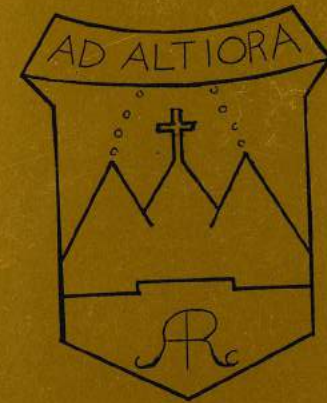


ACHILLE RATTI CLIMBING CLUB



GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR JOURNAL

1992

ACHILLE RATTI JOURNAL

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INTRODUCTION

Once again my 'pleas' for articles for the ARCC journal were answered, and I sincerely thank all contributors for their efforts and enthusiasm. I do believe that the authors of the articles enjoyed their own reminiscences when they put the words together like John Foster in Windermere at War. I am very tempted to record my own introduction to the joy of the hills - someday perhaps I will.

This year has been a very special one for the Club and the production of the Meets Card with twenty-two Meets - excluding the Fell-running calendar - gave an indication of the intention of members to enjoy the Golden Jubilee Year.

Some events were outstanding and exemplified the camaraderie of our members, in particular, the Three Peaks Cycling Event, the Jubilee Mass, the Grisedale Horseshoe Race, the Bishop's Walk, the two excellent Junior Meets and the memorable fifty peaks by Arthur Daniels.

1993 could be an interesting year with Dunmail finally updated and lit by electricity, possibly a satisfactory negotiated lease for Beckstones and just maybe success in obtaining property in Scotland. (The latter is at an early stage and will take time and patience). Continue enjoying life in the huts and on the hills, and if you enjoy reading this journal perhaps it will spur you into recording one of your adventures for the pleasure of others to read next year.

May I take this opportunity to wish everyone a happy, successful and active 1993.

Ad Altiora

Derek Price

EXTRACTS FROM MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING HELD ON SATURDAY 21ST NOVEMBER 1992 AT THE CHAPELSTILE VILLAGE HALL

45 Members were in attendance at the meeting.

APOLOGIES: were received from Monsignor Slattery, Angela Soper, Fr.Pat Kilgarrif, Barry Ayre, Barry Rogers and Bob Spencer.

Minutes of the previous Annual General Meeting were read, approved and signed by the Chairman; there were no matters arising.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT The Chairman's first comments were directed at the venue of the AGM this year. Those present at the AGM last year in Preston will remember that a vote was taken on a proposal put to the meeting regarding a change of venue to the Lake District had a majority of two in favour of the Lakes. It must be pointed out that the vote was allowed simply to get the 'feeling' of those present since it is the responsibility of the M/C to set the venue. However, the M/C did not feel that it could ignore the result and it was decided to have the 1992 AGM in Chapelstile. This does not mean that future AGMs will be held in the Lakes - the M/C will discuss the pros and cons at a future meeting.

The Chairman commented on the new lease arrangements for Beckstones and the developments at Dunmail.

Beckstones A quick reminder of the Clubs involvement in Beckstones. When the NT terminated our lease on Buckbarrow Farm they offered us the use of a barn at Low Thistleton (requiring a major conversion). After twelve months of meetings with various bodies and committees of the Trust we withdrew our interests since the goal posts were continually being moved and the lease finally offered was far too expensive. However, whilst these negotiations were taking place the Trust offered us the use of Beckstones, near the Duddon Valley, on a twelve monthly lease arrangement. In November year last we received a further offer from the Trust to renegotiate-negotiate the lease over a much longer period, but as the offer on the table is very unsatisfactory in its present form we are hoping that further discussions will result in our favour. Members will be kept in form of any developments.

Dunmail One of the major problems with Dunmail, partly because of its exposed situation, is the constant need for repairs and maintenance and the lack of electricity to power equipment makes work very difficult and lengthy. Over the last six years Norweb have been approached on three occasions to submit a quote for supplying electricity to Dunmail. On all occasions the figure has been in the area of £40,000 plus and the hut would still require wiring. In November last year former treasurer and expert in electrical plant installation, David Ogden, was asked to investigate the viability of a generator operated electrical supply. His figures came to around £12,500 for wiring the building, generator and installation of generator. The M/C decided to proceed in this direction and on the Long Walk weekend

the hut was lit for the first time using a temporary small petrol generator. It will be a few months before the main diesel generator is installed as planning permission for the housing may be necessary. It is hoped that with the new facilities Dunmail can move into the 1990s with an awareness of the necessity to provide hygiene and safety standards acceptable to the demands of the users.

Club Activities The Chairman thanked Alan and Clare Kenny for putting the 1992 Meets Card together. It did a great deal to boost the activities and he hoped that they would produce the 1993 card. He encouraged the organisers of each meet to nominate a participant to write a report for the 1993 journal.

Jubilee Mass Almost a hundred members attended the Mass concelebrated by Bishop Brewer, Monsignor Slattery, Frs. Hughes, Burns, Elder and Lomax. It was an encouraging turnout on a bank holiday weekend in summer. The Chairman remarked on his pleasure in seeing some of the older members responsible for the foundation of the club at the Mass but was sorry to report that Leo Brown, the first hut warden of Buckbarrow had died at the end of October. The Jubilee Mass was the last event that Leo had attended.

Cafod Race The race was again a tremendous success with the number of runners almost doubling last years. The highlight of the event was the success of non fell runner, Faz Faraday. Faz had been persuaded to run on the understanding that every effort would be made to encourage sponsorship. Faz, paced by Alan Kenny, completed the race in two hours twenty-two minutes and raised nearly £800 for Cafod. With entry fees, other sponsors and the sale of Tee shirts about £1500 was raised.

Bishop's Walk A very successful walk this year with more children taking part than recent years. 61 members turned up to assist and were all wined and dined at Bishop's Scale by Kath Hope, Margaret Price, Wilf Charnley and Tom Broderick.

The Chairman had a serious complaint to make regarding hut security. He said that the M/C does everything in its power not only to encourage activities on the hills but also to improve the hut facilities. To safeguard membership we had introduced cards with photographs being aware that some outsiders have made use of our facilities and property has been at risk. On two occasions this year people have stayed a one of the huts, members have not known them and yet on both occasions no-one asked to see their membership cards. All mountaineering equipment is expensive, many members have cameras with them and money, plastic cards and cheque books are often left in the huts. It is not just the responsibility of the M/C members and duty wardens to check membership, the rule is simply this, if you are a regular hut user and/or you do not know a person, show them your card and ask to see theirs. You may not like it but if they are members there is no problem. If they cannot prove membership you have the right to ask them to leave the premises.

The Direct Debit system was now in operation. He reminded members about the Club Dinner and encouraged people to send in articles for the 1992 journal. He also welcomed suggestions for the 1993 Alpine (or elsewhere) Meet. Finally he thanked the M/C for their continued support, time and advice throughout the year.

SECRETARY'S REPORT: John Meredith began by thanking John Gilmour for his assistance in identifying many of the individuals on the club's earliest photographs, including the first Mass held at the summit of Scafell.

He went on to report that in response to the auditor's request that an inventory of the club's properties should be prepared, he had examined the deeds of the three properties owned by the club and reported upon those properties to the M/C during the year. A plan of Bishop's Scale was circulated and short reports upon Bishop's Scale, Dunmail and Tyn Twr were given.

The report continued with consideration of the current state of negotiations with the National Trust for longer term tenure of Beckstones and the proposals put forward in the Trust's letter of the 10th November 1992 was summarised. These include provision for an annual rent of £2500 (over three times the current figure), a requirement that the club should pay for repair and improvement work the nature of which has not yet been established, review the rent every 3 years (not to be reduced) and full liability for insurance, repairs and all outgoings upon the property. Additionally, whilst the letter referred to a 21 year term, he reported that, as proposed, the Trust would have an option of terminating the lease after 7 and 14 years (effectively not a 21 year term at all). He reported that, whilst the terms as a whole had not been considered in detail by the M/C, it was not felt that the proposals were unattractive at present and would need close examination.

TREASURER'S REPORT: Mike Lomas circulated a detailed written report which is far too long to include in this report and members wishing for further information should contact Mike.

| | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| Balance in bank on 30 9 92..... | £48,400.68 |
| Bishop's Scale income..... | £6,078.73 |
| Beckstones income..... | £1,247.76 |
| Dunmail income..... | £6,339.40 |
| Tyn Twr income..... | £2,323.75 |
| Subscription income..... | £7,912.08 |

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY'S REPORT: Nev Haigh reported that the current composition of the club was as follows:

| | CATHOLIC | NON-CATHOLIC | TOTAL |
|------------------|----------|--------------|------------|
| Graduate members | 22 | 19 | 41 |
| Full members | 301 | 158 | 459 |
| Life members | 109 | 20 | <u>129</u> |
| | | | 629 |

Nev reported that about half the full members had now begun paying by direct debit and appealed to those present to adopt the system.

HUT WARDENS' REPORT: BISHOP'S SCALE

Alan Kenny reported that the hut had been well used by members with visiting clubs only using the hut on 6 weekends throughout the year (otherwise now confined to mid week use).

Compared with last year's working weekend (when only three turned up) attendance at this years weekend was much better attended. Work carried out included painting and creosoting, further levelling of the car park, and repair and strengthening of the bridge.

Improvements introduced during this year included fitting of fire doors throughout the hut, with a fire escape for the family quarters, installation of reconditioned cookers in the both kitchens, and new equipment in the main kitchen. An additional shower had been installed over the men's bath. Also water shortage problems caused by the leaking dam had been attended by enlargement and sealing of the dam.

Rebuilding of the front boundary wall at the family quarters end has now been completed and work upon building the wall where the car park has been levelled has commenced.

Alan concluded by noting his thanks to Fr.Hughes for introducing an audio system in the chapel, thus providing us with the benefit of heavenly music.

BECKSTONES Frank Whittle reported that there had been better use by members but difficulties, because of the limited dormitories, in accommodating visiting clubs. He reported that heating arrangements had been improved and expressed his hope that the M/C would proceed with a longer term lease of the hut.

DUNMAIL Dot Wood reported that she had taken responsibility for the hut since May and had inherited a number of problems, namely with the water, heating, drains, fencing and beds. A considerable amount of cleaning work had been done and a working weekend to finish off painting work was well attended.

Hut fees were reduced by Rod Grimshaw because of the problems but would be going up again from 1st January 1993.

A problem of with the water supply had been attended by a local plumber.

Rod and Faz Faraday constructed beds in July. Terry Kitching mended gas fires and, in September, the hut was wired up for electricity by Dave Ogden's firm. Thus, for the long walk in September, with the assistance of a borrowed generator, there was an electricity supply for the first time in the building's history.

Whilst general usage of the hut this year has been good, school usage is down (no doubt a reflection of public spending cuts). Whilst there has been an arrangement for use by charity groups at a nominal charge, they do cause a lot of trouble, not only by causing damage and mess, but also because they need "nurse maiding".

Whilst plans for the generator housing have been drawn up, the groundwork needs to be done and Dot reminded those present that an opportunity to assist would be presented on the working weekend 11th/13th December.

The hut has been used on 95 days since May (leaving 69 days unused).

From bank stubs, it appears that a total of £7347.00 was banked in the period April to November 1991, compared with £6791.00 in the period May to November 1992.

Arthur Daniels suggested that it would assist visiting clubs if a brochure of any available freelance instructors were made available when the hut was booked.

TYN TWR: Ann Wallace reported that Barry Rogers had done a lot more work on pointing and window repairs. A dehumidifier has been installed in the drying room. Unfortunately, the hut was broken into with approximately £200.00 of damage being done and the cleaner stolen.

Of the two working weekends, one was attended by only one person, the other by several. There are now security lights and notices everywhere.

Of the income received during the period from October 1991 to September 1992, £1751.00 came from visiting groups, i.e., about 70% of the total income.

Anne confirmed that there is now a designated room for children in the men's dormitory. Freda Pollard questioned this, suggesting that it was inappropriate that young children should be separated from their grandparents (and, by implication, mothers) and unfair that naked male members should face the embarrassment of having young children in their area. Margaret Price commented that she was sure from her recollection of the hut's usage in past years, that children had been housed on the women's side. In response to this Anne confirmed that the new system had been introduced so that she could get a good nights

sleep.

Discussion of Tyn Twr's accommodation for families led to a more general discussion of the use by families of the huts. Dorothy Buffey recounted an experience on a recent junior meet when, as duty warden, she was faced with baby-sitting for a number of members who had departed for the pub and had left their children without making any request for baby-sitting cover. On this occasion she had been faced with the potential problems being posed by young children coming into the hut to light burning tapers for a bonfire outside.

ELECTION OF MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE MEMBERS: Derek Price confirmed as follows:

- i That Mike Lomas had been proposed as treasurer.
- ii That Nev Haigh had been proposed as membership secretary.
- iii That Tony (Faz) Faraday and Nick Smith had been proposed as ordinary members of the management committee.

All the proposals were approved and John Foster suggested a vote of thanks to Mike Lomas and Nev Haigh in particular, for being prepared to stand for second terms.

ANY OTHER BUSINESS: John Foster recounted his efforts to locate one of the original £10.00 promissory notes which had been used to fund the purchase of Tyn Twr. He had eventually obtained one from Tony Daley and displayed the note and other relevant information about Tyn Twr which he has framed and which is to be hung at the hut. To put the value of the £10.00 promissory note in context, he confirmed that it would now be worth over £100.00 and commented upon his view that, since all the club's properties had been purchased in the first 25 years, he felt that the club had slipped back and that the remedy to prevent further decline would be to push for a Scottish hut.

Faz Faraday suggested that the club should consider departing from the two third/one third ratio in respect of catholic/non-catholic membership to accommodate committed Christians of other denominations. This provoked some discussion but it was accepted that, as it would involve a change in the club's constitution, it could not properly be dealt with at this meeting although the issue deserves future consideration.

Leo Pollard gave a vote of thanks to those who have helped the club's fell running activities. He confirmed that Clare Kenny is to take over the running of the Old Counties Tops Race and commented upon his view that the fell runners and the club's fell running events were assisting the profile of the club. He extended his congratulations to Arthur Daniels on completing his 50 peaks, no mean achievement at the age of 53 and an appropriate way to mark the club's golden jubilee year. John Nixon has contributed to publicising the club's name in Europe (although we have now sadly lost him, at least as a runner, to Horwich Harriers). He congratulated Alan Kenny for his performance in winning the cup for the fastest runner/mountaineer.

Leo concluded by extending his thanks to all those who have marshalled checkpoints and helped with feeding arrangements and suggested that the £60.00 we have received from Ambleside for assisting upon the Langdale Horseshoe should be used to purchase equipment for junior meets.

In response to John Foster's comments about the club's decline, Derek Price concluded by pointing out his view that the club faced competition from many other sources nowadays, in attracting young members. He thanked John for the he has invested in collecting the information about Tyn Twr's origins and for his very real interest in the club's interest.

A vote of thanks to the management committee for its efforts in the past year was proposed by Margaret Price and seconded by Arthur Daniels.

Danny Hope - Fell Runner

Anon.

Danny won the English under 16 Fell Running Championship in 1992. The Championship consists of four races of which the best three count. The races were Coniston, Five Cloughs, Burnsall Classic and Shelfmoor. Danny won at Five Cloughs and Shelfmoor and came second in the other two. The points were given out as 10 for the winner, 9 for anyone within 30 seconds, 8 for anyone within a minute, and so on. Next year Danny will still be under 16 and will have another chance of winning, though the format will be slightly different. In 1993 there will be six races of which four count and the points system is 10 for the winner, 8 for the second 7 for the third, and so on.

Danny has won a number of other races this year which include: Screen Hill and the Bens of Jura junior races in Scotland. Also, the Langdale Gala, Blisco Dash, Three Shires and Gunson Knott junior races in the Lake District. Plus the Horwich Harriers Club Championship and Triathlon, Composite relay, Moel Siabod and Thievely Pike. He came second in the Bolton Schools Track Championships at 1500 metres and the Cross Country Championships and third in the Greater Manchester Schools Orienteering Championships. In the Achille Ratti Club Race he won the under 16's and broke Gary Pollard's 10 year old record by 29 seconds.

Where there's Life there's Hope(s).

Anon.

Langdale Gala - Sunday, 23rd August.
Fell Race.

Conditions windy with a few showers.
For the first time in several years
the tops were clear and the route of
the Gunson Knott race could be seen.

Results:

Senior. 1st place Vet. John Hope.
(Sixth overall).

Under 18's. 1st place. Danny Hope.

Under 10's. 3rd place. Chris Daniels.

Pet Show. 3rd place. Ben (Hopes
Lancashire Terrier).
(Kath Hope and Ben)



TYN TWR - THE BIRTH OF A HUT

John Foster.

Chapter VI.

Tyn Twr was now ours, complete with tenant in the southern half, and nothing in the rest. To start fitting out, I deposited two armchairs and a table, donated most fittingly by Welsh people I knew.

Nev Haigh drew up plans for a septic tank and a toilet in the cubby hole behind the front door, and submitted them with the relevant forms to the local authority. By this time it was February '68, and on a brief visit I found some local rogue had smashed the window at the bottom of the stairs in order to raid the electricity meter, which had been emptied. The window frame was rotten and needed replacing, but we lost some of the original diamond leaded glass, the last panes of which survive in the lounge and the women's large dorm.

With no vehicle access we had to park on the road, there being just a small gate by the slate pillar at the end of the railings. So that Easter, Joyce and me and the lads took down the roadside wall (where the run-in walls are now), stacking the slate at the front of the school, from which Frank has since built his garage. On another weekend I wired and installed a cooker in the kitchen, so the Primus Stoves could now be left at home. But we were still sleeping on the floor.

Detailed planning permission was at last granted in late July, and a specification for conversion was put out to three local builders to tender. By October we had only one estimate submitted, from Ken Hughes, which was rejected because it was too high. In the meantime, mooching around the back, I found a disused septic tank which had served the school toilets. During the winter of '68-69' we corresponded with Penrhyn Estate about using this, but to no avail. But by April Ken Hughes had come up with a revised estimate for a septic tank, which we found acceptable.

Barry Ayre (then secretary) found some steel bunks going cheap, which may have come out of a troopship, and could be bolted on top of each other indefinitely. These I took down in the Land Rover, assembled them in threes in what is now the women's large dorm and also the shower room. They were temporary, as I had already decided that the best way to utilise the space was to build in fixed bunks, starting with the small dorm above the entrance. The end frames (still existing) were timber, the canvases were made by a tarpaulin firm in Wigan, stretched by poles in their sleeves, slotted into tapering brackets. These I designed to be self-adjusting to tension the canvases, and were made in a local builders workshop of plywood. The poles were in fact old steel water pipes obtained by John Liptrot from his glassworks' scrap yard at tuppence a pound. They were very rusty and cleaning them off with a grinding disc in my garage at home before applying aluminium paint was the nastiest job I did for the hut.

That summer other members got on with the plumbing, installing the wash basins, sinks and water tanks supplied second hand by Terry Hickey from his business. Leo Pollard, (my working colleague, not then a member) cut out steel plates and brackets for the bunks, and made up a money box which I fitted in the lounge cupboard. A coke boiler was installed in the kitchen, shelves for pans, a second cooker and pigeon holes for food boxes at the bottom of the stairs. My long summer holiday enabled me to spend the last week of August rewiring the lights, installing sockets and getting on with the bunks in the large dorm. The steel ones I took up to Bishop's Scale. At the same time Hughes was constructing the septic tank in the field opposite and laying the drains under the road. The toilet was coupled up and the Elsan thankfully laid in its final resting place. The hut was at last taking shape. Yet there was still occasional mutterings from a few members that the hut was in the wrong place, and at the foot of a tip (Aberfan was still fresh in peoples minds).

I had no such doubts and still maintain that somehow it was ordained that Bethesda would be the place where the Achille Ratti would set up its Welsh hut. To justify this I must go back to 1955 once again to show that the inception of Bishop's Scale established the first connection of our club with the parish of Bangor, of which Bethesda is part.

It was in late September that year that me and John Liptrot had ridden our motor bikes down to our Welsh barn one weekend. After climbing on the Saturday we went as usual to the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday at Our Lady's in Bangor. The parish priest there for a great many years was Canon Thompson, a native of Newton-le-Willows. He mentioned in his sermon that he had received a letter from Bishop Pearson inviting donations to establish a chapel and mountaineering hut in the Langdale Valley. North Wales is not a very catholic area, the parish of Bangor small in number, and consequently rather poor. But Canon Thompson was a canny lad. He had sent a donation of £5 (then a weeks wage for some) explaining the circumstances of the parish and inviting our Bishop to establish a climbing hut in North Wales some day. In the reply thanking him, Bishop Pearson declared that whenever the Diocese of Lancaster was distributing charitable monies to poor parishes, Bangor would not be forgotten.

In later years I discovered that Mass was celebrated on Sundays in Bethesda, initially in The Waterloo, and then when Dave Thomas the licensee retired in 1961, in the T.A. hall of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. As this was much more convenient, we henceforth went there whenever we were camped in the Ogwen area. The makeshift altar was a low rostrum at one end, from which no doubt the R.S.M. preached military discipline to his acolytes. Around the walls were no Stations of the Cross, but charts showing military manoeuvres, exploded diagrams of Bren guns and Sten guns, Mills bombs, two inch mortars and the Vickers heavy machine gun. Incongruous you may think, but they did illustrate that man's inhumanity to man had changed little in 1900 years.

It had long been Canon Thompson's ambition to establish a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament in Bethesda. When this was achieved in 1963, it was natural that he turned to Bishop Pearson to consecrate the new church of St.Pius X and St.Richard

Gwyn that September, as these two sons of Lancashire had become friends. Not long afterwards, Canon Thompson's arthritis worsened such that he had to retire to some place in Fulwood in June 1969, and died a couple of years later. So the foregoing are the reasons why it was most fitting that by that time we had established our Welsh hut so close to the church our founder had consecrated, and not, as some suspected, because it was handy for that Temple of Bacchus I have patronised for nearly 40 years, the Douglas Arms.

Throughout that Autumn, John Liptrot and I went alternate weekends putting the finishing touches to the hut. It had eight triple bunks, three wash basins, two sinks, two cookers and one toilet. The lounge had to double as a dining room, with the present table fitted into a corner with bench seats round the two walls. On a weekend in November the whole Management Committee came down for a commissioning weekend. Our Welsh Hut (the northern half) was at last open to members, three and a half years after I found it for sale. a long weary road.

WINDERMERE AT WAR FIRST STEPS INTO THE HILLS

John Foster.

'Though past its zenith, the sun still beat down savagely, and in my raging thirst I was certain I would not make it.' In my imagination I was living out a favourite story in the Hotspur, or Adventure, or was it the Wizard.

It was early August 1945, the dying days of the war in the Pacific, and the dying days of hundreds of thousands of people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I was struggling up the road towards the YMCA camp at Stott Park, my black school gabardine on my left arm, my right stretched by an exceedingly heavy suitcase (I still have it, and it now seems so small). We had travelled all the way by train from St.Helen's to Lakeside, the line being still intact then, part of the London, Midland and Scottish railway. Nationalisation and the formation of British Rail was still two years away, Backbarrow bypass didn't exist even on paper, and Dr.Beeching hadn't been heard of. It was the annual camp of the boys club of my parish, St.Mary's Lowe House. This club had been founded originally as a boxing club by Rev. Fr. Finnemore S.J. to vent off the aggression of the uncouth youth of this very working class parish. That was in 1936, and it was thus a contemporary of the Blackpool Catholic Boys Association, then just being formed by the young Fr.Pearson, from which our club sprang in 1942.

The YMCA camp had also been established in the late thirties, and was still pretty basic, with bell tents and the only solid structures were two large wooden huts, dining hall/cookhouse and staff accommodation. Called more grandly the YMCA National Centre, I hear it has chalets now, and no canvas in sight.

After we had been allocated to our tents, we raced excitedly down to the of the largest sheet of fresh water we had ever seen.

In awe, we gazed along its enormous length to what seemed a tremendously high mountain. It was the highest thing I had ever seen, so very many times higher than the glassworks chimneys at home. I know it now as Fairfield, and have often trod its flat summit, but was so green then that I would have readily believed it to be Cotopaxi had I been so told. A distant roaring came down the lake, rising to a crescendo, then dying away. Had someone said it was a dragon, I'd have believed that too. Eleven years old, I was away from my family for the very first time. Thus began the most wonderful week of my life.

Sunday morning, and Mass before breakfast celebrated on a trestle table in the dining hall. Fr. de Caires, who had recently come to the parish and been put in charge of the club, was an all round sportsman. In his days at Stoneyhurst he had occasionally played cricket for Lancashire. Every day he organised something to keep us occupied, a walk in the area, a game of cricket or rugby on the field between the tents and the lake. But me and my mate Spud were the youngest there, being only just old enough to join the club, and not much use playing against teenagers. Nor were we allowed on our own in the rowing boats which could be hired for sixpence an hour. So we made out own amusements mainly, exploring the scrubby woodland along the banks of the lake, a wonderland for small boys whose playground was normally sandstone pavements and streets of granite sets. The odd bomb site or air raid shelter of brick and concrete. I had just taken up fishing, and with my cane rod could wade out in my wellies to Costello's Rocks. There I baited my hook with bread to catch minnows to use as live bait for the perch, which were plentiful in the lake. How cruel it now seems to stick a hook through the back of a living creature to catch a bigger fish. But that was how the older lads had taught me. And every day at various times came that mysterious roar from up the lake, for just a minute or two before dying away, and not one of us had any idea what it might be.

Another problem of being the youngest and smallest was that when our turn came round on the rota to help in the kitchen and dining room, the nastiest jobs were pushed onto us by the older lads. So naturally, when one day we all set off for a picnic, the heavy iron kettle and pans to boil on a wood fire for a brew were dumped on me and Spud to carry. Our destination was High Dam, originally constructed to provide water power for the bobbin mill, but now disused. That too was a new wonderland. Then a coach trip to Grange-over-Sands, rather dull, but later in the week a sail on the Teal up to Bowness was as good as a trip on an Atlantic liner.

On Wednesday the roar came again, but not rising and falling as before, just a steady note going on and on, muted by distance. This was something new, and it seemed to be growing louder, drawing nearer. From the waters edge, gazing up the lake, something was moving, coming round the end of Belle Isle. Above a small white bow wave we could make out a boats hull, but from behind the cockpit spread wings, each with a float at its tip and carrying two big radial engines. The dragon's roar of previous days had been each one of these being taken up to full revs to test its performance after a refit. Or maybe they were brand new

engines, as by this stage of the war the original Bristol Pegasus engines of the Mark 1 were being replaced by more powerful Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasps imported from America, to bring these beautiful flying boats up to Mark V specification. For this was the Short Sunderland, the scourge of the U-boat fleet, and instantly recognised by youngsters who remembered little but the past six years of war.

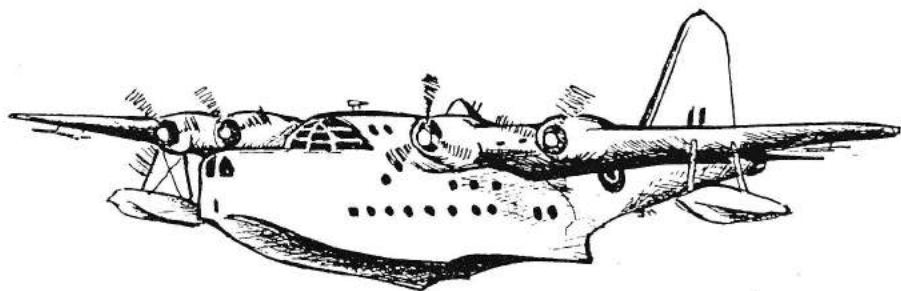
The roar reached a tremendous crescendo now, as with all four throttles fully forward the Sunderland accelerated towards us, bow wave diminishing as the hull lifted. Then it was off, climbing steadily, and at about 300ft. it passed us gaping entranced, and banked westward over Newby Bridge, the drone of the engines fading into the distance. Unknown to us, a flying boat base had been established at White Cross Bay, where they not only repaired and refitted, but 35 Sunderlands were constructed during the war. The essential skilled labour was brought in from our industrial towns and housed in hastily constructed low brick bungalows with asbestos roofs, on the Calgarth Estate where The Lake School is now. The great concrete slipway is still there, and used by folk on the caravan site to launch their boats and canoes.

This exciting week of marvellous experiences came to its climax on the last full day before we left for home on Saturday morning. Opposite the camp is a hill called Gummers' How, and our sporting chaplain decided we would climb it. At school I was taught that a mountain is anything over 1,000ft high, so at 1,054 ft. Gummer's How was to be my first mountain. A water borne assault was planned using the camp's rowing boats. How many we were I cannot remember, but there was too many of us to fit in the boats. So we crossed the lake in relays, some of the senior lads (Jack Case, Norbert Cammack and Tom Finney among them) rowed the boats back empty for the second wave. Being only fourteen months after the D Day landing in Normandy, this was a hostile shore to our war conditioned imaginations. We sprang from the boats and fought our way through the rhododendron entanglements to the road. There we paused to check there were no Tiger tanks coming from Newby Bridge before we raced across to do battle with the second line of rhododendron defences. These were pretty dense, on a very steep hillside, and we soon decided that being an infantry man was not very glamorous after all. We struggled on, a big lad out front shouted he'd seen a deer, but there were only hoof prints when I reached the spot. Slowly upwards, the vegetation thinning, so that we could see the surrounding countryside again.

Nearing the top, and suddenly the sound of engines once more. But now they were muted, throttled back, and there below us was the next Sunderland coming in for its major overhaul. A most beautiful sight to us in its Coastal Command white, but the perfect example that beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder. The sight of an approaching Sunderland must have struck terror in the heart of many a U-boat skipper. So much so that when Germany capitulated in May that year, and the U-boats at sea were ordered to come to the surface to Loch Eribol to surrender to the Royal Navy, their captains requested that there would be 'no Sunderlands please' among the aircraft sent to guide them in.

Slowly the Sunderland sank towards the water, full flaps down, lower and lower, then a streak of white as its keel touched, widening as the hull settled on the lake, and the smaller white streaks when the wing tip floats touched the water. She was down, and waddling like a giant white duck into Bowness Bay on the way up to her anchorage.

So ended this wonderful week, and for me an augury of what was to come. Eleven years later I too was wearing a blue uniform, a member of a mountain rescue team, and working on aircraft carrying the same roundels, but far faster and more deadly than those graceful flying boats.



Short Sunderland

BIKES ACROSS FRANCE

Michael Carr

In April 1992 my mum and dad said that we would be holidaying on the Mediterranean, South of France. The only snag was that we had to get there by bike.

The plan was to cycle from Le Havre on the English Channel to Montpellier on the Mediterranean. There would be six of us in the team, Mum and Dad, Steve Batty, Phil and Helen German and me. We would get back to Le Havre by hiring two cars.



The Team. (L to R)

Bryan Carr
Ruth Carr
Matt Carr
Phil German
Helen German
Steve Batty

After spending months dreaming about leaving the ferry at Le Havre in brilliant sunshine and plastered in suntan lotion, we docked in pouring rain. Seventy five wet miles and one puncture later we arrived in Evreux - our first camp. All we wanted to do was eat and then settle down to a good nights' sleep in our

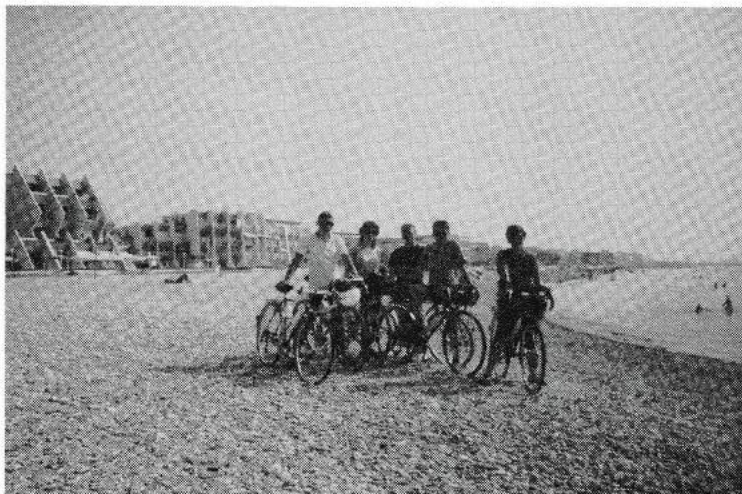
tents. Unfortunately, the French gypsies who occupied most of the caravans around us had a different idea - they put on a display of heavy drinking and gang fighting which continued until 4,00 a.m.

After a poor nights sleep we woke to a beautiful morning. We spent the next three days cycling through fields of corn and sunflowers - and covered in suntan lotion. At the end of the fourth day we had cycled three hundred miles and were now entering the Massif Central - a hilly but beautiful section of the ride.

We cycled through the Gorges du Tarn and over several cols (and up to Mont Aigoual) and arrived at Le Vigan, where we were promised a day off by Steve since we were only two days away from our goal. But I might have guessed what we would be doing - a sixty mile circular bike ride including a 16 mile col (uphill)!

We broke camp at Le Vigan and set off for Montpellier which was quite a flat ride but hot and humid and the terrain barren, like a desert. Eventually we arrived at Montpellier which is a large busy city - we were glad to leave and set up camp at Lattes about four miles south of Montpellier, leaving us only about six miles to cycle down to the sea the next day.

So after 760 miles and 13 days of cycling I finally got a swim in the Mediterranean.



Palavas (Mediterranean)

WALKING IN THE SHROPSHIRE HILLS

Ed.McWatt.

We parked our caravan near The Long Myndd near Church Stretton and decided to use two cars to shuttle back and forth to various starting and finishing points.

Our first day, me Denis and Peter McWatt started off from Lyth Hill near Shrewsbury and started walking in torrential rain towards Bridges - a distance of 11 miles. We didn't see much because it poured down the whole day. The mist was quite thick on the hills and we ended up using a map and compass to attain our target. We had also to use wire cutters to snap barbed wire across a couple of stiles. We even had to eat our butties in the rain. We were camped about 5 miles from Bridges so after recovering in the caravan we returned to a delightful free house called the Horseshoe Inn in Bridges, where a few delicious pints of Adnaws were quaffed during the evening. There is a private Youth Hostel in Bridges which used to be owned by the YHA.

The next day we decided to risk the hills so we drove to the delightful town of Much Wenlock on Wenlock Edge and on to the marvellous Ironbridge near Telford. The weather was kinder today and we had a good days jangle after yesterdays misery. After returning by a slightly different route I cooked a delicious pasts meal and we later visited our favourite pub in Bridges.

The following day, Monday, 10th August saw a much nicer day so we decided to return to our original plan. Started the day by driving to the lovely town of Bishop's Castle which is built on a steep hill. This town boasts of a brewery - Three Tuns - which has a pub on sight - called The Three Tuns Brewery Inn. We ascended the Stiperstones Ridge (536m) from Bridges and walked along to Nipstone Rock. The Stiperstones contain quartzite and have a very peculiar appearance not unlike the Torrns of Cornwall and Devon. The views were wonderful looking over the border country and deep into the heart of England. We carried on to Hirley Hill and thence to Bishop's Castle (12 miles). We sampled the delicious beer at The Three Tuns Brewery Inn - the XB was particularly delicious. We returned to camp to find our brother Michael waiting for us. Mick had driven up from Sussex where unfortunately he lives (for a hill man like me!). We enjoyed our return to the Horseshoe Inn in Bridges.

The next day started in Bishop's Castle and we walked to Clun (12 miles) via Colebatch, Churchtown, Middle Knuck and along Offa's Dyke path to Hergan. Today was quite sunny with some showers and the scenery was magnificent and very hilly with many climbs up and down the Shropshire hills. On our return to Bishop's Castle we again sampled the delights of The Three Tuns Brewery Inn and treated ourselves to a very tasty meal and reasonably priced too.

The weather was appalling overnight and we thought that we would have to change our arrangements for the day. However, fortunately, the rain stopped by the time we had finished our breakfast. So we drove to Clun and walked to Guilden Down and

thence to Burywitches Fort. This is a massive earthen fort. The views were very commanding and the weather quite kind. We carried on to Walcot Park - originally owned by the Duke of Wellington - it is said. We journeyed on to Kempton and thence to Sibdon Carwood - the site of the old castle and church. Mick, not being a hill walker, was showing signs of wear and tear so he was glad to reach Craven Arms where not a single decent pub was open. We returned to Bishop's Castle to our favourite haunt. On return to the campsite Mick packed up and left to return to his family to recover in time for the rest of his annual holiday in Pembrokeshire.

In the evening we joined Stewart Everitt (a friend and ARCC member) in the Crown Inn in Wenthor. Stewart decided to join us for the last day's walking. He had missed the best days as the final day flattened out as we made our way to Ludlow. The next day started off well but soon deteriorated badly and continued to pour down all the way from Craven Arms to Ludlow. A couple of high spots made the day. The first occurrence was at Stokesay where there was a magnificent fortified Manor House, fully preserved and also a beautiful church. We plodded on in the rain to Onibury where the map indicated had a pub where we thought we could dry out. However, to our regret we discovered it had closed down - the recession and the Beer Orders Act I presume. We soldiered on to Ludlow. The next interesting incident was a close encounter with a very large bull in a field. Denis was in front of us when Pete said to me - something like, "Oh dear isn't he a big fellow", (the bull not Denis). Pete and I bravely jumped agilely over the nearest barbed wire fence whilst Denis walked straight passed the brute with cows surrounding him - jealousy will get me nowhere. Someone up there must like Denis. After the blood pressure subsided we walked along silently wondering why they say Goretex is waterproof. Later we discovered that compared to other waterproofs, they were quite dry.

On our arrival in Ludlow - a beautiful Elizabethan town - we walked to the nearest pub that was open. However, we were dissatisfied so we sent Denis out to scout for better premises. He came back shortly with glad tidings that 'Utopia' had been discovered. We squelched our way along to the Church Inn which sold the wonderful 'Bellringers Church Inn Bitter' and 'Owd Wat' - both extremely tasty beers. Our spirits were revived after the first pint so we decided to try out a couple more. After returning to camp we stoked up the boilers with a huge rice dish to soak up the ale and went for a farewell drink to the Horseshoe Inn in Bridges.

Our overriding view of South Shropshire was of totally unspoilt English countryside of great beauty. We found the locals extremely friendly and the towns very picturesque and well - you've heard all about the pubs.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE MASS

Monsignor F. Slattery - Club President.

When the Bishop called me to deliver this sermon I was in a dilemma. Should it be a sermon or a sort of after-dinner speech. Well, in the end I decided on a compromise. There will be other opportunities for reflection on the Club's history e.g. at the Annual Dinner.

But today we gathered in this Lakeland church of St. Herbert to THANK GOD. It would have been nice to have celebrated in the Langdale Chapel but we anticipated that numbers would prevent this.



Well, we are gathered to celebrate - like any celebration whether wedding or ordination anniversary there is an element of joy. It isn't just survival that we celebrate. There is the joy

of success and achievement.

It is right that an important part of our celebration should be an act of worship of God - a Mass of Thanksgiving. After all, the founder of our club was a priest, eventually a Bishop. The Club is named after a Pope who was a climber, Achille Ratti; our badge shows mountains surmounted by a cross and the club originated in a religious organisation - the Catholic Boys Association in Blackpool.

But there are many others, priests and lay people, men and women whom we must thank God for. To name names would be invidious, but their contribution must be acknowledged. As with any organisation there is a tremendous amount of infra-structure and spade work - often going unsung, but without which the organisation would crumble - the acquisition, equipping, repairing, maintaining of the huts, organising meets and events. We must look back and acknowledge the debt we owe to so many willing helpers.

We thank God next for what the club has enabled so many of us to do viz. to enjoy the exhilaration, the challenge, the conquest, the splendour of God's creation. For that is surely what our Club is all about - exemplified so recently in Chris Bonnington's programmes. The old cliché about climbing "because they are there" doesn't do justice to the whole gamut of emotions and experiences involved in climbing. Must we not acknowledge that there is surely something spiritual in leaving behind pollution, noise and busyness of the madding crowd in town and city and seeking the rarer atmosphere of the fells - finding the spirit of joy of heart in the countryside. What elevation of spirit can come from the hard work, the challenge, the conquest, the achievement when one reaches a summit.

I remember not long ago, climbing St.Sunday Crag. We made our way along Deepdale on a murky day with low cloud. It was cold, windy and frosty. But as we reached the topmost point, suddenly the cloud cleared and it was like being in an aeroplane as we gazed into a cloudless, azure blue sky with just the odd jet slip-stream. One could see the odd peak like Helvellyn pushing through the cloud. I'm sure many of you will have had similar experiences. It was a sight I'll never forget.

Our psalm today suggests something of this when it says: "I will lift my eyes to the mountains from where will come my help" or as another translation has it "to find deliverance."

Well, it does seem as though God reveals Himself on the mountain tops. We think of Mount Horeb where Abraham encountered God; Mount Sinai where Moses was given the law and spoke with God; Mount Carmel where the prophet, Elijah, encountered Him; Mount Sion, referred to in our first reading today "most renowned in all the world. Come let us go up to the mountain of the Lord" - this was the centre of Israelite worship; Mount Tabor where our Lord was transfigured in the presence of his apostles and finally Mount Calvary where Christ sacrificed his life for us.

All these suggest an uplift, a revelation, an elevation of

soul, inspiring wonder and awe which comes from the ascent. We thank God today for that opportunity.

What else to thank God for? Well, there is the friendship, the camaraderie, the team work which so often is the spin-off of our association - a very important element in our club. The shared experience of our days on the fells - the successes, the failures - all that goes to the keeping of the club spirit.

I must not go on.

I was struck the other night on Bonnington's programme by a man who spoke of the spirit after the war which drove many to seek in mountaineering "a recreation innocent of all violence and hatred." I think this is highlighted by our choice of readings today especially the first - swords beaten into ploughshares, spears into pruning hooks; why not into crampons and ice-axes - that peace which mountaineering can give.

Then the desire to help others in the second reading - evidenced by such events as the Cafod race, Bishop's Walk, etc.

We have looked into the past and found much to thank God for.

What of the future? Let us pray that the spirit of good fellowship, generosity, of humour and comradeship will continue; that the club's motto, "Ad altiora" - to higher, loftier things, will continue to be sought.

I conclude with a question from Bishop Pearson's own brief history of the club. After outlining it he writes: "It is up to the enterprise and spirit of the members to see that it (the story) develops into a saga of adventure and progress.... our lessons of the hills would be superficial indeed if we had not learnt that the spirit of the hills is to overcome obstacles and to venture new and better things."

We have much to be grateful for over these 50 years. But let us maintain that spirit of dedication and joy which characterises our club. It is a valuable addition to the human spirit and a worthwhile contribution to our civilisation.

TANNING AT DUNMAIL - Circa 1955.

Judy Hargreaves.

The six of us were sat down at the Swan, Grasmere, as it was not worth our driver's job to put us off at Dunmail. This was long before the road alterations.

As the story books go - it was a windy night (and pitch black into the bargain) and the bus had been warm and dry tho' smokey. Our torches were at the bottom of our unwieldy Bergen rucksacks and therefore we went unwillingly to unpack and wet everything just to get a glimmer of light.

Bob set off at a cracking pace - with John I believe, lighting a cigarette to guide us, shielding it from the rain in the palm of his hand. In those days, the key of Dunmail was kept at one of the houses on the left going North. Bob turned round and shouted at us three girls to get 'a ----- move on,' waved a damp cigarette and then ---- vanished from view! He'd gone into a dyke, completely immersing everything he owned in the water - so inky and black was the night.

Somehow or other we all survived the struggle up to the hut. Bob got the boiler going and we started on the food. Eventually we began to queue up for the bathwater now resembling warm beer in temperature. Didn't know how much longer the calor gas lamps would last, so after washing-up and putting on dry clothes on and steaming clothes to dry - headed for "girls" dorm and "mens" respectively.

About 2 o'clock in the morning Bob started systematically waking us up for more baths. The boiler was, (after Bob's loving care) doing about 8 knots and producing a deep brown, very hot supply of water. He had already had two more baths!!

We sleepily and obediently went through the ritual of bathing again. By now we were all looking very sunburnt due to this burnt looking water. If my recollections are correct, 14 baths were had between the 6 of us that damp, dark night - all in the hors of darkness.

It is always the same even now - if anybody mentions very hot water - my mind goes back to that hot, brown water at Dunmail!! Nothing to touch it!

L to R.

Wendy Middleton

Hilda Vandome

John Britt

Maurice Vandome.



TOUR OF THE OISANS (DAUPHINE ALPS) G.R. 54.

Dorothy Buffey.

Useful information for would-be walkers.

The above can be highly recommended but the availability of food provisions for the backpacker varies slightly from year to year.

This year (1992) it was wise to stock up with provisions in La Chapelle-en-Valgademar (2-Alimentations) as Villar-Lonbiere no longer has a small store. The Refuge D'Ecrens in le Desert had a small store but not in 1991 I understand. The guardian at the Gite d'Etape in Vallsenestre is willing to sell provisions that are surplus to her requirements. Bourg d'Arud offers only a boulangerie. Of course, the alternative is to buy all meals at the refuges.

It is possible for backpackers to camp will virtually at all the usual overnight stops apart from refuge du Pre' de la Choumette, where camping and bivouacing are totally prohibited.

A.R.C.C. JUBILEE YEAR.

DERBYSHIRE MEET - R.O.Downes Hut, Calver.

21st and 22nd March, 1992.

Roy and Dorothy Buffey.

Five members turned up for the weekend - Dorothy and Roy Buffey, Jim Cooper, Terry Kitching and Dorothy Wood.

Activities/Weather.

Saturday. After initial rain, the weather was very windy but sunny.

Dot Wood and Jim walked in the Featherbed Moss, Curbar and Froggate areas

Dorothy Buffey, Roy and Terry did a circuit from Thorpe. (Not using the NT's carpark at 80p preferring to have a swift half in the T.H.F's Perivale of the Peak and leaving the car in their carpark!). Leaving Thorpe, wandering up Dove Dale past Lover's Leap, the Tissington Spires, Milldale, Shining Tor returning to Thorpe by the Tissington Trial.

Sunday. = a breezy day.

Dot Wood, Jim, Terry and Roy climbed at Froggate. Routes done included:-

Pedestal Crack H.V.S. 5A
Allen's Slab V.S. 4B
Green Gut V.S. 4B
Sunset Slab V.S. 4C
Three Pebble Slab H.V.S.
Heather Wall S.
Grey Wall S.

Dorothy Buffey took two of Dot's a walk in the Froggate, Curbar, Ramsey Moor and Longhow areas.

Spring was certainly obvious in Derbyshire, the gardens, etc., were far more forward than near Skipton.

It was a pity that more members did not take the opportunity to visit a different area.

THE CLUB VEST IN VENICE

Roy Philips.

Last October (1991) the European Veteran road running championships were held in the small town of Mira, near Venice, the results of which I received a few weeks ago.

It was a pleasant surprise to note that I had been placed fourth in my age group - although I doubt if my time would have impressed the Olympic selectors.

The winner of our age group in the 10K event was a young 65 year old Belgian, who probably lined up at the start with the icing from his birthday cake still around his mouth - although his time of 37 minutes was most impressive.

The vest will get another airing in June this year, when I will be helping to make up the numbers for the annual vets. event in Brugges.

THE LONG WALK, SATURDAY, 12TH SEPTEMBER

JOHN BRAYBROOK.

I arrived at Dunmail Raise at 7.45 on Saturday morning to sign on with Dot Wood and to see a group of walkers heading over the stile onto the fells under an overcast Autumn Lakeland sky. The weather outlook in the early morning gloom did not look auspicious and it seemed as though we were set for a wet day. As John Hope was to comment later, if it was not for the organised meet we would probably not have bothered.

Conditions across the tops of Seat Sandal and Fairfield were blustery and threatening rain clouds could be seen on distant ridges. Every so often I was forced to don my overtrousers as short lived intermittent showers attempted to soak my tracksters.

A bunch of fell runners who started at nine o'clock, Peter McHale, John Hope, Arthur Daniels and Bill Mitten passed me at the col of Scandale Pass and a group of walkers including Jim Cooper, Frank Whittle and Clare Kenny caught me up at this spot.



Runners and Walkers at Kirkstone

At the tea and bacon butty stop at Dots van on Kirkstone Pass carpark I nearly joined Frank Whittle, who had accompanied me down Red Screes, in retiring. As I sat next to Jim Cooper in the front of the van to shelter from the pouring rain, I mused on my decision to finish and I thought as it was only eleven forty five the day was still young. I knew when I reflected back later in

the day I would feel no glow of fulfilment if I stopped here and the rest of the day would have a hollow ring about it.

Jim ventured forth when the rain abated. His example gave fresh heart and spurred me on as I watched him with Dots dog Paddy head-off over the road onto the Eastern Fells and I followed in pursuit. Conditions brightened up and I was glad I had persevered as I wandered merrily along with a spring in my foot across the ridge of High Street absorbing the panoramic views. Descending by Angle Tarn I met up with Marian Armstrong and Tom heading towards Ullswater.

We reached Father Hughes at Glenridding at 4.20pm to receive the customary warm hospitality. I ensconced myself in an armchair by the fire with a mug of tea and felt contented with my efforts of covering twenty miles and to end the day here. There were slight pangs of regret I was not going over the Helvellyn chain, a sentiment echoed by fellow retirers. There was some consolation that the massif was covered in thick clag when we left and the tail end walkers arrived back drenched at Dunmail. About half a dozen of us finished here and Mike Lomas drove us back to Dunmail where an excellent meal awaited us. It was good to acquaint myself with a few faces I had not seen for a long time and see everyone else

Many Thanks to Dot for organising the event, the team of helpers for supporting us and tending to our needs and to Father Hughes for the use of his home

JUNIOR MEET - 4/5TH JULY 1992

Sarah Meredith.

In July the Achille Ratti held its Summer meet at Tyn Twr. About 12 juniors came along and took part. Mickey Pooler organised the event and several adults kindly assisted over the weekend.

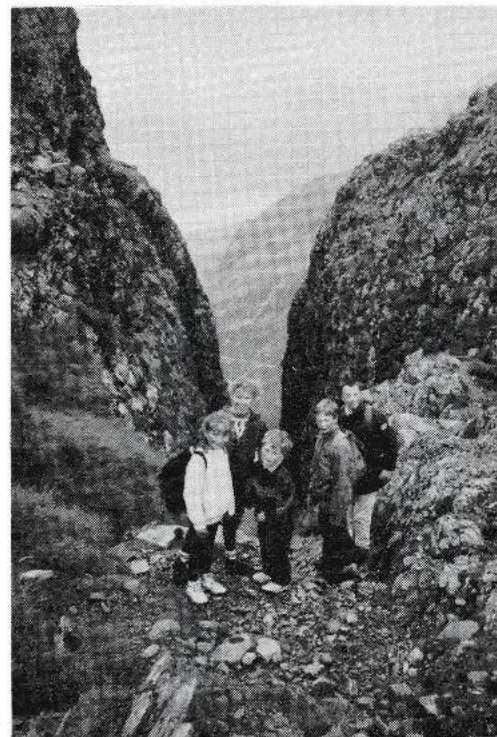
On the Saturday we went on a walk. It took us round Llyn Idwal and past the Devil's Kitchen. The walk took us all day and we finally arrived back at the hut from over the quarry. We had taken the ropes along and done a bit of rock climbing. It was fun but everyone was tired at the end.

After we got back and had a short rest we put up a net in the back yard and played volley ball. It was a good game apart from the midge bites.

I had never been to Tyn Twr before. I like it a lot. It is

much smaller than Bishop's Scale. Margaret Price showed me and my sister Kate where everything was and we had a good nights sleep ready for Sunday.

After breakfast and after everyone had been to church we had a vote on what to do. We could go to the beach on Anglesey or go rock climbing on Little Tryfan - rock climbing won. It was nice weather and the climbing was excellent. Abseiling was easy though.



Above Ogwen

Kate, Sarah and David Meredith, James Carter and Michael Jenkinson.

It was a great weekend and I am looking forward to many more of the Club's youth meets.

THE THREE BRITISH PEAKS ON BIKE AND FOOT

Bill Mitton.

Climbing the three British peaks - Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon in one go has long been a target for walkers, runners and cyclists, travelling under their own steam or assisted by car, or even helicopter, between peaks.

Previous notable British peaks attempts.

May 1969: Eric Beard, 37, of Leeds Athletic Club, from sea level at Fort William to sea level at Caernarvon, via Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike and Snowdon. Completed all on foot in 10 days, 12 hours and 15 minutes.

June 1971: Joss Naylor, using car between peaks, 11 hours 54 minutes (4 hours 16 minutes climbing).

1973: Vauxhall Motor relay on foot. 54 hours 57 minutes 47 secs.

11 - 17th May 1980: Arthur Huddleston, Cambridge Harriers, on foot, 5 days, 23 hours 37 minutes.

7-9th May 1981: Luton and Dunstable Harriers relay on foot. Peter and David Ford, David Robinson, Kevin Duggan and John O'Callaghan. 54 hours, 39 minutes 14 secs.

24 Oct. 1990: Royal Marines team of three. 7 hours 59 minutes using helicopter between peaks. Running time 5 hours 25 minutes.

December 1990: Army Air Corps, using helicopter between peaks. 10 hours 57 minutes, of which 3 hours was flying time. Climbers Ed Dalton and Peter Travis.

Record Bike: 41 hours 55 mins. Start and finish with a toe in the sea. Stephen Poulton 1981.

The ARCC relay on bike and foot.

Against this background of mountain endeavour, ARCC completed a relay of the three British peaks on bikes and foot over the bank holiday weekend of 2/3rd May 1992, within 48 hours. The aim was not to break any records, but to celebrate the club's golden jubilee, and to provide a challenge, and hopefully a good weekends cycling and walking for the clubs cycling members. These two aims were more than achieved over a successful and very enjoyable two days.

The attempt was split into two sections, the Scottish section from Nevis to Langdale, and the Welsh section, from Langdale to Snowdon via Scafell Pike. The Scottish team consisted of Dave Hugill, Alan And Clare Kenny, John and John-Joe McGonagle and John Meredith. The Welsh team of Paul Cooney, Arthur Daniels,

Peter Dowker and Bill Mitton (with assistance from John Hope).

The Scottish Section

Saturday, 5.40am. Strong wind, low cloud and fresh snow are not necessarily appealing at this time of the day, but did not deter Dave and John whose initial uncertainty gave way to relief on recognition of the summit cairn of The Ben. A swift descent brought them to Glen Nevis at 9.05am and John-Joe took up the challenge to Ballachulish Bridge, setting the pace for the day. John Mc ascended Glen Coe in fine fettle and steadily improving conditions to hand over the Rannoch Moor section to Clare, who cycled on, and on, and on...unaware of hiccup no.1 ie, a return trip to Glen Nevis to retrieve John-Joe's discarded clothing! John Mc set off in pursuit to alert Clare to the situation (and prevent homicide), but 2hours, 38 miles later when cyclist and support car were re-united he had still not caught up.



Dave Hugill on the summit of Ben Nevis. (In trainers!!)