

NEWSLETTER

THE EDITOR ON THE RACK

Another weekend passes, spent sat in the hut watching the rain come down. When will summer arrive? The endless brews continue and eventually the sink becomes overflowing with mugs, not to mention all the rest of last night's pans etc!.

Yes, folks, hut squalor is on the increase again. We could blame the weather, but even when it is good we leave the washing up because the pub's about to shut. The committee have asked me to wag the finger at the active section again. Of course I'm probably the worst culprit! So come on lads, let's clear up a few more times during the weekend, and not just on Sunday night.

On a lighter note, a quick run through the mag. and we have debuts from Mike Penn, who survives a day out with the Chairman, not to mention the night! Bill McCrae tells us how he can bring back a mouthful of tea almost perfectly and Phil Morris manages to recall the amazing Easter Cornwall trip without actually mentioning climbing! Oh yes, and there's another great competition. Good reading folks.

Martin Dale.

STEVE HUNT

It is with very deep regret that the Club has recently learned of the untimely death of Steve Hunt, who moved south some times ago but always continued to belong to, and take an interest in, the Fylde Mountaineering Club.

The Club extends its deepest sympathies to his family and friends.

RESIGNATION

Peter Cadd has decided to resign after some dormant years, and sends his best regards to his many friends in the Club.

He has apparently enjoyed reading the club's exploits through the newsletters but feels he can no longer justify membership in his present state of inactivity.

The Club wishes him and his wife well and looks forward to a renewed acquaintance at some future date when they have a wave of new enthusiasm.

Dave Earle

NEW MEMBERS

The following are welcomed as introductory members:

Denise Hesketh           83 Bispham Road, Blackpool, FY2 0NR  
Private Jeremy Ferguson   24681093 6 Platoon B Company,  
                              3L1 Weeton Camp.  
Kieran Heaney            17 Parkway, Blackpool, FY3 8NF (Tel:33236)

John Darrell Blore Adams Grammar School, High St., Newport,  
Shropshire.  
Trevor Atkinson 138 Bloomfield Road, Blackpool, FY1 6JW.  
(Tel:47259)  
Martin Bennett Higher Springfield Farm, Guide, Blackburn,  
BB1 2NL. (Tel:664249)(An old member rejoining)

FULL MEMBERS

Steve Halton

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mark Harding and Simon Fenna's Tel. No. - 52154.  
Steve Halton's Tel. No. on the address list is wrong. Correct no.  
is 594922. (Please do not use the old one!!)  
Dave Cundy - 14 Moorhey Drive, Penwortham, Preston. (Tel:740476)  
Bill McCrae - 24 Carnoustie Close, Fulwood, Preston. (Tel:861253)  
Dave Clark - 23 Oxford Road, Fleetwood, FY7 7EX. (Tel:71828)  
John Andrew Hartley - 7 Spring Gardens Terrace, Padiham, BB12 8JB.  
(Tel:74463)  
Andy Blaylock - 29 Lynmouth Road, Sheffield, (Tel: 0742-583971)  
Paul and Julie Reid live at 2 Lowes Way, not 7 as on the list.

HUT AVAILABILITY

The booking habit was lapsed recently. Remember to always book  
with John Wiseman before going to the hut. His tel. No. is 826594.  
Try to book before Friday evening as well.

July

24-25 Working - Langdale  
31-1 Stair

August

7-8 Langdale  
14-15 Stair  
21-22 Langdale  
28-30 Langdale  
28-30 Stair - families

September

4-5 Langdale  
11-12 Vags hut, Nant Peris  
18-19 Chester hut  
18-19 Stair - families  
25-26 Stair

October

2-3 Langdale  
9-10 Stair, Intro. members' meet.  
16-17 Langdale  
23-24 Stair  
30-31 Langdale

Reciprocal Rights - Fallcliff Cottage

Members may now use the University of London Graduate  
Mountaineering Club hut. There is a maximum of four people  
per booking. If you wish to go get in contact with the warden:

Ivor Delafield, 17 Ellington Rd, London, N10 3DD.  
(Tel: 01-883-7460)

You are advised to book about 10 days' plus in advance. (The  
arrangement has been agreed as a one year trial)

We now have reciprocal rights with four clubs so there is a remote probability that 4 x 4 i.e. 16 people from outside clubs could be in our huts. Naturally the booking secretary would refuse such bookings if our huts were already fully booked. This is a very unlikely situation as we have never had anyone from Cleveland M.C. using our huts yet! When you, our members, book I would tell you if the hut was likely to be full. Members who go to the huts without booking should remove themselves to the floor if people who have booked arrive to find no spare beds.

John Wiseman.

### SOCIALS

#### BOOZY BIKE RIDES

These take place on your push irons. Start at the Breck at 6.30pm for a 6.45 start.

Date: 29.7.87 - Leader: Louise Fortune.

#### TREASURE HUNT

Date: 12.8.87 Start at the Breck from 7pm onwards and who knows where you will end up!!

#### SLIDE SHOW/SOCIAL

A social event of some description is being arranged for 2.9.87 at the Breck. Due to the possibility of another newsletter coming out before then being remote, I thought I'd better warn you.

#### WORKING WEEKEND: LITTLE LANGDALE. Date: 24/25th July

Meet Leader: Kevin Stephens. Tel:711824.

Yes! Little Langdale also needs a bin thang, and a lick of paint outside. Your chance to put your name on the hut's 'thank you' list. Also two meets in one for you budding intro. people.

#### WASDALE CAMPING: Date: 1-2 August.

Joint Meet with Chester M.C.

Meet Leader: Dave Earle. Tel:890283.

Hopefully the summer weather will have bucked it's ideas up by then. It could be fun in the sun with our Chester mates. Scafell could be dry for the craggers and the Mosedale Horseshoe presents a good day out for the walkers.... And then there's the pub!!

#### FAMILY WEEKEND, STAIR: Date: 29-31st August.

#### LUNDY. Date: 29th Aug - 5th Sept.

Meet Leader: Mick Tolley. Tel: Preston 713817.

Still two places left for this brilliant trip. £20.00 per head and your Ferry fee will see you stranded on this superb climbing area. Hut accommodation.

#### VAGS HUT, NANT PERIS, NORTH WALES. Date:12-13 Sept.

Meet Leader: Louise Fortune. Tel. Fleetwood 6547.

#### CHESTER HUT, LLANBERIS, NORTH WALES. Date: 19-20 Sept.

Meet Leader: Mark Harding. Tel.52154.

A glut of Welsh weekends for a change!

#### FAMILY WEEKEND, STAIR. Date: 19-20 Sept.

#### ALSTON MINING - CAMPING. Date: 26-27 Sept.

Meet Leader: Pete Llewellyn. Tel: Clitheroe 25688.

A repeat of last year's successful meet. Another chance for you to explore old mine workings, shafts etc. in the safe hands of Pete Llewellyn.

GRINDLEFORD HUT, DERBYSHIRE: Date: 3-4th October.

Meet Leader: Martin Dale, Tel.33479

Last year's meet proved that this hut is ideally situated in the heart of Derbyshire. Plenty for all, even mountain bikers, cafe crawlers and lock in connoisseurs.

INTRODUCTORY MEMBERS' MEET, STAIR: Date: 10-11 October

Meet Leader: Pete Roscoe. Tel:302209.

There was a definite lack of intro. members on the last meet. Maybe this one will see them all crawling out of the woodwork and taking an active part in club activities. Beginners rock climbing included, and if you ask Uncle Peter nicely he may even take you on the hill to shoot down some low flying jets.

COACH MEET, BROUGHTON-COONISTON. Date: 1st November

Meet Leader: Louise Fortune. Tel. Fleetwood 6547.

One of a very rare breed nowadays. Don't miss it!!

SUBS REMINDER

If you want to go on any of the aforementioned meets, you should really have paid your subs by now. A late fee of £1.00 is now also payable for any late-comers. Just think this may be the last newsletter you ever receive!

MALTA GUIDEBOOK. SELL-OUT SHOCK!

Yes! The Guide is selling well and during the recent Customs strikes we actually ran out. Due to the incredible response to the guidebook competition in the last newsletter, the closing date for entries has been put back to the 1st October, if only to give Phil Morris some competition. Phil has obviously got something against slate quarries as that was one of the reasons he wanted to live in Surrey.

F.M.C. TEE SHIRTS AND SWEAT SHIRTS.

Dave Woods has been looking into this and has come up with some possible good deals. All we need now is some interesting design ideas. This is where you the members come in! We are looking for the best design, be it the Club motif or some strange new modern job.

Send any ideas, drawings etc. in to me, the Editor, as soon as possible. The best design will win the designer a free tee shirt!! 2nd prize is a night out with the author of Solo on Llwydd!

KISHIWAR EXPEDITION REPORT

Those death mountain men, Brookes, Gascoigne, Dunhill, Jackson and Peel have now recruited a sixth member to the team. Simon Fenna of Caxton Ave, Bispham has lots of years experience of being a southerner. We hear he's also into mountaineering. This latest recruit ties up the team whose preparations are now well advanced for the August kick-off. The boys are still desperately short of cash so any donations would be gratefully accepted. Expedition tee-shirts are on sale at £5.00 a go in small - XL sizes in all the colours of the rainbow. So if you haven't already got one, support the lads and buy a tee-shirt.

## KEYS

In order to protect the Club's properties and to give Insurance Companies the least possible excuse for not paying out in the event of a claim, the Committee decided to issue only numbered keys for the new locks and to keep a record of all holders. This does have a spin-off that lost keys can and have been re-united with their owners.

However, it has been discovered that some members have had their own keys cut for which we have no records. The Committee view this situation with grave concern bearing in mind the possible serious consequences and it wishes to state that anyone found using or in possession of a key not purchased from the booking secretary and not recorded by us will be banned from the Club and its facilities.

The Committee.

## TENDON TROUBLE

Due to the recent spate of climbing orientated injuries due to overtraining etc., here is some information which may be of use to members. Physiotherapy sessions and ultra sound is available at the Fylde Coast Hospital, St. Walburgas Road, Blackpool at £7.50 a go. Details available from Martin Dale. Dave Wood has also some information about a similar service, also Pete Roscoe has information about a Preston based service. For more details contact Martin, Woodsy or Peté.

## BIN STORE

Stair now has an incredible new structure for storing the dustbins in! This wonderful thing is even good enough to kip in. "Not as smelly as the Dorn" said Steve Swindells, after a recent trial. "Good on Hagshu" reported Simon Fenna. "Desperate!" A local hound. How long will we have to wait for Little Langdale's badly needed store, John Barnes?

## BRIDESTONES

Climbing is now being allowed again at this brilliant bouldering spot well in evening reach of Fylde climbers. Small groups only please, and leave those awful bright tights behind as they frighten the sheep. (Will anyone going please let me know as I rather like it there! And in the Staff of Life! Ed.)

## SKYE WARNING

Following a recent visit to the Isle of Skye, Terry O'Neill sends us this message.

### WARNING

The gendarme on the west ridge of Sgurr nam Gilleán in the Cuillin has disintegrated leaving the rocks in a very loose and dangerous condition.

Extreme care is now required when negotiating this section of the ridge.

Technically the traverse is easier than it used to be, but those rocks certainly wobble!

CHEAP GEAR

Our man in Preston, John Sealey, has set up a gear mail order shop selling orienteering and mountaineering equipment at 10% off usual prices. The Editor has a catalogue. Enquire at Vagsports Preston (John Sealey)  
35 Watling St. Road, Fulwood,  
Preston, PR2 4EA. (Tel: 0772 715156)

MALTA IV

By now you can be forgiven if this series of trips is beginning to sound like the never (?) ending Rocky saga. I promise you it is the last one, until next year maybe!

This was a far less serious trip than the previous two, partly on account of my reluctance to add any more new climbs and so make even more work for myself! The visit originated in an invitation from Andy Dunhill's mate, Mark Planner, and his friend Bob Stone, to go on a Christmas holiday to Malta. I could not resist the temptation and decided to go out for just a week taking Adrian 'Scranner' Oram from Sheffield and Gwen Barnes, my intrepid landlady from Wales, along also. We got a really cheap flight (£60 return!) and Simon Alden got us the use of a friend's apartment in Swieqi, just north of St. Julians where Mark and Bob were staying.

On arrival at Luqa airport we were met by Simon and Noel who took us to our apartment which proved palatial with a double bedroom each, and even a swimming pool in the back garden! We could not believe our good fortune, all this for £22. each for the week. However, the weather was bad that first night with torrential rain dampening our enthusiasm somewhat. Next day though the sun came out and we did not have a bad day for the rest of our trip, mostly being able to climb in T-shirts only.

The first day Scranner and I went to Wied Babu with Simon and Noel. We did a few short routes in the valley before embarking on a lengthy sea-level traverse across the Babu Face till we got stopped by a large zawn. Foolishly I decided to lead us out of trouble up Sea Wall Exit 2 (V) which proved to be a frighteningly loose E1 5a and gave me my first 'grip' of the week. We got to the top in rapidly ensuing darkness and beat a retreat to the Swordfish Bar where Gwen was beginning to get worried. A few bottles of Farsons Hopleaf then saw us off down the bumpy roads back towards Valletta in Noel's landrover.

The following day was spent at Ghar Lapsi where Scranner and Noel repeated Red Red Wine at 100 Yards Slab (possibly the second ascent two years after it was first done!) I led Simon up Chilli Wind (E1) as a preparation for a repeat ascent of the thin and very poorly protected Ostrebogulous (E2 5c). This latter route provided me with my second grip-out, and I had to concentrate very hard to control my fear and not fall off as I stood on calf-wrecking holds well above the last decent protection. But it was well worth the effort; I even managed to straighten the route out a bit by finishing direct instead of scuttling off left after the crux as Phil Bocking had done on the first ascent.

That night Mark and Bob arrived and the first of many drinking sessions developed which the Maltese lads could never quite understand, or cope with. We even went to Malta's latest nightspot where we got a band and a disco for around £3. though the drinks were expensive. Mark and Bob's first day was spent on the Ghar Lapsi escarpment where everyone enjoyed doing some of the many

Forces routes there. I later descended to some sea-level slabs nearby where I made the first lead of Simon's Rib (HVS 4b) an exposed and seriously unprotected route which Simon Alden had previously top-roped and thought to be only severe!

Form ir Rih Bay and the Ras ir-Raheb peninsular provided the venue for the next day. Here Mark and Bob climbed Rastus (Severe) a 150ft corner right on the tip of the headland which the Commandoes once used for training their cliff-climbers. Noel and Ritchie Abele, another Maltese climber, went off to climb a new route, L-Ghonz (Sev.) while I repeated The Glass Wall (E2.5b) to check it for the guidebook.

The following day, also for the guidebook (or an article), Scranner abseiled down to take photos while I once again led Hello Boys at the Blue Grotto. After this Scranner and Simon climbed Earthquake Corner (VS) the route we had claimed as Lampuki in mistake last January. Bob and Mark meanwhile had been enjoying themselves climbing Forces routes in nearby Vied Babu.

My final day was spent with Mark, Bob, and Noel at the Victoria Lines escarpment. Here I had to repeat Noel's latest overhanging creations, despite having an aching back and tired arms. First was Gikda (HVS 5a) which climbs out from the back of a large cave up an overhanging wall on good but well spaced holds. We then moved on to the caves near the Pace Forno's monument. Here I struggled to repeat Crazy Horse (HVS 5b), another one of Noel's creations, before finally burning out trying a new line up a steep fingery wall just to the left. So ended my last trip to Malta and a campaign of exploration and development which had given me a personal total of around thirty new climbs and a share in another fifteen such routes. It may not be up to Gary Gibson's prolific production rate (1000 routes since 1977) but it's a start that most British climbers only dream about. So if you fancy a bit of the action and some winter sunshine as well, get over to Malta this year and put the Fylde Mountaineering Club's first guidebook to good use. \*

Roger Brookes

\* MALTA NEW CLIMBS by Roger Brookes and Simon Alden

Out now - £2.99 from The Secretary, Fylde M.C.

19 Kenwyn Avenue, Blackpool.

10% discount for Club Members, or signed copies available from R. Brookes, 23, Grasmere Road, St. Anne's.

LLAGANGARBH 1987

Hey ho and off north we go, to visions of the previous year, hacking our way up snowfilled gullies under a glorious clear blue sky.

Saturday morning brought reality with the rain sweeping down Glencoe, no ice, and very little snow. "Well never mind" says our Hon. Chairperson as the rain eased off, "we'll go for a little walk round Loch Tulla, there's a pub on the other side we can disappear into if the weather goes spastic".

Now I'm a trusting sort of a soul, so we went, parked the car above Loch Tulla and ambled off towards Victoria Bridge. By the bridge the weather had cleared a bit, so we pushed on up the valley that runs through the hills to the sea at Loch Etive.

Eating his lunchtime bickies young David was busily looking at

the map and muttering weird incantations (Old Kent Road, circa 1963 I think). Suddenly it was all action "Let's walk to the sea", came the result of this deliberation, and then he was off.

"Hang on, that's right across the map and onto the next one, and anyway how are we going to get back?" exclaimed a very worried scribler.

"I'm not sure that I want anyone in 'HY' climbing club who worries about how to get back", came the stern rejoinder. So that was that.

About a millionmiles later two footsore and utterly shattered walkers staggered onto the main Oban road near Taynuilt. Now I don't know if you have ever tried to hitch a lift at night in the middle of nowhere, when only about eight cars an hour pass. It is not an encouraging sport. Cars would crawl by us, we would be peered at in the gloom, and onwards they would go. Were they really saying "Doona slow down, Donald - it wastes petrol".

Eventually just as we were considering hiring a bicycle from a nearby garage, a car stormed by going like the clappers, screamed to a halt in a shower of sparks, and then reversed back as if there was no tomorrow.

By the time we had gone two miles I was beginning to wish that we had hired the bicycle! By the time we got to Tyndrum I was a nervous wreck, wondering whether we were going to impact on a cliff or in the loch.

Back at the Kingshouse the rest of the party were gathered, happily quaffing pints. "Which pub have you pair been sat in all this time?" was the greeting we got. Words failed me!

It rained on Sunday, thank the Lord!

Michael Penn

#### A WCRING WEEKEND AND CLIMBING LIKE A FAIRY

I'm off to the Thatched, love, to see what's happening at the weekend. I arrive to the joyful news of it's a working weekend at Little Langdale or I could run Martin over to the Sadcocks. I really wanted to go climbing so I talked Steve Halton into not working on Saturday morning and going up to the Ben for the weekend.

Friday finds us on our way with a forecast for strong winds, but when we got to Fort William it's clear as a bell and freezing hard. Onto the golf course and throw up a tent. It's really cold and Steve wishes he has a better sleeping bag. He doesn't get much sleep.

Up at 6.45 breakfast, take the tent down (illegal camping) and off up the Ben with near perfect conditions. Blue sky, calm and cold. The only thing wrong is the long walk in.

A couple of hours later we are at the C.I.C. Hut with the cliffs looking in superb condition, even sun on the snow and people already near the top of Point 5 Gully.

Off with the woolies, on with boots and crampons and a discussion on what to do. Steve fancies Point 5 so off we set towards Gardyloo Gully. As we get round the corner we can see there are two parties in Point 5 with two more groups hovering at it's foot but no-one in Zero, so the decision is made, Zero it is. I push the thought of the poor belays out, "they can't be as bad as that!" A long flog up steep snow gets us to the start, no problems about a belay. An ice screw already in place, one of the new drive-in tubes £12.50 in the bag. A good start. Off I set; the neve is superb with the axes biting really well. I push up about 60' place a screw then off again over a couple of steep sections and Steve's rope has run out, so he unties and I carry on just on mine. It's academic, one rope or two with one screw runner in a full rope length. The belay is a rock spike and a friend solid. The weather has clouded in and it's started to snow. Steve arrives. The position is fantastic with the minus face looking impressive and Orion direct looking really good. Did Al and Mark go up there?! Off again, round to the right over mixed ground. Up snow to the foot of an ice bulge and a belay, one screw, one deadman and two axes - none of which look secure. Steve comes up and I am on my way again. This bit looks steep so up to the start and place a screw; step right place the tools, hang on them and commit myself. Not feeling too bad even when Steve says "Hang on for a photo". Feel a real poser. Make the next few moves. This total commitment to one pick just in the ice is strange. Over onto easier ground "Great" I think, "We've cracked it". "Nope", Steve has dropped a glove and hasn't any spare ones. I carry on up to below a bulging constriction and step left to find a belay. At this point spindrift pours down where I have been. The snow had been getting heavier and the build-up had reached slip proportions. The belay was a dodgy rock nut and an axe. Not very good at all. I kick out a large double foothold and take the rope in. Steve climbs with only one glove and on the steep section the spindrift engulfs him. I can't see him but I can see the spindrift and my belay!! I keep the rope tight. A shout for "tight" as Steve decides he has to move and I give as much help as I can. The spindrift has Steve off and as the foothold starts to collapse and I begin to pivot out, I manage to hook my shoulder under a rock and Steve gets his weight back on his foot and the crisis is over. "That was awful" says Steve; well, words to that effect. His left hand is numb so out with my spare mitts and he gets the recirculation pains.

The corner above is climbed with spindrift pouring down on very poor placements but after this it doesn't look too bad. Steve says "You must climb like a fairy - I can't see where you've been". But I don't like the analogy very much. The gully now goes on forever, on your toes all the time. Very steep in places, poor belays and lots of spindrift. 5½ hrs after starting we arrive at the top. I'm so tired I don't feel pleased at all. I cock up my compass work and we find ourselves down towards Glen Nevis and have to climb back to the top, even more knackered and only a little daylight left so reorganisation. Down the back of the Ben, torches on. Down into and through the bog of the footpath to the car. 14 hrs of graft.

Still don't feel much like a fairy, more like lots of brews. Some working weekend!

An account of Zero Gully by M.Tolley and S.Halton. 21/3/87.

REMEMBERING ROUTE MAJOR

In Thunderball, just after James Bond has almost been wracked to pieces on a health farm traction machine by an agent of the unspeakably evil S.P.E.C.T.R.E., Ian Fleming wrote "The body retains no memory of pain. Yes, it hurt, that abcess, that broken bone but, just how it hurt and how much is soon forgotten by the brain and the nerves. It is not so with pleasant sensations, a scent, a taste, the particular texture of a kiss. These things can be almost totally recalled."

As you probably know, nowhere is this principle more apt than in mountaineering. And so, it was a poorly prepared McCrae, both physically and mentally, who stood in the Cairngorm car park that morning. He remembered only the good times. Front-pointing on perfect green ice or topping out on a sunlit plateau after a satisfying climb. The times of exhaustion, dehydration, pain and fear were all forgotten after a three year break from Scottish winter climbing.

The first nagging doubt came when I lifted my rucksack, slung it onto my shoulder, trying to look like a veteran and promptly thought "My God, what's in this?" These doubts were confirmed when Mick "I'm-so-unfit-and-pass-me-another-sandbag" Tolley sped off into the mist with me gasping for breath in his wake. Eventually, the plateau was reached and we began trudging across. As we approached the descent into Loch A'an the cloud level dropped below us and MacLui and the tors of Ben Mheadoin and Bynack More stuck up like Nunatacks through the surface. The sun was dazzling and we stood staring, gobsmacked.

Soon after, the cloud dispersed completely and we dropped down and contoured round towards Carn Etchachan. There was not a breath of wind and we geared up quickly and began soloing. At this point came my first valid contribution to the day's proceedings. The party ahead of us continued too far along the easy ramp line which starts the route and Mick "I-was-climbing-in-Scotland-when-you-were-wearing-short-trousers" Tolley wanted to follow. After a heated discussion in which the phrase 'local expert' featured heavily, I persuaded him back on route. However, from here on things went downhill. The famous chimney pitch was hard and only succumbed after much clanging, scraping and grunting from Mick "It-just-needed-a-determined-approach" Tolley. The problem was that, contrary to what we had expected, snow conditions were not good. On this north facing crag there had obviously been no freeze/thaw and the rock was covered with perfect powder. No verglas or even frozen turf. Indeed, in many places the rock was bare. It was when I came to follow in my new footfags that my troubles began.

Two pitches later the crux was reached and had to be ignominiously handed to Mick "Don't-think-you-are-going-to-be-allowed-to-forget-this" Tolley. However, he soon had no cause to be supercilious as his terrordactyl clanged down the crag, followed by unprintable oaths. I was then able to make my second and final contribution by loaning him my spare and thus ensuring that I had a weapon in my armoury for the nicky-taking to come.

Three more pitches and another good lead my Mick "Why-can't-I-do-this-in-summer" Tolley brought us to the plateau. So engrossed had we been that we were amazed to find it was almost 4 o'clock.

The climb behind us, thirst and hunger took over and we gulped down Mars bars and tea from the flask.

We wandered back across the plateau and one of the most vivid orange sunsets I have ever witnessed in Scotland began. My exhaustion really told now and the slight slope up to fiacaille-a-coire-Cas had to be done in 100 step sections. We rested at the fiacaille cairn, absorbed in the sunset and our own thoughts. The gloom gathered and on one side the headlights of the piste-bashers looked ridiculously out of place, whilst on the other the cliffs and the wilderness managed to appear both menacing and beckoning at the same time.

To return to my original point, by even a few hours later, certain memories and sensations had begun to fade and as I sit at my desk writing this now, the theory is completely proved. For all the unpleasant memories are gone. No matter how hard I try, the exhaustion, pain, the ignominy, the thirst, cannot be recalled. Yet the memory of the good parts, the cloud inversion, the spectacular situation on the crag, the technical climbing, that first mouthful of tea, can be brought back almost perfectly and if I close my eyes I can see that last view before we came down off the plateau at the end of the day. The cliffs stand out starkly from the otherwise white hills and in the half light they seem somehow closer and larger. Whilst behind them a dull red glow gradually fades as darkness falls.

#### IN SEARCH OF H.S.D.

Easter in Cornwall. "Holiday Style Dreams" which neared reality.

After a "Hastily Swallowed Dinner" the 'C' team (Phil and Mike) left Preston with Martin and "Having Safely Driven" to Bristol, got lost, looking for the Royal Oak only to find it was inexplicably called the Wellington. The Broughton team welcomed us with open throats so we "Had Several Drinks" in aforementioned pub.

Phil, Dave and Joe landed later "Having Suffered Dishwater" in Cheltenham.

Thursday saw us at the Dewerstone where climbing was done on the first of many "Hot Sunny Days". The nature of the climbing resulted in some "Horribly Scarred Digits" from inexpert jamming.

A diversion to sample "Helston's Special Drink" at the Blue Anchor and a mad rush to St. Just in time for "High Speed Death" at the Star.

Once established at St. Just, the routes, pubs and drinkers fell thick and fast. The climbing and weather were superb but much more interesting were the "combat and survival" techniques involved in camping with the Fylde lads. Our neighbours were more than a little worried by Simon "waggy tail" Fenna's occasional "nam flash backs" and his unusual interpretation of the F.T.index.

The Cornish pubs have a nasty habit of locking the doors bang on closing time with the customers still inside. Favourite for such antics was the Miners Arms with a jovial landlord and 24 hr pasty service.

## IN SEARCH OF H.S.D. (cont)

Apart from the spectacle of a nude poseur swimming among a flock of seals (which are, it must be stressed, strictly carnivorous) there was a sporting attempt at the first 'Horizontal Sky Dive'. This entailed leaping from the back of a Renault 4 at over 30 m.p.h.. Success was marred by the lads subsequent arrest at the Cornish border under suspicion of smuggling the tarmac embedded in his hands!

Despite the heat, we climbed every day on granite (Bosigran, Chair Ladder, Carn Les Boel, Zaron Kellys, Pordenock Point, Carn Barra) and greenstone (Tater du and Carn Gloose).

Towards the end of the week, the teams tired of the same pubs and moved up the coast to Hartland, pausing to climb either on Carn Crowla or Pentire Head. Friday morning was spent at Hartland Quay, lunchtime gorging on cream teas, afternoon on an exciting but abortive attempt to find Exmansworthy and evening hunting the Dale after he conned us into taking our cars down a tank testing track. The day was completed at 1.30 am with a multiple rendition of the 'Hartland Stagger Dance' back to the tents, certain ladies having enjoyed an 8 hour session in the Anchor.

A weekend at Baggy Point in sunshine on slabs. A delight of routes ascended from the merest severes to the azo dyes (E110-121) of the climbing world. To mention route names would be nothing but an ego trip for those involved, so here goes.....  
(At this point the writer's rapidly swelling head finally exploded, the transcript having been found under a heap of gore in his living room. HSD actually stands for Hicks (very apt) Special Draught).

Phil Morris

FELL RACE-RAFT RACE WEEKEND, June 14/15th 1987

After a particularly heavy round of holidays and strike days I was looking forward to putting my feet up for a bit when, at the last minute before the above event the 'phone rang. It was the Fell Race organiser, the well-known trained and qualified administrator Martin Pickup. He had managed to organise family christenings or whatever and the Fell Race to commence at the same time and on the same day at opposite ends of the country.

So for once I found myself on the blunt end of the Club's top beer swilling and beanfeast weekend. With no advance publicity due to lack of newsletter and no arm twisting, so vital to persuade F.M.C. Members to get up and do anything, the field was expected to be small. A pity as it would have been nice to have had something a bit special for the 10th annual Fell Run.

Still the weekend was very ably supported by the active section and we were particularly pleased to welcome along George James and his comrade in arms Colin who called in en route to another race in the afternoon. Of the other F.M.C. fell runners there was of course no sign.

Everyone had hangovers so all the usual excuses cancelled each other out. I decided not to take up the organiser's option of thoroughly investigating the fitness of the lady competitors. Many of the lads are now extremely fit and set off at scratch with George James. Colin swore blind he would be at least.

5 mins behind George but he tells fibs. Mr. Penn was known to be much fitter than last year and was handicapped accordingly, but having been told he was only out for fun supporting the Club, I completely failed to detect his determination to win. Mr. Fenna declined to defend his title as he wouldn't be able to see where he was running under his silly hat. Martin arrived in the late afternoon and was timed running round on his own.

Results, in order of crossing the line:

	<u>Total</u>	<u>Time</u>
1st Mike Penn	46 min	43 secs
2nd Glen Brookes	48	45
3rd Colin Rushton	38	52
4th Andrea	54	47
5th Henry Iddon	41	07
6th Alan Peel	35	55
7th George James	36	42
8th Andy Blaylock	37	22
9th Roger Brookes	37	22.0001
10th Pete Llewellyn	45	40
11th M. Dale	48	15
12th Gary Nuttall (the Late Great)	43	14
13th Mark Jackson (saving himself for something bigger, handicapper please note for next year. Also Stuart Gascoigne jogged round with a slower competitor with the same view in mind.)	45	50

Congratulations to Alan Peel who did fastest time of the day in 35 min. and 55 secs. and who doesn't seem to be saving himself for anything and to Mike Penn who shaved 10 to 12 minutes off his previous time.

Thanks to all the competitors, both willing and unwilling, Dianne and Gillian who kept us supplied with hot dogs and to the gate marshalls who waited hours for the wimped out Mr. Fenna to appear. Modestly supported but an event enjoyed hugely by all present, but especially me who didn't have to run round this year. Oh; and by the way, the trained and qualified administrator got round in 36 mins and 49 seconds in the afternoon.

The Raft Race was held in the afternoon with more or less the same field. There was plenty of water in the river and the traditional Le Mans start soon had Martin Dale in the lead and the "Grand Bateaux" of Team Dunhill going round and round Robs Hole in cribs. at the bridge it was still Martin in the lead, closely followed by Glen Brookes and Stuart Gascoigne

Stuart Gascoigne was first over the line but was disqualified after a steward's enquiry partly due to running down the river when it was deep enough to raft and partly because he is a southerner (there is nothing like naturalised northerners for really putting the boot in).

So the final line-up was as follows:-

1st Martin Dale  
 2nd Glen Brookes  
 3rd Simon Fenna  
 4th Gary Nuttall  
 5th Andrea/Alan Peel  
 6th Andy Blaylock  
 7th Team Dunhill (Andy, Gillian, Henry Iddon  
 and Roger Brookes).