



Welcome to the slightly refreshed Cleveland Mountaineering Club Newsletter.

(a typical) Tuesday night meet report.
Almscliffe 11th July

Whoever thought of putting Jason and Peter in the same car has a lot to answer for, especially as it was down to Dangerous Dave to act the sensible one.

Nobody can doubt the Club's environmentalist pretensions as there was some commendable car sharing in evidence. That said, what was saved in fuel was unfortunately negated by the hot air generated.

The peace and tranquillity of Almscliffe provided scope for a laid-back anchor building lesson, only for it to be obliterated by two of the Club's top guns noisily storming the class room. It rather set the tone for the night, as did the look on Tony's face having been bullied into Pigott's Stride VS 4c as a warm up.

It's not often that teams are intent on a linkup on single pitch crags but not being one to be constrained by convention, Jason dragged the ropes across to High Man for Dave to continue up Demon Wall HVS 5a. Delinquent pupil Sophie dashed for her climbing shoes, as she nicked out of school to join them. Why she bothered with the footwear isn't clear, as she jaw droppingly hauled

herself up this Yorkshire test piece, unhindered by the most appalling display of footwork imaginable.

From this point on it was hard to follow what went on up top, as it was so fast and furious. Tony asked for a recommendation to settle his lead head on. With only HVSs coming forth, he wisely decided the sanity around Low Man was more to his liking, Sophie on the other hand couldn't get enough of it.

Down below, Low Man Centre provided sufficient challenge for the rest of us. It was also a haven of calm in which to welcome prospective members Louise and Rebeka. They explained modestly that they were only looking for an easy introduction to trad, before running up Pinnacle Flake Climb S 4a and Stewpot HVD (Almscliffe grades by the way), we sense trouble ahead.

Tom arrived about this time, making it thirteen in the party, which was unlucky because everyone was teamed up. He chanced his arm above, but Pete was having no-one playing gooseberry, so Tom contented himself with carrying around a bouldering mat and offering sage comment.





We all ticked off the minor classic of Fluted Columns HVD 3c, then there was a jolly procession up V Chimney and Traverse S, with Stewart then Tony leading through the polish and under the glorious roof. It was now felt safe to see if things had quietened down above.

Not so, we headed for the noise, to find Dave stretching through to follow Jason up The Big Greeny E3 5c. Despite being all Daktari elegance, John D next stepped forth and made a noble effort as far as the top pocket, a route he last completed 30 years ago.

Enquiries as to what had they had been playing at was answered with a scarcely believable list which may or may not

have included a Black Wall variation, anything from VS 5a to E2 5c, Great Western HVS 5a, Western Front E3 5c, Frankland's Green Crack VS 4c, etc, etc.

Peter was detailed off to show Louise and Rebeka a good time but instead took them up Central Climb VS 4c. Helen meanwhile got to grips with Overhanging Groove HVS 5a, but could in no way be induced to even look at Long / Great Chimney. Two locals had to interrupt their flawless ascent of Wall of Horrors E3 6a, to make way for our team's attempt on our HVD. What's becoming a bit of a CMC tradition on this route, the belayer (Tony) did a runner, and maintaining the tradition,



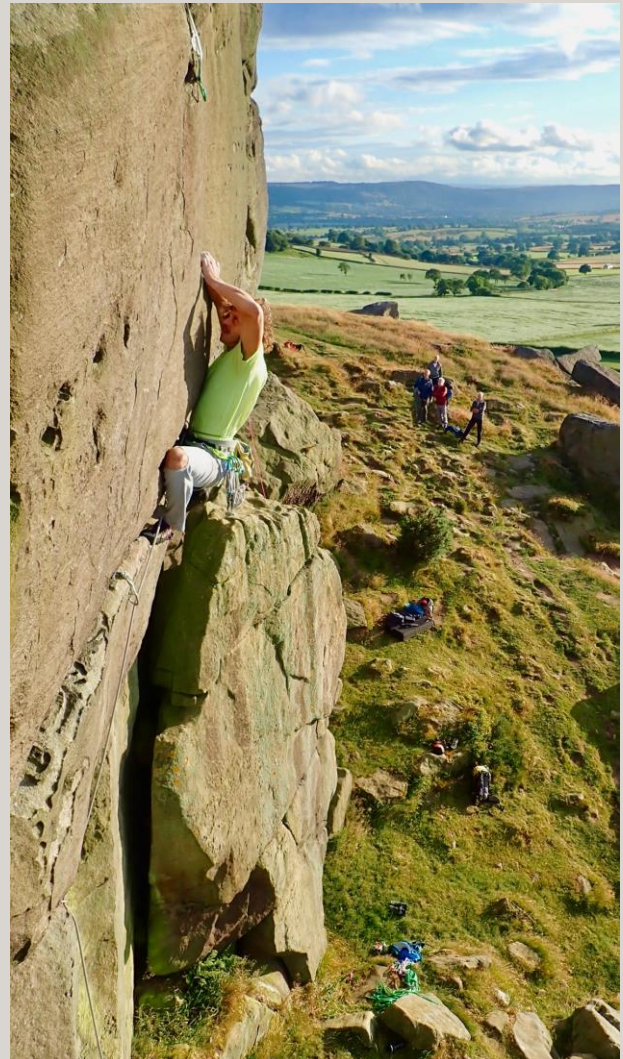
Andy seconded, puffing, panting and saying "never again", as he did last time. John followed, beaming, only regretting that he didn't have his wellies and boiler suit.

Indicative of the good time we were having, the folk who had turned up to enjoy the spectacular Almscliff sunset were now leaving. We were all pretty much exhausted or we had exhausted the crag. It only remained to complete the end of meet ritual in sketching about for Dave's abandoned gear, and enduring Peter's

pathetic attention seeking in having to be the last to pack up.

There followed a lovely convivial stroll back to the cars and a late cheerio to those who had work in the morning. The remainder headed to a top pub dishing up fine ale and equally fine traditional hospitality. The Yorkshire Blonde fuelled an enthusiastic if tuneless carpool karaoke on the drive home which was concluded at 1am. It wasn't a bad night.

By Mike Conlon



Cornish Diary

Day 1

A 4am start for an 8 hour drive down to Cornwall. By early afternoon we were enjoying a total contrast from yesterday, decompressing on one of the most amenable sea cliffs above a pristine swell. We are fully aware of how fortunate we are to enjoy such things.

Day 2 and as is becoming a tradition, post Saturday night, it began about midday. Lots of brave talk last night, resulting in a literal coin toss between Chairladder or Gurnards Head. It took some leadership this morning to knock either of them on the head and suggest something more sensible at Bosigran.

Unfortunately Andy's addled brain only took in half the spec. Bosi was no problem but on arrival, despite gearing up under some lovely single pitch rambles, he floored Brian by suggesting a classic Cornish multipitch up the main face. The 2nd pitch is a 5m sideways shuffle between the two meaty others. Brian gave the impression he was doing Andy a favour by claiming the saunter left.

To avoid humiliation, Ciaran and I duly followed them to the foot of the climb, or at least the easy ramp that they claimed to be the start. A passing CC lady exposed their subterfuge

causing Andy to have to downclimb and start afresh. The true route was a sobering experience, culminating in a very steep but joyous romp to the top. Apparently it was a Doorpost / Doorway combo and very good value.

With the temperature rocketing, most sensible folk were abandoning the crag for the beaches. We chose to exit with our bags up Alison Rib. We did it in tandem, with Brian chuffing like an old steam engine towards the top. He was plainly seeking sympathy and an excuse not to shoulder his fair share of the communal kit for the walk out. He even sneaked out a blue lip balm to add to the drama, aware of the ridicule he faced if he didn't shape up, he struggled on.

He faced devastating news back at base. Checking on his recent medication, he discovered to his horror that he is not allowed alcohol, which after last night's shenanigans, explains why he felt (was) so cr** today. It also rather limits his options for the rest of the week.

Notwithstanding this, we are currently in The Star and Matt has just joined the party. It's great to see him.



Day 3 and another beautiful one. Big breakfast, lazy start, then over St Buryan way trying to track down Chris and Heather. A hopeless task as they were off hiking.

On to one of our favourite and atmospheric cliffs. A big abseil in tends to focus the mind. We kicked off with Banana Flake, it's a climb not an ice cream. A couple more easy routes before the youngsters took charge. Matt led Andy up the classic Demo Route. Ciaran fancied Intermediate Route next door. A fiendishly tricky start, eases in the middle, before a steep finish. Let's say Uncle Brian was more than pleased with the pair of them.

It was blowy all day, which provided a fantastic seascape as a back drop. The breeze kept the temperature at a comfortable level and it was a joy to

Day 4. So last night the Commanding Officer of the Marines Cliff Assault Wing gatecrashed our party. He tried some one upmanship, but we disarmed him by assuring him we were only out to tick off every VDiff in Cornwall. After that he had no where to go, and he was close to inviting us to join his grunts on a boat launched assault of Commando Ridge on Thursday. There were 4 US Marine Corps exchange boys in attendance, judging by the accents, it was a shame they didn't have their banjos with them. We didn't get the early night we had hoped for.

We did get contact with the Woodalls though so had an 11.30am rendezvous with them at Porthgwara. Matt had headed off to meet a friend for some paddleboarding. With Chris joining the climbing party, Heather headed off for a ramble and ringside seat along the cliff tops.

We feel privileged climbing with Chris and he led us down over and up the huge boulder choke on to Hella Point. The air was charged with ozone

be alive and in such good company. We reluctantly packed up.

Passing through Sennen Village, we picked up fresh scones and a few other bits. We chanced our arm returning to the Woodall campsite but it turned out they were at our place looking for us.

Back at base we had a cream tea while Ciaran assisted by Matt produced excellent fajitas. Everyone is now showered and blooming and in need of some serious rehydration. We are meeting Chris and Heather at Porthgwara in the morning, it had better not be a too late one.

and the sea wild and crashing in. Our normal starting ledge was awash, so Brian traversed in and up the pristine slab with not a piece of protection in sight. Ciaran led through the chimney pitch then Andy made short work of the bouldery top pitch. That just left us the minor task of getting back off.

We had read about " The best V Diff in Cornwall" being the 3*** Dowser's Route. It was just down below us, so a bit of a no brainer. It took some getting down to but proved worthy of every one of those stars. We were more than satisfied so headed off.

The only disappointment and not for the first time, was the Porthgwara tea shack being closed. Brian restored morale, treating us to an ice cream. After a team nap Andy produced his signature chilli and we just await Matt's return and it will be normal service resumed.





Day 5. A hoped for quiet night in The Star didn't go to plan last night. A knowledgeable local couple entertained Brian and Andy, including reporting tuna fish being spotted off the coast. There are also some US Marine Corps instructors over on exchange and it was Tyler's last night before heading home. It was comforting to hear, that even with his skill set, he found "easy" Cornish climbs to be "fe***** hard", and he got on famously with Ciaran. We saw him off well.

We woke to another glorious morning and spent it gearing up and casting lots for the various pitches of Land's End Long Climb. We had a rendezvous with Chris and Heather for one of our favourite traditions. Scrambling down to just above sea-level, we soon realised we had company. Not only the obligatory seal chasing fish, but we soon became aware of multiple breaches of huge tuna which frequently turned into feeding frenzies of possibly 50 or more. It was quite something, and continued throughout our afternoon.

Andy led off the long first pitch, with its sketchy top out. By the time Chris and I followed the others up to the ledge, Matt had nailed the Elbow Pitch above. Andy again led the next 2 pitches, stringing them together including the spiteful little walls which nearly spat some of us off.

This left us below the Chimney Pitch, which predictably I was nominated for. The chimney was no problem, the stepover in space likewise. This just left the steep pull over right. With Brian's encouragement I laced it with 2 cams and fixed an etrier and cheat sling above. It all went very quiet, apart from Heather announcing her arrival from

above. I went for it, sweaty hands finding no grip and Heather staying out of reach so I couldn't grab her dainty ankle. I was off, fortunately held by Ciaran. You know things are serious when the ridicule is replaced with sympathy and encouragement to have another go. It was touch and go but I made it and arranged a good belay. Annoyingly all the others breezed it, apart from Brian whose top out was accompanied by Walrus impressions.

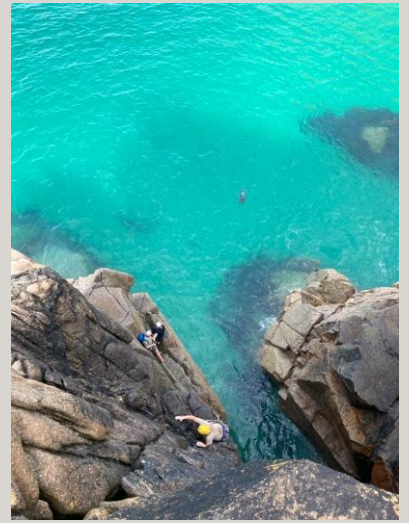
Brian normally has the frightening traverse pitch, but by the time I recovered, Ciaran had been bullied into it. He managed it with ease and proved that the profanities that always accompany Bryan's efforts are not necessary.

That just left the top pitch. Matt led Chris and Andy up the VS face while the rest of us shed yet more skin in the chimney alternative. An obligatory team photo confirmed we had all survived what had to be one of the most fun routes on the coast , although VDMA!

A celebratory pint was enjoyed in the First and Last, and back at base, we are waiting our honoured guests to arrive for a roast dinner with homemade scones for afters.

It's been another glorious day and I suspect there may be some serious rehydration required later.





Day 6 Another sunny morning, another lazy start, although Matt was away after breakfast heading to Newquay to meet a pal for surfing. He had a great day, encountering a number of perils, including rips, inquisitive seals but no Great Whites!

The rest of us enjoyed the earliest of siestas, some cycling on the TV, then off back to Bosi. It was baking, so we enjoyed ticking off some more wildlife, watching four seal pups on the beach.

It's a tradition to climb very day so we had no option but to haul ourselves up a few easy routes. Brian took to sheltering under a boulder as the temperature soared, the probable cause of a couple of slips.

One highlight of the day was bumping into the wonderful Lewis Preston, a proper gentleman adventurer. Andy and I first met Lewis with the lovely Fiona Harriss at Scugdale when they were

on an NMC Meet. Lewis is "fresh" from a week on Lundy, almost missing the boat after a serious epic. He only has to survive another week of Cornish granite before heading back North. It's a measure of the friendships that form in this old game, that a guy I've met once should be regarded as a great friend.

We climbed out up Alison Rib, then back for early showers. Andy off to visit relatives, the rest of us for a fish and chip treat. Back home it was the Gribdale Race, we've already recruited the winner for next year's trip, he can run for the car on the mornings!

The Open Mike Night is currently warming up in The Star, tomorrow it's Commando Ridge with Chris and Heather. Mustn't weaken.





Day 7 It was our last night in The Star for its open mike night. We have known retired rock stars to turn up and play, hence the ironic name of our annual trips. No famous names last night, but some good talent young and old.

Matt makes an honest woman of the lovely Becca next week, so we sent his bachelorhood on its way in fine style. The formal session has a strict midnight cut off, but Matt pulled up a stool and blew the pub away with an incredible after hours performance on the piano. He was the star of the The Star and everyone loved it, he's a man of many talents.

There was no lie in this morning as we had a date with Chris, Heather and Commado Ridge. It was scorchio once more, as we hiked over towards the start and the sketchy descent to the base. There was definitely something amiss with the tides as due to a calm sea we able to get round to the spectacular first pitch proper. Matt led the A-team of him Chris and Andy up which he found sobering. I got a bit gripped so Brian jumped on the lead out for Ciaran and I.

With the first pitch out of the way, it becomes a fun romp, so much so that Chris threw off the rope and soloed. It doesn't matter how many times we have done it, we still manage a massive rope faff which is part of the fun. Heather joined us on the finishing ledge where we gulped our water and took in the special atmosphere.

Back at base we had one last cream tea in honour of Matt and Becca's coming nuptials. We left Matt to enjoy an extra night, as we said our goodbyes and set off on the long journey home.

It has been a special week in great company. Not everyone's cup of tea, but the formula works for us and here's to "Legends of Rock" 2024, inshallah.

By Mike Conlon.

Mike needs no introduction to most CMC members.

Aswell as attending the vast majority of the Tuesday night meets, Mike is often the driving force for club trips and carries out many external liaisons with other clubs and affiliated bodies.

His most visible role at present is communicating with and initiating new members, something which has kept him fairly busy this year as the clubs membership grows.



Bits & Bobs

this **newsletter** is for you and about you, so please get your content over and we'll include it. Pictures, write-ups or anything relevant to the club's members and their activities.

This newsletter has been put together by Tony Bailes, Matt Muller and Mike Conlon (Editor)

Don't forget about the Arthur Evans photo competition. The deadline has been extended until October 15th and the winners will be announced at the club dinner.

This years Gribdale Fell Race was won by Charlie Race. Many thanks to those that came and helped to run the event.

Charlie Race 57.17
Louis Hume 63.13
Lucy Tulloch 89.47



a **Huge** warm welcome to the new members who've joined the club this year. It's been great to see so many of them out and getting involved on the Tuesday meets.

the annual club **Dinner** will take place at the Cleveland Tontine on Saturday 11th November at 7-7:30pm.

Simon Yearsley is our guest speaker and his talk will mainly be based around the exploits he's shared with his good friend, Malcolm Bass. Malcolm and his wife will also be there as guests of the club.

Of course, it wouldn't be a club dinner without the Manky Piton, so that'll make an appearance along with its usual tales of shame.

There'll be a raffle too – all proceeds split between Cleveland and Patterdale MRTs. It's not too late – get involved!



Congratulations are in order for Matt and Becca who were married this September. Good work both!

This might be **old news**, but

we have a club Library. Guides, books and suchlike. Of course, it's free and accessible to all our members, so get stuck in.

Contact Stuart Bradley on 01642 644017 for further info.

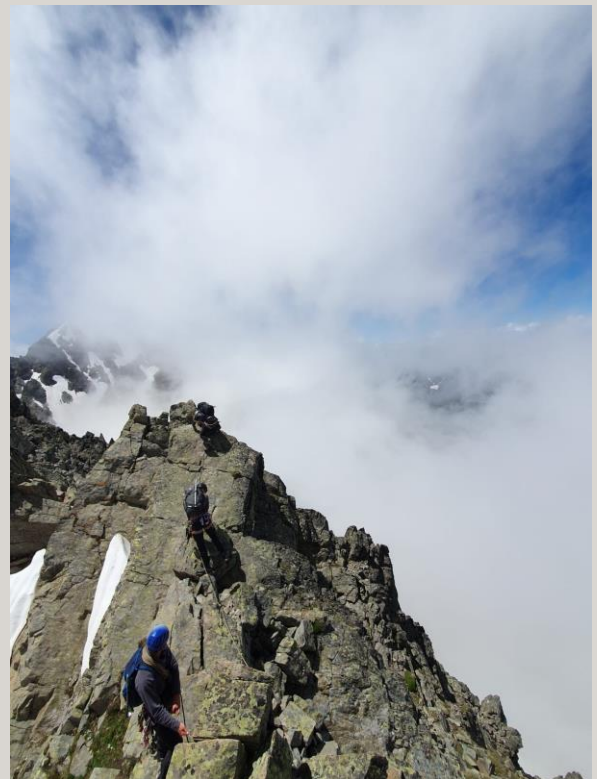
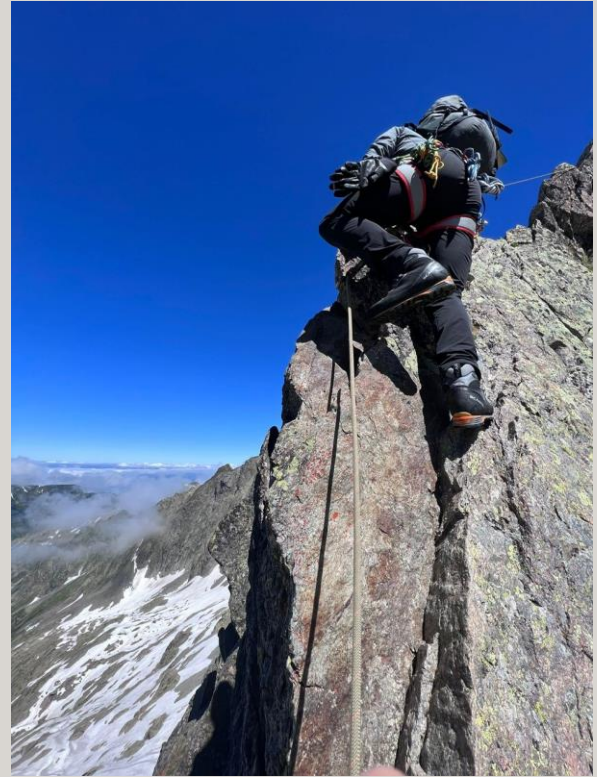
Oh and PS: there's a spanking new North Wales Rockfax edition, for anyone who might want to take it on the Chamois trip.



An account of three days on a Jonathan Conville Memorial Trust (JCMT) course in Chamonix.

Waking up in Chamonix felt like paradise. I'd finally made it to the promised land. It felt like the first day of school, packing bags, re-packing bags, double and triple checking I had all the correct gear. I walked to the meeting place and the start of my JCMT course. I was so thankful to get a place on the course and very excited just to learn. This would open up so many more avenues for my climbing career, and I was eager to get going! I was met with 14 other young, enthusiastic people, all wanting the same, all with an equal love of the mountains. Introductions were made, we were split into groups, and swiftly whisked into the mountains. After a cable car

ride up, we were faced with the fresh air and beautiful sunshine on the Brévent. Here we would learn the basic alpine skills, such as movement on steep ground, movement in crampons and what techniques to use when in an alpine environment. It all felt counter intuitive, using rope drag for protection, improvised belays, all the opposite to what I am used to! The day flew by as it always does in the mountains and I loved every minute of it. The altitude gave a little bit more of an edge, made it a little more interesting! I knew instantly that this was my future for climbing. We were tasked to research the route we were to undertake for day two, and formulate a plan for the approach and descent. Our group spend the evening in the pub, planning and scheming our next day adventure.





Day two was all about putting into practice what we had done yesterday. We were doing the Crouches Traverse and arrived at the top of the cable car in complete fog. After a number of unsure turns, we found our path and headed for the start. Tim (our guide) encouraged independent thought, we were very much in the driving seat on all decisions made. Is this ground for crampons? Is this the best path? Is that the start of the route? All good questions and all figured out by our team. We eventually found the correct gully and followed it up to the start of the route. Luckily, I got to lead the first pitch, a simple chimney with plenty of in situ pegs and easy gear. I was absolutely baffled at how little gear is taken on an alpine rack! The key was efficiency, I was told as I set up the

anchor. Planning the route, taking coils and resetting for the next pitch. The climbing had fantastic exposure, the clouds had cleared and Mont Blanc was peeping out in the distance! The rest of the route was spent moving as a three over the ridgeline. Lunch was spent on the north summit, I've never seen so many mountains in one place! We moved down the ridge and towards Lac Blanc. On the steep snow descent, we practiced self-rescue techniques from various positions. The descent continued (long and tedious) but we arrived back at the cable car after a long day in the mountains.



Day Three was the highest we would go. 3.800 m on the Aiguille du Midi, we were to practice glacier travel and crevasse rescue. It was fantastic feeling the altitude! Everything took just a little more effort than normal. We descended onto the glacier and moved across the stunning white field of snow. There we practiced various crevasse rescue techniques. Digging snow anchors was strangely therapeutic! We travelled back over the glacier where we ended the

course. We were given the chance to pick our guide's brain for all things alpine. Something I'm sure Tim quickly regretted, as he was hounded with every question under the sun! I left feeling positive and feeling a new wave of motivation to train. I have now got a clear goal of where I want to be and I know exactly where I am at. A fantastic experience, setting a brilliant foundation to work on over the coming years.

By Dillon Thompson

Dillon is one of the impressive new young members of the CMC, fit, full of energy and enthusiasm. After time in the Navy, he continues to serve the public as a firefighter, relishing his off duty as time to continue his outdoors development.

