
Tricouni Newsletter

Volume 1, Issue 3

Spring 2010

It's hard as nails

Welcome to the Spring issue of the Tricouni Club newsletter.

This newsletter is unfortunately dominated, if not in space then in substance, with the obituary of one the club's longest serving and most valued members, Richard Ling, written by David Baggaley. I have also been asked to include a note from Bill Neate, which I will do here: "Richard meant a lot to me, both climbing and sailing, and was responsible for my introduction to the Tricouni Club. As my 'best man' first time around he was also responsible for getting me married but I will never hold that against him. I and many club members will have happy memories I know so please pass on my thoughts to all you 'regulars'."

If you haven't heard already, the Lings requested donations to go to The Rowans Hospice, where Richard was cared for. I hope I'm correct in saying that these may still be sent c/o W Wraight & Son, The Square, Emsworth, PO10 7EG. Cheques only please.

The Easter meet is imminent, and a full house is on the cards. Here's hoping the weather is somewhat better than the Autumn meet enjoyed.

Trip reports from the Autumn Lakes meet (a combined effort between Malcolm and the Editor this time) and Orlando are included. Please feel free to let me have details of your trips and days out if you think they will be of interest to the group as a whole. These pages don't fill themselves you know. A few more pictures might help too.

Finally, apologies that I will not be making this year's Easter trip. Unavoidable work commitments etc. Have a good time.

Ed.



The Tricouni Club

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Submissions for future editions should be sent to the secretary at **sean@thegasman.org**. Thanks.

Obituary - Richard Ling

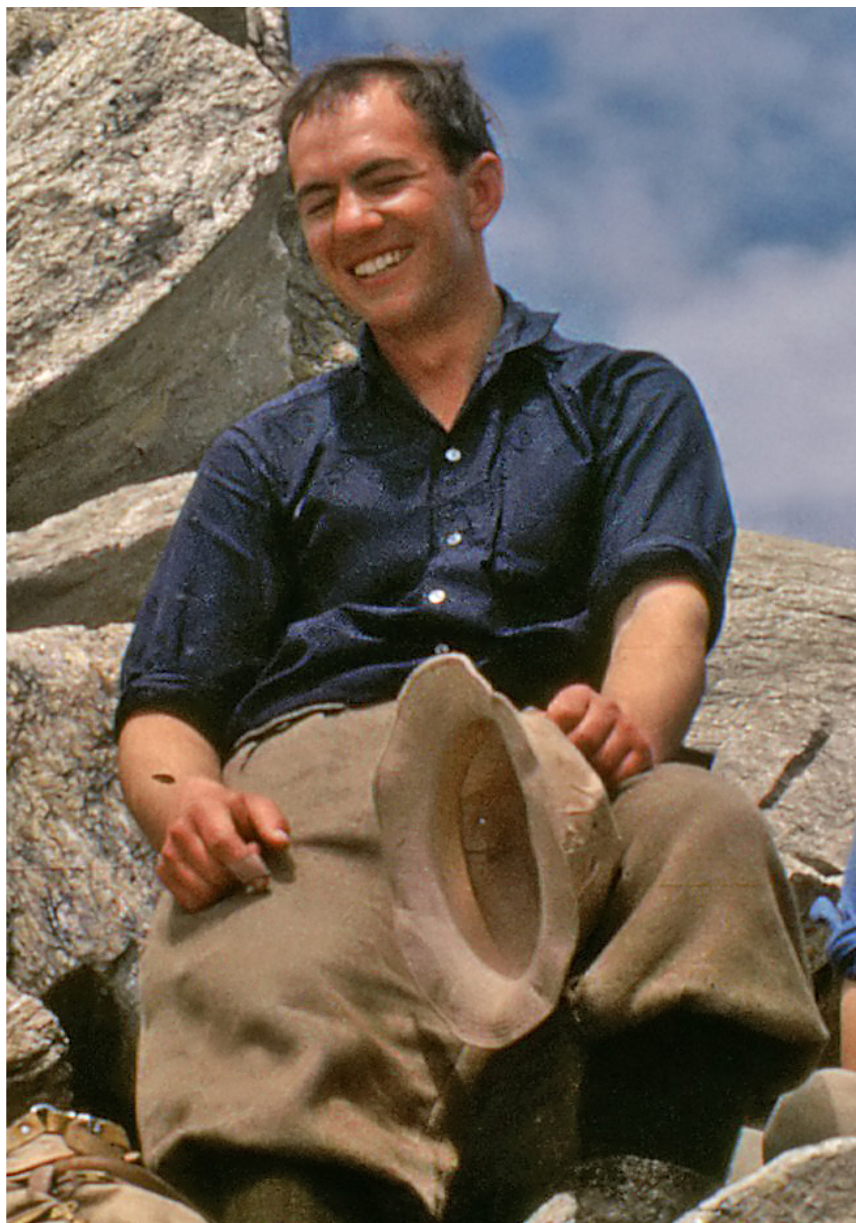
Memory is fallible. I must have spent hundreds of days on the hills with Richard, all enjoyable but generally blending into a composite pastiche of Richard on an unidentified mountainside, with an expansive but hazy view, with Richard in baggy tweed britches, hairy stockings, a blue and cream check shirt, a Grenfell anorak, and a smile of relaxed pleasure; an image that I think many Tricouni members will recognize with affection. But there is also a cameo of vivid images from memory rather like mountain views momentarily seen through a break in the clouds.

Richard in brilliant sunshine on the Crowberry Ridge of the Buachaille Etive Mhor in Glencoe; and the next day in thick clag on the Aonach Eagach ridge. Another sunshine image on the third pinnacle of the Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gilleann on Skye, again followed next day by dense cloud on the main Cuillin ridge and a missed path giving an epic descent into Coire Tarneillear; Richard calm, steady and safe (Do you think that crag below us is 15 feet or a thousand?!). Richard silhouetted against a blue sky on a snowy ascent of Beinn Eighe (appropriately made from the Ling hut in Glen Torridon). In the Lake District, swinging across the famous hand traverse on Corvus, the rock a virtual waterfall as this climb was usually reserved for a short, wet day. Richard cutting steps in hard snow-ice in Cust's Gully in the days before we had crampons. A tragic accident on a snow-covered Bowfell Buttress when we were the first to reach the casualty and kept vigil until the mountain rescue arrived (the Team was, of course, led by Sid Cross leaving Eddie Ling and Dick Cook to carve the geese for the Old D.G. Boxing Day dinner!). Richard as best man at Bill Neate's wedding, limping and of battered face having fallen off the "Bad Step" on Sgurr Alasdair three days before! (and into a

ditch on the way home from Bill's stag party – don't ask!). Our last day on the hills together, a short but steepish ascent above Bassenthwaite followed by a delightful stroll down through the Grizedale forestry tracks.

Those mountain days did of course have a social side. There were lively evenings in some of those hostelries beloved of mountaineers: the Kings House in Glencoe, the Sligachan Inn on Skye, the Old D.G. in Langdale, the Scafell in Borrowdale, and many others. There were long, companionable evenings in Fell and Rock Climbing Club huts around the Lake District, Richard being a member of that club for 45 years.

And then there was the Tricouni Club and its spiritual home at Seatoller House in Borrowdale. Richard's father, Eddie, was one of the founder members in 1930 and I believe Richard became a member aged 5. The club has met twice a year at Seatoller House since its foundation and Richard played a more than full part in ensuring the continuance of this tradition with a determination to preserve the house to give future generations of walkers and climbers the pleasure that it has given ours. Seatoller House is an old "Statesman's" house dating back at least to the 17th century and has accommodated mountain-lovers for some 150 years. When, 30 years ago, the last of the Cockbain family decided to sell the House it was bought by a consortium of members of the Cambridge Hunts (the Hunts having held "hare and hounds" events over the Lake District fells from Seatoller House since the 1880s) and Tricouni Club members. Richard became a Director of the resultant private company and subsequently Chairman, and played a major role in the sympathetic modernisation and management of the House which has made it one of the most renowned guest houses in the



*Richard Ling, approx 1964/5,
courtesy Bill Neate / Richard
Stockwell*

Lake District. For Tricouni Club members it is hard to remember a time when Richard was not there as Hon. Auditor, Treasurer, Secretary, Meets Secretary or President! It is even harder to accept that he will not be there for us in future.

Away from the mountains, his other great pastime was sailing. In his youth he was a great racer of International 14s dinghies and raced at a number of Prince of Wales Cups. I seem to remember one of his dinghies was called "Bloody Mary" and that his Mother, Mary Ling, was never quite convinced that this was to reflect the colour of his spinnaker! He progressed to cruising yachts. Perhaps his favourite was "Fiddlers Green" (the sailor's paradise beyond all horizons); this

Mystere class yacht had a tiny petrol engine which never ran for more than four minutes without the spark plug having to be removed and cleaned, making for exciting times in crowded moorings with a tide running through them!

For career Richard was an Accountant, Consultant and Corporate Financial Advisor. He was a long-standing member of the Saddler's Livery Company becoming a Member of the Court and subsequently Master. Through the Saddler's he became involved with a number of charities and gave freely of his time, particularly to Riding for the Disabled. His contribution and sage advice has been widely praised by these organisations.

Autumn meet: Thursday 22nd October

Barbara and Colin Priscott stopped off in Grasmere for an ascent of Stone Arthur

Autumn meet: Friday 23rd October

The main group of Tricouni's adventured out to assess the rain around Honister.

Amongst the party eco-warriors Lynn Leigh and Jenny Wyatt, having arrived the previous day by train and bus, were joined by Peter Leigh who had smeared his carbon footprint at speeds probably well over 100 mph along the length of the M40 and M6 in the early hours of the morning.

They were joined by Colin and Barbara, plus the Hopson family (featuring a slightly bemused but dry and comfortable Francis).

After ascending Dale Head from Honister, the intrepid adventurers traversed Littledale and Hindscarth Edges towards Robinson, where a slightly damp lunch was taken. A marshy Buttermere Moss was then forded before descending to the bright lights of Buttermere itself.

Diverse members of the expedition then returned to Seatoller via the omnibus, or tried the Lakeland ales of the Bridge Hotel as was their wont.



Luncheon on Robinson

Autumn meet: Saturday 24th October

The weather followed its traditional October Meet course by offering a dire forecast of strong winds and heavy rain.

A stalwart party comprising Tony Reynolds, Peter, Malcolm & Patsy Barton, David and Joyce Clode, Lynn Leigh and Jenny Wyatt set off for Watendlath via Dock Tarn. The ascent to Dock Tran proved too much for Joyce's lungs that were being ravaged by a bad cold virus and she and David returned to Seatoller. The route had the advantage of offering the backs of the party to the wind and rain.

Nevertheless, some sought a brief respite at the café at Watendlath.

Others chose a more bushcraft approach by lunching in the shelter offered by the woodland above the Lodore. In improving weather, a pleasant descent to the side of Shepherds Crag brought the party into the valley where, in fleeting bursts of sunshine, they crossed to Manesty before returning in heavy rain once more, via Grange to Seatoller.

Autumn meet: Sunday 25th October

Lynn, Jenny, David and Joyce started together in Buttermere but left Joyce at the bottom of Scarth Gap and headed up and over to Black Sail YHA where they were able to get in and make a drink then traversed around the back of Haystacks on to Honister and back down to Seatoller. Joyce wasn't feeling too well and headed back for refreshments at Buttermere, took a bus up to the Honister Slate Mine then walked down to Seatoller. Meantime Eve and Tony had walked round Buttermere before heading over to explore Grasmere.

Colin carried out the critical task of securing copies of Saturday's newspapers for everybody. He chose the unusual attire of a balaclava that covered all but his eyes. Asked whether this was as protection against the inclement weather he retorted that this was certainly not the reason – he just didn't want to be recognised buying Patsy's Guardian! Barbara and Colin then walked along the western side of Derwentwater to Keswick returning by bus.

Sean and Jo, feeling that one rain-soaked day on the hills was probably Francis' limit, decided discretion was the better part of valour, and went for a thrilling cruise on Derwent Water before experiencing the unstoppable excitement that is Keswick's Cars of the Stars Museum. A truly unrepeatable experience - at least I think that's what Jo said afterwards.



Peering through the clouds



Tricouni Club Autumn Meet 2009

Orlando, alternative Tricouni meet, 11-26 Oct

Which came first, the chicken or the egg – Floridian Ironman triathlon or kids' trip to Orlando Disney? For Sasha, her 3 children and Fraser and Betty, there was no doubt why WE were going – and then, Brad said he'd do a shorter triathlon too. It only needed Scott and Jacqui to say they would like to combine scary rides and supporting the lads and we were a full complement of Baggaleys, Gilberts and one Heaney!

We did ourselves proud, visiting the Magic Kingdom, Epcott, Disney Hollywood Studios, Animal Kingdom, and a variety of waterparks. With uncharacteristic Tricouni organisation and precision, we successfully worked out which rides needed fast-track, which water parks offered the most thrilling rides and how to beat the crowds and manage the heat.

Then came triathlon day.

You will all know what I mean when I say it was like psyching up for the Buttermere Horseshoe – the gathering

at 7am at the lakeside for the start of the race was buzzing. Jake's 2½ mile swim was in a good time (at least I thought so, but he disagreed) and then he disappeared off on his bike for the 116 miles open road race. Brad started his race at around 9am and by 1.30 pm we were able to congratulate him on first place in his age group. His first words were "I hope Jake's not pushing it too hard – it's hell in this heat". The temp had climbed steadily from early morning 93°F to 97°F mid-morning, and 80% humidity. I can't imagine what it was like to be racing – it was bad enough being a supporter. We were expecting Jake back for transition and on to his marathon at around 2.30pm and were all lined up to cheer him in, when Sasha heard his name over the public address system and on checking it out found that Jake was in the hospital tent. He'd been vomiting profusely¹, and was very dehydrated – he waved at the security guys on their Harley-Davidsons (after completing 90 miles of the bike ride), who kindly waved back – but they then realised

he'd collapsed on the side of the road!
Jake said he doesn't remember anything until he was in the medical tent and 3 litres of IV fluid later was able to be his usual tough self, denying any ill effects².

Jake does recall been regularly asked by all his carers –

"Where are you from?"

"Scotland?"

"Is it as hot there as this?!!"

It was so sad for us all – he'd done the Floridian Ironman before in good time, but the heat really was too much this time.

We are still talking about our time in Disneyworld – the highlight for Sash, Jacqui and I was when Andrew and Fraser were picked out of the crowd of kids to become Jedi Knight apprentices and fought Darth Vader! Ellana and Amelie loved all the magic and sparkle of Disney, but reckoned the water parks were the most fun. Scott and Jacqui definitely take the prize for strongest

constitutions on the fast rides – obviously thrill seekers!

Betty Baggaley

PS: Malcolm hoped for a tale of puking and gory details – sorry, it was too worrying to recall anything of note (and after all, I am his Mum).

1: Nothing much new here. JB throws up regularly on mountains. On one memorable occasion, on the climb to the start of Striding Edge, blaming the dubious hygiene of his landlady.

2: This means that JB doesn't recall the enema applied by a nubile young female nurse whilst he was having his attack of the vapours. Pity really. Many of his colleagues in the finance and banking fraternity regularly pay a lot of money for this service.

The Tricouni Council - special request for information

The Council has recently received a couple of applications for membership.

Following the discussion at the AGM many might feel this is welcome news.

However the general sentiment was for younger members and some might feel this precludes the current applicants.

The aspirant Tricounis are:

Mr M Mouse and Mr D Duck. They cite their ages as 81 years and 75 years respectively. Previous experience includes: Space Mountain, Big Thunder Mountain, Splash Mountain and Expedition Everest - Forbidden Mountain.

The Council is having a problem with these applications because the only Tricouni cited on the trips with these applicants is one Fraser Baggaley who greets queries with little response other than a knowing smile!

Any help would be gratefully received.

Eve Reynolds (allegedly), President and Chair of Council.

Dates for your diary:

- 2nd-4th April 2010
Easter meet

- May 2010??
Threading the needle event

- 22nd-24th October 2010
Autumn meet
AGM 23rd October