

FYLDE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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Alan Blackburn on the Piste in the Dolomites

Sorry.

Hi all.

Sorry this edition of the newsletter has taken an absolute age but due to the complete incompetence of a internet retailer coupled with complete incompetence of an editor who got found out by his employer and had to do some work for a change it got a little waylaid. But now its here and packed (sorry for the cliché) with tales of daring do from around the globe carried out by our own fair club. From the Lake District to the Dolomites and the Emerald Isle to the Lofoten Islands its been a busy old summer.

Thank you to everyone who has been good enough to send me items for this newsletter if I have not been able to include yours, I am truly sorry. Its partly because of my incompetence and also partly because there has been a change in the Post Office mailing system.

The next edition will be out just before Christmas so if you have any copy please forward it to me by the end of November.

Cheers.
Tony

Subs

OK, I'm afraid its that time year again and no doubt you have already found it but enclosed with this newsletter is the subscription form for this year.

Dates for the diary

The winter social evenings, arranged by John Wiseman who has stepped in to the role of social secretary, are fast approaching and we've had a change of location. Its goodbye to Raikes Hall and hello to The River Wyre Hotel.

The meetings are on the 2nd Wednesday of each month starting with the 11th October.

For those of you that cant work it out the others are.

8th November

13th December

10th January

Please check the website for who will be appearing at each meet.

Beer Call

It has been suggested that the club should meet up informally at various location around the area. These locations being local pubs (shock horror). To meet and greet folk and give beer notes some willing volunteers have been found. They are.

27th September

The Thatched House, Poulton
John Wiseman & Tony Mitchell

25th October

The Wyre Lounge, Fleetwood
Martin Dale (home sweet home)

22nd November

The Grapes, Wray Green
Clive Bell

Christine Crook (nee Ikin)

1942 - 2006

It was with great sadness that many, many friends and family packed into the crematorium in Carleton to say farewell to Christine on the 28 March. Her friends from the FMC joined work colleagues, neighbours and countless other friends who filled the seats and aisles for the service.

Born near Leeds, she moved with her parents as a small child to live on the Fylde coast where they ran a guesthouse.

Christine (Chrissie to many) loved people and made friends wherever she went, with pen pals around the world. Wherever she was, she knew what to say to put people at their ease and fall in' conversation with her. Christine was always concerned about how others were and would listen and help whenever she could.

Anyone who knew Christine will remember her for the love of all things in nature. She loved walking in the mountains, in the Lakes, abroad and particularly the North West of Scotland.

She met Barrie in Ullapool twenty-five years ago on an FMC meet and it became a favourite place to return to year after year.

Her love of walking in mountains took her to places where flowers grew in their natural habitat adding greatly in her pleasure of gardening. A tiny flower in the scree in the Pyrenees or Dolomites would fill her with delight. Her travels around the world took her to America, Australia and all over Europe. She worked in London and Hong Kong during her forty years service in the Land Registry sharing her love of walking with colleagues long after she retired.

Christine was as generous in her gardening as she was in all things, giving seedlings, cuttings, and vegetables to her many friends. Despite her fight with cancer she completed and passed a Royal Horticultural Course in 2005.

A. ough slight in stature Christine was strong and courageous both before and after her treatment. She climbed via-ferratas, had big days on Scottish mountains, slept in the shelter of rocks with ice on her sleeping bag and always with a smile. Christine's great gift was her inquisitive love of life, when she visited places she was interested in the history, art, music and of course the people; she never wasted a moment.

The happiest day of her life was in November 2005 when she and Barrie were married and to Barrie we send our heart felt sympathy for his great loss of an irreplaceable life partner.

Peter Llewellyn

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The main day's climbing was the last day which miraculously dawned with blue skies & stayed good all day. Nick Hepburn & I did a 12 pitch classic on the very impressive Presten (Priest) cliff called Vestpillaren, with the direct start. We were the fourth of 7 parties despite leaving the car at 8am. We did have to queue for about an hour high on the climb but the view was superb & the sun was out. We certainly weren't going to be benighted as it never gets dark!

This is a fantastic climb that is given E2 although not high in the grade. Route finding is OK & it is quite sustained with good quality climbing. We reached the top at around 6pm & walked back down in the evening sun.

We did a few walks generally in the wet, sometimes very wet. We had a map with paths marked but often they did not exist. The terrain was difficult with deep vegetation, bogs & often lots of boulders. The ridges are often very rocky & difficult if not impossible for walking. There are a few friendly mountains to walk up but much of the walking involved crossing the hills via a network of cols. I am sure that further research would find friendlier walking but it is a serious place.

The team comprised: Nick Hepburn, Chris Bradley, Chris Thistlethwaite, Christine Barber & me.

Oh & beer was £5 a pint so no one drank any.

Andy Dunhill

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The dry stone wall between us & the wood needed further repair because sheep keep jumping over & damaging it so we all honed our dry stone walling skills. We did some general tidying up outside & even cut the grass in front of the cottage.

Inside we did a lot of general cleaning & painting so everything looks OK.

We provided a veggie meal on Saturday evening for everyone together with sor wine.

Thanks to those who helped: Mike Penn, John & June Wiseman, Martin Dale, Dave Ward (who like all policemen turned 3 hours late, but he had cancelled an attempt at the Bob Graham round to help), Caroline Webb, Chris & Caroline Packman & Dave Earle.

Overall it was a very successful weekend.

Andy & Christine

50 Years of F.M.C. at Little Langdale

Saturday June 17th about 50 of us (quite appropriate) turned out to celebrate the 50 years of FMC rule at No. 2 Newhouses in Little Langdale. The sun shone down on us all day whilst much imbibing and gorging of bangers, burgers and birds (chicken wings) went on.

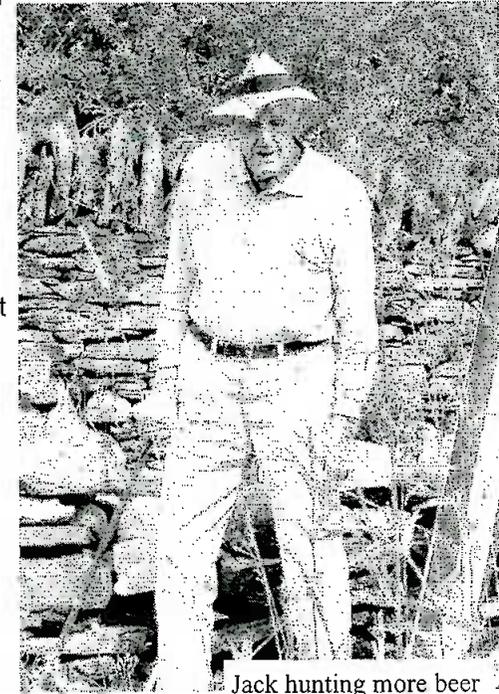
Jack and Dorothy Jowett, Alan Bell and John Cooper were there (Pete Roscoe had phoned his regrets for his absence) and related tales from the past. After much deliberation throughout 1957, by the committee, the three houses were bought (£1200) by the club Nos. 1 was then sold on to Jack and No. 3 to the Muirs and the Mackesons the club retaining No. 2, paying the £500 bill by means of a bank loan. The only water supply was a single outside tap for all three properties and there was a two seat outside earth closet for a loo! I have heard that the slabs we all sit on to enjoy our breakfast in the morning sun came from this earth closet when it was replaced by the present septic tank.

Alan presented the club with a framed copy of his song 'The Key Above The Door' which he composed to sing with the Taverners folk group. He then gave us a fine rendition of the first verse of the song.

Jack told of the early days and of the decision to buy the buildings and then proposed a toast to the cottage.

We all drank a second and heart felt toast to Jack and all of his era whose foresight and hard work laid the foundations of the club we now enjoy.

We had obtained permission from the farmer to park and camp in the field below the cottage Friday evening the first campers arrived to find the gate to the field locked by a chain stapled to the gatepost – panic. After much searching, the farmer (Bill Hodgeson) who rents the field, was located. He said, 'Ah wer' cumin down but ar' wer' bizzy wi't tractor. Just pull t'stapl owt.' So we did and all went well until morning when the gate was fastened with the chain and two staples. Bill had not told the field owners, they thought we were illegals of some kind and nailed us in! With this resolved things went smoothly from



Jack hunting more beer

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then on.

Tony M. organized an 11 gallon barrel of beer and delivered it on Thursday for us all to quaff. Unfortunately Tony had to work that day and could not share in the quaffing (devotion to duty or what?). After much complicated mental arithmetic it was decided that 88 pints divided by FMC equalled not enough, equalled ugly mob violence an emergency supply of alcohol was required p.



d.q. Geoff B. was contacted and he called in at Booths for 60 extra bottles on his way to the festivity and saved the day (the night as well). Unfortunately Geoff was driving so could only sup one pint, more devotion to duty.

The bangers and burgers were supplied by Chris This. from his local farmer and proved to be of excellent quality. Mike H. and Kevan E. had the Betty Swallocks job of BBQing the meat in the hot sunshine.

I would like to thank Tony, Geoff,

Chris, Mike and Kevan for their industry on the day and the sunshine for its constant attendance, which made this such a successful bash.

Much to everyone's disappointment we did not achieve one of the aims of the day, to find a lush of the year candidate.

Incidentally with £1 to park and £3 to camp we collected £49-07 for the farmer, where did the 7p come from?

Clive

LANGDALE WORKING WEEKEND 29/30th July

Following recent poor attendances at the Langdale Working Weekends, I was surprised to have 12 volunteers (including day helpers) turn up, willing to graft. The roofing work had been completed and the scaffold removed the previous day, so thankfully there was plenty of work to be done, the majority of which was cleaning up inside and out and repairs to minor damage to the ceiling. In addition, the front was re-painted, outside paths tidied, all areas weed-killed, timbers to the bottle store treated, kitchen blitzed, front stone plinth re-pointed etc. John Stockton also re-built the wall he drove into. Special thanks to Jennie Tolley for providing the food which went well with the booze left over from the 50th do.

The roof work appears to be successful but if anyone spots any leaks, let me know. With

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the edge of a 1,000ft drop to take the pictures. Apparently they lived in the States, hence the good English. Then down over the bridge to the rifugio for bier and eats, then yoghurt pots and back home.

Overall an enjoyable holiday (apart from the galloping crud suffered by some). Hot and sunny every day, lots of good company, good food, wine and Weissbier served in World Cup shaped glasses, but little ice cream. We were just about acclimatized and gasping less when it was time for home.

And another thing, Waiting in one of the bottom cable car stations there was an obviously pregnant lady wearing a T-shirt with the words "Baby on Board".

Clive

Working Weekend Stair 19 – 20 August 2006

This was another productive weekend. The weather was pretty wet but it meant that going climbing/walking was not an attractive option so everyone was happy to work.

The main job was to replace the damaged areas of rendering under the windows. I had always been concerned that this could have been a major job but in fact the problem was not as bad as we'd feared. Four areas had to be done & the render was not very thick so we were able to re-do these reasonably quickly. All were given an initial coat of paint to protect them but they will need more. The walls do now look odd because of the patch painting so the next job is to repaint the whole of the outside. If we can get enough people for a weekend in autumn it won't take tool long so expect a call!

We now have a new cooker courtesy of the researches by the ladies mainly Sue Denmark. This delegation seemed fair as the ladies were the ones who moaned about the old cookers at both cottages. I gather delivery was a problem as the men in the delivery van could not get any closer than Braithwaite with their satellite navigation system so had to call Sue for directions.

This was connected & fitted but I understand you need a degree in electronics to operate the top oven so this sounds like another job to delegate (to Sue?). This oven does not have a back so there was concern about splashing the walls & the position of the electricity cables. A quick visit to Focus in Penrith provided a new set of tiles etc which were done on Sunday. The electricity cables were moved to avoid a fire. We may need to do a bit more tidying up in this area.

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a foreigner shouting that he was a fast climber and we were holding him and his party up- nowt to do with the 30 people in front of us – prat! At the end of the VF is a small rifugio with a “toilet” – a hut over a crack in the mountain. Martin had to use it, the start of his dark days. As we journeyed down the mountain the sky blackened with distant rumbles, then quarter of a km from Peter’s Bar and safety the heavens opened. At this point Jenny, Les and I were passing a pile of old timber with an old door on top, we grabbed it and held it over our three heads and saved the day.

Sunday was the day of the big run, which was part of the reason for David, Ryan and Mike coming. The race starts in the next valley to Arabba, in Canazei (1440 meters), over Passo de Pordoi, up to the summit of Piz Boe (3162 meters) and back again, a distance of 22 km. The record was broken this year at 2 hrs 8 mins!! Mike did 2 hrs 38 mins. Nearly as long as it takes me to do Catbells. Apparently Ali Welsh was also there as a further FMC representative.

The Tomaselli (5c) an almost straight up and straight down strenuous VF worth doing and satisfying. On Monday Jenny, Peter, John, Les and I did it quicker than the guide book time. Average age 64 and a bit. Yeah!

Tuesday, the last day. A big gang took the long journey to the other side of Cortina to Monte Cristallo with its short but nice VF with a long wobbly bridge. To get to it requires a chair lift and some “Yoghurt Pots”. Yoghurt pots are carrot shaped



The Team

tin cans on a cable, they carry two people standing, just. The back half rotates around the front half to form a door. To get aboard you have to run and jump, rucksack in hand and prayers in mind. How the hell you do it with skis, sticks and boots God knows. Dave had decided to run up the first chair lift stretch and arrived about ten minutes after us!! From the top of the lift we all made it across the bridge (some with eyes closed I’m sure) and after the next few hundred meters some stayed put whilst the rest went to the top. It was here we met a Rumanian couple who spoke good English. We took their pictures with their camera and she took ours with all of ours, which caused much hilarity. She was a mountain goat, standing on

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FAIRHEAD, NORTHERN IRELAND

23rd – 26th June 2006

I’ve meant to go climbing at Fairhead for almost as long as I can remember, or at least ever since I heard someone remark that if it was in mainland Britain it would be a contender for “ best crag in the country”. I’d been put off by the high chance, given the location, of encountering poor weather following an expensive and time consuming journey. Even in recent years, since the cheap flights revolution had obviated the logistical problems, there was still that weather consideration.

I’d probably still be doing no more than talking about it had it not been for Martin D and his suggestion that we should put a meet down on the syllabus and that I should lead it. Given the spur we asked advice of members who’d been there a year or two ago, looked up some websites and the trip was on. Jet2 flights from Blackpool to Belfast at £40 all in, hire cars at around £27 per person, excellent hostel accommodation at £9 per night – more expensive than a weekend in the Lakes but not bad for what seemed like a foreign trip.

of



But what about the weather? Early in the week before the trip the forecast was dreadful. Nearer the time the prospects seemed to be improving until by the time we arrived we were confident dry if not necessarily warm weather on these North facing cliffs. That was bonus number one. Bonus number two came when we arrived at the car hire desk to find they didn’t have any of the “Mondeo or similar” cars I’d booked and we’d have to make do with wait for it 2.6 litre turbo-charged Subaru Imprezas! We immediately began praying for rain so that we could abandon climbing and drive around a lot more!

Happily though the “flying machines” spent most of their time parked at the crag as we had no rain, just improving weather until on the last day it was both dry AND warm. Ten members left these shores for the 3 days and were augmented for Sat and Sun by Dennis and

Martin Dale on Midnight-cruiser

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his pal Dermot from Kilkenny.

The cliffs lived up to expectations in that they are seamed with natural lines which for the most part provide well protected, steep climbs from 100 to 300 feet in length at all grades from VS upwards, though in many cases we found the grades to be a bit on the harsh side. The approaches to the crags are less than 30 minutes across delightfully little trodden meadows (these, Kevin says, can be pretty soggy underfoot after heavy rain); even the cliff top path is little more than a "rabbit run" so little traffic does the area see from climbers or walkers. The cliffs extend for 3 miles and there are no viable descent routes except at each end; since the cliff base is littered with huge boulders there's no real path along the bottom thus the best approach to routes in the middle is by abseil. Not knowing the appropriate anchor points we largely stuck to routes at either end during this introductory trip, even though Kevin had come armed with a 100m ab rope. Mind you had we wanted to approach routes in this way there was no shortage of advice from local climbers who were all found to be very friendly and helpful and seemed delighted to welcome strangers to their domain. No ego trips either! Not that there were that many of them. I reckon our party outnumbered the weekend "crowd"!

Most of us, having had a slow start to the season, started out punching a little below our respective weights at this new venue and unaccustomed rock type but all made progress as the trip went on and left feeling satisfied with their haul of six or seven routes apiece. Satisfied too that we'd experienced an area and crag that are well worth returning to. The hostel is very convenient and good value, the café along the road serves breakfast for £1.99, the pub is exactly what I expected from an Irish pub and we found several good spots for evening meals. All in all I think we can count the meet among our resoundingly successful ones. Will we be so lucky with the weather next year? Do we want to do it again next year? Answers on £20 pound notes to my home address please.

Those attending were:

Martin Dale, Simon Fenna, Mike Sissons, Steve Wrigley, Kevin Stevens, Alan Blackburn, John Stockton, Martin Bennett, Woody and Hal (both with limited climbing ambitions due to injuries (well – someone had to do justice by the Imprezas!), Dennis and Dermot from Ireland. Tony Mitchell had the misfortune of having to cry off at the last minute.

MARTIN B

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upgraded insulation and new rafters, new flashings and sarking felt, straight rooflines and freshly painted chimneys the hut looks smug next to the ones on either side.

New cookers are due for both huts in the near future. We also proposed to re-site the spin dryer into the drying room to encourage its use. A new fridge will be sited in its place to save space.

Many thanks to all who attended.

Chris Bell

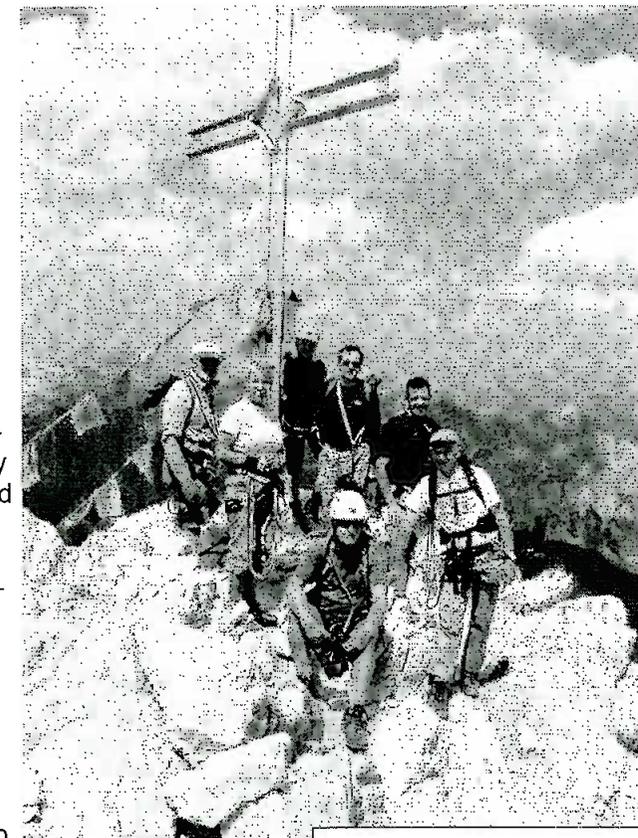
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edly dodgy path covered in "marbles" with no wire and an infinite drop to starboard. Instead of returning this way we came a longer but safer way down, which meant we were pushed for time. Mike and Kevan arrived at the cable car station at 6 pm exactly and told the operator that three others were one minute behind, to which the Wop at the controls indicated, in foreign, "tough". That was us stranded. Off to the bar for a consolation beer. In the bar Tony's lady friend realized our predicament and her sband ran us back to Pedraces in his four by four. What a grand upstanding chap. After another great day we all assembled for dinner but where were Alan, Dave, Ryan and Mike (two of Dave's friends). We ate our dinners, theirs was going cold but we were to stuffed to eat it. The Carabinieri were called and hence the mountain rescue, who could do nothing 'till dawn. The four turned up after midnight. They had split into two teams, Dave and Alan had finished their climb and waited and waited. Ryan (car keys in his pocket) and Mike on an umpteen pitch climb had run out of time. The usual story with mobile phone batteries going flat etc. By morning long faces changed to smiles and the world was going our way again.

Friday, the usual drill, who's doing what and going with whom. Teams set off for the Piz da 'sch, and Piz Boe via the Valon VF. Angela and Del were going flower gazing. Tony said he wasn't feeling so good and would stay behind. Though we didn't know it, this was the start of something big. The next day Martin, Mike H and Alan got it. This was Mussolini's revenge known in medical circles as **Smalhouse Haldey Irritable Tummy Syndrome**. The four were incapacitated for two to three days and were not one hundred per cent for the rest of the hols. After the holiday most of us suffered its evil hand. What it was and where it came from, who knows?

Saturday and the big team did the Delle Trincee, a nice and varied VF with a difficult start but a mix of upward, downward and level sections, a wobbly bridge and tunnels with views of the Marmolada throughout. Debatably, one of the best. Half way along we had

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The Summit of Piz de Lech

Dollies 2006

By courtesy of Ryanair, Sixt and Collett's, 19 FMC heroes landed in Arabba on Sunday 16th July. Our first day of adventure was Monday and with six hire cars between us we could all do our own thing. Several of us found an easy, short, very old and rickety VF on Sass de Rocia. Then for something completely different we walked to the top of the Col-De-Lana a 2452 m peak, covered in flowers, which changed with altitude. The mountain was riddled with WWI trenches. At the top was a small church, which I think commemorated the Austrians killed when the Italians blew the top off the mountain. Many of the crew had never VF'd before. Raring to have a go a large contingent went with the Collett's party to the Tchierspitze for a first taste whilst others tackled the mighty



Dodgy path above Santa Croches

Tridentina.

Tuesday and another team tackled the Tridentina with the reward of goulash soup and beer at the top. Others went climbing or walking.

Wednesday, Les and I did the short and delightful VF, Valon. Here we encountered four Dutch guys who were deaf. They could lip-read in English!!! Sometimes my lips move when I'm reading, that's not the same though. A big team went to the Falzarego pass to explore the tunnels. Barrie had hired a full harness. We assembled it around him it but it looked wrong. It was upside down, legs for arms and arms for legs (OK in Australia). He was rethreaded and the lad managed the VF and had an enjoyable day. Wednesday is staff night off, we all went to the restaurant over the road for a meal, starters as big as your head, pizzas like bus wheels. Then, stuffed, we went over the road to Peter's Bar to finish the evening.

Thursday the various teams went their various ways, walking, ferratering and climbing.

Five of us decided to go to the Fanes from Pedraces via the chair lift to Santa Croches. At the midway point we decided to stop for a drink (would you believe non-alcoholic). As we walked into the bar Tony said, "Hello don't I know you?" and she said "Yes". Apparently she and her husband used to run Peter's Bar in Arabba, then Peter junior took over and they had to find something else. Small world! The walk we had chosen, a (1b) VF is a decid-

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Ladies + Gents = Whitby = Alcoholics

unanimous

The weekend of 24/25th June was a busy one for the FMC syllabus. It was decided to concatenate the Ladies meet and the Whitby meet, which turned out to be very successful with 12 punters turning up at the bunkhouse. We decided to follow the two walks that were done two years ago, as the majority had not done them before.

People arrived at various times on Friday afternoon/evening. Kevan had inside information of a secret drinking establishment, the WFSFC (Whitby Fisherman's Society Football Club), which we surveyed in the afternoon ready for a full-scale assault in the evening. In this establishment very drinkable beer was served at one pound per pint (yes! one pound a pint). After satisfying our addiction we wandered on to the Tap and Spile, we didn't drink anything but the one-man band was good to listen to.



Whitby

Saturday morning Pam and Liz explored Whitby and paddled in the waves whilst Dave walked down the coast south of the town. The other 9 of us caught the Esk valley train to Rossmont and then the puffer train of the NYMR to Goathland and then walked back via waterfalls, hermitage, woodland, moorland and farmland to Whitby. As we walked the moorland our path was crossed by a 2ft. adder, which eventually disappeared beneath a large stone. The weather started damp and rainy but it soon bucked up and we lunched in a field of buttercups and later sunbathed in sight of the Abbey.

That evening some ate out and others had fish and chips at the bunkhouse. We arranged to meet in the Endeavour pub, what a lucky choice that was. Lots of musicians turned up, squeeze box, violins, flute, ukelele, bodhran (one of those Irish drum things)

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and several singers to entertain us, and the bar didn't close 'till 1 p.m.

Sunday turned up with mist and grot, even the abbey was lost in mist. The plan was to walk from the Boulby Cliffs (700 ft) just north of Staithes back to Whitby. After some pondering we decided some would drive to Sandsend and some to Runswick bay then to catch the bus to Easington the start of the walk. We then walked back to our cars, reducing the length of the walk. We set off hoping the mist would lift, it didn't. The first mile was along a path with chest high (in Jenny's case above head high) wet grass, we all got soaked and covered in pollen and grass seed, yuck! Alan suffered for the rest of the journey with hay fever from the pollen. We arrived at the edge of the mighty Boulby Cliff and could see naff all. Following the cliff south we slowly dried out. Lunch was on the promenade at Staithes with a hungry seagull marching up and down watching every bite. It remained hungry.

From Staithes past Port Mulgrave to Runswick Bay where Alan, Angela, Pam, Jenny and Liz left us to our fate and went home. Pam had forsaken the whole party and done her own thing around Runswick Bay. She related a tale of woe Disappearing into bushes for a comfort stop, as the Yanks say, when she was committed, the boulder under her foot rolled over and she wound up being nettled where no self respecting lady should be nettled.

The surviving party wound their weary way back to the cars at Sandsend and then home.

Clive



Kevan discovers latest labour saving device "The door"

Lofoten Islands Norway July 2006

A small but enthusiastic group visited these magic islands in mid July. They are truly spectacular. The mountains are Scottish sized.

There is a very good climbing guide, in English, by Ed Webster published in 1994 & Rock Fax have done a small selected climbs to one area that is down loadable from the web. The Ed Webster guide is fairly comprehensive but would benefit from better plans & more photos. There is a new routes book in the climbers bar in Henningsvaer but there has been relatively little development in the last 12 years. The potential is massive but weather is the greatest problem.

Getting there was in the end straight forward but it took a lot of research to arrange. We flew on Ryanair from Newcastle to Oslo, changed airports & then flew on Norwegian air to Bodø which is on the mainland opposite the islands. Although there is a ferry from here we would have had to wait a whole day so decided to drive north to Skutvik, about 4 hours, & took a ferry to Svolvær only a few miles from where we intended to stay. The whole travel took just over 24 hours with time for 6 hours sleep.

The total cost of the air travel & transfers was about £200 each. Car hire is very high & we lost out by leaving it to the last minute so book early as we nearly failed to get a car! It would be worth looking at flying to Narvik & either driving direct to the islands or down to Skutvik which might be easier.

We made a policy decision not to camp so booked a fisherman's shed/chalet. Although small they were well fitted & the facilities on the site were good but they are expensive – approx £18 per person per night. In view of the weather it was definitely the right decision. Sadly we had only 5 good days out of 15. It rained a lot, non stop, continuously..... so much so I would like to dedicate the trip to Alan Blackburn (sorry Alan)

The climbing is granite & most is above the road to Henningsvaer. Access is straightforward generally. We did some good 3 pitch routes on Gandalfveggen & a few of the smaller crags in this area. There are climbs to suit all grades. The great majority of the climbs use natural gear although a few bolt protected climbs are appearing. Hopefully this will be kept to a minimum.

There is another good area to the east around Kalle. Some of the cliffs are easily accessible & next to the coast & we visited them one day climbing at Paradiset. There is a good selection of cliffs in the hills accessed from here but the weather was not good enough to climb on them.

I had a bad cold for couple of days, one of which was good so the others visited The Svolvær Goat a pinnacle on the hills above the town. They did a climb to the top & abseiled off

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