-donia from Glen Carrot by mainly solo detachments involving the Meet Leader, the Fell Runner and I using one motor based at Achnashellach. The Photographer essayed a coastal walk between Letterfearn and Glen Elg. The Enthusiasts continued to be attracted by the Quoich side and the bar at the Tomdoun where they celebrated their ascent of the twin munros of Spidean Mialach and Gleouraich. In the afternoon it began to rain.

On Wednesday the weather had broken! Nevertheless our energetic be-tighted Fell Runner knocked off a hefty chunk of the Sisters ridge. The Enthusiasts conducted me on an easy 16 mile nature ramble to one of Prince Charlie's Caves, but the Meet Leader and the Photographer probably got the best of the weather at Pretty Plockton.

The Exciseman and the Canoeer wandered round Loch Hourn to Barriesdale.

Thursday promised better things so as the Photographer combed another stretch of shore between Kyle and Plockton, the Enthusiasts climbed Ceathreamhain with myself in tow and the Fell Runner scurried amongst us picking off a few extra munros while experiencing driving snow and incipient frost-bite. The sailors repeated their Loch Hourn - Barrisdale outing but this time with the canoes.

Friday saw all the munro-bagging fraternity returning to Achnashellach to mop up singly or in pairs the munros they didn't manage to bag on the Tuesday.

On Saturday the end of term mood was further exacerbated by the low cloud and heavy rain of the early monsoons of a Highland Summer. In summary everyone had a great if busy week with lots of weather. The latest news on the "hut" is that the Lodge and shooting rights are being sold to the Rothschilds and this year's occupation may well have been our last. Let's hope not!

Members Present: Eddie Craig, Dave Earle, Pat & Brian Nelson, John Parker, Martin Pickup, Barbara, Jane and Gerry Senior,

Denick Smith + Tommy Turner.

Derek Smith and Tommy Turner.

Absent Member most in our thoughts - Hon. Chairman.

HUT-TO-HUT MEET.

On the Monday before the meet the hut was half full, by Wednesday it was overbooked but by Friday night the hut was only half full? Saturday dawned bright and early with the advance party of Bob Travis and friend getting up and cooking breakfast. The older party - Barrie Crook, George Parker and myself and the fit party - Barbara Sealey and Sue Reeve - stayed in bed a while longer.

Bob, who had come up from the deep south of England walked over to Stair by way of Crinkle Craggs and Bowfell. Our party went that way and apart from wandering off route in the midst of a discussion on politics made good time, the views were superb so a detour to Scafell Pike and Scafell was made before going up Gable on to Brandereth down to Honister and up to Dale Head Tarn. From then onward there was heavy drizzle. That walk took us all day so a quick dash to Keswick before they stopped serving food. It was a good job June had taken the gear round and we had a car to get to Keswick. There we met Sue and Barbara who had run over via Chapel Stile and then having some hours to kill gone climbing with Pete Roscoe and met the Duck, both of whom had driven to Stair (what is the Club coming to!)

On Sunday we made our way back to Langdale by a variety of routes.

John Wiseman.

THE CLEANSING OF THE TEMPLE OF STAIR.

S. Smith

Reddy-Eddy-Fice, that horrible looking commie from Bispham - gave directions to make the 'ut look good. First he beckoned unto the windows and lo! they were clean, like.

Secondly, His glance came upon the area known only for it's legendary cordon-bleu type concoctions and yet again more hallowed ground became a hell-hole for insects and germs alike. And they did disappear.

Tertiary, His justification came into use in an area tread by the wary few - the toilet! And lo!, yet again those Saints of Cleanliness, Spick and Span, arrived on the scene and their wings did sweep the disease and infection from that place.

Fourthly, but not in the least last, the only haven left for semi-retired climbing types came under His keen, unrelenting eye. In this forsaken place did the most excessive ex-communication take place, Layers were stripped bare, bedding was rid of gross-ness, light inducing sheets of Silica were washed clean and the place where feet tread was scrubbed and swept so as to accommodate His most holy and flawless soles.

Finally, the Great Lord cast His eye afar and out of the light inducing sheet devices His gaze came to rest upon the hallowed Hill of Swinside, beckoning sublimity and there upon the thirsts of He and His Followers were quenched.

Rongfad,

Scribe to the Holy One.

RAFT RACE.

Bands again played and bunting once more flapped gently in

the breeze. It was the day of the FMC Raft Race. The course had never been in better shape with the river a foot deeper than usual, running dark and swift. There was a huge turn-out for this event, making full use of the wettest summer in living memory (for some at least!) Tired of falling off lidos in the deepest parts of the river and thoroughly disliking water in any shape or form, the vice-chairman leapt at the chance to be deputy starter when the willowy Mary Aspin discovered she would be in Cornwall at the time of the event.

17 craft were lined up en echelon a short way into the tarn with the contestants lined up about 50 yards away. 4 hopefuls had failed to make the start which was delayed as long as possible but eventually the coldness of the day decreed warming activity had to commence.

The starter's gun echoed round the fellsides and the ground throbbed to thirtyeight pounding feet. A maelstrom of spray enveloped the proceedings as craft and crew were hurled into the river. For the first time a couple of two-person craft were being tried out and results of this experimentation was eagerly awaited. They proved to be much faster through the deep water and team Greenland led the field by miles as they swept under Slaters Bridge, paddling furiously.

At the rear of the pack Martin Pickup ("Just call me a trained administrator") was having epics of his own and made a fairly determined effort to feature in the Mug of the Year stakes. Showing all the planning and foresight of his craft he had set off wearing his spectacles but had not taped or otherwise fixed them to his person. Thus when he turned turtle, the rest of the tail-enders were able to watch them sink serenely to the bottom of the deepest part of the river, about 10 ft below the surface. Here they became the subject of much attention and a focal point for snorkel divers throughout the North West. They were somewhat undeservedly re-united with the trained administrator some days later. But I digress.

As the main body swept under the bridge the last four climbers sprinted across the field with their craft and sportingly joined the race at the proper start line well down on the main field with just a few sinkings and deflations bobbing about Rob's Hole. Every credit to Martin Dale who managed to catch up and overtake some of the main field.

The focus then switched to the Finishing Line at the ford. First into view was the Team Greenland craft being furiously overhauled through the shallow water by Sean Smith on his more conventional craft.

He was beautifully rammed against a rock and jammed against the bank a few yards from the finish as he tried to overtake Debbie and Paul in a really exciting finish, and there was still only seconds in it at the line. Tony Welsh proved a strong contestant in a firm third place and the second of the two-person craft, crewed by Andy Dunhill and Wendy Welsh was fourth.

A massively supported and very enjoyable weekend was, I am quite sure, had by all with an equally stunning turn-out for the Fell Race and some fairly stunning times. The Club's thanks to all those who took part and to those who supported and assisted in making a momentous weekend of fun, frolics, beer and good humour.

Dave Earle

THE 8th ANNUAL F.M.C. FELL RACE.

Quote: "Gasp, gasp. It would have been O.K. but somebody put

quote " gasp gasp it would have been o.k but
some body put

-9-

a great hill in the way". unknown - possibly Sean (Psycho/
Ten Pint) Smith (The Gazelle)

Saturday night at the hut must have been like the Black Hole
of Calcutta or Custer's Last Stand - bodies everywhere.
Thank god I had an excuse for not stopping - I'd lost my
glasses in the murky depths of Rob's Hole during the Raft
Race and had to go home for my spare pair (thanks to George
James and Sons for recovering the originals).

Sunday dawned grey and miserable and threatening clouds looked
down on Little Langdale. The car park and lane were jammed
with cars. The miserable weather meant that the climbers had
no excuse for not competing and some even began to appear
enthusiastic. Thus it was that a record field of 38 assembled
for the race.

Somehow, as I struggled with the handicaps, I couldn't help
thinking some of these honest-eyed young lads were trying to
pull the wool over somebody's eyes. Could it be me?
Suspensions were confirmed when lean, fit Sean Smith set off
down the track towards Wetherlam like a graceful gazelle,
poetry in motion. The intention of the handicapping was that
everyone should arrive back at the cottage at 12 noon. As it
turned out 19 of the 38 arrived between 11.58 and 12.02.
Only five beat the handicapper by more than two minutes and the
remaining fourteen were victims.

Congratulations to everyone who turned out, particularly
Debbie Greenland, overall winner (but I won't be as kind to
'unknown quantities' next year); Tony Welsh, who was the
fastest on the day and probably equalled the course record;
and vet George James, second fastest in 36 minutes. Other
notable performances were from the Norris Twins aged 9
48 mins.55 secs and 53 mins.32 secs: Henry Iddon and Martin
Dale, over four minutes faster than their previous performances
and Dave Earle five minutes faster than his last run.

Thanks to helpers Andy Dunhill (gate), Phil Caley (start/finish),
Gill Llewellyn (gate and hot dogs), Ed. Craig and Dave Earle
(helping with flags).

Unfortunately the "official" Pickup kitchen clock decided to
play up. I'd fought tooth and nail with the wife for it to give
the Event a bit of class - sick! It has been used previously
and has given no problem but alas, this time, it's minute and
second hands didn't seem to be synchronized. The result was
that some people who timed themselves with their own watches
differed by thirty seconds or so from official time, whilst
others agreed with it. Tony Welsh timed himself at 34.30 thus
equally Doc Robin's course record from 1979. The validity of
Doc Robin's time is itself in doubt as the race was not timed to
the second that year.

Many apologies and needless to say, it will be done properly
next year.

"Official" times and placings are given over page.

Beer and hot dogs were provided after the race and the rain
held off until it was time to collect the flags. All in all,
a very successful event and some very fast times considering
it was very warm and all these climbers claim never to have
run in their lives before.

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Handicap Placing	Name	Handicap Time	Actual Time	Actual Placing
1	Debbie Greenland	26.00	51.00	26
2	Stu Gascoyne	29.35	36.35	3
3	Simon Whittaker	31.00	44.00	15
4	Paul Greenland	31.15	38.15	5
5	Roger Brookes	32.00	39.00	6
6	Pete Llewellyn	33.00	43.00	11
7	Martin Dale	33.20	43.20	13
8	Mark Jackson	33.25	40.25	8
9	Dan Nicholl	33.35	46.35	19
10	Ed Craig	33.45	40.45	9
11	Alan Peel	33.50	40.50	10
12	Patrick Norris	33.55	48.55	21
13=	Ben Lovatt	34.00	59.00	31
13=	Sean Smith	34.00	49.00	22
15	Tony Welsh	35.00	35.00	1
16	Dave Earle	35.40	45.40	16
17	Barrie Crook	35.45	50.45	25
18	James Greaves	35.50	45.50	17
19=	George James	36.00	36.00	2
19=	Mark Broughton	36.00	40.00	7
21	Henry Iddon	36.10	43.10	12
22=	Simon Fenna	36.50	49.50	24
22=	Steve Sherrington	36.50	43.50	14
24	Martin Pickup	37.00	37.00	4
25	Vivian Broughton	37.32	52.32	27
26=	Wendy Welsh	37.35	62.35	32
26=	Andrew Norris	37.35	53.32	29
28	Kevin Stephens	39.08	46.08	18
29	Glen Brookes	40.03	53.03	28
30	Trudy Hoyle	40.18	65.18	33
31	Di Norris	40.24	55.24	30
32	John Crahan	42.26	49.26	23
33	Liz Rawcliffe	43.50	78.50	34
34	John Denmark	47.50	47.50	20
35	Sue & Sara Denmark	57.25	82.25	35
36	Kath Fielding	82.00	107.00	36

Martin Pickup - Organiser

DAVE EARLE'S GOURMET MEET

Well this particular meet was rather special. As not only was this meet well organised by the Chief Gourmet, Dave Earle, it also clashed with Martin Dale and Donald Duck's respective birthdays.

Martin started getting into the swing of the birthday mood on Friday evening. Doing the rounds of Ambleside's pubs, starting at the Gold Rule, passing on to the Unicorn, then onto the Salutation. Several were downed in there, followed by one in the White Lion, The Royal Oak, the Sportsmans and finally finishing back at the Rule. Of course, Martin never drinks alone! Helping him celebrate were those other great Larrupmen, Al Peel, Sean Smith and Steve Swindells.

Most people were already at the hut by 11pm. In rolled Martin and Co., merry to say the least! Then began round 2 of the session! Out came the Whiskey, Brandy and Beer cans from the carry-out. By 1.30 am most people were in bed. The hut was so packed that even the kitchen floor was utilized.

Saturday morning arrived far too early for some people. Thick heads abounded so bottles of aspirin were quickly administered, along with pints of tea to wash them down. Sean Smith, Steve Swindells and Mark Planner were feeling rather adventurous by declaring they would like to go for Bowfell Buttress in the pouring rain. Unfortunately the attempt failed due to the weather conditions. Sean, Steve and Mark had to retreat - to the pub of course! Most people festered around the tea and gear shops of Ambleside. Dave Earle and Donald Nichol did some hill walking then went into Ambleside for the epic shop for the giant cook-out.

At 5.30 pm Dave started preparations for supper. By 7.15 pm, tea was ready to be served. The first course was French onion soup with French bread, followed by pork in cider, sprouts, carrots, mash and roast potatoes. The meal was a credit to Dave Earle, a delicious meal indeed. Accompanied by some excellent wine provided by Pete Roscoe. There was ample wine because many of the guests had brought their own also.

The meal was followed by creme caramel (raw liver in blood! - Ed). Precariously transported from Dave's house all the way to the hut. Only God knows how it survived the journey intact. This was followed by cheese and biscuits and coffee.

After the meal came the presentation of the surprise to Martin and Donald. The cake was produced, the candles were lit, then Martin and Donald were called upon to cut the cake, blow out the candles and pose for photos. Donald gave a speech and Martin, who was well and truly in the mood for laughs, so much so that he decided to give us all a mannequin parade of the shopping he had just acquired that afternoon. Very snazzy hooped tights, pink and black hoops! Really the tops in crag fashion, although the lad may have to wait until next spring to give them an airing.

After supper some of the ladies and gents went up to the Three Shires for the last hour or so. The ones who stayed behind at the hut, finished off the wine and did the dishes.

People got off to bed earlier than the previous night.

Sunday morning dawned and quite a few people started out early for the hills. It was another lousy day. The climbers were rather fed up and so to compensate they went into Ambleside visiting the cafe and then the climbing wall at Charlotte Mason. Some of them via the Golden Rule, of course.

To sum the weekend up, Dave's meal was great. The company equally enjoyable. I hope it's not too long before there's another gourmet meet (careful, Carole). The only thing left to say is "Thanks Dave and all the other people involved who made the meet a great success".

Carole Bamber

ALSTONEFIELD MEET.

This was a very well attended meet by the climbing members of the Club, but what happened to the walkers? Four of us travelled down to Alstonefield on the Friday night, expecting to find a vastly improved cottage. Last year we could not stay at Alstonefield because the Cave and Crag Club were supposedly renovating the place. To our surprise the place was even more squalid than previous years. Tom Knowles said

it reminded him of the Turkish jail in the film *Midnight Express*! The state of the hut was, however, compensated for by its position in the courtyard of the George Hotel, which stayed open till after midnight on both nights. Saturday was spent climbing on Beeston Tor, whilst most of the team went to Cratcliffe trying to work off hangovers from a party in Sheffield on Friday night.

Sunday dawned wet, so we went for a walk along the Tissington Trail and back through Dovedale. In the afternoon, the sun came out, so we finished the weekend off climbing at Crowford Black Rocks.

Phil Caley

MALTESE ROCK.

"Climbing on Malta? I didn't know there was any. Well neither did I till I went on a package holiday there in the winter of 1983. In fact there has been rockclimbing on the islands for at least the past forty years - it just had not been well publicised until relatively recently ('Climber & Rambler - Sept. '85). Even now though most climbers will not be aware of the developments of the last two years or of the future potential the place has to offer.

I first made my acquaintance with the Islands in December 1983 in the company of Andy Dunhill, Joe GIBLIN, Dave Parker and Bobby Windsor. The moment we stepped off the plane we noticed how much warmer it was than in Britain, even at one in the morning. That 'night' however, we were to discover one of the more unpleasant things about Malta - the foul taste of the tap water. (Being composed almost totally of pervious limestone, Malta's water supply comes from subterranean sources which liberally endow the water with minerals). After that we always bought bottled water.

Our next surprise was to find that there were no numbers attached to any of Malta's roads as we drove round and round in circles. Navigation, like the driving, seemed to be very much a hit and miss affair but it was all very well mannered. Eventually we found a crag, Victoria Lines to be precise, where we did some bouldering in the pleasant evening sunshine. The following day dawned clear and sunny and, after sunbathing on the apartment's balcony, we set off for Shakka - an area of slabs near the sea on the south-west coast of Malta. Once again we got lost on the way there, but you soon get used to driving round building sites, bus turn-arounds and even down dry river beds! When we finally got to Shakka, however, we were well impressed and rushed down the descent gully to get on a route. It is incredible how keen you can get in winter when presented with a bit of warm sunny rock. Andy and I set off up Piton Route, a Gr.V, which turned out to be about H.V.S. 5a and very pleasant too. Dave, Joe and Bobby attempted Intermediate Slab IV, which they soon lost and ended up wandering over virgin territory at around E1 5a. After this they retreated to Lapsi View Bar for some liquid refreshment, while Andy and myself solved some easier routes on the Ghar Lapsi escarpment.

After a slightly damp start the sun broke through at about 11 the next morning. Wied Babu, our destination that day, was a delightful little valley full of greenery and wild flowers, which set off the pristine white limestone to perfection. It reminded me of a pocket-sized Buox, if such a thing could exist? The rock on the east side of the valley is peppered

with pockets which facilitate climbs up otherwise blank areas of rock. After soloing a few routes, Andy and I roped up for Rat Route V+ which probably just deserves E1, being a little bit thin in its lower slabby half, and steep and poorly protected in its fluted finish. Nevertheless a brilliant little climb, quite hard for its era (the 1950's) and typical of it's perpetrator Corporal Deacon of the Royal Marines. He was also responsible for Continuation Wall VI-, which lies on the sea cliffs south of Wied Babu and is the hardest route in the R.N.M.C. guide. Before leaving Andy and I walked over to have a look at this impressive climb and vowed to do it later in the week.

Another late start saw Andy and myself dropped off at the Blue Grotto while Dave and Joe drove off for a day's sight-seeing. Bobby meanwhile, stayed back at the apartment for a day's swalloking. A short inspection of the huge natural arch of the Blue Grotto and its surrounding cliffs was followed by a coffee in a bar at nearby Wied Zurrieq. Afterwards, we set off on an exploratory walk along the cliff tops towards Ghar Lapsi where we would be picked up later. December the 20th and still walking about in shorts!. We could not believe our luck especially when we found a near virgin, 300 ft slab which rose majestically out of the Mediterranean. We quickly geared up and raced across the 100 Yards Traverse to gain the start of our new line. Andy lead off up a slabby rib, in the golden light of the rapidly setting sun to produce his first new route. Named Red Red Wine after the UB 40 hit, and drink which were both so popular on Malta (especially in our apartment) it was a nice H.V.S..

You've heard of the song 'ten green bottles', well, in this case they were red and they all got drunk that night! Even so Bobby, Dave and Joe insisted on going to the bar, Andy and I weren't too sure. But after we got caught climbing up the outside of the apartment nicking deckchairs, we ended up joining them. God knows how much we had to drink that night, we even got a lock-in at the bar.

In spite of our really bad heads the following morning, we managed to get up early to catch the ferry to Malta's sister island, Gozo. For once the bright morning sunshine was not quite so welcome as we wandered about on deck in an alcoholic daze. Joe in typical Giblinesque style, went to sleep on a bench, despite the disbelieving stares of the tourists. It was a pleasant cruise all the same, and very reasonable too at £15. return for 5 people and a car.

Gozo, we soon learned, is a lovely island, being less populated and with a much lush vegetation. We sampled the delights of Victoria, the capital, having a late breakfast in an hotel followed by a stroll around the market. Everyone ended up buying woolly jumpers and other mementoes to take home.

We could not believe the amount of virgin rock that could be found in the vicinity of the Inland Sea, which is a peculiar natural sea water lake linked to the sea by a tunnel through the cliffs. Unfortunately, due to time restrictions, we could not climb any routes on Gozo, but we had a good look round and were especially impressed by a 500 ft arête which rose straight out of the sea like some great prow of a ship.

The next day, back on Malta, it rained all day so we went to see 'The Malta Experience' which is an audio/visual presentation

of Malta's long and often bloody history, using 21 computer controlled slide projectors and quadrophonic sound. (Donald Duck eat your heart out!) Afterwards we went round some of the megalithic temples mentioned, including a fascinating underground one called the Hypogeum.

Our last day was taken up with such mundane tasks as packing and shopping for presents, although we did manage a ride in a horse drawn carriage round the streets of Sliema for a laugh. When we arrived back in Manchester, yes, you've guessed it, it was raining. But at least we had sun tans to impress people in the pub with!

Roger Brookes

(Watch the next issue for a resume of more recent new routes put up by the author and other members of this club on subsequent visits to Malta.)

AND HERE'S THE BIT YOU'VE ALL BEEN DYING TO READ

THE CLUB DINNER

The Waterhead Hotel, Ambleside again plays host to the Fylde Mountaineering Club.

The Dinner will be served at 7.30 pm on Saturday 7th December. The cost will be £8.00 per head (the same as last year!)

A barrel of Jennings is being provided and will be available from the Hotel bar. The dinner will be followed by the usual Discs and bar extension.

The Chairman has designated this dinner a missile free zone and requests quiet during the speeches.

The Treasurer requests members to return the slips below with the appropriate amounts as soon as possible. Cheques should be payable to The Fylde Mountaineering Club.

For Hotel accommodation please book direct with the Waterhead Hotel, Ambleside - Tel: 0966 32566. Cost of bed and breakfast this year is £15.00 per person. Please mention the F.M.C. dinner when booking otherwise you will be charged the full whack. GO FOR IT.

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F.M.C. DINNER 1985 - BOOKING FORM.

To: Mrs. Barbara Sealey
45 Ribby Road,
Wrea Green,
PRESTON.

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

From: