

Achille Ratti Climbing Club
Journal — 1989



BUCKBARROW FARM.

MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Chairman:	Derek Price 10 Egerton Road, Preston. PR2 1AJ	0772 727261
Vice-Chairman:	Michael Pooler Brantwood House, Royds Road, Rakehead, Bacup.	0706 878454
Secretary:	Gordon Cooney, 125 Woodplumpton Road, Woodplumpton Village, Preston. PR4 0LJ	0772 690113
Treasurer:	Michael Lomas 85 Belmont View, Harwood, Bolton	0204 27746.
Membership		
Secretary:	Neville Haigh 752 Devonshire Road, Blackpool	0253 545051
<u>Hut Wardens</u>		
Bishop's Scale:	Alan Kenny 81 Stanhope Avenue, Torrisholme Morecambe.	0524 414615
Buckbarrow:	Frank Whittle, Old Strands, Nether Wasdale.	09406 265
Dunmail:	Tom Baron, The Post Office, Stavely, Kendal.	0539 821247
Tyn Twr:	Dave Armstrong, 26 Elmfield, Shevington, Wigan	0257 425320

Ordinary Members

Christine Benjamin, 44 Catherine Street, East Horwich, Bolton.	0204 68767
Barry Rogers, 16 Grange View, Warton, Carnforth.	
Dorothy Woods, Side House Farm, Great Langdale, Ambleside.	

PROGRAMME OF EVENTS FOR 1990

February 10th to 18th.	Scottish Meet.
March 3rd 4th.	Working Weekend at Bishop's Scale.
April 7/8th.	Working Weekend at Tyn Twr.
May 5/6/7th.	Annual Long Walk from Buckbarrow.
June 30th.	Three Counties Tops Race.
July 7/8th.	Junior Meet at Bishop's Scale Club Fell Race (Date not set)
September 22/23rd	Junior Meet at Bishop's Scale
September 29th	Bishop's Sponsored Walk
October 13th.	Langdale Fell Race.
November 3/4th.	Working Weekend and Bonfire at Tyn Twr.
November 10th.	Annual General Meeting in Preston.
November 17th.	Club Dinner.
December 1/2nd.	Junior Meet (Potholing) from Bishop's Scale.

The cover sketch of Buckbarrow is by Jenny Massie

Acknowledgements

The 1989 Journal is only the second edition produced in recent years though we hope that the pattern of a Spring, Summer and Autumn Newsletter and an Annual Journal will continue in the future. The 1988 Journal was a special 'one-off' production designed specifically to the memory of our founder, Bishop T B Pearson. However, it is hoped that subsequent publications will improve over the years. A special thanks to the members who contributed to the journal: Paul Cooney, Joyce Foster-Kent, John Foster, Tom Walkington and Dot Woods. Also, to the production team from the staff of the Catholic Caring Services, Preston, for their assistance in the typing, printing and dispatching.

D W Price

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Minutes of the Annual General Meeting

held on Saturday, 11 November 1989 at Marian House Preston.

75 Members Present.

EC The Minutes of the previous AGM were read and approved

2. Matters Arising:

The Langdale Hut Warden, Alan Kenny, informed the meeting that the problem with vermin had now been cleared.

3. President's Report: Nil

4. Chairman's Report:

The last 12 months must have been amongst the busiest in the club's history.

Following our commitment to look for a hut in Scotland, we had made an unsuccessful bid for a property in Kinlochleven. The ARCC bid of £30,500 being far short of Fell and Rock's successful bid of £40,000.

The major blow to the club in 1989 was the decision by the N.T. not to renew our Buckbarrow lease when it runs out in 1990. Several attempts have been made to change the decision with a great deal of time and effort from club members.

The N.T. have offered an alternative building in Wasdale in the shape of a barn which if the Planning Board allows will require a great deal of money spending on it.

The Bye Pass problems associated with Tyn Twr appear to have receded in 1989. However, the local fire officer visited the premises and a long and expensive list of requirements to meet fire regulations was given to us. Fortunately, after taking advice, these are not mandatory although several improvements to fire safety have been made and the whole subject is under review.

The recent increase in charges has been brought about to provide the necessary finance for such projects as a hut in Scotland and to prepare to buy a property in Wasdale. The imminent effect of VAT is also a factor.

The Chairman wished to thank all those who had helped on the many club events during the year. The Dinner, the Long Walk, the Three Old County Tops Race and other races, the junior events and the Bob Graham rounds.

The Chairman sadly reported the deaths of Monsignor Basil Kershaw, Parish Priest of Grasmere, Fr Frank Hodson, who had been Bishop Pearson's secretary and John McCarthy, who will be missed for his services to the club.

Life membership had been mentioned in the last bulletin amongst the increase in fees but the criteria for awarding this remains the same.

The Bishop's Sponsored Walk provided £2,500 and was distributed by the Bishop to the parishes of Windermere, Coniston, Grasmere and Glenridding.

Barry Ayre and Monica Plaztec were the first couple to be married in the chapel of Our Lady of the Snows at Bishopscale. Further services can be arranged by contacting the club secretary.

A new Bulletin Editor is required. Applicants must have access to a photocopier.

A new hut warden is also required for Tyn Twr. Dave Armstrong has completed his 3 year term and has commitments for the near future. The request would be for the next warden to continue at Tyn Twr where Dave left off.

Finally, the Chairman wished to thank the Management Committee for their help, advice and support, especially in such a hectic year.

5. Secretary's Report

The secretary reported on the major club events during the year, starting with the Scottish meet at Onich which was again successful; even though the weather was not too kind.

The Long Walk was at Tyn Twr in May and covered the Welsh three thousand footers. It is hoped to stage the 1990 Long Walk at Buckbarrow.

In June, we held the Three Old County Tops race from Langdale. This was the second year.

There had been 2 Junior events to date, both based in Langdale with such activities as walking, climbing and canoeing. A potholing meet has been arranged for December.

The Bishop's Sponsored walk was again held in Grizedale Forest and despite the wet conditions it was well supported by several hundred enthusiastic walkers.

The secretary thanked all who assisted in these events, ie with the organising, the marshalling and the cooking, without which the events could not take place.

Leo Pollard then reported on the fell running events, starting with the 5 successful Bob Graham rounds by Sheila Anderton, Clare Kenny, Peter Dowker, Paul Cooney and Tony Brindle.

Clare Kenny had won the ladies' event in the Isle of Man. John Nixon had some very good results winning the Thievely Rake Race.

John Hope had also run well during the year, achieving a very

creditable 19th place in the prestigious Langdale Horseshoe. Alan Kenny won the mountaineering trophy in the Lake District trials event.

A total of 32 members had taken part in fell running events.

In the Clubs Three Old County Tops event, the record had been well and truly broken by over one hour. The assistance in organising had again been excellent.

There had been a tie in the overall winner of the club championship between John Hope and Joe Garbarino.

Peter Dowker won the over 40's and Joe Garbarino won the over 50's section.

Sheila Anderton won the ladies section.

6. Treasurer's Report:

The treasurer reported a surplus of £7,000 for the year. This had been due mainly to increased hut receipts and a reduction in the cost of repairs.

The treasurer explained that although VAT did not appear likely earlier in the year with increased charges and the anticipated increased income, it is now more than likely that the club will have to register.

- Bishopscale was valued at £325,000 - £350,000.
- Tyn Twr was valued at £55,000.
- Dunmail is to be valued. An estimate would be in the region of £100,000.

In 1990 the effect of the Poll Tax on the club is not yet apparent.

A replacement for the Wasdale hut was discussed and a buying price may well be £100,000 minimum.

The recent increases in hut fees have been reviewed following letters of complaint from visiting clubs and also from some members and as a result the Management Committee have reduced the Tyn Twr fees for guests and visiting clubs to £2.50 and £4.00 per night respectively.

The Honorary Auditor, Mr B A Cheetham, is to send an audit report to the Chairman and to the Secretary. It was then proposed and seconded that Mr Cheetham continues as the club auditor.

A question was raised about the fees for the Dunmail hut and was the hut open to members - it was suggested that because the hut is mainly for the use of parties, the hut warden, Tom Baron, be contacted for any availability and the cost.

John Foster asked for confirmation of the VAT involvement and the Chairman stated that at present the club is not registered but

there is a very strong possibility we will be in 1990 and the price increases have reflected this.

Paul Charnock asked if there was a budgeted surplus following the recent price increases and the treasurer replied that such a budget did not exist.

Dorothy Wood wished to inform the meeting that a further recent amendment was that children under 3 years were not charged hut fees.

The amount paid to BMC was on a similar basis as last year, ie the number of paid up members as at 1 January. The BMC fee will feature as a separate item in the 1990 AGM Agenda. If based on total membership, the amount of the fee would be approximately £700.

7. Membership Secretary's Report

Neville Haigh reported that a Micro Computer was now used for the membership records.

Current membership is 668, an increase of 31 on last year. There had been no adverse comments on the increased subscription fee by the 144 members who had paid to date.

8. Hut Wardens Report:

Langdale: Alan Kenny reported that the hut had been well used by the members. Clubs had had to be restricted.

The external pointing work was now complete. New shelves had been fitted in the lounge. New wash basins in the mens' dormitory. A shower had been installed in the family quarters and a new shed has been erected at the rear of the hut for the storing of tools and equipment.

The working weekend had been very successful. The car park had been extended and there had also been work carried out painting and cleaning.

Buckbarrow: Frank Whittle, in the final report on Buckbarrow, told the meeting that no further bookings were being accepted from visiting clubs. The Chairman suggested that this was the opportunity for members to use Buckbarrow as much as possible before its' closure.

Tyn Twr: Dave Armstrong reported that usage had shot up by members, possibly due to the good summer. Usage by visiting clubs had also increased and this had led in some cases to a lack of space and to the inconvenience of members.

Less major work had been required in the year and

the fabric of the building was very sound. The two working weekends had been well attended.

The Long Walk in May was a success. 74 arrived out of an anticipated 83. The weather was not good and there were several minor injuries and retirements with only a few completing the round.

Wilf Charnley and Ann Wallace deserve a special thanks for providing a tea stop at Foel Gras and sticking it out to the end.

There has been no further news about the Bye Pass route.

It had been hoped that a local man was going to paint the outside woodwork but this has fallen through. Dave asked if anyone was interested in taking this on.

Dave wished to thank his wife Marion and his children for their help in looking after the hut and to his ever present colleague, Bernard Potter for his constant support.

Dave promised to support the new hut warden whenever possible.

The Chairman thanked Dave and his helpers for all the work they had done in the past years at Tyn Twr and for all the improvements they had made to the hut. He hoped that this action is continued by the next warden.

John Foster wished to remind the meeting that the 20th Anniversary of Tyn Twr is in February 1990.

9. Election of Officers:

Michael Lomas was elected as Treasurer for a further term. Neville Haigh was elected as Membership Secretary for a further term. Barry Rogers was elected as Ordinary Member.

10. Any Other Business

John Foster expressed shock at the recent price increases. He suggested that to raise extra revenue, expenditure should have been cut and not subs and fees increased. He also objected to the improvements that were being made such as the flooring in the mens' dormitory in Langdale. He commented that no club in the country charges such high rates.

Other members present raised objections to the increases, particularly for visiting clubs. However, on a show of hands, there were no objections to members hut fees whilst approximately 25% of the meeting considered that hut fees for guests and clubs were too high. The treasurer commented that the subscription in

1983 was £12. He thought it reasonable to charge £20 in 1990. He went on to say that if we were to finance a loan to pay for the new projects proposed, it was necessary to increase all fees generally.

The Chairman stated that visiting clubs must be regarded in a secondary role and that the ARCC is primarily run for its members.

John Foster suggested that the club ask for an interest-free loan from the membership of say £100 each.

Some members asked what had been the reaction from visiting clubs and the Chairman reported that some clubs had written declaring their intentions not to use our huts because of the increases. The Chairman reiterated that the club was run for its members; it was a privilege for other clubs to use our huts and we were not in the business of financing other clubs.

Barry Rogers told the meeting that although his annual income had only been £3,000, he was quite happy to pay the new rates.

Ken Godfrey stated that at the current prices, the group he represents will not use Tyn Twr in the future.

Joyce Foster-Kent proposed at this stage, that if the other clubs objecting to the increases can find cheaper accommodation in these areas, they should do so.

Dave Odgen suggested that the hut fees should have been adjusted to increase the income and not the annual subscription.

The Chairman said that the Management Committee had increased the charges with the interest of the club at heart, the considerations being a replacement for Buckbarrow and a hut in Scotland. Until last year, when the Committee was tasked with finding a suitable hut in Scotland, the club policy had been to tick over!

Michael Donnelly suggested that the ARCC be opened up freely to more non-Catholic applicants.

A question was asked, "Do we need a hut in the Western Lakes?" and the Chairman said he considered the property offered at Low Thistleton would be beneficial to the club, providing the final terms were satisfactory.

A further question asked, "Should we sell Dunmail?". Dorothy Wood suggested that we hold a referendum, asking should the club sell Dunmail to buy a hut in Wasdale.

The Chairman replied to this, mentioning the good work achieved at Dunmail with the parties of young people. It has always been most profitable over the years.

Also it was suggested that the Dunmail hut may not be so attractive a proposition if it went on the market. The cost of installing Electricity alone could be £60,000.

Ken Godfrey qualified part of the previous objections to the increases, by saying he was not objecting to any increases but to the scale of the increases.

John Foster suggested that the hut wardens attempt to isolate the fees received from visiting clubs.

Clare Kenny proposed a vote of thanks to all the Management Committee for their work over the last 12 months. Clare also mentioned that running shorts and vests were still available.

There being no further business, the Chairman declared the meeting closed at 4.35 pm.

Potholing Meeting 2/3 December 1989

A well attended meet, perhaps its just as well that everyone who put their names down did not attend. 17 of us went out on Saturday, Mickey Pooler, Andrew and Martin, John Hope, Danny and Robert accompanied Mike Woods for a trip into Aigill Cavern. A good grade III pot with a couple of pitches, some scrambling, a lot of crawling and a few tight squeezes. See Mickey for a full detailed description.

10 of us went to Selside and did Long Churn. The water was neither as cold or as fast as last year which was just as well as I managed to be the first to fall in. I got a second ducking when Beth fell on top of me and we both went under. Everybody except Paul managed to squeeze through the cheese press although Isobel was slightly worried in case she'd put on weight since last year. John McHale seconded by David Rayliss led the group through the Baptistry crawl and the font like a veteran, there were a few groans and moans by the adults at this point as they invariably got wet. Then up the large stream passage of Upper Long Church to Dr Bannister's hand basin. We all exited here by climbing up the waterfall where Kate managed to complete my hat-trick of soakings by knocking me under the waterfall.

Sunday: After a late start we ended up at Calf Holes on Pen-y-Ghent. Mickey and John and company decided to join us today after yesterday's exertions. We made good use of the ladder that was already in situ, but unfortunately Ann Comack had to leave early to go back to work. The letterbox went easily for some, but the short pitch was not a problem for anyone, except the ones who don't know their right from their left. We were soon out of the Browgill exit and quickly got changed to meet in the cafe for well earned tea, toast and Hot Chocolate. Thanks to everyone for turning up and enjoying the days outing. Thanks to Mike Woods for turning out for the day on Saturday. Thanks also to Peter McHale for bringing the gear from Bradford.

Dot Woods

News, Views and Comments

Junior Membership:

There appears to be some confusion regarding the standing of the children of new members. Rules of Junior Membership is printed on the application form and this is one of the causes of the problem as no record is retained by the new member. Until the new application forms are introduced, the Rules of Junior Membership will be published from time to time.

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP

1. The Management Committee may grant Junior Membership to the children or wards, under the age of 17, of any full member. Junior Membership will not normally be granted to the children of members who have not been full members for at least 3 years.
2. Junior Membership will remain valid whilst a parent or guardian remains a full member.
3. Junior Membership will cease at the age of 17 at which age a Junior Member may apply directly for Full Membership.
4. Junior Members under the age of 16 must be accompanied by a Full Member when visiting the Club Huts.
5. Junior Members will not be permitted to bring guests into the Club Huts.
6. The Management Committee may make any rule concerning Junior Members which it may consider expedient.
7. Junior Members will not be permitted to vote at any meeting of the club and will not be permitted to hold office in the club.
8. No children, except those who are Junior Members, may stay at any of the huts without the written permission of the Hut Warden.
9. The Hut Warden's permission must be gained before Junior Members use the Buckbarrow Hut. Permission will be granted whenever possible.

The new financial arrangements for the children of members are as follows:

On attaining Junior Membership, a one-off payment of £5.00 until Full Membership at 17 years.

Hut Fees

- Junior Members up to and including 3 years of age - Free but must be entered in the Signing-in Book.
- Junior Members 4 to 17 years of age - £1.00 per night
- Other children who are not Junior Members - £1.50. (These will be the children of members who have not been FULL Members for at least three years. Permission to stay at any of the huts must be obtained from the appropriate Hut Warden. Granting permission is a rare event.)
- Graduate members and non-members cannot take children to the huts.

MEMBERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO ABUSE THESE RULES

Secretary's Address

A certain amount of correspondence is not being delivered to the Secretary, Gordon Cooney. The reason for this is very simple. There are two 125 Woodplumpton Roads in Preston - could it happen elsewhere? - and these are only 2 miles apart. The correct address is on the inside cover of this journal and members are asked to use the full address when corresponding with Gordon.

Ex Chairman, George Partridge and his wife Pat, are off to Malaysia for seven months. George is fulfilling a teaching contract and, not surprisingly, is looking forward to the experience. There are a few mountains in the area, perhaps we will have a report for the next journal.

Many thanks to Mike Donnelly for his service to the Club whilst a member of the Management Committee. Mike also acted as Bulletin Editor during his term of office.

The Bishop's Sponsored Walk was another successful event. We are so fortunate to have huts in the Lake District and North Wales and soon, we hope, in Scotland. To give one day in the year to assist in raising money for the poorer parishes in the Lake District is little to ask. Bishop John Brewer of the Lancaster Diocese is very grateful to all those members who assisted on the day.

Auditor's Comment

The Auditor's report to the Management Committee again emphasised his concern regarding Members in arrears with their subscriptions and suggested that we ensure that such persons should not avail themselves of the Club's facilities. The Club Rules allow 3 months for subscriptions to be paid, therefore, any Member who has not paid his or her subscription by 1 January 1990, will cease to be a Member.

DOGS

For the attention of dog owners: The rules printed in the Autumn (1988) Newsletter allow for dogs to be taken to the huts on condition that they are exercised OFF the premises and kept in cars at other times.

Under no circumstances must they be allowed into the huts

There is evidence that certain dog owners are ignoring these rules when they are using the huts on their own or with a small group of friends. Unfortunately, we have several members who suffer from asthma or other respiratory complaints and who experience great discomfort from the dog dust left on the carpets and furniture. Will dog owners please show more consideration for fellow members.

My Bob Graham Attempt

The sky was clear, the sun was warm and Peter, Clare and myself set off from Moot Hall at 8.00 am on Saturday, 15 July 1989 to attempt our Bob Graham Round.

The run out to Little Town was a good preamble to the day. Steady jogging soon brought us to the Church where the real "work" began. I felt happy to be started on the "business". Once on top of Robinson, we were rewarded with fine views of Great Gable and Pillar above the morning cloud. Running in and out of mist we were soon coming down Dale Head to Honister Pass.

As soon as I arrived at Honister, a brew and a bite to eat was thrust in each hand which was soon devoured. We set off up Grey Knotts in the increasing heat which was making itself known. After Great Gable, I put on my sun hat to combat the sun; it felt good to have at least some protection. The rock summit of Pillar looked like a desert mirage with the heat haze rising. The going had been tough but arriving at Wasdale, 30 minutes in front of schedule, was a comforting buffer to have at this stage.

With Scafell Pike and Broad Stand behind me I settled into the longest section. On Bowfell I was greeted by my father, who had walked up to see me at the half way point. I found the soft ground more comfortable to run on and with Selwyn's expert knowledge of the area, I did not climb a rise or an incline that wasn't necessary. Descending Steel Fell, I was, thankfully, in the first shade of the day, and my spirits rose because of it. I arrived at Durmail and my wife had a brew and some rice pudding waiting for me but the fresh peach she gave me will unforgettably be the most delicate taste I experienced.

The night section to Threlkeld was misty at times and passed uneventful. Picking up the farm and the track to the main road was difficult as the area is a warren of hedges and walls.

In the capable hands of John Nixon the 3 summits to go, I felt nothing could deprive me now. Descending Skiddaw, I knew it was almost over, with a quick dash down the lanes and through the Park, I arrived at Moot Hill.

Looking back on the day, I can say I will never forget it; the long training days had been worth it. The feeling arriving back at Moot Hall was very moving, and to share this with my friends who had supported me was unforgettably satisfying.

Paul Cooney

Crete 1989

It was a last minute holiday decision. Air Europe flight passing over Vesuvius, Mount Olympus, circling down with 'White Mountain' tops pierced through, the Lefka Ori rising 9,000 ft straight up from the blue Cretan Sea.

A crazy taxi took up high, then a walk up to the Omalos Plateau; the landing place of the German paras in 1941 and the scene of bitter fighting. After the heat on the coast the evening was chill, but such a warm welcome. "Yai-soo", like a big sneeze. "Hello", handshakes, big smiles, raki and beer. Was this to be the holiday?

Next morning, up the huge rock mountain Gingalos, 2028m. Sun shining but with a sneaky wind and storm clouds threatening, Kalergi Refuge (Greek Alpine Club), disappeared below us in the thundery gloom. So down again to the head of Samaria Gorge, 23kms long and dropping 1,000m in the first 2km of the path. Noon now and the crowds have gone, the Gorge is ours. Calabrian pine, Italian cypress, Jerusalem sage, dittany, rosemary, marjoram, thyme; heady perfumes in the heat. "Smack your lips, herbal tea boys." Pied flycatchers, blue rock thrush, jays, wall creepers, golden orioles, wrens and an easy path to walk and gawp (gaze around). But too much gawp causes stumbling and bleeding knees and runnels down dusty skin.

The old village of Samaria was deserted, the Greek royal family and their ministers rested here with the partisans on their flight to freedom. The path twisted in the bed of the dry river, the rock walls 700m high and hanging with fragile, rare and delicate plants. The narrowest point is 3m wide and a mule-riding warden asked if I heard rifle shots, not allowed in the National Park. The Libyan Sea comes into view, and proof of the volume of water in the rainy season, a useless stone bridge in the middle of the river bed. With the sun setting across the orange sea, a dusty path through the prickly pears to the bar and "Yai-soo", raki (brandy made from wine-grape skins) and beer never tasted so good. Later, revived, we joined the locals at the other bar. The Video Club was showing "The Magnificent Seven", and the waves whispered behind us.

A dawn start to avoid the heat, along the coast and up an ancient paved mule track past the Turkish forts (from a previous invasion), and thermal sailing Griffon Vultures, to a dry plateau. Lammergeyer cruise the currents and goats are everywhere, feeding on nothing. How on earth Brian knows where we are going is beyond me! No large-scale maps are allowed by the Government and each dry gulch, sheepfold, well and plateau look the same. A Cretan crocus carpet surrounds a Byzantine Church on the lip of the Aradena Gorge and the water from the well is cool and clear.

Suddenly a village, with dogs sheltering in the shade of trestle tables; rifles shooting into the air; men in national dress of black shirts, black jodphurs, black boots; twinkling moustaches; shy women and girls. Everyone is out to celebrate a wedding, so more, "Yai-soo", raki, beer and this time goat's liver, cheese and raw wine still fermenting. The hospitality is overwhelming.

Eventually we escape, staggering in an alcoholic haze for the next 3

miles and meet 2 young Cretan men with sticky boots and rock gear, but crag X is secret. Is life really any different here? It's "Yai-soo" and raki at every door. We feel like heroes. These folk are wild and independent. They all keep guns to be prepared and 2 more men hold us up, firing across our paths with a new Italian pump-action shot gun. They came down to the bar with us and we had more raki. I think we had goat again for dinner - I don't really remember.

My room had no running water, but its own well, a little bucket on a rope and a whole menagerie of animals outside nibbling my belongings, bleating, baaing, barking, crowing, clucking and squawking through the night. A moist tongue searching between my toes wakened me to a brilliant day and a lop-eared sheep framed in the doorway.

Down to the coast again and a peninsula covered in unexcavated Greco-Roman, Byzantine and Turkish ruins with a warm, blue sea to ease the fleas. Then the last day, a 6 hour trot round the mountains, pale pink miniature cyclamens everywhere. Deserted farms, disused sheepfolds and then down the unspoilt, superb Imbros Gorge - escape route for 12,000 Aussie, Kiwi and British soldiers. They were helped by a Greek Regiment and local men still search who only 2 weeks before had found a box of live ammunition. We found the remains of a Lewis gun. At Khora Sphakion, young Germans watched impassively as we clicked cameras at the monument to the Allied Forces.

Our last sunset seen from the local bus grinding uphill hairpins. Its been another 13 hour day. Up high, shivering in the frosty air, the stars hanging lanterns in navy velvet. Dinner is cold, boiled goat with cold glutinous rice.

A really, really smashing holiday. Preferably 2 weeks in Crete next year.

Joyce Foster-Kent

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The mountaineer who seeks nothing but fame, and to make and break records, is forced to abandon the mountains when there are no more worlds to conquer and when his youth and his strength abandon him.

But he who loves the mountains for themselves and for their eternal beauty will never grudge them their everlasting youth. He will turn to them again and again, knowing they will never fail him. And when he can no longer do more than lift his eyes to the hills he will still find that the promised strength is unailing - not strength of body, but of spirit, garnered from long days spent in nature's tranquillity and peace. D.W.P.

Annual Dinner Dance 1989

The Annual Dinner Dance was held again at The Waterhead Hotel, Ambleside on 18 November. This year we were honoured to receive as our Principal Guest, His Lordship, Bishop John Brewer, accompanied by his Secretary, Fr John Gibson, Mgr Slattery and of course Fr Hughes were also our welcome guests. This was the first time the Bishop had attended our Dinner and we hope it won't be the last.

The meal was of the usual good standard and enjoyed by 112 members and guests. Unfortunately this number makes the room a bit overcrowded, so that it may be necessary in future years to restrict the tickets to 100 or thereabouts if we keep the same venue.

After the meal, the Bishop gave a short address in which he made particular mention and gave warm thanks for the help club members give to organise and support the Annual Bishop's Walk. The much needed money raised by the children from the North West all goes to aid the parish funds for work in Grasmere, Coniston, Hawkeshead and in particular, Glenridding. Therefore our help is vital to its success and greatly appreciated.

Prizes were then awarded for the various fell running achievements after which Michael Pooler took the floor and presented a brief but highly amusing account of highlights from the year's activities raising more than a few roars of laughter. Perhaps we should consider hiring him out as a professional guest speaker as a means of swelling club coffers?

Many members were unaccountably saddened to discover that we would not be hearing that old favourite, "The Yellow Ribbon" or the much loved rendition of, "Rockin'all over the World", from our usual band. They had retired from active service - at last!!! The youngsters who replaced them turned out to be fairly talented and once they were persuaded that we wanted a lively pace the dance floor quickly filled up with gyrating, if ageing, bodies. There was even dancing between the tables or under the tables resting but I'm sure there must have been one or two!

The raffle was well supported and raised over £150. I must thank The Climbers' Shop and Rock and Run for their kind donations of a map, thermal gloves and tee-shirt for prizes.

Unfortunately, as usual, the festivities had to finish all too soon and the bus and Bishopscale beckoned us back.

Thanks to everyone who came for making the evening another success.

Christine Benjamin

TYN TWR

The Birth of a Hut - Chapter III

The hunt for a Welsh hut began that week. Having been walking and climbing in the area for 10 years (including military service), I felt that our ideal location would be somewhere in or about the rectangle formed by Capel Curig, Pen-y-Gwryd, Llanberis and Bethesda. I asked estate agents in Caernarvon and Bangor to put me on their circulation list, and wrote to the agents for the Vayno and Penrhyn estates. Nothing much of interest appeared for ages: terraced houses in towns, a chip shop and a farm complete with sheep. I began to wonder if we were too late; but surely something suitable must turn up. And eventually it did.

A letter from Owen, the agent for the Penrhyn Estate, asked if we would be interested in renting a part of the farm buildings at Dolawen in Nant Ffrancon. They were in poor condition and were no longer used; renovation and conversion would be at our expense. The location, a mile towards Ogwen from Bethesda, was within the area I have specified. So in late January 1966, Terry Hickey, myself and a few other members inspected what was on offer. At the regular committee meeting a couple of weeks later, Terry reported that the sight was ideal, but at least £2,000 would be needed for conversion and repair (there was a bit hole in the roof).

The Management Committee decided to inform Penrhyn that we were interested, provided that the rent and term of years were acceptable (is there an echo in Wasdale currently?). But it came to naught; our face did not fit. The fact that the Trustees of the Penrhyn Estates were largely governors (or whatever) of the University College of North Wales at Bangor meant the U.C. of Wales (Cardiff) were favoured with the lease.

I was disappointed, but not disillusioned about the need for a hut. The Welsh mountains were still the same and so was the variability of British weather. That Easter, Joyce and me and the lads camped at the head of Llyn Gwynant with another climbing family, the Marshalls. I got a couple of routes in on Carreg Wasted with Dodger (killed on Everest, May '87), but my main memory is of hail and sleet, wet gear and frustration. I had all Easter week off, but by Tuesday everyone else in the field had given up and gone home. So on Wednesday morning we too packed up and headed for Port Penrhyn to call at the Estate Office in the forlorn hope that the Cardiff College had lost interest in Dolawen. No such luck but Owen was encouraging. They had a house for sale in Bethesda and he offered me that keys to have a look. I refused them saying that the situation and location were more important than condition, and I would decide on external inspection. With a vision of a house cramped in the middle of a terrace, I had no great expectations.

Having been told the whereabouts of number 2 Tyn Twr, we set off up the A5. Past the Douglas Arms, turn right at the end of the straight, but nothing apparently empty.

Half a mile from the A5 was too far, so by a terrace of low cottages below the end of the slate tip, Joyce asked a couple of grubby kids. "Back up the road", they said, and with a vague memory of chequered slate walls fronted by iron railings, excitement stirred as I turned the van round. And there it was, just a northern half of that impressive building, but with room for parking up the side. Not a pretty situation, with a slate tip as a backdrop indicating the source of the building material, but not uncommon in North Wales.

Driving home I felt exhilarated as if I had led a hard route. Half a mile to the pub and shops (and less to the church) yet outside the main village and with Ogwen just up the road. The location was as ideal as we could expect. The task now was to arouse the interest of the Committee.

John Foster, July 1989

Climbing News 1989

- Himalayas: Jim Cooper, Dot Wood and Terry Kitchen trekked in Kashmir and Kishtwar in August/September.
- Kashmir: Dod Sar (13,500') overlooking Kolohoi Glazier.
- Kishtwar: Over Umasi-la Pass to Padum. Back over Poat-la Pass (18,300') - Jim and Terry. Over Shing-o-la Pass (17,500') into Himachal Pradesh-Dot.
- Greece: Mt Olympus (9,570') ascended by Gary Pollard and friend.
- Majorca: Dave Bates and Tom Walkington rock climbing, early March. Good quality bolted limestone routes, HVS to E6.

Alps

- Chamonix: Richard Topliss -
Blatiere - Brown/Whillans route
Droites - NE Spur (direct start)
Petit Dru - N Face (original route)
- Barry Rogers, Sue Wood -
Lim-N NE Ridge
Piegn - Papillons Arete
Moine - Integral route
- B Rogers, Sid de Cruz, John Braybrook -
Aig du Tour - traverse N peak
- Arolla: Bob Spenser -
TSA - Ridge, grade III
- Scotland: Richard Topliss -
Vanishing Gully, Castle Ridge, Curtain, Aonach Eagach
Ridge

Jim and Terry were under strict instructions from my daughters not to let me out of their sight when we got to India. They needn't have worried. It was only when we arrived in Zanskar and wondering what to do next, that I decided to leave Jim and Terry and trek out on my own. They were committed to going back to the Kishtwar side of the Himalaya to pick up their climbing gear. I was under no such obligation and of the options open to me a six day trek over a 17,000 ft. pass seemed infinitely more preferable than travelling by truck and bus for five days to get to Delhi and then home.

We stayed together for the first day of the trek, none of us sorry to be leaving Padum but we were all rather quiet. The packs were heavy with 8-10 days food and we moved slowly, but it was nice to be moving again after a three day rest. Our path was alongside the Zanskar River which was a beautiful turquoise blue colour, there were patches of gold near the villages where the barley was ready for harvesting and in the distance the mountains touched the edges of the sky. It was a good track that we were on and would probably be open to motor traffic next year. We met a number of people, mostly trekkers, and a small dog which decided to follow us. Jim and Terry had no luck in getting a guide for the Poat La (La=Pass) but decided to go for it anyway. Mune Gompa, where we camped that night, was a stony windswept col, the monks were friendly and the little dog lived here. I would have liked her company on my journey but I wasn't sure what Paddy and Sid's reaction would be if I turned up in Langdale with yet another dog. A french couple camped here also but they didn't look happy, didn't speak or smile and threwstones at the dog when she barked at them. There were also three Germans who were going in the same direction as myself, at least for the next two days. This place was distinguished by the fact that it had a proper bog, an earth closet, and a separate piped water supply. All three of us were a bit quiet, Jim and Terry worrying more about me than I was about them. I sorted food out, enough for six days for me and the rest for Jim and Terry. I hoped they would have enough this time. Jim gave me some of his money in case I needed it and then it was time to part. I gave them both a big hug and turned away quickly before I changed my mind.

It was a beautiful morning, clear, sunny and cool, the views were fantastic and I felt confident and light hearted as I went on my way. It was strange not to see the tall figures of Jim and Terry on the trail in front of me but I was soon absorbed by my surroundings, gave up useless speculation and got on with my journey. The scenery changed slowly, in time with my progress, an endless vista of all the mountains I had ever seen, familiar views of the Lakes, Scotland and the Alps glimpsed in the distance, changing with each bend in the path. I stopped for lunch by the river, a group of people were harvesting the barley on the other side, a small goat came and lay down near me, some trekkers came past on their way to Padum and then it was time to go. I threw stones at the little goat, careful to miss it, to discourage it from following me, prompted by shouts from the other side of the river. The path went up and down a lot but it was mostly in the shade, the river had carried its way through the cliffs in a series of terraces. It was here I met a young man who asked all the inevitable questions:- "Where are you going?" "Where are you from?" "Which Country?" "You alone?" "You husband?" "You children?" "How old are you?" It was when I said how old I was that he then asked me how it was I had only three children. Have you ever tried explaining about contraception to somebody whose understanding of English wasn't all that good? I probably left him more confused than ever. I felt quite sorry for him and others like him, they haven't anyone to ask and most likely have to go to Srinigar or more probably Dehli to find out. He wanted me to go back to his village with him but I said I must go on. Sule, the village I was heading for looked to be an hour away but at 5.30 p.m. it still looked an hour away so I stopped at a small place called Zumcha. A woman and a small child were in the fields so I asked if it was alright to camp here. The woman just nodded and didn't smile, which was unusual.

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unusual, I wasn't bothered, and just wanted to put my sack down, put my tent up and have a drink of tea. It was very quiet and peaceful here, just a couple of houses and a few fields, the river a muted murmur in the bottom of the gorge. It quickly got dark and cold and I was soon zipped up inside my tent eating rice and dhal. I spared a thought for Jim and Terry and hoped that they were enjoying their meal more than I was. I thought about my family and all my friends back home and tried to think what you would all be doing, I also wondered who was looking after Paddy and hoped he wasn't too much of a problem, and of how soon I would be able to get back to Langdale.

I slept well and woke early to enjoy the sunrise. Each day was as if it had never happened before, first the day glow behind the mountains, then sunlight touching the tops of the hills and slowly rolling downwards till suddenly everywhere was bathed in warmth and light and it was time to get up. I went and had breakfast in the farmer's house. He was sewing prayer flags together on a sewing machine, his wife made me tea and chappattis, a lama was also having breakfast, a toddler played on the floor, a little girl fetched and carried for her mother and I nearly sat on the tiny baby under the pile of blankets in the corner of the room. The farmer charged me 10 rupees at first but when he spotted my new 5 rupee note he quickly raised his price to 15 rupees.

It was good to get out in the fresh air again. It hadn't been a particularly happy household. I met 3 young Americans in Sule they were paying twelve dollars a day each for their trek between Darcha and Padum. They seemed keen and enthusiastic about everything. The three Germans were here also, we had all stopped for tea at the local cafe. I set off again, refreshed by the tea and the company, the Germans went off across the river on a 'ropey' looking bridge and I carried on to Purni. A young boy walking along the same way lent me his umbrella against the fierce heat of the sun. I had hoped to get tea and chappattis here but ended up making my own. The way divided now, one path going along by the main Zanskar River and the other going up alongside an angry brown river. The map wasn't very helpful and there wasn't anyone to ask so I carried on along the main river valley. It was the wrong way, of course, but it was an hour before I met anyone to ask. The leader of the group persuaded me to carry on to Poughtal Gompa, everybody I'd met had said I must see it and it was another hour away along the same track. I was glad I had listened to him. It was a magic, fairy tale kind of place. The huge cave mouth dwarfed the buildings inside it, and below it, the monastery merged into the limestone cliff. It was difficult to tell just where the rock ended and the buildings began. Chortens and prayer flags marched along the top of the cliff under an unending blue sky and in the bottom of the gorge the Zanskar river mirrored the sky above. It felt timeless. I stayed there and met the three Germans again, also a Dutch couple. We were looked after by two young boys who looked 12 years old but said they were 15 years old; our common language was English. The boys called me amah and I lent them my notebook and pen to practise writing. They made us endless pots of tea over a wood burning stove and also a meal of rice and dhal, the others ate huge amounts but I could only manage one small plateful. Older monks came and looked at us, some said hello, but none stayed for long. There was a full moon and I went outside onto the balcony, it was very cold and very still. The moon hung in the sky its brilliant white light lit up the landscape and turned the river into a silver thread, the stars were brilliant companions of the moon and I could have stayed for ever but the bitter cold finally drove me inside. The room was now a dark cell lit only by a candle, the light from the moon penetrated the small dark windows. We were all soon in our sleeping bags, curled up on the hard floor. I know I slept but I can't vouch for the others.

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I was away early the next morning, the boys had come back soon after dawn and made tea, they tried out the cornflakes I had with me and I left them a pen and some paper. One of the Germans was going the same way as me but he wasn't up and I think he wanted to be alone also. I got back to Pueni at 9 a.m. just as the group of people I'd met yesterday were leaving. I followed them up the hill beside the Karyya Chu (river). It was where I should have gone yesterday. The path was steep and stony but it opened up after half an hour onto a plateau with distant views of snowy mountains, a cool breeze was blowing which helped to keep me moving. I reached a village at noon, two young girls made me tea and chappattis plus a bowl of freshly podded peas, peas and potatoes seemed to be the only vegetables that were grown in Zanskar. Refreshed I set off again, meeting lots of people all asking "how far is it to Purni?" The pony men all enquired "no pony?" to which I replied "no rupees!" An elderly Indian man, in immaculate whites and carrying a black umbrella, seemed perturbed that I was on my own and said I should stay at the next village. I passed the group I saw earlier this morning who had stopped early for the night. I carried on to where the river forked, westwards was the Great Himalayan Chain, high snowy peaks at the end of a wide valley. My way skirted the foot of a mountain and opened out into another wide valley, halfway along was one of the most beautiful mountains I had ever seen, Bumbajalong. I decided to camp here by the river, it was only 4 p.m. but it was such a lovely spot. I saw the German go past, he stopped and took a photograph of the mountain then carried on to Kargya, the last village in Zanskar. A young man on a horse came towards me, my heart sank. I'd seen him earlier in the day and he's been very inquisitive then. "I sleep here" he said, "No, I sleep here, you sleep in Kargya", he went on to say that he had no wife and no children. I told him I couldn't help him and that my husband no like. I had told anybody who asked that my 'husband' was climbing in Zanskar and would meet me in Delhi in one week's time. Most people accepted it. It must have sounded pretty convincing. The young man went away eventually but he had spoiled my peace of mind. I didn't go to sleep for ages, worrying, needlessly, in case he came back. The next morning was bright and bitterly cold. It was my birthday so I waited for the sun to reach and warm me before I got up. The group came past as I was packing up and this morning they all waved and said hello. A young woman waited for me and we walked together for an hour till her group stopped for lunch. They were from France and enjoying the experience tremendously. I carried on as I wasn't ready to stop just yet. The geology of the place was fascinating and I thought of how much our Michael would enjoy being here. One stretch looked like a giant's bowling alley with huge boulders everywhere. I picked up a small piece of rock to bring back for Michael but carried it in my hand for ages before deciding to keep it. There were lots of tiny flowers by the steams and along the edges of the river but not much vegetation really and no cultivation as I had passed the last village in Zanskar, Kargya, early in the morning.

Later that afternoon I met up with the French trekkers again, they had stopped to camp at the foot of the Gumbajalong and they invited me in for a cup of tea with Swiss condensed milk and swiss cheeses and cream crackers, it was real luxury. They invited me to stay and camp with them but I wanted to go over the pass the next day and they would be taking two more days. I said if I couldn't manage by myself I would wait along the track for them. The leader gave me directions and said I should not try to cross the big river alone but to wait until more people arrived. I left them slightly reluctant as they were good company but my urge to get home as soon as possible was still quite strong.

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The path was good to follow and went on and up into the mountains. No sign of anybody now and I was very much aware of being totally on my own. I had to cross a small river and could see the path going up a ridge on the other side but the river was too wide to jump and looked quite deep as well as very fast and I didn't want to get my feet wet as I would probably be in snow the next day. I carried on along side the river looking for somewhere to get across and eventually came to a snow bridge, this was obviously where all the ponies and yaks crossed so it must be OK. I scrambled up the hillside to rejoin the path. It was getting late now and as I went further into the mountains I began to feel a bit worried about finding somewhere to camp and some water. It was nearly 7 p.m. and almost dark before I found somewhere and only had time to get my tent up before darkness fell. It was rather eerie, totally quiet and no moon yet. I fastened the tent door tight to shut myself in and keep the night at bay. I did go out once but not for long, the moon came up and cast big shadows everywhere and I soon rushed back into the security of my little tent. The next morning was cloudy and dull, the first time for days. I packed up quickly and got away by 7.30 a.m. hoping it wouldn't snow. It was only last year that seventeen people died in a blizzard up here. The way up to the summit of the pass was obvious at first but then the path became indistinct in a wide expanse of scree. Fortunately, the cloud had lifted by now and the sun kept coming out to warm my progress, which was slow but steady. I just kept going up hill till I got to the cairn decorated with prayer flags that graced the col. The surrounding hills looked distinctly Scottish and easily accessible at around 19,500 ft. - 20,000 ft. but from here only 2 or 3,000 ft. I decided to leave them till next time. A group of French trekkers from Darcha arrived on the col at the same time as myself and gave me chocolate and a hot drink. Twenty minutes later three monks and the German arrived from the Zanskar side, they had followed me up the pass and I asked them if I could walk with them as far as the river as I had been told that the river was deep and dangerous. They seemed friendly and shared some of their trampa bread with me. The German turned out to be a Greek and had met up with the three monks the previous night. He took some photo's and I asked him if he would send me a couple of prints as I hadn't a camera. I set off in front of them but they soon caught me up and went past all except the one I called Arthur Askey. He was small and thin and wore black horn rimmed spectacles and was as bald as an egg. He didn't speak English but he was friendly accepting the addition of the Greek and myself to his party in an uncomplicated way. He also carried a huge rucksack which kept him more at my pace than the others who raced ahead. Taski, the young one, spoke English and was a teacher and the third monk I called China, as he reminded me of Fu Manchu. By the time Arthur and me had caught up with them they had a fire lit and a brew going. They used pony and yak dung for fuel and it worked very well. They offered me a choice of tea, milk tea, butter tea or salt tea. I had the milk tea first but then had butter tea and salt tea as well. It all tasted delicious. They stirred tsampa flour into the brew and made a gruel. I tried that as well but wasn't taken by it. They also made a stew with dried meat, onions and chilli's with bread to dip in it. Where we'd stopped for lunch was by a well used camp site and it was a disgrace. Litter everywhere, most of it could have been burnt and buried. The monks didn't seem to care and gaily let plastic bags float away on the wind, another form of prayer flags carrying prayers to Buddha. We didn't reach the river that night so we camped, me snug in my little tent and the others out in the open behind little bivi-walls.

We reached the river the next morning. It was wide and fast and cold. The monks hoisted up their skirts and took off their shoes, I kept my shoes on. We set off all holding hands. Taski leading using a stout stick as a breakwater. I slipped, but the others held me up and we made our way slowly, shouting and

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laughing to the other side. Loukas, the Greek, stayed behind to take a photo and then got stuck so Taski and China rushed back into the water for him. The river was about 20 yards wide at this point and about three foot deep in the middle. I'd have never made it on my own and would have had to camp there till somebody came by. We laughed when we were all across and let the sun warm us before continuing on our way. This was definitely the last lap now but it was three p.m. before we saw the first signs of cultivation and another hour before we came to a village.

Some women were working on the fields and the monks stopped to talk to them. A truck was standing at the side of the track about half a mile away from the village but it set off before we reached the place. I had thought we were already at Darcha and was looking forward to a rest, but the others set off again and I followed, not wishing to be left behind. I managed to keep up with the others but poor Arthur Askey got left way behind. I kept looking back to keep him in sight but no-body else seemed to be bothered. We joined a tarmac road which was heaven to walk on, but completely out of place in these surroundings. Then suddenly we were at Darcha. I recognised it from the description the American girl had given me, three 'hotels', tea stalls and lorries. There was a lot of people about as well, all seemed friendly until two army officers appeared, then the locals just melted away and left me and Loukas to speak to them. They all came out again when the army presence had gone, and carried on as if the officers had never been. It was strange and sad in a way, but may be I just felt that because my journey had nearly ended and I was nearly home, well almost. Tomorrow Manali, then Delhi, then home.

Dot Woods

Climbing News 1989 - continued.....

- UK Rock:
- Mick Lovatt - Predator (E8), Supercool (E7)
 - Alan Clarke - Breach of the Peace (E7), Austrian Oak (E7)
 - Lord of the Flies (E6), Fear and Fascination (E5)
 - Dave Bates - Main Overhang (E6), L'Ob Session (E6) New Dawn (E6), Diet of Worms (E6), Shere Khan, Mirage, Sixpence, High Performance, Right Wall.
 - Dave Birkett - Scared Rabbit (E5, First Ascent), Bent Banana Crack, Trilogy.
 - Tom Walkington - Walkington's Tour (E5, First Ascent), Resurrection, Wild Wall (E4, First Ascent).
 - Jim Cooper - Don't Look Back (E2, First Ascent), Wombat
 - Alan Kenny - Moss Ghyll Grooves, Beowolfe, Sidetrack, OB
 - Bob Spencer - Mandrake, Pendulum
 - Sue Wood - Bilb, Buttress
 - Ann Carmack - Cioch Nose, Applecross
 - John Foster - Pinnacle Ridge (Gillean) Dubh Slabs